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Down on the Farm
Pages 10-11

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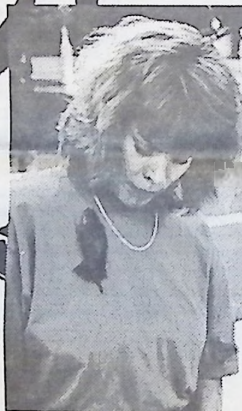
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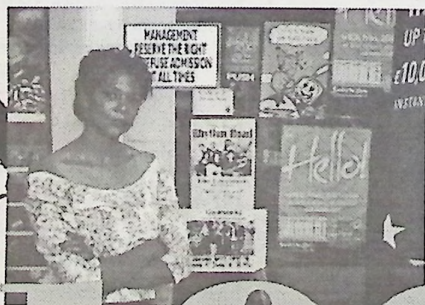


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CHECK OUT THE FUN AT THE
AUGUSTA COUNTY FAIR

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Middlebrook F.D. sports Augusta's first 2000 model fire, rescue truck

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

MIDDLEBROOK — The Middlebrook Volunteer Fire Department is celebrating the village's 200th birthday by parking a shiny red 2000 model custom pumper in the firehouse's middle bay. Middlebrook's fire department is Augusta County's first and only company to boast a fire truck with the millennium year designation.

"We thought it was going to be a '99," said Ed Wrenn, MVFD fire chief, "but they registered it as a 2000."

Wrenn noted that the fire company worked on the specifications for the truck for a year before putting it out for bids. Kovatch Mobile Equipment of Nesquehoning, Pa., put in the low bid on the truck, underpricing the nearest competition by \$20,000. The truck cost \$250,000 and required an additional \$50,000 of equipment. However, despite the expense of the new acquisition, MVFD has a clear title to the truck having paid for it in full.

"The community bought the truck and we've got to be very grateful for it. We're grateful for

the support the community has given us," Wrenn said. "We couldn't have done it without the community's help."

The county's newest emergency response apparatus — given the designation "Engine 31" — will serve dual purposes for both fire and rescue. It features a six-man cab, a PTO generator, carries three 30-gallon canisters of Class A foam and 1,000 gallons of water, and can pump 1,500 gallons of water per minute. Class A foam is used for any type of fire and the truck also has the capability to handle Class B foam which is used for industrial fires with flammable liquids. Another feature on the truck is a deck gun which can shoot water off the truck into a burning structure.

The truck itself is powered by a Caterpillar 400 diesel engine, has an automatic transmission and is air conditioned.

"We wanted to have it air conditioned in case we're fighting a fire and people need to cool down. Since we'll be using it for rescue too, we can put accident victims inside out of the heat while we wait for transport," Wrenn explained.



Ed Wrenn, chief of the Middlebrook Volunteer Fire Department, sits at the helm of the company's new 2000 custom pumper fire and rescue truck. The truck is powered by a Cat-

pillar 400 diesel engine and carries 1,000 gallons of water. MVFD hopes to apply for a grant to equip the truck with extrication tools and air bags for auto and farm accidents.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

And the truck is even equipped to handle whatever rough stuff nature churns out in the winter time. Anyone who lives in the Middlebrook area knows Mother Nature can stew up winter conditions which can be particularly nasty in southwestern Augusta County. But the community's newest fire and rescue truck is set to go with chains which automatically engage on the truck's inside rear wheels at the touch of a button from inside the cab.

Middlebrook's new fire and rescue truck is the first custom-built truck owned by the company, according to Wrenn. "It was built from scratch," he said. The company's

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Sales associate
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Betty Jo Hamilton
Chris Marrs
Leslie Scheffel
Cherie Taylor
Becky McMannes

Staff writers

Jeff Flint
Mark Gatewood
Vera Hailey
Betty Jo Hamilton

Roberta Hamlin
Penny Plemmons
Deborah Sensabaugh
Sue Simmons

Nancy Sorrells

Contributing writers

Emily Brown

Claude R. Simmons III

Jason McIlwee

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Arbor Hill woman becomes 'Mama Bird' for orphan chimney swifts

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — Isn't that just the way youngsters are? You care for them, feed them constantly, hover over them, worry incessantly, and then when it comes time to put them out on their own, they soar away with never a backward glance?

For Arbor Hill's Mary Penn, all

the worries of "parenthood" are compacted into a time period of about a month. And she is happy if her "kids" sail off into the sunset without giving her a second thought. She rehabilitates birds, specifically chimney swifts and kestrels, and sends them back into the wilds. Usually she works with babies, placed under her care through agencies such as the Wildlife Center of Virginia. To do this volunteer work, she must obtain both a state and federal permit.

Recently, she had nine of her foster children in Staunton where she met with bird bander Betty Gatewood and local bird expert Yulee Lamer in order to document the birds and release them to their calling.

This batch of swifts came to her from a variety of locations, but all were new hatchlings in need of TLC. "They were very strange looking, almost prehistoric, with no feathers except their spiny tail feathers...but they could cling," she recalled.

She kept them in the aviary she and her husband, Bill Soranno, constructed at their country home. Then, every hour from sun-up to sun-down, for 34

straight days she fed the squawking babies. The young birds' diet began with crushed meal worms and vitamins which turned to live meal worms as the birds matured.

Chimney swifts are unique in the

chry in their clinging," Mary explained. "The numbers of swifts are declining because people don't have chimneys anymore. The birds have to have brick chimneys to cling."

And the neat thing about swifts is that even people who burn their fireplaces and wood-stoves for heat can share a chimney with resident swifts. The birds are neo-tropical migrants which means they head south -- way south -- to Peru for the winter.

Winters are also very quiet for bird rehabilitators like Mary, but the spring and summer is a different story. "Thanks goodness it's winding down now," she said in early August while getting her babies banded and released. "You can't go anywhere if you are feeding them every hour. Just as you get done with the feeding, it's time to start again. My limit is about 20 birds at a time, or I would completely collapse."

She added that the birds would let her know when they were hungry. "When I walk in it is like a bomb going off," she said of the rattling racket swift babies can make. "And there would be 40 eyes on me. They are so curious." Despite their early dependence on Mary, there is never any reluctance on the birds' parts to return to the wild. "They let you know. They want nothing more to do with you and you begin to sense that they are wild."

Once this year's babies reached a sufficient size, Mary contacted Yulee and Betty to arrange for the release of the babies. Betty examined each fledgling, admiring the unique spiny tail feathers and the nice wing feathers. Each bird was gently placed in a nylon stocking and weighed before it received its band and unique number and was recorded on a chart. The babies, which weighed about 9 grams each when they arrived on Mary's doorstep, more than doubled their



A chimney swift clings to Mary Penn's shirt just before being released.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

weight in a month, hitting the scales at anywhere from 19 to 24 grams.

Although not required to band her released birds, Mary noted that the process was a great conservation tool and helped add to the data pool in the intercontinental study of migratory birds. "My husband and I are avid birdwatchers and we love the conservation end of things too," she explained.

Once the birds were banded, most were ready for immediate release. One spunky youth actually took independence into its own hands (or wings) before it could receive a band. The others entered the wild population after being properly documented, but each wasted less than a minute before joining up with some wild cousins. Soon they were cutting and cornering through the Staunton skyline and treeline, gobbling up hordes of summer insects like they had been doing so all their life.

"They are so unique, aren't they?" Mary asked rhetorically. "And you meet the neatest people through these birds," she added with a nod toward her new friends, Yulee and Betty. —



Close examination of a chimney swift reveals its spiny tail feathers.

bird world. These sparrow-sized dark birds, with voracious appetites for insects, are in constant motion. Swifts NEVER perch. When they come to rest at night in their communal roosts, they cling to the rough surfaces of bricks. During the day, however, they never stop — feeding on the wing, drinking by dipping down into ponds and rivers and scooping up water, even breaking off twigs for their nests while in flight. Their "spit and twig" nests, one to a chimney, are equally unique. The twigs are stuck together with the birds' sticky saliva and then attached to the chimney with that same sticky glue.

"Even as babies there is a hierar-

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A band is placed on a chimney swift's leg prior to its release. Bands help track the migratory patterns of the birds. The number of swifts are declining because few modern houses have brick chimneys.

Mary Penn of Arbor Hill prepares to say good-bye to one of the orphan chimney swifts she raised.

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Family losing homeplace to road construction

By SUE SIMMONS

CEDAR GREEN — In the children's book *The Little House*, the great-grandson of the kindly man and woman who built the small cottage with blue shutters save the little house from demolition. Janice Lucas knows life is a bit more harsh than a children's book. She won't be able to save the house her great-grandfather built. The house located at the corner of Va. 254 (Parkersburg Pike) and Cedar Green Road is scheduled for demolition in the next two or three years to make way for the Staunton Loop.

The house is more than just a residence to Mrs. Lucas and her mother, Fay Gaines and her aunt, Hortense Wilson, who were born and raised in the house. It is their homeplace.

It was Mrs. Gaines' and Mrs. Wilson's grandfather and grandmother who bought the property and built the house in 1902.

"Their names were Jessie and Jennie Lewis Leitch. They lived in a white house that stood at the entrance to Abingdon (Hills)," Mrs. Gaines explained.

Although not sure whether or not they owned or rented that particular house, she knows that they moved into their new home in 1902, when her mother Willa May was 10 years old. "They owned property all the way down the road," Mrs. Wilson motioned toward the west. "They gave part of the land to their son Edward Leitch."

Jessie Leitch was born in 1847 in Nelson County and Jennie was born in Albemarle in 1854. The two met and married in Nelson County in 1871. No one is quite sure what brought the couple to Augusta County. Except for their oldest son, all their children — seven boys and a girl — were born in Augusta. Willa May later married Silas Anson Wright. Wright was born in 1888 in Highland County. Because she was the only girl, Willa May became responsible for the care of her parents and the Wrights soon moved into the house with the elder Leitches. And it was in their home that sisters Fay and Hortense were born.

Even though the house had few modern amenities, Mrs. Gaines recalled with great fond-

ness the happy days spent in their little house.

"Back in those days you were happy!" she exclaimed.

Her grandparents kept milk cows and hogs and raised chickens on their land.

"There was always fresh food — milk, fresh-churned butter — we always had plenty of food," she said.

Although she admits that the outhouse wasn't the most convenient place and that the house was cold in the winter, she has fond memories of the stoves being stoked with coal each night.

"Things are easier today but they aren't better," Mrs. Wilson offered.

"My mother sold bottled milk on Johnson Street and my father was a painter," Mrs. Gaines recalled, "so my grandmother raised us. She was the one who gave me whippings... made me go out and get my own switch."

Asked what she did to deserve whippings, Mrs. Gaines admits she had a temper.

"Stubborn," Mrs. Wilson harumphed.

"My grandmother was my angel," Mrs. Gaines added quickly.



Hortense Wilson, Janice Lucas and Fay Gaines stand together on the front porch of their family's homeplace on Va. 254 west of Staunton. The house will be torn down to make way for the southern loop which will run from Greenville Avenue to U.S. 250.

Photos by Sue Simmons

"She was a sweet, sweet lady. I loved her to death and I followed her everywhere."

The sisters remember horse-and-buggy rides to visit a cousin in Greenville and to church at Smokey Row Baptist. The sisters attended school in Staunton, making the daily walk to town in all kinds of weather.

The neighborhood where the house stands has changed since they grew up in the house. Although the house faces Parkersburg Pike, the mailbox was on Cedar Green Road and people always came to the back of the house to pick up their milk.

Other houses dotted the neighborhood. Some are still there and some were torn down years ago.

The sisters grew up, married and raised families of their own. They were never far from their homeplace, however. Mrs. Wilson lives a good stone's throw away and Mrs. Gaines just a bit farther.

Almost carrying on a family tradition, Mrs. Lucas and her husband moved into the house over 20 years ago and began to raise

their own family there.

"Janice and her husband have done a lot of work to this house," Mrs. Wilson said sadly shaking her head.

Because Mrs. Wilson's house is also scheduled for demolition, she can identify completely with her niece's situation.

Not surprisingly, the three women are understandably bitter at the thought of losing not only their homes but the house that embodies their memories and family's prosperity.

If they could, the three women would gladly save the little house at the heart of their family. But this story doesn't have a happily-ever-after ending. The house will be demolished in order to accommodate the Staunton Loop road project leaving the family's descendants with only memories of good times they've shared in their homeplace.

"It'll be the saddest day of my life the day they take the house down," Mrs. Gaines commented.

"I don't think I'll be able to watch," Mrs. Wilson added with a shake of her head. —



Janice Lucas' house, located on Va. 254 south of Staunton, was built in 1902 by her great-grandparents, Jessie and Jennie Lewis Leitch. Descendants of the Leitches

have lived in the house since that time. The house will be demolished to accommodate road construction.

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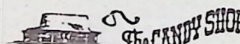
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Excavations in Parnassus provide archaeological glimpse into the past

By NANCY SORRELLS

PARNASSUS — It's not Pompeii, but there are similarities. When Mt. Vesuvius erupted and sealed the ancient Italian city under a layer of ash and dust, a time capsule was created for archaeologists of the future.

Sometime in the 1880s, a fire swept through a farmhouse perched on a hill overlooking the Warm Springs-Harrisonburg Turnpike and the village of Parnassus in Augusta County. The hot flames baked the cellar clay floor a bright red and, as the inferno roared through the house, the structure collapsed into the cellar. The end result was a moment sealed in time.

No one ever returned to build again on the Parnassus hillside and as the years slipped away, memory of any structures there faded. Half a century ago, roadwork on Va. 42 sliced into the hillside, but didn't reveal the ghost of the house a few short yards away. All that changed a couple of years ago when Craig Lukeziec, an archaeologist with the Virginia Department of Transportation, looked at the hillside in preparation for

roadwork on Va. 42. Systematic shovel testing every 30 feet turned up some hotspots, or concentrations of artifacts that, in Lukeziec's opinion warranted further research. Further evaluation showed that the site was worthy of a large-scale investigation which has taken place this summer.

The results of 8-weeks of work have produced some exciting discoveries according to Tom Higgins, the leader of the work crew at the Parnassus Farm Site. Higgins and his team are conducting the survey through the William and Mary Center for Archaeological Research which is part of the College of William and Mary.

The archaeologists found not one, but two distinct sites of occupation within a few yards of each other. The oldest site, which has produced artifacts from the late 18th century to about 1830, is perched on the hillside and was possibly disturbed during the roadwork half a century ago. At the edge of the hilltop is a rock-lined cellar and a trash pit. At the foot of the hill and almost in the present road bed is a well associated with the building.

Further up the hill and just yards away



In the photo at left, James Blevins uses a trowel to scoop dirt from the foundation of a 19th century homesite which was uncovered during preparations for road construction along Va. 42 near Parnassus. In the photo at right, Tom Higgins shows a burned timber from the house. Photos by Nancy Sorrells

from the oldest site is a mid-to-late 19th-century foundation — the remains of a house that burned to the ground more than 100 years ago. There are trash pits and possible root cellars associated with this complex.

"The lower building is definitely the earli-

est building of the two, and some of the earliest ceramics we found were right on the cellar floor," Higgins said. Eating utensils, buttons, animal bones, and clay pipes were among the thousands of artifacts found

See EXCAVATION, page 7

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Truck

Continued from page 2

other trucks — a 1994 tanker, a 1992 attack truck, a 1980 pumper and a 1973 brush truck — are commercial trucks which were purchased then adapted and modified for fire emergencies. The 2000 model outfits Middlebrook's fire company with a contingent of five trucks.

When planning to purchase the new truck it was intended that the new truck would replace the 1980 pumper. However, as it turns out, the old truck may stay in Middlebrook after all.

"We're picking up a lot of territory with the new (E-911) address system," Wrenn said. With more ground to cover, Middlebrook's fire company may have need of all five fire trucks. At present a study is being conducted in Augusta County to determine the fire and rescue needs over the next 15 years. The results of this study will help volunteer companies understand how they can best serve their communities.

If the five trucks stay in Middlebrook, an expansion may be made to the firehouse, Wrenn said. The existing building has only four bays which means one truck has to sit outside for the time being. The company is considering the addition of another bay to house all five trucks. The original building had three bays. The fourth bay was added to the firehouse when the company acquired its 1994 tanker.

Wrenn says the company hopes to apply for a grant from Virginia Emergency Medical Services to purchase extrication tools and air bags for use in auto and farm accidents. This equipment would be used to outfit the company's new truck. This will cost \$21,000 and the grant would cover half this expense.

MVFD is 30-members strong with 15 mem-

bers trained as emergency medical technicians and First Responders. A training session has been scheduled for Oct. 10 to help members learn how to use the new truck's many features. Although the truck is not in service yet, it should be by the end of October after being fitted with some additional equipment, according to Wrenn.

Even with the acquisition of the new fire truck and although it is paid for, Middlebrook fire company members are not content to rest on their laurels. The company must still keep pace with day-to-day operating expenses. Fire department members will be getting right back to work with their fund-raising efforts with a door-to-door campaign scheduled for Oct. 3-9 which, as it happens, is Fire Prevention Week.

The presence of the new truck in Middlebrook's firehouse gives the company the capability to respond to a number of different fire and rescue situations, according to Wrenn. But whether the truck rolls or not, people who live in the Middlebrook fire company's service area still get some benefit from the new truck's presence in the community. Fire insurance rates are based on a structure's proximity to a fire department and the firefighting capabilities of the department. With the acquisition of the new truck, MVFD provides well-equipped and highly functional fire and rescue response for the community it serves, Wrenn noted.

Even though the fire company is justifiably proud of its newest fire and rescue apparatus, Wrenn says it's a piece of equipment that is good to have but one that fire department volunteers hope they never have to use. MVFD hopes to host an open house sometime during October to let the community get a close look at the new truck as well as other equipment kept by the company. —

Musical tour of Ireland takes Staunton band on memorable trip

By NANCY SORRELLS

It was more than a family vacation. And it was certainly more than a series of gigs across the countryside. It was beyond being just a cultural exchange. Although the June trip to Ireland by a group of local musicians and their families was all of the above, it was much more than that as well. Indeed, it was a journey of the soul.

The trip, which was the inspiration of Joe Dockery, pulled together a handful of musical acquaintances from the Staunton area with the idea of "experiencing a musical/cultural exchange with the Irish people," through a laid-back series of intimate gigs at local Irish pubs according to Dockery.

At the core of the travelers was Rhythm Road, a local musical foursome created with the goal of learning as many different types of world rhythms as possible and applying traditional melodies to them.

The group consists of Dockery as the percussionist and singer, Jim Harrington on the accordion, Buddy Thomas as a guitarist and singer, and Kevin Walsh on the bass. All four either currently play or have played with another popular group, Wanda and the White Boys. So, it was only natural to invite WB's Wanda Eaves-Hardy (singer) and Richard Adams (saxophone and trumpet) to accompany the free-rolling Irish gig. Three other performers were also included: Joe's wife Barbara Martin who is a professional musician and songwriter, as well as Dorene Fisher, a singer who knows traditional folk tunes, and Brandon Collins, an Appalachian singer and banjo player.

For many in the group, this was a journey home. Not only had

Wanda and the White Boys toured the entire island in an exhausting, but wonderful trip in 1990, but several in the group come from family trees with roots deep in the Irish soil. Jim Harrington is one. "My dad's paternal grandparents both emigrated from Ireland in the 1860s or 1870s. I have been to the house in Ballylongford where my great-grandmother was born and to the town in Castletown-bere where my great-grandfather lived. I first visited those sites when I was four years old and they are among my earliest and most vivid memories," he explained.

Joe, too, feels a tug at his Celtic heartstrings when he lands on the Emerald Isle. "My grandparents were born in Ireland, so I've always had an affinity for the 'old country,'" he said.

Joe has been to Ireland several times. This time the decision was made to have a low-key trip that concentrated on one region of the

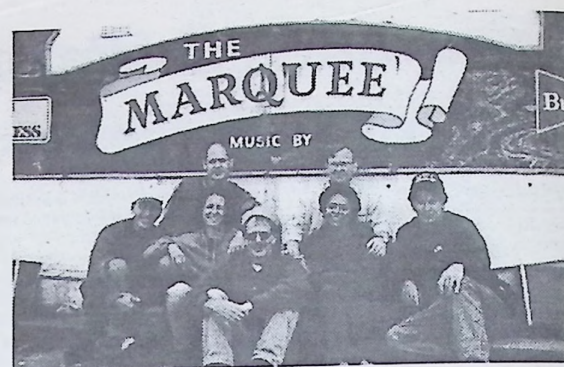
country, specifically to center around the city of Westport in County Mayo. No sooner was that decision made, then a client with an Irish accent walked into Joe's chiropractic office. Turned out that the fellow was not only from Ireland, but from Westport. He helped arrange some of the advance bookings for the musical journey.

With about half a dozen small gigs booked in local pub settings, the journey began. True to the free-flowing form of the journey, arrival dates varied as members came and left the group during the trip. Family members tagged along too, sightseeing and shopping by day and providing enthusiastic applause at night.

By all accounts the journey was a success. "Driving was a real experience," Richard Adams said of the caravan of four cars that set out across the countryside. "And we had rain six or seven days out of 10, but that's Ireland. Wanda



Pastoral scenery such as this was a common sight during the tour of Ireland made by members of a Staunton band.



Buddy Thomas, Joe Dockery, Barb Martin, Kevin Walsh, Jim Harrington, Wanda Eaves-Hardy and Richard Adams pose for a group picture on Clare Island. The band members recently returned from a musical tour through Ireland.

and I were in our car one day and we turned on the radio and all of a sudden a Statler Brothers song comes on. We got a big kick out of that," he said.

Playing for the Irish people in the intimate pub atmosphere was amazing, they all agreed. "The Irish people were all very friendly. We didn't run into anybody obnoxious. A lot of it has to do with the nature of the pub, which is a community place where whole families can gather," said Wanda Eaves-Hardy.

Kevin Walsh added: "There were times when we weren't sure they were paying attention in a pub. The people were yelling and there was lots of noise. Afterward, though, they came up and gave us real specific comments about our music so we knew they were listening."

"The Irish are extremely musically literate. So the idea of going to Ireland to impress anyone is pretty unrealistic. If you can catch the spirit of the Irish people and play the type of music and in situations that respects and supports that spirit then your experience will be fruitful," Joe said in expanding upon the deep appreciation they received through the trip.

"This wasn't a tour gig," Dorene Fisher added. "We got to know the locals in a real way and not as tourists. They were very lovely, very genuine people." Kevin added, describing an example of the Irish friendliness when he told the story of asking directions in the city of Galway. "The man said, 'I'm headed that direction, I'll take you there.' So he puts on his cap and walks 15 minutes in the rain to get me there!"

The music the laid-back Shenandoah Valley musicians presented was an eclectic mix. "I have a keen interest in Irish traditional music and it is fascinating to observe the vital role it plays in their culture, their shared sense of national identity. It is a privilege to play this music in the place where it originated. We were mindful, however, that we needed to do more than bombard the Irish with our interpretations of their music, so we included quite a bit of our own material: American folk tunes, Cajun, rock and roll, and some of our original compositions," Jim explained.

To that end, they presented French folk tunes by Dorene, balanced

See IRELAND, page 7

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•Ireland

Continued from page 6

lads by Wanda, Appalachian music by Brandon, and original blues songs by Barbara, just to name a few. And the audience loved the variety of it all. One of their shows was a concert for Kosovo refugees and the Rhythm Road (plus some) group was just one of a whole slate of bands.

"We followed a Euro band that was electric and loud and I thought, 'All those people are going to leave when we get up.' But they didn't leave. They stayed and by the end of the set we had more people dancing to our sound than before," said Buddy Thomas.

Another memorable concert was

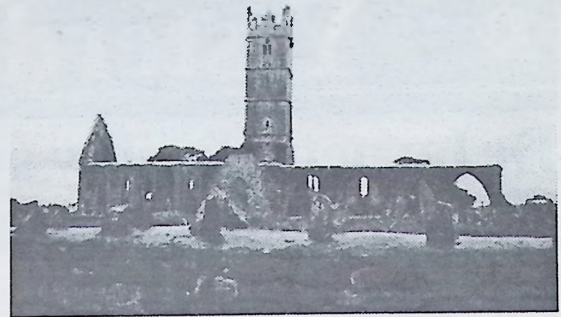
on Clare Island where they stayed and played in the only hotel on the island of 150 or so people. "I think all 150 inhabitants were there, too," Wanda said of the show. "We played until 2 in the morning. It was St. John's Day so after that some of us went down to the beach where there were bonfires and we stayed out with the locals all night."

There were quite a few instances where, after the formal show was over, some members of the band stayed and jammed with the locals. "One night Richard and I sat in with the local musicians. Richard had his horn and I sang," Wanda remembered. In addition, Richard sat in with Dooley's, a Dixieland band, where Richard appeared to be the only member not related to the rest of the band.

In addition to the musical aspect of the trip, there was the usual sightseeing portion that included the families of many of the performers. On Clare Island, about eight members of the entourage rented bicycles and traveled around the island. They wound up at the top of a cliff that afforded a fantastic view of the Atlantic but was so steep that none dared peer over the edge. "There was some collective sightseeing as with Jim, Buddy, Bonnie and I going to the cliffs of Moher together, and there was some solo traveling," Joe explained of the informal set-up of the trip.

"We hung together most of the time, and did some sightseeing together, but we also broke off into individual and smaller-group side trips. I went to England after we finished in Ireland. The Trinity (Episcopal Church in Staunton) singers, of which my wife, Constance is a member, had several engagements in cathedrals and churches there, and I was able to be there for their last two performances," Jim said.

Although all their venues were different, most of the group pointed to their last gig at Matt Malloy's Pub as a highlight. Malloy is the flute player of the internationally renowned traditional Irish group, the Chieftains. The walls of Malloy's pub are covered with photographs of notable musicians who have played there. Jim explained that the opportunity for Rhythm Road was due in part to good timing (the pub happened to have an open date)



Ruins of a church on the way to Shannon

and Joe's charm. To complete the perfection of the evening, the group asked their new-found musician friend, electric guitarist Derek McGowen from Westport, to join them on stage.

"His presence and contribution confirmed our goal of having a musical/cultural exchange with the Irish people. It was our last night and the whole trip had been such a success that the relief and joy seemed to produce an explosion of emotion which we expressed through our instruments and voices. I'll never lose this image I have of Richard Adams standing on a chair and virtually blessing everyone in the audience with his incredible horn playing as the whole place seemed to groove in unison to the New Orleans beat of Congo Square. It was a fabulous conclusion to a great musical experience," Joe summed up.

For the entire entourage, that final night and the entire trip

are memories to cherish. "It was a wonderful experience in getting to know the truth of the people of that land," Dorene said of the Irish people.

"To be accepted for what you do in another country is phenomenal. It was an honor to play there," added Wanda.

In his parting words, Jim expressed some thoughts on this musical journey of the soul taken across the Atlantic by a group of Valley musicians: "Travel almost always brings us into contact with new ideas, new people, new opportunities. Musical travel does this especially, and we calculated that the experience of playing our music in new venues, for different audiences, would help us to develop as a band. I have been playing music, in one band or another, with this cast of characters for almost 15 years. It is such a treat to be able to create such adventures with them and their families." —



Wanda Eaves-Hardy stands beside a Rhythm Road poster announcing one of the band's scheduled performances during the trip to Ireland.

•Excavation

Continued from page 5

within the older site. "It is clear that this farm was abandoned prior to the Civil War," he added.

Documentary research done in the Augusta County records show that the piece of land that encompasses both archaeological sites was purchased in 1748 by a blacksmith named William King. He sold it to John Nicholl whose family farmed the land until the 1780s. In 1790 a German named Adam Rusmeisel bought the 150-acre tract of land. The Rusmeisels farmed there for several generations. An 1831 survey map of the Warm Springs-Harrisonburg Turnpike, now Va. 42, places the Rusmeisels on the hillside where the rock-lined cellar is today.

The house and land passed to the Holt family in the late 1840s, but for some reason the earlier structure was abandoned soon after. Real estate taxes in the early 1850s show a dramatic drop in the value of buildings on the property and may mark the end of the structure's existence.

It was not, however, the end of occupancy on that piece of land. Shortly after the Civil War a new farmhouse stood just a few yards up the hill from the abandoned complex. An 1885 map has Frank Harlow living in the house and operating a saddle shop just to the west.

Within a year or two, all that came crashing in, literally, with the conflagration that sealed the building in time. The fire, which must certainly have been devast-

ating for the dwelling's inhabitants, created a treasure trove for present-day archaeologists.

"Look at the dark red burned areas left by the intensity of the fire. See those charred timbers on the floor," said Higgins as he stood on the bank and looked down into a substantial rock-lined cellar.

"We think the house literally collapsed into the cellar with all the artifacts from above. We found several pairs of eyeglasses including one with the lenses still intact. There are buttons, buckles, some Mason jars with dates in the 1870s, a sickle blade, and a good variety of ceramics," he said.

In Higgins' mind there is little doubt that the fire was accidental, mostly because of the concentration of personal artifacts that people would normally remove if

they were purposefully burning a house. "There were a lot of ceramic vessels that were apparently standing upright on the floor. There will probably be 10 or more vessels that we will be able to mend completely back together. There was a spittoon completely intact and there was a lot of charred fabric. Some of the fabric was like burlap, but other pieces were maybe curtains or clothing — things that would have collapsed into the cellar from above."

The ceramics provide the opportunity for an exciting pilot study, he added. "We will be chemical sourcing them which means we will take samples and see whether the pottery was locally made, and whether there were a number of different potters. We can look at the chemi-

cals used in the glazes and at the sources of the clay," he said.

The results should help expand an understanding of local artisans, of trade patterns, and of the buying and selling patterns of 18th and 19th-century Valley residents.

"This site is unique because we have two very distinct periods of occupation close together. It will be interesting to compare the two sites to see if there are things like emerging consumer patterns, differences between the Germans and Scotch-Irish, and differences in the architecture in the two structures," Higgins explained.

And, of course, the fire is just an added bonus for an archaeologist. "You don't often find this kind of preservation," he said while pointing to the cellar of the burned structure.

Now that the excavation is complete, the artifacts and data found at the site will be carefully analyzed to prepare a final interpretation. The results should further everyone's understanding of early Valley life.

While a pair of farmhouses that document a century of Augusta County life may be a tad boring for the likes of Indiana Jones, for those interested in the rich heritage of the Shenandoah Valley, the dirt on this Parnassus hillside is as exciting as any blockbuster action flick. —



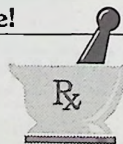
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Yesterday once more

DeJarnette facility symbolizes long-term commitment to care of mentally ill

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — Ever since the establishment of Western State Hospital in Staunton in 1828, the city and surrounding countryside have been closely linked with the history of mental health west of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

For more than 170 years, the location of the state mental health facilities in Staunton has provided a long-term economic boon to the area and raised the level of professionals in the area because of the requisite medical employees needed for such a large institution. From the time when Western State opened its doors to the present, the mental health facilities have espoused the contemporary cutting edge practices and techniques for the time in the field of mental health.

By 1928, leaders in the field of mental health were ready to add a new facility to the Western State complex which already had one of the best reputations in the country. That year marked the establishment of DeJarnette Sanatorium, a special pay unit of Western State.

The new facility, where patients or their families could pay extra for more luxurious living conditions and individualized attention, was supported with enthusiasm by many of Virginia's political leaders, chief among them being Gov. Harry Flood Byrd. Armed with the financial backing of Virginia's political machine, the assembly granted a \$100,000 loan to Western State in 1928.

The new complex was named in honor of Western State's superintendent at the time, Dr. Joseph Spencer DeJarnette, who also was given the directorship at the new institute. DeJarnette was a mental health pioneer and native Virginian. Although many of DeJarnette's policies and medical practices would be regarded as backward and even barbaric at the end of the 20th century, his career, when placed in perspective of a century ago, was considered so innovative



This photo of DeJarnette Sanatorium was taken soon after it opened in 1932. The "fire-proof, modernly equipped building," had 52 bedrooms, each with hot and cold water and

some with private baths. Keeping in line with the lifestyles of paying patients, the facility sported a golf course and tennis courts.

that it drew praise from all corners of the country and beyond. In addition, it must be remembered that he was operating in a time period void of the arsenal of modern drugs that today allow many mental health patients to live independent, fulfilling lives.

DeJarnette was a colorful character in his own right. Born in Spotsylvania County in 1866, he graduated from the Medical College of Virginia in 1888. After serving an 18-month internship in Richmond, he joined the Western State staff in 1889. While there he met and married another member of the staff, Dr. Chesney Hopkins. The couple was honeymooning in 1906 when he was notified of his appointment as superintendent of Western State. He would hold the post for the next 41 years.

The DeJarnette Sanatorium, which was financed with a five-percent loan that was quickly repaid, was self-supporting from the beginning. As such, the institution was a global pioneer, according to Dr. G. Edmund Stone who was DeJarnette superintendent in the 1950s. "The operation of the Sanatorium has been and is of a pioneer nature. To my knowledge, there is

no hospital in the U.S.A. for treatment of emotional or mental reactions operated by a State where it is entirely self-supporting," he wrote. He added that he knew of only one hospital in the world, in Australia, that was similar.

Groundbreaking for the Staunton hospital's first building occurred in 1929. DeJarnette opened its doors to the public on May 14, 1932 with the purpose of diagnosing and treating those persons with "nervous and mental affections," drug addicts, alcoholics, and "those physically and mentally tired," according to an early advertising booklet.

That same brochure lauded the location of the sanatorium (one and a half miles east of Staunton then, but now within the city limits) and the "invigorating climate" of the area as being conducive to recovery from mental difficulties as well as drug and alcohol addiction. It was "one of the choicest spots of the great Shenandoah Valley," noted the booklet. "The Sanatorium, from its elevated position on the slopes of our twin mountains, Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, commands a view that beggars all description — for twelve miles in a panorama of hills and vales, with

their ever changing beauty, while the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance furnish a skyline of one hundred miles with its indescribable tints and colors."

When the institution opened there was one building, also given the name DeJarnette. The "fire-proof, modernly equipped building," had 52 bedrooms, each with hot and cold water and some with private baths. Keeping in line with the lifestyles of paying patients, the facility sported a golf course and tennis courts, as well as special treatment areas for x-ray, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy, electricity, and massage. Patients resided on all three floors of the building. Doctors' offices and administra-

For more than 170 years, the location of the state mental health facilities in Staunton has provided a long-term economic boon to the area and raised the level of professionals in the area because of the requisite medical employees needed for such a large institution.

tive areas were located on the second floor and were entered through the columned entrance.

Success and problems came to the facility in its early years. The operation of the hospital was overseen by a General Board that had three representatives from Western State and three from DeJarnette. In the bigger picture, both facilities were operated by the Commonwealth of Virginia under the control of the State Hospital Board. Because of the state-run nature of the facility, opposition came when out-of-state patients were admitted. This practice ended in 1934 when, with direction from

See FACILITY, page 9

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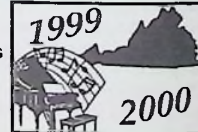
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•Facility

Continued from page 8

the Assembly, it was ruled that only Virginia residents be admitted. The name was then officially changed from DeJarnette Sanatorium to DeJarnette State Sanatorium.

The political rumblings and scrambling apparently had little effect on the day-to-day operations of the sanatorium which found itself in need of an enlargement just three years after opening. In 1935 the Peery Building, named for former Virginia Gov. George C. Peery, was approved using a \$20,000 loan to supplement funds already in hand.

Again the loan and interest were quickly repaid using patient admission fees, despite the fact that the country was in the midst of the Great Depression. The building was completed in 1938. With triple its former capacity, the facility could now tend to 171 patients instead of 52. Once the Peery Building was complete, female patients were moved into that building. The DeJarnette offices were then moved from the second floor to the first floor of the original building.

Two important events occurred at the facility in 1946. That was the year that special state legislative action separated DeJarnette from Western State and made the two institutions independent of each other. That was also the year of DeJarnette's retirement as superintendent.

Over the years, the DeJarnette admission fees rose with the times. In the early 1930s, a private room was \$28 per week, while a room with a bath was \$35 per week. In the 1950s, rooms with varying degrees of amenities were \$49, \$64, and \$81. The spin-off of such a large, mod-

ern facility was an economic boon for the city of Staunton. By 1962, DeJarnette employed 101 people, not including special nurses and attendants, three full-time physicians and a host of medical consultants in the city. In its first 30 years of operation, from 1932 until 1962, over 15,000 patients were treated there, the majority of whom were mentally ill, but some were treated for alcohol and drug dependencies. In 1970 the hospital medical staff consisted of four full-time physicians, three full-time psychologists and two consultants, three social workers, a vocational rehabilitation counselor, eight registered nurses, four psychiatric practical nurses, and 56 psychiatric aids. The facilities included a beauty and barber shop, refreshment center, and a chapel. Patients could participate in a variety of recreational and craft activities.

In 1967 the DeJarnette and Peery Buildings were connected by the Stone Building, named in honor of Dr. G. Edmund Stone who worked at



The dining room in the original DeJarnette Sanatorium

In 1992 a bond referendum approved \$7.2 million in funding for a replacement facility. Groundbreaking occurred in November 1994. In 1996 the center was moved to its new 48-bed facility east of the city and the original DeJarnette Buildings were closed.

DeJarnette from 1932 until his death in 1961. He was superintendent for the last 10 years of his employment there. The Stone Building provided an area for occupational therapy, dining, kitchen, laboratory, storage, an auditorium, and a library.

The focus of this mental health facility shifted in 1972 when the General Assembly's Commission on Mental Indigent and Geriatric Patients (known as the Hirst Commission) recommended that the hospital be used to serve "the hundreds of children and youth with severe behavioral disorders." Chil-

dren began arriving at the school, now known as the DeJarnette Center, in July 1973. Special General Assembly appropriation established a 65-bed residential and 35-day student program in 1975.

Until 1981, the children stayed only five days a week and went home on weekends. Beginning in 1981, the children remained at the school as full-time residents. From August to October 1989, the autistic program for children was phased out and another adolescent unit was added giving the center an early/middle childhood unit, a pre-adolescent unit and two adolescent units all for children with behavioral and emotional problems. The fully accredited DeJarnette Center was affiliated with the University of Virginia, Department of Behavioral Medicine and Psychiatry.

In 1994 the mission of DeJarnette Center was "to provide specialized, intensive diagnostic, evaluation and psychiatric treatment services to children between the ages of four and 18 years and their families. The Center's programs and services are available to all children and adolescents of the Commonwealth." By the 1990s the center employed 111 full-time and 30 part-

time staff and had an operating budget of nearly \$5 million.

In 1992 a bond referendum approved \$7.2 million in funding for a replacement facility. Groundbreaking occurred in November 1994. In 1996 the center was moved to its new 48-bed facility east of the city and the original DeJarnette Buildings were closed. Those buildings eventually came under the auspices of another state agency, the Museum of American Frontier Culture.

For nearly 70 years, the DeJarnette facility has stood as a gateway to the city of Staunton. Situated at the base of the city's twin hills, the buildings have simultaneously served as a unique landmark to all visitors, and a place of healing to the emotionally and mentally ill who sought solace here. The continued presence of these buildings serves as a reminder of Staunton's place in history as a haven for the mentally ill. —

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ACHS opens office in Verona to serve community

VERONA — Up, rolling, and ready for action is the best way to describe the historical society these days. For the first time in its history, the Augusta County Historical Society has an office, an employee, and a phone. Taking care of the office on a part-time basis will be Helen Morse of New Hope.

Helen will spend approximately 10 hours a week answering queries, doing mailings, keeping the books, and handling sales.

A native of Boston, Helen spent a number of years there as a bookkeeper for a real estate company. She was also employed as a curatorial assistant for the Museum of

American Frontier Culture. She and her husband John, regional manager for Genicom, have lived in Augusta County for a dozen years. They are active in New Hope United Methodist Church. Helen and John have four children: Melanie, Matt, Lynn and John.

As Helen tackles the backlog of work and organizes the holdings, she will eventually be available to help researchers access the extensive historical archives and library that has been cultivated under ACHS archivist Richard Hamrick. During two days in August, the archives were moved from a basement room in the courthouse to a

storage area just down the corridor from the new society office.

The new office and archives area are located in the basement of the government center in

Verona and can be reached either by stairs or elevator. Once on the basement level, follow the signs for the county attorney and then go to the next office.



Helen Morse has been employed by the Augusta County Historical Society to staff the recently open ACHS office at the Government Center in Verona.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Thanks to some generous donations, the new office space is already equipped with a desk and chair, file cabinet, fax machine, answering machine, laptop computer and a regular computer. Items still needed include a photocopy machine, paper cutter, hole punch, and other supplies.

The society's new phone number is 540/248-4151. The office will be open 10 hours a week. In this early settling-in phase of the society office, it is essential to phone and make an appointment to visit.

If you are interested in the history of Augusta County, its people, its institutions and organizations, its cities of Staunton and Waynesboro and its many small communities, you should become a member of the Augusta County Historical Society. Members receive the Bulletin (journal) and newsletters; invitations to the semi-annual meetings, an annual banquet, and other society activities. For membership information, write: ACHS, Attn.: Membership, P.O. Box 686, Staunton, VA 24402-0686 or call 540/248-4151. —

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Hard at work in the devil's playground

Down on the farm we're thinking about crops grown in hell. We wouldn't ordinarily consider such a dark topic. But since we've finally made it to the cornfield with the corn chopper, we can say with some authority that old Satan has been at play in our cornfields because they are in one devil of a mess.

Corn stalks are blighted, twisted, gnarled and tangled. Ears of corn vary from yellow nubbins to sooty stubs. And the weeds! Saints preserve us. The corn is supposed to be high as an elephant's eye, not the ragweed. You couldn't grow ragweed like this at Chernobyl. For that matter, corn grown within some proximity to leaking radioactive waste would probably look healthier than ours does this year.

As bad as the summer has been for growing crops, some managed to thrive — to a certain degree — on rain from sporadic storms. But old Satan couldn't even let a little good corn get by without taking at least one swipe at it. To add insult to injury we found that corn which might be considered at least passable had been struck by a late season hail storm which shredded the leaves. So even the "good" corn shows signs of the devil's handiwork.

As disconsolate as I may sound regarding the state of our corn crop, I should be counting my blessings for what we do have. I'm sure there are farmers in many areas who can do no more than harrow fields from which they should be harvesting corn. We at least have some corn that will make marginally nutritious feed for cattle this winter. Actually, we managed to grow four grades of corn this summer — "medium," "poor," "barely recognizable," and "the Crop formerly known as Corn."

There aren't too many choices when it comes to harvesting the latter two grades of corn. It must be made into silage or plowed under. The medium and poor grades can be made into silage without too much problem, however when the four grades of corn are all mixed in the same stand of corn, one must find a way to harvest the medium

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO
HAMILTON



and poor corn along with the "barely recognizable" corn and "the Crop formerly known as Corn."

Unfortunately, equipment used for turning corn into silage is engineered to harvest corn plants of a specific size and maturity. Generally speaking, the corn has to be taller than the corn chopper so that the machine will work. Call the equipment manufacturers crazy if you will, but that's just the way they make those machines. There are no adjustments on corn choppers for drought-stricken corn. And there's no reason there should be.

But this leaves those of us who face the task of harvesting the worst corn crop of the century trying to figure out a way to make the corn go through the machine and have something to show for it in the end. And I thought harvesting a bumper crop of corn was hard work. Oiy vey. Harvesting a disaster corn crop is even harder work than bringing in a good crop.

We thought the worst of the drought was behind us when in two days' time (Thank you, Lord!) Tropical Storm Dennis dumped two months' worth of moisture on our fields. Rain total amounts varied from four to nine inches across Augusta County. And while Dennis was hailed as a drought buster by many, the aftershocks of the century's worst drought went unnoticed until we began to make the effort to harvest what is this year's corn crop.

Again, oiy vey.

We decided to make a start in the worst cornfield, hoping silage

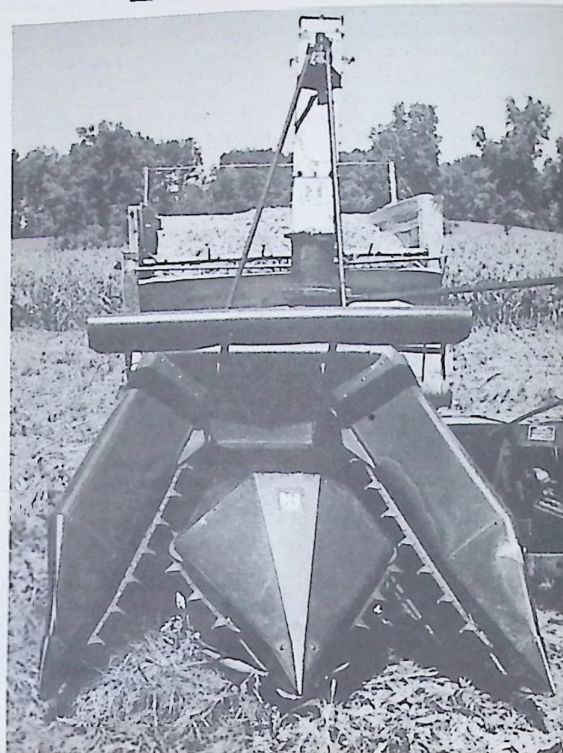
that is more weeds than corn could be put at the bottom of the silo. After nearly three hours of chopping in the field and without even managing to get to the ends of the first two rows of corn, we hadn't even chopped a half-a-wagonload of silage. Talk about an exercise in futility.

I would run the machine about 10 yards and the header would choke up. Get off the tractor, pull out the trash, start again. Ten more yards. Choke up again. Get off the tractor again, pull out the trash, start again. Ten more yards, choke up again, on and on. Even with the help of two other individuals unclogging the machine, there still was little progress to be made. The corn and (mostly) weeds simply would not go through the machine even with the tractor geared down to its slowest speed.

Finally, I was within 20 yards of the end of the field. The machine started choking up. I just didn't care anymore. "I'm going to get to the end of this field, I don't care what happens," I said to myself. So I just kept on going, choking the header up even worse which ultimately caused the shear pin on the header chains to break. I was so relieved.

After three hours of fighting and sweating — and IT WAS HOT out

there in the devil's playground in early September, much hotter than I can remember other corn chopping seasons — we three with our half-load of silage began scratching our heads. What's wrong??? We all wondered. Was it the corn? Arguably the worst we've ever



Corn Chopping 101 — This machine is a field chopper. It is used to turn corn into silage. The front of the chopper is called the header. Cornstalks are cut and gathered into the machine by the header. As the stalks and ears of corn go through the machine they are ground into silage which blows out the back of the chopper through its spout and is caught in the wagon pulled behind the chopper.

seen. Was it the corn chopper? Arguably the most contrary we've ever owned. Was it the person operating the corn chopper? Arguably... don't even go there.

The only way to find the answer to at least one, maybe two and possibly all three of these questions was to move to a cornfield where the corn was in fairly good shape. This we did and in a matter of minutes the corn chopper was exonerated of its contrariness and the corn chopper's operator was vindicated in her masterful skill in running the machine. HAH!!!!!! So there. It wasn't me after all.

But after spending three hours chopping the first half-load of silage, there wasn't much time left in the afternoon to make a lot more

progress. However the harvesting process in the field with the better corn was blissful compared to the earlier experience, so we managed to get several loads out of that field before calling it a day.

Determining the answers to the questions about why the bad corn wouldn't go through the corn chopper did little to aid our cause of harvesting the worst crop we've ever seen. It would still have to be harvested, choked up corn chopper notwithstanding. And there was quite a bit more bad corn than good corn, so we faced the necessity of buckling down for a rather long corn chopping ordeal.

The next day we chopped a few more loads of corn out of the good

See CROPS, page 11



The quality and quantity of corn grown this year under extreme drought conditions ranged from good to poor. The photo at left shows stalks of corn with mature ears. The photo at right — taken only a hundred yards from the corn shown in the left photo — shows stalks of corn with ears dwarfed and twisted due to the heat stress and lack of rain.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

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Continued from page 10

field then after lunch made the move to another farm where the corn was of multiple varieties, all falling within the range of good to "the Crop formerly known as Corn." And here was where we found the corn which had been damaged by hail. The devil had been hard at play here.

Starting into the first section of corn we found it to be much the same situation as we had experienced the afternoon before. The corn was either too short to go through the chopper or weeds caused the machine to choke up. So it became another exercise (using this term literally) in getting on and off the tractor to clear the header on the chopper of one mess or another. And again, it was HOT out there and HURMID. This is what I meant when I pointed out that I learned bringing in a good crop is hard work, but bringing in a disaster crop is even harder work.

But after several more hours of being hard at work in the devil's playground, I began to adjust my strategy for chopping the corn. It seemed there were a variety of methods of running the machine which I had never explored — never needed to explore for that matter — in operating the corn chopper. These strategies evolved out of a trial and error methodology, unfortunately, which is time consuming, but nonetheless an effective manner in which to determine new ways of doing things.

The first strategy which needed adjusting was the ground speed of the tractor. I had learned the day before that running the tractor at its slowest speed and in the lowest gear didn't seem to help the problem of the chopper getting choked up. In fact, it seemed to promote it.

Part of what makes the chopper work is the machine's forward motion through the rows of corn which pushes stalks that have just been cut further into the machine to be chopped then blown out the back into the silage wagon. I theorized that running the machine faster might push the corn — even

the short stalks — up into the machine and actually prevent it from getting choked up rather than cause it to choke up.

Running the tractor faster turned the process into speed chopping which is like speed dialing except it requires more than the push of a



Lack of rain reduced corn yield by as much as 90 percent in some areas and by as much as 50 percent in many areas.

single button. Then again, maybe it's not like speed dialing, anyway...

Having some success with the new speed chopping strategy, I proceeded to re-learn the manner of operating the corn chopper and developed additional strategies to facilitate the process of chopping the disaster corn crop. New corn chopping strategies I developed include:

Strategy No. 1 — Go fast.

Strategy No. 2 — Go very fast.

Strategy No. 3 — Go very fast, raising and lowering the header frequently. This has the effect of scooping up the corn and tossing it back into the chopper.

Strategy No. 4 — Go very, very fast, raise the chopper head, disengage the power take off and mash down as much corn as possible thereby making it impractical to attempt chopping the corn. While I am obliged to go over every foot of ground where corn is planted, I am under no contractual obligations to ensure that the corn actually does in fact go through the chopper. Once I've gone over a piece of ground, regardless of whether the corn gets chopped or mashed down, I don't have to go back over the same piece of ground again.

Using Strategy No. 4 seemed to be a liberating experience, to a cer-

tain degree. It relieved me of any compunction to attempt doing the impossible — turning 12-inch corn stalks into anything remotely resembling silage. Once released from that burden, I was able to consider this year's corn harvesting with a completely different attitude.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." And you can't turn a disaster corn crop into a good one. Strategy No. 4 was used in the field where the corn fit the classification "the Crop formerly known as Corn." My choices with the disaster corn were limited from the outset. Either mash it into the ground or call Gov. Gilmore and ask him to send some National Guard troops over with flamethrowers.

Strategy Nos. 2 and 3 came in handy where the corn was poor and "barely recognizable." These two strategies didn't work quite as well in the field where the ragweed was taller than the cornstalks. There was not much remedy for this problem because if you can't see the rows of corn it's hard to keep the chopper head on target. Especially if the ragweed is so big that you can't even see the chopper head much less the rows of corn.

Using Strategy No. 3 was the most challenging. In the first place, going very fast makes it difficult to keep the chopper in line with the rows of corn. In the second place, needing to use a hand to operate the hydraulic lever to raise and lower the chopper head takes one hand away from steering. Then when you add in the necessity of using another hand to maneuver the blower spout so the silage loads into the wagon properly, you end up having all your hands busy doing everything except steering the tractor. A slow moving tractor doesn't require too much steering and sometimes it can be kept on course by steadying the steering wheel against a knee. However a fast moving tractor won't stay on course with the knee maneuver. So when Strategy No. 3 was being used, it was best that no "pedestrians" were in the vicinity of the running machinery.

Ultimately, in the sections of corn which were very bad, I simply had to resign myself to getting off the tractor to remove trash and corn which became choked in the chopper header. I have gotten fairly proficient at this and have even developed some skills to help me spot

"a choked chopper head about to happen." For instance, there was one weed in the fields which grew among the corn which had a purple bloom on it. It wasn't a very big weed, certainly not anything approaching the size of the ragweed. But the weed with the purple flower would not go through the chopper regardless of any strategy used. After a time I waved the white flag at the purple weed, stopped the tractor, let the chopper clear itself of silage, then cut the machine off before passing over the weed and any corn which might be growing around it. Someone told me this weed is called "knot weed." Tell me about it.

The work and effort involved with running the chopper so that the disaster corn could be harvested was tiring and mentally exhausting. It's hard enough work just to run the machine for routine harvesting, but then add in the mental factor of continually needing to evaluate which strategy is most likely to yield the desired results and the whole process of running the corn chopper becomes one resulting in absolute fatigue.

However on one piece of ground where we were working, one section of corn was fairly good and the chopper would run through this in the fashion it was meant to. So after fighting my way through two loads of the corn which wore me out, I

would chop one load of the good corn just to get a little rest.

There has been one unfortunate consequence of corn chopping strategies which require the machine to be run at accelerated speeds over rough ground. Some of you may already have wondered about this, and, yes, running the chopper faster than it's meant to be run on rough ground will literally shake the machine to pieces. So now we're making little progress getting the corn chopped while dealing with the consequences of the machine flying to pieces. Chop one hour, work on the machine for three hours. Chop one day, work on the machine for three days. And then we had another hurricane. Yeehah. Hurricane Floyd brought us rain we still need so badly, but put the brakes on corn chopping for another day or two. All the better to rest our sore shoulders, aching backs, and tired legs.

Right now, as far as the drought situation stands, the score is Hurricanes 2, Drought 0. But we're a long, long way from where we'll need to be next spring in order to not have a repeat of the 1999 growing season. Every farmer prays that Satan will find somewhere else to play next year and that the summer of 2000 will find us walking in tall corn down on the farm. —



Corn in some areas managed to reach about 75 percent of its potential. Scattered storms during July brought rain which made some corn crops salvageable. In areas where there was little or no rain, farmers lost entire crops.

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Notes from the road

In this issue, Augusta Country contributing writer Claude Simmons takes us to Puerto Rico to spend some time building a house for a family whose home was destroyed last summer when Hurricane Georges ravaged the island.

Trip to Puerto Rico yields concrete evidence of church's mission

By CLAUDE R. SIMMONS III

CATANER, Puerto Rico — "A wise bull always finds the shade!" Alberto Gonzales' words certainly hit the mark as we stood sweltering in the 100-degree Caribbean sunshine. Almost at the end of the week's work project, nothing had disappointed us. Jerry Ruff, minister at Staunton Church of the Brethren, said it would be hot, physical work and he was right. During five days in April our group of seven had joined with about that many more folks at the Castaner, Puerto Rico Church of the Brethren Disaster Relief work site to repair storm damage caused by Hurricane Georges in September 1998.

Our nine-day trip sprouted during the President's state of the union address in mid-January when Pastor Ruff called to inquire

whether I'd be interested to participate in an April work project. Maybe I was just glad to get away from listening to another boring bunch of doubtful presidential promises and platitudes but where always before there were various reasons I couldn't participate in a mission trip, this time all the questions about time, money, and responsibilities were answered satisfactorily.

In short order our group of seven men began planning trip details. Raymond Curry, Joe Jones, Galen Halterman and Buford Masincup plus Pastor Ruff and myself came from Staunton Church of the Brethren. Dale Boyers from the Bethel congregation near Broadway completed the seven-member mission team.

We knew our work would be some kind of house construction but we didn't know what tools to take. Limited space for tools and

clothing for the week made it important to pack only bare necessities. Initially, when it looked like rough framing and sheet metal roofing would be our lot, we set aside

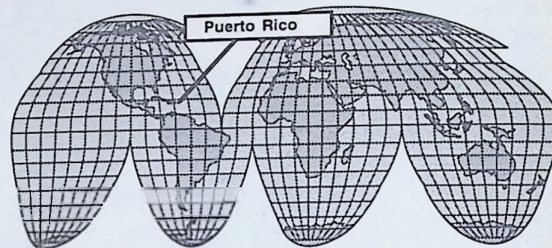
hammers, tape measures, nail aprons, squares, and power saws for basic carpentry. Three days prior to departure word from Castaner informed us that it had

rained all week, mud covered everything and to bring boots, levels and masonry trowels for laying blocks and pouring concrete. The fun was beginning.

Saturday following Easter Sunday arrived. We gathered people and luggage at the church, piled into a van and headed to Dulles International Airport. Our stuff fit the 15-passenger vehicle fine but it was doubtful it could be shoe-horned into the rental minivan waiting in San Juan. Lunch at the Old Country Buffet in Manassas concluded with a repacking exercise in the parking lot. Piles of extra socks, underwear, shirts, pants and assorted clothing were stowed in the van to be returned to Staunton.

Dulles to Philadelphia went fast. Aboard a 737 jet accelerating down the runway, Puerto Rico lay only

See *MISSION*, page 13



"Jose" and his family stand amid their home under construction through volunteer efforts provided by Brethren Disaster Relief.

Photos by Claude R. Simmons III

Puerto Rico:

Island territory seeking autonomy

Easternmost island of the Greater Antilles group, Puerto Rico's shores are washed on the north by the Atlantic Ocean and on the south by the Caribbean. About the same size as Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, the island is ringed by sandy beaches and palm trees with a spine of rugged mountains running west and east down the middle. Its nearest neighbor to the west is Dominican Republic.

Christopher Columbus stopped here more than 500 years ago. Originally named San Juan, Puerto Rico was inhabited originally by Taino and Carib people indigenous to this region of the Americas. Today's population of nearly four million people ranks Puerto Rico as one of the world's most densely populated countries with almost a thousand souls to the square mile. Her people reflect a rich cultural history. Spanish conquerors governed Puerto Rico until it was taken by the United States as settlement for the Spanish-American War a century ago.

Puerto Ricans are United States citizens. No passport or customs inspections are required to travel

there. Besides bananas, coffee, pineapple and sugar cane, Puerto Rico produces textiles, pharmaceuticals, petroleum products, cement and world famous rum. It is of course an international tourist destination for those seeking gorgeous beaches with attendant sailing, snorkeling and diving opportunities as well as magnificent mountain touring. There is also a large national park, El Yunque, setting aside a huge segment of rain forest at the island's eastern end.

Today Puerto Rico brings to the table many assets including location and an industrious population while it lives in a political nether world as U.S. Territory. It sees itself as a nation and after a hundred years tethered to the States would like to enjoy freedom as an autonomous nation. However, it's doubtful whether Puerto Rico could support itself very well without continued heavy infusion of aid from the United States. Statehood as the 51st state remains a strong possibility. Much depends on Congress' determination in the next 10 years. —

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page 2
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Mission

Continued from page 12

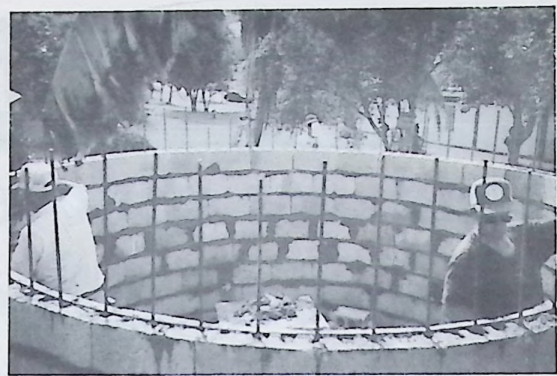
three hours away. Suddenly our bodies pulled hard against the seat belts as the brakes came on hard and the wing flaps came up. That plane wasn't going anywhere. Eight hours and a plane change later we wearily went to bed in San Juan.

A few hours later morning broke hot and humid. Palm trees rising along crowded, narrow streets heavy with salt air from the crashing Atlantic Ocean waves just a couple blocks away testified to how far from home we'd come. We weren't in Kansas anymore. One of the oldest Spanish New World ports, San Juan offered an unending sensory feast as old and new, Spanish and Anglo, rich and poor mingled freely. This old Spanish port and its harbor fortifications had stood undefeated more than 300 years until it became a United States territory a century ago.

Little more than 150 kilometers (70 miles), but four hours' drive away in the mountains of west central Puerto Rico, the village of Castaner is a collection of houses, schools, businesses and grocery stores gathered near a modern hospital along the main route headed south to Ponce on the Caribbean coast. Narrow, twisting roads wind around the steep volcanic mountain ridges cut by deep green valleys carrying full flowing rivers in their bottoms. Banana and coffee trees, hibiscus, philodendron, impatiens and myriad other tropical flora cover the slopes. Houses are everywhere set on postage stamp lots. Sometimes they are only a few feet from the road's edge. Sometimes they are perched precariously on steep hillsides. Seldom with any grassy yards, these small block



By flashlight, Dale Boyers, Ray Curry, Jerry Ruff and Buford Masincup set blocks in the foundation of a water tank.



Joe Jones and Ray Curry lay blocks to form up an 8,000-gallon water tank.

masonry homes always had flowers growing freely around them.

Storm damage was evident at every turn where the road had been washed out by heavy mudslides from high up the mountain. Deep holes cut into the roadway were guarded by a few orange cones meant to keep traffic safe in the remaining lane. Everywhere there were white plastic 3/4-inch diameter pipes carrying fresh water supply to the homes above and below the road. Often those homes' tops were covered by blue plastic tarps with FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) printed in bold block letters on them. The forest had been decimated by the hurricane. Before the hurricane the growth had been so dense that the road would appear dark even at noon because it was so shaded. It wasn't shaded anymore although the forest looked to us pretty thick and full.

Sunday evening's vegetable soup supper hit the spot. Project

See PROJECT, page 19

Castaner native puts help for others before personal needs

By CLAUDE R. SIMMONS III

Alberto Gonzales is a Puerto Rican banana farmer. And so much more. Native to Castaner, Alberto and Jerry Ruff, minister of Staunton Church of the Brethren, have been friends since Jerry lived there two years as a Brethren Volunteer Service worker more than 30 years ago.

Trained as a licensed practical nurse and laboratory technician, Alberto left the hospital many years ago to grow coffee, bananas and oranges on a plantation hugging a mountain ridge high above a lake not far from his Castaner home. His wife, Doris, works as a registered nurse in the Castaner hospital as well as keeps their home and family on an even keel while Alberto packs his day with wide-ranging work duties. He is a deacon in the Castaner Church of the Brethren. He visits the sick and bereaved and needy members of his congregation and community.

Riding up and down the mountain with Alberto in his open jeep is witnessing Christian life on the move, literally. Stopping for pedestrians along the way his two-passenger jeep might be crammed with six or seven people. Waving at oth-



Galen Halterman saws concrete blocks while Jerry Ruff and Alberto Gonzales, far right, discuss strategy on another project.

ers sitting in their doorways, stopping to visit or grab a bite to eat, everybody knows Alberto. He was the key to our work. He knew local people and sources of supplies needed to get our work done.

Outwardly calm, quiet, patient and selfless, Alberto was always thinking of the next thing to be done. He is a pusher. Alberto gets things done. When our water supply dried up on Wednesday, Alberto rounded up barrels so water could be hauled from the nearby river to mix mortar. Yet he was quick to bring smiles with a joke or dry wit.

In the church there had been some division among members to either build a wall around the church to prevent chickens and dogs from roaming freely over the beautifully kept lawn and gardens or to build a water tank to benefit refugees. Of course food, clothing and shelter for refugees was Alberto's objective. With his pushing we were able to practically complete the water tank in a few days.

Alberto's plantation was wiped out by Hurricane Georges and remained untended while he worked tirelessly to bring relief to others in

See ALBERTO, page 19

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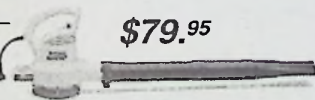


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Schoolhouse News

Students choose work, volunteering, hobbies to fill (spare?) time

By EMILY BROWN

GREENVILLE—Afternoon announcements are completed, the final tone rings and classes are over, but for many Riverheads High School students the day is just beginning. Most teens are involved in extracurricular activities along with their school work. Many students have jobs, participate in sports, play in the school

band, are members of clubs, volunteer locally or have hobbies.

Many participate in school-organized sports throughout the entire school year. Kassie Tucker, a senior, runs cross country, is a member of the volleyball team, and is the goalie for the girls' soccer team. Other students even play two sports during one season. Sports provide young adults with the knowledge of team work

while focusing on self-discipline.

Some teens volunteer during the summer and some volunteer all year long. Katie Caldwell, a junior, volunteers year-round at the Frontier Culture Museum in Staunton. She also takes guitar lessons, plays in the school band and a separate band formed outside of school. Vicky Brannock volunteers at a local SPCA. When asked of her interest in volunteering in this field, Vicky replied, "I've been interested in working with animals practically all my life, so I wanted to do something over the summer involving animals. I really enjoyed doing this because of the involvement I had with the animals." Some students volunteer at local fire departments and rescue squads. Others have become involved in a teen-volunteer program at Augusta Medical Center during the summer.

Outside of school, young adults participate in local youth activities such as their church youth group,

Girl Scouts or Boy Scouts. A local Girl Scout Troop is working on its Gold Award which could be the equivalent to the Eagle Scout Award of the Boy Scouts. Leslie Higgins, a member of the six-girl troop stated, "This is the highest award you can receive and I love doing things with the Girl Scouts."

Many church youth groups do community service projects. The youth of Bethel Presbyterian Church have a trash pick-up on Va. 701 and also serve dinner at the Valley Mission in Staunton on different occasions, along with other activities. Some members of the church's youth group traveled to Logan, W.Va. in July to help with home rehabilitation efforts through the Appalachian Service Project.

High schools offer many opportunities to get out and be active in the community. Clubs such as the FFA and FCCLA have a number of members who participate regularly. Bryan Shomo, secretary of the Riverheads FFA Chapter, mentioned activities such as an annual Crop and Vegetable Show and a tractor driving contest. The FFA also sells fruit every year to people in the area. The FCCLA, formerly known as the FHA, serves the public by working at the Valley Mission, providing activities for children, such as a yearly Halloween Party, and a wide variety of other services.

Have you ever walked into your favorite grocery store, a store in the mall, or a restaurant after you get off work and noticed who is

working? High school students are everywhere. Jen Glass, a senior, works at Kroger along with taking dance lessons at the Ballet Box. "I love to dance and work as well. It's hard to keep up sometimes, but I just give it my best," Jen said.

The lives of young adults are loaded with homework and responsibilities taken on by their commitment to their other activities, not to mention expectations at home. "After school I have to rush to wherever I need to go, either work or dance classes," Jen said. "After I get home I'll finish up my homework and go to bed." Most students stated that on average they spend two hours a night on homework.

Most high school students have very little free time during the school year. Many spend it at school functions, such as a ball games or dances. Everyone enjoys the time with their friends. Students say they enjoy anything from fishing or playing Frisbee to going to the movies or a concert. Teens also enjoy some time to themselves to simply think or read a good book.

Students who were asked why they take part in these many tasks, generally said because they enjoy doing these things. Other reasons include that they have the desire to try something new or that it relates to job skills in their work places. The undertaking of these many interests and responsibilities require dedication and hard work. —



Kassie Tucker, left, a senior at Riverheads High School and a member of its cross country team, competes in a recent meet. Tucker is among many RHS students who choose from a variety of extracurricular activities to fill their spare time.

RHS staff photo

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Gap's Kaufman earns East Coast regional award

By PENNY PLEMMONS

BUFFALO GAP — Buffalo Gap High School teacher and FFA adviser Shirley Kaufman is passionate about students experiencing agriculture in and out of the classroom. Her strong emphasis on student exploration coupled with innovative community and classroom ideas recently earned Mrs. Kaufman recognition as the "Outstanding Young Agriculture Teacher" in the state of Virginia.

Mrs. Kaufman competed with teachers from the Northern ag district and was selected for the award based on a classroom photo portfolio and an eight-page description of her teaching philosophy. The title, sponsored by the Virginia Agriculture Association of Educators, was awarded to Mrs. Kaufman at the Virginia Agriculture Teachers Conference in Blacksburg.

Representing Virginia, Mrs. Kaufman then moved into a regional competition where once again she claimed first place and was named the East Coast Regional "Outstanding Young Agriculture Teacher."

Sponsored by the National Agriculture Association of Educators, the award and a \$150 cash prize will be presented to Mrs. Kaufman at the group's December meeting in Orlando, Fla. Both honors are given to teachers who have been in the agriculture classroom for five years or less.

Although elated over her recent honors, Mrs. Kaufman quickly pointed out that the success of the ag program is the result of the combined efforts of her colleagues Barry Gray, ag teacher and FFA adviser, and Ed O'Conner, also an ag teacher. She also credits the school's administration for being very supportive of the program and the students for their personal achievements in the agriculture world.

According to Mrs. Kaufman, student accomplishments have drawn



Shirley Kaufman, far right, works with Buffalo Gap high school students Jon Shipe and Kristen Pauley on a project for their ag production class. Kaufman recently earned state and regional honors for her work as an agriculture teacher at BGHS.

Photo by Penny Plemmons

national attention to the school's program. Three Gap alum — Troy Lawson, Chris Curry, and Randy Muller — won FFA's National Final Proficiency. More recently, Rosalea Riley won the National Livestock Judging Contest. And for the first time in 23 years, recent Gap graduate Matt Hickey overcame a grueling interview process to become an FFA State Officer.

"We have had a lot of student success," Mrs. Kaufman commented. "This notoriety has helped the program's visibility and has increased student participation."

"We have the largest FFA enrollment in the county," Mrs. Kaufman said. "Last year we had 138 members and this year we expect at least 200 students to join us." The group's membership is still predominantly male, but according to Mrs. Kaufman female interest is growing. "The success

of students like Rosalea Riley encourages other girls to give ag a try," Mrs. Kaufman stated.

Mrs. Kaufman brings a lifetime of agribusiness skills to her classroom. Growing up in Manitoba, Canada, Mrs. Kaufman, her three sisters and a brother were actively involved on the family farm. "We were a diversified farm, growing crops and raising commercial and registered cattle. Farming is just in my blood," she said.

After earning an undergraduate degree in animal science, Mrs. Kaufman received her master's degree in animal reproduction from South Dakota State University. As a grad student she earned experience in livestock judging.

Eventually Mrs. Kaufman made her way east where she taught agriculture and managed a small farm at Ferrum College. Three years later she moved to Augusta County where she was employed as a field service representative for Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau. Finally she landed back in education where she is moving into her fifth year as a teacher.

"I really enjoy working with students. I find that high school students are enthusiastic and open to guidance. There is never a dull moment," Mrs. Kaufman quipped. "I try to pick the programs that students will enjoy and I find that the hands-on experiences draw students into learning."

This year Gap has added a Leadership Class to the ag program.

"It's surprising," Mrs. Kaufman commented, "about half of the class are non-ag students. They are enrolled because they recognize the need for people skills and public speaking."

According to Mrs. Kaufman, the leadership, ag mechanics and ag production classes augment Virginia's new SOLs. "Our program teaches students how to become effective citizens and to be productive," she said.

The annual "Food for America" outdoor expo encourages community involvement and teaches the importance of agriculture. Last year's FFA officers brought inner city children to participate in the crop and animal show. Students also get practical crop application by planting, growing, and maintaining a variety of plants in a garden plot located behind the school's practice field.

Mrs. Kaufman's creative energy seems endless as she plans and envisions numerous outdoor learning opportunities for her students. Already in the works is a cooperative effort with Virginia Tech to incorporate a nutrient management and water quality program into the current ag curriculum. An environmental awareness program is also in the future.

Mrs. Kaufman lives at Arbor Hill where her husband Jeff manages a commercial and registered Angus herd for Sugar Loaf Farms. The Kaufman's four-year-old son Cole is already showing signs of continuing with the family farming tradition.

"He showed a sheep in the Augusta County Fair this year and he is learning to help out with the calves," Mrs. Kaufman said. "He is becoming quite a little agriculture man!"

Whether indoors or out, Mrs. Kaufman is promoting agriculture and the skills and personal characteristics it takes to achieve success in today's marketplace. —

RHS Crop Show a success

By JASON McILWEE

GREENVILLE — The Riverheads FFA Crop and Vegetable Show was held Sept. 2 at the school.

Despite the dry season and the block scheduling, students were still able to round up approximately 1,000 entries to exhibit. The items included everything from garden foods, such as potatoes and tomatoes, to items from the field, like oats and rye. Prize money was given for first, second, and third place. Many students walked away

with more prize money for having the most items entered.

Amanda Hemp was first with a grand total of 125 items. Coming in second was Neal Buchanan with 75, and Phillip Miller rounded out the top three with 57 items. All students were required to bring five items, but many members exceeded the minimum amount.

Visitors to the Crop and Vegetable Show began arriving at 7 p.m. The crowd consisted of everyone from children to grandparents. It was just as exciting for the grandparents to see as it was for the children. Once

everyone had seen the exhibits, the students were then able to collect their ribbons and pack up their items. All items that were left were taken to the Valley Mission.

Everyone is always excited when the time for the Crop and Vegetable Show approaches. But it's nice when all the work is done and the show can be enjoyed. It's nice to see your accomplishments, but it's always nice to see yourself win a blue ribbon with those accomplishments. Considering the hardships of the past summer, the overall show was a great success. —

Arehart earns Eagle Scout award

SWOPE — The rank of Eagle Scout was awarded to David P. Arehart on July 31 at Camp Shenandoah.

Arehart earned 45 merit badges in scouting. He repainted the map of the United States at Riverheads Elementary School for his Eagle project. He has been on staff at

Camp Shenandoah for four years.

Arehart is a member of Troop 126 in Staunton and is a 1999 graduate of Riverheads High School.

A ceremony and reception following the awards ceremony was attended by family, friends and staff of the camp.

Arehart is the son of William and Sally Arehart of Middlebrook. —



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Looking for something cultural to do with your Friday night? Well Riverheads High School has just what you need. Come see Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* on Friday, Nov. 12. It starts at 7:30 p.m. Admission to be announced. See you there!

The Hitching Post

Break old habits to re-train horse



I bought my horse off the track and I need help with halts. She is a four-year-old thoroughbred and had some medical problems which I have taken care of. The more healthy she is the more problems I have with halts. I know she was trained to run, but how can I get her to stop without having to wrestle her and pull on her mouth so hard?

This problem is common with race horses because of their training as well as breeding. It is good that you understand that. Good health also makes a horse more energetic and ready to enjoy its favorite past time — running. Re-training a horse takes a lot of time and commitment, but it is not difficult.

First of all, you will need to be patient because you will have to ask your horse to become used to a new habit. And that habit is to slow down. For a long time you will need to work on asking your horse to relax, enjoy walking and perhaps even standing still. This means if you are a rider who likes to canter or enjoy the faster gaits you will have to put off what YOU want

until the horse has been re-trained to accept the new habits. This is what makes training difficult for many people. They lack the patience to put off their own wants until the horse is corrected. If a trainer retrains a horse and does not retrain the rider, too, then they often have repeat business.

Start with the saddle. To your race horse a saddle means preparing to race or for a work out on the track. The association is made in its mind and you will have to create a new association. After tacking up you might walk her around without even mounting and perhaps even untack and put her away. Confusion is a good thing. When we expect certain outcomes

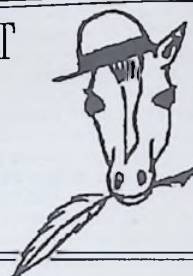
from situations and you create new outcomes it confuses us, but that is actually very good. It means change. Try to confuse your horse a little bit in a positive way.

If your horse does not get too excited about the tacking process then after mounting you can change its mind about running by taking the horse for long walks. Again, the unexpected will be a nice change for the horse and teach her to associate something new with tacking. You will be able to tell when your horse has become adjusted to the new habit when it begins to relax and not anticipate the old habit.

After you have reached a point of working in a relaxed and quiet state you can begin to work transitions into your program. Transitions such as halts, walk, and trot will teach the horse to accept changes.

Remember that the training at the track did not include much work with transitions so this will be another change for the horse. Give it time to adjust to the new workout. You will find that your horse should start to listen better and if you work your transitions without a regular

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



pattern it will not anticipate your requests as much. This is important in communication. Sometimes patterns cause horses to anticipate commands and the rider loses some of his or her effectiveness.

Re-training this type of horse can take as long as a year to accomplish. Even then you will always have the background in your horse's training that will come back to haunt you if you let it. Ex-

race horses make wonderful riding partners if you are patient and can take the time to get them to relax and enjoy a slower pace. Take it from the "Horses Mouth" — learning how to train a horse properly is an important part of horsemanship. This is because every time you ride you are training your horse to do something. What you are training your horse to do is up to you and YOUR habits! —

I.B. Hoofinit is a fictitious horse character developed by Chris Marrs as a service to teach horse care. Questions to I.B. Hoofinit may be submitted to P.O. Box 2955, Staunton, Va. 24402. Questions become the property of Chris Marrs, and answers are subject to editor

approval. Information provided in this column is meant to be taken as general advice. Each horse, rider, owner, and situation reflects different problems. I.B.'s answers are meant to be informative and enjoyable, but not binding. Common sense in any situation is a must.

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Horses in History

Can you identify the horse and rider described in the following vignette? If so, simply write your answer down and mail it with your name and address to I. B. Hoofnits's Horses in History, P. O. Box 2955, Staunton, Va. 24402 or call 540/885-0266. The first correct answer received will be sent a free gift! The answer will appear in the next issue of *Augusta Country*!

What breed am I? I am a horse that is the only breed named after a state in the United States. My breed association chose the stallion by the name of Black Allan foaled in 1886 as the foundation sire. I am famous for an inherited gait called the running walk. Can you name my breed?

Last month's Horse in History was the famous western motion picture equine star Tony, which was ridden by Tom Mix. Together they made many movies and even received recognition in London in 1925 by the Lord Mayor. As a traveler and war veteran Tom Mix also fought in the Spanish-American War and The Boxer Rebellion in China. He trained horses for

use in the Boer War.

During the early years of film making, Tom Mix and Tony were a famous duo in Westerns. Later their adventures became a popular radio show. Tony, the famous movie star, is a Horse in History that is remembered for his contribution to filmmaking. (Reference: *The World Book Encyclopedia*, Chicago 54, IL.)—

Draft horses, mules take centerstage in Rockbridge

By CHRIS MARRS

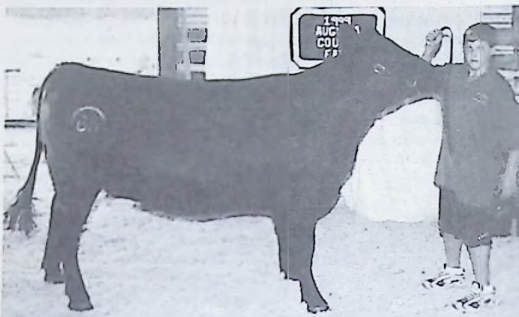
LEXINGTON — "Stubborn as a mule," is a misunderstanding says Frankie Everton of Chesapeake. A competitor at the second annual Eastern Draft Horse and Mule Show held July 31 at the Virginia Horse Center, Frankie is the proud owner of show mules. Another misconception is that mules are stupid. "Mules are very intelligent and need a lot of patience," explains Frankie. "If mistreated they tend to hold long-term grudges. They have exceptional memories."

Mules are the hybrid offspring of a mare and a male donkey. There are different sizes of donkeys — miniature, standard, and mammoth. The mare, or female horse, can add variety through her breeding. Frankie owns a 14-year-old mule team named Jack and Pearl. They were born and raised together and owned by Frankie for over 12 years. They are from a Percheron mare and a Jack (mammoth donkey).

Male mules are called Jacks. Frankie's other competitive mule, "Blue Ridge Bonnie" is a thoroughbred/quarter horse and donkey cross. All three mules did very well in competition including under saddle classes, halter, and in team hitch.

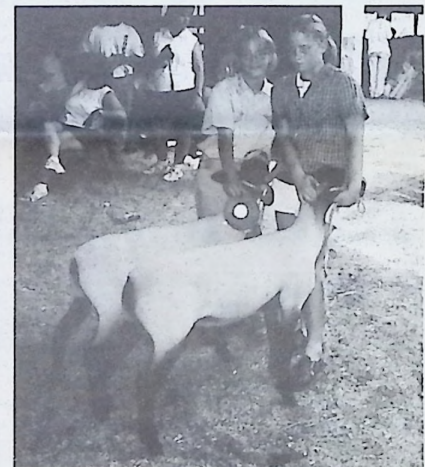
The second annual Eastern All Draft Breed and Mule Show brought in competitors from all over Virginia, Maryland, and West Virginia. Breeds attending included mules and draft horse breeds such as Percherons, Shires, Belgians, and Clydesdales.

Show Chairman Doug Britt explained the goal of the show is to eventually become a national rated show. They look forward to keeping local competition, but want to work toward the point awards associated with ratings. This year's show paid out over \$1,680 in prize money. Doug looks forward to an even more successful event next year. The show was held during the Rockbridge County Fair. —



Exhibiting the Grand Champion market lamb and Grand Champion pair of market lambs at the 1999 Augusta County Fair were Sam Earhart, below left, of Greenville; and Megan Carpenter, below right, of Mt. Solon, assisted by Ashley Shifflett of Piedmont.

AC staff photos



Augusta Fair features third annual draft horse, mule show

FISHERSVILLE — The Augusta County Fair hosted its third annual Draft Horse and Mule Show at the 1999 fair held in August. Entries included local competitors such as the Kisamore family from Churchville and Brett Seal from Mt. Solon. The show also attracted

Marshall Cofer of Bedford with his working team horses "Bow, Fiddler, and Beauty." The Kisamores and Seal both showed Percherons competing closely for top positions in each class. Classes included halter, team hitches, and best matched pairs.

Show Chairman Doug Britt has organized this show since its debut three years ago at the fair. Doug is active in the draft horse breed industry and said he looks forward to seeing the Draft Horse and Mule Show continue to grow and attract more competitors in years to come. —

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Thank you

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

September 1999

Dear Maude:

Late August and early September are looked forward to every year by the ordinary workers here in our nation's capital. It is almost as if we are in a different city. Seldom does one see the crews of television cameras, wires, mikes and the like on the sidewalk with some unidentifiable person standing there, talking to what appears to be no one. Even though it happens all the time, we tend to turn and stare each time. Why so many of these "reports from the place where things are happening" seem to be made from our particular part of town, I am not sure. Perhaps there were so many other news crews on the lawn of the Capitol and in front of the various legislative office buildings, that we get those who get there too late to find a good space. Or perhaps they like to have Burberry's and the other classy Connecticut Avenue shops behind them for a more polished background. Who can tell? But it has been nice not to have them around for a few weeks.

What a wonderful time I had on my visit home! Being able to sit back and take things easy is something I seldom get to do. And now that our honorable leaders have returned from their own holidays, easy days will be a thing of the past. No more long lunch hours. No more leaving the office early to do a little shopping. No more mornings spent gossiping, (which might be just as well, since the subjects of much of our gossip have purchased a house on a dead-end street out of state and the "other person" has rented an apartment in a nearby location. First those New Yorkers complain about how unimaginative we are in Washington when it comes to fashion; now they go and steal the main characters in our

ongoing saga. It simply does not seem fair!)

Several of the other girls in our office and I were enjoying our leisurely days by surveying the new clothes showing up in the nicer stores and checking out the latest magazines. It almost looks as if the fashion is heading toward more comfortable and wearable clothes. There do not seem to be nearly as many of those little short skirts that make sitting on a stone bench in the park a somewhat uncomfortable affair. We all decided that we rather like the new styles.

But then, before we could organize ourselves and take turns heading out to investigate these exciting new clothes personally, our boss came back a few days before Labor Day in a frenzy. Review of his budget did not show as much income as he would like, and a review of the government's budget simply did not have enough questionable items to suit him. Legislation pending was in a slump. The clients thought he had done such a good job that they had called with no new problems. It is a little hard to charge for any extra time and expenses when those who pay aren't interested in anything that is going on in town.

The boss spent several days on the phone with many clients discussing the terrible things that just might happen. I think he managed to scare enough of them that he can now spend his days on the hill taking staff members to lunch or whatever and "checking out things" for anyone who might, just possibly might, need to worry about what those politicians could do to their favorite loophole. One cannot be too careful these treacherous days.

Those first wonderful crisp September evenings in the mountains were so welcome and invigorating. September has always been my most favorite month. However, now that the middle of the month has arrived, in the District of Columbia it is a little different. The early autumn days

seem to be so much warmer in the Washington area than they do elsewhere. It must be all that hot air that arrives this time of the year.

If, however, I think that things are bad now, how will I be able to stand it next year when things really begin to heat up. By then, our final September of the 20th century will be remembered as quite cool and pleasant. We become so accustomed, here in the political hub of things, to a constant barrage of promises and exclamations of "what I am going to do" that it is often hard to keep up with what years are the actual election years. Until, of course, that "every fourth year" arrives and the activity gets less than gentlemanly. So far, everyone who is running (and happens to be in the city) is smiling, seldom mentioning the upcoming campaign times, and being so nice that it makes one shudder. It is not good when they start out like this. I can not say that I am looking forward to the year 2000 (from a political campaign standpoint, that is,) with much excitement.

I was surprised by your mention in your letter about Mama going off on her trip. What trip? I found her name on my Caller ID several times after I returned from the trip home, (you know how she simply will not leave a message,) but I was so very busy and by the time I had a chance to call her, I never could get an answer. (She is as adamant about not having an answering machine as she is about leaving a message. I don't know what to do with her!) Anyway, when she gets back from wherever she has gone, tell her I want to hear all about it.

It has not been long since my visit home, and already I miss the place badly. Give my love to everyone there.
LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Teens lend helping hand in nation's capital

By ELIZABETH GATEWOOD

Mix some local church youth groups, add a dash of good deeds, stir in some traveling, and what do you get? Local Presbyterian teens helping the homeless in the nation's capital, Washington D.C. For one weekend this summer, several area church youth groups worked in soup kitchens around the city.

Among those participating were Presbyterian churches from Staun-

ton, Churchville, and Grottoes. I was with the group from Mt. Horeb Presbyterian in Grottoes. Before visiting, everyone was curious. What would we do? Would we actually be serving the homeless, or would we be preparing the food? Our questions were soon answered.

Saturday morning, the work began. Mt. Horeb was assigned to D.C. Central Kitchen. Not only did we prepare food for the homeless, but we worked alongside them.

Some of those working there are or were at one time homeless. Everyone there was grateful for the help and put all of us to work.

Mt. Horeb youth arrived early and began to prepare food. We did everything from pressing garlic to sorting bread and helping prepare meals to send to shelters. Our group was finished by noon and then went back to the church where we were staying to get

ready to head back out onto the streets to go sightseeing.

Places that we visited were the Air and Space Museum of The Smithsonian along with The Museum of Natural History and others. And we couldn't forget about shopping. At another place we visited, there was also a lookout tower from which we could see the city and several sights, such as the Washington Memorial. Sunday morning we

took in a service at National Cathedral before heading home.

On Sunday, I felt fortunate that I had a roof over my head and a place to sleep. Unlike the people we had helped in D.C., I know what I'm having for my next meal, and I have a place to call my home. But I guess I can say that on the day we were there, they knew where their meal was coming from. I felt as if I had made a difference. —

Mark your calendars

Relief Sale, Oct. 2

HARRISONBURG — The 33rd annual Virginia Mennonite Relief Sale will be held Oct. 2 at Rockingham County Fairgrounds just south of Harrisonburg on U.S. 11.

Breakfast, including pancakes and sausage or omelets or scrambled eggs and sausage, will be served from 6 a.m. to 10:30 a.m. Auction of handmade furniture will begin at 9 a.m. and will be followed by the quilt and comforter auction at 10:30 a.m. Lunch, including turkey tenderloin, baked potato, and green beans, will be served beginning at 11 a.m. At noon, auction of paintings and prints by local artists will begin. The quilt and comforter auction will resume follow-

ing sale of the prints and paintings.

Also available for purchase during the day will be homemade food items such as bread, rolls, cakes, pies, cookies, candy, donuts, applebutter, and fruit pies. Ready-to-eat foods available will include country ham sandwiches, barbecued chicken, Brunswick stew, french fries, pizza, funnel cakes, cider, and soft drinks. Other items such as cheeses, meats, cider by the gallon, fruits, jams, jellies, honey, dried fruit, fresh vegetables, red wheat flour and cornmeal also will be available. A variety of crafts, plants, and international craft items will be available for purchase.

Proceeds from the Virginia Mennonite Relief Sale benefit the Men-

nonite Central Committee which works in agriculture, community development, education, economic/technical development, and social services throughout the world. About 88 percent of the MCC dollar goes directly to the "field."

St. John's dinner, Oct. 2

MIDDLEBROOK — St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ will hold its country annual ham and turkey buffet from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. Oct. 2 in the church social hall. Cost for the meal is \$10 for adults, \$5 for children 4-12, children under 4 are free. Hand crafts and baked goods also will be sold. Proceeds from the supper and items sold will benefit church projects.

St. John's is located 1.7 miles west of Riverheads High School just off Howardsville Road (Va. 701). —

Annual meeting, Oct. 11

SANGERSVILLE — The Augusta County Farm Bureau will hold its annual meeting and dinner at 6:30 p.m. Oct. 11 at the Sangersville-Towers Ruritan Hall. Awards will be presented to area youth competing in Farm Bureau's annual contests. Board members will be elected for the coming year and resolutions will be considered for endorsement.

For information about the Farm Bureau annual meeting, to make dinner reservations, or learn about becoming a member call 540/886-2353. —

Lord's Acre Day, Oct. 9

MINT SPRING — Mint Spring United Methodist Church will hold its annual Lord's Acre Day Oct. 9 at the Mint Spring Ruritan Building.

A bazaar will begin at 11 a.m. Dinner will be served from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. Included on the menu are ham, barbecued chicken, barbecued beef, and an assortment of vegetables. Prices are \$9 for adults and \$4 for children. An auction will begin at 7:30 p.m. Proceeds from the day's events will benefit church projects.

Mint Spring Ruritan Building is located seven miles south of Staunton on U.S. 11. —

•Project

Continued from page 13

managers were veterans Jiggs and Violet Miller from Michigan. Additionally there were Wade Hutchinson of Waynesboro, Dawn Watts of Johnson City, Tenn., Ryan Rusmiser of Lanark, Ill., Lester Shober of Ephrata, Pa., and Sean Dell of Elizabethtown, Pa. We ranged in age from barely 20 to more than 80 years. Jiggs oriented newcomers to expectations for the project and housekeeping rules for the week. We then walked down the street and sampled some good hand-dipped ice cream before returning to our quarters for bed.

Our quarters were comfortable rooms on the ground level of a two-story building standing along the river between the Iglesia de Los Hermanos and the hospital. It had housed many Church of the Brethren volunteers over the 30-plus years it had been there. Tiny frogs named coquii serenaded our sleep and roosters were our alarm clocks. By four a.m. hundreds of gamecocks crowed in turn and in concert from every direction. Dogs barking and fighting added their own notes to the nighttime "music."

Insect screens cover the open windows which are protected from rainstorms only by aluminum louvers. Sleeping inside the building feels a lot like camping in an open tent, like being one with the coquii, *agoutis*, tiny brown lizards, mourning doves and roosters. And in the heart of these mountains the 100-degree daytime temperatures drop more than 30 degrees for comfortable sleeping!

Breakfast was eaten, morning devotions ended, and lunches packed. (Rule: take as many sandwiches as you want but eat them ALL.) The sun was heating up the countryside well before eight o'clock. Tools, lunch coolers, water jugs and workers jammed themselves into an old white 15-passenger Ford Club Wagon van. With Sean Dell — a Brethren Service Vol-

unteer from Elizabethtown, Pa., and a recent McPherson College graduate — behind the wheel, we rode toward the north side of town then turned east and climbed quickly up the mountain. The grade soon steepened as the asphalt-paved roadway wound higher and higher, now and then skirting washouts where half the surface had fallen down a practically vertical pitch.

Fifteen minutes later we made a sharp right, backed up and then turned right some more to pull up a dirt switchback that I thought must end in the clouds. Sean fought the steering wheel as we bumped along a road that reminded me of an old washed out farm lane. But people lived here. In fact people lived everywhere. Never did you feel very alone in the mountains anywhere you traveled.

To our right Castaner lay on the valley floor a thousand feet below

us. As far as you could see to the north, east and west there were green mountains and valleys with thin dirt roads traced across their surface. Finally we parked off the left side of the road. From here we carried our tools and other stuff about 25 yards down the road then turned right and went another 15 yards to the house which would be our job site for the week. Or, we could have jumped 25 feet straight down over the bank onto the top of the house!

A simple 25-foot square three-room concrete block structure, the house was set on a spare piece of clay ground chopped out of the side of the hill. The downhill side was poised almost on the very edge of the slope. Young banana trees had been set on the surrounding hillsides between this house and its neighbors at either end hardly a half football field away. It was a

simple structure being re-built to withstand future hurricanes using concrete block walls bound at each corner and around the top perimeter with reinforced concrete. A tin sheet metal roof would cover it.

But getting materials to the job site and constructed into walls proved painstaking. Mechanization has not arrived here. Human muscle power reigned supreme. Every 30-pound concrete block was unloaded by hand from the building supply delivery truck. They were then loaded a hundred at a time onto Alberto Gonzales' old four-wheel drive pickup to be hauled up the mountainside to the job site. It was an exciting moment when Alberto's truck engine stalled out as it struggled up one of the higher switchbacks and began to slip backwards with 3,000 pounds of concrete blocks while Alberto

fought the brakes and clutch to restart the engine!

Finally the blocks were unloaded and carried one by one to their final resting place. There were no fork lifts and palletized systems here. Sand for mixing mortar was sifted through a screen sieve shaken by two people shovel-full by shovel-full. Mortar and concrete was mixed with shovels and hoes on a plywood floor laid on the ground. There was no mortar pan or real mortar hoe let alone a concrete mixer. This was a genuine sweat equity project of the first order.

At Jiggs' direction we scattered across the area pursuing various jobs. Buford, Joe, Raymond and Lester soon fell into laying blocks. Galen and I set about cutting steel reinforcing rods (rebar) and bending them into small rectangles to use for tying together long rebars into sets to be buried in the concrete posts holding the block walls together. Sean, Dale and Ryan began sifting sand and mixing mortar and concrete. Jiggs and Jerry worked at various jobs getting the project under way, keeping materials supplied and talking of other logistical problems. The homeowner — a man we would know only as "Jose" — helped wherever extra labor was needed — mixing concrete and mortar, shoveling dirt and carrying materials. It took a lot of concrete and mortar. The blocks were filled solid with concrete in every other cell. Three or four smiling children usually perched on a dirt bank above the house or sat on piles of lumber surrounding us.

At midmorning Jose's wife brought a tray of cakes and jug of cold fruit drink she and her three young children had carried a mile up the mountain from where their family lived temporarily with neighbors. One day she brought a bag of local tanga, sweet mangoes. What a juicy treat. As the sun baked and steamed the mountain, we drank water constantly. Lunchtime was a welcome respite but the heat sometimes slowed movement considerably throughout the day. Often by two o'clock we were ready to stop but kept going another couple hours anyway. This was how the rest week proceeded.

Violet and Dawn kept our bellies full and fueled our bodies' energy for hard work. Pork chops and gravy, smothered burritos, broiled

See LABOR, page 20



The house, which local volunteers constructed, is seen from above the hill where the house sits perched on a mountainside.

Many families in Puerto Rico lost their homes during Hurricane Georges in September 1998.

Photo by Claude R. Simmons III

Rotarians seek professionals for goodwill exchange

STAUNTON — Rotarians of Area 3, District 7570 are seeking six outstanding professionals to visit Denmark or New Zealand in March-April 2000 as part of the Group Study Exchange program of The Rotary Foundation.

Through the program, teams of professionals exchange visits between paired areas in different countries. The awards involve

four- to six-week visits during which team members share personal knowledge of their own country and experience the customs, vocations and lifestyles of another.

The purpose of a Group Study Exchange is to promote international understanding and goodwill through person-to-person contact. While abroad, team members stay in Rotarian's homes and have the op-

portunity to meet their professional counterparts. They will also give presentations to Rotary clubs and other groups about their home country.

The Rotary Foundation provides round-trip airfare and local Rotarians in the host country provide meals, lodging and group travel in their district. Team members pay for personal and incidental expenses.

People interested in applying should be employed full time in a recognized business or profession for at least two years. Young professionals within an age range of 25 to 40 are encouraged to apply. Applicants must live or be employed in Rotary District 7570. Staunton, Waynesboro, and Augusta County are in District 7570.

For an application, contact Richard Adams, 886-9438, or Doug Noland, 885-0888, or any Rotarian. Application deadline is Sept. 30. —

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Costner puts it over the plate in newest baseball flick

Okay, I admit it. I've been a Kevin Costner fan for 15 years. *Waterworld* wasn't THAT bad. Costner has made some really GOOD movies like *Field of Dreams*, *No Way Out*, and *Dances with Wolves*. (And he isn't hard to look at either.) Although I will admit that many of his movies are far too self-regarding and he cannot maintain an English accent for more than three syllables, Costner deserves the benefit of the doubt.

But, when I saw the trailers advertising *For Love of the Game*, I groaned at the prospects — "Bull Durham's Field of Dreams in a Bottle." Folks, don't let the trailer scare you off. This is a good movie, melodramatic but well crafted. Written by Michael Shaara (who also wrote the novel as well as *Killer*

Angels) and Dana Stevens (*City of Angels*) and directed by Steve Rami (A *Simple Plan*, *The Shining*, and *The Hudsucker Proxy*), *For Love of the Game* is not your standard baseball movie where the underdogs win the pennant.

Baseball legend Billy Chapel (Costner), is no underdog. After 20 years on the mound as a Detroit Tiger, he's a celebrity jock who is also a decent enough guy. On this particular day, however, Billy's world crumbles; he loses the two most important things in his life in the same morning. Not only does he learn that the team's owner has sold the Tigers to a corporate group and he'll be traded, but Jane (Kelly Preston — *Jerry Maguire*, *Addicted to Love*, *Amazon Women on the Moon*), his girlfriend of five years, breaks up with him to move to London.

Time and injuries have taken their toll on Billy's pitching arm. He faces the Yankees knowing this could be his last game. At this point the movie becomes the center point from which Billy examines all the choices he's made. Told in flashbacks, the pieces of his life come into focus as he thinks about what is important to him. The game becomes an act of redemption.

Although the movie and its main character are neither deep nor complex, Costner turns in a respectable performance as Billy Chapel. He delivers some funny lines with great timing and he seems less self-conscious about showing emotion. Preston does a fine job as Jane, the reluctant but devoted girlfriend. She loves Billy knowing Billy loves baseball more

than he does her. Preston isn't Oscar material, but you can feel her joy and pain. When her forbearance finally cracks you want to slap Billy's face for her.

A supporting cast adds to the characters on the field and off. John C. Reilly is particularly fun as Tiger catcher Gus Osinski. Many critics, who love to hate Kevin Costner, have panned *For Love of the Game*. Don't let them keep you away from the movie. Although it seemed a bit too long, characters and flashback sequences neatly interwoven with the game heighten the excitement of the game.

It's a love story about baseball; it's a baseball story about love. It isn't a chick flick; it isn't a guy flick. *For Love of the Game* is just a good, solid movie with a good, solid



message. Even the guy who went with me said it was a lot of fun. Hannah's mom gives *For Love of the Game* four bananas.

The movie is rated PG-13 due to some language, no sex but hints at sexual situations. —

•Labor

Continued from page 19

chicken, casseroles and desserts never let us down. Every meal was a banquet just like Sunday on the farm. More credit is due these two women who graciously accepted kitchen duty so well when they really preferred to work at the job site. Violet also kept accounts for all expenses which were closely audited by federal dispersing authorities. Dawn kept us in clean clothing even if it meant heating concrete out of our shirts and pants by hand. She also concealed from Raymond and Galen her discovery of a tarantula in their room closet so their sleep wouldn't become restless. These ladies had a tough job but took it in stride.

After Monday's supper Alberto took us to a corner of the church yard slightly uphill from the educational wing. We learned that there was a second project to tackle. Alberto explained that had the church a better water supply, it could provide shelter for refugees

displaced by future storms. He proposed building a round tank using concrete blocks that could hold about 8,000 gallons of water. The footer ditch had been dug but the middle area needed to be lowered six inches to accommodate a floor slab to be poured over the footers and on which the blocks would be laid. Everything would be reinforced thoroughly with rebar in alternate cells of the blocks and then filled solid with concrete.

Tuesday after lunch Jerry took Galen and me to begin digging out the water tank. Lacking even suitable shovels, we walked across the street to the Ferreteria Los Hermanos and bought a couple of round point dirt shovels. In surprisingly short time we had removed the dirt and banana tree roots, driven 30 vertical five-foot rebar into the footer trench and laid a rebar grid for the floor slab.

For this job Alberto had almost magically located a concrete mixer. The sand and gravel still needed to be hauled by wheelbarrow from vine-covered piles 100 yards away

but we could mix it in a power mixer! With more than three yards of concrete needed to pour the footers and floor slab the mixer meant the difference in getting the job done. By Wednesday supper we had poured the footer and would be ready to pour the floor in the morning. The block laying crew had finished Jose's house walls and would be ready to lay the water tank walls. Things were going nicely.

And then the owner of the concrete mixer pulled into the driveway and told Alberto he needed the mixer back early in the morning. This left us with three options: we could pour the slab after supper, pour it in the wee hours of the morning or mix the slab concrete by hand! No amount of persuasion or even monetary incentive could sway the mixer owner. So after supper we headed up the hill and commenced to mix concrete.

The next three hours spent hauling gravel, sand and concrete by headlight remains one of my life's most fun moments. More than a dozen men and women together

dug into a hot, dirty chore and fought their way through it until they got it done right. About half way into the pour Jerry realized we didn't have enough cement. No problem. Alberto pulled away and returned minutes later with 10 bags piled on the back of his old jeep! He had simply gone up the street to the local building supply and taken what he needed knowing he could pay for it in the morning! Joe, Raymond, Buford and Jerry set the first row of blocks in the dark on their knees using a flashlight to read the level bubble! The rest of us filled and poured buckets of sand and gravel into the hungry maw of the concrete mixer until finally the unplethoric wheelbarrow load filled the hole.

You never know whether work done in the dark under these conditions will stand inspection when daylight comes, but in the morning our water tank floor looked solid and level, ready to carry the eight courses of block walls needed to enclose it. By Friday's end the walls were pretty well in place and would soon be ready

for the concrete roof. But that would have to wait for the next crew. Sadly, we were leaving for home the next day.

What a week it was! For myself there were many firsts such as leaving the country on a commercial jet, seeing the Caribbean and joining a disaster relief work project outside my home community. Although not a stranger to physical work this week exhausted my physical energy but it had invigorated me spiritually. We had faced some tough challenges keeping the motto, "Doing the work of Jesus, simply, peacefully and together."

We struggled, sweated, laughed, prayed and even shed a few tears together. We went to Puerto Rico to help others but in so doing we helped ourselves. Our work might have been only a drop in the bucket but it made a good difference in the lives of all those it touched. It's possible the essence of rehabilitation is to give yourself to others — family, friends, community. It really does feel good to do good. —

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.

Oct. 5, 1638 — The journal of John Winthrop recorded

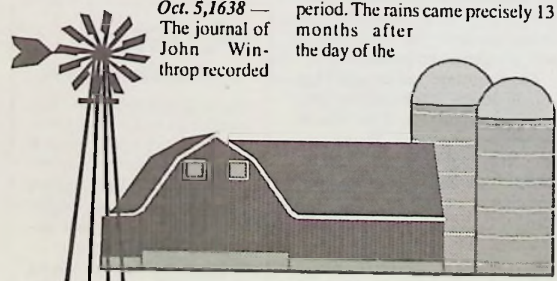
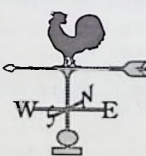
that a mighty tempest struck eastern New England. This second severe hurricane in three years blew down many trees in mile-long tracks. Oct. 8, 1901 — A deluge at Galveston, Texas, produced nearly 12 inches of rain in about a six-hour period. The rains came precisely 13 months after the day of the

famous Galveston hurricane disaster.

Oct. 20, 1770 — An exceedingly great storm struck eastern New England causing extensive coastal damage from Massachusetts to Maine, and the highest tide in 47 years.

Oct. 29, 1917 — The temperature at Denver, Colo., dipped to zero, and at Soda Butte, Wyo., the mercury plunged to 33 degrees below zero, a U.S. record for the month of October.

Oct. 30, 1925 — Nashville, Tenn., was blanketed with an inch of snow, its earliest measurable snow of record. —



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

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