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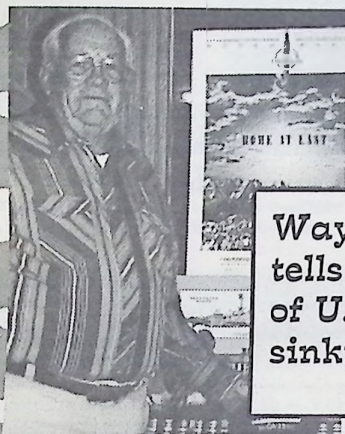
1799 BICENTENNIAL 1999



Down on the Farm
Pages 10-11

November 1999 Vol. 6, Issue 10

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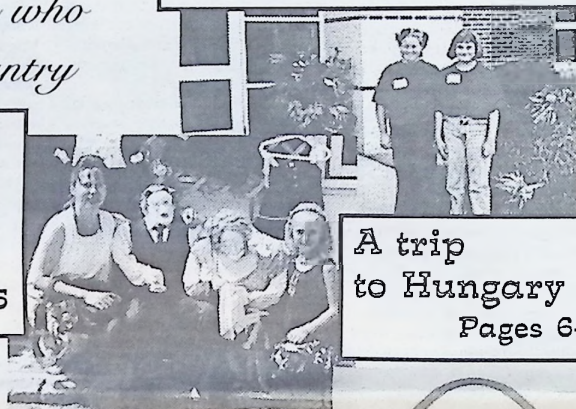
Veterans Day -- Nov. 11
Honoring those who
served their country

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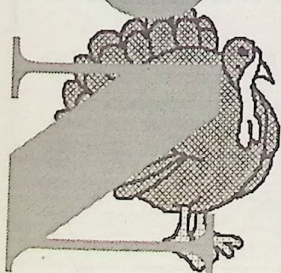
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1999



Augusta Farm Bureau honors local youths

AC staff report

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

Jerilyn Sheets, Rosalea Riley, Emily Curry, Bard Hewitt, and Bobby Drumheller were recognized by AFBF as winners of contests held each year by Farm Bureau.



SHEETS

Blue Ridge Community College.

Miss Riley, of Swoope, was named the federation's Outstanding Young Agriculturist. She is a senior at Buffalo Gap High School and a member of its FFA chapter. Miss Riley maintains a 4.0 grade-point average and is active in livestock judging and exhibiting livestock. She is a member of Bethany Presbyterian Church. She is the daughter of Doug and Donna Riley. Chosen as the Farm Youth Leadership Award winner was Miss Curry. The 17-year-old Buffalo Gap High School senior is the daughter of Charles and Betsy Curry of Mt. Solon. Miss Sheets, Miss Riley and Miss Curry will represent Augusta



RILEY



CURRY



DRUMHELLER



HEWITT

Farm Bureau in contests at the Virginia Farm Bureau annual convention to be held in December.

The Mary Frances Houff Outstanding Citizenship Award was presented to Drumheller, the 16-year-old son of Charles and Vicki Drumheller of Swoope. Drumheller is a junior at Buffalo Gap High School and a member of its FFA chapter.

Winner of the AFBF essay contest was Hewitt. He is the 14-year-old son of David and Laura Lee Hewitt of Swoope. Hewitt is a freshman at Buffalo Gap High School and a member of its FFA chapter.

Augusta Farm Bureau president Rick Shiflet presented a special American Farm Bureau award of recognition to Bob Goodlatte, R-Va., for his work on the House Agriculture Committee.

Augusta Farm Bureau members considered legislative resolutions on a variety of subjects. Resolutions included everything from acupuncture to elk. The group endorsed a resolution opposing the reintroduction of elk to Virginia. A resolution seeking the removal of the requirement of a physician's referral in order to be treated by a

acupuncturist also passed. Virginia presently is one of only two states which requires physician referral for acupuncture treatment.

AFBF members approved a resolution endorsing state funding for the proposed livestock teaching arena at Virginia Tech. Members also approved a resolution asking for five percent of net Virginia individual income taxes collected in each city and county be returned to the locality mandating a reduction in the locality's real estate taxes by five percent.

Other resolutions approved included requirements for water retention structures, agriculture impact studies, and the management of national forests toward the production of forest products. Resolutions approved will be forwarded to the state resolution committee for action at the annual convention.

In other business, executive officers and directors were elected. Officers elected by Farm Bureau members included Shiflet, president; Charles Wonderley, vice president; and Mary Ruleman, women's chairman. Elected to a three-year board term were Shirley Shomo, Beverley Manor and Jerry Shultz, Riverheads. At-large directors elected to three-year terms

See **DIRECTORS**, page 8



Rick Shiflet, president of the Augusta Farm Bureau Federation, presents a Friend of Farm Bureau award to Bob Goodlatte, R-Va., at the AFBF annual meeting held recently.

AC staff photo

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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

Katie Caldwell
Beth Greenawalt

Matt Greenawalt
Becky McMannes

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

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When you funnel some thoughts and ideas through the creative brain of an artist, you never know what's going to come spilling back out. Add another ingredient to the mixture and you have the potential for a truly Darwinian evolutionary leap.

Take Lew Morrison, for example. Here you have an artist, musician, inventor, inveterate tinkerer, and...cycling enthusiast. A few months ago Lew picked up an issue of the *Mother Earth News Magazine* and read about a man who built a recumbent bicycle from the parts of two regular bicycles. That was all it took to get those creative juices working.

"Even though I like to ride, bicycles never made sense to me," he said. "I've had this recumbent thing moldering around in my head for a long time. Why would someone sit way up there (on a regular bicycle) and then have to bend their head down?"

So Lew thought he'd give the man's idea a try. He scrounged

Staunton man tinkers with creation of recumbent bike from scratch

Story and photo by NANCY SORRELLS



Lew Morrison of Staunton takes a spin on the recumbent bicycle which he built from scratch.

around and found an ancient 10-speed road bike. Then he bought an old Huffy from a kid at a yard sale for \$5. With those acquisitions, the tinkering began. He had a welder cut the two bikes up and then welded the two back halves together. He rearranged the handlebars and had a bicycle shop add the brakes and gear cables.

At that point he had not strayed far from the magazine design. It soon became obvious to Lew, however, that there were many improvements required to make the machine rideable. "The original guy didn't allow for the smaller wheel on the front which changed the steering angle, or 'castor,'" he explained.

To compensate, he cut the front fork tube and bent it back to approximate the original steering angle. "The bike in the article was nearly unrideable because it oversteered so badly," he said.

He also strayed from the original design in the placement of the seat. Where the article had placed the saddle at the height of an upright bike, Lew dropped his 16 inches and lowered the rider into a more aerodynamic position. "One of the big design

advantages of recumbents is greatly reduced frontal area and therefore reduced aerodynamic drag and resistance. On a conventional bike at speeds over 15 mph, most of your energy is used just to overcome wind resistance. My seat is considerably lower, and I added a back to it," he explained.

Not only did dropping the seat improve the aerodynamics, but it made the ride more comfortable, insists Lew. He called upon a friend who is an upholsterer to make the mini-chair out of mattress ticking. Sitting in an upright position is more comfortable for those with back problems

he adds. "And you can actually see where you are going," he says.

To date, he has put about \$200 into his recumbent, a far cry from store-bought models that can run 10 times that amount. If he hadn't paid a welder, upholsterer and bike shop mechanic, he figures he has maybe \$75 in money and a couple of days in labor tied up in the machine.

Once he corrected the steering angle, riding the bike is not hard to master, although there are some differences between his recumbent and a conventional bike. "With front wheel drive it's not quite as maneuverable. Also you have to resist the power stroke of your legs with your arms. Because it's so low it isn't very visible in traffic, so I've added a safety flag," he said.

Fine tuning took place in a large parking lot, but with a few short hours of course work under his belt Lew could maneuver, make turns with ease, and stop safely. He has now tried some test runs around the neighborhood, including ascending and descending hills.

The next step was a longer road trip, on which he carried two different sized tubes for emergency repair because of the disparate wheels on his road machine.

After putting 30 miles of riding behind him on a recent vacation to the Eastern Shore, Lew is even more sold on his invention. "It's starting to feel normal!" he said.

All in all, the odd-looking cycle is still very much a work in progress. To observers, Lew and his bike resemble nothing more than a low-rider motorcycle with pedals added.

"I have not gotten a front derailleur rigged up yet, so I have only five speeds available without stopping to manually change the front gear. Also, I wish I had slowed the steering down a couple of degrees more, but I'll probably just get used to it like it is. I wish I had made the seat back several inches taller — it now stops about mid-way up my back," said Lew.

Having not ridden a traditional recumbent, he is reluctant to make comparisons between his backyard invention and those on the retail market. He does note, however, that "the only way to achieve the low seating on a conventional bent is to go to the long wheel base which I'm sure is not very maneuverable. I suspect that my bike will compare pretty well against medium and short wheel base bents because of my lower center of gravity and lower wind resistance."

He adds that there are a number of reasons, as he begins to age, that his brainchild looks increasingly inviting for his road treks. The position of the rider, for instance, is less stressful on the body, he said. "And, a minor fall on a regular bicycle is a right good jolt," he adds.

For him the challenge of the innovation and design has been fun — kind of a bicycle brain teaser if you will. The end result is twofold. Not only does he have a very rideable machine from which he can tackle the varied and hilly terrain of the Shenandoah Valley, but he has become, in his own words, "a recumbent enthusiast."

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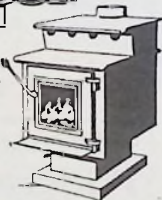
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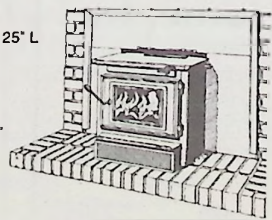
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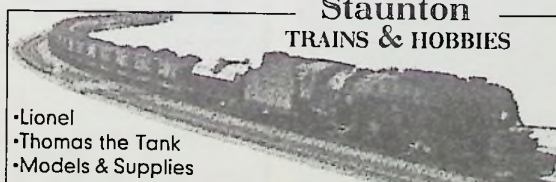
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Waynesboro veteran tells survivor's story of Navy's worst disaster

By NANCY SORRELLS

WAYNESBORO — Scattered across the country is a small group of men who look at life differently than other Americans. There are not many of them left — 100 or so — and their silver hair attests to the fact that even the youngest of the lot are in their 70s.

A more optimistic, perhaps even happy-go-lucky, group would be hard to find. These men don't let the burdens of the world weigh them down, and they never sweat the small stuff or the things that you just can't change.

The reason? Fifty-four years ago these men journeyed to hell and back, peered eye-to-eye with the worst the world could dish up, tested the limits of human endurance, and survived. The story that 317 men lived to tell was of the worst naval disaster in U.S. history, of the last American ship sunk in World War II, and of floating nearly five days in the South Pacific as their shipmates succumbed one by one to wounds, sharks, their inner fears, and the searing sun.

Sitting in his family room in Waynesboro, Jim Belcher tells his story with ease now — almost with enthusiasm — but it took decades for him to speak of the tragedy which he somehow survived. In 1945 Belcher was a teenager from Alabama who graduated high school when he was 16. He then spent six months in college before deciding to enlist in the Navy.

"I figured they just couldn't win the war if I wasn't there," he said of his youthful exuberance. So he enlisted at 17, went to boot camp and radio school and then to California where he boarded the U.S.S. Indianapolis.

It was April 1945 and the Indianapolis was in port getting cleaned up when Belcher, by then 18, stepped aboard. The flagship of the 5th Fleet had already seen plenty of South Pacific action, including taking a direct hit by a kamikaze plane. At 610 feet long and 66 feet wide, the Indy had been the pride of the Navy for 13 years, ever since being commissioned in 1932.

Belcher, one of 1,196 men on board, was a radio striker. "That means I knew Morse code, but was



Jim Belcher shows his personal memorial to the U.S.S. Indianapolis which he displays in his Waynesboro home.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

generally a clean-up boy, coffee-maker and messenger," he said of his menial tasks on board ship.

On July 16 the spiffed-up ship weighed anchor and departed under a cloud of mystery. The crew knew only that they were headed at top speed toward Tinian, near Guam, with some secret cargo. "Whatever it was, it was in a box welded to the deck and attached with a chain. There were two marines on guard there 24 hours a day," said Belcher. "Rumors were flying that said the contents of the box was everything from toilet paper for MacArthur to a bomb."

Turns out the latter was correct. The Indianapolis carried the components for the atomic bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima by the Enola Gay on Aug. 6, 1945. The secret delivery was made on July 26 and then the Indianapolis made for

the Philippines to prepare for an invasion of Japan.

Despite the peaceful calm that had settled into that part of the Pacific, Indy Capt. Charles Butler McVay, a career Navy man with an exemplary record, had misgivings about making the journey to port without armed escort. Twice he was denied destroyer escorts he requested and was, in fact, reassured about the safety of the trip.

History would prove McVay's concerns correct. What naval authorities failed to tell the captain was that a Japanese submarine had sunk a U.S. ship in the vicinity just four days earlier. McVay was neither informed of the sinking nor was he alerted to the intelligence report that pinpointed a sub in his path.

As midnight neared on Sunday, July 29, fate began to close in on the Indy and her crew. At his dis-

cretion, the skipper had been zig-zagging, a naval maneuver used to avoid torpedo attack, but around 11 p.m. he ceased zig-zagging because of poor visibility. Not long after, Japanese submarine commander Mochitara Hashimoto spotted the silhouettes of the Indianapolis.

On board the Indy, Belcher got off watch at 11:30 p.m. and went below decks to catch some shut-eye. But the sleeping area was hot and muggy so he picked up his blanket and went back on deck to sleep under the stars. It was the first time he had ever tried to sleep on deck.

Shortly after midnight, Hashimoto gave the command to fire six torpedoes, two of which found their marks. The first blew away the Indy's bow, the second struck near midship on the starboard side adjacent to the fuel tank and powder magazine. The resulting explosion split the ship to the keel and knocked out all electricity. Within 12 minutes the mighty Indianapolis was under.

Belcher had managed about 30 minutes of sleep when he was awakened by an explosion. "It was complete chaos. It was completely black, we had no power and nobody knew what had happened. I went in the radio shack and nothing was working, it was just a pile of iron," he said.

Somehow in the confusion, he reached up and grabbed a kapok (cork) life jacket and put it on. Moments later as the ship listed, he was washed over the side. It was a wounded Belcher who landed in the water. The bottoms of his feet had been burned off in the explosion, and there was a 16-inch gash in his chest where sheet metal from the buckling hull had slashed him open.

Even though wounded, Belcher was better off than his comrades sleeping in the bunk area where he should have been. They were among the 300

who went down with the ship on the first torpedo hit.

Most accounts say about 900 men made it off the Indy in the moments before she went under. The majority had life jackets, while a few were in the couple of life rafts that were released. Where they could, men formed human rafts by tying themselves and their life jackets to each other.

Belcher was in a human chain of 27 men, including Capt. McVay. "We had to tie our lines together to keep from floating away. It all happened so fast and in such a panic that the only thing I could think about was that we were still alive," he recalls of those first hours in the water.

By morning, however, reality set in. "Everywhere around us was thick, gummy, black oil, like tar. It didn't wash off and the salt water made it worse," he said. The first man in their group died by sun-up. He had been badly burned in the initial attack.

The hundreds of men floating in the water had every reason to believe that rescue would be imminent. Unfortunately, a series of Navy blunders meant that no one knew where and when the ship was to dock, and thus no one knew that she was lost. As a result, the men floated and floated and floated. As the hours turned into days, the death toll rose.

Perhaps the most chilling deaths were those caused by sharks, which arrived on the first day. It has been estimated that of the 600 or so men who perished while awaiting rescue, 50 died either from drinking salt water, insanity or wounds. The other 550 or so were eaten by great white sharks which fed freely among the flotillas of human flesh.

"Over 4 1/2 days we lost seven men to sharks," said Belcher of his group of 27 men. "More than a couple of times I pushed away sharks more than 20 feet long," he added while describing the sandpaper texture of the shark's skin. The sailor tied next to Belcher was not as lucky. He perished in the jaws of a shark. "I didn't even know who he was until we got in the water after the ship sunk," said Belcher of his crewmate.

"I was thinking, 'Am I gonna See SURVIVORS, page 5

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Survivors

Continued from page 4

he next?" he said. Despite the terror, the men remained positive, preferring to think about WHEN they would be rescued, not IF.

Help finally came — by accident — on the fourth day. Lt. Wilbur Gwinn was flying a routine anti-submarine patrol when a maintenance problem caused him to glance down at the ocean where he saw a huge oil slick and men bobbing in the water. Hearing Gwinn's emergency radio call for help, Lt. Adrian Marks diverted his plane to the scene to help. When he saw men in the water being eaten alive by sharks, he defied orders and landed on the ocean so that men could be hauled to safety on the plane's wings.

Over the next day, 317 survivors were picked from the water. They were all that was left of the 1,196 contingent on board the Indy. With nothing but lifejackets to keep them afloat, the men became strung out across nearly 200 miles of ocean. As a result, many of the sailors did not realize that rescue was imminent.

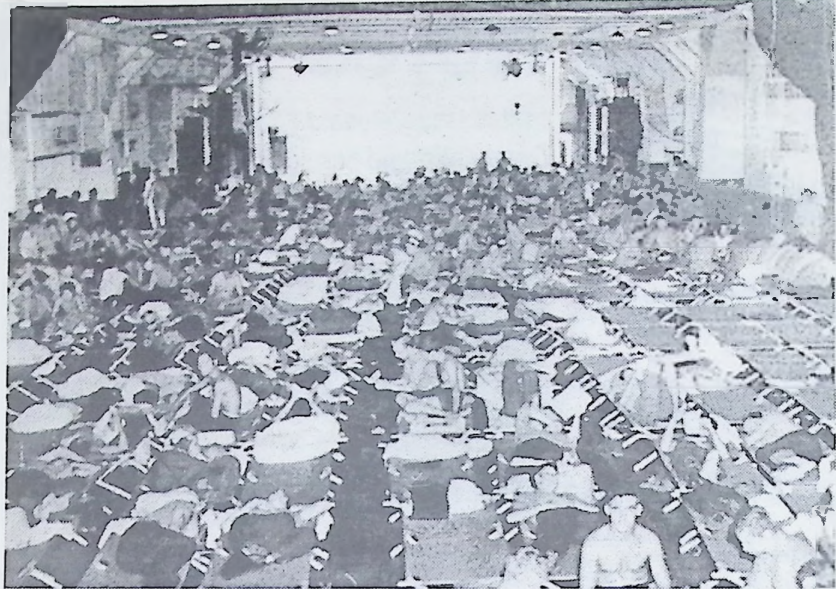
Such was the case with Belcher, who was in the last group to be rescued. "I was in the water 117 hours. We were the last group to be picked up, by the Ringness (a

ship). It was a relief. It was undoubtedly the surest diet remedy ever. I went into the water at 190 pounds. One hundred and seventeen hours later I weighed 127 pounds!"

Although they were parched and starved, the men were only given tiny amounts of food and water. "We got a little two ounce cup and it was half full. They would give that to us and 30 minutes later we would get another swallow. They gave us about a third of a scrambled egg at first. Oh, it tasted good," he said.

The men were taken to a hospital on Guam. Along the way, 13 more men died, dropping the final survivor count to 304. Of the 27 men in Belcher's group, 11 perished before being rescued. Unique in the annals of naval history is the fact that the Indianapolis suffered one hundred percent casualties; not a man made it off the ship without an injury of some type.

For Belcher, the physical recovery took four months. There were problems with his feet, the deep gash in his chest and lips that were cracked open and raw from the salt water and sun. "The doctors told me that the gash might have killed me if it hadn't



Survivors from the U.S.S. Indianapolis are transported stateside following their rescue and recovery from injuries suffered when the ship was torpedoed and then sank. Of

the 1,196-member crew, only 304 came home after floating in the Pacific Ocean for almost five days awaiting rescue.

Photo courtesy Jim Belcher

been in the salt water," he said with more than a little irony.

Belcher went on to finish out his career in the Navy. He served in Korea and Vietnam before retiring in 1969. While stationed in Japan in 1950 he met his future wife, Toyoko. She was from near Nagasaki, one of the two cities destroyed by the atomic bombs which Belcher helped to deliver. The Belchers' marriage has forged new bonds between cultures that once clashed in a mighty world war. They have three children who are proud of their Japanese-American heritage.

"We got married three times — an American wedding, a Buddhist wedding, and an embassy wedding — so I guess we knew it would last," Belcher said with a laugh.

Today, after retiring from a second career with General Electric, Belcher has a new pastime. He wants to make sure that the story of the Indianapolis is not forgotten. He goes to schools and tells his story, and he attends the Indianapolis reunions. There he meets with the survivors (117 or so remain) and their families as well as the families of the victims. The last reunion brought more than 1,400 people together. Together the group raised money for a monu-

ment in Indianapolis, which was dedicated in 1995. Engraved on the rock slab are the names of the crew and a silhouette of the ship. There are also pieces from the U.S.S. Arizona and the U.S.S. Indianapolis, the first and last American ships lost in WWII. Although he now talks easily about his ordeal, Belcher said that it took more than 20 years for him

to reach that point. "Forty years ago, we wouldn't have been sitting here talking like this," he said.

The lessons he learned in those five days will be a part of him forever. "You know, I've lived on borrowed time for a long time now," Belcher said. "It never crossed my mind that I wasn't going to make it. I guess if it ain't your time, you aren't going anywhere." —

To learn more about the Indy, its history and its survivors, go to www.ussindianapolis.org

Over 50 years after the U.S.S. Indianapolis disaster, the survivors continue to tell their story. They have also worked hard to clear the name of their skipper Capt. McVay. Of the 700 U.S. ships sunk during the World War II, McVay was the only captain ever to be court martialled. He was convicted of failing to zig-zag despite orders saying such a maneuver was not mandatory and

despite unprecedented testimony from Hashimoto, the Japanese submarine commander, saying that the zig-zag maneuver would not have saved the ship.

Although McVay's punishment was lifted, the court martial conviction has stood as the skipper apparently became a scapegoat for a number of naval blunders. Two decades after the disaster, McVay committed suicide.

Classified documents recently opened and the allowance for the first time of survivors' testimonies have raised hopes that McVay's name finally may be cleared. The U.S.S. Indianapolis Survivors Organization testified before Congress this past summer and has high hopes for a resolution in this matter. ---



Jim Belcher, far left, and family members visit the U.S.S. Indianapolis Memorial in Indianapolis. Photo courtesy Jim Belcher



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Notes from the road

In this issue, Augusta Country writers report back from all corners of the globe. Beth Greenawalt and her son Matt tell of their travels in Hungary and the Ukraine. Nancy Sorrells reports on an outing to Ice Mountain in nearby West Virginia.

Group's travel through Hungary, the Ukraine shows need for help

By BETH GREENAWALT

Once again, our family spent part of our summer helping teach two weeks of English summer camp in Hungary. This time, however, part of our church came with us! Vickie Wilt and Brandon Lantz of Broadway, Amanda Carr of Harrisonburg, and Craig Lambright from the Cornerstone Church of Charleston, S.C., all joined Dave and I and our children, Matthew, Jon Marc, and Rosemarie (11, 9, and 7 years old) in our trip to Hungary and the Ukraine July 14 through August 2.

We had fun shepherding our friends through their first exposure to nonautomatic washing machines, baked plum and meat dinners, Russian toilets (actually, it was our first time for them, too) and ferries across the Danube. Most of all, we enjoyed talking and having fun with the Hungarian students (ranging in age from 11 to 39 this time!) as we taught them English and shared our faith.

In addition to playing soccer and hanging out with students, our oldest son Matthew, 11, joined one of the twice-a-day small conversation groups, where staff and students discussed daily listening exercises and reading assignments. Vickie and Amanda taught a workshop about baseball, and our children

participated eagerly in a cooking workshop where the students baked (and ate) brownies. Brandon taught basketball, Jon and I took students horseback riding, and Dave taught idioms. We all grew proficient in wacky songs ranging from "Banana Republic" to "The Wishy Washy Washer Woman."

Once again Rosemarie organized a ballet performance in place of a skit one night, rewriting a scene from Princess Butterfly and drill-

ing selected staff members in the movements. I doubt if Rosemarie's teacher, Susan Muterspaugh at the Ballet Extension in Bridgewater, would recognize it, but the performance was a hit with the students. They particularly enjoyed Brandon and Amanda's ad lib dancing during scene changes.

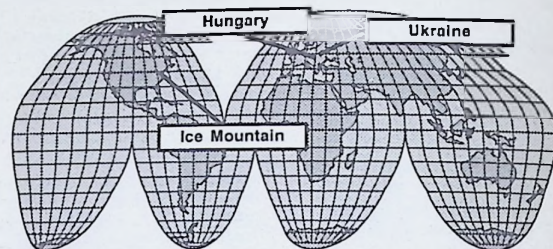
This year we held the camp in Vac, located just north of Budapest in the Danube bend. Although we didn't

See CAMP, page 7



Brandon Lantz, Matt Greenawalt, and Gabor, a student at the English camp, dine on a baked plum dish in the school cafeteria.

Photo by Dave Greenawalt



Rosemarie Greenawalt, far right, with her Hungarian friend Eva and a few chance-met "acquaintances" in front of a Szintendre shop.

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

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•Camp

Continued from page 6

have a lot of time for sightseeing, we celebrated the end of our training days with a staff trip across the Danube by ferry to see Szintendre, a historical Serbian village.

Despite cautions we received due to the current Kosovo-related tensions between Serbs and Americans, everyone treated us well. In fact, our daughter so charmed one shopkeeper that the woman took a necklace off a nearby rack and gave it to Rosemarie.

On the way home, we stopped for pizza in a converted underground wine cellar. Brandon the Brave actually ate octopus pizza! The rest of us stuck to more traditional choices. While we waited for the pizza to bake, Dave took a walk outside and hurried back to tell us that a parade with horses was coming. The children and I followed in a hurry, to discover a wedding party marching between civil and religious ceremonies, complete with musicians, hussars, carriages, and traditional dress.

Into the Ukraine

Most memorable for the Cornerstone team, however, was our weekend journey across the northeastern border of Hungary into the Ukraine. Although we ventured only 30 miles into the interior, in a region populated largely by ethnic Hungarians, we experienced a dramatic contrast.

Upon our arrival, armed border



A Hungarian bride and groom ride in a horse-drawn carriage followed by mounted hussars and a procession of

musicians and guests in a traditional wedding in Vac.

Photo by Dave Greenawalt

guards searched our luggage and then waved us through. On the way back, delays in the passport control process caused us to miss our train. We thus ended up spending on unplanned night at the border upon our return to the Hungarian side.

The women returned in a state

of shock from their first visit to a Russian toilet, found in the Csap train station at the border. (Later, they decided that one was much better than others they found.)

In order to obtain visas, we had to spend the two nights of our stay in the government-run hotel in Ungvar.

The journey was an important part of our planned trip as our family considers long-term placement in the Hungarian Ukraine region.

Last year, during our time in Hungary, our longtime friend Gabor of Budapest urged us to consider ministry in the area his ancestors

had inhabited for 1,000 years before its annexation by the Russian army during World War II. "The people there have nothing," he had told us, his voice breaking. "Yet they are our people." We agreed to pray about the possibility, and to visit if he would guide us.

Upon arrival in Csap, we finally emerged intact from the check at the border station to see a taxi stand. Dave suggested we put our luggage in one, along with one or two team members. However, when Gabor warned us of possible connections between the mafia and many of the taxi drivers, we quickly decided to carry our luggage and walk.

The large hotel is probably the most luxurious in the region. However, the small rooms, although pleasant and equipped with small refrigerators and even TVs, held only small single beds. The bathrooms had showers, tubs, sinks and commodes — but hot water only once during our three-day stay. The towering edifice reminded us of a ghost town, apparently hosting only a few guests beyond our group.

We dined in state each morning, liberally provided with our heart's desire — as long as it was contained within the three offered menus of hot dogs, crepes, or eggs. Relying on Gabor's little bit

See **FOOD**, page 9

Our tour of Ungvar in the Ukraine

By MATT GREENAWALT

As our group walked out of the large Ungvar hotel our first morning in the Ukraine, three beggars came toward us. A 10-year-old boy (we later learned his name was Johnny) and a woman carrying a baby pleaded for money.

The woman told us she needed food for her baby. I wondered why she didn't feed the baby the half loaf of bread she was carrying. Our Hungarian friend and guide Mr. Gabor said that the mafia collected the money from the beggars, so we only gave her a little bit.

Johnny followed us, however, frantically bowing and begging and crying and kissing my dad's feet. We wanted to buy him some food, but we didn't have any Ukrainian money. After awhile, our friend Mr. Gabor came and gave him a little bit of money and he went off crying.

Then we started looking for a church that had been changed into a Museum of Atheism. When we

got there, we were happy to see that it was a church again. Three weddings took place in the few minutes we were there. They were really getting married pretty fast!

After that we went to find the castle that the city is named after. ("Var" means "castle" in Hungarian.) We walked along the Ung River for quite a ways. We got to a big, fancy church. We went in the back of the church and watched part of another wedding. The people were all dressed very nicely. The bride wore a wedding dress that looked quite a bit like the wedding dresses in America. This was not a fast wedding; we left while it was still taking place.

We finally got to the castle. We were pretty hungry. Mr. Gabor bought us each potato chips, a bottle of soda, and a small cup of ice cream at a little bufe shop just outside the castle.

We went into the castle. Our mom took a picture of us standing by a

See **CASTLE**, page 11



Matt, Rosemarie, and Jon Marc Greenawalt pose with a dragon slayer at the Ungvar Castle.

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

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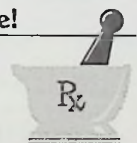
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Hike to W.Va.'s Ice Mtn. reveals oddities of nature

By NANCY SORRELLS

SLANESVILLE, W.Va. — Just 25 miles northwest of Winchester in Hampshire County, W.Va., is a geologic and botanical oddity that may be one of the Valley of Virginia's best-kept secrets. Ice Mountain has been known to the locals for 200 years, but this writer had never heard of the place until an article in *Nature Conservancy* magazine invited members to hike this 149-acre preserve near Slanesville.

"Among these 149 acres of pine, hemlock, oak and beech forest, a rock talus yields 60 small holes at the base that accumulate and retain ice well into the month of May. These vents, which release cold air all summer, create a rare habitat for a group of boreal plants more common to Arctic regions..." read the magazine description. Turns out that TNC volunteers lead small groups through the preserve twice a month, so three of us signed up for a visit.

On an unusual rainy day in July, we met our guides, a spunky local couple who had each counted about 70 birthdays. They filled us in on the local history as we began our hike from the ghost town of North River Mills — a dot in the road bypassed long ago by modern highways which had no need to meander down to this tiny mill community.

The preserve has two trails, the lower trail takes hikers past the ice vents and the upper trail makes a sharp ascent to sandstone outcroppings called Ravens Rocks. We chose the low path first which took us on a shady downward trek until we were on the banks of the North River, a tributary of the Capon (or Little Cacapon) which eventually dumps into the Potomac.

As we walked the next several hundred yards along the river, we learned how Ice Mountain got its name as we entered what is known in the scientific world as an Algific Talus, or in layman's terms, a cold-producing slope. As we continued, we had the river to our left. On our right the landscape immediately sloped upward in a scramble of rock talus. This giant rock slide is the result of an ancient geologic upheaval that sent sandstone cliffs from the top of the mountain downward in a collapsed heap. In some places the

rock rubble is 50 or more feet thick.

That in itself is interesting, but not usual. What is unusual is that 60 or so pockets formed in the heart of the mountain eons ago. Those holes collect ice and snow winter after winter which compacts deep within those holes to form ice much like a glacier forms. Those holes are vented through miniature caves and around tree roots all along the trail above the river.

Ice can be observed in the holes until May, but even after the ice has receded from view, cold air blows briskly and continuously from the openings. The rain we experienced during our visit only served to make the day more humid, and as we walked past the openings it produced the singular feeling of sticking our legs in and out of an air-conditioned room.

Surrounding many of the openings were plants rare to the area. Despite an elevation of only 700 feet, plants normally only seen in the Virginias at elevations of 4,000 feet were clumped around the vents. Bristly rose (*Rosa acicularis*), twinflower (*Linnaea borealis*), bunchberry (*Cornus canadensis*), purple virgin's bower (*Clematis verticillaris*), and Appalachian wood fern (*Gymnocarpium appalachianum*) are some of the rarer botanical specimens we saw.

For us it was refreshing just to sit next the vents and cool off. A thermometer in one recorded a tem-

perature in the 40s, but often the temperature of the air blowing from the vents remains in the 30s.

This oddity of nature has been known for years. In his antebellum book of the Shenandoah Valley, Samuel Kercheval devoted a page and a half to Ice Mountain. "This most extraordinary and wonderful work of God's creation certainly deserves the highest rank in the history of the natural curiosities of our country," he wrote. Kercheval writes that locals who removed a few of the loose rocks could collect "the most perfectly pure and crystal looking ice, at all seasons of the year... in blocks of from one to two pounds to fifteen or twenty pounds in weight."

Indeed, one of our guides told us that he remembered as a kid coming up and digging out ice to make ice cream. Kercheval also described a springhouse at one of the vents that retained ice 18 inches to two feet thick year round — a home grown refrigerator. During the Civil War, our guides told us, soldiers excavated huge sections of the rock slide and then placed their provisions in the hole and covered them with tarps, thus making sure their food never spoiled.

For a variety of possible reasons, the ice is no longer visible year round. Of course, since TNC purchased the land from a developer in 1989 digging for ice has been prohibited. Maybe two centuries of digging have depleted the ice



Stephanie Caplen, Sue Simmons and Nancy Sorrells take a break along the trail up Ice Mountain in West Virginia.

reserves or maybe the last few dry winters in the area have hurt the ice build-up. It is a known fact that much of the 18th and 19th century world was experiencing a mini-ice age (when your great grandfather said winters were colder when he was young, he wasn't exaggerating as much as you might think!) that only ended in the 20th century. That means that the ice build-up observed by Kercheval was more than normal. And, of course, there is the specter of global warming which could be a factor in less ice. But for now, the cold air continues to puff steadily from deep within Ice Mountain.

Our visit to Ice Mountain ended with a short, steep hike to Ravens

Rocks, sandstone cliffs 200 feet above the top of the talus slope. This sandstone, which appeared as a soft white sandy trail beneath our feet, is called Oriskany sandstone and, geologically, belongs to the Devonian Age eons ago. At 1,230 feet above sea level, the cliffs afforded us a wonderful view of the ridges and valleys of West Virginia. It also made a wonderful place to eat the picnic lunches we packed.

A trip to Ice Mountain is an easy day trip from Augusta County. Plan on just over two hours driving each way and two hours for the hike and visit. To schedule a visit to Ice Mountain, call The Nature Conservancy of West Virginia at 304/345-4350. —



Among the 149 forested acres of Ice Mountain, a rock talus yields 60 small holes at the base which accumulate and retain ice well into the month of May. On a hot and steamy day in July, Nancy Sorrells pauses at one of these vents which release cold air all summer.

Directors

Continued from page 2

were David Shiflett, Matt Cauley, and Thomas Thacker. Incumbent directors elected included Daniel Wampler, Middle River; Mason Ware, North River;

David Fitzgerald, South River; Mark Viette, Wayne; and Betty Hawpe, at-large.

Outgoing directors honored included David Simmons, Donald Clark, Charles Schooley, Katy Roudabush, Willard Cline and Betty Jo Hamilton. —

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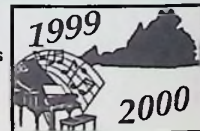
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Middlebrook earns official "history" designation

AC staff report

MIDDLEBROOK — When it's your birthday, you expect to get presents. For its 200th birthday this year, the village of Middlebrook is getting a new sign, sponsored by the people in the Middlebrook community. This is not just any sign, it's an official historical highway marker.

The Virginia Board of Historic Resources has approved the highway marker highlighting the historical significance of one of the Shenandoah Valley's best preserved rural villages. The marker will be officially dedicated 2 p.m. Nov. 27.

The marker became reality because of Middlebrook's citizens. When several longtime residents began thinking of a way to mark the bicentennial of the village, they hit upon the idea of a marker so that everybody could know how special this corner of Augusta County really is.

The residents contacted Augusta County Historical Society member Nancy Sorrells who set the wheels in motion with the Department of Historic Resources in Richmond. Nine months later, a marker is being born. Not only did a succinct text for the marker have to be written and pass through several approval stages, but the Virginia Department

of Transportation had to be consulted for the marker placement.

As the wheels began grinding in Richmond, the people of Middlebrook, with the sponsorship of the Middlebrook Ruritan Club, buckled down and raised the hundreds of dollars necessary to have the cast iron sign made. VDOT will install and maintain the new marker, which is planned for the intersection of routes 252 and 670, next to the bridge over Back Creek.

Virginia's historical marker program is one of the oldest in the nation. Funds for all new markers come from private organizations, individuals and local jurisdictions. The in-

scriptions on the markers explain historical sites, events and people that have been important in the history of the Commonwealth.

Currently there are about 2,200 official state historical markers in Virginia. The state's newest marker will have a place of honor in one of the Valley's oldest villages. The text of the marker to be unveiled on the Saturday after Thanksgiving is as follows:

MIDDLEBROOK HISTORIC DISTRICT—101 Nestled here in the countryside south of Staunton, along historic Middlebrook Road, is one of the oldest villages in the region. William and Nancy Scott sold the first 27 lots in April 1799 to Scots-Irish and

German settlers. In 1851, the stagecoach road through the village became the Middlebrook and Brownsburg Turnpike. By the late 19th century, Middlebrook, the center of a prosperous agricultural community with 274 inhabitants including an African American community, was the county's largest village. Because 20th-century railroads and highways bypassed Middlebrook, the rows of closely spaced dwellings and stores lining the main road retain the picturesque character of the village's heyday in the 1880s.

Come to the marker dedication on Saturday, Nov. 27 at 2 p.m. and help Middlebrook celebrate its birthday. —

Food

Continued from page 7

of Russian, and the waiters' little bit of Hungarian, we were served graciously if not always accurately. When we asked for milk for the children, we received tea; an order of scrambled eggs produced sunny-side-up eggs in pools of liquid yellows.

Remembering old thrillers I've read, I wondered if hidden microphones graced our rooms — and if so, what listeners thought of our singing as we gathered

for a short time of worship and prayer.

As soon as a man, cheerful and clean, picked us up in a small bus we felt transformed from alien intruders to honored guests. He rushed us over potholed roads to meet Bishop Laszlo, a friendly man in his early 50s who ushered us from one site to another, from a church school to an orphanage to a newly-built gypsy church to Bible camp children gathered around a campfire.

As we bumped along the rutted roads connecting the villages, we saw very little farm equipment. Uncultivated land stretched across the plains against a backdrop of mountains, while villagers dug and hoed their gardens by hand. However, we saw numerous ducks, chickens, goats, cows and horses, many of them grazing freely in unfenced pastures bordering the roads. We saw a few cars, but more often passed horse-drawn farm wagons. Once we threaded our way through a herd of cows on their way home for evening milking.

Although some of the villages may lack electricity, the love and warmth we experienced shone brightly. Despite harsh conditions, the number of congregations has doubled in the last few years, from 50 to 100. Every church we visited was packed with young and old people alike.

Due to a lack of funds, schools in the area have shut down for the most part. Floods have devastated the region in the past few years. Yet despite the lack of resources, the church people have banded together in their attempts to rebuild homes, to love and care for orphans, to educate village children, and

to share God's way with those around them.

Humbled, we could only ask, "How can we help?" —



Matt Greenawalt, Vickie Wilt, and Jon Marc, Beth and Rosemarie Greenawalt with Hungarian teammates Eva and Rupi in front of the Szintendre cathedral.

Photo by Dave Greenawalt

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Both staff and students mounted up for a horseback ride during one of the English camp recreation periods. Foals ran alongside during the trail ride.

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

What do you do when the commode explodes?

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was originally published March 3, 1993. It appears here with a few minor adjustments.

Down on the farm we're thinking about priorities.

What, you say, do priorities have to do with exploding commodes? Well, although I will have to beat around the bush several times to get to it, I'm going to try to explain how seemingly unrelated events can help one to recognize and establish priorities.

First of all, however, I must admit to being a little hesitant in discussing one's bathroom facilities due to what might be considered the delicate nature of the matter. But we do seem to be living in the age of disclosure when almost no subject matter is deemed taboo for public discussion. Since I'm sure there are few of us who have not experienced some sort of major water catastrophe in the bathroom, this may even be therapeutic for those suffering from commode catastrophe flashbacks.

As a matter of fact, I expect to be contacted by Oprah Winfrey to appear on her television talk show about this. I can just see the subtitle as it will appear on screen under my name when I begin speaking on camera — "Woman whose commode exploded." Since my father also played a part in the drama, he'll have to go on the show too. The subtitle appearing under his name will be: "Daughter's commode exploded."

Before we actually get to the exploding commode however, I must set the stage for the drama to unfold.

It began on a day in January when my water heater blew out. I turned on a hot water spigot, water ran out for a little while then the faucet began spitting and sputtering and then nothing came out but air. After having this experience with each of the hot water spigots in the house and running each faucet dry, I turned on a cold water spigot and hot water came out. As Sylvester the cat would say, and as I said to myself, "There's s-s-s-somethin' amis-s-s here." It being a Saturday night and knowing nothing could be done until Monday morning, I resigned myself to a weekend without hot water.

As I was preparing to go to bed that night, I heard a strange noise coming from my basement. It sounded like something boiling. I went to the basement to find the water heater boiling dry, for all intents and purposes. I cut the heater off as well as the water pump bringing water into the house.

The next day my father checked out the water heater. His first determination was that it would have to be replaced. The next morning, and I suppose after he'd had a night to sleep on the problem, he checked the heater again. This time the prognosis was different.


"One of the elements burnt out,"

DOWN ON THE FARM

From the archives

BY

BETTY JO HAMILTON



he said. "The gasket blew out at the element and all the water drained out. New element is all it needs."

"Are you sure?" I queried.

"Yes," he assured.

"That heater's pretty old," I said of the electrical appliance which I thought must have pre-dated Moses and the burning bush. "Maybe we ought to go ahead and replace it anyway."

"No use in spending all that money on a hot water heater," my father, always the voice of frugality, said. "I'll just get a new element and put it in."

So the new element was installed and the water heater began working again, although it took three days before hot water pressure was restored due to grit-filled pipes. Little did the unsuspecting occupant — namely me — realize there was a time bomb ticking away in the basement of my house.

A month later...

It is a Monday and the state grader has come to select slaughter cattle from our feedlot for the next day's sale. Of those in the lot, three are chosen for the sale. Clouds begin forming in the afternoon sky bringing with them the threat of snow. Late that night it begins to snow. I speak with my father by telephone.

"I don't know how I'm going to get those cattle to town in the morning," he said, pointing out the difficulty and perhaps the impossibility of hauling cattle to the stockyard on snow-covered roads.

"Well, don't worry about it," I said. "It's probably not going to snow too much. Just wait until morning to see how it is."

This advice seemed to relieve some of the worrying my father was doing over getting the cattle to town. After all, there wouldn't be another slaughter cattle sale for a month and we didn't want to waste



The carnage...

another 30 days of feed on cattle that were graded and ready to go to market. In this matter, I shared my father's concern.

Tuesday, 6:30 a.m.

I awake at this pre-dawn hour and hear a hissing noise coming from somewhere. I first think I am dreaming then realize I am, in fact, awake and hearing a noise which sounds like air going out of a punctured tire. I decide to get out of bed and find the cause of the problem. After taking three paces toward the bathroom door, I realize the noise is coming from under the floor.

"I'll bet that water heater's blown again," I say with disgust to the cats who, of course, are still lounging on the bed. Because I have to go outdoors to get into my basement (the indoor entrance was blocked by sheets of drywall), I stuff pajama legs into gum boots and pull on a jacket to venture out into the snowy morning and down to my basement.

Sure enough, I open the basement door to find the water heater spewing steam. Thinking back on it, I would have to say it resembled a space shuttle sitting on the pad just prior to launch with all the liquid oxygen billowing up around it. I flipped off the water heater circuit breaker, thinking to myself, "Well, at least I've caught it before running the water. I won't have to go through that again."

I return upstairs, stoke the fire in the woodstove and decide to return

to refill with water. Then IT began.

There was this horrendous vibration and roaring coming from beneath the floor. A sound which I might say was not unlike a space shuttle being launched. Water was coming into the commode tank and steam began rolling out of the tank. I am confused and suddenly disoriented. The water in the toilet bowl is turning black. The roaring and vibrating gets worse. Then there are two really loud almost simultaneous cracking noises and water starts spewing out of the commode tank and onto the floor.

In my pajamas I am backing away from the commode with a singular thought in my mind. "It's going to blow!" I say aloud, suppressing a shriek.

Almost without thinking I am back into the gum boots and jacket, out the door and on my way back to the basement. I turn off the water pump hoping to stop the flow of water into my house and race back upstairs to find the house clotted with steam, making it impossible to breathe or see.

I crouch down beneath the steam and waddle to the bathroom which is steamed up so much I can see nothing but I know am walking in water and can still hear water running. I make it to the window and get it open, which serves to vent some of the steam. I look out the back door standing open when I returned, so I ran to open the front door and left it propped open.

Water is out on the floor through the bathroom door by now. I begin picking up socks, (the kind I wear on my feet, not the Clintons' cat)

See *COMMODE*, page 11

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Continued from page 10

stereo speakers, rugs, and everything else lying in the encroaching floodwater's path. I have thrown everything into adjoining rooms and the water is still running.

"I've got to get that water cut off," I say and know I can do so by turning off the valve at the base of the commode. I also know that water running down the tank is scalding hot. I find a glove to protect my hand and get the valve turned off. The water stops running.

Relieved at least to have accomplished that, I look at the commode tank and see that it is split from top to bottom on the back left corner. On the bottom right side there is a crack large enough to stick one's hand through. However it happened, the superheated water which came into the tank had caused the porcelain vessel to rupture, thus creating the ensuing flood.

I am now standing in two inches of water which covers the floors of two rooms wondering what to do next. I decide to call my father.

"Hello," he answers when the phone rings.

"My commode just exploded," I say, as calmly as possible.

"What?" he says back.

"My commode exploded," I repeat and get only silence as a reply. I determine that additional information is needed for him to adequately appreciate the situation.

"The hot water heater blew again. I went down and turned it off but then when I flushed the commode, hot water came into the tank and it exploded," I explained.

"Hot water came into the commode?" he says in disbelief.

"Yes," I say. "And now I have water from my commode to the back door."

"Oh my," he says, a small note of commiseration in his voice, then, "How do you reckon we're going to get those cattle to town?"

I would just like to pause at this point and say that in those frenzied moments of steam and water and cracking porcelain and scurrying in and out of the house through the snow in my pajamas, I had thought of many things. But I

can honestly say that not once during the commode explosion and with 40 gallons of water on the floors of two rooms did I ever think about the cattle and how they would be gotten to town. To the question regarding this, I gave my father the only answer I could.

"I don't know," I said blandly.

"Well, I don't think it's too bad," my father said, referring to the hazardous road conditions. "You reckon I'll have any trouble?"

"I don't know," I said, wondering if my father could detect the note of disbelief in my

I also got the impression from him that the explosion of one's commode was something a bit out of the ordinary and was indeed cause for alarm, which is what I — but evidently not my father — had felt regarding the exploded commode. This is where we are able to look at priorities.

Priorities are those things which make us decide what we're going to do and in what order we will take steps to accomplish something.

One's priorities usually center around family, work, friends and self. For instance, do you go to the reception at the boss' house

No. 1 - The Farm, No. 2 - The Farm, No. 3 - The Farm, No. 4 - Miscellaneous. Unfortunately the farm almost always commands someone's immediate attention to some detail.

In my case, the day dictated that the cattle must be delivered to market. Any other matters which needed attention would fall by the wayside or have to be managed by someone else.

There is a saying which pretty much sums up how farmers decide what their priorities are. "When the ox is in the ditch, you got to get him out," the saying goes.



The cattle...

voice brought on by the sudden turn in the conversation.

"Well, I'm going to try," he said.

"What am I supposed to do about the hot water heater and the commode?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I don't know what to do. I guess you'll have to call Bobby," my father said referring to the Jack-of-all-trades carpenter/plumber/electrician whom we call, for instance, when the commode explodes.

This turned out to be good advice, because when I called "Bobby" the second or third thing he said to me was: "He-e-e-ck, you could have been hurt. That water could have scalded you."

and make points toward that motion you've been wanting or do you miss it and go to your child's third-grade pageant?

Priorities are not always easy to establish and very often it is difficult to choose between two very important events like the ones just mentioned. How do you choose between a career opportunity which might ultimately benefit your family or a situation which could influence your child's psychological well being? What a dilemma. But down on the farm, we are fortunate not to find ourselves in a quandary such as this.

Priorities for farm families are ranked according to what follows:

On that particular day my father's "ox" was the cattle which needed to be taken to the stock yard. My "ox" was an explosive commode and burnt-out water heater. As things turned out, the cattle were delivered at their appropriate time and repairs to the water heater and commode began by midday. Regardless of whose priorities determined how which would be handled, everything that needed to be accomplished eventually was.

I guess you could say, "It's all water under the bridge," or — in this case — down the toilet. (Actually out the door, which is where I had to sweep the 40 gallons of water which came into my house

via the ruptured commode tank.)

As a footnote, I should offer an explanation for the exploding commode and the water heater's malfunction.

In the first place, the water heater's malfunction was caused by a sticking thermostat which is what had caused the element to burn out a month earlier. Replacing the element was the same as treating a symptom instead of the disease. The water heater continued to function with the new element until, a month later, the thermostat stuck again thereby allowing the temperature of the water in the heater to soar by unimaginable degrees.

Any first-year physics student can explain why the commode exploded. But I didn't do very well in physics in school, so I needed a detailed explanation for the exploding commode.

The complicating factor of the exploding commode occurred when, as the commode was flushed, the pressure in the cold water storage tank dropped. There was so much pressure built up in the water heater that hot water was forced out through the water heater's cold water intake and back into the water storage tank and then into the commode.

The pressure was so great, in fact, that when the commode should have shut off after reaching the tank's capacity, it could not, which created the pre-dawn geyser — not unlike "Old Faithful" — in my bathroom. Of course, the heat of the water caused the commode tank to crack and break. Having contained cold water prior to the flushing, the sudden introduction of the superheated water stressed the porcelain beyond its point of tolerance at which point it exploded. So much for Physics 101.

We are happy now that life down on the farm has returned to the routine and mostly mundane. But it's good to have been through a crisis that helped me to recognize and establish my singular priority which is the farm — first, last, and always. Unless, of course, the commode explodes. —

•Castle

Continued from page 9

statue of a man with a club killing a three-headed dragon. We walked around in the castle grounds to an overlook at one corner. It was neat to get to look down 30 or 40 feet to the now dried-up moat.

After that, we went to see inside one of the castle buildings, but we were too late. The doors had just closed. Mr. Gabor called to the guides inside. They were very nice and opened the door for us to come in and have a quick tour. One of the guides showed us around. There were models of a Russian

church and some other buildings that were built completely of wood.

We also saw old instruments, such as cellos and violins and many types of pipes made out of horns and wood.

One room was large, and the walls and ceiling had paintings on them. Not the kind that you hang, but designs painted right on the walls and ceiling.

The toilet at the castle smelled so bad that nobody would even go in, except my dad who held his breath and took a picture. It was just like a hole in the ground.

After that, we went to see a Russian village with real cabins and sheds that had been brought in from other places. It was sort of like the Frontier Culture Museum in Staunton. There were lots of little peasant houses that were built al-

most exactly like log cabins, except that they had steep wooden-

See CABINS, page 15



The toilet in the castle area in Ungvar.

Photo by Dave Greenblatt

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Yesterday once more



Lewis & Clark defied odds to cross continent

By JOHN A. TAYLOR

The Lewis and Clark expedition has been a subject of great interest to me for a long time. Two summers ago, after devouring the contents of Stephen Ambrose's wonderful book, *Undaunted Courage*, a friend and I decided to begin in St. Louis and travel the roads along the Missouri River following the Corps of Discovery's route as closely as possible to the Continental Divide. We accomplished the effort in about three weeks, allowing for several side trips along the way (Harry Truman's home and library in Independence, Mo., Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota, Little Bighorn in Montana and Yellowstone in Wyoming).

As we traveled westward from St. Louis along roads adjacent to the Missouri River, we began watching for the familiar Lewis and Clark Trail signs which dotted the route and assured us that we were on the right path. A year later we saw these identical signs along the Columbia River Gorge in Oregon when we completed the Lewis & Clark saga.

During that first summer, the trail led us close to the banks of the muddy Missouri. There we glimpsed the surface of the water and gained a feel for the rapid current against which the members of the expedition had to paddle to get to the river's headwaters so many miles away. One of the jewels we saw along the route was the beautiful campus of Westminster Col-

Almost 200 years ago in March 1801 Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated third President of the United States. Soon afterward, his newly appointed secretary of state, James Madison, began negotiations with France to purchase New Orleans. Madison sent diplomats Robert Livingston and James Monroe to Paris to negotiate the purchase. The French Government astonishingly offered not only New Orleans, but also the entire Louisiana Territory, for about \$15 million. Approval of the sale was announced in July 1803 and the agreement was finally concluded in March 1804.

The new acquisition more than doubled the land of the United States and added a huge area extending northward from New Orleans along the west side of the Mississippi to the present-day Canadian border in Montana. It included all or most of the present states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Montana, as well as large portions of Wyoming and Colorado. It did not, however, include the present states of Washington, Oregon, or Idaho, and Jefferson worried because U.S. land did not reach the Pacific Ocean. Jefferson felt it was urgent to launch an expedition into the vast new territory to explore and discover its unknown secrets, and, perhaps more importantly, to determine if there existed (as Jefferson believed) an all-water route by way of the Missouri River to the Pacific.

In any event, Jefferson recognized the importance that

such an expedition would have in coming years as the U.S. began competing with Spain, France, Russia and England for claim to the northwest coastal areas. It soon became apparent to Jefferson that he had the perfect candidate to lead such an expedition and this candidate just happened to live in the executive mansion.

The new acquisition piqued not only Jefferson's interest, but also that of his personal secretary, Meriwether Lewis, a young neighbor from Charlottesville who had many of the same interests and talents as the president. Lewis actually moved into and lived in the new President's Mansion and was able to benefit from many long discussions with Jefferson.

The President commissioned Lewis as a captain and instructed him to begin grooming himself for the project, even before the purchase of the territory became final. In mid-March 1803, Lewis started a period of intensive training in navigation, astronomy, botany, biology and medicine.

He also began purchasing and organizing supplies for the trip. In July he started down the Ohio River in his new keelboat and began recruiting expedition members, including his old friend William Clark whom he commissioned a captain and made a co-leader.

By December 1803, Lewis and Clark and the Corps of Discovery (as it was now officially called) reached Camp Wood on the Mississippi near St. Louis and began preparations to move up the Missouri the following spring.



In 1804 Lewis & Clark set a course on the Missouri River hoping to find a direct cross-continental water route to the Pacific Ocean.

lege in Fulton, Mo., and the chapel where Winston Churchill delivered his famous "Iron Curtain Speech" in 1948. Just a few miles down the road, we absorbed the history and charm of Missouri's state capital, appropriately named Jefferson City.

As we pushed farther along the trail in Missouri, we were impressed by the fertility of the farmland along the river. The late July corn was towering, and I suspect that Lewis never imagined the land he was exploring could become such an important source of food in the future.

The river bends northward at Kansas City and continues to water the great corn lands of Missouri and Iowa and the wheat lands of Kansas and Nebraska which have been transformed from the prairies which Lewis and Clark witnessed in 1804. Farther along the road toward Omaha we enjoyed the Lewis and Clark Park and Museum which had a fine exhibit of a recreated keelboat. Near Sioux City, we visited the monument to Sgt.

Floyd, the only expedition member to die during the trip, apparently from appendicitis.

North of the Floyd marker, the original trail loses much of its identity due to the series of dams which have changed the river's course through the Dakotas. However, the location of the Corps of Discovery's 1804-1805 winter camp in North Dakota at Fort Mandan (near Washburn) has been recreated for history buffs. Unfortunately, the original site is now under a portion of the Missouri River.

As the river again turns westward through Montana, it follows much of its original route. Toward the western end of the state, Lewis and Clark encountered a series of waterfalls and rapids around which they carried their boats and the supplies which they needed. They buried the remainder of their supplies at strategic locations.

Three Forks, Mont., is an interesting place. Here the three headwater rivers of the Missouri vie for top billing. Lewis and Clark were initially unsure which branch to

follow, but after some preliminary explorations, they chose the tributary they named the Jefferson River. As they pushed toward the south and west, they got their first glimpses of the majestic mountains they realized would stand in the way of their efforts to reach the

See EXPEDITION, page 13



John Colter, an Augusta County native, was a member of the Lewis & Clark expedition. Later he discovered the geysers of Yellowstone nearby. Colter left Lewis & Clark's group on its return trip to become a trapper and explorer.

Photos by John A. Taylor

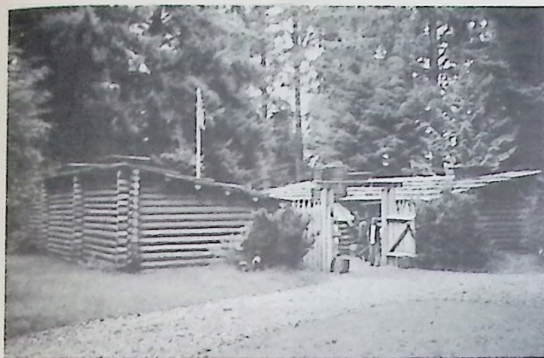


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This recreated stockade marks the location of Fort Clatsop, near the Columbia River in Oregon, where the Lewis and Clark explorers spent the winter of 1805-1806 in preparation for the long trip back to St. Louis in the spring.

Photo by John Taylor

•Expedition

Continued from page 12

Pacific Ocean.

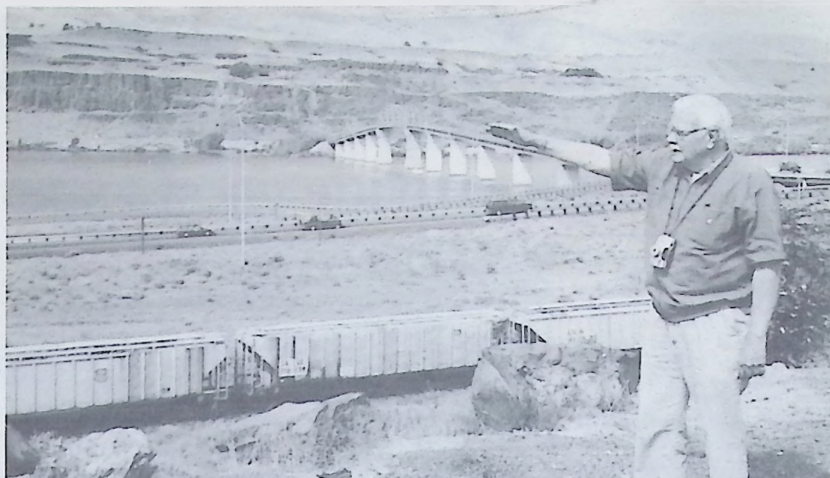
Here at the base of the Rockies is where the expedition benefited from the presence of their guide's Indian wife, Sacagawea. She met with her relatives, the Shoshone, and persuaded them to furnish the expedition with necessary horses to cross the Continental Divide and the rest of the Rockies and eventually reach the headwaters of the Snake and Columbia Rivers.

Indeed, National Park Service interpreters at Fort Clatsop in Oregon contend that without Sacagawea's assistance, the expedition would probably have never gotten over the rugged terrain in present-day Idaho and the project would have failed to reach the Pacific.

But with Shoshone assistance,

the expedition pushed forward. As the corps reached the western-flowing rivers, it must have been exciting for all involved to benefit from the current now flowing in the direction of their final destination which they rapidly approached.

Two years ago we finished our exploration of Lewis and Clark's footsteps at the Continental Divide. This past summer we decided we needed to see the expedition's final destination so we flew into Seattle, Wash., and picked up the trail along the Columbia River. Here the scenery is as breathtaking today as it was 200 years ago. However, as the explorers coasted with the current down the river, I am certain that they never imagined how the terrain of 1805 would be transformed with today's industrial activity, huge bridges that connect Washington and Oregon, and busy train tracks on each river bank.



John Taylor, stands on the Oregon side of the Columbia River and points toward the Pacific Ocean, which lies downstream just

a few miles away. The far side of the river is the state of Washington.

Photo by Barbara Barker

It was exciting to finally visit the recreated stockade known as Fort Clatsop, near Astoria, Ore. Here the 33 explorers spent the winter of 1805-1806 packed inside five rooms (plus an orderly room and

smokehouse). The encampment was named for the Clatsop Indians, a friendly, local tribe which offered the explorers considerable helpful advice, including pointing out good hunting locations.

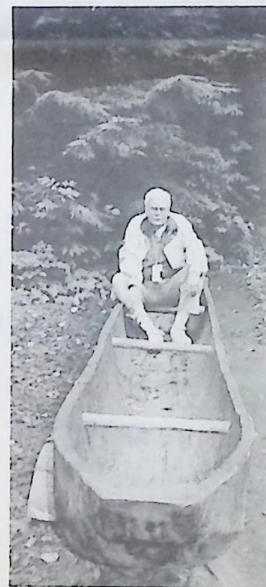
During that winter, Lewis finally had time to reflect on the previous two years and to possibly refine his thoughts and many scientific recordings which he was certain Jefferson anxiously awaited. He hoped that the vast amount of knowledge he had gathered about the territory would counterbalance the reality that there was no all-water route to the Pacific.

As we flew out of the Seattle airport for our return to the east coast this past September, we were fortunate to have had a beautiful clear day. As we passed over Omaha, we benefited from a spectacular view of the twisting, muddy Missouri River which we had followed on land the previous year. As we flew southeastward toward Atlanta, we spotted it again as it flowed east about halfway between



MERIWETHER LEWIS

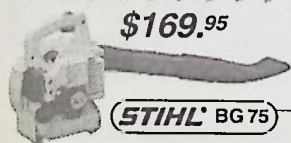
St. Louis and Kansas City. It made us even more aware of the tremendous effort that the Corps of Discovery put forth in a trip that ensured that this great land would extend from "Sea to shining Sea." My voice filled with emotion as I said aloud to my traveling companion: "Thank God for Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark." —



John Taylor sits in one of the Lewis and Clark replica canoes at Fort Clatsop.

Photo by Barbara Barker

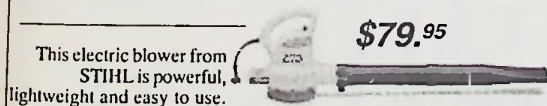
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Time to
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See
page 2

Schoolhouse News

Girl Scouts provide good experiences for members

By KATIE CALDWELL

"Girl Scouts is more than just cookies," states Sarah Huntley, one of the seven members of Senior Girl Scout Troop 425. Through helping at nursing homes, teaching younger girls, planning overnights, and camping, these high school students — six from Riverheads and one from Buffalo Gap — have developed more than sales techniques; they have "grown up" and learned skills that will last a lifetime.

Scouting provides opportunities for girls from kindergarten through adulthood. Beginning with Daisies and Brownies, girls advance through Juniors and Cadettes to Senior Girl Scouts and ultimately to leaders. Every troop usually ranges in numbers from about 5-25 girls and is a member of a service unit. The local service unit covers the area of Beverley Manor Middle school with around 13 troops. The rarest age group is the oldest, the seniors, and involves about one percent of local girls, while scouts as a whole have a membership of nearly nine percent of all girls in the county.

Troop 425 is the only senior troop in the service unit. Nearly all of its members have completed the Silver Award and are working toward the Gold Award, the highest honor in girl scouting. They have organized a lock-in for 62 Junior



Girl Scouts, from left, Katie Caldwell, Cara Major, Leslie Higgins, Sarah Huntley, and Melissa Briggs, make up Troop 425. Each

scout has earned her Silver Award and is in the process of working toward the Gold Award, Girl Scouts' highest achievement.

RHS staff photo

Scouts, planned two camps for the service unit, conducted a nighttime career trip, had a fashion show, deejayed for a father-daughter dance, volunteered in the Riverheads Elementary afterschool program, and assisted at scout camps and with younger troops.

"You get a good feeling from helping others," remarks Leslie Higgins.

When asked why she remained in scouting, Ms. Higgins re-

sponded, "I feel more grown up because of the responsibilities that I've had through scouting. It changes your perspective of the world. I want to make something of my life, and in scouts I am able to express who I really am."

No troop could ever be complete without the guidance of strong leaders, however, most of the meetings are in the hands of troop members. Connie Caldwell and Mary Major still play a vital role. "The best part

for me is seeing how excited everyone would get when they were little about trips, and now, that they are older, seeing them giggle about old memories," Ms. Caldwell said. Ms. Major said she enjoyed watching the girls mature and learn life skills.

Now a Girl Scout in high school is rare. The stereotypes, peer pressure, and reputation about scouting being "uncool" created in most high schools cause many girls to drop out before the real benefits can even be seen. Although scouting is a learning experience and chance to mature, the most frequently cited reasons for staying in scouting are for the fun, friendships, and opportunities that otherwise wouldn't have been experienced.

On camping trips the young women work during the day and play during the night. No trip to camp would be complete without toilet papering the service unit manager's (Kay Swisher) car or without hanging Sarah Huntley's doll "Suzie" from the flagpole. All nighters, sharing secrets, pranks, and supporting each other have led this group from being acquaintances to being friends, the most important aspect of scouting.

Though scouts do have fun, they also do numerous activities for the community. Often times we only associate scouting with January cookie booths and an occasional sighting here and there. However, as Huntley said, they do much more. —

RHS celebrates Homecoming with football game, dance

By BECKY MCMANNES

GREENVILLE - This year has been a very exciting year for Riverheads High School. The football team is undefeated.

RHS celebrated homecoming Oct. 7. To get pumped for the homecoming football game, RHS cheerleaders sponsored Spirit Week. Spirit Week consisted of dress-up days and decorations. Tuesday was Class Color Day where the freshmen wore brown, sophomores wore green, juniors wore blue, seniors wore black and the faculty wore purple. Wednesday was Pajama Day. Thursday was College and Western Day and Friday was Big Red Day.

Before the game there was a parade around the football field with floats for each class and many different clubs. At the start of the game and as the band was playing, fireworks were set off.

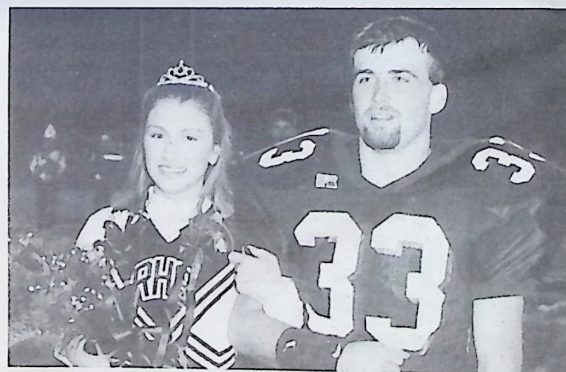
During halftime, RHS announced who was to be Homecoming King and Queen. King was Jamie Taylor, a RHS football player, and Lindsay Botkin was crowned queen.

"I always hoped I would be homecoming king when I was a senior," Taylor said. RHS won the game 52-8.

"I felt pretty good," Taylor said. "We were really confident we would win. We were so pumped for the game because it was home-

coming and it was our last year."

Homecoming was a fun and exciting event. The traditional homecoming dance was held Saturday which made the event even more memorable. —



Riverheads Homecoming Queen and King Lindsay Botkin and Jamie Taylor

RHS staff photo

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CES, NRES dedicate new, revamped buildings

By PENNY PLEMMONS

Proudly proclaiming their completion and occupancy, North River Elementary School and Craigsville Elementary School dedicated their new buildings with an open house ceremony on Oct. 10 at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m., respectively. Plaques hanging in each school's entrance declare the Augusta County School Board's motto, "Children First."

Some 300 parents, children, elected officials and citizens attended the dedication ceremony and toured the brand new two-story North River Elementary School. The school's student choir kicked off the dedication singing the message that education rocks because "knowledge makes us cool." Augusta County School Supt. Dr. Gary McQuain commended the North River parents, administrators, teachers and staff for surviving a "noisy and muddy" year of construction.

"Today you are in your community school," Dr. McQuain said. "It will serve us well into the next millennium."

North River principal Beverly Driver addressed the attendees



North River Elementary School fifth grade students Lindsey Simmons, left, and Stephanie Peters prepare to welcome guests to the ceremony held recently to dedicate the new NRES building.

Photo by Penny Plemmons

and recapped the school's history. "Sixty-nine years ago North River opened its doors and became the first consolidated high school in Virginia," she said. Under the principalship of R. Paul Davis, in 1969, North River became a consolidated elementary school and underwent renovation

to add a primary wing, new cafeteria, and other upgrades to the main structure.

Today, 300 students in grades K-5 receive instruction in core academic areas and have opportunity to take advantage of special services such as speech pathology,

guidance, special education, physical education, computer technology and music opportunities. The school now employs a full time teacher for Russian, Ukrainian and Hispanic students learning English as a second language.

Wilkins Simmons and Warren Furr, both from the North River class of 1947, donated a solid mahogany podium to the school. Ben Motley of Motley & Associates, honored the occasion by giving the school a digital camera.

There was standing room only in the new gym at the Craigsville Elementary School dedication. Construction included renovation and upgrade to the existing school and the addition of a gym, resource rooms and two classrooms. McQuain reminded the group of concerns shared in the planning stages.

"I remember listening to your concerns one hot August day. You said you wanted to keep this school in the community, you wanted the ballfield to remain intact and the school's appearance to maintain the current architectural design. This is your school," he said.

CES Principal Kirk Johnson stated, "Even though it is dreary outside today, it feels like the sun is shining in Craigsville Elementary School. I am so proud."

Acknowledging the building accomplishment, Waynesboro School Supt. T. Lowell Lemons presented Johnson and the school with a P. Buckley Moss print. Ben Motley awarded the school a \$150 gift certificate from Staples.

Former Craigsville Elementary School graduate and current Chairman of the Augusta County School Board, Bill Youell, spoke of the irony surrounding the school's beginnings and the day's dedication ceremony. "This school opened in 1931 after the worst drought in our history. Today we are dedicating the school on the heels of a drought," he said. Youell encouraged residents to remember that "It is not the walls that educate. It is the staff and teachers." In their closing song, the school's student choir echoed the sentiments of Johnson and all those in attendance. "I am proud of who I am," they sang. "Proud of what I am. Proud of where I'm going and proud of what I'm doing." —

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!

*Cabins

Continued from page 11

shingled roofs. Some of the houses had the filling between the logs painted blue. At one of the cabins, we saw a very interesting chicken house woven out of wicker. It was about a foot wide and seven or eight feet long and about seven feet tall. We also saw the wooden Russian church, just like the model. Nobody else was there, since it was really supposed to be closed.

On the way back to the hotel, we stopped and got ice cream and a few groceries at a small store. Some

beggar children wanted the ice cream, so Mr. Craig gave one of them what was left of his, and Brandon gave the other his extra one.

About halfway to the hotel, Mr. Gabor pointed to where his mother's family had lived. They lived in the area for 1,000 years before World War II.

I'm not really sure what I think about going back to live in the Ukraine. It's sure a lot different from our life in the U.S. —

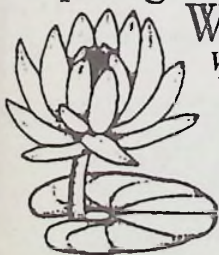
Matt Greenawalt is the 11-year-old son of Beth and David Greenawalt of Bridgewater. The Greenawalts formerly served as missionaries in Hungary.



Gabor, Vickie, Amanda and Rosemarie pause near the now-overgrown moat at Ungvar Castle.

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

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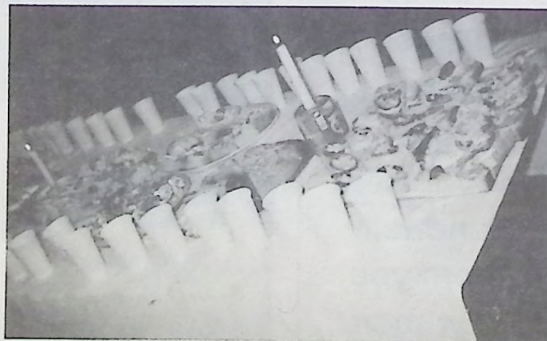
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A variety of foods awaited team members at a candle-lit village church in the Ukraine.

Photo by Dave Greenawalt



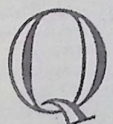
This Ukrainian church in Ungvar spent many years as a "Museum of Atheism."

Photo by Beth Greenawalt

You should renew.
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The Hitching Post

Stopping bad habits will solve stubborn horse issue



I have a problem with a really stubborn horse. He's a 12-year-old quarter horse and his attitude is very bad. I have to fight with him to get him to do anything. It's an argument every time we ride. I know part of it is his personality, but I would like to retrain him to be more open to suggestions and commands.

— I.m.

Sooner or later every rider comes across a stubborn horse. I have some very stubborn horse friends, and believe me, the frustration is mutual. They feel they are misunderstood and want to find a happy solution. The solution might even lie in the problem. Let's try to understand stubborn behavior, then work on ideas that might help.

What might seem like stubborn behavior might actually be a form

of fear. Horses are creatures of habit. Some of us resist change. This resisting change means staying in a sort of "comfort zone." This comfort zone is a no-risk area. Horses that are barn sour might seem stubborn in that they decide the barn is where they want to be and that is that. Riders have to fight to get the horse to leave the barn then feel a loss of control when the horse bolts for home.

Horses in History

The answer to last month's Horses in History question is the Tennessee Walking Horse. The docile temperament and smooth easy gaits of the Tennessee Walking Horse has made this breed an excellent English or Western pleasure horse. The natural gaits of the Tennessee Walker are called the flat foot walk, running walk, and canter. The flat walk and famous unique running walk are both basic 1-2-3-4 beats with each of the

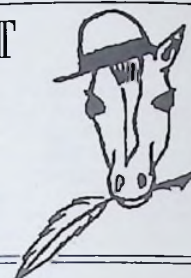
horse's hooves hitting the ground separately at regular intervals. As the horse moves his head will nod in rhythm with the regular rise and fall of his hooves, overstriding with his hind foot the track left by his front foot. The rocking chair canter is a high rolling collected gallop with distinct head motion, chin tucked and in a smooth collected movement.

Bred out of the middle Tennessee bluegrass region and mainly used for utility and riding stock this horse is the first breed of horse to bear a state name. —

Fear or refusal to change can lead to stubborn behavior that frustrates the rider who needs obedience then the horse who finds himself in a battle of wills and is often disciplined. The bottom line is, neither partner enjoys the ride.

The first step for you is to recognize the horse's comfort zones. These comfort zones will be the habits that are difficult to change. Which brings me to my next point. Almost every stubborn horse I know had the most problems with inconsistent trainers. Training must be consistent. Riders who allow poor behavior one day and then fight to correct it the next are creating their own battle grounds. Horses become stubborn if they feel they have a chance to win the argument. The battle of wills is over who gets his way. Stubborn horses often win out of sheer determination. It takes a strong, confident, and determined rider to correct the horse and then maintain the correct behavior.

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



My advice to you is to develop a training schedule that uses schooling movements, transition work, and consistent exercises. When you find your horse reacting to his work with a stubborn attitude, be patient and persistent. Many times riders will have to fight to accomplish their goals, but I recommend a "three-times rule." The first time is the major battle. The second time will have

less resistance. The third time will find the horse giving in to the commands. After that be consistent and keep in mind the habits YOU might have that cause poor behavior in your horse.

Thinking about your habits can give you insight into what the horse might be expecting of YOU. Take it "from the horse's mouth," sometimes riders take short cuts that don't pay off in the long run. —

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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This Farmall H is a good tractor for pulling a rake. However when the tractor sat unused for some time one summer, a few pesky bees turned it into their home, much to the dismay of the tractor's operators to whom the bees gave a sound thrashing.

Photo by Stacey Baker

Let it sit long enough and something will make it a home

By STACEY BAKER

Tractors and hay wagons have become a frequent sight since these wonderful late summer and early fall rains. Every time a wagon goes by on the road, I cannot help but think of an incident involving a tractor a couple of summers ago.

It was a beautiful sunny morning, appreciated all the more with a cup of coffee on the porch. Down across the road there is a wood-fenced corral and a shed, used by two neighbors in their cattle farming business. During hay making time, one can usually see a tractor or two, a wagon and other implements parked around the corral.

One old tractor had been sitting in the same place at the corral for several weeks. When it had first arrived, I had walked down to admire it several times, and I confess to even climbing up and sitting on it once or twice. It was a Farmall H, just like the one I had driven as a teenager when helping with hay for a summer or two. I had thought it might have broken down as it had not been run for some time. So I was pleased that morning on the porch when I heard that four cylinder gas engine fire up. Diesel engines are more practical for today's farming work, but they cannot compare to the sound of that good old Farmall gas motor.

Looking down toward the corral, sure enough, one of the neighbors was on the Farmall pulling it out. The two gentlemen who farm the land across the road — let's see, we had better call them Tom and Bill — are very experienced, knowledgeable farmers. But even an expert can be surprised on occasion.

Tom was slowly pulling the tractor

down near the shed where a hay rake waited. Suddenly he leaped off the still moving tractor, with his hat off his head, waving it around before he hit the ground. He half ran, half danced away from the still running tractor, all the time frantically waving his hat around his head. The Farmall drifted another few feet then came to a stop, still running. Tom had also stopped, about 10 yards away, his hat back on his head, arms folded, staring at the still running tractor.

He cautiously approached, stopping just a few feet away. Nothing happened, so he put a foot up, and grabbed the steering wheel. Suddenly, he jumped back, off came the hat, and away he went, back to his starting position at a safe 10 yards away. After a few moments of more folded arms and staring, Tom made another careful approach. This time he circled around to the other side. Instead of trying to climb up, he reached up in an attempt to hit the kill switch to stop the motor. No luck. Another hatless running dance. This time all the way back to his truck, which he hopped in, started up, and vanished down the road. The Farmall was still running.

Of course I had been standing on the porch safely watching these proceedings. It was fairly obvious to me what had happened. Bees, no doubt, or worse, maybe hornets had decided the tractor had been sitting in one place long enough to be classified as abandoned, so they moved in. The thought crossed my mind to get a broom and walk down there to at least try to turn off the engine. The thought was there, but so was the thought of tangling with angry insects. I did

not have long to think.

Tom returned with Bill in the truck. Tom drove the truck right in, as close alongside the tractor as he could get. Bill then rolled down his window, just enough to get his arm out with a can of bee spray. After hosing down the still running Farmall, Tom backed the truck away a safe distance. It must have been at least five minutes before he and Bill ventured to get out. This they did, but left both doors open for a quick get away.

After another five minutes of leaning on the truck, both walked very apprehensively towards the tractor, hats in their hands. Bill had picked up a stick, and when close enough, he tapped around the seat of the tractor once or twice, then backed off. Nothing happened, so they moved in closer, and gave the poor Farmall several more shots of bee spray. This seemed to do the trick. Tom jumped on, pulled the tractor down, Bill hitched up the rake, and off they went.

I found out later it was bumble bees that had moved in, making their home under the seat. From my vantage point on my safe front porch, I did find the whole incident a bit amusing, but did not laugh too much, knowing what it is like to run into unhappy bees. The next day, I thought I had better get to mowing the yard, as it had been almost two weeks and the grass was looking a bit shaggy. I walked into the shed, and looked at my humble eight-horse power lawn tractor. I started to get on and get going, then I paused. Picking up a shovel and positioning myself near the open door, I tapped all around the lawn tractor... just in case. —

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New Hope FCE hears about high blood pressure prevention

NEW HOPE — The New Hope FCE Club held its September meeting at the home of Mary Jane Shaver. A program "Blood Pressure, Diet, Lifestyle Practices" given by Sarah Whitmore, FCS/Extension agent of Rockingham County, was presented to club members and guests. Ms. Whitmore gave the following facts on hypertension (high blood pressure): 50 million Americans have high blood pressure; over half are women over 60 years old; it is the leading cause of heart attacks, strokes, and kidney disease; it accounts for \$10 million in medical costs annually.

The three major ways to help prevent hypertension are lose weight if overweight, become physically active, and limit salt in-

take (normal daily dosage is one teaspoon).

The club's study of the month was Pleasant Valley Church of the Brethren near Weyers Cave which was first known as Pleasant Valley German Baptist Church until 1884. The first sanctuary was dedicated in 1854, and remained part of the Middle River Congregation until 1865 when it became an independent congregation. Pleasant Valley remains today as a family-originated church with many of the old Brethren traditions.

Wilhelmina Gaddy and Judy Grove gave reports on the state conference they attended at Smith Mountain Lake in September. Helen Stogdale placed with four first-place, three second-place and

one third-place ribbons in the state's cultural arts competition. State reading certificates were presented to Catherine Crickenberger and Judy Grove who read 218 and 57 books, respectively. Ora Lotts was awarded a 50-year membership certificate.

The club celebrated FCE week, Oct. 10-16, by displaying posters in the libraries and other places.

Augusta County's FCE Achievement Day will be held Nov. 4 at the New Hope United Methodist Church with Cristin Campbell, FCS Extension agent of Augusta County speaking about Y2K. Entertainment will be provided by Alice Ward.

Anyone interested in FCE should contact president Linda Howdyshell at 363-5932. —

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

October 1999

Dear Maude:

It is not surprising that, as you say, my letters tend to sound the same from month to month. How could they be any different when the activity of our lawmakers is pretty much the same month to month? The same promises; the same excuses; the same petty bickering; the same votes along strict party lines — it makes little difference what the legislation is about, the process is the same. The results, unfortunately, are also usually the same. We end up with something on paper about which the next Congress will promise all sorts of reforms and corrections and special treatment.

This month, as you know, the House and Senate members have been really busy. We have been hearing a great deal about the way they are dancing around the federal funding bill. This goes on almost every session, with legislation to extend the old funding bill and keep the government from shutting down while they work on the new one and until all the new details can be worked out to everyone's satisfaction — a chore not easily accomplished. This scare of shutting down the government has gone on for every funding bill for so many years that no one pays any attention anymore. The workers certainly don't care — they still get paid and get days off as well when it happens. The politicians don't care — they get a lot of free press from the arguments and proposed amendments they bring up. And most of the rest of us don't care either. It has gotten to be a bit boring.

And another group who do not care is the other Washington. Yes, there really is another Washington, although not much is heard about it.

At the fringes of the District of Columbia there are small

and elegant areas where the old families live, and have lived for many years. There really are people who were born in Washington, D.C. The homes one finds in Spring Garden or Georgetown or Chevy Chase, D.C. are quietly elegant older homes — not that new stuff with the 12 different roof lines and two-story entrance halls and wings going off in all directions.

These other Washingtonians usually read the New York Times or the Wall Street Journal before they bother with the Washington Post. They have financial advisers to worry about what silly laws those politicians may pass which might affect their net worth. Those advisers are paid to take care of things and not worry them about the details. The weather for a day of sailing on the Chesapeake Bay is of much more interest than the weather on Capitol Hill. They plan their special private dinner parties. They plan shopping outings to those nice little shops where they are instantly recognized by an appreciative sales manager. There are regular dances at private clubs, cocktails with friends before a function at the Kennedy Center.

We do not always see much news coverage of their activities. They usually avoid the heavily publicized events unless they personally are on the Board or have some special interest in the cause for which a function is given. Of course, as those elegant old homes become available, newer, more political, citizens buy them (for fine prices). These are the people we see so often on the social pages of the newspaper. They show up at the special events when there is an old Washingtonian on the board, and they are hoping that they may get invited to a little exclusive function in the future.

Many years ago there was something known as the *Washington Blue Book*. I asked my friend Sara if it is still

being published, and she told me that she did not know. Of course it may still be in existence (certainly neither of us would be in it or on the yearly mailing list!) My guess is that it got to be such a huge listing that it began to rival the telephone book and so was no longer needed. The original one was certainly hefty enough, for it had not only all of the old families but the elected officials of the government as well. The foreign ambassadors were also listed. Then through the years as all the special assistants and under-secretaries, the special committee chiefs of staff, etc., etc. were added, they ended up with quite a list. One wonders just how much use it might be to anyone now.

But while the citizens of that other Washington plan their fall and winter social schedule, I will have to do the same on a much less glittering level. At least I have one exciting thing on my calendar — my friend Jimmy is taking me to an Octoberfest tonight at the Democratic Club. There will be an open bar with all kinds of German beers, a buffet with sausages and other great stuff to eat and live music. I am sure that it will be a lot of fun. For years the club put on only 4 or 5 events a year, but lately things have changed. A friend of Jimmy's was elected president of the club and has done a lot of new things. Now there are many more activities — one every month. What fun! At least once a month, I can expect a party. I guess I had better get out of this office right now and go see about a nice October-like outfit to wear!

Give everyone at home my love and tell them that I miss that beautiful fall color in the country. Here things are mostly withered green (money or leaves — take your pick.) Love, LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Fall weather stirs migratory urges in Mt. Sidney

By MARK GATEWOOD

That cool weather in October stirred the migratory urges here in Mt. Sidney. The calendar didn't look too promising. Only one weekend was free of football, marching band or work, and that was just a short stretch from Sat-

urday morning to Sunday evening. It would have to do.

I called a motel for reservations — not enough time for a camping trip. Our destination: the most spectacular mountain landscape within reasonable driving distance, Dolly Sods on Allegheny Front Mountain in West Virginia.

On Saturday morning, none too early, we took the Teen to a friend's house, the Dog to the kennel, and then we bolted. It's been a long time since my Wife the Biology Teacher and I have had time to just hit the road together and poke around like we used to do before all that other stuff started happening, like work and parenthood. Dolly Sods is a place we first visited as relative newlyweds and we've gone back whenever we could, but it had been a while since our last visit.

Our first stop was Big Bend Campground, part of the Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area. I'd done a couple of solo camping trips here and wanted the Biology Teacher to see it. It's located on a bend in one of the branches of the Potomac and it's got everything: fishing and swimming, hiking, biking and flush toilets in a clean, nicely maintained Forest Service campground. My mission here was to sell her on a family camping trip — something else we haven't done for a while — and I succeeded. But the high mountains still called and we headed north toward Petersburg, our jumping-off point for Dolly Sods.

Maybe this is the time to define terms and defend my statement in the second paragraph. For those of

us who are used to having the view defined by trees, anything with an open vista becomes attractive.

Dolly Sods is a vast area on top of Allegheny Front Mountain which was logged for red spruce during the 1800s, then burned in a series of accidental fires. The resulting landscape is a mosaic of

grassy areas — the "sods" — extensive blueberry and huckleberry "heath barrens" and bogs interspersed with red spruce.

Part of the area is managed as a wilderness, accessible only by foot or horseback, but a decent gravel road runs along the edge. You can

See SODS, page 20



Surrounded by the white, fluffy seed heads of cottongrass, "The Biology Teacher" takes in the unique aura of a mountaintop bog.



The migratory patterns of "Mt. Sidneyans" Mark and Betty Gatewood were observed recently when the pair was spotted on Allegheny Front Mountain.

Candidate seeks write-in support for school board

By EMMA DRUMMOND

I am excited about the possibility of being elected to continue serving on the Augusta County School Board, and about the opportunity it provides to develop policy that can have a positive impact on Augusta County Schools over the next four years.

My son, Jared, was educated in the county schools and graduated from Riverheads High School in 1998. He was active in sports, other extra-curricular activities and attended the Central Shenandoah Valley Regional Governor's School for two years. I volunteered in Riverheads District schools for 13 years. From this experience I feel I have developed an informed understanding of the educational system in Augusta County.

Our children are our future. I want children to be part of an educational process that enables them to reach the highest level of their individual abilities. I envision schools that provide a safe, nurturing environment for students and faculty, where standards of learning meet the needs of each individual at all academic levels, where qualified, creative educators enjoy their work and receive competitive salaries, where teaching tolerance and conflict resolution skills are integrated into the curriculum, where effective communication is paramount and where parents are encouraged to actively participate in children's education. These are the major issues on which I build my campaign.

As I serve on the Augusta County School Board, I will consider these issues when establishing policy, employing personnel, approving budget items, determining curriculum and communicating with the public.

To reach these goals, I would:



EMMA DRUMMOND

-- Support all efforts of the Safe School Program and stay informed about measures being taken in our schools to promote a safe environment.

-- Promote safety without compromising the importance of our First Amendment rights.

-- Encourage the use of mediation as one facet of the disciplinary process within schools.

-- Promote the implementation of Phase V - Capital Improvement Program, including the construction of two new middle schools and renovations of remaining schools, so all students will enjoy the benefits of the most modern learning facilities.

-- Immediately encourage constituents to contact the Board of Supervisors to ask for approval of the \$100,000 funding request from the Augusta County School Board to begin the feasibility study for the implementation of Phase V.

-- Take an active role in encouraging the public to contact their representatives on the Board of Supervisors to support a tax increase, if this will be used to directly im-

prove the quality of education offered in Augusta County.

-- Be informed about Standards of Learning and their implementation in our schools, by attending in-service programs with teachers, sitting in classrooms, reading current literature, attending conferences, talking with educators, parents and students.

-- Be willing to take an active role in working to improve the SOLs to ensure that standards lead to success and not failure.

-- Support Vocational Education and Special Education programs to Promote Alternative Education programs for at-risk students.

-- Promote the hiring and retention of qualified teachers and explore options for merit pay.

-- Promote a budget whose spending priorities include: funding to address Standards of Learning issues and implementation of the Standards of Accreditation; providing competitive salaries for teachers, administrators and support staff; expanding technology in the classroom; and funding main-

tenance of facilities.

-- Promote budget cuts in areas where an increase in efficiency could save dollars (i.e. purchase of supplies, equipment, etc.)

-- Explore the pros and cons of the issue of extending the school year as it relates to the most effective use of facilities, increased opportunities for students, and economic impact for schools and the community as a whole.

-- Investigate the opportunities to include teaching tolerance and conflict resolution skills as part of the curriculum. Offer mediation as a means of alternative dispute resolution at all grade levels.

-- Encourage schools, at all grade levels, to involve parents as volunteers.

-- Communicate directly with students, teachers, administrators and parents when formulating policy and curriculum changes.

-- Volunteer to speak about the work of the Augusta County School Board before high school government classes and other organizations in the school and community.

-- Be a catalyst for community dis-

cussion and action on issues that affect education, such as drug use, child care, growth management, teen pregnancy, activities for youth, health programs, parenting skills education, etc.

-- Gather information by attending Parent Advisory Committee meetings in county schools, PTA meetings, faculty meetings, and other school activities.

-- Be a frequent visitor to all schools in Augusta County to become an informed representative for the school board.

-- Serve as a source of information and as a sounding board for constituents from the Riverheads District regarding the schools. Represent all of Augusta County when making decisions that will affect the education of our children.

-- Promote the Augusta County School Board philosophy, CHILDREN FIRST!!

I solicit your support on Election Day, Nov. 2 and ask that you write in the name Emma Drummond for School Board in the Riverheads District. —

Casting a write-in vote

In order to place a write-in vote for any office, a voter must actually write the person's name in the appropriate place provided on the voting machine.

This area is located at the very top of the machine above the area where the standard ballot form and switches are visible. Space for write-in votes is provided behind tabs which must be slid open to expose the area for the write-in vote. Once a voter has pulled the lever to register his or her vote, the tab closes and the paper scrolls forward leaving a blank space for the next voter to cast a write-in vote.

In order for the write-in vote for any candidate to be valid, the

candidate's name must be written as the write-in candidate has specified it to be recorded in the blank provided. Also, the name must be spelled correctly in order to count.

For instance, if the candidate's name is James B. Smith and he has specified that voters write-in "James Smith" to support his candidacy, then other written versions of his name will not serve to elect James Smith to office. Write-in votes cast as "Smith," "Jim Smith," "J. Smith," or "J.B. Smith" will not count in the tally for "James Smith."

A voter may cast a write-in vote for any office. Each office up for election is designated by a number on the voting machine's standard balloting area. Numbers on each of the sliding tabs across the top of the voting machine correspond to the numbers of the office up for election. For instance, the Riverheads District School Board seat is No. 17 on this year's ballot so Slot No. 17 at the top of the voting machine is the tab to slide in order to cast a write-in vote for this school board seat.

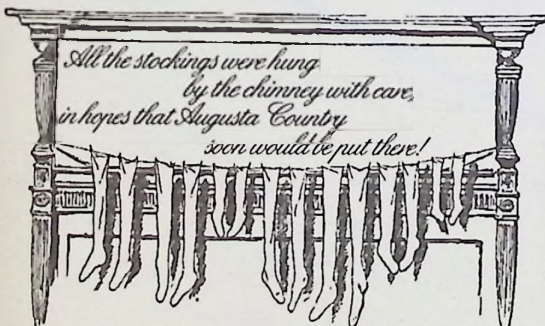
Voters may cast write-in votes for any office up for election. However,

once the corresponding tab is opened to place a write-in vote, the voter is locked out from returning to the standard ballot to cast a vote for a candidate on the ballot.

In the event a voter wishes to cast a write-in vote, officers of election at the polls on Election Day can provide information or assistance necessary to help voters place write-in votes. Augusta County Registrar Betty Davis urges any voter to use the assistance of officers of election on duty Nov. 2 with help casting votes. "That's what they're there for," she says.

Election officials are available to help voters with the balloting machines, Ms. Davis explained. She pointed out that even once inside the booth, voters may ask for help from election officials. Ms. Davis said she urges voters to take their time when casting their ballots. Once a voter pulls the voting machine lever to register his or her votes, the opportunity to make a change in how the votes are cast is gone.

If you have questions regarding the process of casting a write-in vote call the Augusta County Registrar at 245-5656. —



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The Sixth Sense delivers goosebumps, spinetingles

It's been 24 hours since I saw *The Sixth Sense* and its images still keep popping into my thoughts — at Food Lion, in the car, during the sermon — just like the ghosts in this surprise sleeper written and directed by M. Night Shyamalan.

Eight-year-old Cole Sear (H. Joel Osment) has a terrifying secret. He sees ghosts. And they are everywhere: in his kitchen, on the street, hanging from the rafters in his school, even under his bed. They disturb his sanity to the point that he questions it.

Enter child psychologist Dr. Malcolm Crowe (Bruce Willis). Hoping to assuage his own guilt over failing to prevent former patient Vincent Grey's suicide, whose symptoms were remarkably like Cole's, Crowe takes on the case. He dedicates his every moment to the boy, seemingly sacrificing his marriage in the process.

The compassionate Crowe eventually wins Cole's trust. After a particularly terrifying episode, Cole

reveals his ghostly and ghostly secret. The dead are everywhere. They are the unfortunate souls who died sudden, violent deaths, who don't know they are dead, who have found the reluctant eight-year-old as a channel to the world of the living. "The dead only see what they want to see," Cole tells the skeptical Crowe. The doctor quite naturally thinks the little boy is sicker than first feared but gradually comes to realize the truth of the boy's experience. Some critics have panned *The Sixth Sense* as *Ghost* meets *The Shining*, but those criticisms ignore the nuance and dignity Shyamalan (*Wide Awake*, *Praying with Anger*) has invested in this film. It is scary yet has little violence; it has moments that tug at the heart without being sappy and predictable. It frightens on two levels: it hints at an unseen world while it paints a portrait of life as a string of tragedies punctuated by a few trivial distractions. *The Sixth Sense* is a movie that

gets better as it goes along. Cinematographer Tak Fujimoto's evocative visuals turn Philadelphia into a bleak wasteland. From scene one there is little in it that is superfluous as it pulls the viewer along to its surprise conclusion.

Bruce Willis (*Armageddon*, *The Last Boy Scout*, *Die Hard*) proves he can act. The wisecracking and smirking that mark (and mar) so many of his performances are gone, replaced by compassion, pathos, and fear, not of ghosts but of losing his wife's love. The last time Willis pulled off a performance this stunning was in *The Twelve Monkeys*. Willis is well-supported by a cast of unknowns — Olivia Williams (*The Postman*, *Rushmore*) as the elusive Anna Crowe, Donnie Wahlberg as Vincent Grey, and Toni Collette (*Emma*, the *Pallbearers*) as Lynn Sear, Cole's mother whose unconditional love and understanding never fails her son.

Most people, however, will leave the theater asking "who was that

kid?" They are talking about Haley Joel Osment (Ransom of *Red Chief*, *Bogus*, Avery-Murphy Brown's Son, Matt Foxworthy-The Jeff Foxworthy Show) who plays Cole. This 11-year-old carries the movie as the cautious, wise, terrified, stoic Cole. When he breathlessly tells the doctor "You know when you feel the hair stand up on your neck? That's the dead trying to connect." Or when he says, "We were supposed to draw a picture, anything we wanted. I drew a man who got hurt in the neck by another man with a screwdriver. Everyone got upset. They had a meeting. Mom started crying. I don't draw like that any more... I draw... people smiling, dogs running, rainbows. They don't have meetings about rainbows." There's a Jimmy Stewart quality in this kid that bears watching. Whispers of an Oscar for Osment are already circulating.

I'm not a big fan of horror movies but if you want to see one, *The*

FLICK



FLAK

A movie review by

Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

Sixth Sense ranks with the best. It is not gratuitous, or even violent for that matter. It will make you jump and scrunch down in your seat and maybe even cover your eyes once or twice. But whatever you do, do not let anyone reveal the movie's ending to you. It is one you won't guess and it is delicious.

Hannah's mom gives *The Sixth Sense* three-and-a-half bananas. PG-13 for violent images. The movie is entirely appropriate for that age and it's a good initiation to this genre. —

•Sods

Continued from page 18

see every bit as much of the area's character from your car as you can from penetrating the backcountry on foot. The Dolly part of the name supposedly comes from the name of an early family of German descent, named Dahle, who settled in the area.

We reached Bear Rocks, at the northern end of the area, about 4 p.m. on a sunny, mild afternoon. Fall is truly the most spectacular time to visit Dolly Sods as the blueberry bushes turn a bright red, in contrast to the dark green of the spruces and the tan of the bogs and grasslands.

The late afternoon sun highlighted the color contrasts and we started snapping pictures. There is very much of a northern "feel" to the landscape. The other element of this appeal lies in the scattered red spruce trees. Years of wind and wind-blown snow and ice have sculpted the spruces into windforms with most of their branches on the eastern, downwind side.

But this was only the beginning. Other delights awaited, so we got back in the car and drove down Forest Service Road 75 to Red Creek Campground.

Red Creek Campground isn't much as campgrounds go. It has about 10 sites, pit toilets and a pump. But it's a capital "D" — Destination, as it's the trailhead for a major trail system through the wil-

derness area. You'll find license plates from up and down the East coast on vehicles parked in the tiny lot and along the road. On week-ends, it's like a small town with traffic jams and no parking.

Red Creek is also the site of the Allegheny Front Migratory Bird Observatory, a bird banding and hawk watching station that has been in operation for 42 years. It's a collaborative effort between the Brooks Bird Club and the U. S. Forest Service and it's a super place to visit whether you're mildly interested or a serious birder.

The observatory — really just a little shack where two banders can sit, sheltered from the wind — is located in a slight notch in the mountain where migrating birds pop over the top and into waiting mist nets. It's a great opportunity to see up close, birds that ordinarily will be at treetop heights.

The banders are a friendly group, happy to show and tell to both novice and experienced birders. At this time of year, many of the birds they band are warblers just hatched this summer and not fully feathered out in their distinctive colors. They are, in fact, just lumps of olive and yellow feathers to most of us, but to these banders, they are instantly recognizable as to species and, often, sex.

These people may handle several hundred birds a day, and their experience shows. The hawk watchers

were pretty impressive, too, calling out names for things that just showed as patternless dark shapes in the skies overhead. Earlier in the day, they had identified a bald eagle among the hawks flying over.

Red Creek, in fact, is where the Biology Teacher did her apprenticeship as a bird bander, rising before dawn each cold, gray morning to help open the nets and process the birds. Some of the banders we met on this visit knew her by name and greeted her like an old friend. They're just that kind of people.

The nets were closed this late in the afternoon, so we went back down to our motel in Petersburg for the night. Next morning, we drove back up the mountain. The Biology Teacher went to the banding station and I took advantage of a couple hours on my own to hike some of the Red Creek trail system.

It being Sunday, most of the people I met were backpackers coming out. I came back about lunchtime, collected the Biology Teacher and compared notes. We had time for one more "must visit" before returning: the Northland Loop Interpretive Trail. This is just a mile south of Red Creek Campground. There's a pullout for parking and only the tiniest hiker crossing sign to let you know there's a trail there.

The trail circles one of the bogs on the mountain and has some interpretive signs explaining the land-

scape. The best part is a small spur boardwalk extending into the bog. There you're surrounded by bog and sky, with cottongrass waving its fuzzy heads around you.

Most years we find abundant cranberries, but not this year. Likewise the tiny, insectivorous sundew plants, which we didn't find at all this trip. It's a sublime landscape and not a little difficult to leave, but leave we did. For the record, the return trip from mountaintop back home to Mt. Sidney, with a minimum of stops, took just three hours.

I don't want to oversell this northern landscape thing, but as I was doing some work on the computer today, The Biology Teacher says "Hey, look at this!" and brings over The Nature Conservancy calendar which serves as family organizer. The photograph was a landscape of crimson blueberry bushes

with scattered conifers. Only the jagged mountains in the background gave it away: this really was Alaska. But you won't get there in three hours.

If you wish to go: The best way seems to be U.S. 33 from Harrisonburg to Franklin; 220 north to Petersburg; 28 south out of Petersburg to Jordan Run Road. Intersections from this point are well marked. Two gravel roads leave the paved Jordan Run Road to reach Dolly Sods. They're pretty decent roads, considering the type of terrain they cover, and are suitable for passenger cars and mini-vans. People even take motorhomes up there, so it can't be too bad.

For information, contact the Monongahela National Forest, Potomac Ranger Division in Petersburg at 304/257-4488. —

Yesterday's weather

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

Nov. 4, 1985 — A super wet Gulf storm dumped upwards of 15

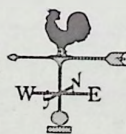
inches of rain in the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia causing devastating damage and claiming 40 lives.

Nov. 25, 1970 — The temperature at Tallahassee, Fla., dipped to 13 degrees, following a high of 40 degrees the previous day. The mercury then reached 67 degrees on

the 26th, and highs were in the 70s the rest of the month.

Nov. 29, 1975

— Red River was buried under 34 inches of snow in 24 hours, establishing a record for the state of New Mexico. —



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