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Down on the Farm
Pages 10-11

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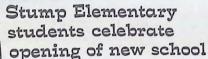
December 199

. Issue 1



Waynesboro teens stir up recipes to satisfy Cookie Monster

Page 4



Page 15



Happy Holidays to you and yours from the staff of Augusta Country!

May the peace and joy of the holiday season be yours throughout the New Year!

Let's talk turkey about -- what else? -the world's capital of turkey production

Pages 12-13





Oh, say can you 'C'?

Well, we couldn't. But some keen-eyed Augusta Country readers were quick to point out that this tractor, which was identified as a Farmall H in our November 1999 issue, is actually a Farmall C. James Sutton of McKinley wrote in to tell us about the error, International Harvester made several Farmall models including the C - pictured here an H, an M and a Super M. Regardless of the tractor's model Insignia, "bees" still set up shop in this "C" and when the operators attempted to use the tractor, they just wanted to get the "H" away from there. Photo by Stacey Baker

ShenanArts to present holiday play

STAUNTON - What if Mary, Joseph, and even angels were a little more human than we sometimes imagine?

This holiday season ShenanArts presents The Butterfingers Angel, a fresh and enchanting vision of the Nativity story. The play is written by William Gibson, also the

author of *The Miracle Worker*. Performances are Dec. 1-4 at 7:30 p.m. and Dec. 5 at 2:00 p.m. The production takes place in Healy Hall at the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind. General admission tickets are \$5 for adults and \$3 for children. Premier reserved seating is available for \$9 per person.

Tickets can be purchased by phone from the ShenanArts Box Office, 540/248-1868, or in person at The Bookstack in Staunton and Town & Campus Records in Harrisonburg.

Historic marker to be dedicated in Middlebrook

MIDDLEBROOK -- A highway marker highlighting the historical significance of the village of Middlebrook will be unveiled and dedicated 2 p.m., Nov. 27. The marker is located at the corner of Cherry Grove Road in the village.

The process of obtaining the marker from the Virginia Board of Historic Resources has been a yearlong project by residents of the Middlebrook area. The village is celebrating its bicentennial this year - April 1799 marked the date which the first lots were sold in the village to Scots-Irish and German settlers.

The Middlebrook Ruritan Club worked in conjunction with the Augusta County Historical Society to obtain the marker. Donations were collected to pay for having the marker made.

In the late 19th century Middlebrook was Augusta County's largest village, the center of a thriving agriculture community. The stagecoach road which passed through the village became the Middlebrook-Brownsburg turnpike. Because modern transportation bypassed the village, it has retained much of the character of its late 19th century appearance. The village was placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1980.

Meeting notice

There will be a public meeting to discuss scenic Virginia Byway designation for Va. 252 through Augusta and Rockbridge counties 7 p.m., Dec. 14 at the Middlebrook Community Center located on Cherry Grove Road in the village. For information contact the Hand Craft Alliance at 540/885-3478. -

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Bill Brubeck, a member of the Middlebrook Ruritan Club, stands at the marker which will be dedicated at 2 p.m. Nov. 27.

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 inscriptions 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. --

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Staff writers

leff Flint Mark Gatewood Vera Hailey Betty Jo Hamilton

Emily Brown

Roberta Hamlin Penny Plemmons Deborah Sensabaugh Sue Simmons

Nancy Sorrells

Contributing writers

Becky McMannes

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Augusta log house makes cover of Poland's 'House and Garden'

BY NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — To those of us in Augusta County, the sight of a log house in a field is something we take for granted, although perhaps we shouldn't as urban sprawl creeps across the countryside. But a Polish mother-and-daughter team knew a treasure when they saw one. That's how Bill and Elizabeths Ross's Airy Knoll became the cover story for Nasz dom i ogród. For those of you who don't speak Polish, that's House and Garden Magazine.

The glossy photograph on the cover drew readers inside to a feature story that included nine more pictures of the house that fairly glowed with earth colors, browns and natural wood tones. The Shenandoah Valley story stands in stark contrast to the journal's other articles which feature ultra modern architecture sprinkled with photos of glass and bright colors.

The tale of how a home in Middlebrook, once shelter to earlier generations of Augusta settlers, made its appearance in Europe is an interesting one. It began when Maja Godlewska and her fa-ther visited America on a cultural exchange. While here, they were guests of the Ross family. Maja

COME

DISCOVER US



Elizabeth and Bill Ross look at the August 1999 Polish magazine which featured their house. The spinning wheel positioned in one corner of a room where a narrow staircase leads to the house's second floor is the interior shot of the house used on the magazine's cover.

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thought the opportunities in America were good and applied for a fellowship to return and work as a visiting artist. She won the fellowship and shortly thereafter, her

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husband Marik won the Polish lottery for a green card that allowed them to emigrate to America. As the friendship between Maja

and her American host family grew, the Rosses began including their new friends in traditional family activities.

One such activity is known as "The Annual." The event, held once a year (how did you guess that?), for the last couple of de-

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cades commemorates the restoration of Airy Knoll. The chestnut and oak log structure is 20 feet by 30 feet with an impressive 30-footlong summer beam stretching across the main room. Underfoot are random width pine floors. Overhead, nine

beams run perpendicular from the summer beam. Tucked into a corner of the room is a tight, steep stairway up to the second floor which is open to the rafters.

Airy Knoll spent much of its 20th century life as a tenant house. About 1900, the descendants of the original owners built a modern addition to the central log structure. Interestingly, those same descendants, the Rosens, did the carpentry on the present kitchen. Even that modern addition needed work when the Rosses began restoring the house three decades ago, and they had their work cut out for them.

The main room had four doors and was actually two rooms separated by a partition. At one time we were told that this room had a huge stone fireplace. When we got the house it had a tin shingle roof, but before that it had wood shakes," Bill explained.

"The fireplace was built 12 feet into the interior," Elizabeth said. "We talked to the last survivor of the family who had lived in the house as a child. She spoke of sitting inside the fireplace to do her lessons so as to keep warm by the fire and read by the light of the fire."

As they stripped off the layers of time they discovered that the original owners had left the interior log walls exposed and whitewashed, probably as a preservative and to lighten the dark interior. The spaces between the logs were chinked with blocks of wood and then daubed with a mud and animal hair mixture. Later owners decided to fancy up the place and covered the logs with hand-cut vertical lathe that was plastered over.

Bringing an old house into the late 20th century was not easy and details regarding plumbing and heating had to be well thought out. They even rolled the smokehouse closer to the main house in order to gain better views of the hills beyond the house.

Once the house was presentable, they moved in and threw a party for family, friends, and workers. Thus, "The Annual" was born. "Ev-



ery year since then we have had the party. Sixty or 70 people usually show up. We have local musicians in and we take the rug up, move the furniture back and dance. We have a big iron pot in the field and we boil corn on the cob," explained Bill.

Maja, the recent immigrant from Poland, attended the party and was captivated by the whole ambiance. In the summer of 1998, Maja's mother Kalina Godlewska from Wroctaw, came to visit her daughter in America. Kalina writes for the Polish House and Garden Magazine and naturally wanted to tour around the South and view the region's stately architecture.

Maja took her mother to places like Monticello and Biltmore, and, oh yeah, Airy Knoll. And of all those elegant choices, Kalina chose to write about the log cabin

in Augusta County.
"Most Europeans don't think of Americans living in rustic old places. Kalina thought it would be interesting for people in Poland to see that Americans do keep old things and old buildings," Bill said.

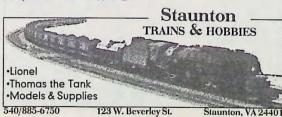
The article made a whole big deal about the house being out in a pasture," added Elizabeth. "They emphasized that the furniture in the house belonged to the family for many years and is valued and used."

Those treasured family heirlooms that may or may not have any real worth outside of nostalgia include the favorite (worn) leather chair that belonged to Bill's father, and a bookcase that came from the New Jersey home of Elizabeth's mother. A picture of a cow that graced the dining room of Bill's childhood home has a place of honor at Airy Knoll.

"It's just plain old simple furniture," said Bill.

The piece of furniture that made the cover was a large wool wheel. Other photos inside the magazine featured details of the house. The ornate parlor stove that Elizabeth picked up at a local antique store

See AIRY, page 5



Youngsters recruited to ranks of confectioners to prepare for Waynesboro church bazaar

By NANCY SORRELLS

WAYNESBORO - Many teenagers sleep in on Saturday mornings, but not this bunch least not on one recent balmy

November morning.
Nine youth and a few "would-be-youth" chaperones chose to rise early and work off their energy in a hot, hectic kitchen. It was a tough job, but someone had to do it. Make a few pieces of candy, eat a few pieces of candy, make some party mix, eat some party mix. It was definitely not a job for those with an uncontrollable sweet tooth, however, because these Waynesboro Church of the Brethren teens were making candy to be sold at the church's sixth annual Cookie and Craft Bazaar set for Dec. 4 from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.

For the past four years, the church youngsters in the sixth through 12th grades, have gathered at the church fellowship hall in order to make their goodies. Each year they have become more organized and raised the production levels up a notch. More candy, tastier fudge, and cookies, cookies, cookies.

Psalm 34, verse 8 - "Taste and see that the Lord is good"- has always provided the inspiration for the annual fundraiser and there was no doubt that plenty of tasty stuff was being churned out of the kitchen on this Saturday. One group of youngsters worked in the hard candy area, rolling four different flavors in confectioners sugar, and snipping the warm pieces into mouth-size chunks before they cooled completely.

Another cluster of helpers mixed bowls full of crunchy party mixes. Still others stirred fudge (with and without nuts), worked on the peanut brittle, and concocted peanut butter balls. When the bazaar day rolls around, the youth table will be piled high with calories, including Friendship Brownie Mix in decorated jars. The idea here is that the jar with the dry ingredients is given to a friend who adds the wet ingredients and bakes the brownies. The result? Two friends eating some yummy brownies. Those tempted by the tasty munchies on the tables can also buy a church cookbook, then go home and try some of the treats in their own

Other food concoctions to be sold are Turner country ham sandwiches, lime pickles, pear and peach butters, and a few surprises. And, of course, no bazaar at this church would be complete without plenty of cookies and an appearance from the greediest cookie eater of them all - the Cookie Monster!

About 6,000 cookies wound up in hungry stomachs after last year's event, including a hundred dozen or so that were baked that day and served fresh in the Cookie Café. Despite efforts to the contrary, the big blue Cookie Monster gulped down a few of his favorite treats as well. Fresh cookies and hot beverages will again be served in the café.

Those with an eye for fine crafts will want to browse through the tables of non-edible items. New to the sale this year are hand-loomed denim rugs. Christmas ornaments, doll clothes that fit on the 18-inch American Girl dolls, poinsettias, SERRV items, and prints from local artists Lisa Geiman, Linda Patrick, and Pat Moss will all be for sale. An antique crocheted bedspread and a brand-new queen size quilt will be offered at a silent auction. The winning quilt bidder will take home a creation by church member Mary Eaton. She has been working on the cabin fever design since July. The quilt is splashed with a number of bright colors and has a scarlet cross in the center.

There are so many wonderful things to choose from at this event that it is entirely possible

Jordan Coiner of Waynesboro offers a plate of cookies to the Cookie Monster. Youth members of Waynesboro Church of the Brethren gathered recently for a day of candy, cookie and snack making in preparation for the church's annual bazaar to be held Dec. 4.

no more Christmas shopping will

Designated amounts from the proceeds of the bazaar will go to the District Disaster Relief Response and to the 2002 National Youth Conference fund. The remainder goes to the Church Fellowship Hall Bathroom fund.

Waynesboro Church of the Brethren is located at 364 Bridge

be necessary. Rumor has it that even Santa stops here for a little shopping, visiting, and double checking of his list. He will, of course, have to vie with the Cookie Monster for the cookies.

Avenue in Waynesboro. -



Members of the youth group at Waynesboro Church of the Brethren show the results of their day's worth of labor as confectioners. Candy, cookies, and snacks made by the youth will be available for sale at the church's annual bazaar.

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Ralph Blessings of Washington, D.C., browses among some of the many hand-crafted items on display in the annual Art for Gifts sale sponsored by the Staunton-Augusta Art Center located in the pumphouse near the entrance to Gypsy Hill Park.

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By PENNY PLEMMONS

STAUNTON - It is more than just a sale. It is an occasion to marvel at the imaginative human mind. And if you just happen to come upon that perfect gift for that hardto-buy-for person, or that present destined to be a conversation piece, well... that's just a bonus for stopping by the Art for Gifts Exhibition housed in the Staunton Augusta Art Center.

This year's annual event welcomes shoppers to a diverse world of crafts and arts. The center is open for art lovers and the curious from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday and 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday. And for last-minute shoppers, the exhibit will receive visitors through Christmas Eve.

Art center executive director Penny Warren views the art array as "a wonderful opportunity for the community to have access to more than 85 artists."

When you visit the exhibit located in the historic pumphouse building at the entrance of Gypsy Hill Park in Staunton, you will find the works of favorite local artists such as the watercolor paintings of Margaret Bucher and painted silk scarves by Renee Brainard Gentz. Newcomer Indian Ridge Studio showcases an attractive assortment of gourds with a south-

western appeal.

Artists have created delicately blown glass ornaments, pottery decked in unique colors and glazes, earrings fashioned from recycled pa-per, hand-made baskets, and threefoot high wooden carolers ready to bring holiday cheer to any hearth.

And let's not forgot the children's exhibits. According to Ms. Warren, this area has been expanded to pique the interest of children young or old. Folk toys, wooden heirloom toys, games for the imagination and knitted puppet mittens for tiny

hands are just a few of the works to intrigue the child and childlike.

"Anything in here will be unique," stated Ms. Warren. "We appreciate the community support.'

The six-week event typically vields between \$15,000 and \$18,000 and supports the artist as well as the center. This year's

event is sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Duke, the Staunton Marketplace and Paul Borzelleca Construction.

So get a head start on your holiday shopping and in the process have an enjoyable trip. Who knows? You just might learn a little something about art while you are there. -



Merry Christmas

GUY EAVERS EXCAVATING

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is

Continued from page 3 caught the photographer's fancy, for instance, so the "Wood Buck-

eye" has a picture of its own.

Elizabeth added details about the purchase of the stove: "I spotted that stove on the sidewalk in Staunton. It was the hottest day in August. I screeched to a halt, ran in and said, 'I want that!' 'Why,' they said, 'It's August!'"

When the mother and daughter team arrived at Airy Knoll to work on the feature, it was an all-day project. "They were here the whole day and spent the day moving things around," said Bill. "Yes, notice how pristine and clean the pictures are, not like it is now," laughed Elizabeth glancing around at the house's livedin look that included two large dogs draped on stuffed chairs.

A year after the photo shoot and interview, the story was splashed across Poland in the August '99 issue. "Maja hand delivered the copy to us," Elizabeth said. "And she gave us a rough translation."

Both Bill and Elizabeth indicated they were pleased with the article. Although the honor of being the cover story on a Polish magazine is probably a unique one in Augusta County, it is clear that the warmth of Airy Knoll speaks loudly in all languages. Now the people in Poland know what the Ross family has always known -that the log cabin on the hill has been the scene of family celebrations, holidays, seclusion, meditation, and revival. Above all else, it is home.

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Notes from the road

In this issue, Augusta Country writers Nancy Sorrells and Roberta Hamlin report on their recent visit to the British Isles.

Birthday trip begins with sights, scenery of Ireland

By NANCY SORRELLS

What does one do when one turns 40? Is it a time for reflection? For mourning? For celebration? My sister-in-law and I decided to celebrate our 40th birthdays with a trip, so we set off on a three-week jaunt through Ireland and Scotland.

This was to be a fun and enjoyable adventure through the British Isles. It would also be a test of sorts to see if we could navigate through a foreign country and emerge friends after living together 24 hours a day for 21 days. You see, Sarah and I had been best buddies in high school, inseparable in fact except when I went out on dates with her brother. But our Riverheads graduon was in 1977 and we had not

spent more than a weekend or so together in the ensuing years.

And so for months we laid our plans, set dates, read up on where we wanted to visit. Early on we decided that we would have hardand-fast arrival and departure dates, but the rest of the trip would be ruled by serendipity. We gave fate the upper hand in deciding where we would be and what we would see. And, you know what, it turned out just fine.

Fate took control immediately and wove some interesting threads and colors into the tapestry of our journey. Let me tell you about a few of them.

Our journey began officially in Dublin, the capital city of the Irish Republic, with a metropolitan area that holds one third of the population of the entire country. In hindsight, it was probably not a good idea for two left-side driving novices to emerge bleary-eyed and blinking into the traffic of Dublin, but that is exactly what we did. We picked up our car at Dan Dooley rentals and went screaming and shrieking off into the Dublin traffic.

All would still have been well except for an unfortunate coincidence in the timing of our arrival date. We did not know that there are two Sundays in September which are dear to the Irish soul those are the days when the All-Ireland Finals are played in Croke Park in Dublin. The first Sunday is when the top two teams in the land vie for the championship cup in hurling, the second decides the best Gaelic foot-



Dolmens are giant, rectangular slabs of stone which have been raised erect to create an entranceway of sorts. The original use of dolmens remains a mystery although some were entrances to tombs and others seemed to have an astronomical significance. In Ireland there are hundreds of these Neolithic masterpieces scattered across the landscape.

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ball team. We arrived on the afternoon of the hurling finals (pronounced hurly). In other words, we had arrived in Dublin on the equivalent of Super Bowl Sunday.

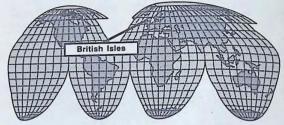
After getting rough directions at Dan Dooley's, we knew the general direction and roads we wanted in order to head south out of town. We even saw the signs for those roads, so we were NOT lost. However, as we plunged into our journey, the traffic around us got heavier and heavier and hordes of people were walking, no, streaming, on the sidewalks and in the streets toward the stadium. We were trapped in a flood of humanity.

Being keenly intuitive we realized something was up. Perhaps the fact that the walkers seemed to be either dressed in red and white or black and gold gave us a hint as well. Not too far into our journey we were awash in a sea of those four colors and nearly at a standstill in bumper-to-bumper traffic. As we approached the point where we needed to make a left turn to get to our known destination, we were denied access by a policeman attempting to maintain order.

And so it was that less than an hour into our arrival in Ireland, we were driving blind, heading south, off into the unknown. It turned out fine, although the rain and the narrow roads that we soon found ourselves on did test our sleep-impaired brains. By the evening we had visited the Wicklow Mountains and the ruins of a sixth century monastery, Glendalough.

After spending the night at Arklow, we were up early and off on a rambling backroads tour in a

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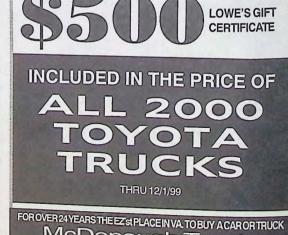


southwesterly direction. The beauty of exploring such country roads is that one never knows when an exciting "find" will appear before you. Such was the case of the dolmen, two dolmens actually. Dolmens are remnants of prehistoric architecture - massive, silent reminders that this land has been inhabited for a long, long time.

Dolmens are giant, rectangular slabs of stone which have been raised erect to create an See DOLMENS, page 9



Arriving in Dublin on the day of the All-Ireland Finals, the equivalent of Super Bowl Sunday in the U.S., we found the country crowded with fans cheering their hurling teams to victory.



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Ulster farmer recalls lifetime in agriculture

By NANCY SORRELLS

BALLYCLARE, CO. ANTRIM, Northern Ireland - George Kennedy is a rosy-cheeked, bigboned man with a farmer's hands — big knuckled and gnarled from nearly 80 years of being out in the kind of raw weather that can come and stay in Ulster. He also has a sense of humor and a worldly savvy that goes beyond the hedgerows and potato fields of rural Antrim. All of this, as well as a sense of family heritage and pride, were easy to sense as we sat in the living room of his stone farmhouse and talked over tea while a lashing rain beat down outside.

Although at 79 he is retired from farming, George was born into the world of agriculture at the very same two-story house where he still resides. His grandfather, Robert Kennedy, came from County Mayo and began constructing the house in 1888. When he died suddenly at the age of 40, it was up to his widow and her 10-year-old son, George's father, to finish the job.

'She finished it, but it nearly finished her," said George of his grandmother's stick-to-it-ness. They quarried stone out from the hills nearby and in slack times they brought the stone here in slipes (wheel-less vehicles that resemble sleds)," he said. "While they were building this house they lived in a single-story thatched building.'



George Kennedy has farmed in Ulster most of his life. His family's primary agriculture interest has been dairying.

The farm was well established by the time George came along and helping to run the operation was the life George knew. He went to school until he was 17 and then came home to the farm.

Dairying was the main thrust of the farm in those days. "We had dairy cows, some pigs and some store cattle," he noted. The cattle were almost all shorthorned like Friesan (Holstein) or the hornless Irish moiley cattle.

"We brought them home every night and milked about 20 by hand. They were milked twice a day and a heavy milker would maybe give three gallons. We tried to keep them milking for 45 weeks," he explained.

Milking took place in the barn, called a byre in Ulster. "We tied them up, sat on a stool and milked into galvanized buckets," he recalled.

The stone farmhouse has a butter room/milk room attached to the house and that was the center of the dairy production. Milk was put into crocks and thickened and then butter was made from the whole milk. "We churned the butter with horses running a machine. It was tough going in the summertime with all the heat," he said.

In peak production periods, the family made 100 pounds of butter per week which was sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays in Belfast. Butter's byproduct, buttermilk, also was sold. It was placed in wooden containers called runlets and taken to the local baker who bought it and dumped it into huge barrels. Each runlet held 44 quarts of buttermilk and the Kennedys sold about 20 runlets to the bakery each week.

Just because dairying was the main focus on the farm does not mean that other agricultural endeavors were excluded. The Kennedys occasionally fattened calves and sold them at the weekly market in Ballyclare.

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"I would walk them to Ballyclare on a rope. Ballyclare is about three miles away. I would stand there in the Ballyclare Square and sometimes I would have to walk home with the calf again if nobody bought. It was hard making a price. Sometimes you would ask too much and you couldn't get rid of the animal and sometimes it sold too soon and you knew that you had not asked enough!" he said with a twinkle in his eye as he explained the bartering that went on at the village market.

Most farms in those days also had plenty of chickens running around the barnyard. When butter was taken to the Belfast market, eggs were often packed in hay and taken along for sale as well. In season, potatoes and rhubarb were additional items for the market.

Pigs were another common farm animal and the Kennedys kept the prick-eared York pigs as well as the lop-eared Ulster Whites. "We had a proper pig house out here, but we only kept a few pigs. We shared a pig with a neighbor because one was too much for our family," he said.

When it came time to butcher, most families in Antrim did not do their own butchering. Rather, they hired a "pig killer" who would make the rounds of all the farmhouses when he could and take care of the job. "The pig killer could come in the middle of the night or at six o'clock in the morning. He salted the meat and then we hung it up in our kitchen."

When George was young, draft horses provided the power for the farm work. His father had two Clydesdale-type draft horses.

"They were for working the land you see. My father delivered hay with the horse and cart. There was a hay market in those days and you would take in a load of hay and maybe bring home a load of grain to feed the cattle. That was a long day, but you rarely came home empty-handed," he remembered.

Horses also were used to run the butter churn and a thresher for the oats that were grown on the farm. Gradually, however, mechanization forced the horses out of work. In 1922 George's father bought a lorry, and from then on the wooden cans full of buttermilk went to town on the truck.

As the horses were worked less and less they became high strung and filled with too much energy. "They became very hard to work with and when you brought them

out you had to ring them which means you put them on a long rope and ran them around and

around in a ring," he said.

In 1942 the family bought a Ferguson tractor. "I was glad to see the horses away," recalled George. "The tractor took a wee while to get used to, but it was a great change. We had to find homes for the animals as well."

Even with innovations like tractors, working on the farm was never an easy job. When pressed, he allowed that mowing meadows with scythes was the hardest job on the farm. "If you had a meadow, it had to be mowed."

Harvesting oats with a sickle was no job for those with a weak back either, but later the family acquired a Woods reaping machine that eliminated the hand harvest of grains.

Yet another character-building job was maintaining the hawthorn and beech hedges that divided the fields. "We cut almost every hedge about the farm with a handsaw," he said. The wood cuttings were then mixed with coal and used for fuel in the house.

No Ulster farm would be complete without a large crop of potatoes. Potatoes were drilled in the field. When they were harvested they were put in big jute bags called hundredweight bags. Each one weighed 112 pounds and a farmer could throw a hundredweight bag on his shoulder.

Potatoes were also planted in the family garden, but here they were put in wide beds. "Each ridge was four potatoes across. The next year the space and the ridge were shifted halfway," explained George of the rotation system for the potato crop.

The vegetable garden was more the domain of the farm women. Their entire garden was hand dug with a spade twice a year. "A garden would have more or less everything to fill the table: carrots, onions, parsley, celery, leeks, shallots, peas, beans and cabbage. There were also gooseberries and currants for jams," he recalled.

Whether it was mowing a hayfield, hand spading a garden, walking a calf to market or milking a cow, the family never stayed in bed past five in the morning.

"Everybody did that in those days. We never got a slack minute. It was all hard. It was a hard life," said George. -

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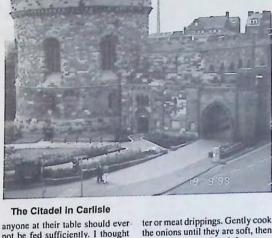
Gastronomic adventures in the British Isles

BY ROBERTA HAMLIN

No matter where one finds oneself - at home, at work, traveling the interstate highway system or the airways of the world - one thing is certain. Our brains will tell us on a very predictable schedule that it is time to add more fuel to the body machine. And for some of us, that refueling is one of our favorite occupations.

In spite of all the jokes and remarks about the quality of the food in Britain, on the recent fact-finding mission by Augusta Country staff writers, nothing but good food was encountered. Perhaps approaching the subject with a great sense of adventure helped. We were not shy when it came to trying a favorite local specialty.

Much to my surprise, the food I was served on the British Airways flight into Gatwick was not bad at all. Even faced with eating an ample dinner only three hours before being fed breakfast, I managed not to leave much food on my plate. Once



not be fed sufficiently. I thought that the reason for the ample amounts and variety of dishes that first evening was because of the

nature of the celebration, however, as my visit continued, I discovered that everywhere and all of the time one was fed very well.

The next day Fred and Sylvia took me on a little tour along the Sussex coast west of Brighton were we had our lunch at a little restaurant on the sea which they particularly liked. It was a tiny place, all bright and sunny, with a cafeteria style selection. I chose the "Cottage Pie." This savory dish, which is not really a pie but a dish of meat under a "crust" of mashed potatoes, was created as a use for the leftover meat from a roast. It is known by many different names. We most often hear it called "Shepherd's Pie." One place I went, it was listed as "Farmer's Pie." But my very favorite version is called "Resurrection Pie" the very last bits of cold meat from Sunday's roast are res-urrected for this interesting recipe.

Resurrection Pie INGREDIENTS: 3 cups (about 4 large), cooked

potatoes, mashed with a little milk and butter 1 to 2 pounds of finely chopped cold meat (lamb is traditional, but beef

is often used.) 2 Tbsp. butter, oil or meat drippings

1 Tbsp. flour 2 onions, finely chopped

3/4 cup beef broth 2 tablespoons tomato paste 2 carrots, peeled and sliced thinly

1 teaspoon parsley or rosemary (or mixed herbs) Salt and pepper

3 to 4 ounces of grated Cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. In a medium saucepan, melt the but-

the onions until they are soft, then stir in the flour and cook for two or three minutes more, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and add the beef broth. Return to the heat and bring to a boil, continuing to stir. Add the tomato puree, the carrots and the herbs and continue to simmer about 10 minutes, or until carrots are tender. Stir in the chopped meat and cook this mixture for another 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Transfer the meat mixture to a shallow ovenproof dish and top with the mashed potatoes. Sprinkle the grated cheese over the potatoes and bake until the top is well browned (about 20 to 25 minutes).

Throughout England, wherever I stopped for my dinner, I was served many savory dishes of beef and lamb with the ever present mounds of green peas and "chips" (french fries). The English dearly love their peas and potatoes. At one little pub in the Midlands, I was served roast beef with baked potatoes, two or three boiled potatoes, and a big pile of chips along with the green peas. There was also a small Yorkshire pudding and gravy, just in case I need a bit more carbohydrates.

As I traveled north on my way to meet my traveling companions for Scotland, Nancy and Sarah, I stopped for two nights in Carlisle. The city is less than 10 miles south of the Scottish border and was reached by the Romans in the first century A.D. In the early part of the next century, the Emperor Hadrian built the 80-mile long Hadrian's Wall which stretches from Newcastle on the east to Carlisle and the western ports of Solway Firth. As a border city, Carlisle saw its share of skirmishes and history and promised to be an interesting place to explore.

The castle there was built in 1092 mostly with stones from a large Roman camp nearby. The cathedral, originally the church for an Augustinian priory, was built the same year and after several fires was recon-

structed in the 15th century. I knew that with all that history, I must spend at least two days there. An even more interesting bit of history was discovered, however.

My hotel was just across the square from the historic train station and, after getting settled in, I decided to go in search of a little dinner. I stopped and asked the young woman at the desk for her recommendation. She told me about the little pub which was in the hotel, two other pubs, more ornate and expensive, toward the train station, but, "My favorite is a little place about two blocks down this street," she told me. "It is not much of a walk, and the food is good, and inexpensive. It is called the Woodrow Wilson." I blinked my eyes, and gave my head a little shake, thinking that perhaps I might be a bit hungrier than I realized and was hearing things.

"What did you say it is called?" I asked.

"The Woodrow Wilson," she repeated.

When I realized that I had heard her correctly, I asked if she knew how it got that name. "I think that perhaps he was born here, or something," she told me. When I explained that he was actually born in America, she said that perhaps it was someone in his family who had been from Carlisle. Intrigued, off I went down the street to investigate. And there it was before me: The Woodrow Wilson Free House.

In I went, chose a table and studied the menu to decide on my dinner. At the table next to me were two happy ladies, enjoying themselves over a glass of ale. I asked if they knew how the pub got its name. One of them told me that she thought that Woodrow Wilson's mother had been born in Carlisle, and went on to explain that the pub was one of several of a new chain opened in England. The owner liked to name each one for someone with an historical tie to the town where it was located. I thanked her and went



Woodrow Wilson's mother is from Carlisle and this pub is named for the historical tie between the town and the 28th president of the United States.

off to order my dinner - a combination of both English and American tradition: lamb burger with mint sauce, salad and chips.

The Woodrow Wilson Lamb Burger and Chips INGREDIENTS:

Ground lamb shaped into patties Mint Sauce (recipe follows) Sliced tomato and a leaf of lettuce (salad)

Chips (nice FAT fries -

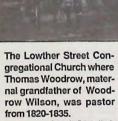
The lamb patty is cooked on a griddle just as we would our hamburger, and placed on a round bun, with a good dash of mint sauce over the meat. You add your own tomato sauce or other dressing and enjoy.

Mint Sauce INGREDIENTS:

1/4 to 1/3 cup fresh mint, finely chopped 1/4 cup water

1 to 2 tbsp. sugar 1/2 cup vinegar (malt is best)

Two or three hours before you plan to use the sauce, bring the water and sugar to a boil, stirring See SAUCE, page 9



having arrived at the home of my friends in Brighton, some mighty fine food appeared.

The day of my arrival also hap-pened to be the birthday of grandson Young David, and I was privileged to join the family in a bit of a celebration - roast leg of lamb with gravy and mint sauce, roasted potatoes, carrots, peas, miniature Yorkshire puddings, apples, green beans, broccoli and other dishes

The English do not believe that

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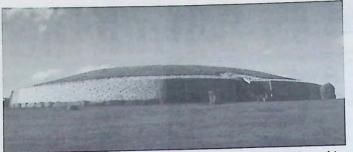
Dolmens

Continued from page 6

entranceway of sorts. Often a capstone, of the same massiveness, has been balanced across the top where it has remained delicately poised for thousands of years. The original use of dolmens remains a mystery although some were entrances to tombs and others seemed to have an astronomical significance. In Ireland there are hundreds of these Neolithic masterpieces scattered across the landscape, often sharing fields with herds of livestock.

Our first dolmen was viewed from across a stone wall. The second had a quarter-mile pathway around a sheep field and right up to the stones. En route to the second, a typical Irish shower opened up and caused us to seek shelter under the dolmen's rock overhang. Suddenly we were not alone under that rock shelter. There on that remote back road a couple had decided to also visit the dolmen and had gotten caught in the same rain.

During the five minutes or so that it took for the rain to abate, the four of us gathered under the rock and chatted. We learned they were from Yorkshire, England, and together we laughed about the navigational difficulties we were all having on the unmarked Irish back roads. Let me emphasize that the talk never advanced beyond that. We never gave our names or revealed any of our travel plans. (Mostly because we didn't have any.)



Newgrange is a portal tomb studded with fist-sized stones brought from 70 miles away. A passage more than 60 feet long leads into the center of the mound. Lining the narrow passage are slabs of stone weighing several tons each.

Then the rain stopped and we departed from that lonely, deserted field.

At this point I should say something more about hurling. This Gaelic sport resembles field hockey except the stick is wider at the end and shorter than a hockey stick, usually being about three feet long. The grass field is called a pitch. The ball is slightly larger than a tennis ball and is harder, having a cork center and leather cover. When hit with a hurling stick, the ball can travel nearly 70 miles an hour.

I tell you this because that night Sarah and I quite innocently ended up in Kilkenny, home of the Kilkenny Wildcats (colors black and gold). That evening we walked downtown for dinner and entered a deja vous zone as we were suddenly awash in a sea of black and gold. Turns out that the Kilkenny Wildcats had been one of the two teams in the All-Ireland game and now the lads were coming home. Unfortunately the team had lost, but the townsfolk were still proud of their Cats and had decided to give them a wel-

Before we knew it, marching bagpipers and a huge open-topped bus carrying the team were passing through the narrow town streets. Then the crowd itself swept into the streets and we found ourselves IN THE PARADE among the people waving black and gold streamers and shouting "Well done, lads!"

come home parade.

We learned that evening that Kilkenny is home to an 800-year-old castle and the next morning, after fueling on a huge Irish fry breakfast, we walked the castle grounds and

took a tour of the castle. We were not the only ones touring this 800-year-old castle and the crowds were quite heavy on that mild September morn. Much to our amazement, however, we suddenly saw people we knew — the English couple from that surreal Dolmen encounter the day before! We chatted for a moment, joked about the potential for rain and then departed.

The rest of our day was spent exploring some beautiful ruins under a rare blue sky and brilliant sunshine. We chatted with a man (and his sheepdog) who still lived in a thatched cot-tage (the roof was "more trouble than it was worth" he told us), found some early Christian crosses high atop a hillside, and toward late afternoon we found ourselves on the cliffside town of Ardmore overlooking the sea. Ardmore is derived from the Gaelic which means promontory on a hill and this town was truly charming. It could even boast of once being selected as Ireland's "Tidiest Town."

As we zoomed westward toward our evening destination in a Cork townhouse, we suddenly realized that the scenery had changed colors. The black and gold banners and flags that had decorated every car and house in the Kilkenny area were now red and white. Too late we realized that we were following another parade - this time for the victorious Cork Rebels. We had inadvertently again launched ourselves on the Irish hurling tour!

Number Forty-eight, our B&B townhouse for the night, was quaint and our host, Mikel, was a beguiling Irish man with a true gift for blarney. Speaking of blarney, we had decided that if the next morning was rainy, then we would go to Blarney Castle, but sunshine would send us further west to Kerry.

We awoke to the pitter patter of rain, so off to Blarney it was. Yes, we kissed the Blar-See BLARNEY, page 11



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This meal was really quite good, especially since I have always liked lamb, and more especially since I washed it all down

with a good glass of ale.

After finishing my meal, I went to pay
the bill and asked the young man who was at the cash register what he knew about the naming of the pub. He had even more to tell me - it was indeed named for Woodrow Wilson's mother, who was born in Carlisle. Her father, Thomas Woodrow,

had been the minister of a church in the city. He also said that there was a society in Carlisle which was devoted to keeping alive the connection between their city and America and told me that on one of the buildings "not too far" from my hotel was a plaque which explained the connection.

The hour was getting late, the light beginning to fade, and I had little hope of finding the historical marker, however, as I returned to the hotel by a slightly different route, something caught my eye across the street. It was a plaque on the side of a building. It was about Woodrow Wilson's mother and his tie to Carlisle.

The plaque was none the better for all its years of weathering, and the day was getting darker and darker, but out came the little camera anyway. I knew that there had to be some record of this for all of us in Augusta County. -



Retail Stores:



Ireland's Kerry is remote, dramatic, barren, and breathtaking. Steep,

nearly vertical hills, rise up all around then curve and sweep straight into

the ocean. Some fields are green with grass while others are mostly

our years, 10 months and 20 days

ticle was originally published Aug. 8, 1994. It appears here with a few minor adjustments.

Down on the farm we're thinking about spending money.

Actually, what happened was that we didn't think about spending money and then before we realized what we'd done, we'd spent a whole pile of money. This is what happens when you're bored on a rainy day and somebody tells you they're selling a bunch of cows at the stock yard that day. So mostly out of boredom, you go to the stock

yard and end up spending money.
The day would have come and gone as any boring rainy day usually does with me using the day for errands in town and chores around the house. I did get the first part of that accomplished on this particular rainy day. However, while on an errand at the feed mill, someone mentioned to me that there were 60 Hereford cows to be sold at the stock yard later that day.

"Didn't you see them advertised?" I was asked.

No. I hadn't. But then once I knew about the cows and because I had nothing better to do and because the stock yard was just a quarter-mile off my direct route home and because the cows were Herefords, I decided to go

by and have a look.

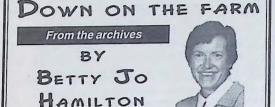
The stock yard, for those who are not familiar with it, is like a livestock department store. On any given sale day you'll see any of a variety of animals there. Before the sale you can browse among the pens and check out the live merchandise. Then during the sale you sit back and relax while some stouthearted fellows berd the livestock into the sale ring to be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Walking back through the pens at the stock yard, I found numer-ous individuals hanging over fence panels looking at penned livestock. Asking about the alleged cows for sale, I was directed toward several pens where the animals were being held. Most of the cows had been sorted by age and size by the time I arrived at the yard. Others were still being tested and pregnancy checked.

What, one might ask, does one need to know if one wants to purchase cows and who, one might ask, can provide answers about the cows?

Because I happened past the pen where the cows were being

> Time to renew? See page 2



pregnancy checked and tested for brucellosis, the veterinarian performing these services was a good person with whom to begin my query of the cows.

Yes, they're bred," the vet responded when I asked. "Most of them seem to be in the third trimester. They should calve in the fall."

"Pen 19," one of his helpers responded when I asked where the calves were which the cows had raised.

I checked out the pen of calves a cow's calf is perhaps the best indication of a cow's value which looked good for the most part and then set out to find the stock yard's managers.

"Cows came from over in Or-

ange," one of them told me.
"Why's the man selling them?"
I asked.

"He died."

"Oh. Do you know what they're

"All of them are bred back to a black Angus except 15 are bred to a Hereford bull."

"Do you know which ones are bred to the Hereford?"

'No."

"Does anybody know?"

"Well, the man who they belonged to but...

...he died," I said finishing the sentence for the stock yard manager.

A stop in at the yard office gave me a chance to talk with another one of the yard's managers. He showed me the tickets on the cows, pointing out their weights. One of the pens which I had looked at and was interested in contained among its number an absolutely humongous cow which I did not like the looks of at all. Looking at the ticket for that pen, I was glad to see that she would be sold separately from the others in the same pen.

"How much do you think

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they'll bring?" I asked, hoping for some crystal ball notion of what kind of money I was not thinking about spending.

"Oh, it's hard to tell," I was told. I left the stock yard resolved to return later and see the cows sold and perhaps buy some all the while, mind you, not really thinking about spending any money but finding it hard to resist an opportunity to buy good Hereford cows.

Traveling from and then back to the stock yard, I recalled the last time I had purchased cows. It was almost five years ago - four years, 10 months and 20 days to be exact.

On that occasion I bought cows at a farm in northern Rockbridge County. I stood in a downpour of rain for most of that day waiting for the cows to be sold and ended up buying six Hereford cows, two with calves. Buying the cows wasn't so much of a chore, but loading them onto a trailer from under a barn in knee-deep mud and manure caused enough trouble that I began to think I had made a mistake in buying the cows.

There was more trouble the morning after the sale when I found out I had gotten a mismatched cow and calf. We had to load one of the cows and take it to Rockbridge Baths to exchange it for the correct cow. This after spending all of a Sunday morning on the phone contacting all the other individuals who had purchased cows at the auction the day before to find out which one of them had the cow which matched my calf.

And then there was yet even more trouble with these newly purchased cows. Two of them delivered sets of twin calves, all dead, and within a few days of delivery one of these two cows died. The other cow never bred back and was sold without ever having pro-

duced any live offspring.

The other four cows out of the lot of six prospered and multiplied and I am able to say that from these four cows came some excellent offspring. I paid \$770 a head at the auction for the six cows one which was a complete loss, another which was mostly all loss, and four which, maybe, four years, 10 months and 20 days later, have paid for themselves.

Having recounted this experience you're probably wondering "What kind of knothead would buy cows?" Well...

By 4:30 Friday afternoon I was opening the trailer endgate and turning five Hereford cows (no - Eureka! She can be calves taught!) into the pasture.

What you haulin'?" my father asked when he saw me with the trailer hitched to the pickup.

"I bought some cows down at the stock yard," I answered.

"Cows!" he exclaimed with the same essence of shock as if I had replied "flying pigs" to his original query.

For these cows - fetched home in a downpour of rain - I paid \$610 a head. And I hadn't even thought about spending the money until I actually had to write out the amount on the check — three thou-sand sixty-five and 00/100 dollars (which included \$3 per head for the brucellosis test, for all you mathematicians out there.

When you actually write out the amount, that's when it hits you that you've spent money \$3,065 - that's when the knot forms in your stomach and your chest tightens and your skin becomes clammy and your mouth goes dry as cotton. That's when I realized that I'm cow poor.

But what the heck. It's only money - pieces of paper with pictures of dead presidents on it, as I've heard it described. I just have to keep telling myself, "It's an investment." I just have to keep saying that over and over again, probably 3,065 times, before I'll really believe it. Maybe I don't have the money any more, but so what? I've got the cows and they'll have calves and maybe four years, 10 months and 20 days from Friday these five cows will have paid for themselves.

Anyway, what else could I buy with \$3,065? A big screen TV? A hot tub? An above ground pool? A compact disc player with surround sound?

So if you come to visit me, we won't be watching a movie on big screen TV. We won't be soaking in the hot tub. We won't be cooling off in the pool And we won't be rocking the neighborhood with a CD player. We won't be doing any of these things because I'm cow poor.

If you come to visit me, you might find the entertainment lacking. Because probably all we'll be able to do is sit on the porch and watch the cows chew their cuds. Because I'm cow poor, cud chewing viewing is the only enterhewment I can offer. And maybe by the time you come to visit us down on the farm, I will have convinced myself that spending money on cud chewers was the best way I could have spent money.

"It's an investment." Only 3,064 more times to go. -

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Cowplopopoly — It's Monopoly with real money and cows

ticle was originally published Aug. 8, 1994. It appears here with a few minor adjustments. Calculations are based on 1989-95 market prices.

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

Let's play a little game of Cowplopopoly to see who wins and loses in the cow profit-loss game. But unlike the popular board game Monopoly, in Cowplopopoly you're playing with real money and cows.

The object of the game is to earn back your original investment, increase your herd size and quality, and of course, stay out of the cowplop

YOUR PLAYING PIECES:

6 cows, 2 with calves GIVEN: That boarding costs for cows and calves include only outof-pocket expense; that cost calculations do not include farmer's labor; that the farmer's time and effort is considered a donation to the cause.

DATE PURCHASED: September 1989 PURCHASE PRICES:

No. 1 - Cow with bull calf, \$965 No. 2 - Cow with heifer calf, \$910 Nos. 3-6 - Cows, \$770 each

Roll the dice to begin. Oooo, bad roll.

No. 3 cow delivers dead twin calves then dies a few days later. Never pays for itself. Go directly to the rendering plant. Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200. The purchase price of this cow then has to be absorbed by the remaining five cows. \$770 divided by 5 equals \$154. Revising the original starting costs yields:

REVISED PURCHASE PRICES: No. 1 - Cow with bull calf, \$1,119 No. 2 - Cow with heifer calf, \$1.068

Nos. 4-6 - Cows, \$924 each

You've started this game of Cowplopopoly by going in the hole but you still have five cows on the Cowplop board so roll the dice again.

Oh, too bad.

No. 4 cow delivers dead twin calves six months after purchase. Uh-oh, cow has post-partum complications and has to be taken to

Cowplopopoly players need game pieces in the form of cows which will produce marketable calves in order to stay out of the

cowplop. But one can never tell when the unexpected will cause a setback to even the experienced Cowplopopoly player.

the vet. You lose three turns.

No. 4 cow does not breed back. It is sold a year later for \$534. Don't forget the expense of keeping the - cost of summer pasture and winter feed; add \$10 per month for 22 months - \$220 to the revised purchase price of this cow. \$924 plus \$220 equals \$1,144 minus \$534 equals a loss of \$610. Then you have to average this loss into the four remaining cows at \$152.50 per head.

This time around the Cowplop board you land on all four animal hospitals which are owned by your opponent. Time to pay up.

Adjusting the revised purchase prices for the four cows yields: ADJUSTED REVISED

PURCHASE PRICES:

- Cow with bull calf, \$1,271.50

No. 2 — Cow with heifer calf, \$1,220.50

Nos. 5-6 - Cows, \$1,076.50 each You're in deep cowplop country now but you're not wiped out yet. Blow on the dice for luck and

roll them again. You rolled a double. Good. You think maybe your luck is changing as you move safely past several large masses of cowplop.

No. 1 cow with bull calf - Calf was weaned, pastured through summer then put on feedlot. It was sold for \$1,106 which returns everything but \$165.50. But we haven't factored in boarding the cow which

for 15 months would be \$150. Also, we add in the cost of feeding the calf out to slaughter at \$664. Now all we have to earn back is \$979.

Meanwhile the cow has given birth to another calf which, for the sake of the game, we'll say also was a bull. It is sold the next fall for \$450. \$979 minus \$450 equals \$529 but add in \$90 for boarding the cow. Now all we have to earn back is \$619.

For the sake of the game, we'll say this cow had bull calves the next two calvings, each of these calves sold for \$450 and we continued to bill ourselves \$10 per month to board the cow. In the cow's fourth year on the farm she finally returns a profit of — are you ready for this — \$41. Now for each succeeding year we can net \$450 on her calf, given that it's a bull, subtract \$10 per month to board the cow - not adjusting for inflation, giving an annual return of \$330.

Given that the cow remains productive for four more years, \$330 times 4 equals a net return on investment of \$1,320. Is this complicated or what? This time around the Cowplopopoly board you bought two parcels of land and put a cow and calf on each.

Roll the dice and continue. No. 2 cow with heifer calf - Now here's where Cowplopopoly really

gets interesting.

The adjusted revised purchase price for Cow No. 2 with heifer calf was \$1,220.50. The heifer calf is kept for replacement so the cow returns no money the first year. Oops, one of your cows has landed on your opponent's parcels of land and you have to pay him for a month's worth of feed. Meanwhile your expenses keep mounting.

You add \$10 a month for the cow and \$7 a month for the heifer (for six months only). Adding \$162 to \$1,320 equals \$1,382.50.

The next calf the cow has also is a heifer and also is kept for replacement which is the same as drawing a Cowplop card and losing a turn. Still no return and tack on another \$162 for board, nudging up the total for Cow No. 2 to \$1,544.50.

Meanwhile the Cow No. 2's first heifer has given birth to a bull calf and the cow's succeeding calf was also a bull. These are sold for \$450

each for a \$900 return dropping the total to earn back on Cow No. 2 to \$644.50. You pass Go and collect \$200.

Now, since two of the offspring were heifers kept for replace-ment, this \$644.50 can be averaged among the three animals, each now needing to earn back \$214.83 to cover the original purchase cost of Cow No. 2.

For the sake of the game, we'll say each of the three has bull calves the following year. Add in \$120 for board for each cow, taking the costs up to \$334.83 per head. But with a \$450 return from the sale of each of the bull calves, the cow and her two offspring are each returning \$115.17 per year in the cow's fourth year on the farm. Once the initial payout is recovered, the cow and two offspring will net \$330 each per year.

If the cow stays in production for four more years, it will return \$1,320. If the heifers stay in production eight more years, they will return \$5,280. The original investment of \$1,220 returns \$6,600. (Boy, this is really looking good on paper. Would this make a great TV game show or what?!)

Finally you feel yourself begin to get ahead in the game and your opponent has just landed on a parcel of your land where your four cows and a bull are grazing. "You're goin' down," you sneer at your opponent from across the Cowplop board.
As for cows Nos. 5 and 6, each

with the adjusted revised purchase price of \$1,076.50, you do the arithmetic. Think of it as sort of a take-home quiz. I can't do anymore calculating. I've got smoke coming out of my ears just from doing the first four cows.

It's now July 1995 and you've been playing Cowplopopoly for almost six years. Each of the original four productive cows has replaced itself 1.5 times giving you 10 producing cows. The investment is beginning to show a return. About this time in the game you draw a Cowplop card giving you the opportunity to buy five more cows for \$3,000. Cowplopopoly is just like the original version of the game. It can go on forever.

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Blarney

Continued from page 9

ney Stone which meant hanging out over the castle tower wall while a man held onto our legs. While in

such an awkward position, we placed our lips on the stone and, according to legend, departed with the gift of meaningless gab.

Blarney is truly a commercialized tourist trap where the tour buses

drop off visitors by the hundreds. A huge woolen mill has been built next to the castle. There tourists can buy every type of souvenir imaginable from whiskey to wool, See WOOL, page 13





Yesterday once more

Turkey production puts Rockingham at top of the world

By NANCY SORRELLS

O.K., the holidays are upon us, so let's talk turkey.

For starters did you ever wonder why there is a statue of a turkey perched proudly at the Augusta County-Rockingham County line alongside U.S. 11? Stop and take a look at that bronze bird and read in big bold letters the proclamation that Rockingham County is the Turkey Capital of the World. And one look into the beady eye of that plump bronze bird is epough to quell any doubts.

eve of that plants brown is enough to quell any doubts.

"But why," you ask, "would Rockingham County go out on such a limb and make such a boast?" It's not only because the county produces more turkeys than any other county in the country (which they do at this time although that honor goes back and forth annually among several localities), but also perhaps more for its contribution of several innovations that gave rise

to the modern poultry industry. Several technological leaps occurred right here in the Valley, smack dab in Rockingham,

and that gives farmers of the area something to gobble about. The first innovation was artificial incubation (You've got to have a way to hatch those eggs). In 1884 Samuel H. Blosser of Dayton devised Virginia's first incubator using a box filled with sawdust which was kept warm by adding hot water. In 1911 Blosser built the first commercial hatchery in Dayton.

Other area farmers improved

upon Blosser's idea by using another new-fangled idea — electricity. The Jordan farm south of Bridgewater boasted one of the first electric hatcheries in the area in the 1930s. Electricity in every home was unheard of in those days, so George Jordan cut to the chase and had the electric line run directly from the main power plant to his hatchery.

If Rockingham County is the turkey capital, it is because the father of modern turkey production, Charles Wampler Sr., happened to be born and raised there. Turkey production as a separate entity from chicken production took a big step forward when Wampler helped his daughter raise a flock of artifi-

cially brooded turkeys for her 4-H project. He continued to raise the birds and opened up a business that today is known as WLR Foods (Wampler-Longacre).

Wampler actually launched himself on the turkey path in 1921 when he started raising the birds commercially. He didn't go at the task haphazardly; in-

wrote to all the agricultural colleges in America and asked them for advice.

Most agricultural experts were pessimistic regarding his success, and Wampler had to learn from trial and error. One agricultural expert from Virginia Tech did recommend that Wampler try raising a large number of poults at once. Wampler liked that suggestion and his flock of 59 birds was the first commercially raised turkeys in the country.

One of Wampler's other ideas was to separate turkeys and chickens because of parasite and disease problems in the former. Another was to breed the birds for meat production rather than show. In the 1950s Charles Wampler's son, Bill, continued this work when he was charged with making the traditionally bronze-colored turkeys into white birds through selective breeding. The result was the Wampler Big White, which was produced by the company for many years.

Later Wampler became the first to suggest that turkeys be raised inside rather than ranged. All of the early turkey houses built by the Wamplers were 8 feet by 10 feet and housed 100 birds. Selling the birds and getting them to market called for impeccable timing. A recollection by Wampler describes the marketing process where the turkeys were sold to a local family who dressed them and ice-packed them in barrels for shipment to East Coast markets.

"The birds were shipped by rail. It was always critical timing to get the birds delivered before the ice melted so that the birds would not spoil. At that time, the law required that both the heads and feet be left on the birds."

Getting those birds to the railroad was easy if you lived close, but many turkey farmers lived miles and miles away from a railroad line. Stories still abound in the area of driving the mature turkeys to market. The Staunton market would get turkeys from as far away as West Virginia. Those turkeys were walked on foot over the mountains, probably driven by some footsore farmboy.

The final innovation that spurred poultry production was the

A 1942 photo shows a biologist with turkeys at the Beltsville, Md., research center. The United States Department of Agriculture had worked since 1934 to develop a small white turkey by crossing several varieties, including the bronze turkey, to meet a growing consumer need for smaller turkeys that would fit smaller ovens and feed smaller families.

National Archives USDA photo

creation of specially mixed feeds and devising the equipment to blend just the right grains together in order to put fat turkeys on the table faster. In 1899 Rockingham's D.W. Detwiler created a special blend of feeds that put meat on turkeys quicker.

Detwiler's innovations were incorporated into such local feed mill giants as Wampler Feeds and Rocco Mills. Wampler, for instance, sold several varieties of turkey starter and turkey grower. In 1938, an agricultural bulletin reminded farmers that, "It must be remembered that turkey meat is produced for human consumption. Don't skimp on fattening them out."

As a result of all these innovations, turkey production took off in the 1920s and 1930s. A 1932 Virginia agriculture brochure noted that the state's poultry industry had capitalized on such natural advantages as "climate and long growing season, location and markets in a time of quick transportation that makes farm-to-city exceed

See TURKEY, page 13



An old photograph taken in Monterey in the early 1900s shows turkeys gathered and

ready for the drive to markets east of the Allegheny Mountains. Photo courtesy Virginia Copper



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·Turkey

Continued from page 12 farm-to-station, to the end that poultry product values in 1929 led all other farm output."

It should be noted that in that year, the Old Dominion produced half a million turkeys, but Rockingham was NUMBER TWO in numbers. Russell County led the way by raising 31,356 turkeys, while Rockingham raised 29,393. Grayson was third with 26,335; and Augusta was fourth at 22,420. Farmers were further advised that "careful selection and grading of dressed fowls are essential if one expects to receive top prices. Keep the culls and unfinished birds off the market and thereby help create a better Thanksgiving Turkey Market."

As more and more farmers launched large-scale turkey production, they were forced to deal with big city markets. Obviously some rural men had been swindled, giving rise to the warning offered by the Virginia Department of Agriculture in 1932 advising "against shipping to unknown persons and [urging them] to get the financial rating and reliability of firms before making shipments to them.'

Most of the turkeys during those early years were mammoth bronze turkeys although three other breeds were commonly advertised in farming bulletins: bourbon red, Narragansett, and white Holland. The bronze, the traditional American barnyard bird since the colonial period, was a cross between the American wild turkey and the domestic black turkey brought over by early settlers. The black probably came from the West Indies, was introduced into Eu-



Although no information was provided with this photo, it might be assumed that these turkeys represented raising turkeys on the range which was a common practice before modern advances in confinement turkey production.

compact body, with moderately

short legs, moderately long keel

bone, and lots of meat on the

breast and legs." This bird, as well

as the Wampler bird being devel-

oped in Rockingham, had bronze

ancestors, but was bred into the

bird seen today in the high-volume

turkey production industry.

By 1937, nearly \$2 million of Vir-

ginia farm income came from turkeys.

In 1939 a turkey crop of a million birds produced \$2.5 million. The

rules for success in such a market were described in one journal: "Care-

ful selection is essential for profit-

able returns. Select only well fin-

tively free from pin feathers. Conpartment of Agriculture was consumers want well finished turkeys, ducting breeding experiments to so don't flood the market with infecreate a smaller, white bird that rior birds. Feed the market as it will would "meet a growing consumer take them, with good quality birds." need for smaller turkeys that would Fueled by a growing consumer fit the smaller ovens and feed the smaller families of today. It has a

demand for poultry meat, the turkey industry has been rolling ever since. In 1939, an article entitled "Growing turkeys the artificial way" described turkey houses 10 feet by 12 feet and heated with oil stoves. Two hundred poults at a time were raised in the brooder houses for 7 to 8 weeks then put out to range. Such modern meth-

ods produced hens with an average weight of 10 to 12 pounds and toms that weighed 16 to 22 pounds.

Sixty years later, in 1999, an average turkey house can be 50 feet by 400 feet and 11,000 hens at a time are raised entirely inside for 100 days. By the time they are ready for market, an average hen will weigh 16 pounds. That 16-pound turkey will have consumed between 33 and 35 pounds of feed during its lifetime, half the amount that those 12pound turkeys would have consumed in 1939! Tom turkeys are no longer raised on most farms.

Charles Wampler Sr. would probably be amazed at the differences in today's turkey and in turkey production since he raised that first flock of birds. Computer chips and genetics have taken over. Chance hardly plays a role in modern turkey production. Today's turkeys are artificially inseminated. When a hen destined to be an egg layer reaches sexual maturity she is artificially inseminated once a week. Between the age of 35 and 50 weeks she will lay an egg almost every day, then production drops and she is removed from the egg line.

All those numbers mean lots of birds. In the mid-1990s, Rocco in Dayton processed 17 million turkeys a year — 17 times what the entire state of Virginia produced in 1939. In 1998, WLR processed 577,000 turkeys a week!

All of which takes us back to the turkey monument, which was dedi-

cated in 1955 and refurbished in 1996. That statue was the result of a contest sponsored by the Spotswood Garden Club called "How to Beautify Your City." Ten-year-old Gerald Harris, an African-American student in Harrisonburg, suggested the turkey monument that proclaimed Rockingham and Harrisonburg as the turkey capital of America.

Young Harris' idea was so well liked by the garden club women that they set about raising the \$5,650 needed for three monuments to be placed on the entrance roads to the county. A committee oversaw the turkey project and Carl Anderson Roseberg of the fine arts department of William and Mary was commissioned to sculpt the statues. The money was raised through generous contributions of people like Charles Wampler, Sr. and others involved in the poultry industry. The state highway department even gave its seal of approval. When the monuments were unveiled, they were lauded as "a roadside development project demonstrating how recognition can be brought to a community without the use of billboard advertising."

So there you have it, Rockingham truly is the turkey capital of the world. Now you can really talk turkey with your out-oftown holiday visitors when they happen to inquire about the turkey monument you just drove past en route to that holiday feast. -

·Wool

Continued from page 11 and from lace to linen. We admit to doing our share of shopping. While standing in a long line at one of the dozens of check-out counters, we happened to glance around us at the crowds. There in the distance, making their way through the crowd, was... the English couple. Although the crowds were too heavy to actually make verbal contact, we had again crossed paths in

yet another spot in Ireland.

FARM CREDIT

Our day ended in Killarney in the southwestern portion of the country. We were at the gates of Killarney National Park and the Ring of Kerry — a circular scenic drive that winds 110 miles through some of the most dramatic scenery in Ireland. Because of the rain we bright sunshine and rainbows. We began with a hike to Torc waterfall in the national park. Like most waterfalls in Ireland the foamy waters tumbling down from the heights were tea-colored from the dark brown peat soil that makes up much of the country. Peat, or turf as it is most often called, consists of decomposing vegetable matter leaves, plants, etc. - that is compressed layer upon layer in bogs. In a land of few trees, chunks of turf dug out of the bogs and dried in the sun, were burned as fuel in the homes. Many people still burn turf today and the acrid smell of turf smoke startles firsttime visitors to the island.

How does one describe the landscape in Kerry? Remote, dramatic, barren, breathtaking all come to mind. Imagine steep, nearly vertical hills rising up all around you and then curving and sweeping straight into the ocean. The fields, some green with grass, most brown with heather or dotted with the yellow blooms of prickly gorse, are outlined by the wavering rectangles of gray stone walls. Sheep See KERRY, page 17

Time to renew? See page 2



battened down the hatches for the night and decided to venture onto the ring in the morning. The next day presented a better slate of weather. All day long the cycle was one of short rain squalls quickly replaced by glistening

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Here, there, & everywhere

Augusta County FCE honors members

AC staff report

NEW HOPE - The Augusta County Family Community Education Association recognized members' accomplishments during its Achievement Day held recently at New Hope United Methodist Church.

Catherine Crickenberger earned recognition for reading the most books - 268 - during the past year. Other FCE members receiving certifi-cates for reading books included Jean Critzer, 95; Mary Jane Shaver, 60; Judy Grove, 57; Linda Howdyshell, 49; Helen Braunworth, 39; Betty Ott, 18; Nellie Flora, 12; Jean Miller, 15; Bettye Randolph, 11; Helen Stogdale, 10; and Wilhelmina Gaddy, 5.

Recognized as a 50-year member with a certificate from the West Central Region was Ora Lotts.

Members of the New Hope FCE contributed over 2,560 hours of volunteer service during the past year. Judy Grove, Area VI president, presented Linda Howdyshell, club president, with a blue-ribbon certificate for the club's outstanding accomplishment in its goals and objectives. Service projects completed by the club included dress-ing bears for the Waynesboro Salvation Army to be given to children at Christmas, serving a meal to Habitat for Humanity workers, supporting Tune Out Violence Day in April,

making donations to the Blue Ridge Area Food Bank and 4-H Camp, and giving books to local schools.

Programs presented at club meetings during the past year included those on arthritis and exercise, recycling, telephone fraud, and blood pressure, diet and lifestyle practices. Educational trips taken by club members included one to the Rotunda at U.Va. and Wade's Mill and Buffalo Spring Herb Farm in Raphine.

During the Achievement Day

program, Cristin Campbell, Augusta County FCS agent, spoke about Y2K. She explained that getting ready for Y2K is the same as being prepared for any emergency. She suggested families may want to check their homes for supplies including first aid kits, flashlights, battery operated radios, extra batteries, blankets, bottled water, foods that do not require cooking or refrigeration, non-electric can openers, prescription medications, and any other essential items specific to a family.

Ms. Campbell talked about information on utilities, food safety, appliances and transportation. She stressed the importance of getting a credit report before the end of the year. She also warned about scams that are coming about because of Y2K. Anyone desiring in-

formation on Y2K can contact Ms. Campbell at the Augusta County Extension Office, 245-5750.

Brenda Mosby, Rockbridge County FCS agent, installed officers for the coming year including Nellie Flora, president; Helen Stogdale, vice president; Catherine Crickenberger, secre-

tary; and Jean Miller, treasurer.
In addition to Ms. Campbell and Ms. Mosby, special guests included Kaye Frye, Augusta County Supervisor; Sarah Ann Whitmore, Rockingham County FCS agent; and Janet Kline, Virginia FCE presidentelect. Alice Ward provided entertainment by accompanying the group for a sing-along of favorite songs and hymns.

For information about Augusta County's FCE club, call the Augusta County Extension Office at 245-5750.



New Hope FCE Club members, from left, Jean Miller, Helen Stogdale, Nellie Flora, and Linda Howdyshell display the bears which the club dressed for the Waynesboro Salvation Army. The bears will be given to children for Christmas gifts.

Beverley Manor DAR honors Stephenson

SUMMERDEAN Beverley Manor chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution recently presented Roy T. Stephenson of Staunton with the DAR Community Service.

He was prethe sented award Oct. 26 at the DAR meeting held at the home of Elizabeth Webb.

Jen Fuller, chairman of the CSA committee, presented the award to Stephenson



STEPHENSON

saying that he had performed volunteer services in organizations such as the Heart Fund, Girl Scouts of America, Boy Scouts of America, American Red Cross, Habitat for Humanity, Salvation Army, Community Area Transport Service, Valley Mission, United Way and other organizations. His benevolent civic contributions over the years earned him the recognition represented by the award presented to him.

In the chapter's program, Kenneth Hipkins spoke about "The Revolutionary War Era," explaining about uniforms worn by the revolutionary soldiers, and the meaning of the different colors found on those uniforms. He spoke briefly about the role of women who accompanied their husbands in camp. They served mainly as hospital helpers or cooks; were

See DAR, page 19

U.Va. medical school student wins Bowman Scholarship

CHARLOTTESVILLE—The C. Richard Bowman Memorial Scholarship at the University of Virginia School of Medicine has been awarded to medical student Sarah Marie Commisso of Fairfax.

The fourth-year medical student will receive a year's tuition and fees. Commisso was selected for her integrity, enthusiasm and genuine compassion for the ill, qualities that distinguished the late Dr. Bowman. Bowman was a Staunton native who graduated from the U.Va. School of Medicine in 1974 and died in a sailing accident in 1977. The award is presented annually.

Commisso received her bachelor's degree from Wellesley College in 1996 with a degree in the classics. Upon completion of medical school, she plans to practice pediatric medicine with special interest in the growth and development of children in the U.S. and abroad. She plays the piano and guitar and performs vast amounts of volunteer work, contributing her time to such places as the Charlottesville Free Clinic and the Big Buddy Program.

The scholarship was presented

Oct. 11, at the Bowman Lecture, "AIDS at the Millenium," given by Dr. Warren Johnson, chief of the division of infectious diseases and professor of medicine at Cornell See BOWMAN, page 19

Old-Fashioned Christmas Greetings

The air is filled with anticipation, Of the day of the big celebration, With friends and family galore, Just like back in the days of yore! Have a good ol' time on Christmas!



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Schoolhouse News

Old Draft school re-opens its doors as Stump Elementary

By PENNY PLEMMONS

STUARTS DRAFT - Fifth grader Logan Taylor likes going to school in the newly renovated Guy K. Stump Elementary School on Draft Avenue in Stuarts Draft.

"I like the openness and having more space to move," the 10-yearold said. The school, formerly known as Stuarts Draft Elementary School, closed in 1995 and stu-

dents were routed to the new Stuarts Draft Elementary School located adjacent to the middle and high schools just off U.S. 340.

The burgeoning student population at the new Stuarts Draft Elementary School necessitated a \$5.8 million upgrade and re-opening of the old school. This past August, Stump Elementary opened with nearly 380 students.

The community rallied to the

school's dedication ceremony in October, leaving latecomers withstanding room only. The children prophetically sang, "The future be-gins with us. This is our day." Guest speaker Gerald Stump shed light on the personage of his father Guy K Stump, the school's namesake.

It took ten years for Guy K. Stump to realize his dreams of becoming an educator, according to his son. After only two years at Bridgewater College, Stump will-ingly quit. His father's death necessitated that he return home to stabilize the faltering family farm. According to Gerald Stump, Guy K. Stump often joked that it took him "10 years to get through school." The elder Stump espoused that "hard work" was the antidote for many ills.

Although an ordained Brethren minister, G.K. preferred the classroom to the sanctuary and students were his congregation. The younger Stump stated that his father relied on five principals during his 40 years serving in the Augusta County School System. His beliefs were that all students should be treated with See STUMP, page 17

RHS inducts students to NHS

By EMILY BROWN

GREENVILLE - In front of their peers, faculty, and parents, 22 Riverheads High School Students were inducted into the National Honor Society Oct. 28.

These students included Erin Anderson, Tina Arehart, Victoria Brannock, Melissa Briggs, Emily Brown, Joshua Burleson, Katherine Caldwell, Jennifer Campbell, Elizabeth Cash, Reva Danzig, Joshua Eng, Jonathan Hartley, Ryan Johnston, Mary Law, Hana Machae, Warren Mitchell, Heather Moneymaker, Adam Mulcahy, Sarah Payne, Ryan Pirkl, Turner Pittkin, and Lindsey Richardson.

During the induction ceremony, these students were introduced by the current NHS officers Jackie Taetzsch, president; Jenny Young, vice president; Reed Foster, reporter; Steven Taetzsch, secretary; and Mark Cobb, treasurer.

There are basic requirements to be selected for National Honor Society membership. Students must have a 3.30 grade-point average and once a member, maintain a 3.0 or better. Demonstrating leadership, along with service in school and the community are two other governing factors of membership. The last qualification is that one must demonstrate good character. The students who meet the academic eligibility are given the op-portunity to apply to the organiza-tion. A special committee of teach-ers then selects those applicants.

The NHS does many beneficial things for the school and community. The National Honor Society holds a sock-hop annually after a home sports event. The members meet every activity day to discuss events and issues. Each summer the newly-elected officers for the upcoming school year meet to brainstorm and plan activities for the year. Also, members have a trash pick-up on a local road several times a year.

Students hold the membership of National Honor Society as an honor. It is a goal that many strive for during their high school careers. Colleges think highly of this society and those who have worked diligently to become a part of it. -

BMMS students mobilize for Operation Pencil Pal

By PENNY PLEMMONS

CEDAR GREEN — Pencils from classrooms all over Augusta County schools flooded into Operation Pencil Pal Headquarters located at Beverley Manor Middle School. Melissa Vaught's seventh graders needed no instruction. They expediently carried out the routine.

"Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five," went the countdown. The next command, "Rubber band!" "Who needs twenty-five?" goes the chatter. And then "KERPLUNK!"

The banded pencils get packaged by the 100s

in gallon zip lock baggies. The students tally their numbers on a computer spreadsheet and then box the pencils for mailing. Their final destination: Franklin City Schools and students whose lives were disrupted by Hurricane Floyd.

Mrs. Vaught, also president of the Augusta County Education Association, received a request from the Virginia Education Association to help meet school sup-

ply needs in hurricane-ravaged areas.
"I wanted a project where every student could take part in helping another," Mrs. Vaught said. And once word got around, well, let's say there certainly wasn't any lead in the seat of the pants of area students.

Operation Pencil Pal project donated 9,131 pencils. Some pencils came with cutesy toppers and erasers. Over and over again Mrs. Vaught saw students who did the packaging reach into their personal belongings to pull out

another pencil to complete a bag.

"The students have given their very best," Mrs. Vaught proudly commented. And, according to Mrs. Vaught, what the students took great pride and fun in doing also gave them a lesson in economics, mathematics and citizenship.

Seventh-grade student Cerry Desmond put his feelings about the project this way: "We did a good deed. It was fun, even though it took awhile to count all those pencils. But, it was our responsibility and we did it."—



Melissa Vaught, center, works with students in her seventh grade class at Beverley Manor Middle School to package pencils for students in Franklin City schools.

RHS stages 'Our Town' production

By BECKY McMANNES

GREENVILLE - On Nov. 4 Riverheads High School presented its annual fall production. It was Thornton Wilder's play "Our Town."

References provided upon request.

For those who haven't seen or read the play, it is about a girl named Emily and a boy named George who grow up together and fall in love. Soon after they get married, Emily dies. When she ar-See PLAY, page 19





Steven Taetzsch, Dominick Desmond and Brad Hennigan discuss life in the play "Our Town" staged recently at Riverheads High School.

The Hitching Post

Stallion's behavior depends on situation, training



Can you settle a disagreement between a friend and me? My friend says that stallions are dangerous. I disagree because I have seen some really well-mannered ones. Who's right? Why is it that when people hear that a horse is a stallion they always consider it dangerous?

You have some good questions. It is important to recognize the po-tential danger of stallions. When they get their "eyes" on mares, then anyone who stands between the stallions and the mares is in a "dan-ger zone." However if you take the example of the famous Lippizan Stal-lions you can see that they are capable of performing as perfect gentlemen too.

Any person who is unfamiliar with horses can make simple mistakes in common equine courtesy. This means that people without experience should take care when around horses.

I can give you some common expressions used around horses. I find them rather funny because I have been trained with proper manners and know how to behave around people. "Don't walk behind him, he'll kick!" (Why do people always say that? I haven't kicked anyone in the last 10 years!) "Watch out he might bite!" (If I haven't been hand fed, then I won't consider hands as a possible food source!) Another one is: "Watch out. He might step on your foot!" (If I step on anyone's foot, it's definitely an accident. Usually all four of my feet stay in one place unless I'm going somewhere.) As I said I have been taught manners. It is what makes me so valuable.

Stallions have the reputation of aggressive behavior and poor manners. The key is in the aggressive behavior which is natural. Proper training is a must. This means that the stallion is taught what is tolerated and what is not. A well-mannered stallion is a credit to his trainer. I have met stallions that also had the kind of temperaments which made their training easier.

To answer your first question and settle the dispute, you are both right. In the interest of safety, anyone working around stallions should consider them dangerous until the boundaries of behavior are established. On the other hand, trainers who work with stallions and take the time to discipline them properly can help them establish a

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better reputation. It all comes down to respect. Common equine courtesy means that people have respect for the size, temperament, and behavior of all horses, regardless of gender.

In order to answer your second question, you must recognize that stallions tend to be aggressive. The more aggressive they are the more dangerous they may seem. I have heard horror stories about stallions and most of them are from breeding experiences. These stories tend to give people the idea that all stallions are dangerous.

As I said before, a stallion who gets his "eye" on a mare has only one thing on his mind, and that is HER. How he behaves depends on two things — his temperament and training. Some stallions are very aggressive and this causes problems. Trying to control the breeding situation can seem like a threat to the stallion's possession of the mare. If the stallion has an aggresI.B.HOOFINIT From Horse's Mouth



sive temperament, it makes him difficult to control. His training can determine the amount of control one has over the situation. Either the stallion listens or he does not.

In defense of the stallion, you will find that in competitive roles we do not hear many "horror" sto-ries. Outside of breeding, stallions can be charming partners and com-petition can make their breeding value increase. Champions are usually put out to stud in their re-tirement. Champions become champions because of the very things breeders hope to pass on to foals. Take it from the horse's mouth, if you remember to practice common equine courtesy, you should find that most stallions know how to behave.

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 136, Greenville, Va. 24440. 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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Star B offers smooth ride, Tennessee-style

By CHRIS MARRS

STAUNTON - The best way to train horses is to learn how to ride yourself, says Dale Bartley of Star B Stables. Dale and his wife, Faye, own and manage the stable which offers guided trail rides for anyone who would like to learn more about horses and enjoy a three-mile ride through the country.

With a stable boasting 100 horses, most of them Registered Tennessee Walkers. Dale has been in the horse rental business since 1950. He has supplied horses for the Bird Dog Field Trials up and down the east coast for over 25 years. His horses have spent summers at youth camps and resorts, such as Shenandoah Acres, for the enjoy-ment of many children and adults. This is the first year that Dale

and Faye have decided to offer year-round trail riding at their own facility. They are both proud of their horses which riders as young as 5 or 6 have been able to ride by themselves.

The Tennessee Walker is the breed of choice and makes an excellent riding partner. They cover ground with a smoother gait than the three-gaited horse. Walkers have a running walk rather than a trot. This was an advantage for riders of the Bird Dog Field Trials. Many riders spent the week in offices at work and only rode on weekends. With the Tennessee Walker they could spend 12 to 13 hours in the saddle on weekends and not get sore.

Star B Stables has had its own breeding program for a number of years in order to provide rental

horses. The stallion "Impressive Playboy" has sired around 40 foals. His Grand Sire was "Midnight Sun," a 1945 World Grand Champion Tennessee Walker. This excellent breeding stock comes from world champions. Dale sells some horses, but not many.

How does one care for over 100 horses? Dale buys his wormer by the case! And as for farrier care, he himself shoes around 60 of his own horses per year. He uses special barium shoes for parade horses

such as the ones seen annually in the Waynesboro parade pulling the Santa Claus sleigh!

Safety is an important issue for Dale. His horses are well behaved and he claims to have had two very influential horsemen in his life that account for his horsemanship. One is his father, Emmett Bartley, and the other "horse wizard" is Bob Anderson. Training horses has been a large part of Dale's life, but he cautions that most people go into training horses without enough experience. "They don't know how to pick a horse that's gentle by looking at them. I can," he explains.

Churches, civic organizations, and many nonprofit groups have found their way to Star B Stables. In addition to the guided trail rides, the stable also provides hay wagon rides and looks forward to offering riding lessons in the near future. Large groups are welcome by appointment. Anyone interested in more information may call 885-8855.-

•Kerry

Continued from page 13 are scattered like cottonballs from the top cliffs down to the roadside.

We detoured off the main ring in order to see the Skelligs — the rocky islands jutting out of the ocean just off the coast of County Kerry. There barren rocks are the westernmost portion of Ireland. Perched on one of the rocks that towers 714 feet above the ocean, are the ruins of a monastery built 1,400 years ago. For hundreds of years early Christians scraped out a living on the 44-acre island, subsisting in conical shaped rock huts that they built without the use of mortar. Amazingly the monks on this remote outpost maintained communication with most of the known world and kept up with current events of the time, writing down accounts of catastrophes like plagues and earthquakes that struck thousands of miles away.

Although we did not actually journey to the islands, we took in the history of the place at the wonderfully done Skellig Visitor Cen-

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ter on Valentia Island. The winding remote roads we drove in order to get to Valentia were no wider than our compact rental car and rose up and down to heights that nearly equaled the surrounding hills.

After lingering until nearly dusk in Kerry, we knew we had some driving ahead of us during the evening hours. Unfortunately our time in the Republic of Ireland was nearly at an end; long before we had seen everything we wanted to see. We had started in the northeastern part of the country and had trav-eled in a big clockwise circle through much of the nation. Now we had to drive all the way back across the country and then head north to meet a friend in Northern Ireland.

The bulk of the next day was spent on the road as we cut straight across Ireland. When we reached Dublin, we turned due north and headed toward Belfast. We made so much time that we decided to stop in the Valley of the Boyne north of Dublin. Our destination



Horses stand patiently while riders find their mounts for a guided trail ride at Star B Stables in Staunton. The stable has about 100 horses, mostly Tennessee Walkers, which it uses for trail rides.

Photo by Chris Marrs

The true miracle of Christmas is hope and faith and love. These gifts the Christ Child brought to all from heaven high above.

May peace and joy be yours this season,

> Dr. H. Lynn Moore and Staff

was the amazing Neolithic struc-tures called Newgrange and See NEWGRANGE, page 19 Kids away at college? Military personnel on assignment? Family living out of town? What better way to keep them up to date

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Stump

Continued from page 15

respect, faculty and staff are important, humor is a daily necessity, Jesus is a good example to follow, and hard work is the difference between success and failure.

He held to the simple philosophy of educating students on their personal academic level and then helping them realize their dreams. With his typical flare for humor, Stump penned, "There is nothing new in education. We just rename it as it comes around again.'

Guy K. Stump "had a 'down home' philosophy," his son commented. He could be found doing a variety of school related tasks, from mopping floors to bringing teachers into his home to help them improve their record keeping.

During a 1960 snowstorm, Stump pushed his way to the school on his tractor in order to light the stove that would keep the pipes from freezing. During harvest he often brought vegetables from his own garden to share with the children and staff.

Guy K. Stump passed away in 1989. And in the words of Dr. Gary McQuain, Augusta County School Superintendent, "the legacy for Stump Elementary's future is set; (it is) based on the legacy of the past."

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

November 1999

Dear Maude:

It has certainly been a long month here in Washington, what with all the arguing by both political parties over the national budget. They argue and begin to really like the sound of their voices as they ring through those hallowed halls (the acoustics there are quite good) so they add just a few more sentences. Time drags on. It seems as if those debates never end.

As we work later, we also start coming into work later, and the effectiveness of those staggered working hours goes out the window. Everyone seems to be out at once. The streets and highways are clogged. One day last week it took one of the people in our office two hours to get to work when it usually only takes a little over an hour. The subway cars are packed. This sort of thing requires an adjustment in ones own personal space requirements. Other automobiles are often not much more than six inches from your car. The tables in the little restaurants are often only 10 or 12 inches apart. It is hard to tell what your luncheon partner is saying since you also hear the conversation from both sides.

Then there is the subway. With the stations so full of people, it is every person for themselves. Shoulders mash against shoulders, briefcases bump into handbags. Large backpacks take up quite a bit of space as they loom out behind their owners. Usually those backpacks hang precariously over the lap of some seated rider. With all this mashing together, there is no air left to breathe. Could it be that as our brains become so starved for oxygen we pay no attention to many things around us? So what if we saw some prominent Washingtonian at lunch snuggled up with someone we know is not his wife. Who cares. Are we becoming so conditioned to this that we put up with what others in less insane areas might not? I gives one something to ponder about.

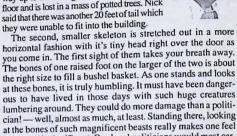
There are other things that cause us to stop and wonder, as well. One of my co-workers came back from lunch one day last week all excited. "You absolutely must go up the street and see the exhibit at National Geographic," he said to us.

The exhibit is called "Dinosaur Giants of Africa" and they have on display there complete skeletons of two dinosaurs from the Sahara Desert. Dinosaurs are familiar images of the distant past. Almost every school-age youth knows the names and differences between all the species. But seeing drawings or fictionalized movies in no way prepares you for the real thing. I had two errands to run, so it did not take much persuasion for me to stop by and have a look. Oh how I wish the exhibit was going to be there longer! How Annalee's boys would love to see it.

The two skeletons were put up in the small, round lobby of the old National Geographic building. It is a beautiful little lobby that stretches up past the first two floors and has a domed ceiling painted dark blue with a section of the night sky reproduced against it. The largest

By Roberta Hamlin

skeleton is standing straight with its head all the way up to the ceiling and its tail down on the floor and is lost in a mass of potted trees. Nick said that there was another 20 feet of tail which



certainly did not see any of them there. I am glad I got to see the exhibit, for after all the crowding and lack of space one faces in the city, it was so nice to have a change of perspective.

small and insignificant. Our local politicians would most cer-

tainly feel very uncomfortable around such magnificence - I

My bags are packed and I am ready to head home for the Thanksgiving holidays and the great Middlebrook celebration for its new historical marker. Give everyone my love, and tell them I am on my way home.

Headwaters recognizes outstanding conservation efforts

BYNANCYSORRELLS

VERONA - It was an evening with enough environmentally positive statements and awards that even Mother Earth would have been forced to break into a slight smile. At the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District (HSWCD) Natural Resources Conservation Banquet held recently at Verona United Methodist Church, seven separate conservation awards were handed out to people from all walks of life including farmers, teachers, a member of the clergy and a forester.

John Johnson, of Sheaffer International, presented the keynote address. His company specializes in innovative types of waste water

treatment which produce "no odors, no sludge and no dis-charge." He noted that environmentally friendly waste reclamation was all about "managing wastes as resources." He added, "Wastes are resources in the wrong place." His company's system turns treated water back into the environment as, among other things, nutrient-free irrigation for agricultural crops and landscaping projects.

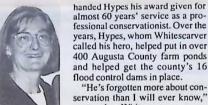
Sheaffer International is currently installing a waste water system in the Broadway/Timberville area which will handle almost 2 million gallons of water a day. Such plants are the wave of the future, noted Johnson. "We can manage waste water in an aesthetically pleasing way and some farmers can have



HYPES GATEWOOD

drought-free farming forever."

Next on the evening's agenda was a special recognition award given to Wayne Hypes, associate director of the HSWCD. "Wayne is the Cal Ripken of conservation," noted Robert Whitescarver, CREP Technical Coordinator, as he



summed up Whitescarver. Following the special recognition presentation, Conservation Specialist John Kaylor went over some of the district highlights for 1999. These included hosting a lo-

cal Envirothon contest which was won by Stuarts Draft Team A. There was also a successful mentorship program, a water tour for teachers, many conservation improvements made on local dairy and poultry farms and 162 acres of forested riparian buffers installed

in Augusta County

USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service Team Leader William Patterson then offered a few remarks about the success of conservation locally. "It's a different world out there now," he said of the work being done by HSWCD. "Now we talk about nutrients and buffers - things we had never heard of years ago. But the one thing we should always hold first and foremost is the conservation ethic."

The final portion of the program featured a number of conservation awards. Three teachers, Sally Rule, elementary; Betty Gatewood, middle school; and Darrell Steege, high school, were tapped as the HSWCD Teachers of the Year, Conservation Technicians Amy Garber and Sandra Greene introduced the honored teachers and presented each with a plaque.

Ms. Rule, who teaches at Bessie Weller in Staunton, makes it a practice to inspire her students and colleagues with artistic and creative activities. The students she takes into the school GreenLab explore nature through such activities as stream sampling, tree planting and butterfly gardening. Learning is fun, but challenging for her students.

Ms. Gatewood, who teaches at Stewart Middle School, is known as the organizer of field days and field trips. The proof is in the pudding and the learning experiences she cooks up are enjoyed by students as well as the professionals See AWARDS, page 20



Macy and Kevin Fox were presented a Forestry Conservation Award for the work they have done on their farm, Alfoxden Chace, in southern Augusta County.



Chris Smith, far left, and Charles and Marty Sheets received Conservation Farm of the Year awards for practices they have implemented on their farms. Smith operates a purebred Hereford farm and the Sheets family operates a dairy. Photos by Nancy Sorrells



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Sharp-shinned hawk seen on Indian summer ramble

on broad wings,

you'll need to scale

down a bit. My

evening visitor was a

sharp-shinned hawk, not much

bigger than a mourning dove,

mostly grey on the back and gen-

tly striped on the breast. Where the

red-tail's broad wings provide lift

for soaring over open fields, the

sharp-shinned hawk's wings are

short, almost stubby, to allow for

twisting flight through dense

The old bird books list names

cover in pursuit of smaller birds.

that convey this pretty well: little

blue darter and small stub-winged

bullet hawk. The puffs of down

were consistent with the sharp-

shinned hawk's feeding methods;

ittypically plucks most of the feath-

ers from its kill, then eats it whole.

By MARK GATEWOOD

It was nice - those last few weeks in October before the time changed back — to squeeze in an evening walk up the hill. The Dog got to blow off some energy after being inside all day and I enjoyed surveying the fall colors from my overlook bench. This one particular evening though, the bench had something else in store.

I was just about to sit down when Inoticed two little puffs of dark gray down feathers on the bench. In the clearing around the bench were at least half a dozen more puffs of down. It didn't look like a cat kill: there were no bigger parts, no wings, head or internal organs. It looked like a bird had just exploded in midair. While I was mulling this over, something gray hurtled through the scrub pines and perched about 50 feet away, just above eye level. It shook its wings out and folded them back It was about to preen some more when it saw me and

shot off up the hill.
I'd love to have you think that a two-second sighting in failing light was enough for me to make an instant positive ID, but it's just not so. notes to confirm my hunch. There was something about that flight path, too: you couldn't have thrown a softball through those pines on the path that bird took without bouncing off tangled limbs. This was a small, agile hawk, and it knew something about those puffs of down.

If your idea of a hawk is the common red-tail, soaring majestically So, it's a bird-eating hawk. You might wonder how that squares with our bird feeding inter-

ests. Do we have a moral dilemma here? Actually, I like to think of it as a vertically integrated feeder system, where the oilseed feeds the small birds and some of the small birds feed the larger birds.

We actively manage our little piece of land to provide seed and berry plants for food and brushy areas for cover, so I like to think that sharp-shinned hawk had to work for what it got. The fact that it's been seen here several times would indicate that pickings are fairly good and that pleases me.

And what about the down puffs by the bench? I found only one feather with any trace of color and it was red. The one whose luck ran out may have been a cardinal.

Now it's winter, by the clock if not the calendar, and it's dark when I get home. The Dog will have to be satisfied with a couple of laps around the house and we'll both have to wait for weekend mornings to get out on the hill and see what's been going on in Augusta country.

•Newgrange Continued from page 17

Knowth. These are some of the most complete prehistoric structures in all of Europe. A quarter of a million people a year come to pay homage to the engineering and construction feats of these ancients.

After viewing a movie and walking through an impressive museum, buses took us first to Knowth. These giant burial mounds were all built more than 5,000 years ago. The precision in the construction would be hard to duplicate today. Knowth has seen almost continuous habitation for five millennia. As a consequence, those living here in the last few hundred years thought the mounds were part of the natural landscape. Careful excavation since the 1960s, however, has revealed the true reason for the hills' existence.

These hills were portal tombs that contained the cremated remains of an ancient civilization. Passages into the center of the tombs were aligned so that a shaft of sunlight entered only during the fall and spring equinoxes. Arranged around the largest mound are large rectangular stones called kerbstones. The stones are

carved with mysterious swirls and spirals whose meanings have been lost in the mists of time.

Newgrange is just up the road. This portal tomb is even more spectacular. The large circular structure was studded with fist-sized stones carried here from 70 miles away. A passage more than 60 feet long leads into the center of the mound. Lining the narrow passage are slabs of stone weighing several tons each. Newgrange has also been aligned to astronomical calculations. For five days each year around the winter solstice (the shortest days of the year), a shaft of sunlight from the rising sun penetrates a window above the entrance portal and makes its way all the way down the passage until its beam penetrates the inner sanctum.

We entered the tomb, walked in a crouch down the narrow passageway and stood in the pitch black darkness while the tour guide created a simulation of the solstice experience using an electric beam of light. Even though we knew what we were seeing was a simulation, the effect was so moving as to be almost spiritual. I was left believing that for the prehistoric race See TOMB, page 20

Continued from page 14 under the discipline of the band

master and were known as camp followers. Technically, the Continental Army still exists today as the men who served were furloughed home and never recalled. This was because there was no money to pay for their services.

Jacqueline Cahoon, regent, opened the meeting, conducted the ritual and a short business meeting.

Julia Richmond accepted the Chapter Achievement Award for placement in the chapter scrapbook and Harriet Baldwin accepted a certificate of appreciation in recognition of her service in the armed forces during World War II.

Guests present were Irvin Rosen, Charles Beard, Wilson Snead, Robert Baldwin, Roberta Hamlin, Brooks Cushman, Diane Pfizenmayer, Elizabeth Lewis, Augusta Jamison, Sue Eicher, Louise Heffner, Virginia Windley, Eva Lantz, Les Cahoon, John Sproul, Helen Hipkin, Margaret Harris, Doris Mathews, Deloris Poole, Gwen Stephenson, Wanda Gwen Stephenson, Stephenson, Drew Stephenson, and Norma Stephenson.

Bowman

Continued from page 14 Medical College. Commisso is the 22nd recipient of the Bowman

Members of the U.Va. medical faculty select five fourth-year students to be Bowman Scholars each year, one of whom receives the Memorial Scholarship. Other Bowman Scholars selected were Lynn Darby Fogarty of Alexandria, Kimberly Meyers Galgano of Richmond, Marc Christopher Harvey of Greenville, S.C., and Ashley Zlatoper Stolle of Atlanta, Ga. —

All the stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that Augusta Country soon would be put there:

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Appearing Nightly

·Play

Continued from page 15 rives in the afterlife, the dead await her. They allow her to visit one day from her past. She chooses her 12th birthday. She realizes that she has taken life for granted.

"I thought it was a play that showed us the importance of life. That it's not something to take for granted," said Steven Taetzsch who played the paperboy.

Many of the students enjoy acting in this play. "It seemed like a fun and interesting thing to do and it was. It was really fun to see everyone put a little bit of themselves into their character," said Brad Hennigan who played the milk man.

"I wanted to try my hand at acting. I thought doing the play was fun," Taetzsch said.

William Dillon directed the play. The actors in the play were Kori Valz, Jessica Hill, Hennigan, Taetzsch, Will Richert, Matt Ishee, Rachel Howard. Meredith McCool, Jamie Gano, Dominick Desmond, Katie Handley, Julie Waltz, Daniel Gerber, Josh House, and Seth Kislick .-

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Cookie's Fortune offers pleasant crumbs in a dreary movie season

On a friend's advice, Hannah's mom gave a look to Robert Altman's Cookie's Fortune and she's glad she did. Not only did it cost less than a movie ticket, it beat anything that's currently playing at the Bijou.

It's Easter weekend in Holly Springs, Miss., a picture perfect town that harbors those characters and connections found only in the South. The town's eccentric, pipe-smoking matriarch Jewel Mae "Cookie" Orcutt (Patricia Neal) lives in a large, rambling house with her old friend Willis Richland (Charles S. Dutton). Willis and Cookie share an enduring friendship and mutual admiration made more compelling by Jewel's strange and estranged family: her overbearing nieces Camille Dixon (Glenn Close) and dimwitted Cora Duvall (Julianne Moore), and Cora's wild daughter Emma (Liv Tyler). Desperately

lonely for her dead husband "Buck," Cookie commits suicide the day before Easter. She thus sets in motion a chain of events that will ultimately reveal all the town's hidden connections and family secrets.

Things go awry when Camille discovers Cookie's body. Appalled that her aunt would dishonor the family by doing such a deed, ("no one in this family has ever done such a thing!" she angrily insists to her aunt's corpse) she and Cora rearrange the crime scene to make it look like Cookie was murdered.

The town is shocked and disbelieving when Willis is charged with the murder, despite the fact that all evidence points to him - his fingerprints are all over the guns in the cabinet, the doors, the kitchen. Sheriff Lester Boyle (Ned Beatty) proclaims his innocence ("I know he didn't do it — I've fished with

him!") and incarcerates him in an unlocked cell; Emma moves in with him in a show of solidarity. Even Camille is aghast but she fears incriminating herself as much as she does losing what she sees as her due inheritance, Cookie's house.

An investigator is brought in to piece together the disparate pieces. In the meantime, Camille and Cora, wanting to take their rightful place in Holly Springs society, move into their aunt's house, further compromising the crime scene ("Those silly deputies left all their yellow tape behind," Camille complains as she slices her way through it to the front door.)

If this all seems too serious, it is not. Robert Altman, known for his more cynical stories like M*A*S*H. and Nashville, has assembled an all-star cast to breathe life into Anne Rapp's (That Thing You Do, The American President) very

heartwarming, sweet story. Patricia Neal (Hud, The Subject was Roses, and numerous other films) is a delight as Cookie. She and Charles S. Dutton, a Baltimore actor who once served time for murder, are reminiscent of Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman in Driving Miss Daisy. Liv Tyler (Armageddon, That Thing You Do) is at ease playing the wild yet innocent Emma. Only Julianne Moore's (Benny and Joon, Boogie Nights) doesn't fit well into the ensemble. It is Glenn Close (Fatal Attraction, Sarah Plain and Tall), however, who goes over the top as the hyper, grasping, arrogant Camille and gets caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Though she appears at times to be overacting, she captures the essence of misplaced sensibilities and greed.

Cookie's Fortune may be just the thing for a quiet night at home dur-



Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

ing the busy holiday season. The movie's message about choices and unintended consequences unfolds slowly. It is funny but its humor is subtle and sophisticated. The film is rated PG-13 for one violent act and the suggestion of sexual situations. Hannah's mom gives Cookie's Fortune four bananas. -

Tomb

Continued from page 18 which constructed Newgrange, the experience must have certainly been a religious ritual.

Every year during the solstice, 30 or so people crowd into the sacred chamber in the center of Newgrange in order to be eyewit-

nesses to the event. Don't rush over this year, however, because the waiting list is many years long.

One more amazing event hap-pened during our final day in Ireland. As we moved through the hordes of people coming to and from Newgrange, one couple suddenly appeared before us. You probably guessed it - the English couple. For the fourth time in five days in four far-flung spots across an entire country we had encoun-tered this couple! They were equally dumbfounded at the coincidence. This time we exchanged names and addresses, suggesting with a laugh that we might as well vacation together next year!

Ruarigh and Karen have corresponded with us by e-mail for the last couple of weeks. It turns out that he is an archaeologist and she is a florist. I am certain we will see them again.

With that experience we ended the first leg of our birthday journey. Our whirlwind tour of the Irish Republic seemed destined to be inexplicably caught up with the national game of hurling and as well as a visiting couple from Yorkshire. It was truly a birthday present to remember.

Next time: Hurricane Floyd comes to Europe, checking out the ruins, the birthday party moves to Scotland.

Awards

Continued from page 18 she recruits to help get the conser-vation message out to the middle schoolers. In the spring of 1999, Ms. Gatewood bravely escorted a whole group of students to an island in the Chesapeake Bay for a three-day field trip.

Steege, an agriculture teacher at Stuarts Draft and Wilson High Schools, also doubles as an Envirothon coach. In fact, he missed the banquet because he was busy coaching a student team in Louisville, Ky. The secret to Steege's success in the classroom is a melding of farming, environmental ecology and true concern for his students.

The Forestry Conservation

Award for the year went to the Rev. Kevin Fox and his wife, Macy, for the work they have done on their farm, Alfoxden Chace, in southern Augusta County. The Foxes have excluded livestock from springs on the property by fencing 130 acres of woodland. They also have stabilized roads against soil erosion and worked to create a managed forest that will encourage wildlife diversity.

"There was wonderful landowner interest here and the Foxes were a tremendous pleasure to work with,' noted County Forester Mark Hollberg. "What they have created here is forestry with thought."

During the evening, two farms were honored for conservationminded improvements and environmentally sound agricultural prac-tices implemented by the owners. Sheets Dairy Farm in Mt. Solon is run by Charles, Michael and Marty Sheets. By installing a dairy lot loafing system, the Sheets have rerouted a spring that drained through the barnyard, fenced out the main water channel, installed troughs, created cattle walkways, and allowed vegetation to regenerate on denuded portions of the landscape.

The benefits include the prevention of manure and sediment from entering waterways, the retention of a portion of the manure as a fertilizer resource, the prevention of erosion and increased herd health.

"You have no idea what a pleasure it is to go to the farm each day and see the improvements we have made over the last 8 to 10 months," said Charles Sheets as he accepted his award.

The other Conservation Farmer of the Year Award went to Chris Smith who runs Swallow Hill Farm near Roman Ridge. Smith has a cow-calf operation of registered Herefords. Last year he undertook an extensive grazing land protection project in which cattle were fenced out of stream, pond and wetland areas. Alternative water supplies were developed including a trough below the pond and a spring-fed trough.
"What Chris did was fence the

cattle out of the stream, put in new watering troughs, fence out the sensitive areas, create a riparian forest area, and help heal some critical areas of the land," noted Natural Resource Technician Charles Cummings.

All of the evening's award winners showed that conservation is a smart choice that makes a difference in everyone's quality of life. The award recipients have set a high standard for which others should reach. ---

Yesterday's weather

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

Dec. 1,1913 -A six-day front range snowstorm began. It produced a record total of 46 inches at Denver,



Dec. 10, 1699 - A severe ice storm hit Boston, « Mass., causing much damage to orchards. Dec. 22, 1839 - The second of triple December storms hit the northeastern U.S. The storm produced 25 inches of snow at Gettysburg, Pa., and gales in New England, but only produced light snow along the coast. Dec. 27, 1892 - An Atlantic coast storm produced a record 18.6 inches of snow at Norfolk, Va., including 17.7 inches in 24 hours. The storm also produced 9.5 inches of snow at Raleigh, N.C., and brought snow to northern Florida for the first time in 35 years. (26th-28th) Dec. 31, 1917 - The temperature at Lewisburg, W.Va., plunged to 37 degrees be-

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low zero to set a state record. Information for this report was taken from the World Wide Web homepage of the U.S. Storm Data Center.