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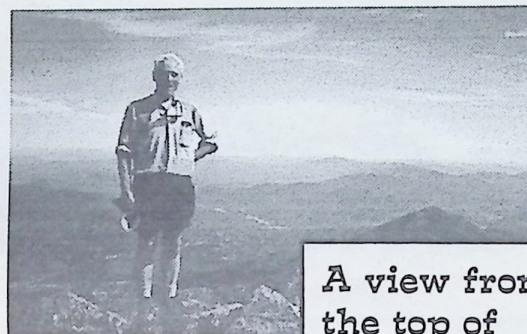
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P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459



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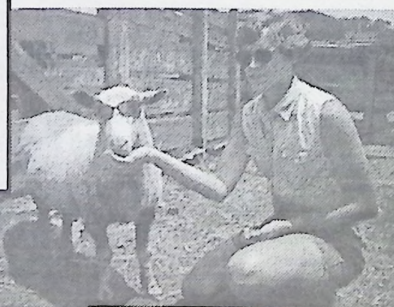


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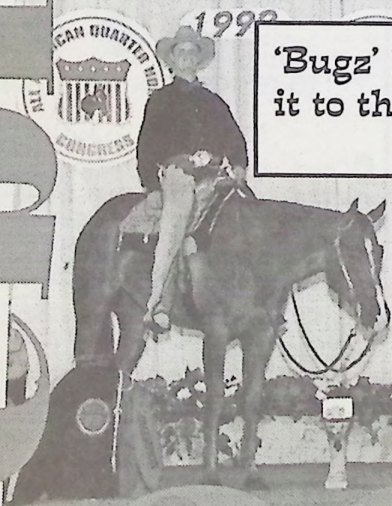
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February 2000



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Seeking help identifying this photo

Bill Magee of Roanoke is asking long-time Middlebrook residents to put on their thinking caps and help identify this picture. Bill's mother, Maggie Humphries, was born in Vesuvius in 1886. She went to teacher's school (normal school) in Farmville and then taught school from 1906 until 1914 or 1915. She only taught at a couple of schools, the first from about 1906 to 1910, was probably Middlebrook. When Maggie married Robert Clark Walker of the Walker's Creek area, she left teaching. The couple had a son before Robert died. Maggie next married Joseph Gardner Magee from Salem. He was Bill's father. Bill thinks this picture is of the Middlebrook school, but he is not sure. If anyone can shed light on the building or the school children's names, please write or call *Augusta Country*. The young teacher, Maggie Humphries, by the way, is at the left end of the back row, looking very young, possibly only 20, and fresh out of normal school. —

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UDC J.E.B. Stuart Chapter 156, Staunton, recharters

By VERA HAILEY

STAUNTON — Over 40 years after disbanding, the J.E.B. Stuart Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has been rechartered with much enthusiasm. In December, charter members and special guests met at the Holiday Inn in Staunton for a festive luncheon to celebrate their reorganization.

Special guest speaker was John Alexander Stuart, a direct descendant of J.E.B. Stuart. John was born in Virginia, graduated from Virginia Military Institute and received a master's degree in business administration. As a licensed professional engineer he works on design and construction of infrastructure projects in Richmond.

"This region is one of the most beautiful places on earth," he told the audience. Staunton holds special significance for the Stuart family because it was their first foothold in Virginia. Archibald Stuart, an immigrant from Ireland, came to the Shenandoah Valley in 1738 by way of Pennsylvania.

Another source of pride for the Stuart family is Stuart Hall in Staunton, which was named for Flora Cook Stuart, wife of J.E.B. Stuart.

John gave impressions of John Ewell Brown Stuart and insight from Captain John W. Thomason Jr. In 1930 Thomason wrote a detailed view of Stuart's life and char-

UDC J.E.B. Stuart Chapter 156, Staunton
Organized Oct. 23, 1895 Disbanded Feb. 3, 1959
Reorganized July 27, 1999

Charter members of the reorganized chapter: Irene Gertrude Bennett, Betty Jo Senger Campbell, Virginia Brooks Davis, Stephanie Mischelle Poole Duprey, Sandra Fulwider Elkins, Marie Turpine Ham, Cecil Duncan Williams Hartley, Joy Paynter Houff, Barbara Jean Moore Knick, Carole Denise King, Lois Rebecca Lee, Mildred Marie Potter Lee, Freda Painter McCune, Frances June Western Moore, Kimberly Ann Elkins Moore, Dolores Eyvan Hartley Poole, Jean Parker Bickle Smith, Linda Strickler Taylor.

acter from a Marine's point of view.

John noted what an impact his ancestor made on history although he was only on earth for a brief time. The years J.E.B. spent at West Point taught him the art of soldiering. He noticed that men from the South were more skilled in horsemanship and his ability in that area gave him an advantage. He developed a special relationship with Robert E. Lee, who once wrote to J.E.B.'s father about his fistfighting. There was much pride in his being a native Virginian.

J.E.B.'s first duty assignment was working in the Texas panhandle, where he used his horsemanship skills in fighting the native Americans.

He accepted a commission in the Confederate Army. John described his ancestor as "being able to walk into a hornet's nest and anticipate what should be done." On the other hand, he had a remarkable zest for life and was always ready to lead a song or pay a compliment. J.E.B. was a person who understood all the misfortunes of life but took the time to enjoy everything life had to offer — in order to separate himself from the horrors of war.

"All ancestors have positive traits that influence our lives," John said. He praised groups such as the UDC for preserving the memory of ancestors at a time when the history of their forebears is constantly under attack. He encouraged the audience to learn more about the people who helped shape the great nation on earth.

Following John Stuart's presentation, Linda Roller Livick was introduced as the next guest speaker. Livick, an Augusta County native, is a past president of the Stuart Hall Alumni Association and a former owner and trustee of Augusta Military Institute.



John Alexander Stuart and Susan Whitacre spoke at the UDC J.E.B. Chapter rechartering service held recently in Staunton. Stuart is a direct descendant of J.E.B. Stuart. Ms. Whitacre is president of the Virginia division of UDC.

Photos by Vera Hailey

tary Institute. Her great-grandfather, Charles S. Roller, was part of J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry and later founded Augusta Military Academy.

"Two portraits of Flora Cook Stuart, or Mrs. General Stuart as she was known, hang in Stuart Hall. She was a devoted mother, loving caring wife, loved young women and children," Livick said.

In 1880 what was then known as the Virginia Female Institute needed a new head. The job description included looking after the young women and providing strong discipline. Mrs. Stuart fit the bill. She was known as someone who "wouldn't stand for foolishness."

Linda Roller Livick (pictured in photo at left) a past president of the Stuart Hall Alumni Association and a former owner and trustee of Augusta Military Institute, was a guest speaker during the UDC J.E.B. Stuart Chapter rechartering service. Mrs. Livick's great-grandfather, Charles S. Roller, was part of J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry and later founded Augusta Military Academy.

She was diligent in her post until 1899 when she left the school to look after her grandchildren.

The institution was renamed in her honor in 1907. She left a legacy and started an honor society secret organization, which is one of the oldest honor societies in Virginia. In spite of all her other responsibilities, she also was active in the Episcopal Church.

Livick remarked, "It has been a privilege getting to know her (Mrs. Stuart), as I do feel like I know her."

Jean Parker Bickle, who joined UDC at age 18 and is the only charter member who was a member of the original chapter that disbanded in 1959, gave a history of J.E.B. STUART Chapter 156. She grew up in the organization and remembered that her mother always went to the state conventions. One day her mother announced that a new stamp was coming out featuring Abraham Lincoln and remarked, "Now we'll be able to lick Lincoln!"

According to Bickle, Mrs. J.E.B. Stuart was a charter member of the chapter. In the early years the focus was on the veterans still living. In 1908, when the ranks of the Confederate veterans were fast thinning, the chapter provided a trolley car to take them to and from Thornrose Cemetery on Confederate Memorial Day.

"Forty-one years later we reactivate the chapter at the beginning of a new millennium," Bickle said.

Susan Whitacre, president of the Virginia division of UDC, made the charter presentation and reminded the members that the group is based on the priceless heritage of their forebears. She challenged them to remember the objectives: historical, educational, benevolent, memorial and patriotic. —



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renew?**
See page 2

Piano teacher prepared students for keyboard of life

EDITOR'S NOTE: Clarence and Zuleima Eddy lived in the Middlebrook community for a number of years. He taught French at Riverheads High School and she taught piano to numerous students in Staunton and Augusta County. Mrs. Eddy passed away Jan. 13, 2000 in Fredericksburg. Her friends and family gathered recently to remember her life and the important part she played in the lives of many local youngsters. The following is a tribute which was given for Mrs. Eddy at a service of thanksgiving for her life held recently at Bethel Presbyterian Church where she had been a member for many years. The tribute appears here as it was presented at the service with a few minor adjustments and additions.

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

I came to know Mrs. Eddy when my older sister began taking piano lessons from her. On the occasions when my sister had lessons, I would go along and be kept occupied while the piano lesson progressed. Sometimes in the summer months my mother would allow me to wander outside at a close distance. On some of those occasions and if he were around, Mr. Eddy might provide me with some temporary distraction in some project that he was undertaking.

After a couple years, it was decided I was "ready" — whatever that means — to come under Mrs. Eddy's tutelage as one of her newest piano students. Sometimes I would go to her house for lessons. Somehow, during the school year, she would give lessons in the Middlebrook firehouse and students from Middlebrook Elementary School would be permitted to leave the regular school day long enough for a once weekly half-hour lesson.

Mrs. Eddy was not an indulgent teacher. I understood from the beginning what she expected of me as a piano student. Not that I was ever able to measure up to said expectations. But for a petite woman, Mrs. Eddy could be — what's a good word — persuasive. She had this long pencil-baton sort of thing which she would use to point to a particular place on the sheet of music where she wanted a student to play. Or she might use it to beat out a rhythm to make sure the student could hear the beat. With Mrs. Eddy wielding this long sort of pencil-baton thing, even the laziest student was encouraged to focus on the notes and finger placements on the keyboard.

With Mrs. Eddy seated just behind a student's right shoulder, the piano bench became a very small plane. You could run, but you couldn't hide. Mrs. Eddy didn't expect all of her students to become Mozarts, but she did expect each one to do his or her best, and she would accept no less. Even today — some 30 odd years later — when I must approach some difficult task at the keyboard of my life, I still sense a strong presence at my right shoulder compelling me onward.

Each summer Mrs. Eddy would host recitals at her home with her students performing. All the students would be gathered in Mr. Eddy's study to await their turn to perform. All the parents and grandparents would be assembled in the parlor to hear the performances. One by one, and sometimes in twos performing duets, students would sit down at the Baby Grand in Mrs. Eddy's front parlor bearing proof of a year's worth of progress under Mrs. Eddy's musical tutelage.

As I said, during the recitals, Mrs. Eddy's pupils were gathered in the study each awaiting his or her turn at the keyboard. For some reason, Mrs. Eddy trusted us to behave and not make any noise. I never understood why she trusted us that much, because we always made noise which I'm sure had to be audible in the main parlor, unless I'm underestimating the sound proofing of Mr. Eddy's study. She always instructed us to be quiet, but I'm not sure how much we complied. I remember thinking, "Mrs. Eddy ought to have an adult back here with us because we are really out of control." But she never did put anyone back there to supervise us. She would come in occasion-

ally between performances and "shush" us a little.

If taking piano lessons from Mrs. Eddy was less than successful on a musical level, she was at least determined that we might gain some sense of social comportment from the occasions of these recitals and our performances at them. I guess she hoped that if she had students who were less than endowed with musical talents, they might at least gain enough of a sense of self-discipline to be composed and proper when in the presence of a crowd.

Of course, Mrs. Eddy was an excellent cook. These abilities were never more evident than in the refreshments she served

drove in what might be described as a "deliberate" manner. She didn't waste much time getting where she was going.

I happened to mention something to her one time about her cars. I recalled she'd had many different ones over the years I'd known her. She said, "Clarence always had a knack of finding very good used cars." She went on to note that his talent for tracking down affordable, good used vehicles had saved them a substantial amount of money over the years. After driving many of these good, used vehicles, Mrs. Eddy said she expressed a desire to have a brand new vehicle. She said while Mr. Eddy wasn't completely happy about making

savings over the new car price. Mrs. Eddy still said not a word.

Evidently the "silent treatment" regarding the automotive purchase went on for some time. According to Mrs. Eddy, it wasn't too long after somber consideration of his automotive purchase that Mr. Eddy came to her to try to affect some resolution to the stalemate over his failure to purchase the brand new car Mrs. Eddy had wanted. I recall the story as it was told to me by Mrs. Eddy who said, "Clarence said, 'Zuleima, what can I do? What will it take to make this right?'" It wasn't long after that that Mrs. Eddy made a trip to Richmond and found an oriental rug to purchase which helped her to forget all about that beautiful, brand new blue car on which she'd had her heart set. "Loman's in Richmond," she said, with a satisfied smile. "They have beautiful rugs."

Of course anyone living in the Middlebrook area will never forget the time one of Mrs. Eddy's cars went for a "swim." Mrs. Eddy had returned from a "sheet music safari" to Roanoke. It was difficult for her to find a variety of music for the many different ability levels of her students. So when she went on a trip to find music, she'd gather as much as she could find. Evidently, on that trip in Roanoke, she had hit the motherlode of music supplies because she came back with her car filled with sheet music and piano books. The car was left setting at the back kitchen door of the house. When Mrs. Eddy went back outside to the car, it was nowhere to be seen. She returned to the house and asked Mr. Eddy where he had moved the car. He said he hadn't. They both went outside and looked around, not seeing the car anywhere in sight. Then they happened to glance out across the yard to the pond which is about 50 yards and an ever-so-slight incline downhill from the back of the house. Then they noticed a few bubbles glub-glubbing ever so effortlessly to the surface of

See PIANO, page 5



Clarence and Zuleima Eddy

following each of her recitals. Her trademark cheese straws were a favorite with her students and guests at her recitals. I can't imagine how many dozens of cheese straws she made over the years for these occasions. She must have stockpiled them throughout the year in preparation for her recitals. Despite my mother's admonishments, I know I always ate more than a polite number of Mrs. Eddy's cheese straws.

As I said earlier, Mrs. Eddy was a petite woman. This was never more obvious than when she drove a car because it seemed the top of her head barely could be seen above the steering wheel. And as I remember it, Mrs. Eddy

the purchase, they did agree to purchase a new car. Mrs. Eddy picked out the car — it was a beautiful blue car, she told me — and left the rest of the details of the purchase to Mr. Eddy. But when Mr. Eddy came home from the dealership after making the purchase, Mrs. Eddy did not see her brand new beautiful blue car sitting in the driveway. Instead there was another very good, used car which Mr. Eddy had purchased instead of the new car. Mrs. Eddy said she took one look at the car and said not a word. Without any prompting, Mr. Eddy told her that this car was just as good as the brand new one and that it meant a substantial

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•Piano

Continued from page 4

the pond. I can only guess they both must have had a simultaneous sick feeling rise inside themselves as they acknowledged the fact that the car — without its emergency brake applied — had drifted down the hill, into the pond, and was submerged there full of sopping wet sheet music and piano books. A tow truck was called to pull the car out of the pond. For weeks after that, Mrs. Eddy had music spread out drying in every available patch of open space in her house.

Mrs. Eddy also had a great love for gardening. The power of her green thumb was obvious in the many beautiful flower beds around her home. When I visited with her in August, she recalled a magnolia tree which she and Mr. Eddy had planted in the yard at their house on the Middlebrook Road. She wanted to know if the tree had made it. She said the two of them had worked and worked to get the tree started, and just when it began to show some promise, a storm broke the top out of the tree. Mrs. Eddy said she was about ready to give up on the tree but Mr. Eddy pruned the broken part out and thought they might give the tree a little more time. I told Mrs. Eddy I knew exactly the tree she was talking about. I was pleased to be able to tell her the magnolia tree which stands just to the right of the driveway is all of 20 feet tall now with shiny green foliage — thanks to a lot of tender loving care by both Mr. and Mrs. Eddy.

In addition to their other professions, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy did quite a bit of farming. At their farm on the Barterbrook Road, the Eddys had a substantial flock of sheep and Mr. Eddy was known for his ability to raise fine market lambs. He was even approached by a market lamb buyer who told him he would buy all the lambs he could raise if he could have them ready for the Easter market when lamb prices traditionally reach their annual high point. Mr. Eddy accepted the offer which, of course, meant

that the lambs would have to be born in December and January. That year Mr. Eddy's lambs began arriving in the very worst of cold weather. Mrs. Eddy says she recalled getting up one morning to find baby lambs scattered all over the kitchen with the oven door open and heat pouring out. The two of them worked and worked to keep lambs alive and get them going through the cold weather that winter. Then, in order to get the lambs to 100 pounds for the buyer, Mrs. Eddy said Mr. Eddy literally had to pour the feed in them. By Easter, once again, he had raised the finest market lambs that could be bought and the buyer was very happy. However, Mrs. Eddy said after Mr. Eddy sat down and did the math on all the feed he had used and all the time and effort he had spent with the baby lambs, he said, "Never again." He found out — the same way a lot of farmers find out — how hard it is to make money.

In recent years when I visited Mrs. Eddy after she moved to Fredericksburg, we talked about everything and we talked about nothing. She always asked about her neighbors and friends here and made an effort to keep track of everybody. She liked to hear about her former pupils, regardless of their musical achievements or talents. She was always interested in what they were doing and how they were faring. We talked about politics. Mrs. Eddy maintained an avid interest in politics as long as she was able to keep up with the news. I always looked forward to hearing Mrs. Eddy's perspective on whatever political furor was brewing in Washington or Richmond. Her politics were of the conservative persuasion, but rarely was she content with the candidate selected to carry the conservative party's platform into an election. The year I visited her when Republican George Bush was running for his second term as president, the mention of the Democratic candidate's name caused Mrs. Eddy to cover her

face with her hands and rendered her speechless. When it was ventured to suggest Mr. Bush as the alternative, Mrs. Eddy said, "Well, he doesn't know where home is!" She was of the notion that Mr. Bush spent far too much time on foreign matters rather than focusing on domestic issues. As in many election years, Mrs. Eddy had spent a lot of time reading columns and articles that year about the many different candidates running for office and she had selected the one she had determined would make the best president.

the fact. On one of my visits with her, she told me about an article she had read in a news magazine about a very noted and gifted scientist who was doing research to increase human longevity. In her situation, Mrs. Eddy couldn't see the point of increasing longevity while sacrificing quality of life. She reasoned that living to be 85 or so should probably be enough life for anybody. From her perspective, longevity was working against her. Regarding the scientist's research on increasing human longevity she said, "It looks like

hope," she said, "I just hope, that when we get to heaven God allows us one question." I didn't exactly understand what she meant. She said, "One question that we can ask Him about why things are the way they are." I still didn't exactly understand what she meant, so I said, "Well, what is your one question?" She said, a little indignant, "I want to know why God lets people end up like this," gesturing toward the hallway of the home where she lived. "Why does God let people end up like this, not knowing where they are or who they are, just sitting and staring or lying in bed?" She said, "I'm lucky. I still have all my buttons. But sometimes I don't know who's luckier, someone like me or some of these people who don't have an idea in the world about what's going on around them."

Of course, I didn't have an answer to give Mrs. Eddy to her one big question. Then she said, "Well, maybe I'd like to be able to ask God two questions." So I asked her what the other question was. She said, "I want to know why animals have to suffer." If you knew Mrs. Eddy very well, you knew she was a great lover of pets, particularly dogs. But she would accommodate the occasional feline as well.

I didn't think too much about Mrs. Eddy's two big questions that she wanted to ask God until recently. Then I got to thinking about her two questions and realized they said a lot about who Mrs. Eddy was. She cared about all God's creatures, whether of the human variety or the animal variety or the plant variety, on a very deep level. At the base of all this was the fact that Mrs. Eddy had a good heart, plain and simple.

Traveling also was one of Mrs. Eddy's great loves. And we spent a lot of time talking about many of the trips she'd taken over the years. She was able to recount many, many times in her travels of the joy she experienced on her trips, all the sights visited, and the great wonder she experienced on these trips. So now she is off again on another one of her great trips, taking in all the sights and sounds. I'm sure this trip will bring her joy, wonder and beauty beyond her wildest imaginings. —



Two piano students prepare to play a duet during a June 1970 recital hosted by Zuleima Eddy at her home near Middlebrook.

Mrs. Eddy was blessed with a keen and clear mind. Because she was able to think as clearly as she did, she spent a lot of time thinking about the circumstances of her life once she had to give up her independent lifestyle. Having been such an active person for so many years, Mrs. Eddy always struggled with the notion of not being physically able to maintain that independence and activity level. And she didn't waste any words in stating

they'd quit working on that."

In talking about everything and nothing in our visits, we talked a lot about life in general — about living — but we talked about death too. Mrs. Eddy, in her typically determined mindset, had decided long ago that she was living beyond her limit. During almost every one of my visits with her, she expressed her absolute readiness to depart this life and move on to the next. Not so long ago she said to me, "I just

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Former Riverheads coach calling shots for Baltimore O's

By NANCY SORRELLS

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But even the most dedicated sports fanatic probably won't recognize his name. In fact, outside of baseball's inner circle the only people who might perk up when they hear the name Tony DeMacio are a group of thirty and forty-somethings who went to Riverheads High School back in the 1970s and early 1980s. They will remember a short, fiery Italian gym teacher and coach who took a bunch of country kids and taught them how to be winners in football, baseball, and the game of life.

Today, with the same zeal, organization and work ethic, DeMacio is molding the future of the Baltimore Orioles baseball organization. For just over a year now he has been the director of Baltimore scouting. That's THE MAN IN CHARGE OF ALL BALTIMORE SCOUTING. All meaning everywhere as in the WHOLE WORLD.

Not bad for a Pittsburgh boy who headed off to Parsons College, Iowa on a baseball scholarship in the 1960s. He played four years of college ball, got his degree and taught for a year in Illinois. Then in 1968 he was drawn to this area by the Valley League and spent the summer of 1968 with the Staunton Braves. While here, he heard about a teaching position at Staunton Military Academy and decided to stay. During his four years at SMA he coached football and baseball, and the move to

Riverheads in 1972 was a natural continuation of that career path.

For a dozen years he roamed the halls of Riverheads, teaching the kids how to play sports, what teamwork is, and the meaning of life. Under his tutelage, for instance, the 1976 Gladiator football team was a force to be reckoned with as it marched to the regionals in a fashion not equaled until 23 years later in 1999.

The lessons Coach D dealt to the students then were not always easy ones and he was known to have a temper. Monday mornings after a disappointing Friday night football performance were sure times to avoid his dark-eyed scowl. But because he was willing to belt out a musical tune at the annual Booster Club show, and lead the

hires for the Baltimore scouting organization were showing up at DeMacio's office. When asked if he's now a godfather to young scouting "wannabes," he laughed. "Yeah, I guess so. I have kids scattered here and there. This is a hard business to get into," he said.

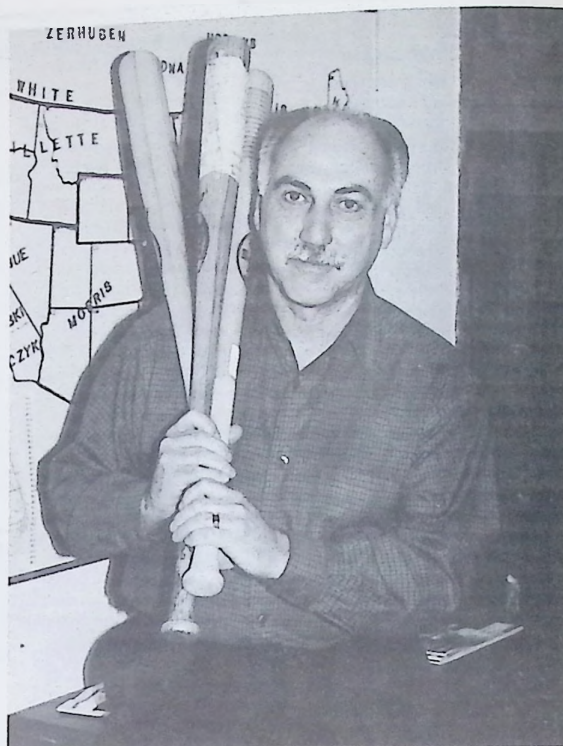
Getting in doesn't guarantee moving up either. DeMacio has been toiling away at the game for 17 years now. He had to move to New England for his first assignment — nice place but long winters, makes it hard to see the talent before the June draft hits you square in the face. He started at the bottom as an area scout working the Atlantic Seaboard. That means he was responsible for looking at the lower levels of players in hopes of seeing a future prospect — high school, college, leagues like the Valley League.

"Being an area scout is the best job in baseball," he said of that first job. "You're over five or six states and you set up schedules. The area scout is the guy who goes out and finds potential prospects, without them, you can't make the picks. He's got to have a passion. He's also underpaid, overworked, and gone a lot," he explained.

The transition from high school teaching to baseball scouting was not that difficult, he said in looking back over the move in 1984. "The most difficult thing was moving to an area (New England) that I had never been to. I just worked as hard as I could. Everyday is baseball, 24 hours a day. The easy part is seeing the game. You have to be on the phone, getting schedules, see who's pitching, figuring out how to get to the game. You have got to be organized, which teaching definitely helps you to be."

In 1987 he got his first promotion. "I got a cross-checking role, like a regional supervisor, which meant I got to see the best players on the East Coast," remembers DeMacio. "Then in the winter of 1990 I took a national cross checking job with the Indians. In 1994 I was a Big League scout for a year. Then in 1995 I left to go to the Cubs to do amateur and professional scouting."

That, off course, was where he was when the phone rang in 1998 with the offer of the head scouting job at Baltimore. Contrary to what one might think, he did not leap on



Tony DeMacio, who coached football and baseball at Riverheads High School for 12 years in the 1970s and 1980s, is director of scouting for the Baltimore Orioles.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

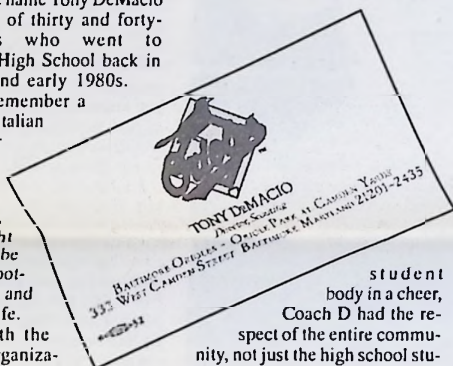
the job. In fact, he turned down this very same job in Baltimore in 1992. Jobs in baseball are fragile things — they come and go with the success of the team. Let some of your long-shot recruits turn out to be franchise players and you are a genius, but let a couple of high-dollar players go bust and you'll be on the next train out of town in the wake of the housecleaning.

The first thing he did when offered the job this time was call his "godfather" Paul Snyder for advice. When he accepted, he came into the deal clear-headed. He decided against selling his house, a few hours drive south of Baltimore.

Instead, when he is in town, he stays at a place provided by the Orioles. "There's not a whole lot of stability in this job," DeMacio said in explaining his decision to keep a few safety nets in place.

But the Orioles did not hire him because he was a nice Italian guy from Pittsburgh. The Orioles hired him because he already has a reputation as a man who can make the right picks and get the job done. The current successful crest that the Cleveland organization is riding is due, in part, to DeMacio's scouting savvy.

"The first year I was at Cleveland," he said. See SCOUT, page 7



student

body in a cheer,

Coach D had the respect

of the entire community,

not just the high school students. He cared for the students as individuals and they sensed that.

Then in February 1984, an unheard-of career opportunity came knocking at Coach D's door and when he walked through the doorway he entered an entirely different world — that of professional baseball — and left the high school sports arena behind. The opportunity that came knocking was as an area scout for the Atlanta Braves organization.

Baseball scouting is a hard field to break into — you have to have a combination of luck, skill, and know the right people. "You have to have a godfather," said DeMacio of working the scouting ranks. "Paul Snyder, the former director of Atlanta scouting, was the guy that hired me and we're still very close."

Even as we sat and chatted in his posh warehouse office at Camden Yards recently, fresh-faced new

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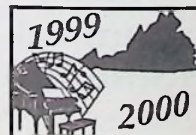
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Scout

Continued from page 6

land, our first four picks got to the Big Leagues. Manny Ramirez and those guys were in that pick. That set the whole tone for what's happening in Cleveland right now," he said.

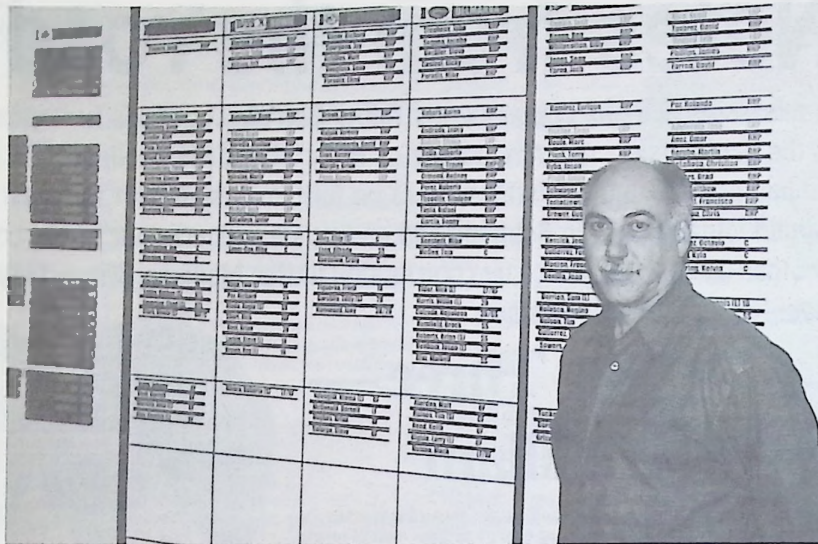
So now can he do the same thing for Baltimore? It all boils down to looking at all the talent and putting together the choices for the June draft. His team of 25 or so scouts is gearing up for a process that begins in February and peaks in the June baseball draft. On his wall is a map of the U.S., divided up among his 15 area guys. He also has four cross checkers. Not only does his scouting team have to measure all the talent in the U.S., but they travel to the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, South America, and Canada to evaluate players.

"From February to June is the busiest, but there are summer leagues, fall leagues, the phone never stops," he explained. The only down time is the few weeks around the Christmas holidays, but even then the scouting team is getting geared up for the spring rush.

Last year was particularly tough because DeMacio not only had to scout players, he had to scout his scouts. Because he was given the job and a staff already in place, he had to evaluate his scouts to see how they were doing their jobs.

The irony of the job is that he has enough frequent flyer miles to take a vacation around the world, but never has an opportunity to take the trip. In an endless schedule of plane flights, hotels, and rental car, it's easy to crash and burn.

"During the spring I fly every day, sometimes two times a day. If I stay three nights in a row in the same place, that's amazing. Last year I woke up one time in Houston and, just for a split second, for the life of me I could not remember where I was or what I was doing! "Come May, I'm pretty well shot. I get irritable right before the draft. The last couple of weeks is



Tony DeMacio, director of scouting for the Baltimore Orioles, stands in front of a wall chart which shows the Orioles' draft picks

for 1999. A player is not signed to play with the Birds' major league team unless DeMacio has seen him in action.

hell. You are trying to get the last look at a couple of guys; it gets pretty hectic flying through time zones, getting in at 12, 1 o'clock and getting up at 4 a.m."

The crunch time is the draft. Between now and then, DeMacio will fly to Atlanta, California, wherever it takes to see the top talent with his own eyes. And for the top players, only DeMacio's eyes will do for Baltimore owner Peter Angelos. "The 'old man' (Angelos) won't sign a big money guy if I haven't seen him. He wants to know if I've seen them. I'll see close to 150 players this year and try to see everyone who goes in the first three rounds. If I see five rounds, that's better."

The whirlwind of scouting swirls harder and harder as the June pick nears until finally eight or nine days before the draft, the maelstrom touches down in

DeMacio's warehouse office. On the wall will be an endless list of names. If the scouts have all done their jobs then stats and reports can be matched with the names and a pattern will emerge.

"We meet and discuss, meet and discuss, and start putting the board in order. It's a lot of information gathering. Then you pick 'em and hope. It's not an exact science. If three or four guys make it to the Big Leagues, that's good."

Last year's draft, DeMacio's first as the Orioles sage, was unprecedented. The Birds had seven picks in the first 50 and signed those players to more than \$8 million worth of contracts.

"This is a big business. You line 'em up and let's pick 'em. It's a great challenge, like putting together a great football team," DeMacio said in comparing his two drastically different careers.

Even after the pressure cooker of the draft is off, the work load remains heavy. "It's never ending. You get done drafting and you have to deal with the agents and that's not a lot of fun. When I was first starting in this business I was told, 'Sign 'em and forget about 'em' cause that's what they'll do for you. And that's about right with most of them. It's a business," he explained.

Then, of course, he's got to keep

an eye on spring training and start watching the farm leagues to evaluate what's in his own system. That's where being at Baltimore has an advantage because the minor league teams are relatively close.

Toughest job in baseball? Without a doubt. Any rewards? You betcha.

"It's been a lot of fun. I have seen a lot of places and met a lot of great people because of baseball. You get down in the bayous of Louisiana and Mississippi and out in Kansas and Oklahoma and you realize what a big country this is. I can't put a dollar value on the places I've seen and the people I've met."

There are some drawbacks as well and they stem from both of his careers. "It's hard for me to be a fan. I still can't watch a football game without trying to dissect it and it is hard to watch baseball for the pleasure of the game. And I do miss Friday night football. This is the 17th year I've been doing this and it seems like yesterday that I was at Riverheads. The Riverheads community will always be special to me," he said.

He's just one man from Pittsburgh who says with conviction, "I really believe we have to have challenges in life." So he takes up the challenge and spends seventeen years coaching high school sports, mostly at Riverheads. Then it's half time and he goes into the locker room only to emerge with a whole new game plan. He spends the next 17 years as a baseball scout. Two brilliantly played halves, each unique. He has met the challenge. Good game, Coach D. —



"Coach D," (center) in 1975 with fellow Riverheads High School baseball coaches Arnold Doyle, left, and Steve Yancey. DeMacio coached football and baseball at RHS for 12 years in the 1970s and 1980s.

Photo RHS yearbook

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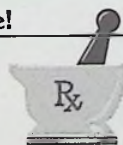
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Time to
renew?
See
page 2



Notes from the road

In this issue, *Augusta Country* writer Nancy Sorrells continues her report on a recent visit to the British Isles, this time taking us to Scotland. And, believe it or not, *Augusta Country* had not one, but two staff writers on foreign assignment this past summer. Roberta Hamlin joined Nancy in Scotland and gives us a culinary tour of the country in this issue. Another bipedal adventure by contributing writer Madison Brown takes us to the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Scotland and The Big Three — Mary, Robert and William

By NANCY SORRELLS

SCOTLAND — With half of our birthday adventure already gone, we decided to again take the party on the road to another country, and even invite a new guest. Not wanting to ruin the sense of adventure with too much planning, we had only worked out the logistics of getting to and around Scotland a week before our departure from the States, and all by Internet. So close was the timing, that our tickets had to be mailed to Kate's house in Northern Ireland rather than to America.

Also at the last minute, we added another little twist to the story. Upon learning that fellow *Augusta Country* writer Roberta Hamlin, was going to be pitching her tent in England for three weeks, we invited her to the party. The catch was that she had to figure out the Brit-

ish train and bus schedule in order to get to the Edinburgh airport and we had to arrive on the correct flight from Dublin through a booking that had been made, rather optimistically, over the Internet.

Because none of us had been to Scotland, we obviously had laid plans with as many loose ends as a bowl full of spaghetti. We figured it would all come together if it was meant for these three intrepid explorers to join forces and if not then que sera sera. Obviously fate was with us because Roberta was sitting in the airport waiting when we walked through the airport doors. We picked up our luggage and a new rental car before zooming off to the Scottish Borders.

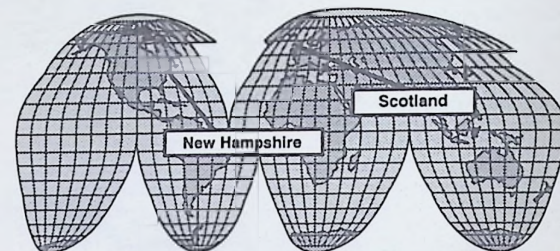
The Border Country is just that — the land along the border between England and Scotland. It has been the scene of renegades and

raiders for centuries. It is also a place with perhaps a bit of magic as you listen to the Scottish accents of the people strolling along the River Tweed and tread the well-worn stone stairs in the castles and towers of the countryside.

Although Sarah and I had already seen our share of castles in Ireland (five), we stepped up the castle cruising once we met Roberta. The first place we visited after getting our sealegs was a castle, while later on in the week we did two castles in one day.

With no set plans, we found ourselves in the quaint town of Peebles perched on the banks of the River Tweed. The day was sunny and mild and we decided to walk alongside the dark waters of the Tweed in search of Neidpath Castle. Within a mile we were rewarded with the sight of the cavernous castle on the bluff. Our self-guided tour taught us much about the structure including the fact that the oldest part was built sometime after 1350 by the Hay family. The inhabitants of the castle held a number of fairybook sounding titles, like "Lord Hay of Yester" and the "Earl of Tweeddale."

Living in a castle was less than romantic, however, with its dark and gloomy interior. The views from the exterior walks along the walls did more than make up for



the dank existence inside. The medieval defensive purpose of the castle was obvious as we looked down upon the Tweed's bends on one side and glimpsed Peebles' rooftops from the other.

Obviously the worst place to have wound up in Neidpath was in the pit prison, a chamber underneath the guard room. The walls of the unlit, unheated prison are 11 feet thick and there are no doors, only a trapdoor in the ceiling through which water, food, and prisoners could be dropped.

One visitor to the castle who stayed in a much finer location within the walls was Mary Queen of Scots who dropped by in 1563. Americans who would like to see Neidpath should rent the movie Robert the Bruce because this castle was the location for much of that movie.

Because it was our first day in Scotland, and we were still novice tourists, we were quite impressed about the Mary Queen of Scots and

Robert the Bruce connections. Soon we learned, however, that no place that's any place in Scotland can open its doors and expect paying visitors unless it is connected to at least one of the BIG THREE: Mary Queen of Scots, Robert the Bruce, or William Wallace. One connection is good, two is better, and three is optimum.

The next day we headed further south, stopping first for a hike (overlooking a castle) and then at a tweed factory to buy clan plaids associated with particular families in our ancestry. Every Scottish clan, be it Campbell, Hamilton, or Ross, had a different color and weave of plaid that was incorporated into the material of the men's kilts. There are literally hundreds of clans and their associated kilts. I was looking for Ferguson plaid for me and Ross plaid for a friend and I successfully purchased both.

Next stop was Jedburgh where we dosed up on another castle (only

See *CLANS*, page 10



Neidpath Castle is located on a bluff along the River Tweed. The oldest part of the castle was built sometime after 1350 by the Hay family.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

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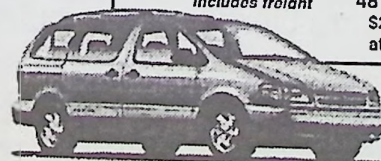
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Gastronomic adventures in the British Isles

By ROBERTA HAMLIN

...and across the border into Scotland...

Nancy, Sarah and I met at the Edinburgh airport, picked up the little car they had already arranged for, and headed south toward the town of Peebles, a very ancient town in the Scottish Borders area. The eating schedule we set for ourselves was: a good Scottish breakfast, snacks for lunch, and then a good dinner. Once in Peebles, we explored the Niedpath Castle ruins located along the River Tweed, an ancient tower, and much of the town.

After all of our hiking, we were indeed hungry and headed off to the Cross Keys Inn in search of both a ghost reported in residence and dinner. The ghost, that of the young daughter of one of the early owners, fell in love with the son of the Laird of Tushilaw, whom the father felt was not good enough for her. He was sent away and she died of a broken heart. Her ghost is said still to be at the inn, mostly in Room 5. She did not grace us with her company that evening, but we certainly were not disappointed with the food.

We all tried different dishes, liked them so much that after spending a second night in Peebles, we returned for a second evening's meal at the Cross Keys. The ghost still did not appear, but again the food was

wonderful. On those two evenings, we tried lamb dishes; we tried poached Scottish salmon. We tried almost every desert on the menu. One dessert especially intrigued me the first night — the Lavender Creme Brulee. Nothing could have stopped me from ordering it! It was so good that we asked our vivacious young waitress if she thought there was any chance the chef might part with the recipe. She told us that she would ask him, but did not reappear with it before we left. The next evening when we returned, however, we were told that he had written it out for us. He came out of the kitchen with the instructions for this wonderful custard and gave it to us with a big smile. Here it is:

Lavender Creme Brulee,

The Cross Keys

INGREDIENTS:

500 ml. cream (about 2 cups)
200 ml. milk (about 3/4 cup)
1 vanilla pod
100 g. sugar (about 4 oz. or 1/4 lb.)
120 g. egg yolks (6)
A handful of fresh lavender

Method: Boil milk, cream and vanilla. Mix eggs and sugar, then add milk mixture. Return to gentle heat and cook slightly. Add

lavender, allow to infuse to taste, and pass through a fine sieve. Bake in a Bain-marie at 250 degrees for 45 minutes. Allow to cool.

It would be hard for us to choose a favorite meal, but among the ones we remembered the most from our visit to Peebles were:

Yorkshire Pudding

INGREDIENTS:

4 oz. (1 cup) flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/2 Imperial pint of milk and water mixed (just a little more than one cup)
2 tablespoon beef drippings from the roasting pan

Mix together the flour and salt and place in a large bowl. Make a well in the center into which you add the eggs. With a wooden spoon or electric mixer, beat the eggs and gradually add the milk and water mixture. As you beat the batter, incorporate a little of the flour at a time. Beat until the batter is smooth and leave it to stand in the refrigerator for about an hour. (A much faster way to prepare the pudding is to combine the flour, salt, eggs and milk in a blender and blend for about a minute, scraping down the sides of the container as you go. Refrigerate as above.) Remove the roast beef from the oven and keep warm. Increase oven temperature to 425 degrees.

Place the beef drippings in a roasting pan (about 11" x 7", or 9" round) and place the pan in the oven until the drippings are very hot. Remove and pour the batter into the pan. Return to the oven and cook for approximately 25 minutes until risen, golden brown and crisp. (Some recipes call for the pudding to be baked at a slightly lower temperature: 400 degrees for 15 minutes, then 375 degrees for another 15 minutes.) It should be light, crisp and just slightly soft in the middle. The pudding is then cut into the desired size pieces and served with roast beef and gravy.

Nancy's Yorkshire Pudding that first evening was a wonderful full-size round pudding filled in the center with beef, gravy and vegetables. Her excitement at the sight of it was uncontrollable.

And no gastronomic experience in Scotland would be complete without a meal of Haggis, a rich meat pudding, made of the sheep's organ meats and lean mutton, oatmeal, suet, and herbs and cooked in a sheep's stomach. In prehistory, before the advent of pottery and bronze, there was one cooking container used very widely: the animal stomach. Even as other cooking utensils became available, people still used the



Roberta Hamlin dines on a meal of traditional Haggis during her trip to Scotland. The dish is cooked inside of a sheep's stomach and includes mutton, sheep lungs, liver and heart.

stomach bags as containers for some of their dishes — dishes that were not very far removed from our modern casseroles.

A Traditional Haggis

INGREDIENTS:

1 sheep's stomach
1 lb. lean mutton
Lights (lungs) of a sheep
Liver and heart of a sheep
4 onions
2 cups oatmeal (toasted)
1/4 lb. suet

Herbs — sage and parsley are traditional
Salt and pepper

Wash the stomach bag in salted water and set aside. Boil the lungs, liver and heart for 1 1/2 hours. Allow to cool, then remove skin, gristle and other inedible parts. Grind the mutton, organ meats, suet and onions. Add this to the oatmeal and season with the herbs and a little salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly, adding enough stock to make the pudding a soft consistency. Fill a stomach bag about 1/2 full with the mix, leaving room for expansion. Sew up bag and prick all over with a skewer. Tie in a clean cloth and place in a pot of boiling water. Boil for three to four hours, pricking occasionally to prevent bag from bursting.

Serve hot with mashed potatoes and mashed turnips. (The stomach

See HAGGIS, page 10

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•Clans

Continued from page 8

so-so because it had no associations with any of the Big Three) and explored the wonderful ruins of an abbey that was established here in 1138. Although there is no connection to any of the three "you know whos" at the abbey, virtually the entire evolution of Christianity in the region can be interpreted from the massive stone ruins. The stonecarving craftsmanship alone makes the entrance fee worthwhile.

However, you might have guessed that we did not travel all the way to Jedburgh just for a castle and the finest abbey remains in the country. Oh no, we also visited the Mary Queen of Scots House. A little bit of background on Mary might be useful. Mary Stewart was born in 1542. When she was just nine days old her father died and she became ruler of Scotland. She was crowned in September 1543. When she was five, she was sent away to live in France where she grew up in the French court and grew to love Catholicism. At 15 she married the French heir and was, briefly, Queen of France. However, her husband died and she returned to Scotland in 1561. She was said



Mary Queen of Scots house in Jedburgh in which she never lived except for four weeks in 1566 while she was deathly ill. Owners of the house have capitalized on the "Mary connection" to tell the story of the fallen queen.

Photos by Nancy Sene's

to have been tall (about 6 feet) and beautiful and for about five years was much loved by her people.

In 1565, Mary was wed to Lord Darnley and in 1566 bore her only

child, James, who was to become King of England. Her husband proved to be a jealous rogue who was murdered in 1567. The plot around Mary soon thickened

when, that same year, she took a third husband, the Earl of Bothwell. Not only was Bothwell a divorced Protestant, but he was accused of killing Darnley!

Things spun out of control for Mary and her third marriage caused rebellion among the Scottish nobility. She was forced to abdicate in favor of her infant son, James, who was crowned King of Scotland in 1567. Not only was Mary forced to relinquish the crown, but she was imprisoned for suspected treachery, adultery, and refusal to turn her back on her Catholic faith. After being imprisoned in a castle for a year, she escaped and fled from Scotland to England where she threw herself on the mercy of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

She lived for another 19 years as Elizabeth's prisoner although the Queen always refused to speak to her. In 1587 some of Mary's letters revealed her apparent participation in an assassination plot against the British Queen. Queen Elizabeth reluctantly ordered Mary's head to be lopped off. Mary has become an enigma, a ruler both loved and hated, portrayed as a victim and a villain. Whatever she was, her hold over Scotland is firmly fixed.

The house that we visited was never lived in by Mary — in fact the only time she spent in it was four weeks in 1566 while she was deathly ill. Mary was still basking in her popularity in 1566 when she came to Jedburgh in order to preside over a circuit court. An arduous overland trip to speak to one of the court justices made her violently sick and she lodged at the house to recover. Years later, having fallen from power and been sullied with scandal, Mary said, "Would that I had died in Jedburgh." As it is, the owners of the house where she was sick for a month have capitalized on the Mary connection to tell the story of the fallen queen and to display a variety of bizarre artifacts including a replica of a death mask taken

from Mary's chopped off head, and a shoe so tiny that it could not have been worn by a 6-foot tall woman.

Although we wanted to linger longer in the Borders, we felt pushed to see more of the countryside. We headed north and crossed the Firth of Forth (the bay on which Edinburgh is located). Our first stop was Lochleven Castle, perched on an island in the middle of a loch. We were escorted out to the island via a motorboat driven by a woman and accompanied by her sheepdog, Megan.

We were the only visitors on the island and as we explored the castle we learned that we had hit the jackpot. This castle was associated with ALL of the big three. William Wallace captured and subsequently slaughtered some Englishmen on the island before 1305 and Robert the Bruce stayed here in 1313 and again in 1323. Two centuries later, Mary Queen of Scots visited frequently to participate in her favorite sport of hawking and then was imprisoned here for nearly a year starting in 1567. While a prisoner she miscarried a set of twins, walked the castle grounds, and did needlework. With the help of the boatkeeper, she escaped in 1568 and fled the country, never to return.

After returning to the mainland, we drove on to St. Andrew's, the headquarters of the medieval church in Scotland and the birthplace of the game of golf. We looked out over the inhospitable, barren course, known as the Old Course, and wondered why anybody would want to hit a golf ball into the wind and the sand here along the ocean. And yet, the birthplace of golf is so popular that only golfers with a low enough handi-

See SCOTLAND, page 14



•Haggis

Continued from page 9

bag is not meant to be eaten, even if you might be tempted.)

Today a Haggis is most often cooked in a standard sausage casing.

From Peebles we headed north to St. Andrews and from there on into the highlands. We stopped at ancient ruins and museums, bought snacks at Safeway stores, drove as fast as possible past the many Burger Kings and McDonalds and stayed in some wonderful bed and breakfasts.

We ordered, out of curiosity's sake only, some of the liquid re-

freshments available. Nancy's favorite was something called "IronBru" which she said tasted a lot like a dream-suckle. Sarah and I were more curious about the ales and Scottish whiskies. We only sniffed them and swished them around in our mouths just to get an idea how they might taste. But as good temperate Valley girls we did not swallow any of it, of course! We had a lot of very good food in little pubs we sometimes had trouble finding, but none as memorable as those two evenings at the Cross Keys Inn in Peebles.

As our vacation days began to fade away, my traveling companions headed north to visit the Shetland Islands, and I went west

into Argyle to the port of Oban and the ancient area around Kilmartin. One last magnificent food memory awaited me there. I had heard of wonderful salmon sandwiches served in the north of Ireland, and, since this part of the western Scottish coast had been settled mainly by the Irish, I discovered at the harbor in Oban a little food stand selling those sandwiches. It is a very simple sandwich: wheat bread filled to overflowing with smoked salmon that has been flaked and is held together with just the tiniest bit of mayonnaise. What could be more wonderful than standing by the sea, looking westward toward home and enjoying such a wonderful treat? —

Lochleven Castle (pictured in photo at left) is perched on an island in the middle of a loch. This castle was associated with each of Scotland's big three — Mary, Robert and William. In the photo at right, globetrotters Sarah Tuck of Maryland and Roberta Hamlin of Middlebrook stand in an archway at the castle looking out on the loch.



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Hut-to-Hut is the way to go

By MADISON BROWN

When my friend from Northern Ireland heads for two weeks in the Pyrenees he doesn't take a tent or a sleeping bag. All he takes are the clothes he'll need. When my son and his wife head for a week in the Alps, they don't take any food, dishes, fuel or stove. All they take are their clothes and skis.

How do they do it? They go hut-to-hut. They stay in huts where they get shelter, bedding and two prepared, hot meals.

Jealous, I headed off for the nearest hut-to-hut opportunity: the Presidential Range in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the huts of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

I ate dinner in the communal dining room with the other 50-some guests: soup, salad, fresh baked bread, entree and two vegetables, and dessert — all delicious and all you wanted to eat. I sat in the middle of one of the long tables and got to know those within conversational reach. We all exchanged names, immediate plans, hiking backgrounds, and whatever in true hobbyist fashion as if we were at any kind of shelter on any trail.

Programs are one of the AMC's trademarks. The feature at Pinkham that night was a wild 1930s AMC spoof movie of a German visitor's ascent of Mt. Washington in the dead of winter. Behind all the hijinx, pratfalls and other foolishments was the stern message that

ties. The largest of these is Bigelow Lawn, a flat triangle with sides about a third of a mile in length.

Mid-June is the peak for the alpine flowers. In late August I counted only a dozen of the 75 species listed in my beginner's field guide. Except for an abundance of alpine goldenrod and the mountain sandwort, I found only one or two examples of other flowers which looked mighty courageous but out of place so late in the year.

Mt. Washington warns of the worst weather in the world: cloud cover 75 percent of the time, average summer high temperature of 52 degrees, average wind speeds of 26 mph with gusts of over 100 mph once a month. The first sign on the ridge advises the hiker to turn back if the weather is bad. I ate my Pinkham trail lunch in the sun of a clear 65-degree, windless day — weather I enjoyed my whole visit.

I meandered the Bigelow Lawn before heading to Lakes of the Clouds Hut — built in 1915 and enlarged to a capacity of 90 since — the largest, highest, and most popular AMC hut. Tuesday's menu is beef, soup, salad and baked bread, chili, vegetables, and dessert. The "Croo" presented a Star Wars take-off for the program to the 45 guests. We slept in coed triple-decker bunk rooms without waste paper baskets; each of the 18 bunks was supplied with a pillow and three blankets. Almost just like Pinkham.

After a served hearty breakfast, I set off for the Mt. Washington summit. Most of the White Mountains lie in the White Mountain National Forest. The summit of Mt. Washington does not; it is a New Hampshire State Park. Little did I anticipate the vest-pocket city I was about to enter. The TV antennae are immediately visible from almost every aspect, the buildings less so: the stone Summit House museum, the termini of the stage (van) service and the cog railway, the two buildings housing the TV equipment and the quarters for their two maintenance staff, the parking lot for the auto toll road and the Sherman Adams Building which contains the post office, all kinds of vending machines, the gift shop, the snack bar, the pack room for hikers, the public toilets, the information desk for the state park, and the Mt. Washington Observatory. That is a lot for even a hut-to-hut traveler.

I did manage to tear myself free



Madison Brown stands outside Lakes of the Clouds Hut, built in 1915 and enlarged to a capacity of 90 since then. It is the largest, highest, and most popular of the Appalachian Mountain Club huts.

of the summit civilization and hike rock hopping north along the ridge to Madison Spring Hut built in 1888, demolished, rebuilt, twice burned and rebuilt larger with a present capacity of 50. Wednesday's menu is vegetarian with all the usual courses; the Croo skit was a take-off on the Dating Game. Madison bunks are four high distributed in two rooms. The evening program was a half-hour walk with the AMC Naturalist, who talked about the dense high-altitude "forest" — the dwarfed, twisted balsam fir and black spruce called "krummholz" (crooked wood). Almost just like lakes (only cozier).

After another hearty served breakfast, I was off to the summit of my next Virginia president — Mt. Madison, the northernmost peak of the Presidential Range, then a courtesy visit to three of the Adams summits: Mt. (John) Adams, Adams 4, and Sam Adams. Instead of summiting John Quincy Adams, I descended a section of the Air Line

Trail called the Knife-edge from which I could look down to the right into a V-shaped valley formed by erosion and to the left into a U-shaped ravine with its steep headwall formed by glaciation.

My second night in Madison Spring Hut was as pleasant as the first. Thursday's menu is turkey. The Croo's skit was a spoof of Indiana Jones, the Naturalist's program was on the raven.

The next day on my return south I summited Mt. Jefferson, crossed the Monticello Lawn on its southern slope, went out of my way to summit Mt. Clay (Virginia born Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives Henry Clay supported J.Q. Adams rather than Andrew Jackson in the House vote and thus was crucial in the election of the younger Adams as sixth president), and after reaching Lakes Hut took time to hike up Mt. Monroe, the last of the Virginia president peaks.

Friday's menu is vegetarian See HUTS, page 19



Mt. Washington warns of the worst weather in the world: cloud cover 75 percent of the time, average summer high temperature of 52 degrees, average winds speed of 26 mph with gusts of over 100 mph once a month.

Photos by Madison Brown

Base camp was AMC's Pinkham Notch Visitor Center and lodge at the base of the Presidential Range. My sleeping accommodations were a double decker bunk-bedroom in the Joe Dodge Lodge (linens and towel included). Where was the wastepaper basket in the room? There was none — just a framed "Pack it in, pack it out" sign on the wall.

Mt. Washington was a windswept, cold, forbidding place to be approached with respect.

Breakfast was a diverse, tasty buffet served from 6:30 a.m. with the same seating and company options as dinner. For an extra fee I got a bag "trail lunch." Was Pinkham too good to be true? What were the huts up on the high ridge going to be like?

I deposited all my extra gear in the car and packed my clothes and luncheons in my day pack and off I went. Above treeline the terrain is mostly "felsenmeer," literally a sea of jagged rocks, with occasional patches of alpine plant communi-

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Madison Brown stands atop Mt. Adams. Mt. Madison, the northernmost peak of the Presidential Range, can be seen in the background.

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You know you want to.

The life and times of Ringo U. Sheep

Down on the farm we're thinking about the life and times of Ringo U. Sheep.

Ringo was a ewe who thought she was a dog. The fault of her confused identity was mine.

Ringo had been born in early July, the product of ill-timed sheep management practices. My father had left the ram with the ewes too long that year creating a second half-crop of lambs in the summer. From his viewpoint, he was getting additional lambs out of the same ewes which had lambed earlier that year. From my viewpoint, it was poor management and the arrival of Ringo and her twin brother proved my point.

Working in the garden one afternoon, I heard a strange noise in the pasture just on the other side of a bluff in the field which lies beyond my garden. It was the wrong time of year to be hearing what I thought I was hearing. Curiosity finally got the better of me and I decided to check it out.

I walked up over the hill past a cluster of locust trees which grow cockeyed among an outcropping of rocks. Sheep were grazing down the hill just below. I saw what I feared I would see — a ewe with newborn lambs. Ordinarily I would have left them alone, but looking and listening to the lambs, I knew they weren't ordinary.

The lambs were small. Probably the smallest I had ever seen alive and their tinny little bleats told me they were hungry. I looked at the ewe and saw she had a bag which was producing very little milk. Enough for one lamb, maybe, but not two. My conscience would not

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO
HAMILTON



let me leave without intervening so I scooped up one of the lambs and headed back to the house leaving the ewe with the responsibility of the one I left behind.

The ewe lamb I carried back to the house was mostly white with brown rings around her eyes — thus the name "Ringo." She was hardly bigger than a six-month-old kitten and, I guessed, weighed no more than a couple pounds. My golden retriever, Maudie, consented to let me use her dog house for the lamb and I fashioned a small pen in one corner of the yard. Summer was now complicated by twice daily bottle feedings of a baby lamb.

During the regular lambing season, orphan lambs raised on the bottle are kept with the flock. Although there is no ewe there which will claim it, an orphan lamb fares better with the other sheep. In addition to the bottle of milk I carry to the barn twice each day, an orphan lamb will also probably steal a little milk from a ewe preoccupied while munching on some hay. The lamb will also become properly socialized into the flock and

not develop an unnatural attachment to humans.

Because the ewes are turned out to summer pasture in early May, it would not be possible to keep Ringo with the flock. I did not have time to scour the 150-acres of pastureland on our main farm twice a day with a bottle of milk for a lamb. Ringo grew up in my yard.

Any time I came or went, she would bleat madly regardless of the time of day. She served as an alarm clock that summer, her plaintive "ba-a-a-s" beseeched me to arise and produce her bottle each morning. By early fall she was big enough to wean and I moved her into the garden after its summer's production came to a halt. Ringo's perception of herself as a dog came from the daily frolics she and Maudie enjoyed at the garden fence. Normally playful creatures, baby lambs will run and jump their way across a field in groups of 10 and 20. Since she had no peers of her own species, Ringo's playmate became Maudie. Although well past the puppy stage, Maudie would never pass up the opportu-

nity for a lively game of nose tag along the garden fence.

The two animals would race up and down the fence, Maudie outside and Ringo inside the garden. They would suddenly halt and stick noses through the fence, touching Eskimo-style and then commence racing again. When I would let her out of the garden, Ringo would follow me up on the back stoop and insist on a handful of Maudie's daily ration of dog food. If I left Ringo loose in the yard, I knew the pounding I would later hear at the back screen door would be Ringo. I would find her there banging her foot against the door demanding my attention. When we moved the

ewes into the barn the following winter, I knew it was time to return Ringo to her own.

The first day the ewes were in the front meadow, I put Ringo with them. All that day she paced the fence in front of my house not paying any attention to her own kind. She bleated most of the day and when I no longer noticed the racket, I looked out to check on her. Having found a way out of the meadow, Ringo was back in the yard with her contentment restored. I could see extreme measures would be necessary to solve this problem.

If Ringo only got a close-up view of her own kind, I reasoned, she would be more apt to stay with them. That night I shut the ewes up in a shed and put Ringo there with them. As we walked away from the barn that evening, my father and I heard a steady "boom, boom" against the shed's sliding aluminum covered door.

"What's that racket?" my father asked.

"I guess it's Ringo. I shut her up in there with the other ewes." The continued banging prompted my father, familiar with Ringo's ways and wiles, to say: "Well, she'll kill herself trying to get out of there."

I knew he was right, returned to the shed to release her and she followed me up the lane to her back yard.

Determined that she find a place for herself in our flock of sheep, I put Ringo with the ewes each day. Slowly the bonds she felt for me, Maudie and the back-yard weakened. By spring, she consented to go out to pasture and stay with the rest of the flock.

The next lambing season I kept a close eye on Ringo. It was obvious she had been bred as I hoped she would be and, since it would be her first lamb, I knew she might need help with the delivery. But on Groundhog's Day that February, I

found Ringo standing with a healthy baby lamb, promptly dubbed "Bingo," by her side. Both mother and lamb were fine. The birth of the lamb caused Ringo to withdraw from me more, her concern now was with her offspring.

A couple weeks later a knock called me to the back door. I saw no one through the door's window as I approached and thought perhaps my mind was playing tricks on me. Opening the door I found Ringo waiting there, baby lamb in tow and standing nose-to-nose with Maudie.

Neither did Ringo disappoint me the next lambing season. The first of February came again and so did another healthy baby lamb. A ram,



Ringo was photographed for a number of *Down on the Farm* columns. The picture above accompanied a Feb. 7, 1994 column titled, *Lambing season: The ovine drama unfolds*.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

I decided to save the lamb for my uncle who needed a new buck for his ewes. Judging on Ringo's performance as a mother the previous year, I knew her lamb would grow to be one of the best and biggest of the new lambs. Ringo repeated her trick of the previous year, finding a hole in the meadow fence and bringing her lamb to the yard for a visit with Maudie and me.

Lambs are small and can easily wriggle through little gaps in or under wire fences. It isn't unusual to come in the lane and find several lambs nibbling at new growth of grass along the edge of the road.

It was early April and I was planning a trip out of town. I was on the telephone making plans for the trip when I heard the familiar sound of the cattle truck coming in the lane. A few minutes later, my back doorbell rang. I was still on the phone and knew Daddy was ringing the doorbell to summon my assistance with some chore. I did not rush to finish my phone conversation and when the doorbell rang again a few minutes later, I grew impatient with my father's lack of patience. End-

See *RINGO*, page 13



Ringo had her moment in the spotlight in 1993 when movie scouts came to Augusta County searching for a location to film the

movie "*Lassie*." Ringo and her flockmates auditioned for the ovine roles being cast for the film.

Photo by Leo Ann Heizer

•Ringo

Continued from page 12

ing the phone conversation abruptly, I went to the back door.

"I am on the phone," I curtly said to my father who was standing there. "What is it?"

"Come see 'bout this lamb," he said.

"What's wrong?"

"I hit him with the truck. He's been lyin' there for 20 minutes now. There's prob'ly nothin' you can do for him."

I slipped on my boots, grabbed my coat and was out the door on my father's heels. The cattle truck was still sitting at my front gate, headed back out the lane. As was his usual habit, my father had driven in the lane, pulled up on the small incline in front of my yard fence and let the truck drift backward. In this way he turned the truck around so he could back down the lane to the loading chute at the barn. It is a maneuver which took him — after years' of practice — only a matter of seconds and had become second nature. He had not seen the lamb at the truck's rear wheels when he let the truck drift back off the incline.

Had I been there the instant it happened, there would have been nothing I could have done. The lamb, which I immediately recognized as Ringo's, lay there along the edge of the driveway. Still breathing, its side was split open and entrails spilled out into the dirt.

My father does not hunt. My mother had purchased a shotgun several years earlier when she awoke one night to find prowlers standing in our front yard. Rather than watching the lamb suffer, there was only one thing to be done. I went and got the gun from my mother, placed a shell in the chamber, held the end of the barrel to the lamb's temple, cocked the gun and slowly pulled the trigger. The thud and reverberation in the ground sickened me. The end of the



A young farm tour participant visits with Ringo in Sept. 1994. Her status as "tame" and "pet" made her a popular attraction on every farm tour.

Photo by Lee Ann Heizer

lamb's suffering was the beginning of mine. It is on days like this one that I know my belief in a loving and compassionate God is the only thing which preserves me. But at that moment and regardless of God's compassion, I found myself in the middle of one of the 10 most misery-wracked days of my life.

Managing to stifle nausea, I loaded the dead lamb on the pickup and took it out to a far corner of the pasture where we dispose of dead animals. That evening when I fed the ewes, I could not make myself look at Ringo. However there was nothing to block out the familiar bleating as she roamed through the flock looking for her lamb.

Someone asked me once if I believe animals go to heaven. Yes, I said, it being something to which I have given lengthy consideration.

God put animals on Earth before humans. (Maybe he should have left it that way.) He made sure animals survived the Great Flood. Animals were the first living beings to see the infant Savior, having witnessed his birth in a stable. Yes, animals go to heaven to be with their heavenly caretaker. I take solace in believing God will shelter them when the animals' earthly caretakers fail completely.

It was summer again and another garden needed tending. Weeds were growing their way in among beans and corn. I was bent to the task of pulling the undesirable vegetation from the rows of desirable vegetables when I heard an unmistakable bleat coming from the direction of the bluff above the garden. I didn't have to look up to know who I would see standing there. Ringo was beckoning me and I straightened up to see her watching me at work in the garden. She was alone. There wasn't another sheep in sight. I left my chore and went into the house. When I returned with a rattling pan of dry dog food, Ringo walked quickly to the garden fence. I extended a handful of the nuggets through the fence to her and she gobbled them up. Ringo had come back to me.

While the life and times of Ringo U. Sheep weren't exactly the makings of a Horatio Alger novel, certain aspects of Ringo's life did fall into the triumph-over-tragedy, rags-to-riches genre -- for a sheep anyway.

Over her lifetime, Ringo went on to produce numerous ewe lambs which were kept in the flock as replacements. To look at Ringo — with her short legs and small body build — some might consider her or her offspring less than a valu-

able addition to the flock gene pool. However, this turned out to be quite the contrary from the performance of her many offspring. All have exhibited excellent maternal and reproductive qualities. Which says a lot for a tiny little lamb that nearly didn't get any start at all on the side of a hill below a bluff in the middle of July.

Another distinguishing characteristic of Ringo was her tail — that she had one, that is. The normal practice on the farm is that lambs' tails are docked or cut off short just beyond the base of their spines when they are lambs. This is done mostly for hygienic purposes and



Ringo's last appearance in Augusta County was in the January 1996 issue.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

because market lamb buyers aren't interested in paying for the waste which goes along with lambs' tails. But because Ringo had been born in July, her tail had not been docked when she was a youngster. Summer's heat and humidity

doesn't make for ideal conditions for docking lambs' tails.

So every year when it came time for shearing, there was Ringo with her long tail which made the shearers have to take that little extra time to shear out her tail. They never complained — much. It just meant someone had to be standing nearby to say, "Watch out for her tail," once the shearing had begun to make sure the shearer didn't "accidentally" make a swipe in the wrong direction.

After she had been with the flock for a number of years, Ringo became appropriately socialized with her flockmates. Her eventual preference was to stay with the flock rather than come back to the yard. She seemed to grasp the notion of her ovine existence and lost all connection to her early "canine" upbringing with the exception of her taste for dry dog food. Which is why she made an excellent stop on any farm tour. A rattling pan of dog food was enough to bring Ringo front and center for all to adore and admire.

Due to her status as "tame" and "pet" among the flock, Ringo became a sort of cultural icon down on the farm. Whenever visitors came to the farm for a look around, no farm tour was complete without a trip out to the pasture for a visit with Ringo. And, in fact, she even had a few moments in the spotlight when, in the summer of 1993, movie scouts came to the area looking for a location to film the movie "Lassie."

For two days that summer, Ringo was nearly famous. She nearly made it to the big time. Hollywood filmmakers came to Virginia that summer to scout locations for the making of an upcoming "Lassie" movie and Augusta County had been selected as a potential location. The local tourism guru brought the movie scouts out to see the farm and, because the "Lassie" movie was to feature sheep to a certain extent, Ringo and her flockmates auditioned for the parts. As it turned out, however, the director of the movie chose a location in Tazewell County for filming. But being nearly famous, even for only two days, was quite an achievement for a tiny little lamb that almost didn't get a start on the side of hill near a bluff in the middle of July.

Ringo never got to put her hoof prints in cement outside of Grumman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. No one ever said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Ringo has left the building," to throngs of her adoring fans. But she still had a few moments in the sun via this column and Augusta County. She was pictured in the premiere issue of *Augusta Country* in October 1994. Her most recent appearance came in the January 1996 issue. She also had been photographed for a number of other *Down on the Farm* columns.

See *FARM*, page 19

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•Scotland

Continued from page 10
cap are allowed to enter a lottery in order to have a possibility of playing here. The golf shop which sells the official St. Andrew's memorabilia is less restrictive—anybody with the \$75 to buy a polo shirt is allowed the opportunity.

St. Andrew's is a beautiful medieval city, known not only for its golf course, but also for St. Andrew's University, the oldest in Scotland. And, there is a cathedral and a castle. Of course, we toured the castle, where the archbishops lived (and were murdered). The castle still has one of the most infamous prisons in Scotland—the bottle dungeon. The guidebook describes it as "a dank and airless pit cut out of solid rock." Presbyterian John Knox wrote that "many of God's Children were imprisoned here."

When we left St. Andrew's, we turned our backs to the sea and traveled west toward the Scottish Highlands and the land of the famous lochs. Here we chanced upon two very good bed and breakfast establishments—one in a converted Presbyterian church! Anyway, both hostesses gave us good directions for taking off-the-beaten-path roads across the mountains and to Loch Ness. The roads meandered up through the moors where the only living beings we saw were feral sheep. Although these were public roads, we had to open and shut gates all along the way. At the top of the moors we could stand and see a 360-degree vista. The round clumps of heather were a mixture of muted greens, tans, rusts and pinks as far as the eye could see. If you stood still enough and strained through the wind you could hear the waterfalls tumbling out of the hills miles away.

We came down off the moors at the Scottish Crannog Centre, a unique place where underwater archaeologists are trying to recreate ancient Scottish loch dwellings. From underwater excavations done on the loch beds, it is known that as early as 5,000 years ago the people of Scotland were building island-like homes on the lochs that were connected to land by narrow



Sentries would have walked these walls at Lochleven during Mary Queen of Scots imprisonment there in 1567.

Photos by Nancy Sorensen

walkways. These structures were called crannogs and were built by driving pilings into the water and then constructing a round, thatched house on the pilings.

Crannog remains can be found all over Scotland. After intensively studying the remains, both above and below the water, a team of archaeologists decided to reconstruct a crannog. As Scotland's first crannog builders in perhaps 2,000 years, these people were learning by trial and error. The result is amazing. We walked across the water to the crannog, went inside and sat on a log while we heard about the lives of the ancients. The crannog swayed gently in the water and the timbers creaked softly as the structure moved. Our eyes adjusted to the darkness, so we

looked around and learned that people from five thousand years ago had domestic animals, wove textiles, and cooked over a fire. Back on land we watched as crafts and skills such as turning wood, drilling stone, spinning, and making fire with a wooden drill were demonstrated.

Even more ancient than the crannogs, however, is the Loch Ness monster, if indeed it does exist. We drove the whole length of this dark, deep (hundreds of feet deep) loch and hiked in the surrounding forests but saw no sign of Nessie. We did find a very friendly cat who accompanied us on our hike, and whom we named Mary Queen of Scots. Finally along a canal that connected two lochs we found Nessie, or at least a gardener's version of her done up in bushes and flowers. She was a lot smaller than I would have imagined, but still very dinosaur-like.

Following a spectacular drive through Scotland's highest mountains, we wound up back in the country's mid-section. Our travel time as a trio was over. Roberta wanted to do some exploration to the south, while Sarah and I had booked the final leg of our birthday party much farther north. We dropped Roberta off at a railroad station, rather unceremoniously, and pointed ourselves toward Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is worth a trip all in

itself and we felt cheated by only getting a day to see the city. Most of our time was spent at Edinburgh Castle where the heart of Scottish Royalty beats strongly. We could have spent a week just exploring this fortress which contains at least four separate museums within its fortified walls. Scottish kings have perched on this rock since the 11th century. In the ensuing millennium, more history has probably taken place in and around Castle Rock than the rest of Scotland combined. Those earliest structures are gone, however, because Robert the Bruce (one of the Big Three) ordered them dismantled as a ploy to discourage the English.

Guess who else spent a great deal of time here? In 1566 Mary Queen of Scots was living in the inner palace and it was here that she gave birth to James, the man who would unite the Scottish and English crowns as King James I of England (the King James version of the Bible, Jamestown and the James River in Virginia... do any of these ring a bell?)

The inner sanctum of the castle holds some very special treasures, guarded in a high-security exhibit. Here we saw the Honours of Scotland, the name for the royal crown made in 1540 from the melted

down gold of the previous crown, the royal sword presented to the Scottish king in 1507, and the royal sceptre, presented to the Scottish king in 1494.

Also in this inner sanctum is The Stone of Destiny, only just returned to Scotland in 1996. The Stone of Destiny is Scotland's most powerful symbol. For 400 years, from about 900 A.D. until 1296 the stone was the seat where Scottish Kings sat to be crowned. Then, in 1296, the stone was moved to London. For 700 years British rulers used the stone in their coronation ceremonies. On St. Andrew's Day in 1996 the stone was returned to Edinburgh where it is displayed with Scotland's Honours.

The tour of the royal castle was a perfect way to draw together our Scottish visit that had been marked by castles and the famous three at every turn. Here Scotland came into focus in grand fashion and made for a perfect going away gift as we prepared to board an airplane for the final leg of our journey.

Next time: The birthday party winds down with a trip to the farthest reaches of Great Britain. We search for Muckle Flugga and explore such outlandish places as Gloup, Yell and Unst.



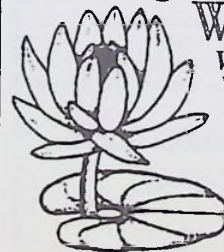
Do the dark, deep waters of Loch Ness serve as home for "Nessie," the famed giant reptile?



Five thousand years ago inhabitants of Scotland lived in crannogs, similar to the one shown in this photo. A team of archaeologists reconstructed this crannog based on evidence of the structures found above and below the water.

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Time to renew?
See page 2

Schoolhouse News

Gap students show creativity with dramatic presentations

By PENNY PLEMMONS

BUFFALO GAP — Buffalo Gap High School's acting troupe, New Voices II, and the school's Drama Club presented a theatrical performance to the community this past fall.

Topping the evening were three comedic vignettes written and performed by the Theater Arts I class and directed by the Theater Arts II class. In "Double-O-Behave," hero Austin Powers, gallantly saves Buffalo Gap High School and sweetheart Felicity from the menacing Dr. Evil.

In this convincing performance, Justin Scott-Wilborn captured the jaunty and brainless personality of the real Hollywood created-char-

acter, Austin Powers. The audience responded to this script, directed by Jaclyn Bennett, with applause and peals of laughter.

Chris Cleary, theater teacher and drama club advisor, expressed a few of his worries about this act during rehearsals. "The boys (Felicity was played by Jason Mader) had so much fun with this. They were cracking each other up and were very enthusiastic during dress rehearsal. But, during the performance they didn't break from the script. They performed beautifully."

Script writers April Kiracofe, Jessica Miller, and Sarah Plecker took the common plight of summer boredom experienced by teen girls and turned it into a funny but truth-

ful performance called, "Yeah Did It!" The act directed by Carrie Sheffer, begins with three spoiled high schoolers who have exhausted all their recreational options except camping. The plot humorously slips and slides through various problems as the novice campers discover that there is no electricity for curling irons and that no one thought about bringing a tent.

A cooperative effort by seven students spun the parody, "Genkies!" (jenk-ees). This mystery-detective plot, directed by students Jaclyn Bennett and Carrie Sheffer, borrowed ideas from the television cartoon "Scooby-Doo." The word, "genkies" when said aloud sets a magical ring in

motion which leads to a series of strange events. Through self discovery, cast members learn that responsible behavior is best.

The final presentation, "Approaching Lavendar" was a one act play written by playwright Julie Beckett Crutcher and performed by Buffalo Gap Drama Club students Amber Clements, Regina Pruitt, and Amy Walge. In this often funny but serious drama, two adult sisters deal with the emotional baggage of their father's repeated divorces and remarriage. Now on his fourth marriage the sisters learn to accept their new step-mother, Lavendar, and her daughter. Self realization causes the three sisters to conclude that they can and will be friends. These ac-

tresses received third place for this performance during the Districts One Act Play Festival with Clements receiving the best actress award and Pruitt and Walge earning honorable mention.

Cleary was pleased with the outcome of the evening. "The students were very professional on stage and off. They were focused, disciplined and worked together. Cleary added that he was "very thankful for the support of the community." ---

Special thanks goes to stage managers Chrissy Wilson and Jerry Kesterson, technical crew members, Terry Casady, Ryan Sheffer, Jerry Kesterson, Joey Hornberger, and Virginia Lammneck and teacher advisers, Mr. O'Connor, Ms. Ailer, and Ms. Sneed.

RHS students attend FCCLA Cluster meeting in Louisville

By KATHLEEN FORNADEL

"Leadership for Tomorrow" was the theme of the Louisville, Ky. Cluster meeting sponsored by the national organization of Family, Career and Community Leaders of America (FCCLA). This three-day meeting consisted of an opening session with motivational speaker Fran Kick, various workshops, musical entertainment and the closing session with another motivational speaker, Eric Chester.

The weekend started off with an eight-hour drive to Louisville. Kathleen Fornadel, Misty Blackwell, Jamie Daugherty, Stacey Bower, Jessica Roadcap, Katie Handley, Leslie Truxell and Carla Snow and the two advisers, Kathleen Buchanan and Ruena Barbre all took part in the conference.

Upon arriving in Louisville, the group took advantage of its spare time by sightseeing. The first stop

was the Louisville Science Museum. Everybody had a chance to tour the museum, interact with exhibits and go to the Imax Theater where they watched a presentation on wolves. The group headed over to the Louisville Slugger where they watched a viewing related to baseball history.

They also enjoyed the sights of downtown and the many features displayed at the Louisville Art Gallery. A trolley tour and a walk along the Ohio River also were enjoyed. The afternoon concluded with settling into the Galt House Hotel for the weekend and preparing for the planned activities.

At the general opening session, the national officers welcomed the 3,500 members and advisers from 28 states. The national officers were Zach Bull of Texas, Catherine DiGioia of New Jersey, Tyson Elder and Kristin Vogt of Minnesota, Pat Wilson of Kansas and FCCLA President Ross

McFeron of Missouri.

The students and advisers were acquainted with the "Meet and Greet" speaker, Fran Kick, who talked about being positive in life and reinforcing the leadership theme.

Teens participated in the "Teen Power" musical entertainment and motivation with Karl and Jeanne Anthony. Everybody learned the international handshake and sign language to an angel song. After the singing was over, the RHS group had a delicious meal at the Old Spaghetti Factory.

There were 11 different workshops, three different times throughout the day, where each member learned more about FCCLA or got various ideas to help improve their FCCLA organization at their schools.

The workshops included FCCLA First Steps; Leaders at Work; Member Quest 2000; Families First; Time to Care; Presenting FCCLA; F.A.C.T.S.; Japanese Exchange Program; A Positive Lifestyle for Ultimate Success; A STAR Encounter.

Sunday started off with Dynamic Leadership. The members learned new tips on leadership that help the community and chapter by spreading the word about the organization.

At the closing session Eric Chester gave a talk on "The Time of Your Life." Here the students learned to live life to its best and to be thankful for what they have in life; do not try to be someone else. He left the audience with three thoughts: attitude is everything, acceptance is the key and appreciation moves mountains. —



Delegates from Riverheads High School attending the FCCLA Cluster Meeting in Louisville, Ky., stand with president Ross McFeron, center.

Photo courtesy RHS FCCLA

Jr. Classical League draws competitors from Riverheads

GREENVILLE — Ten students and the sponsor of the Riverheads High School Latin Club attended the State Junior Classical League Convention in Richmond on Nov. 21-22. There they competed in academic contests, artistic and dramatic competitions. This is the fourth year that RHS has been represented in this event which brings together 1,600 Latin students from the public and private schools in Virginia.

The RHS delegates, six boys and four girls, won a total of 16 awards in the various fields of competition.

First place ribbons went to Rebecca Bolin in textiles for her petit point portrayal of a Roman tragic mask; Peter Karaffa in sculpture for a bust of Julius Caesar; Jackie Taetzsch for her pencil drawing of Trojan's Column; Julie Waltz

for her mask of the Roman goddess Flora; and Ryan Pirkel for his 1998 tee shirt design which has been adopted by the 1999 National JCL Convention for the convention in Tallahassee, Fla., in August 1999.

Second place awards went to Daniel Gerber for his sculpting of a relief from Augustus's Ara Pacis and to William Reichert for a papyrus map of Europe in the time of the Caesars.

Third place prizes went to Kearnst Rudd for her Latin dramatic interpretation of the Sibyl speaking to King Tarquinius and to Julie Waltz for an illuminated manuscript of a Roman quotation. Waltz also won a fourth place prize for her pencil drawing of the three graces from Botticelli's painting "Spring."

See CLASSICS, page 18

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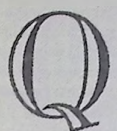
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The Hitching Post

Review checklist of expenses before deciding to buy a horse



I am an 11-year-old girl who loves horses. I cannot have a horse because my mom and dad say they can't afford it. How much does it cost?

—a friend

Some people spend a lot of money on horses. Then there are some who spend very little. The cost of a horse depends on a few things. Where do you plan to keep it?

The most expensive way to keep a horse is to look for full board. This means a stable that will take care of your horse's needs (except vetting and farrier service). You do not have to feed or worry about turn out. This kind of horse care can run anywhere from \$150 to \$400 per month depending upon the facility.

One of the least expensive ways to stable a horse is pasture board. This means someone who will allow you to keep your horse in a pasture with some type of turn out shed. If your home has a place suitable for a horse, you can keep it in your own back yard. The problem with this is you are responsible for daily care. Basically the more responsibility you are willing to accept in your horse care the less expensive it will be.

The purchase of a horse is just

the beginning of the expense. Do you have a hard hat? Saddle? Bridle? You will also need a halter and a lead rope. Brushes, grooming supplies, and other horse care products. These are part of the expense if you consider riding a part of your ownership.

Keeping the horse clean, having the proper tack and safety equipment for yourself should be a part of your checklist. These can be priced through any local tack store. Granted, bareback riding might be a great way to begin horsemanship, but sooner or later you might find a saddle an important investment! If you feel a horse might be in your future someday you might start looking for some of these basics now. Brushes, grooming tools, and even a hard hat are great things to have even if you decide to become a lesson student as an alternative to ownership.

The next expensive part of ownership is the veterinarian. This is the horse doctor. Your horse will

need regular vet care. Worming, shots, and emergency visits can all add up to BIG \$\$\$\$\$. If your horse is sound and only needs the basics in care, your cost should run around \$25 a month. This means spring and fall tube worming, shots, and the cost of the visits. All horses are required to have an annual negative Coggins test if they are to be around other horses or expect to travel anywhere.

Farrier care is important to keep your horse healthy and happy. Different breeds have different hoof types. Some are stronger than others and can get by with a trim. Trimming prevents cracking and further hoof problems. If you decide not to shoe you will still need regular trimming. Prevention is part of proper hoof and foot care. Trimming can be done every eight weeks. Farriers have different prices for their work. Shoeing can add to the expense. Some owners only shoe the front feet. This is because the horse's front feet carry most of its weight. Horses with back problems often must have their hind feet shod too. A farrier usually is scheduled to come every six to eight weeks. Plan to add \$25 to \$75 to your budget for each visit.

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



Horses are large animals and require normal physical care. I know of people who have three or four dogs that can amount to the same expense of one horse. The biggest expense of horse ownership can be the actual purchase. Finding a quality horse on a budget is every horse trader's dream. Many people in the horse business are on the lookout for good deals. This means there is some competition for a good buy. A quality horse can start at \$2,500 for a grade (unregistered) and on up to over a \$100,000 for a show horse. Less expensive horses are usually "green" or unbroken,

young, or have serious health problems. Some excellent inexpensive starter horses are older horses that have passed their prime, but still offer the backyard rider many years of enjoyment.

Perhaps one day you will make horses your hobby. Many people spend money on hobbies and horses is one of the favorites. I recommend you start with a good lesson program and learn some basics in riding first. Take it "From the Horse's Mouth," riding lessons can teach you some horsemanship skills and they will be your first investment toward ownership! —

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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Horsin' Around

Despite 'overbite,' quarter horse rises to top

By CHRIS MARRS

There's a special horse story to tell, but he's not retired or put out to pasture yet. This horse is a four-year-old registered quarter horse gelding named "In Zippos Image" who has made quite a title for himself and a local trainer in a short amount of time.

Nicknamed "Bugz" because of an overbite in his smile, this horse and his trainer Steve Meadows of Staunton broke records and received a standing ovation of 5,000 or more people at AQHA (American Quarter Horse Association) Congress this past year.

Owned by Stephanie Grogg of Mineral Wells, W.Va., "Bugz" recently was sold to Gretchen Swape of Reno, Nev. Trainer Meadows started working with this unusual horse in the middle of June. At the time he was fourth in the nation in western pleasure. Steve decided to try to win national by hauling him for high point AQHA Western Pleasure title. He showed him all over the eastern U.S. and Canada. Within one month "Bugz" was leading the nation in open and amateur western pleasure.

"He was a special horse," explains Steve. "I had what I call my 'marathon weekend.'" Starting in upstate New York on a Friday, the two won, then drove all night to show in Greencastle, Ind., on Saturday. After another win they drove all night to Philip, W.Va. on Sunday and won again. "Forty-three points in one weekend. He loved being in the spotlight and had a phenomenal personality," Meadows said.

Congress was the next highlight of "Bugz" career. "I had gone hoping to keep him sound and to keep him going. I just wanted to make the semifinals. He won all three classes," says Meadows. AQHA Congress in Columbus Ohio is a three-week horse show. With over 12,000 entries it is the largest of any breed show. It is the third largest convention in the United States. Steve and "Bugz" class in junior western pleasure had 331 entries and took five hours to complete! Novice amateur western pleasure had 242 entries and amateur western pleasure had over 280. The two won them all! Congress was excit-

ing and "Bugz" was already leading the nation. "I was the underdog," Steve admits, "I was in there (the ring) with legends hoping to make the finals and to win it was quite a feat."

"Bugz" was the only western pleasure entry to receive a standing ovation at the event. The story doesn't stop there, however. Steve and "Bugz" showed 21 times for 83 AQHA points in 2 1/2 months. They rested between Congress and World held in Oklahoma City, Okla. At World, "Bugz" broke three records! The horse will also receive the 1999 High Point awards for open western pleasure and ama-

teur western pleasure at the AQHA National Convention in Reno, Nev., to be held in March.

"Bugz" was raised by Steve Martin of Wichita, Kans., as a prime stallion prospect, but had an "overbite." He was gelded and Kaplow Enterprises in New York showed him as a two- and three-year-old until he was sold to Stephanie Grogg. At the time he matched up with Steve, he had only

made the semifinals as Congress and placed at most other shows. The two made a successful partnership and under Steve's training "Bugz" is now a "famous" star in the AQHA horse world. —

Thanks to Steve Meadows for the information provided in this article. Steve Meadows is a professional western pleasure trainer specializing in the quarter horse breed.

Staunton quarter horse trainer gains national recognition

By CHRIS MARRS

STAUNTON — "A trainer is only as good as his last horse show," says Steve Meadows, owner of the Meadows Quarter Horse training stable in Staunton. Steve is a fourth generation horseman. "My family moved to Staunton in '76. My dad bought and sold horses all his life. I started training and showing while in high school."

Steve was "discovered" by Charlie Rogers of Lynchburg whom he trained and showed under for two years. "In 1990 my dad handed the farm over to me to have a try to make it on my own."

Steve's dad, Steve Meadows Sr. is still there to give a helping hand. Assistant trainer Tyson How-dyshell of Churchville has worked at the stable for three years.

What does a training facility do? Steve specializes in training and breaking western and hunter quarter horses. He also provides advanced training and showing for AQHA regional and national level shows. He offers lessons only to clients with their horses in training. Boarding is all training related. There are 17 to 19 horses there with a waiting list of 14. Some horses are there for a 30-day tune up and

some will stay all year for the show season. The wait is often one to two months for his services.

Steve is very honest with his customers. He tells them straight up if their horse has "what it takes" to win. "I'm selective about horse shows," he explains. "They have to be a winner."

Safety is an important issue with Steve. Some of his horses have sold for over \$100,000. "Horses are very expensive animals and we take every precaution," Steve says animals will behave like animals and things sometimes happen. Safety for the riders includes a good sense of when a customer is ready to ride or not. "I also train the horse properly. I don't deal with problem horses here."

Promotion is basically word of mouth and through competitive horse shows. Clients often watch Steve in competition and ask for him by name. "I also treat everyone the same, whether they own a \$5,000 horse or one worth \$50,000." Steve is also very active in 4-H horse judging clinics and competitions. He has provided horses for competitions and works closely with Larry Lawrence of Virginia Tech.

"Youth is the future of our business. See YOUTH, page 19



Steve Meadows of Staunton mounted on "In Zippos Image" or "Bugz" won champion honors at the 1999 American Quarter Horse Congress.

Photo courtesy: Steve Meadows

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Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

January 2000

Dear Maude:

Well, here we have it: a new year, a new century, a new millennium, and all the same old stuff still on my desk waiting to be handled. The same politicians are also around and about mumbling the same promises — although a few of them have swapped promises.

"Hey, I took on health care last year, why don't you do that this year and let me have the issue of not raising taxes?"

About the only change anyone around here has noticed is that winter finally did arrive. But noticing something like that is not programmed into the main drive of our brains. Instead, somewhere off in a hidden recess is that little mental file marked "snow."

As the happy worker heads home with successes and non-successes of the day replaying themselves in his head, the car radio issues forth a mumble of sounds which do not always register. At the first hearing of that dreaded four-letter word, most Washingtonians who happen to be in their automobiles get a signal to speed up. They then go back to their serious thoughts about how to persuade

the legislative aide in one congressional office to talk to the administrative aide in another one, to get inserted into the wording some bill which may come up with those special words which will mean nothing to anyone but that special client with all the bucks.

There goes that word "snow" again! This time the brain sends warning number two which translates into a reflex to slam on the brakes if there is any reason to stop. Warning number two-and-a-half is never stop at intersections unless you are in the middle of one. Our serious Washingtonian will then take a look — maybe that was a snowflake that just drifted by the windshield. But there are other things to worry about, and the instructions have been plain — "snow," "snow" — speed up, slam on brakes, always stop in the middle of an intersection. The cell phone rings. It is a coworker with the news that he has just spoken to an important person in one senator's office — oops, there's a car stopped ahead, slam on the breaks — just in time not to hit them — and it looks like lunch next Tuesday. Be sure to hold the date.

Meanwhile the car radio continues to fill the air with sounds. Then suddenly there comes that word again. At the third mention of "snow" our busy, important person will receive a message from the brain labeled "abandon" and out of the automobile he or she will jump, leaving said vehicle standing just where it happened to be at the time, taking, of course, the cell phone along, and heading for the nearest public establishment which can be classed as trendy, where there should be a number of like souls. (This seems likely, from the number of abandoned vehicles ahead, on the sidewalk, in the middle of the street.) So far, there has been barely enough snow to dust the sidewalks.

That very thing happened last week when there was only a dusting of the white stuff which was gone by the time everyone got home. The disaster was that the first seven flakes fell just as rush hour started, and the media got all excited and used the word, and used it too many times, and, well, things just went from bad to worse. One young woman who works in the office across the hall from us told me that it took her an hour and 25 minutes to drive

what should have been only a five-minute drive of several blocks. The intersections all looked like a master basket weaver had been at them. No one could move more than three inches at a time in the gridlock. According to reports, it took some people over four hours to get home. My friend told me that her boyfriend, who is from Massachusetts kept saying, "What is wrong with these people!"

Two days later and he was saying the same thing with every other breath, and becoming very angry because no one arrived at work. More snow had arrived, but this time no one was going to take any chances. The dreaded word was mentioned in the weather predictions and came late in the night. It must have something to do with the positions of the sun and the moon, for on this day, "snow" did not mean speed up, but slow down. Everyone slowed down so much that most never even got out of bed. There were no people at all downtown. With several inches of actual snow on the ground and the streets, driving was no problem at all — there were no people out there in one's way.

I did go into my office, only to

find that there was only one other person who had ventured forth. She decided to head home early, since everyone she needed to talk to in order to do her work had stayed home. I think of Middlebrook were the blinking yellow lights of the snow plows show up as soon as there is any problem with the roads, and keep our routes open. Perhaps the Washington government should send a few of their workers to Augusta County for some training. But it is the drivers who need some training, and I am not sure that you are ready for them!!

Usually these typically Washington weather-traffic related problems don't bother me — I just wander off down Connecticut Avenue for a bit of shopping. But now that Filene's has closed what am I to do? All those sales I so looked forward to turned out to be quite disappointing. After the first day the sale was announced, the good stuff all began to disappear and be replaced with other things I did not recall ever having seen there before. When I was in the store one day I heard one employee say to another, "Hurry and finish getting those things moved. We have a truck coming in to be unloaded and need that space." A truck to be unloaded? If this was a sale to get rid of merchandise, why was a truck bringing more. We soon found out, for the store began to be filled up with all sorts of crazy stuff that certainly had not been there before.

To make matters even more distressing, what should open just doors down the block from the vanished Filene's? A bright, golden little shop: Godiva's Chocolates. Now we can go spend a few dollars on a quarter pound of those wonderful luxuries, chosen from all the wonders displayed in sparkling glass cases. Oh, they are delicious and it is all a lot of fun to dash in and buy them, but if we continue in this fashion, we will soon have put inches on the waistline, and our last Filene's bargains will no longer fit. And there will be no way to replace them! Oh, unhappy day!!

Since I am certain I will never summon enough willpower to stay away from those chocolates, I had better plan a trip home very soon so I can replenish my wardrobe at some of our nice shops there!

Tell everyone I miss them.
Love, LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Classics

Continued from page 15

Fifth place went to Jackie Taetzsch for Latin Literature.

Sixth place awards went to Jonathan Everiss in Roman oratory where he presented part of a Ciceronian Philippic against Antony and also to him for his performance on the Advanced Read-

ing Comprehension Test.

Others were: a seventh place prize to William Reichert in Advanced Latin Literature and an eighth place prize for photography; Daniel Gerber won a ninth place ribbon for a pencil drawing of the Roman Temple in Paris, the Maison Carre.

The students and their Latin teacher, Rick Heatley, traveled with

another high school group from Rockbridge County. Everyone enjoyed keynote addresses, a Roman banquet, a dance, entertaining presentations, a talent show, performances by the winners of best-in-show awards and the Certamina, a Latin academic bowl.

"The students and I were very pleased with the convention this year and our success in the competitions. The western part of Virginia has a very limited number of delegates. We hope to see this part of the state better represented," Heatley said. —

In the photo at right, Rebecca Bolin is shown dressed as the runner Atalanta, who challenged any suitor for her hand to a race on threat of death should he lose. Bolin's costume was part of the Junior Classical League story-telling competition.

RHS photos



This triptych relief, by Daniel Gerber, showing a detail from the sacrificial scene on the Altar of Peace built by Emperor Augustus in 13 B.C., won second place recently at the JCL Classical League in Richmond.



Be ready for spring -- plan to propagate

With winter halfway behind us, thoughts of spring are in our heads. Plant propagation takes much preparation. Now is a good time to plan what you might want to cultivate in the spring. Cuttings from woody herbaceous plants need to be timed correctly for each individual genus of plant. Also seed collection in the correct season may save you a lot of extra work later (just before they are ripe).

Being primarily an ornamental tree and shrub grower, I would like to focus on taking cuttings from plants. Cuttings are the method most often used to produce many of the ornamental and fruiting varieties. The biggest asset of this method lies in the fact that it always produces a plant genetically identical to the parent. When space is a factor it can produce a lot of new plants in a very small area.

Softwood cuttings and semi-hardwood

cuttings are two good methods with timing being very critical. A good book to get you started, written by Michael A. Dirr, is entitled *The Reference Manual of Woody Plant Propagation*. It will guide the propagator step by step.

When taking a cutting, use a very sharp knife to make a clean cut. Always disinfect the knife with Clorox bleach between cuts so as not to spread disease. Try to make the cutting just below a node with enough of the stem below to make a second cut. It is best to stick your cuttings (stick is the term propagators use to mean plant into soil media) as soon as they are collected because the success rate is much higher. Cuttings can be saved in a polyethylene bag for several hours or several days.

Rooting hormones are necessary to ensure

success. These are IBA (Indolebutyric Acid) and NAA (Naphthaleneacetic Acid). Both are available in powder and liquid form. If more than a few hours have passed since the cutting was taken, make a fresh cut. First dip the cuttings into liquid fungicide and then into the rooting hormone and stick.

The soil media can be many different things, but typically must support the cutting and drain well. A mixture of sand, peat moss, vermiculite, perlite and pumice are the most common ingredients.

Moisture, temperature, and daylight are now the three things that will determine success with proper soil media. A light misting of your cuttings will be sufficient. Keep them too wet and they will rot. If they get dry on a hot sunny day they may die. Moist soil is best. Temperatures should hover around 70 to 80

Lawn & Landscape

By
Jeff Flint



degrees during the day and 60 degrees at night. Light requirement can be tricky, but generally speaking the more, the better. Your own experiences will have to be your guide here.

Woody plant propagation can be a fun and very inexpensive way of growing new plants. Nothing is more rewarding than seeing that small cutting grow into a beautiful shrub in the garden. —

Farm

Continued from page 13

In 1995, Ringo retired from production. Although no longer producing offspring, she still served a useful purpose. Rattle a pan of dog food and Ringo would come running, usually bringing the rest of the flock with her whenever they needed to be gotten in. She did slow down some though, and it wasn't long before Ringo was the last ewe through the gate instead of the first one. Through. In fact, it got to the point where the flock would leave her behind entirely. All would be gathered in, work would be proceeding, when off on the hill the plaintive deep-throated bleating of one lone ewe could be heard. I never had to look up to see which one it was. Ringo would be making her slow progress down across the pasture to rejoin her flockmates.

And you'd think she could just stand quietly there while the work with the remainder of the flock was done. But, no. I would have to go let her in and let her be with the rest of the flock, unless, of course, I wanted to hear her solitary com-

plaining all the while I was working with the other sheep.

This past fall I began to notice subtle changes in Ringo's character which told me the number of her days would not be many more. She had trouble getting up and down. I'd even found her on a couple occasions unable to get up, having gotten down in a dip or on a slight incline where gravity worked against her. On those occasions, I hoisted her up, steadied her on her four feet, and then she would be off again.

She began drifting away from the flock this past fall. Not seeming to care whether she stayed with them. Sometimes she would appear by herself near the pasture gate, almost as if she were looking for something or someone, but not knowing exactly what or who. Winter is nature's way of eliminating the weak and the old and I knew it would be hard for Ringo to survive the approaching cold weather.

When lambs began arriving in



Although Ringo is gone, her brown-eyed legacy lives on.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

November, I moved Ringo into the front pasture with some ewes due to lamb. But even when she was confined in the small lot with these ewes, she drifted off to herself and didn't seem to notice the other sheep there. She made no effort to accompany them into the shed when they were brought in late each evening.

She voiced no complaints during her solitary night vigils.

Ringo died Dec. 30, 1999. I found her that morning when I was feeding. I missed her in the pasture when I turned the other sheep out into the small lot that borders the creek. I looked from corner to corner for Ringo, but she was nowhere in sight. I walked down toward the creek and saw her there half-submerged and dead. I don't know if she died and fell in or if she fell in and died. Was

she pushed? Or did she jump? With Ringo, it was hard to tell.

I surmised, because of her tottery condition, she had been drinking water at the edge of the creek, lost her footing, fell in and then couldn't get herself back up. Because she'd barely been able to get herself up and down on solid ground, she wouldn't stand a chance along the uneven, slippery ground along the creekbank. And once she was in the water she was at a further disadvantage with the added weight of water in her wool.

And so that is where the life and times of Ringo U. Sheep ended — a cold morning in December, a uneven creek bank and bad legs. And no more than 150 yards from where she had been born — a tiny little lamb that almost didn't get a start on the side of hill near a bluff in the middle of July. Ringo had never been off the farm, I realized, as I tended to the chore of pulling her out of the creek. Taking her to her final resting place, I couldn't help but think about all of Ringo's life and times. It was the end of an era, down on the farm. Ladies and gentlemen, Ringo has left the building. —

Huts

Continued from page 11

(I got a beautiful vegetable stir fry and many envious looks from my table mates because the Croo ran out of chili), the skit was a take-off of the Love Boat and the Naturalist presented his raven program again. Late that night I visited with the diminutive Saw-Whet owl which had flown through the open window in the men's room and outside saw the grand sweep of the Milky Way and a faint wisp of northern lights.

I spent one last night at Pinkham where the entree was a savory cut of pork loin and the program was a comprehensive presentation on maple sugaring. The Croos, including the one at Pinkham, are among the most enthusiastic, hard-working, and competent of any I've met anywhere in the hospitality universe. I'm hooked on hut-to-hut and am already thinking of my next visit to the Heart of the Presidential Range some mid-June when the AMC will offer a program on alpine flowers and the lawns are at their amazing best. —

Youth

Continued from page 17

ness," Steve explains, "I have a lot of respect for Larry Lawrence and what he does." Steve's stable hosts 4-H horse judging clinics, provides horses for judging competitions, and he also has served at the Horse Masters Camp. North Carolina State University judging teams come to Steve's stable before national competition. Horse judging asks students to look at four horses in a breed class and judge them against the ideal standard. Steve's knowledge of the quarter horse breed makes him a sought after clinician and demonstrator.

Steve's philosophy about horses is basic. "Anyone that is around horses will tell you they're addictive. It's one of the last few sports the whole family can enjoy together. Horses provide a shelter and keep kids out of trouble. There are so many different directions to

go in the horse industry. So many things you can do!"

Although Steve trains horses he calls himself a horseman. The difference between a horse trainer and a horseman? "A horse trainer will try to use one set of methods on all horses. A horseman changes himself to benefit each individual (horse)," says Steve. "It has taken me 15 years to be confident in what I do."

This quiet little stable off Shutterlee Mill Road in Staunton is quickly becoming a nationally known hot spot in the AQHA world. Steve's hard work and dedication is beginning to pay off with his recent wins as trainer of "In Zippos Image" owned by Stephanie Grogg at the AQHA Congress and World. He is receiving recognition and some fame from the competitions. If a trainer is "only as good as his last horse show" Steve Meadows has good reason to be proud of the fruits of his hard work. —

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Hours: Mon.-Thur., 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; Fri. & Sat., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m.-6:30 p.m.

Angela's Ashes smolders but never catches fire

"Worse than the ordinary miserable childhood is the Irish miserable childhood, and worse yet is the miserable Irish Catholic childhood" — So begins *Angela's Ashes* the new movie based on Frank McCourt's memoirs of the same name.

For the uninitiated, the McCourts were probably the only Irish family in history to wave good-bye to the Statue of Liberty. After the death of their fifth child and only daughter, Malachy (Robert Carlyle) and Angela McCourt (Emily Watson) return to Limerick where nothing but deprivation awaits them. Being from Northern Ireland, Malachy is little more than a foreigner and completely unaccepted by Angela's family, who don't particularly like Angela either. Already poor, Angela's family resents having six more mouths to feed and soon set up the family in a three-room flat in one of Limerick's meaner lanes.

Angela's Ashes follows the family for the next 15 years as Frankie grows into adulthood. The McCourts suffer unspeakable want, discrimination and illness. Work is

hard to find and even when he does find it, Malachy manages to lose every job he gets. They live on the dole most of time and Angela is reduced to begging in the streets or from the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Sometimes they are victims of their circumstances and other times they are victims of the parents' own failings — Malachy's alcoholism and Angela's habit of curling up in a ball when things get to be too much.

They manage to send their children to school and to church, though both institutions — especially the church — take a beating in the story. Somewhere along the way, the miracle of Frank McCourt takes place. That he physically survived his childhood is a wonder; that he emerged from it a whole person full of wit, charm, talent, and compassion is nothing short of miraculous.

As adapted by Laura Jones and director Alan Parker, the film is of necessity anecdotal. Although *Angela's Ashes* has been beatified in the movie, the film still captures the remembered truth of a drunken fa-

ther who loved his children; of a cold, damp city made uglier by class discrimination; of a Church that failed to heed the words, "that which you do unto the least of these you do unto me." Missing are the stories of schoolmates, teachers, priests, aunts, uncles, and drunken men at the pub. Missing is Frank's lyrical commentary which helps the viewer make sense of the deprivation and understand how a person can be sanctified by it. Missing is the role literature and poetry played in Frank's development. Even Limerick is air-brushed and color-coordinated, which is disappointing from a director who so beautifully captured urban Ireland in *The Commitments*.

I became a fan of Frank McCourt three years ago when I heard him read from his book on the NPR radio show *What Do You Know*. His narrative, lyrical book pushed all my buttons. I hoped the movie would do the same. As often happens when a movie follows a good book, it fell short.

Emily Watson (*Breaking the Waves*, *Hillary and Jackie*) and

Robert Carlyle (*Trainspotting*, *The Full Monty*) are tepid in their roles. Watson plays a stalwart, long-suffering Angela; the real — or at least the remembered Angela — was angry, erratic, and oft times maddeningly dim. The ashes of the title refer to the copious number of Woodbines the woman smoked, not the debris of her life out of which her children rose, as one might expect.

Carlyle beautifully captures the father who desperately loves his children. He sugarcoats the self-indulgent alcoholic who condemns them to a hunger that reduces them to licking grease from discarded newspaper and eating a sheep's head for Christmas dinner.

The real stars of the movie are the three boys who play Frank (successively and wonderfully by Joe Breen, Ciaran Owens and Michael Legge). They, rather than Watson or Carlyle, should have gotten top billing. They are the ones who capture the boundless spirit of their character.

If you haven't read the book, go see the movie. Hannah's dad



and sister, neither of whom had read the book and were dragged kicking and screaming to the theater, gave it four bananas. They were pleasantly surprised that they felt uplifted rather than beaten down by the story.

If you've read the book, see the movie anyway. It is hard to judge the movie on its own merits but keep an open mind. *Angela's Ashes* is rated R — profanity, traumatic moments and brief, occasional nudity. Hannah's mom gives it three-and-a-half bananas. —

Outdoor Writer's sponsor Youth Writing Competition

The Virginia Outdoor Writer's Association (VOWA) announced its seventh annual Youth Writing Competition for 1999-2000. The goal of the contest is to reward young people for excellence in communicating their personal experiences in and of the outdoors.

The competition is open to all Virginia students in grades 9 through 12. The theme of this year's contest is "My Favorite Outdoor Experience."

An experience by the writer with fishing, hunting, camping, canoeing, hiking, wildlife watching or any other outdoor activity should be the main subject matter. The entry deadline is Feb. 1.

Awards will consist of a plaque for first, second and third places. First, second, third and runner-ups will receive outdoor merchandise prizes which are made up of:

- Peak 1 Galileo Tent, Algonquin

- Sleeping Bag, a Rush Internal Frame Backpack, and an Apex II Stove and Apex Fuel from the Coleman Company of Wichita, Kans.

- a variety of flashlight sets from MPI Outdoors, of Windham, N.H.
- 3 daypacks from Cabelas of Sidney, Neb.

- quality compass sets, valued at \$80 from the Brunton Company of Riverton, Wyo.

- a variety of items donated by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Department of Interior's Bureau of Land Management.

Winners will be announced and awards presented at the VOWA's spring meeting March 15 in Charlottesville.

Awardees and their parents (or mentor/teacher/friend) will be guests of VOWA for lunch.

Contest Guidelines:

1. Open to all Virginia students in grades 9 through 12.
2. Nonfiction only, with the

theme, "My Favorite Outdoor Experience."

3. Length; 500 to 750 words.
4. Must be typed, double-spaced.
5. Include complete phone number, age, grade and school (home school is acceptable).

6. Submission deadline is Feb. 1

Send submissions to: Spike Knuth, VOWA Youth Writing Competition, P.O. Box 11181, Richmond, V. 23230 or information call: 804/746-4601 (evening) or 804/367-1344 (day). ---

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.

Feb. 1, 1951 — The greatest ice storm of record in the U.S. produced glaze up to four inches thick from Texas to Pennsylvania causing 25 deaths, 500 serious injuries, and \$100 million damage. Tennessee was hardest hit by the storm. Communications and utilities were interrupted for a week to 10 days.

Feb. 5, 1887 — San Francisco experienced its greatest snowstorm of record. Nearly four inches was reported in downtown San Francisco, and the western hills of the city received seven inches. Excited crowds went on a snowball throwing rampage.

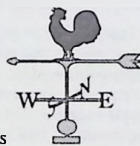


Feb. 11, 1983 — The Middle Atlantic Coast States and southern New England were in the midst of a major snowstorm. In Pennsylvania, the storm produced 21 inches at Philadelphia, 24 inches at Harrisburg, and 25 inches at Allentown, establishing record 24 hour totals and single storm totals for those locations. New York City received 22 inches of snow, and 35 inches was reported at Glen Gary, located in the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia. Windsor Locks, Conn., received a record 19 inches of snow in 12 hours. The storm resulted in 46 deaths, 33 of which occurred when a freighter capsized and sank off the Maryland/Virginia coast. Heavy snow was reported from north-eastern Georgia to eastern Maine. (10th-12th)

Feb. 17, 1930 — Eureka, Calif., reported an all-time record high of 85 degrees, a record which lasted until September of 1983.

Feb. 24, 1852 — The Susquehanna River ice bridge at Havre de Grace, Md., commenced to break up after 40 days of use. A total of 1,738 loaded freight cars were hauled along rails laid on the ice.

Feb. 29, 1748 — The heaviest snow of the "Winter of the Deep Snow" in New England came to an end. Coastal Salem was left with more than 30 inches of snow on the ground.



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