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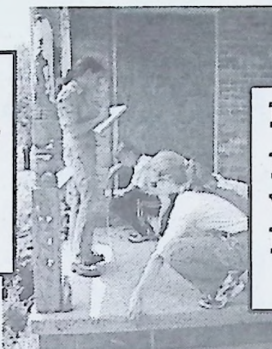
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Arbor Hill
becomes haven
for injured
birds

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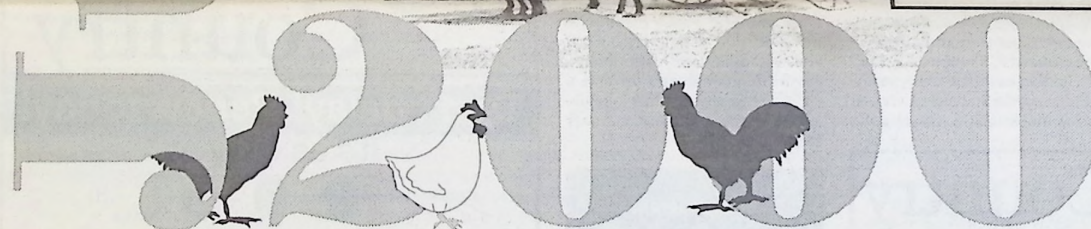
Fort students
practice
what they
learn

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Raphine woman enjoys
carriage driving

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'Missionary brat' recounts family's work in China

By SUE SIMMONS

WAYNESBORO — "I'm a missionary brat!" Sara Wampler Baxter states emphatically when asked about her youth spent in China.

While she may not have been the one called to the mission field, the mission field certainly called to this Valley resident, enriching her life in the process.

As the only child of Vida Miller of Mill Creek and Ernest Wampler of Edom, Sara Baxter was born into a family with a strong missionary spirit.

"All the Millers saw missionary service," Mrs. Baxter explained as she ticked off long-deceased relatives on her fingers, recounting places they had served such as western Indian reservations and the Philippines.

It was her father's association with Wendall Flory, Fred Wampler Sr., and Lowell Heisy at Bridgewater College, however, that shaped his future work in the for-

eign mission field.

When Sara was 18 months old, the family traveled to China where the Church of the Brethren maintained five mission stations. The Wampers went first to Ping Ting Chou in Shanxi province in northern China, unique because it was the last to have a warlord. Ping Ting Chou was founded in 1903 by Frank Crumpacker of Manchester College in Indiana. Mrs. Baxter recalls the compounds in which the missionaries lived as being large and European.

"There was always a house for single ladies and two or three large houses for families. Several servants, a cook, a housekeeper, a goatman, and doorkeeper also worked in the compound," she said.

Eventually Wampler was given responsibility for village evangelistic work in the county of Liao Chou as well as Ho Shun and Yu She counties. These counties lay among

the hills of Shanxi. Connected by pack animal trails, each county had populations of about 75,000.

"Of course my father took the Brethren belief in the simple life seriously," she explained. Disagreeing with missionaries living in what appeared to be luxury, Wampler rented a Chinese house instead. He had glass windows installed along with a wooden floor but those were his only concessions to western comfort.

"My father was an evangelical minister and a farmer," Mrs. Baxter explained, "so he did relief work as well as irrigation and cross-breeding animals."

It was from their housekeeper and cook that Sara learned to speak Chinese as she toddled around the house pointing to objects and getting the Chinese word in response.

When Sara turned five the family was forced to return to the United States in 1922. Her mother

had been stricken with tuberculosis. Back in the states, the Wampers moved to New Haven, Conn., where Ernest attended and graduated from Yale Divinity School. He subsequently took a Congregational Church in New England but her mother eventually convinced him to move to Illinois.

"My mother wanted him to be among the Brethren," Sara clarified. "So he took a Brethren congregation in Freeport."

The decision turned out to be a tragic one for Vida. Her health took a turn for the worse - something Mrs. Baxter blames on the fumes from the gaslights so prevalent in Freeport. On the advice of a doctor, Wampler moved his family, which now included housekeeper Bessie Miller, to a pastorate in Rocky Ford, Colo. Mrs. Wampler died six weeks after their move.

Six years had passed since the Wampers had first gone to China.



SARA WAMPLER BAXTER

War troubles in China convinced the widowed minister that he would probably never see China again. An elderly lady in the congregation suggested she see CHINA, page 4

Here, there, & everywhere

New Hope FCE visits Bath County hot springs

New Hope FCE Club took a trip to Warm Springs, Hot Springs and the Homestead in Bath County for its May meeting.

The springs at Warm Springs have a temperature of 98 degrees and contain a large number of minerals. According to legend the pools of hot water were discovered

by an exhausted Indian runner in the 16th century. Warm Springs' history is tied in very closely with both Hot Springs and Healing Springs as all three are in the Warm Springs Valley. A 140-acre tract which included the springs was surveyed in 1751 for John Lewis and his son John.

The men's pool/bath house, constructed in 1761, is one of the oldest spa structures still in existence. It is not quite as big as the women's spa which was built in 1836. The years preceding the Civil War were the most popular for the spa. After the war Hot Springs became the most popular spa in the valley and

Warm Springs declined rapidly.

All three resorts in Warm Springs Valley were consolidated under one ownership in 1890 as the Virginia Hot Springs Company. Today several cottages and the two bath houses are all that remain of Warm Springs. Hot Springs is the only Virginia spa still in operation as a public resort. Thomas Bullitt built the first recorded inn there in 1766. Thomas Goode acquired the property in 1832 and expanded the resort and in 1846 opened a hotel called The Homestead. Today Virginia Hot Springs Inc. has over 700 guest rooms, operates two resorts, three championship golf courses, employs 1,000 people in season and

provides convention services and recreational facilities for people from all over the world. It is truly a world class year-round resort.

A short business meeting was held during lunch in Hot Springs. Plans were made to serve lunch at the Verona Extension Office on June 27 for a fundraiser. Members were reminded of a June 6 conference for senior Virginians at the Virginia Mennonite Retirement Community in Harrisonburg. The club's Cultural Arts Contest will be held at New Hope United Methodist Church on June 26 along with the regular meeting. Blue ribbon winners will be represented at state conference in September. For more details contact Nellie Flora, 363-5204. —

Staunton Augusta Art Center announces Summer Studio 2000

STAUNTON — Summer Studio, the Staunton Augusta Art Center's annual summer art program for children ages 4-15 is scheduled for July 10-28. This program is in its 18th year and classes are filling quickly — more than 94 children have already registered. This year 18 different practicing, professional artists will lead children through 27 different classes in a variety of mediums.

Classes are broken into small age groups (4-5, 6-8, 9-11, and 12-15), taught in one week increments, and limited to 12 students to ensure the highest quality instruction. Children ages 4-11 attend two-hour morning sessions from 9:30 a.m.-11:30 a.m. while older students attend in the afternoons from 1 p.m.-4 p.m. First Presbyterian Church in

downtown Staunton generously donates classroom space for the program.

"Wacky Woodworking and Bookmaking" seem to be the most popular classes so far this year. Both classes for 6-8 year olds are full," says Margo McGirr, Art Center executive director. The large selection of classes still leave parents a plethora of options from which to choose. "We've got classes in everything from stained glass to interior design. Summer Studio really is the coolest place in town!" McGirr noted.

You've probably walked by a Summer Studio creation and not even realized it. The fruits of Summer Studio can be seen daily in historic downtown Staunton. Last year local muralist Cathy Coyle led a

group of 12-15-year-old students through the process of creating the handsome mural on New Street between Frederick and Beverley. This summer Cathy and her teen crew will tackle a wall on the outbuilding behind the Art Center in Gypsy Hill Park. Students will display other Summer Studio creations at both the Staunton City Library and the Augusta County Public Library as well as in downtown storefronts.

Support from the CFW Foundation, Donald V. Steger, Jr., CPA, the Staunton-Augusta Junior Woman's Club, and Mid-Valley Press helps make Summer Studio possible. If you would like more information about Summer Studio or have a child who you would like to register, please contact the Art Center at 540/885-2028. —

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Churchville Woman's Club established benchmark of service to community

By NANCY SORRELLS

CHURCHVILLE — For most of the 20th century the village of Churchville has had a women's club filled with community ladies ready to work hard and give of themselves to worthy local projects. Sadly, as the next century dawns, that is no longer the case. On the first Tuesday in May, the Churchville Woman's Club had its last meeting in the wake of a declining membership and a world where most women must be a full-time part of the working world.

An active Churchville women's group has been a part of the village off and on since the Civil War when the ladies made uniforms, knapsacks and even a flag for the local soldiers. In World War I the women again gathered under the auspices of the American Red Cross. Each week the women from the village and outlying areas gathered at Miss Annie Wilson's house to roll bandages and knit sweaters and socks.

A decade after the first world war, these ladies formed a plan for a more organized community group which could address some local projects and could provide the same fellowship experienced by the informal women's group during the war. Mrs. T.R. Steele and Miss Addie Sieg concocted a plan where each of the four local churches sent representatives to an open meeting held on April 1, 1929.

Within a short while the Churchville Woman's Club was formed. Mrs. Steele was elected president and Miss Sieg was secretary. There were 19 charter members. In 2000, 91-year-old Basil Hottinger is the lone charter member still alive from that ambitious beginning.

The new group selected a rose as its club flower and green and pink as the club colors. Annual dues were \$2 per year. The new group's motto was "In Unity There is Strength."

Although she's not a charter member, 84-year-old Ruth Ashby Kesner has many memories of the club. While just a teen-ager she ac-

companied her mother to many of the club's activities. Later after she was married, she joined the club. She is a past president of the club.

The initial project and always the most important one for the club was the maintenance of the Green Hill Cemetery, a community burial ground established just outside the village in 1845.

Before the WWI women's group disbanded its members managed to plant quite a few trees including some evergreen and Norway maples in the cemetery, however, by 1929 the cemetery had again become neglected and overgrown. A note in the group's files describes the burying group as overrun with weeds, honeysuckle and briars, having little or no grass, being overrun by cows and strewn with trash. Many of the stones were sunken, knocked over, or broken. "Those ladies really worked hard cleaning up the cemetery by hand and with picks, shovels, scythes and sickles. They had the road put in, the rock wall built and put up the iron gates," Mrs. Kesner said.

The wall and the gates were installed at the tune of around \$1,000 — a hefty sum during the Depression — and it took the women several years to raise that amount. In order to make money for the cemetery restoration as well as their other charitable projects, the women served meals, went to bazaars and hosted special events.

One of the group's biggest money-making projects was selling dried flowers at the annual Christmas bazaar held in the armory in Staunton. "We spray painted weeds and all kinds of dry stuff and made arrangements. They'd snap 'em up before we could get them put out," remembered Helen Earhart, one of the last members of the club and a past president. She joined the group 32 years ago upon moving to the village.

For years the club also had a Thanksgiving dinner which is where Mrs. Kesner began her involvement with the club. "I started helping my mother at the Thanks-

giving dinners when I was 14. She made the coffee and I served the women," she recalled.

Yet another fun project was hosting an Old Maids Convention. At such an event, people reveled in dressing up so that they would look old and ugly. A real hit at such an event was a rejuvenation machine. The real old, ugly people would get in the machine and a man sat next to it and cranked the handle. The old person would then slip out the back of the box and in little while a young beautiful person would step out. "That box made the worse racket, and that man would just crank and crank," Mrs. Kesner said.

Other money-making activities included baby beauty contests where the most beautiful baby was chosen by votes purchased for a penny each. The women also put on plays, had bake sales, and just about anything else to raise honest money for their projects. "What didn't we do?" said Mrs. Earhart with a laugh. "I don't think we were ever asked for anything that we didn't help. We contributed to a number of organizations like the heart fund, cancer fund, Red Cross, and Weekday Religious Education."

In addition to the cemetery work, one of the club's first contributions was \$50 toward the Bible Teaching program in the Churchville School. They earned the money by serving dinner to the Staunton Kiwanis Club. In year's past the women used to roll cancer bandages as part of their community service. In those days, cancer was treated differently and bandages were needed for the open sores that people developed. During World War II the women swung into action as guards, watching for an enemy invasion. They took turns keeping watch at a little building on top of a hill in Churchville. There they remained on the alert for enemy planes which might have ventured into the Valley.

Every month as part of their regular meeting the women listened to a program or a special speaker. In March 1932 the program was the



Ruth Kesner and Helen Earhart stand at the monument placed in memory of members of the Churchville Woman's Club. The club disbanded recently after more than 70 years of service to the Churchville community. Photo by Nancy Sorrells

history of Churchville as gathered by the members of the club. The project proved so interesting that they pulled it together and had it printed in a small booklet. In order to compile the history, the women interviewed older residents and looked in church records. Years later that information became the core of Gladys Clem's "The Past and Present of Churchville, Virginia, 1976."

There were also special programs presented by the women including an annual Memorial Day service, a Christmas party, a summer picnic and an annual luncheon. Originally meetings rotated between members' homes. "The women looked forward to it. The hostesses never had to fix refreshments, the refreshment committee brought the stuff in," said Mrs. Kesner. "But when the meeting was at your house, you cleaned and polished for days in advance," remembered Mrs. Earhart.

For the last 25 years or so, the meetings have been held at the Churchville Community Center. Although they like the center, both women admit that a bit of the personal touch of the meetings disappeared when they ceased being in

the homes of members.

Although most of the work they did involved charitable efforts, there was one time that the women caused a few waves in the community. It all started when J.T. Bear found some old deeds that called Whiskey Creek by the name of Castle Creek. Whiskey Creek is one of two creeks which flow through the village and it was named for several stills that operated along its banks. According to the deeds, Castle Creek was an older name for the stream and was given because of a large rock, which resembled a castle, found near the D.S. Baylor spring. That was enough to get the temperance-loving group motivated and they pushed for a return to the Castle Creek name. Their cause was not championed by the rest of the community and the name Whiskey Creek remains today!

As the years slipped by, times changed in Churchville and in the rest of the world. Although the women branched out into other activities, the cemetery was always central to their mission. A cemetery committee went regularly to the graveyard and checked on it. Green See CEMETERY, page 11

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•China

Continued from page 1

gested that Wampler correspond with her niece, Elizabeth Baker, who had served as nurse in China.

The two began a correspondence. They eventually met for the first time in Chicago. At the end of the day, Wampler proposed marriage; Elizabeth accepted only on the condition that they return to China. The two made an application to the mission board, which was accepted, and by Oct. 6, 1928 Sara, her father and new stepmother were on their way back to China to Liao Chou in Shanxi province.

Sara had lost all command of the language she had so fluently spoken six years earlier. In order to concentrate on their work, missionaries were encouraged to send their children to boarding school. Thus Sara ended up at a school near Beijing with students from many different denominations.

"The teachers came from the states for two or three years - many came from Oberlin College. One principal lived at the school. The headmaster was Danish," Sara described a school that was very British in character. "I took British and French history but never a course in American history."

It took Sara "every bit of a day's travel" by train to go from Shanxi to school. As a result she spent vacations like Easter with people who lived close to school and spent only summers with her parents.

She made many friends among the Chinese who Sara describes as a friendly and curious people. Two of the most interesting new friends were concubines. She doesn't recall how she made their acquaint-

tance but she visited in their home and they would visit her at school.

"Their visit to school was a formal visit. They would send a runner ahead to announce their arrival. I would have to greet them formally - bow, serve tea. They would do the same when I visited, except they always sent food back with me," Sara chuckled, recalling that one had a baby "who called both of them Mama."

Once while traveling with her father, the two visited an opium den. Another time she recalled that a man had been beheaded for selling hashish and his head was put on the city's gate. "Everyone went to see it but I stayed back. I didn't want to see it," she said.

Sara would also visit nearby villages with some of the younger teachers who had organized a Bible school. She recalled that on one such visit she was served a bowl of millet, the staple grain of Northern China. "It had worms in it!" she recalled. When she balked at eating it, the hostess took the bowl away and returned with another. "They probably just picked the worms out and brought me the same bowl," she laughed.

The poverty in China was no laughing matter, however. Her father once asked a man if he had ever eaten until he was full. The man replied, "No, I eat until it no longer hurts."

"You couldn't drop a peanut hull on the ground that someone didn't scoop it up," Sara remembered. "There was a famine in Shanxi at the time. This simply meant that there was a shortage of food. Those who had money ate well; the peasants starved."

Sara's father often got tomatoes

and cantaloupes from other places for the family to eat. He gave them to the villagers to plant. Wampler also introduced Rambouillet sheep into the Shanxi herds. "Most people were skeptical and resisted adapting the breed. Then a villager who had begun raising Rambouillet made a small profit - well, that convinced the rest of the village more than anything of my father could have said or done."

Wampler's greatest project involved modernizing the primitive weaving techniques of the villages. Remembering the loom his mother had used back in Rockingham County, Wampler used it as a prototype. Soon the villagers were weaving on looms that used feet shuttles. Wampler believed that only after the people were fed and cared for would they be open to Christian evangelism.

"Converting the Chinese to Christianity was fairly easy, however," Mrs. Baxter commented. "Their Taoist beliefs made it easy for them to accept Christianity."

While the Wampers were in China, an international crisis brewed. The Japanese had seized Manchuria in 1931 and withdrawn from the League of Nations in 1933 when the League condemned Japan's aggression. Undeterred by the scolding, the Japanese sporadically continued incursions into Chinese territory. They got close enough to Beijing to cause the school's evacuation.

In 1935 the family, which now included Sara's two brothers Joe and Gene who were born in China, returned to the United States on furlough. Although Sara enrolled as a freshman at Bridgewater College, the rest of the family returned to Shanxi in 1937.

"That's when all hell broke loose," Mrs. Baxter said, her tone more serious. The war between the two nations fell into a lull until the night of July 7, 1937 when Japanese and Chinese troops skirmished at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peking leading to all-out war between the two.

As the Japanese took Peking and then Shanghai, bombs began to fall on Shanxi province. One day while Wampler was away from home, the air raid sirens began to wail.

"We had a dog named Bingo who seemed to know planes were coming before the sirens started," Mrs. Baxter recalled.

Mrs. Wampler grabbed her infant son Gene just as the house next door sustained a direct hit, devastating the Wampler's house as well. The walls and roof caved in around Mrs. Wampler, who along with Gene, escaped injury. Frantically searching for her older son Joe, Mrs. Wampler found him un-

harmed beneath the debris. "Joe looked up at mother and asked 'Is this heaven?'" Mrs. Baxter laughingly recalled.

The family packed up what belongings they could salvage in the boys' red wagon and went to live in a cave house, a place that would become their home for a long period of time. Eventually the Japanese occupied Shanxi. Many Chinese fled to the mountains to join the fight to regain their country. This was a dangerous time for missionaries who not only witnessed Japanese atrocities against Chinese Christians but who also found themselves in the crosshairs between Japanese and the Chinese nationalists.

As war between America and Japan became inevitable, the Wampers joined the flood of Chinese refugees. They were finally evacuated on Dec. 12, 1941, five days after Pearl Harbor.

After seeing his family safely resettled in the States, Ernest Wampler made his way back to China through India. "He and O.C. Sollenberger were the last civilians to fly the Hump with the Flying Tigers," Mrs. Baxter said. Wampler remained in China through the war and the Communist Revolution. He worked in refugee camps until the Communists forced all foreigners to leave in 1950.

Sara in the meantime graduated from Bridgewater College in 1940, taught fifth grade in Appomattox, and later worked as a social worker in Baltimore before marrying John E. Baxter. Ernest and Elizabeth Wampler eventually settled in Bridgewater. No one in the family ever had any hopes of returning to China.

That is until Richard Nixon's historic visit in 1972 helped reopen China to westerners. "The family wanted my father to go back but the state department told him

he was too old." Wampler died in 1978 at the age of 93.

Somehow, though, China was not done with this family. Sara's brother Joe, an astronomer in California ran into a Chinese man at a conference who knew of the Wampers from his own father who was from Shanxi. Mrs. Baxter returned to China in 1987 and against the odds managed to travel to Shanxi.

"We met a man from Shanxi who was a bigwig in the Communist party and he smoothed the way," Mrs. Baxter explained. "The roads were flooded because of the rains so we had to get out of the car and walk into the village. As soon as I stepped out on that muddy road I felt like I was home."

Mrs. Baxter and her companions were the first Caucasians the people of Shanxi had seen in 30 years. A Chinese woman made a comment and Sara surprised herself by saying in Chinese, "Yes, the foreign devils are back again."

Had there ever been any question about the contribution the Wampers had made in China it would have evaporated in modern Shanxi.

"I felt a sense of success," Mrs. Baxter stated unambiguously. "They grow fields upon fields of tomatoes and they are all from the

See CHINESE, page 5

Sunnyside resident recalls years in China

By MOLLIE BRYAN

HARRISONBURG — Now a resident of Sunnyside Retirement Community's Lakeside Apartments, Margaret Mack remembers China with warmth. One of the most cherished memories is the time she spent with her family.

"We did not associate much with the Chinese, then, You see, they did not trust us. We were the foreign devils," she explains. So mostly she spent time with her mom, dad, and five brothers and sisters.

Her parents were missionaries and she was raised in China until she graduated from Shanghai high school. Then she attended Mary Baldwin College in Staunton.

"I think one of the best things my parents did for us was to teach us to be creative with our time. There really was no outside entertainment. We learned to embroider, walk on stilts... and we would even make a game out of weeding the yard," she says and laughs.

One of the things that stands out

in her memory about the Chinese was their magnificent kite-making. "We made some kites, too. But they were never that beautiful. We just had fun flying them," she said.

In 1950, Mrs. Mack and her husband traveled to the Philippines as missionaries. She took her two children, Patricia Mack Churchman and Robert, now a professor at Bridgewater College.

"It was an amazing experience for our children. They were able to see America in a whole new way. It affected them greatly, I think," she says.

Mrs. Mack is the kind of a woman who could tell you one fascinating story after another — if she only had the time, that is. "That's 20 minutes," she says. "I've got things to do. And I suppose that's enough talking about myself."

But only, it is not. The "90-something" year-old lady has written her life story in a book, *A Heart's Recollection*, which is currently for sale in the gift shop at Sunnyside Presbyterian Retirement Community.

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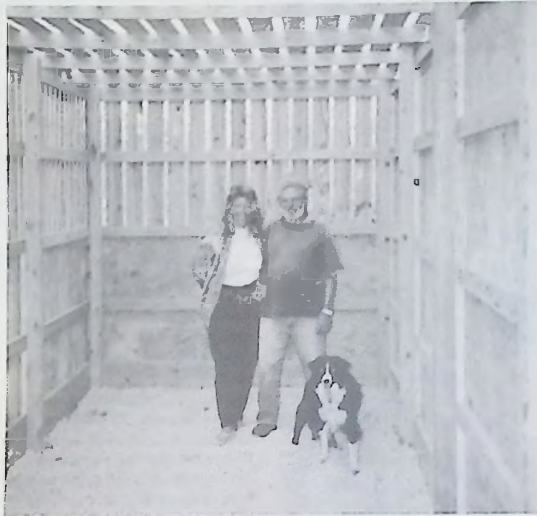
By NANCY SORRELLS

ARBOR HILL — There is a five-star resort going up in the hills just south of Staunton. It's a place where the guests will have the finest in rest, seclusion, and rehabilitation. The accommodations are top notch — each room is 40 feet long, eight feet wide and eight feet high with a roof covering eight feet of the ceiling to keep out the harshest weather. The rest of the ceiling consists of slats with enough space in between to allow plenty of fresh air circulation. The dining is world class as well. Two freezer shelves full of frozen mice and turkey poulters are among the culinary delights sure to please the surprise guests.

You might have guessed so well that these ritzy new digs are not meant for human occupancy. Instead, they are designed for birds, specifically chimney swifts and raptors like kestrels and hawks.

Bill Soranno and his wife Mary Penn are licensed by both the state and the federal government as bird rehabilitators which means they temporarily house both baby birds and those that have been injured or are sick. They help the birds get back on their wings again before they release them into the wilds.

The couple has been rehabbing



Mary Penn and Bill Soranno of Arbor Hill stand inside one of the nearly-completed flight cages they will use to help rehabilitate injured birds.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

birds since 1995 when they lived in Northern Virginia and joined the Wildlife Rescue League of Northern Virginia. Since moving to Augusta County they have worked closely with the Wildlife Center of Virginia in Waynesboro. The more they have worked in the field, the more they have become aware of the housing shortage for birds being rehabbed. Without long flight cages to stretch their wings, the birds' chances of making a rapid and successful return to the wild are decreased.

And so the idea of building some rehabilitation flight cages was born. "There's such a shortage of

flight cages. In Virginia there are four in Falls Church and the ones at the Wildlife Center," explained Mary. "Needless to say, ours will be used, especially in the fall."

In April the couple broke ground on their property for two new buildings. One, a 12-foot by 16-foot building near their house will be used as ICU. It is a place where birds, in need of quiet and warmth, will be kept in smaller, confined spaces. Babies which demand constant feeding, and severely injured birds which are not yet at a point where they should move around will be kept here. There will also be a room in the building where the bird rehab tools of the trade are kept: the freezer full of frozen mice and small turkey poulters, the scales, syringes, meal worms, heating pads, vitahawk mix, and live mice.

The other building is tucked back in a low place among trees and a fence row. To human eyes it looks for all the world like a protective bunker, but to bird eyes it is the step toward freedom. The building consists of three

tunnels, each 40 feet long, 8 feet high and 8 feet wide.

"They are user friendly and flexible. There will be bird netting in all of them and the two outer cages will have plywood up four feet from the floor so ground birds could be housed here and feel safe and secure," Bill explained.

The middle cage is designed specifically for chimney swifts, which are a personal favorite of Mary's. That cage has plywood all the way to the ceiling and the space will be draped with the honeycomb-like avian netting and have a tower that chimney swifts need. Swifts never perch, they always cling when they are at rest and so these additions will accommodate their special needs. It will also be a place where the babies can begin perfecting their flight skills before they are released.

The chimney swift flight cage has been dedicated to Mary's mother, Peggy Jo Ward who passed away recently. Baby chimney swifts must be fed every hour during daylight hours and last summer Mary and Bill had a batch of babies demanding their constant attention. There were so many that it took about 40 minutes to feed the babies, leaving the surrogate parents about 20 minutes to recharge before going at it again. When Mary had to go out of town for several days, Bill was left in charge of the hectic feeding, so while Bill fed the babies, Peggy Jo cooked and fed Bill. The cage is dedicated in her memory to honor that heroic duty last year.

In addition to swifts, probably the most common visitors to the cages will be accipiters, birds of prey like coopers, sharp-shinned hawks, and kestrels. "They need so much privacy and this is a good place for them," Bill explained of accipiters' need for quiet and seclusion. "They won't hear much down here except the things they will have to learn to handle like lawn mowers and weed whackers." Mary added that the birds would probably spend the majority of their time at the back of the cages where there will be a roof, perches

and boxes. "But they will have to get used to the weather to, so the rest of the roof is just slats that will let in the weather. Everything they hear mimics nature as much as we can," she said.

The building was designed by Bill in close consultation with the staff at the Wildlife Center, which will also supply many, but not all, of their avian visitors. The proportions of the cages are intentional. "They told me that a height of 8 feet was good because it forced the birds to fly more and glide less and that's the intent of the rehabilitation — to build their wing strength."

Before guests are allowed to check out, they must prove they can survive on their own which means they have to make a live kill. After all, once they are back in the wild no one is going to be serving them frozen mice every day. To prove their readiness, they attend mouse school which means that a live mouse is released in the flight cages forcing the bird to prove it can hunt on its own.

Although accipiters and swifts are Mary's and Bill's favorite guests, the hotel is open to any avian guest at any time. And there are periods of peak visitation, like July through September. "We will get more juvenile kestrels around July when the last of the brood hatches. They don't all hatch at the same time and sometimes 'junior' lags behind. In the winter we get more injuries," Mary said. Summer is also the time when many of the infant swifts come in so there is no such thing as a summer vacation for Mary and Bill. "July is nuts," Bill said. "But the babies can yell all they want down here."

Although the design and construction of the buildings has been a gift from their own resources, they did receive a welcome grant from the Augusta Bird Club which helped immensely. Augusta County officials have also been very open and helpful in helping with the permit process. In addition, the couple pointed to Gary Hockman, who owns Virginia Building Systems, as being an important part of the project.

In a very short time the accommodations will be open and ready for customers which pleases the hotel managers, Bill and Mary, to no end. "We are thankful for everything we have and the way we can give something back to this world is by doing this for the birds," Mary said. —



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•Chinese

Continued from page 4

seeds my father gave them. They have a woolen and weaving industry - a plant that produces blouses and shirts that are sold all over China - all from the sheep and looms my father introduced."

Although there is no Christian church in modern Shanxi — a church can only exist with the approval of the Communist government — Mrs. Baxter remains philosophical about that. "My father always said you can't preach to people who are hungry." The church may one day too be resurrected.

When asked what it means to be a "missionary brat," Mrs. Baxter quickly responded, "It means I don't belong in either culture." She is quick to add that she is a different person because of it. "I feel that because of the culture of China I have become a broader more accepting person — accepting of ideas, music, etiquette. I would have been more conservative. I wouldn't have traveled as much. I likely would have been a boring person."

And boring is one thing this missionary brat is not. —

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Notes from the road

In this issue, *Augusta Country* writers Claude Simmons and Mark Gatewood take us on two very different trips. Claude travels to Castaner, Puerto Rico and brings back some flavor of the cultural and socioeconomic conditions there. Mark travels to Virginia's coastal region for a bicycle trip along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.

Trip to Puerto Rico brings variety of service, experiences

By CLAUDE R. SIMMONS III

CASTANER, P.R. — I lost my shirt in Puerto Rico. No, not gambling at the cockfights, that's another story. Actually, it had already been lost once before when I pulled it out of a mud puddle while hiking in Ramsey's Draft two years ago. Its heavy duty pure cotton textile fabric had served me well hiking in the Blue Ridge and during two trips to Puerto Rico.

But finally, its time had come. As Jaime and Zaida Diaz's young son Stephen observed one morning as we mixed concrete, "Hey big guy, your shirt's broken!" when he saw the big holes torn under each sleeve along with its generally ragged condition.

So I left the old, worn and torn faded purple cotton tee shirt in the dumpster behind Castaner Hospital. I left my old shirt in the dumpster and a piece of my heart in the mountain community of Castaner.

Early on the morning of May 3, a US Air turboprop plane lifted Joe



Rob Morris of Middlebrook, Wade Hutchinson of Crimora, and Joe Jones of Staunton place new ridge beams over new ceiling joists in Carlos and Haydi Rivera's house in Castaner, Puerto Rico.

Photos by Claude R. Simmons III

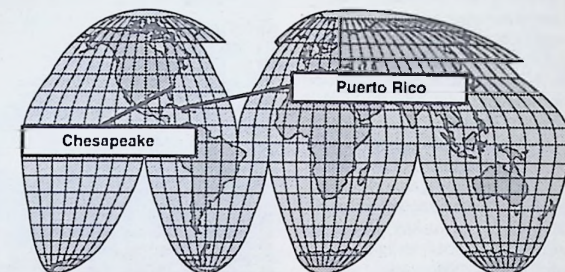
Jones and me into clear blue skies over Charlottesville en route to

Pittsburgh. We studied the ground below us searching for familiar landmarks — the broad bowl of Massanutten Mountain's southern peak to our right as we headed west, row upon row of Allegheny Mountain ridges, rivers leading into western Pennsylvania where the Monongahela meets the Allegheny to form the Ohio River.

Departing Pittsburgh for San Juan, Puerto Rico really piqued our interest. Instead of heading due south over the coastal plain we soon turned east and found ourselves peering down on the radio transmission towers of Elliott Knob followed by the distinct cone of Sugar Loaf hill just south of Joe's home! We'd spent most of the morning flying in circles!

Soon our eastward bearing turned south and we were bound headlong for San Juan, oldest European city in the western hemisphere, situated at the eastern end of the easternmost island of the Lesser Antilles group. Once upon a time it was the last port of call for tall-masted galleons headed back to Spain as they rode low in the water heavy laden with gold and other riches stolen from the "Mundo Nuevo," the New World.

Puerto Rico and its four million citizens live on an island hardly larger than the Shenandoah Valley. Beaches ring its perimeter so that



the Atlantic Ocean pounds the north shore while a calmer Caribbean Sea rolls onto its south side. Rugged, steep volcanic mountains covered in all variety of tropical foliage twist east to west like the tail of a giant Tyrannosaurus rex through the middle of the island dividing north from south.

Less than two hours past noon Joe and I stood in sweltering tropical humidity with sounds of shouting voices, horns blaring and brakes squealing at the airport taxi pickup area. We were looking for Alberto Gonzales who had driven from Castaner to get us. For identification we wore bright red and white caps displaying the Church of the Brethren Disaster Response logo.

It wasn't too long until Joe spotted Alberto a hundred feet away at the far side of the terminal's canopy. He was wearing his cap and excitedly waving both arms. We threw our bags in the back of his compact truck and secured them with a blue plastic tarpaulin for protection from the threatening afternoon rain storm. Then we shoe-horned ourselves into the cab and Alberto pulled into the fierce San Juan rush hour traffic and threaded us west on Highway 22 to Arecibo.

Rain spattered our arms which were stuck out the truck's open windows. We drove west to Arecibo with the Atlantic Ocean swelling to our right and the interior's jagged mountain ridges looming to our left before turning south to Lares.

Long viaducts passed over vast acreage of low ground where once enough sugar cane grew to satisfy the production of some three dozen sugar mills. Only three mills continue producing sugar primarily for manufacturing rum; and a few dairy herds graze the rough forage remaining where cane grew. The deserted mills with their tall smoke stacks stand as silent sentinels reminding us of different times. Until the first half of the 20th century, Puerto Rico was essentially owned and operated by a few dozen wealthy families who controlled the country's agriculture, com-

merce and labor resources. Few people who knew the cane business first hand at ground level are sad to see it removed from the contemporary landscape. They remember a brutal, dangerous business that literally broke the backs of many who worked in it.

Cane fields harbored rats, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes. The long, slender leaves lacerated workers' arms like razors. The work itself was dirty, hard physical labor. Broad hoes and machetes were wielded under hot, tropical sunshine to plant, cultivate and harvest the tall, brittle stalks. It makes growing tobacco look easy.

Ripening within two years, the 10 foot high canes were cut by hand one by one. Special wagons and trucks carried loads piled high and wide over roads to the mills. There the stalks were chopped and crushed to extract their sweet juice which was then evaporated into syrup and ultimately sugar.

Castaner lies in the heart of the mountains slightly to the west in the district of Lares about three hours' drive from San Juan. Modern highways have reduced driving time by two hours but the roads in the mountains still can be narrow, steep

See *MISSION*, page 7



Haydi and Carlos Rivera celebrate the new ceiling in their house. Mission workers from Staunton Church of the Brethren traveled to Castaner, Puerto Rico in May to assist with various rehabilitation projects.



Joe Jones and Wade Hutchinson set a pump in place on a water tank built in 1999 by Church of the Brethren mission workers.

•Mission

Continued from page 6
and winding. They are an engineering marvel.

Roads are lined along each side and overhung with great trees like Indian tulip and ironwood as well as thickets of bamboo, banana, coffee, citrus, giant grasses, philodendron, ferns, hibiscus and colorful flowers of all description. Roadways are shared with all variety of cars, pickups and big trucks. An attentive eye, quick reflexes, good brakes and a loud horn are essential equipment for driving here.

It's sometimes said that when prospective drivers apply for driving licenses in Puerto Rico they are required to take written and practical tests... unless your home is Castaner. If you can drive in Castaner, then you can drive anywhere! Stopping only once at a convenience store for cafe con leche and donuts we crossed the bridge over the Rio Guayo at Castaner's east end shortly past five o'clock. Wade Hutchinson greeted us with a big grin as Alberto pulled into the driveway of the Iglesia de los Hermanos and stopped in front of the Edificio Zapata y Groff apartment building where we'd be staying for the next 10 days.

We immediately toured the church grounds to reminisce about last year's water tank project and to size up this year's possibilities. The big round concrete tank was standing solidly in the upper corner of the yard. It had been finished with a concrete roof but it had never been connected to the church for its intended purpose as emergency supply for refugees during natural disasters. We also picked ripe oranges off the trees and scavenged a coconut for consuming later. Then we set our bags inside and headed up the mountain to check on another possible project.

Carlos and Haydi Rivera lived about 15 minutes away. Their modest home is perched high on the edge of a bank about 50 feet above the main road. It used to be further back from the edge but Hurricane George had washed several feet of the bank down the river in September 1999. A huge mango tree arched up over the front of their house. They had started to have it cut down but the forest service advised that its roots held the bank from falling away completely.

Although originally from this area, the Rivera family had lived many years in Chicago where they raised some of their children. Health

Cockfights part of Puerto Rico's culture

By CLAUDE R. SIMMONS III

Oh, yeah, the cockfights. Well, we did go. And they were fairly interesting, at least in a sociological sense. Alberto expressed concern about us taking the church van but we worked it out. In Puerto Rico cockfighting is an officially sanctioned sport and a government official is present to supervise it. On Friday night we piled into the van and headed to Adjuntas to the Gallera de Tonito Padillo, an arena built for that purpose.

The large square steel structure enclosed a circular arena around which were located a food bar, beverage bar, cages for contestant roosters and a room where contestants are prepared for fights. Mostly men were in attendance although this facility is owned by a woman who moved from Miami.

It was a friendly, gregarious crowd some of whom were imbibing fermented beverages but never did anyone appear rowdy or belligerent. Folks crowded around the caged roosters or in small groups to discuss who was fighting that night or generally swap stories.

Eight to 16 fights would start around 7:30 p.m. and continue at about 20-minute intervals until all the evening's entries had their turns. It takes about 15 minutes for the owner and trainer of each rooster to tape on plastic spurs in place of the natural ones which had been clipped off. Then two matched roosters are brought into the arena in plaid cotton drawstring bags.

A judge wearing a bright orange vest weighs the roosters on a balance scales. Then arena handlers carefully remove them from the bags. One gamecock wears blue bands and the other one is marked with red bands wrapped around the legs above the feet.

problems compelled Carlos to return with his family to his childhood home community. Castaner has its own problems in the form of hurricanes, floods and lack of job opportunities, but it's a good place to live and raise children.

Carlos works full-time as security officer for a company two hours' drive north in Arecibo. Haydi keeps her young grandchildren while their parents work during the day. Once she picked coffee beans from early morning until midday. Then she went home to her own family of a



Puerto Rican handlers introduce combatants before a cockfight.

The respective handlers then thrust the fighters into each other to agitate them and excite their fighting blood. After that the judge teases each rooster with a stuffed rooster. Then the handlers place them in a plexiglass cage in the middle of the arena.

Now the fun begins. The name of the game is gambling. The arena is enclosed by a two-foot-high concrete curb sloped toward the middle. Outside that concrete ring are steel folding chairs where owners and major players sit close to the action. The rest of us were perched on wooden benches which circled above the chairs in two tiers.

Once the roosters are in the cages the arena fills with bettors or their agents placing bets on either the "blue" or "red" rooster. Shortly after that the judge lifts the plastic cage via a pulley rope and the roosters are finally free to fight.

As they fly in the air trying to

stab each other the crowd shouts encouragement depending on which color jumps most aggressively. They have 15 minutes to make a fight of it. Sometimes a lucky shot results in one of the spurs penetrating an opponent's breast and he falls dead on the spot. Sometimes one of the roosters really intimidates his opponent and there's a merry but pitiful chase inside the concrete ring.

Usually a well-matched pair are back and forth until one finally falls exhausted and injured. A winner is declared, bets ranging from \$3 to \$25 dollars are settled on the spot and the arena clears for the next fight. It's fun watching the bettors' excitement as they cheer gamecocks to fight each other. It's also interesting to watch an owner nurse life from a bloodied rooster sometimes practically using CPR to accomplish it.

It is a blood sport that exists pri-

marily for the purpose of gambling. I have no interest in either blood sport or gambling and in fact believe they're outlawed in the States for good reasons. It really didn't look much different than when we used to watch two roosters establish their pecking order in the barnyard. However the sociology is interesting. And it's interesting that the crowd is so well behaved, especially where so much money is involved. I guess it's better for roosters to fight each other than people.

Practically every town has an arena. They say that in San Juan the money is carried in briefcases! A friend of Wade's from Castaner lived in Brooklyn, N.Y. 14 years before returning to Castaner to raise his family (one of his sons had to learn Spanish!). He said that in New York they raised roosters in their houses and fought them in the basement.

I do know that when you pass the typical poultry house in the Shenandoah Valley it has a different kind of rooster in it than when you drive by one of those places that have several dozen gamecocks tied to oil drum houses. I don't know where they fight them but I know that's what they're raised to do. Sometimes when we travel far away to see strange things we could have stayed home and seen them in our own back yards.

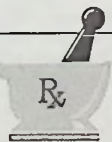
By the way, while you might think you wouldn't be caught dead attending the cockfights, you've probably done something in a facility we call "gallery." The word is derived from the Spanish word for rooster, ie. gallo, and it's being used to describe the place where roosters fight, ie. gallera. Think about that the next time you're sitting in the peanut gallery shouting derisive remarks to the referee! —

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Thank you

This year's work project in Castaner, Puerto Rico was made possible locally through the generous support of Brethren church members of the Blue Ridge Chapel, Mt. Vernon and Staunton congregations and with the corporate support of Rubbermaid Corp.

to college and moved away to live and work in far off places. I don't know what the years ahead hold for this family on earth but I'm confident of their place in God's grace. Their twin daughter, Zaida, is married to Jaime Diaz. Both of them teach English in community schools where all students are required to study English at least a year. Zaida received Teacher of the Year honors during our stay. Jaime also works as pastor of the Castaner Church of the Brethren. He spent some of his childhood in New Jersey but finished grade school and college in Puerto Rico. They have two children, Stephen and a new baby, Tiffany.

It was Haydi who encouraged Jaime to answer the call to Christian ministry. For two years the Castaner Church of the Brethren has benefited from his very capable service as pastor. He is their first native Puerto Rican pastor. Whether or not you speak Spanish you understand what Jaime is saying when he preaches of salvation

in El Señor, Jesu Cristo.

Hurricane George blew away part of the Rivera's roof. They replaced it with new zinc-coated steel nailed over spare wooden framing. Carlos also replaced the sheetrock ceiling in the living room and kitchen under the new roof. However, sheetrock doesn't work very well in such humid conditions, especially without really good support. Their roof was leaking and cracks in the ceiling gave openings for some serious insect incursions.

After almost two years the roof was sagging and the ceiling was warping. Joe measured the 18 foot-square room and inspected the existing structure to plan corrections. We talked with the Riveras and decided that there wasn't time to replace the whole roof. We could replace the ceiling with sturdier 2" x 6" framing covered with 1/2-inch plywood that could support a stronger roof ridge beam resulting in a tighter roof and ceiling.

Until Galen Halterman, Ray-
See GROCERIES, page 9

Tour de Chesapeake lacks sunshine, not sights

By MARK GATEWOOD

It showed up in the mailbox shortly before Christmas — sly, seductive, alluring. No, not the Victoria's Secret catalog. It was a mailing from the Bicycling Education Association promoting the 2000 Bike Virginia program — including Tour de Chesapeake.

"Celebrate the arrival of spring with a bike tour through the wonderful, scenic and flat Mathews County backroads along the Chesapeake Bay," the brochure touted. After huffing over the hills and mountains of Augusta County, that sounded pretty good. Bikes, birds, boats, the Bay and, the clincher for my Wife the Biology Teacher, the logo on the tee shirt was a blue crab on a bicycle!

We sent our registration fees in right after Christmas. We mentioned the trip to our friends and riding companions Bill and Bobby Poats of Stuarts Draft; one look at the brochure and they were hooked too. We agreed to meet at the ride headquarters, the middle school in Mathews, on Friday afternoon.

The weather forecasts weren't at all promising but, as I've said before, sometimes you just have to go and hope for the best. We met Bill and Bobby at the registration area in the gym, got our packets and T-shirts and headed for the tent

city which was springing up on the athletic field. Being cut off from my internet sources, I was forced to rely on the oldest weather forecasting method of all: look west every 10 minutes.

There was a communications tower, maybe 300 feet tall, adjacent to the school property. The top of the tower was in and out of the clouds and mostly in. It didn't look good. New arrivals to the camp were coming in with reports of tornado warnings to the west. Thunder was rumbling just over the trees. We batted down as best we could and repaired to the cafeteria for the pasta dinner just as the rain began.

We were standing in the serving line when the power went out. If ever a group of people showed grace under duress, it was the school staff and volunteers that night. They had put candles on the tables for ambiance; now they were a necessity. The Biology Teacher had her keychain flashlight and helped light a few servings. The maintenance staff produced flashlights and more candles. The school's emergency generator somehow didn't work and the sheriff's department was called in to assist. Through it all, the cafeteria staff soldiered on and got everybody served.

About an hour later, power was restored. The storm had knocked out a transformer and put a large part of the area in the dark. That storm set the tone for the rest of the night — lightning, thunder, heavy rain and not a lot of sleep. Tents were tested that night and many — like ours — failed. My Wife The Biology Teacher woke up with her sleeping bag in a puddle. "At least it's warm and wet," she said gamely. Bobby declared that their tent was going in the trash when they got home and instructed Bill to get her a "fifth wheeler" camper soon.

When we squished out of bed Saturday morning, it wasn't exactly raining, but it wasn't exactly not raining, either. Hoping for the best, we put on our riding clothes and went to the cafeteria to have breakfast and

discuss the day's itinerary.

Now, a Bike Virginia trip is a marvel of organization. Each rider is given a map of the routes open for riding. The routes are color-keyed to arrows at intersections and turns. There are several rest stops with energy snacks, drinks and even a bicycle mechanic. "Sag wagons" patrol the routes to assist or pick up anyone who needs to drop out due to mechanical, physical or — I suppose — mental breakdown. And Bike Virginia brings a payoff to the communities it visits.

I've assisted the Fort Defiance Band Boosters in manning the Spring Hill rest area when Bike Virginia comes to Staunton in October. The band boosters, Ruritans and other community and service organizations serving the cyclists get nice fees for their work. The Bicycling Education Association, organizer of the Bike Virginia rides, uses its funds to promote bicycling education and safety and provides free helmets to children throughout the state.

Mathews County is a little peninsula oriented sort of north-south. We hill people, of course, wanted to see all the watery scenery, so we combined parts of all the marked routes to get us from side to side and end to end of the peninsula. Bill was the route-finder. He quickly grasped the logic of flatland intersections and got us to where we wanted to go.

First stop was Bethel Beach, a 50-acre nature preserve of dunes, salt marsh and bay beach. It is home to a rare insect, the tiger beetle, and a nesting place for least terns. This was what we'd come for! But a chill wind off the bay on our sweat-soaked clothes discouraged lingering and the map promised other sights to see, so we saddled up and rode off.

Next destination — New Point Comfort Lighthouse. This was some distance away, but there were two rest stops en route and we hit them both. The second rest stop was at a county-owned dock called Davis Creek Marina. This was the working man's bay. Stacks of various kinds of fishing gear leaned

against a steel building; the faint scent of dead fish and diesel exhaust perfumed the air.

Once again, that hill-people thing kicked in; I don't know a "dead-rise" (it's some kind of nautical term for boat design) from a Dead Head, but I do know that I find the Chesapeake Bay workboats just hopelessly picturesque and here was a whole gaggle of them moored at the dock. I declared a photo opportunity and ordered my party onto the dock.

"Everybody stand with the boats in the background!" Then, we tanked up on more bananas and Gatorade, and pedaled the short hop to the lighthouse.

You can't get to the lighthouse by land any more. The shifting currents of the bay have taken care of that. Built in 1805 and abandoned in the 1960s, the lighthouse has been preserved through community efforts and is now viewed from a boardwalk which rises from the salt marsh in the New Point Comfort Preserve. Perusing the scene with our binoculars, we could see a group of kayakers landing at the foot of the lighthouse; out in the bay we could see the unmanned navigational light which replaced it.

Now we had a long ride to the most important stop of all: lunch at Williams Wharf. This property is owned by the Mathews Land Conservancy and is being developed as a park for users of non-motorized watercraft. It's also home to the National Champion Mathews High School Crew. I was hoping to see them rowing those impossibly skinny little boats on the water, but they were away at a regatta somewhere.

After lunch, we were treated to a 30-minute narrated ride on the East River on a tour boat. The combination of a full stomach, the morning ride and the drone of the diesel engines was too much. A lot of us simply conked out in our seats. I roused occasionally when the My Wife The Biology Teacher



Bethel Methodist Church served as a rest stop complete with food and drink for cyclists participating in Bike Virginia's Tour de Chesapeake.

yelled at me to look at some bird or other — usually an osprey.

It's hard, now, to remember the time when ospreys were an endangered species. Now it seems that every second pair of wings belongs to an osprey. You reach a point where you just begin to reach for your binoculars, then sigh, "Oh, it's another osprey."

Driven by the lure of the map, we didn't stay in one place long enough to do any serious bird finding. Needless to say, the osprey topped the list, along with the clack-clack-clack of a clapper rail, several warbler species in the wooded areas and the haranguing "Pill-will-willet!" call of some willets, rather common large shorebirds, near Bethel Beach.

When we first received our registration packet, the My Wife The Biology Teacher looked at the mileage for the various loops — Old Mill Landing, 34 miles; New Point Comfort Lighthouse, 48 miles — and wondered aloud if she'd be able to ride such distances. I assured her that we could ride whatever we wanted and were not constrained to

See *LOOPS*, page 9



Bobby and Bill Poats relax on the overlook at New Point Comfort Lighthouse.

Photos by Mark Gatewood

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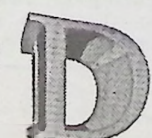
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•Loops

Continued from page 7

mond Curry, Rob Morris and Jerry Ruff could join us at the beginning of the week we occupied ourselves chiefly with estimating materials, buying groceries and working at smaller jobs around the church. Thursday morning Joe, Wade and I walked down the street to the supermercado for groceries. It wasn't Kroger but they had what we needed. Shelves were heavy with rice and beans. Saltines were sold in five pound tins along with a variety of meats in small cans for lunches. Puerto Rico's own rich scented coffee couldn't be missed. Soup, cereal, cheese, spaghetti, canned vegetables and fruits, seasonings, juices and canned sodas were all there. More five gallon tins of corn oil for frying as well as lots of olive oil and olives filled the shelves.

Plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, chayote and other produce filled bins at one side. Beef, pork and chicken were available in the meat case. Bottles of rum and other hard liquor stood in neat rows secured behind locked wire doors. One of the sales clerks would open the doors. Two half pints of rum cost three dollars but we left it on the shelf. Overall prices are similar to the States but wages are only about a third of our rate so food can be pretty dear.

After lunch we had exhausted our activity

options of project planning and grocery shopping. We wanted to get to work but the shovels, picks and wheelbarrow were locked behind a barred gate to which no one had a key. Joe figured out how to snag the tool handles with a rake and soon we were in business.

We set about getting the water tank connected to the church. We needed to dig an 8-inch ditch about 125 feet long to carry the half inch copper pipe and electric cable from the tank to where it would be hooked onto the main line at the church. First we had to sort out which line went where. There were two city water meters carrying lines that served the church, parsonage and apartment building complex. The original galvanized steel lines remained in place but had been replaced or revised with later copper and plastic lines.

Joe installed a variety of fittings to control the water supply between the city, the church and the tank. At one place within inches of each other there are fittings connecting galvanized steel, copper and plastic pipe! We shoveled out the ditch and laid the pipe and wire in it. We mixed concrete and poured a slab at the tank to mount the half horsepower shallow well pump that would push water back to the church when needed.

We'd brought about 150 pounds of hand tools along from Virginia but there's always something more needed. Wade located a propane torch to sweat copper pipe joints together. Wade also knew which ferreteria



A view to the northwest from the trail at Gullarte near Castaner.

Photo by Claude R. Simmons III

(hardware store) was likely to sell supplies we needed or where other tools could be obtained from local folks he'd befriended during the month he'd stayed in Castaner prior to our arrival. In fact, Wade had the scoop on people, jobs, food and cockfights. We can talk more about that later.

We worked when it didn't rain but it rained every afternoon. One day we had to stop before three o'clock. For me that was siesta time. I don't know what the others were doing because I was asleep. When it rains in Castaner the skies open wide and they dump inches of water at a time on the land below. Joe called these rains "frog stranglers."

Despite the heavy flora coverage, water pours off surrounding hillsides until streets are flooded with sheets of water. Innocent clear water streams become raging torrents dyed red with a new load of mud as they roll downhill to the lake at the west end of town. To get anything done you need to start around six in the morning.

Castaner's good water comes from springs high in the mountains but rainstorms usually interrupted our water supply. Fortunately we could fasten water hoses to taps serving the hospital that relies on deep wells but these provided only a minimal amount of water. Flushing commodes and taking shower baths were hardly possible. We caught rainwater in five gallon buckets as it poured off the

roof for flushing toilets. Otherwise we got along the best way possible.

Saturday night the church planned special music and evangelistic services in the town plaza but rain moved them into the church. When we heard the music and singing begin after seven that evening we walked into the yard under a palm tree to listen. All doors were open and Alberto and Juan saw us and motioned for us to come on over and join them.

We left about three hours later much uplifted by the worshipers' spirit and enthusiasm. Their whole-hearted singing is contagious. You can't be there and not be moved by the happiness filling God's house of worship. Accompanied by hand clapping, drums, electric guitar, maracas and tambourine, the congregation's spirit radiates enthusiastic faith that embraces you like an old friend.

Jaime preaches before and after the main speaker. He is surely one of the most dynamic preachers I've heard. When offering is given each row of people stand up singing and make their monetary contributions joyously. The offering plates are piled high with money. When the main speaker began his sermon, I had little notion that I'd sit more than an hour enthralled with his preaching. And it was all in a language foreign to me.

I don't know what we can do to become more excited about our worship style. While See *PREACHING*, page 12

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•Loops

Continued from page 8

"make" a certain number of miles. Yet when we started riding, she looked at the map and picked all these places she wanted to see and the mileage started adding up.

We were over 30 miles at lunch and she wanted to finish off with one more water view, this one clear at the northern end of the map. Bill navigated us there and it turned out to be a cul de sac in a very, very, very nice housing development. There wasn't much of a water view unless you owned a house.

By then it was late afternoon and time to return to the middle school and pack up our wet gear. The day had stayed gray and cool, actually a comfortable riding temperature, and it never rained. At no time did we see anything that could have been mistaken for the sun and we could only imagine how pretty it all would have been in the sunshine. When we got back to school, my odometer read 42 miles for My Wife The Biology Teacher and me — flat miles, yes, but thoroughly enjoyable.

Tour de Chesapeake was over, but the weekend wasn't. We dumped our wet gear into our cars, loaded our bikes and drove south to Yorktown, where we stayed in a motel and enjoyed some of the local restaurants. On Sunday morning, over breakfast, we considered our options for our last half-day in the tidewater. The weather forecast was still pretty stinky: cloudy with chance of showers, clearing after noon. "Yeah," I said, "The sun will come out at three o'clock." We chose a quick cycling jaunt on the Colonial Historic Parkway, with more bay scenery shrouded in mist, followed by lunch in one of Yorktown's waterfront restaurants and a brief turn around the waterfront.

After lunch, we said our goodbyes to Bill and Bobby in the motel parking lot and headed for home. As we crossed Afton Mountain and entered Augusta County — just about 3 p.m. — the sun came out.

For information on Bike Virginia, call 757/229-0507 or visit their website at www.bikevirginia.org.

Bovine Big Foot at large near Middlebrook

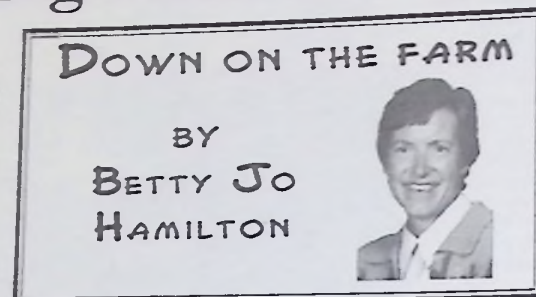
Down on the farm we're thinking about how difficult it is to keep all our ducks — or cows or sheep, whatever the case may be — in a row.

Most folks, at some point in time, may choose to share their lives with a pet — a cat, a dog, a gerbil — and do not find themselves surprised at some untie the pet performs. Neither do they find themselves surprised, from time to time, to find the pet doing something they consider completely out of character for the pet to do. Well-behaved pets don't get on furniture. Well-behaved pets don't bite people. Well-behaved pets don't destroy sofa cushions. But yet you leave an animal unattended in the house and return later to find the pet lounging innocently in its pet bed and in an adjacent room find a paperback book shredded into pulp. Then you become unsettled, if not downright perturbed, that the pet would betray your confidence. Pets are animals, however, and they are prone to act without reason or cause regardless of their training or upbringing.

Of course, handling the day-to-day behavior of a pet cat or dog is not too much of a reach for most folks. That's why they'll put up with the occasional shredded pillow, chewed slipper or sofa cushion littered with hairballs. But put yourself in a farmer's shoes for a few minutes and realize what the farmer has to put up with in order to deal with all the little quirks and character idiosyncrasies of livestock kept on the farm.

First of all, most farmers have lots of animals. And these animals are not pets. Yet they have to be handled in some fashion to perform routine health maintenance or to be moved from one location to another. I guess it would be better at this point just to get away from generalities, quit beating around the bush, and get right to the specifics at hand. O.K., O.K., so we lost a cow and now she's ranging at large and has been for more than a month. We would like very much to get her back but whenever she has been spotted — and these occurrences have become almost as fleeting as Big Foot sightings — it's been impossible to do anything effective to get the cow corralled so we can get her home where she belongs.

In the cow's defense, I would like to say that she was not a troublemaker and had never been known to cause any disruptions in the herd. We've never been prone to handle cattle when we need to, we don't want them on the place. Bad cattle are forever causing trouble — jumping fences, breaking gates, disrupting the rest of the herd — and this is reason enough to send them packing. But the cow we're



listing as AWOL from the herd had never exhibited any of these characteristics. There were, however, extenuating circumstances which caused the cow to resort to fugitive maneuvers to avoid what she perceived as a threat to her personal well being.

It began in the early spring. A neighbor about six miles down the road had some ground with old hay overgrowth that he wanted to graze

longer, until the calves will nurse their cows thereby indicating who belongs to whom.

In this instance we left the calves shut up in the lot throughout the day which created no little ruckus and disturbance around the barn. The calves bawled all day. The cows bawled all day. By late that afternoon, a number of cows were lined up along the fence bawling across the lane as the calves shut up in the

Put yourself in a farmer's shoes for a few minutes and realize what the farmer has to put up with in order to deal with all the little quirks and character idiosyncrasies of livestock kept on the farm.

off before fertilizing. Having no cattle he could put on the ground, he asked us if we would be interested in bringing a few cows and calves in for about six weeks to graze there. With winter feed stores growing short, we were happy to oblige.

We decided to take cows that had fall-born calves to graze the hay ground. One morning we brought in the cattle and separated nine 350-450-pound calves from the herd and put the calves in a lot at the barn, releasing the cows and the rest of the cattle back to pasture. Although most of our cows are marked with numbered ear tags and all of the calves are marked in the same fashion, we do not record the calves' tag numbers according to their cows' corresponding tag numbers. When it comes time to match up cows and calves, we have to separate the calves from the cows and keep the calves away from the cows for most of a day, sometimes

pen. The calves, in turn, were huddled in a corner of the pen bawling across the lane at the cows on the opposite side of the fence. Then we began the process of bringing the cows into the lot to determine which calf belonged to which cow.

By rights, this is where we (o.k., o.k., I — are you satisfied now?) messed up. I should have left the calves shut up overnight and not tried to match them to the cows until the next morning. But, in my defense, if you had to listen to the cacophony of unmatched cows and calves as was yielded in this circumstance, you too would try to put an end to it as soon as possible.

We brought cows into the pen a couple at a time. (I did have some help doing this, so I want my helpers to take some of the blame for this too. But, as Harry Truman once said, "The buck stops here." I'll bet even old Harry would have liked to blame somebody else once in a

while too.) We took some time and let each of the cows look for her calf and waited while the calves decided to which cows they belonged. Some of the calves still weren't very hungry, even after being separated from their cows all day long, so they didn't make an effort to nurse the cows. Some of the calves would just smell at a cow then start following it around. This is not the best way to be sure a calf matches a cow, but sometimes it's the only sign a calf will give that it belongs to a cow.

In this manner we matched nine cows to nine calves and, there being no other cows in the pasture bawling to dispute our calf-matching decisions, we loaded the cows and calves and hauled them to the neighbor's property. "Nine cows and nine calves," we said when all was done. "That's 18 altogether." We were happy. The neighbor was happy. We congratulated ourselves on a hard day's work and went our separate ways.

The next morning the neighbor reported one of the calves was missing. Uh-oh. "Missing?" I said. "There are only 17 here this morning. One of the calves is missing," it was reported. My father had already asked that morning, "Why is that cow bawling out back of the house?" "Is there a cow bawling out there?" said I. It's interesting how easy it is to slip into a state of sensory ignorance. "I didn't hear any cow bawling," I said. "Well, there's one out there bawling," my father said. What should have shocked me most about this situation is that normally the roles are reversed. It is usually my father

who fills the role of the sensory ignorant while I am the sensory observant. This time I was the sensory ignorant. Must be a genetic thing.

After I pulled my head out of the sand, I noted there was a cow complaining and showing obvious signs of having her calf taken from her. It was a Sunday morning and I didn't want to fool with the cow so I decided to let the situation slide another day for something to be done. I wasn't too concerned about the cow. The missing calf was more of a concern at that point, so I began calling neighbors to alert them to be on the lookout for a stray calf.

On Monday, I got the cow in. By that time, she was still bawling some but didn't seem too concerned about missing her calf. The calf was big enough to be weaned anyway, but I just thought it would be better for all involved if the cow and the calf could be reunited. I was hoping if we took the cow to the neighbor's, her bawling might be sufficient to bring the calf back from wherever it had wandered.

After I had gotten the cow in and there were a few other chores that needed attending. I didn't go right away and get the trailer to move the cow. I just left her standing in one of the pens at the barn. As I was doing my chores, I was surprised to hear a commotion in the pen and turned around to see the cow mashing her way through the pen's plank fence. Well, this offended me some, but she was only getting out into the front meadow. I figured I could get her back in without too much trouble when I was ready to move her. Then, with-

See **BIG FOOT**, page 11

A.M. Herring

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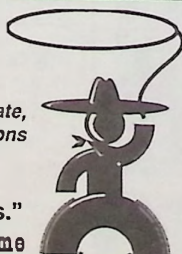
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•Big Foot

Continued from page 10

out too much fanfare on the cow's part, I observed that she proceeded into the meadow and escaped its bounds with little effort finding her way back to the pasture with the rest of the cattle. I considered this to be right much of an affront by the cow to me and all my relatives. While I'll grant that we don't have the best fences, all the fences the cow scaled were ones which were completely sufficient to contain every other bovine on the property. And I have to say I was a little hurt by the cow's behavior. I was just trying to help reunite her with her calf and she seemed wholly unappreciative of the process.

Because the morning feeding had been done at that point, it was useless to try again to round up the cow that morning. Tuesday morning we had good news. The calf had returned to the neighbor's property of its own will. This is almost unheard of. Calves being weaned are famous for escaping and wandering for miles. So to have one escape and then return — particularly to unfamiliar pasture — is practically... well, it just doesn't happen.

Wednesday I re-applied myself to the task of getting the cow reunited with its calf. And, because of my Monday morning experience with the cow, I changed my strategy. (Yes, folks, she CAN be taught.) FIRST, I got the truck and trailer and put it into position so I could load the cow immediately if I could get her in. Then I began my attempt to get the cow to come in. I got some delectable hay and went to the pasture to find the cow. She was a considerable distance from the barn, but when I shook some of the hay out behind the pickup

she and several other of her bovine mates were obliged to follow along behind the pickup. With not too much coaxing, the cattle traveled the distance to the barn and I shut them up in the barnyard. I cut the cow and two other cows out of the group and herded them into the loading pens. Wasting no time, I put all three cows on the trailer. Once on the trailer, I got the cow I wanted into the front of the trailer, shut the gate on her and released the other two cows really having had no use for them except to keep the other cow calm during the process.

Once on the trailer by herself, the

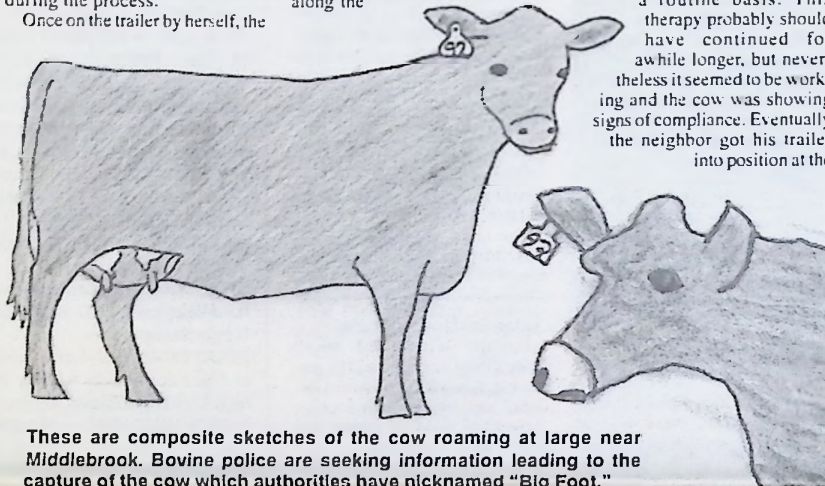
I transported the cow to the neighbor's property, unloaded her, she was reunited with her calf and off they went together into the sunset, happily ever after. Oh, what a feeling.

The day eventually came that the cattle had to be moved away from the neighbor's property. Arrangements were made to accomplish this. I was otherwise involved that day, so the neighbor and my brother-in-law undertook the task. (Now come on, you KNEW there had to be an in-law involved in this fiasco somewhere along the

ner of the neighbor's pasture without straying from it. Period.

Finally, the neighbor managed to work the cow into a lot close to the barn. But even in this lot, she took up a position as far as possible from the barn and that is where she stayed. An attempt was even made to sedate the cow by slipping some medication in her feed so that she could be managed in some fashion. The cow lapped up all the feed but the sedative never even fazed her.

The neighbor continued to work with the cow and had her coming into the barn to hay and feed on a routine basis. This therapy probably should have continued for awhile longer, but nevertheless it seemed to be working and the cow was showing signs of compliance. Eventually the neighbor got his trailer into position at the



These are composite sketches of the cow roaming at large near Middlebrook. Bovine police are seeking information leading to the capture of the cow which authorities have nicknamed "Big Foot."

cow showed some agitation but not anything too unusual. I determined her to be a cow that simply needed a little extra measure of patience and common sense in order to be handled in such a manner. And I mentally congratulated myself for being so clever and wily as to be able to outsmart the cow and get all 1,200 pounds of her to do what I wanted her to do. (You know, sometimes the sun doesn't come up if I don't get up first.)

line.) Trucks and trailers were assembled; the cattle were brought in to be loaded, and the cow... well, the cow had her own ideas about being loaded and away she went. Zip, boom, bang and she was gone to the far end of the pasture as hard as she could go. And that is where she was determined to stay. The rest of the cattle were brought home and the errant cow remained behind. She persisted in occupying the far cor-

end of the barn, tolled the cow in and had her all but (and in the instance of this cow, this is a very big BUT — BUTT) on the trailer. The cow had her two front feet up on the bed of the trailer, the neighbor rushed forward to swing the gate shut on her, and — zip, boom, bang — she twirled around, knocked the gate back, knocked the neighbor down, jumped over him kicking him twice in the process and she

was gone. This time, not just back out to pasture, but over the pasture fence and she has been a fugitive from justice ever since.

The cow has been sighted from time to time since her escape. Unfortunately she fled into a large acreage of unfenced hay and woods making it difficult to keep tabs on her.

A couple weeks ago she was spotted in a yard having her way with a neighbor's flowers and eating a rhododendron bush. I heard fourth-hand that the neighbor wanted to shoot the cow. I thought this was a little extreme, just to shoot the cow. But I will grant that a little well-placed buckshot might be warranted. If the cow eats enough of the rhododendron that will kill her anyway.

The cow was seen a little more recently jogging across a hay field. There are rumors that some professional cowpokes will be called in to capture the cow. I'm not too hopeful for the outcome of this scenario, either for the cow or the cowpokes. The best thing that could happen for the cow right now is for her to find her way into a pasture with some other cows so she will have an opportunity to settle down and re-acclimate herself to a civilized existence.

The cow was last spotted in the area two miles north of Middlebrook, two miles south of Arbor Hill, east of the Middlebrook Road and west of the Poorhouse Farm. If you should happen to spot our bovine Big Foot, I would appreciate a call. We'd like to get her home and get her the help she needs to return to the herd and lead a productive life — one which does not include racing around all over the countryside barreling through every fence she encounters.

It's not easy to keep ducks in a row. It's even harder to keep cows in a row. These days we are just waiting and hoping the prodigal cow will find her way back down on the farm. —

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•Cemetery

Continued from page 3

Hill Cemetery was eventually taken over by a group of trustees made up of representatives from each of the community organizations and churches. Even then, the ladies continued to help. Their most recent

project was the erection, in 1986, of a cross at the top of the hill in honor of the deceased members of the Churchville Woman's Club.

That cross was the last major project undertaken by the club. In the wake of changing times, membership dropped and even those who were members found themselves unable to make meetings. Recently only half a dozen or so have regularly attended. "Communities are all changing," Mrs. Earhart said sadly.

"When it was started it really served a purpose. A meeting was a big occasion and we all looked forward to it," added Mrs. Kesner.

The last official president of the group is Becky Ashby, the end of a long list of area women who served as the group's leaders. The first was Mrs. Steele way back in 1929.

"I really hate to see it disband," said Mrs. Kesner. "Yes, it's going to leave a big hole," added Mrs. Earhart. —

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Daylily Festival promises feast for eyes, ears, palates

By MOLLIE BRYAN

FISHERSVILLE — What happens when a diverse group of gardeners, wine-lovers, artists, crafters, cooks, and musicians get together in Augusta County? What else, but the Daylily and Wine Tasting Festival. Hosted by André Viette Farm & Nursery and sponsored by the Greater Augusta Chamber of Commerce, the event will take place July 15 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

"This year we have a little more

of everything — more crafters, artists, and more activities for children," says Christine Kelley, chairperson of the event.

Kelley says she looks forward to the event every year and this year, in particular, she is excited about the performance of John Fedchock, a world renowned trombonist, who will be performing with a jazz ensemble in the afternoon hours.

"There's not too many opportunities around to hear a performer of this caliber," she says. "But, you know, the festival really has something for everybody."

Six local wineries will be giving tastes of their blends. "You can also buy it by the glass or bottle from them," Kelley adds.

For avid gardeners, the festival holds a special interest. Many local experts will be offering their sage advice all day long at their tents. In addition, there will be seminars on such topics as "How to Create Water Garden" by Tish Folsom of Springdale Water Gardens, "Heat and Drought Tolerant Gardening and Easy Gardening with no work" by Mark Viette, "Color and Interest All Year Round

with Container Gardening" by Peggy Bier of Merrifield Garden Center in Fairfax, and of course, André Viette will present "All about Daylilies," which will in-

Culinary tips for Daylilies

Moosewood Restaurant
Kitchen Garden
Creative Gardening for the Adventurous Cook

The largest, unopened daylily bud can be steamed or stir fried for a delicate vegetable with an asparagus-like flavor. The buds are dried by the Chinese and called "Golden needles" or "Lily-Buds" in many recipes. They provide a subtle taste and slight thickening affect to sweet and sour dishes and mu shu dishes.

Opened flowers can be battered and deep fried, or stuffed and baked.

The large, brilliant daylilies make elegant garnishes for platters of food. —

clude a Daylily Garden tour.

Debbie Gartzke, of Weird Dude's Plant Zoo, who will be presenting "Growing Awesome Gardens," says she is really looking forward to meeting people and talking about gardening.

"It's a great opportunity for people to get gardening information and hear what the experts have to say," she says. "Also, there's a lot of good food and drink."

"The festival is a really a chance for families to get out and enjoy themselves. It's affordable and fun," says Kelley.

Each year, she says, the money from the event is earmarked usually for a horticultural project. Last year, proceeds from the festival went toward building a hummingbird and butterfly garden to be located in Gypsy Hill Park.



The André Viette Farm and Nursery is the site of the fourth annual Daylily Festival to be held July

•Preaching

Continued from page 9
it remains deeply meaningful to us I fear that somewhere we've become sidetracked about what our



Alberto Gonzales demonstrates harvesting bananas.

church attendance means. I know that when you attend worship service in Castaner you need to take your watch off and let the Spirit come down. Gloria de Dios.

Sunday morning Joe and I walked around town, bought some more groceries and waited for church service. Alberto came by and we inspected the water tank and pump project. When we asked him how bananas are harvested from high up in the banana tree, Alberto took a machete and promptly showed us how first you trim off the lower leaves, then make a cut part way through the thick stalk about seven feet above the ground. The 70-pound bunch of bananas will then slowly bring the top of the tree stalk down to the ground where it can be cut free.

Then the farmer hoists it

onto his back to carry it up a mountain slope almost too steep for a ladder. At the cooperative growers' warehouse he will be paid about seven cents per pound for what the consumer pays almost half a dollar! He'll be paid that much if his product is accepted. Often the farmer gets nothing for a crop he's worked hard for 15 months to produce. It's not because his bananas are poor quality for eating but because they have superficial blemishes that consumers reject as not pretty enough!

I rode with Alberto to San Juan that afternoon to pick up Galen, Raymond and Rob. He treated me to dinner at a roadside tienda operated by his brother-in-law. We enjoyed plates piled high with roast pig, yellow rice, brown beans, sausage, chitlins and large balls of mashed plantain. I think you could spend a long time in Puerto Rico and eat like a king by only stopping at these roadside food places.

Monday morning we started the

framing to replace the church carpet roof blown off by Hurricane George. Then while Raymond and Galen set about laying blocks for the pump and generator houses, the rest of us headed to Carlos and Haydi's house. There we tore out all of the existing living room ceiling and prepared for setting joists the next day. Jerry Ruff arrived just as we sat down to supper of French fries, Chinese fried rice and Kentucky Fried Chicken

brought by Jaime and Zaida Diaz.

We planned to provide our own meals at the apartment house but Monday afternoon Jaime brought the good news that church members would feed us lunch and supper all week. Goodbye bologna sandwiches and hello real food.

We ate a wonderful variety ranging from French fries, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Chinese fried rice, mashed potatoes, boiled green ba-

See LUNCH, page 19

The Fourth Annual Daylily & Wine Tasting Festival

Hosted by André Viette Farm & Nursery

July 15, 2000, 9 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Va. 608 near Fishersville

Ticket Prices: In advance, \$10; At door, \$12; Under 21, \$5; Under 6, Free

S.P.L.A.A.T. will perform during the festival's morning hours. John Fedchock, world renowned trombonist will be performing with jazz ensemble in the afternoon hours.

Schedule of events

9 a.m. — Heat & Drought Tolerant Gardening and Easy Gardening with no work. Presented by: Mark Viette

10 a.m. — How to create a Water Garden. Presented by: Tish Folsom of Springdale Water Gardens in Greenville

12:30 p.m. — All about Daylilies including a Daylily Garden Tour. Presented by André Viette

1:15 p.m. — Growing Awesome Gardens. Going beyond the common perennials and annuals. Truly testing your limitations as a gardener. Presented by Debbie Gartzke of Weird Dude's Plant Zoo in Staunton

2:15 p.m. — Color and Interest All Year Round with Container Gardening. Presented by Peggy Bier of Merrifield Garden Center in Fairfax

ARTISTS — Sharon Kincheloe, Lisa Geiman, Donovan Burton Douglas

CRAFTERS — Amanda See, Classic Glass Designs, Highland Glastone, LLC, Ken & Janet Cline, Lynne Noel, Metal Magic Scrapworks

FOOD VENDORS — Arauco Cultural Center, Country Club of Staunton, Kline's Dairy Bar, Chamber Ambassadors, New Life Dimensions Ministries, South River Grill

HORTICULTURAL — Huntley's Lawn & Landscaping, Springdale Water Gardens, Weird Dude's Plant Zoo

WINERIES — Chateau Morrisette, Rebec Vineyards, Shenandoah Vineyards, Inc., Stonewall Vineyards, Williamsburg Vineyards, Wintergreen Winery

"The community does benefit from the proceeds," she says. Like any good chairperson, Kelley knows the festival, the events, what vendors will be there, who the sponsors are, and so on. But just how much does she know about the daylily? Does she know, for example, that they are edible?

"Yes," she laughed. "I knew that.

I've never eaten one, but I know that you can."

The event is \$10 in advance; \$12 at the door; under 21, \$5; under 6, free. It is held at André Viette Farm & Nursery on Va. 608 near Fishersville. Tickets are available from the Greater Augusta Regional Chamber of Commerce at 540-886-2351 or 540-949-8203. —

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Yesterday once more



Confederate memorial service held at Thornrose



Hunter Desper and Beth Huffer, members of Tom Telegraph Children of the Confederacy, placed wreaths at the Confederate memorial in Thornrose Cemetery during a Memorial Day observance honoring Confederate dead.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

By BETH HUFFER

STAUNTON — The Confederate dead from the Civil War (1861-1865) were honored on May 28 at Thornrose Cemetery in Staunton. The James S.A. Crawford United Daughters of the Confederacy Chapter, Tom Telegraph Children of the Confederacy, and the John Imboden Camp Sons of Confederate Veterans were in attendance.

The John D. Imboden Camp started the memorial by presenting the colors. Margaret Ann Whittington, Crawford chapter president, issued the welcome and provided background on the history of the many organizations which have carried out the memorial services for previous generations.

The Children of the Confederacy, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans placed wreaths at the Confederate Monument. The crowd then said the salute to the

United States Flag, followed by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. James Ramsey led the salute to the Virginia Flag followed by the singing of Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny. Nancy Ramsey of Tom Telegraph then led the crowd in the salute to the Confederate Flag followed by the singing of Dixie. Margaret Ramsey said a Confederate Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer. Beth Huffer, a member of the Children of the Confederacy, then read the Confederate poem "Such the Death a Soldier Dies." Mrs. John H. Gum then remarked on the history and purpose of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The

John D. Imboden Camp and the Palmetto Sharpshooters fired a salute followed by the retiring of the colors. The benediction followed and the crowd enjoyed refreshments. Because of the weather, the Stonewall Brigade Band was not able to play at the service. —



The John Imboden Camp Sons of the Confederacy and the Palmetto Sharpshooters fire a salute during a Memorial Day service held in Thornrose Cemetery.

Major Bell's Tavern part of Stuarts Draft history

By VERA HAILEY

STUARTS DRAFT -- The taverns of days gone by were centers of social and political life. Early travelers in Virginia could expect to be met by tavern owners who were retired military men or justices of the peace. One such tavern has become an almost forgotten part of Stuarts Draft history.

Major Bell's Tavern, built in 1789, is now part of "Over the River Farm" owned by Mozelle Howell. According to family story, the tavern, which is the white board part of the current house, was moved in the early 1800s and joined to a brick farmhouse located on Indian Ridge Road.

The tavern, which was one of the most popular in the area after the Revolutionary War, was supposed to have been built about 1789 near the South River between present-day Stuarts Draft and Greenville. The simple structure would have

been located on land granted to James Bell in 1749. The Bell tract totaled 600 acres of land and was located about two miles from present-day Stuarts Draft.

The establishment probably got its name from one of James Bell's sons, Joseph, a Revolutionary War soldier who died in 1832, or Samuel, an officer in the Continental Army who died in 1788.

The property and tavern were later part of a 1,500-acre tract, which extended to the mountain, owned by Cynthia Black Johnson in the early 1800s. The farm was then known as University Farm, and the tavern building was situated 100 yards from the main brick house.

Moffett Black, who later owned a house on the property and was probably a relative of the former owner, told the story of Mrs. Johnson getting on her horse and riding around the farm property to check on workers. A slave cemetery was said to have been located



Major Bell's Tavern, built in 1789, is part of "Over the River Farm" owned by Mozelle Howell.

on a knoll near the house, and Black recalled hearing people crying and singing on the hill.

In the late 1800s, the farm and surrounding land was bought by Tom Wallace who was said to have moved and restored the tavern.

From 1932 to the late 1940s, Charles Robertson operated the farm and lived in the house. The frame structure of the tavern re-

mains. The thick wooden walls and glass window panes full of air bubbles and ripples speak of the buildings' age. The main door is made of diagonal pine slats and has a huge iron lock. In the left corner above the door is an iron receptacle said to have been the place for customers to hang their horse whips.

Mrs. Howell, the current owner, said that — as she heard it — trav-

elers would enter the tavern, purchase a drink and then go upstairs to take off their boots and lay on the floor to rest.

A legend tells that a Civil War soldier stayed at the tavern and stuck his riding crop in the ground in front of the house. He forgot it on his way out, and now this single branch has grown into the large elm tree in the Howells' front yard. —

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Spindler descendants to gather

MIDDLEBROOK — The descendants of Rev. Adam Adolph Spindler (1741-1826) will gather July 15-16 at St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ.

Descendants from any of the following families, as well as others, are invited to attend: Beard,

Bosserman, Brooks, Burks, Cline/Kline, Coiner, Cowman, Dull, Engleman, Fauber, Grass, Grim, Grow, Hanger, Hemp, Hite, Hutchens, Lotts, Ludwick, Lutz, Palmer, Sensebaugh, Sheets, Spindler/Spindler, Swinks, Wells, Whiteside,

Weissman/Wiseman and Zumbro.

To register, contact Katie Spindler, 539 El Dorado Drive, Escondido, Calif. 92025; 760/743-1930; email: kspin@pacbell.net or Ruth Baylor Cline, Rt. 2, Box 125, Middlebrook, Va. 24459, 540/885-3603. —

Schoolhouse News

History's muse leads Fort students to Moses house

AC staff report

VERONA — Clio, history's muse in Greek mythology, moved among Fort Defiance High School's Advanced Placement United States history class this spring. The students diligently studied American history for the entire year in preparation for the national AP history exam. But the last four weeks of school, they actually became the historians when they conducted an architectural survey of the Grandma Moses house.

"The AP exam was given on May 12 this year. We spent the entire year studying and preparing for this test. There were times my stu-

Gothenour-Yount house and published a paper in the Augusta Historical Bulletin.

"Houses are just like people," Simmons commented. "They also have a story, a history. An architectural survey reveals that history."

The Grandma Moses house, situated on the site of Augusta County's Mill Place Commerce Park, seemed a likely candidate for a survey. Abandoned for a number of years, the structure predates the Civil War. Its fate, along with the Gothenour-Yount house, remains uncertain.

"The fact that noted American artist, Anna Robertson 'Grandma' Moses once lived in the house escalates the debate and adds a political dimension," Simmons added.

Politics notwithstanding, the building provided Simmons with a perfect model to demonstrate the historical method.

"All history starts with a question. I posed the question, 'How did this house come to be here?' Then I had to demonstrate how a historian finds the answers," she said.

This required a field trip to the house. With the help of preservationist Ray Wright and local historians

Nancy Sorrells and Katherine Brown, the students searched for clues to the house's age.

"Building technology — saw marks, nails, hardware, construction techniques — gives the best clue to a structure's age," Wright explained. Appropriately clad in long pants and heavy shoes, the class explored the house inside and out. They discovered that the building is a brick 1 1/2-house, typical of the Shenandoah Valley. The front of the house sports Flemish bond brickwork while the side and rear (visible from U.S. 11) used the more common American bond. The original house is a five bay, four room — two up, two down — center hall plan. A two room double-story ell was added at some later time.

The house's interior had more to say. Both Federal and Greek Revival mantels grace the house. Wooden pegs, square-cut nails, and hand-tooled screws are used extensively throughout the house. Only one of the original windows, a nine-over-nine, remains. While the

students did not get into the basement, (a small rat snake guarded the entrance), the attic revealed reciprocal saw marks and roman numerals on the roof rafters. Investigation of the attic also revealed that stories of an extensive house fire proved to be false. No fire damage is evident anywhere in the house.

"This was the best field trip ever," Emily Martin exclaimed. "It didn't cost anything, we learned a lot, and we got to stop at Dairy Queen afterwards!"

Before the students left, Wright, Sorrells and Brown all ventured a guess as to the house's building date. They ranged from between 1825 to 1842.

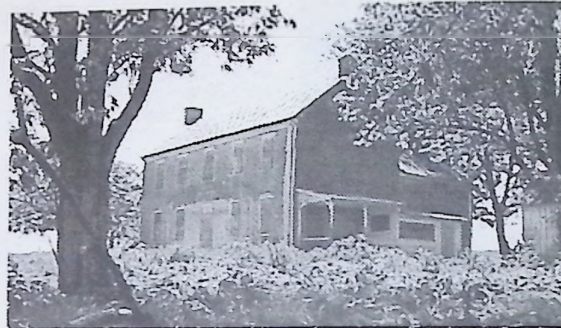
Now the work began. Organized into research teams, the class then had to search out all extant sources on the house. To do that, the first team had to conduct a deed search to find out who owned the property and when it was sold. Several afternoons were spent in the courthouse in order to trace the deed back to Major James Crawford.

"When I first looked at all those books in the courthouse, I thought Mrs. Simmons was crazy," student Jon Yonce commented. "But once we got started, it was hard to stop."

Classmate Randy Terry nodded his head in agreement. "I imagined we would be in some dusty room hunched over musty old books."

Terry wasn't disappointed. Eventually they did find themselves in the dark courthouse basement gingerly paging through fragile tax records in search of information. The students discovered that Major James Crawford bought the land from his father or brother, John Crawford, Sr., and probably built the house around 1838. When Major James Crawford died, his heirs sold the house to Captain Leroy Dangerfield, a veteran of the Confederate Army, whose children sold it to Thomas and Anna Moses in 1900. The Moses family had lived in various other places in Augusta County for nearly 20 years before they bought this house and farm. Here they lived only a short time, but long enough for their son Hugh to be born in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Moses sold the house to Callie and Shuey Hoover in 1912 and returned to New York, where later in life Anna would earn fame as an American primitive artist.

The students discovered a host of other facts about the house and property. Simmons said that they were especially intrigued with the Crawford family. "We think James was the grandson of Patrick Crawford who bought the land from James and Martha Greens, original settlers on the Beverley



Boarded up and all but abandoned, the Moses house in Verona drew history students from Fort Defiance High School who conducted a survey to determine when the house was built.

Photos by Sue Simmons



Fort Defiance High School students Jamie Huffman, Jenny Spiggle and Emily Carper measure the porch at the Moses house in Verona.

dents ate, drank, and slept U.S. history!" AP teacher Sue Simmons explained.

"Predictably there was a tremendous sense of relief when the exam was over. But we still had four weeks of school left," Simmons continued. "My kids had worked so hard and so wanted to be done, it seemed cruel to ask them to do more book work."

Simmons found a way to keep the class involved in its study of history with a hands-on group project called Clio on the Web, funded by a Valley Alliance for Education classroom grant. "The VAE funded a similar project for one of my AP classes in 1997 called Clio in the Classroom. At that time nine students surveyed the

Grant," she explained. Patrick Crawford, who is noted in the Augusta Order books as a horse trader, arrived in Augusta County in 1750 and quickly prospered. The Crawfords became a politically active and prosperous family connected through marriage to other prominent Augusta and Staunton families like the Bells, McChesneys, Cochrans, and Kinneys. Major James Crawford's son Dr. William Crawford was a well-known physician in Mt. Sidney. "The kids had to use all sorts of records in their research — deeds, wills, tax records, chancery records, genealogies, federal census, cemetery records. We even found Major James Crawford's grave at Augusta Stone," Simmons said with a smile. "We asked him if he built or bought the house, but there was no answer."

Each fact the students uncovered sent them in a different direction and left them with yet another set of questions.

"That may have been the biggest lesson of all. There are no answers, just more and more questions," Simmons chuckled. "We would

love to talk to anyone who may have old photographs of the house or who remembers living in or visiting in the house. Going farther back, there must be some photographs or portraits of some of the Crawfords or a Crawford family bible that might help us with some of the family history. Anyone with something to share can contact me through *Augusta Country* or Fort Defiance High School," Simmons added.

Unfortunately, school ended before the research was complete, but the class will publish what they have discovered on an Internet website. "That's the beauty of research, you can pick it up and add to it as time permits," Simmons said. "The miracle of the Internet is that you can update and change what you have written whenever new research demands it. The Internet isn't as permanent as the printed page."

"Several years ago I attended a weeklong workshop at U.Va. called Making History on the Web facilitated by Dr. Ed Ayers who created the *Valley of the Shadow Civil War*

See MOSES, page 17



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Riverheads FCCLA honors members

GREENVILLE — The Riverheads FCCLA Chapter recently held its annual member-family banquet, with community leaders, alumni members and school personnel as guests. The evening was a time of recognition for students in the Work and Family Studies department at Riverheads.

Recognized for contributions to classes throughout the year were: Individual Development, Ginny Campbell and Kristi Phillips; Nutrition and Wellness, Rachel Bernier and Tony Siron; Life Planning, Rachel Ambler; Family Relations, Kim Davis; and Early Childhood Education-Marsha Carwell.

Senior members recognized were Jill Ambler, Rachel Ambler, Lara Arehart, Kathleen Fornadel, Heather Jerman, Loren Johnston, Autumn Kennedy, Brandi LaPlante, Jessica Lowry, Cheri McAllister, Heather Moneymaker, Rachel Rowe, Jennifer Seaman, and Dawn Waymack.

Members earning the gold medal and state trophy in competition re-



SEAMAN



DEAN



DAUGHERTY



GLENN



BOWER



B. SMITH



GARDNER



CAMPBELL



BLACKWELL



FORNADEL



C. SMITH

cently included Jennifer Seaman, Megan Dean, Jami Daugherty, Emily Glenn, Stacey Bower, Brooke Smith, Jenny Gardner, Jennifer Campbell, Crystal Smith, Misty Blackwell, and Kathleen Fornadel. These students earned the opportunity to represent the chapter and state at the national conference to be held in Orlando during the month of July. Chapter participants in STAR Events during the year earning state recognition were: Danielle Thompson, Page Hearn, Carla Snow, Leslie Truxell, Kristan Hemp, Elizabeth Cash, Jessica

Roadcap, and Katey Handley. The chapter presented certificates of appreciation to various community and school friends including Jollivue Ruritans, Dottie VanFossen, Bonnie Goodman, Betty Jo Hamilton, Bobby Seaman, Richard Handley and Betty Howdyshell. Honorary membership was granted to Terry Rohr, guidance secretary at Riverheads. Invited guest Courtney Andes, FCCLA member from Fort Defiance, explained the upcoming process of being a national officer candidate. Installed as officers for the 2000-

2001 school year were Crystal Smith, president; Elizabeth Cash, national programs vice president; Katey Handley, publicity and recognition vice president; Jessica Roadcap, membership vice president; Stacey Bower, STAR events vice president; Rachel Bernier, community

service vice president; Danielle Thompson, occupational vice president; Carla Snow, secretary; Jami Daugherty, treasurer; Maggie Gilstrap, reporter; Jenny Gardner, historian; Casey Cash, chaplain; and Leslie Truxell, photographer. —

VAE surpasses \$45,000-mark in support of local education

By SUE SIMMONS

FISHERSVILLE — A lot of people talk about improving education but members of Valley Alliance for Education put their money where their mouths are.

Organized in 1990 by area citizens and businesses, VAE promotes educational excellence in Augusta County and the cities of Staunton and Waynesboro through its funding of a variety of projects including classroom grants, teacher-of-the-year, and the Tom Harris Mentorship Program.

At its annual meeting held recently at Augusta Community Care, outgoing VAE president Danny Alexander proudly announced that the alliance had raised a record \$45,712 this year. This allowed the organization to award 30 grants totaling over \$30,000 to area public school teachers.

This year's recipients included projects "Postman, Postman, Bring Me a Letter" at A.R. Ware Elementary School (Suzanne Miller); "Got Math?" Stump Elementary School (Patti Campbell); and Vivarium: Mini Ecosystem Berkley Glenn Elementary School (Janis Rule).

Four separate committees, according to fundraiser chairman, Pam Huggins, judge grants. The proposals are judged on their merit and creativity and the monies are awarded blindly; committee members have no knowledge of which teacher, school, or school system submit the grant requests.

The VAE also awarded a plaque and \$500 cash award to each of the three school systems teachers of the year. Recipients are Cynthia Schroer, Staunton; Caroline B. Phillips, Waynesboro; and Curtis Nolley, Augusta County.

Anyone interested in applying for a Creative Classroom or Technology grant or who would like to learn more about the VAE's programs can visit its website at www.vae.org or write the alliance at P.O. Box 515, Fishersville, Va. 22939. —

RHS celebrates graduation

By KIM McCRAY

Most of the people attending the Riverheads High School graduation were probably feeling one of two things. Either they remembered their feelings at their own graduation, or if younger, were anticipating their graduation yet to come.

The graduates themselves were able to experience both feelings that evening.

The graduation ceremony began with the customary processional "Pomp and Circumstance" performed by the Riverheads Concert Band. Throughout the evening the band and chorus presented several more selections, including a song featuring the

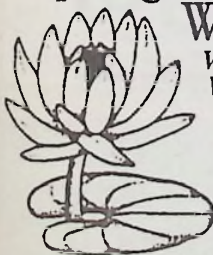
three senior chorus members — Rachel Howard, Heather Bartley, and Lara Arehart.

Other presentations and speeches were given as well. Jessica Hill, co-valedictorian, gave the welcome. Rebekah Bernier, salutatorian, introduced the speaker. Reed Foster, senior class president, presented the senior gavel, and Kori Valz, co-valedictorian, spoke the farewell.

The special speaker who gave the commencement address was Ulmo "Sonny" Randle, a former All Pro, 11-year professional football player, and current host of a popular syndicated radio sports show. Randle spoke humor to convey his simple, but

See MESSAGE, page 19

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Q: I own a two-year-old colt that is ready to be broke. The horse has not had a lot of handling and I have a neighbor who has offered to train the horse. He has 50 or so horses and breaks all his own, but I feel his methods are abusive. I suggested breaking the horse in the river like the Indians used to do rather than using a snubbing post. He said that even if I did it this way the horse would still be wild when he came out. Since I am not experienced about horses, I would like some suggestions. Do horses have to have their spirits broken?

M. Dudding, Roanoke

You have some very good questions here and I would like to start to answer them by explaining the use of a snubbing post, your river method, and a third alternative called round pen training. Then I would like to talk about the difference between breaking a horse's spirit and training a horse's behavior. If you understand these things then I think you will be able to decide for yourself what works best for you and your colt.

A snubbing post is an old method of breaking a horse. The term "breaking" refers to taking a horse that has never been exposed to tack or rider and training him to accept both. If a horse has not been exposed to tack or rider, then they will often be frightened of the new experience and resist the trainer's efforts. This form of resistance can be exhibited in pulling, bucking,

kicking, and striking — all dangerous situations for the trainer. Most of this resistance comes from fear and lack of trust.

A snubbing post is an older method of training which restricts the horse's movements. A large post is set into the ground and the horse is tied close while the trainer tacks the horse. If the horse tries to buck or kick he is restricted because of the limited amount of freedom. His head is usually tied high with his nose close to the post. The idea behind this method is the horse is dominated by control and restricted movements. The trainer does not need to have trust from the horse to train it. The trainer relies on subjection and submission for training purposes.

The second method you describe is a river method used by the Indians. This method restricts the

horse's resistance through the use of water. The horse cannot kick or resist when standing chest deep in water. It works using the same idea as the snubbing post because it protects the trainer and limits the horse's movements while being exposed to the tack and rider. It is kinder to the horse than a snubbing post and a better alternative.

The third alternative which I recommend is a newer method called round pen training. Round pen training works to build trust and communication with the horse before the horse is exposed to tack and rider. It is a "newer" method that understands the psychology of the horse, works to control the horse's fear, and does not break the horse's spirit, but teaches the horse acceptable behavior. There are many round pen trainers who have a great deal of success with horses without being abusive. They work with the horse in a round pen that limits the horse's movements, but allows the horse freedom to choose. The trainer prepares the horse's mind for each new step before exposure and waits until the horse is ready to accept the new experience. Each step works towards the final goal.

I want to explain the difference between breaking a horse's spirit

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



and training a horse's behavior. Old methods of training often used a subjection and submission approach to horsemanship. This was often referred to as breaking a horse's spirit. The horse was not allowed to choose. There was no trust necessary between horse and trainer. Many riders and horses were injured in the process. Horses were necessary in great numbers and this method was thought to be quick, easy, and effective.

Today's training methods have changed because of the value of horses, the introduction of psychology, and better communication methods. Trainers today work to train a horse's behavior without

breaking its spirit. They build trust to overcome the horse's fear. They make it "uncomfortable" for the horse to have bad behavior. Then they allow the horse to choose to be comfortable with good behavior. It is a process that takes time and patience, but the horse retains most of its spirit. This spirit is in confidence, energy, and enthusiasm. Fear is an ugly partner in horsemanship. Building trust through communication and patience is the only way to keep fear away. Take it from the horse's mouth, if you can remove the horse's fear with trust and patience, you can accomplish all your training goals. —

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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Raphine woman enjoys challenges of carriage driving

By CHRIS MARRS

RAPHINE -- Remember the horse and buggy days? Lynn Hewitt of Renegade Ridge in Raphine still lives those days. Her farm boasts five Morgans and a draft horse named Black Jack. Her favorite team is Gypsy and Sundae (a mother and daughter pair). Together they go to Colonial Williamsburg, Colonial Downs, and other places where they do presentation work.

The carriage business started early in Lynn's life. She grew up in Fishersville and her grandfather lived in Stuarts Draft which has a large Mennonite population. "I learned to drive as a little kid with a goat and a harness and cart," she explained. The seed was planted, but didn't blossom until later in her life. After the birth of her children she started a carriage business and quickly became a carriage curator in Richmond at Maymont Park.

"Maymont Park is beautifully landscaped and has a nice carriage collection," she said. Lynn explained that the park carriage service included weddings and rides through the park.

After working in Richmond

Lynn moved to Montana and started her own business there. "I operated a trolley (horse drawn) for the City of Billings. We even took the trolley to Washington, D.C. for President Clinton's inauguration!" Lynn noted.

Owning her own carriage service in Billings also led her to become involved in the movies. The movie *Far and Away* was filmed in Billings and Lynn was asked to participate for the whole summer of 1990. She explained that most movies ask you to be an extra for a day or two. Her involvement with carriages gave her the opportunity to be part of the picture for most of the summer. "The most amazing thing about this movie was meeting all those people. We had so much in common. We stay in touch even after 10 years. I still talk to people from that movie!" she said.

Another opportunity the carriage business gave Lynn was to train a horse for Jane Fonda and Ted Turner. She trained an Arabian to drive for them. Meeting movie stars and being in movies is not the memory which stands out the most in Lynn's career. She explains that something a friend said sticks out in her mind more than anything. "If



Lynn Hewitt of Raphine "turned out" for a carriage drive at Colonial Williamsburg.

you can make one person smile every time you 'put to' (hitch a horse to a carriage) you've accomplished your goal in driving!"

What is involved with someone interested in driving? Lynn stresses safety first. Safety begins with safe equipment. Avoid cheap harnesses (auctions) and broken down buggies (restoration potentials). The buggy doesn't have to be fancy, but it needs to be safe. The worst mistake a new driver can make is to take a green horse (untrained), an old harness, and a carriage that is falling apart. Her advice to interested drivers is to get the best equipment and **TAKE LESSONS!** Harness fitting is one of the most important parts of driving. If the horse isn't comfortable they can't do the job right, says Lynn. "I've pulled out of a drive in Colonial Williamsburg because my horse was acting uncomfortable. I would rather miss a good time than have an unsafe situation," she explains.

Lynn says that driving is one of the fastest growing of the equine sports. She can teach people how to compete and show, but most of her work is for pleasure driving.

The work is more for presentation and a noncompetitive atmosphere. There are three basic types of driving which include the draft horse, carriage driving, and pleasure driving.

Draft horses work with heavy harnesses. Draft horses also include "pulls" which test how much weight the horse can move, but these horses may not necessarily be suitable for road work. Lynn says that she has driven up to a six horse hitch, but it takes tremendous upper body strength. An influential friend, Dick Sparrow, taught her to drive multiples of big horses (Belgians). "There are six horses with about 40 feet of line leather, three lines in each hand. That's a lot of weight **BEFORE** the horses pull!" Dick Sparrow previously drove the Coors hitch. "He taught me draft horse hitches," Lynn explains.

Carriage driving involves smaller horses, smaller vehicles, often antiques, a lot of road work, and fancy turn out. Fancy clothes include blazers, hats, and gloves that reflect the fashion of the sport. Lynn's work is more in this

field and she has an incredible wardrobe to prove it!

Pleasure driving is for shows and Lynn explains the horses are more fired up and not necessarily road safe. They also use a different harness which is lighter.

Lynn teaches safety in her clinics and also safe driving rules. "I spend more time lecturing about safety than any other subject," she said. Horse safety is important. "I have sent horses away from my farm because I knew they weren't safe. I don't mind working with a horse that is clumsy or not too bright, but nothing dangerous."

Learning how to adjust a harness is important. Lynn says there are 14 buckles on a bridle alone! Lynn is also involved in a fairly new club called the Shenandoah Valley Driving Society. In less than a year they have gathered 50 members.

If you are in Colonial Williamsburg, Colonial Downs, or even passing through Raphine and happen to see Lynn driving her favorite pair of horses, Gypsy and Sundae, remember to wave and smile. That will help her accomplish the most important goal of her work! —



A cast member on the movie set of *Far and Away* waits for his next scene. Lynn Hewitt of Raphine spent the summer of 1990 working for the movie's production company on location in Montana.

Photos courtesy Lynn Hewitt



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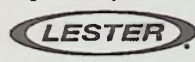
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•Moses

Continued from page 14

Archive. At the time I thought that it would be wonderful if different regions could develop electronic archives of their historic

resources," Simmons mused.

Admittedly more of a concept than detail person, she added that it has taken a long time but she intends this website to be the beginning of one dedicated to Augusta County's historic architectural resources.

Simmons plans to add a house each year to the website, thereby expanding the archive and providing future students with research experience. "Were it not for the support of Valley Alliance for Education, we couldn't have done any of this," she said. "My students have become historians in every sense of the word. After a yearlong study of American history, they conducted original research, interpreted the facts, published what they found, and added to the body of knowledge."

Fort Defiance High School's history students have found their muse. Or maybe Clio found them. —

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Time to renew?
See page 2

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

June 2000

Dear Maude:

After such a nice visit home it was indeed hard to get back into the swing of things in our Nation's Capitol — mornings filled with angry, anxious drivers honking their car horns instead of the steady hum of a tractor across the hill; no noontime lunch out on the screened porch, but a dash through a very hot oven to the carry-out and back, then a cramped table in the back of the office kitchen; no evening breezes but the same sultry heat as all day. Makes one wonder why so many of us stay here!

But a June before a November election is no time to sit and dream about lazy summer activities. Our stalwart leaders are very, very industrious. There will be no let up for the next few months, so all of us have settled down for what we expect to be a dull and work-filled summer. Well, almost all of us that is. There are still a few free spirits in Washington.

Just this week I had to go pick up some papers for the boss from an office only a couple of blocks from ours. I found the building where a fellow coworker now has an office of his own and went in search of the firm he is with. As I walked in the door there was a woman in the first office who looked very familiar. I could not place her, however.

Bob and I chatted awhile as he got the papers for the boss together. "Who is that woman?" I kept saying to myself. Finally, I simply asked him.

"Oh," he replied, "surely you remember Wanda."

How could I not remember Wanda? It had been years since I had seen her and both of us had changed with those years. But once you meet Wanda, you might forget her name, but not her. She is truly one of Washington's most interesting women.

Wanda has never been one to let other people's opinions control her life. She enjoys herself. Hypocrisy is not one

of her traits — one always knows where Wanda stands on an issue.

For many years she has been riding her bicycle wherever she goes, and she goes anywhere she pleases. She just hops on, braves it through all that insane Washington traffic from her apartment to the office, and keeps the bike in the garage of the building. Wanda also is extremely well dressed at all times, including commuting time! Down the busiest of streets she flies on that bicycle in high heels. She actually does us all a service, for as she goes by all those motorists who were about to give their fancy autos all the gas possible in order to run the light just changing to red, will suddenly take their heavy foot off the gas and do a double-take at the nattily dressed Wanda gliding by them. Now, if she were twenty-something in a very short skirt and tight blouse and backpack she probably would not attract too much attention. But we are talking about a woman who is only a couple or so years away from retirement! No backpack for her. No sensible biking shoes. None of that stuff!

She was telling me that, several years back, when talking to a friend of hers on the phone, she was asked, "Was that you I saw riding a bicycle down Pennsylvania Avenue in a full length mink coat?"

"Well, yes," she replied. "It was a cold day and it is my warmest coat."

Another time she was invited to a very formal dinner downtown in the summertime. Off she went in a lovely, flowing chiffon evening dress and high-heeled silver evening slippers on that bicycle. "I looked just like a fairy flying along," she said with a big grin.

One time, in a hurry to get to the office, she made a short cut through the blocked-off streets around the White House, hit some gravel and took quite a tumble. The guards all came running to see if she was injured.

"Should we call an ambulance," one said.

"No," Wanda replied, never being shy, as I said, about saying what she thinks, "why don't you just clean up that gravel?"

She picked herself up, found one lively little bright red pump and replaced it on her foot and continued on her way. "But I'm not the only person to have ever taken a tumble at the White House," she said with her infectious grin.

The day I was at the office to pick up the papers she had just returned from a little lunch-time shopping trip. Everyone in the office envied her — including me. She simply went down to the garage, hopped on that bike and pedaled off to the shopping area in less time than she could have gotten there by cab. Back she came laden down with packages — there was a sale at one of her favorite stores and she bought all sorts of casual clothes for the summer. Perhaps I should see about getting a bicycle. That way Filene's would not be so far away!

No, Maude, I am not making Wanda up. She really does exist. It is just that we are so surrounded by the conservative, hard working, stern-faced sorts here that when we see someone truly free we don't know what to do. We think we must be hallucinating. But there she goes, the bright polished bicycle, linen pants suit, hair perfect, right down the middle of the busiest of streets. Whenever I get to feeling down as I stare at the pile of unessential stuff that seems to gather on the top of my desk, I just think of Wanda. I think of her flying down Connecticut Avenue in the summer dusk with that pink chiffon evening dress floating out behind her. It brings a smile to my face and to my attitude.

Give everyone at home a big hug for me and tell them that I hope to come for another visit very soon.

Love,
LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Lemon verbena smells of summer in the South

I grew up in rural Pennsylvania and am often pleased by the similarities of my childhood culture and the Southern one I live in now. We ate cobbler every summer, drank iced tea by the gallon, and looked forward to the fair, where tractor pulls and pie contests filled us with anticipation.

One thing we did not have, of course, was the rich diversity of summer smells I have come to know and love since living in Virginia — magnolia, honeysuckle, mimosa, wisteria and, my favorite, lemon verbena.

For many folks, lemon verbena is the quintessential Southern herb. Perhaps it is because at least two of the great icons of Southern culture give it a mention — Margaret Mitchell and William Faulkner. In *Gone with the Wind*, the herb is the favorite scent of Scarlet O'Hara's mother. And one of the characters in Faulkner's *The Unvanquished* wears a sprig of it behind her ear. Even though I know better, because my own great grandma told me stories of wearing lemon verbena tucked in her cleavage in Western Pennsyl-

vania, I tend to think of it as Southern.

In truth, lemon verbena hails from Argentina and Chile. There it grows to be a shrub 10 to 15 feet tall. Spanish explorers found the plant and brought it back to Europe in the 17th century. And it's because of its late discovery in the European world that, unlike many herbs, it has no legends or myth attached to it. Lemon verbena is also not mentioned in the early herbals, either, for that very same reason. Today herbalists do use it for digestive and nervous problems.

Ever since I have been growing herbs, I have always included lemon verbena, either growing in the garden or in a pot. It grows much faster and larger if you plant it in the ground, but it will die in the Virginia winter weather. Lemon verbena is a deciduous plant, which means it loses leaves in the fall. It will look like it's dying, but hang onto it, it will begin to show signs of life if it is brought into shelter for the winter.

The scent from the leaves of verbena never seems to die, though. I dried a whole group

of verbena one year and placed the dried leaves in muslin bags hanging around the house, in closets and drawers. Years — and I mean years — later the scent was still there. Throughout history its use has been mainly for fragrance. It can be used in potpourris and sachets, which I highly recommend because you don't have to use any of the chemical fixatives and the scent lasts. I also recommend using it as a room deodorizer. Instead of dousing your carpet with a chemical-laden powder room freshener before vacuuming, use crushed lemon verbena leaves.

The Victorians loved the herb for cleansing purposes, as well as for its fragrance, and would sometimes place sprigs of lemon verbena in finger bowls at each plate at dinner parties.

Lemon verbena is also a main ingredient in soaps, body lotions, and bath oils. You also can put the herb into the bath water and it will release its aroma, which makes for a pleasant bath.

Down to Earth

By
Mollie Bryan



Another popular use for lemon verbena is in tea. It works either as a tea that consists of all lemon verbena leaves or by adding lemon verbena to a cup of tea or glass of iced tea — much the same way you would use mint. And really, what is summer without sitting on the porch in the evening with a tall glass of iced tea, the chatter of crickets and frogs, and the scent of lemon verbena wafting in the breeze? —

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These questions are for the birds

By MARK GATEWOOD

The Editor caught up with me, through the miracle of e-communication, and gave me a couple of bird questions to ponder. Now that July's here and things have heated up and slowed down, let's take a look.

First is a question posed to The Editor by a lady who works at Planters Bank on Richmond Road and sees a mockingbird there every year. "How long do mockingbirds live?" she asked, and is this the same bird every year?

There are probably more questions—and fewer answers—about this than about any other aspect of bird life. Barring some natural disfigurement or the addition of a man-made marker such as a band, the individuals of a species look—to us, anyway—identical, and that makes it awfully hard to track the life of any one individual bird.

We can say generally that birds live fast and die young. In order to maintain constant body temperature, birds have to maintain a high metabolic rate. Ask your local physicist about the relationship between mass and surface area and it'll all make sense.

My Wife the Biology Teacher

and I had a nice demonstration of this when someone brought a stethoscope to a bird banding station. Among other species, we listened to the heartbeat of a chickadee. What we heard was not the standard mammalian "ba-bump... ba-bump." Individual heartbeats were not discernible; it sounded more like a flutter or a buzz. That bird's heart rate probably measured in beats per second and gives an indication of how intensely a bird's life processes operate: live fast, die young.

The longevity data that is available is based on captive birds and, to some extent, on banding data. As such, they represent maximum figures, not average life expectancies. A bird living in the real world of cats, cold fronts and transoceanic migration can't expect to live as long as a captive. How long does a mockingbird live? Unfortunately, the tables I found don't list mockingbirds. Just for the record, the extremes run from 3 1/2 years for a blackpoll warbler to 37 for a Laysan albatross. The closest we can come is the brown thrasher, another mimic in the same family with the gray catbird and mockingbird, similar in size and habit and listed at a maximum

lifespan of 13 years.

And is your bird the same one year after year? Mockingbirds are not among the birds known to return faithfully to the same site—a topic we'll see again shortly—so I'd give it 50-50 odds that "your" mockingbird banks elsewhere next spring and a new, identical bird shows up at Richmond Road.

Question number two comes from The Editor herself and involves barn swallows. It seems, she says, that one day they're not here and the next day they're here. Do they migrate, and, like the swallows of Capistrano, do they leave and arrive on the same day every year?

Migration is the most fascinating aspect of bird behavior. It's been the subject of folklore and absurd misinterpretation for centuries and even the application of high technology hasn't answered everything. Yes, barn swallows migrate, and it's quite a trip, as they travel as far as Argentina for the winter.

As for the swallows of San Juan, Capistrano in California, those birds don't live up to their press; they do not really leave and arrive on the same day. Weather, the great uncontrolled variable (Remember Memorial Day Weekend?) makes

such calendar accuracy impossible. Strong head- or tail-winds will retard or advance arrival dates; if it gets bad enough, especially on the overseas leg of the trip, there may be no arrival at all for some migrants. It's a nice story, but it's not the only misinformation that's ever been put out about swallows: people once thought they flew to the bottoms of lakes and oceans for the winter!

While we're at it, let's look at some of the mechanics of migration as they apply to The Editor's—and, possibly, The Banker's—questions.

Most birds migrate at night. You can prove this if you have binoculars or a telescope, a lawn chair and a couple or free nights in September. On a full moon night, settle into your lawn chair—this may take a while, so get comfortable—and train your optics on the moon. Eventually you will see passing birds silhouetted against the moon. You may even hear the assorted chips, cheeps and chirps the migrants make as they pass overhead.

There are several advantages to night flight. It allows the migrants to feed and rest during the day and possibly avoid predators. Night air is often less turbulent, making for easier flight. Also it's cooler. A

warbler hammering along at 20 wingbeats per second may add an additional 8 degrees Fahrenheit to its body temperature and the night air helps him run cooler. The fact that our migrants arrive in the wee hours of the morning gives rise to the perception, correctly, that they just appear overnight. The swallows, however, are the exception here. They feed on insects caught on the wing, so the advantage goes to daytime flight, which lets them feed as they go.

So your barn swallows arrive during the day, but not on any set calendar day. You should keep track of the day and time or arrival at your farm each year and see if you can answer part of your question. But how about this: barn swallows are among a small group of birds which practice "site fidelity," returning each year to the same nesting site. The birds which come back to your barn truly are "returning" to the place where they were hatched.

If you like this kind of thing, there's a terrific new book out called *Living on the Wind: Across the Hemisphere with Migratory Birds*. It's by Scott Wiedensaul, who wrote *Mountains of the Heart: a Natural History of the Appalachians* (you can't go wrong on that topic, either). Both books help to explain a lot that goes on here in Augusta country.—

Lunch

Continued from page 12

names and Swiss steak to arroz con pollo, habichuelas, tostones, baked chicken, pork chops, flan, rice pudding and bread pudding.

Also, there were nightly forays to the reposterie across the street for hand-dipped ice cream, fresh baked goodies and chilled pina colada (without rum). Alberto kept us in luscious ripe bananas, pineapple, coconut and oranges. Unfortunately mangoes and avocados weren't in season yet.

Tuesday we resumed our respective work projects. The carport was

finished. Galen and Raymond poured the roof over the pump house and were forming the roof for the electric generator for the church. The rest of us returned up the mountain.

We placed the roof beam and set the ceiling joists. The house walls were constructed from concrete blocks filled with concrete but they weren't all level. That meant a lot of chiseling by hand with hammer and cold chisel to get it acceptably level. Haydi played oldies from the 1960s era that hit the spot and made the work easier as we sang and chiseled our way through the afternoon.

Haydi's dinner of yellow rice with gandules, crab salad, chili mac and potatoes with all the fixings filled a big empty spot in our bellies. She followed that at supper with fried chicken, beans and rice as well as dinner leftovers. When we left at half past seven that evening we'd put in a full day. The joists and new ridge beam were in place. The roofline didn't sag anymore and holes had been caulked.

Wednesday we screwed the half-inch luan plywood sheets to the new ceiling joists. The joints were sealed

with lathe strips nailed into a four foot square pattern that gave a very attractive finished appearance.

Lydia, a widowed church member who lived in town, fed us supper of rice with chicken, potato salad, rice pudding, salad and other good things. We checked on doing some work for her the next day.

We learned many things worthwhile about Puerto Rico and its people during these hours spent together. We learned that yellow rice gets its characteristic color from a derivative of chiotte called annatto. Cilantro and garlic are primary seasonings for rice and beans. Hot chiles are not used so much here. Colors can mean the difference in whether you get local government help to fix your road or other concerns. Democrats are red, Republicans are blue and Peoples Independent Party are green. Also, heat and storm damage substantially slows down or sets back any work project. Scarcity of tools, materials and skilled labor make a big difference in what gets done.

We learned too that people work hard for what they have and that they

can lose it all and their lives in the twinkling of an eye. Storms and mountain roads make every day an adventure. Haydi prays constantly for her husband's safety as he drives almost four hours daily for a job that hardly pays minimum wage.

Often when you shake hands with men from these mountains your hand is held by one that is hard, rough and muscular from the work it takes to make a living here. These are good, down to earth, friendly people. They know they don't have many of this world's creature comforts but they also know they live focused on their family and faith in a way most of us have lost.

Nighttime sounds in Castaner are comforting. Ubiquitous tiny tree frogs called coqui chirp from early in the evening through the night. It's almost as though they exist to remind the listener that it's time to relax and go to bed. Roosters crow early and late. Alarm clocks are not needed in Castaner. I miss drifting into sleep with the river's bubbling song and the click-

clack of dominoes moved around a table while players swap jokes and boasts and friendly chit-chat.

First thing Thursday morning we all worked together to mix and pour 10 wheelbarrow loads of concrete to pour the generator house roof before 7:30 a.m.. Then we put some finishing touches on the job at Carlos and Haydi's place. She fed us lunch and before we ate asked if she could offer prayer. When she finished thanking the Lord for work done and friendships made that week there wasn't a dry eye left at the table. We really had one of the best times this life offers in those hills of Castaner.

Back in town for the afternoon we all worked at Lydia's house. She needed some blocking nailed between her roof rafters and some electrical work. Fortunately Rob is an electrician and was able to untangle a dangerous looking wiring scheme and reconnect it in a safe manner. Galen and Raymond made a door to cover an exposed electric disconnect box while Joe nailed the blocking in place. The rest of us measured, cut and delivered whatever materials were ordered. And it rained and rained and rained. In Virginia we would call it a hurricane but in Castaner it was ordinary.

That night we were treated to supper with Elsa Groff. A native of Puerto Rico, Ms. Groff had married a Brethren volunteer, Everett Groff, from Oregon when he'd worked in Castaner in 1942. She had returned less than a week after an extended stay in Florida where they had moved when Mr. Groff

See RAIN, page 20

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Message

Continued from page 15

strong message. He told the graduates to use their time wisely, give everything an honest effort, and to use life to the best of their ability. Also, he stressed the importance of always being mannerly and polite.

Following the awarding of diplomas by Chuck Bishop and Dennis Case, it may have seemed to the graduates like they had reached an end in their lives. However, in one sense, it was really a beginning.—

Chicken Run: Finally! A movie to crow about

It's great to spend a hot summer afternoon in a dark, cool movie theater. Add *Chicken Run* to the mix and you're in Fat City — Chicken-fat City that is.

Chicken Run may turn out to be this summer's sleeper. Nick Park (of *Wallace & Gromit* fame) and Peter Lord (a founder of Britain's acclaimed Aardman Animation studio) have written and directed an animated film that's visually inspired and entertaining throughout — for adults as well as kids. Aardman is the keeper of the "claymation" flame, where clay models are photographed and then moved in tiny increments for each frame. Claymation is so painstakingly slow to produce that its fans are normally treated only to shorts and commercials. *Chicken Run* is claymation paradise!

Set on a circa 1950s British chicken farm, a plucky pullet named Ginger (Julia Sawalha) dreams of freedom and of feeling the green grass between her toes. The Tweedy farm where she is cooped up resembles a German prison camp, replete with a high

barb wire fence, guard tower, hen house 17, and an evil woman farmer, Betty Jo — oops — Mrs. Tweedy (Miranda Richardson). Failure to lay eggs results in an invitation to dinner — as the main course, naturally. The other hens miss the point. "Is she on holiday?" Bunty (Imelda Staunton) asks as she mindlessly knits away. Ginger is determined to free not only herself but also the entire flock.

Ginger's many escape attempts fail — tunneling, tiptoeing, even disguised as mean old Mrs. Tweedy herself. "No chicken escapes from Tweedy's faaaarm!" Mr. Tweedy warns, knowing full well that the chickens are organizing. His menacing wife scoffs at the notion, scolding him that it's "all in 'is' ead."

But Betty Jo — oops — Mrs. Tweedy is at her wits end. She's tired of being poor down on the farm. Just once in her life she wants to earn a profit! Her Progressive Poultry Farmer magazine offers the solution; Mrs. Tweedy sends away for a monstrous machine which produces chicken pies — put a chicken in one end and out comes a pie from the other.

Ginger realizes they must escape soon or die frying. She enlists the aid of Rocky the Rooster (Mel Gibson) who "flies" into the chicken coop one night. Convinced he can teach the flock to fly to freedom, Ginger launches her last escape attempt not realizing they are being flim-flammed by this new cock-of-the-walk. The race is on — will the chickens escape before Mrs. Tweedy has her chicken pie machine up and running or will they end up fricasseed?

Surprisingly, there is more characterization and emotion in these little clay fowls than in a lot of live-action movies playing at the bijou right now. They may have wide, bulging eyes and nervous rows of teeth, but the chickens convey pride, panic, grit, and glee worthy of any recent Oscar winning performance.

Among the movie's delights is excellent voice work, including Gibson as Rocky the Flying Rooster, the boastful circus runaway. "I'm the lone free-ranger," Rocky boasts. Sawalha manages to turn Ginger into a role model, action heroine and sex object. Consider her Sigourney

Weaver with feathers.

A troop of talented British actors play the other poultry and barnyard hangers-on. Imelda Staunton is hilarious as Bunty, the knitting hen; Jane Horrocks and Benjamin Whitrow add their voices and humor to the flock. Phil Daniels and Timothy Spall are brilliant as Fletcher and Nick, a pair of rats with a penchant for thievery. Richardson, as the incomparably heartless farmer, creates a character comparable to *The Wizard of Oz*'s Miss Gulch. Her wicked-witch-of-the-west voice equals her evil countenance. Richardson's and Tony Haygarth's — Mr. Tweedy — comedic timing is impeccable. Attacked by the hens, Mr. Tweedy gasps, "These chickens are revolting!" A distracted Mrs. Tweedy responds, "I've been telling you that all along."

The film will delight children — the kids in my audience actually applauded, something I haven't witnessed for a long time. There's enough humor, action and slapstick to keep them in their seats. But *Chicken Run* is not just for kids.



Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

It's witty dialogue and dark British humor is guaranteed to satisfy adults as well. If you're a Monty Python fan, *Chicken Run* is right up your coop. Movie buffs get an additional treat counting all the references to *The Great Escape*, *Stalag 17*, *Star Trek*, and *Braveheart*. Take a break one hot afternoon and go see *Chicken Run*. It's sure to entertain. Hannah's mom give it three-and-a-half bananas (or three-and-a-half sacks of chicken feed.) The film is rated G. Note to Sarah and Andrew — Gimme a break. There's nothing wrong with a G-rated movie! —

Rain

Continued from page 19

had been stricken with illness. He passed away last fall and now Elsa has returned to their home.

We enjoyed a magical evening eating outside under the portico with water dripping from all sides. Flowers and other plantings decorated the gardens surrounding the house. We attentively listened to learn something of Elsa's rich experiences. She and Jerry had been friends more than 30 years since he and his wife had been newly married volunteers working at Castaner Hospital. Elsa had been responsible for the nursing staff and her husband handled maintenance and purchasing for the physical plant.

They had worked his family farm in Oregon for 10 years but had decided to return with their children to Castaner. Their children now are scattered across the states but Elsa felt drawn to return to this place where they had invested so

much time and energy — a place where she found a home.

Castaner Hospital was founded by a Church of the Brethren medical team headed for China in early 1941. While en route they learned that war had closed China to them. Seeking an alternative, they learned of the possibilities in Castaner. At one time the project included a school, seminary, church and hospital. The school was no longer needed after the regular public school was built, but the church, seminary and hospital are major assets to the community. The hospital became a completely local operation in the 1960s and the Church of the Brethren no longer has any kind of missionary field there.

Friday we visited around town. Wade had several good-byes to say. We did some more stuff for Lydia. We did a small job for Elsa. We drove up to Haydi one more time and then took the Panaramico (parkway) to Bosque Guilarte, the highest point

on the island at more than 4,000 feet elevation. The half-mile walk to a lookout point was very pleasant and offered a nice trail experience.

In the afternoon we all drove up the mountain to see Jose and his family who live in the house whose walls we built last year. We parked the van more than a half-mile away fearing its poor brakes and the rough, steep, rutted dirt road.

Jose met the first of our group. He wore tall, black, mud-spotted rubber boots with blue jeans tucked inside and a yellow striped tee shirt. His left hand carried a really long machete. He'd been cultivating his banana plantation.

Jose has added a bathroom but the drain pipe isn't fully connected to the septic tank yet. Maybe soon! A few vegetables and flowers grew in a front garden and to the rear of the house he had a beautiful patch of cilantro. He insisted I take a generous bunch home and its savory aroma was welcome. He's got a million-

dollar view from his front yard looking north across the valley where Castaner lies far below and beyond where mountain ranges run into each other. Only in Montana have I seen anything quite like it.

They have water and electricity and a clean house but not much else. Life consists mostly of the same thing every day. There is no telephone, car, stereo, TV, VCR, PC, books, magazines, air conditioning, automatic washer, dishwasher, hot tub, swimming pool or other accoutrements we include as necessary. It's doubtful when they even get off the mountain to visit town. It's a pretty bare life devoid of practically everything we hold dear and vital to our daily routine.

However, everyone's face had a smile and we were met as friends. It doesn't mean they don't want more things but they are patient for the moment to work and wait. In the midst of a very difficult time, this family holds hope for tomorrow's possibilities. Partly they hope their work will bring a better life and partly they hope we'll remember to share some of our excess blessings in the form of time and self as well as money and other resources.

There's a saying that starving dogs only bite the feet of barefoot children. It means that the ones who suffer most are those who are the easiest targets. Isn't it right that we who have plenty should consider carefully the cost of callously ignoring the needs of those who have so little?

Relief work in Castaner is appreciated by those who need it. However, we probably benefited as much as the folks for whom we worked by our opportunity to associate and visit with them. Despite enduring daily deprivations and losses, they are truly some of the most open, friendly, honest, faithful and hardworking people I've met.

We offer resources of money, skill and knowledge but they teach us much about patience and joy and faith. Probably one of the most beneficial products of this trip was to build some mutual respect across the distance of miles and culture, barriers that too often prevent us from accepting each other as siblings of the Creator's family.

I lost my shirt in Castaner and a piece of my heart. But I found something spiritual that's priceless. Dios te vendiga! —

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.

July 1, 1911 — The high of just 79 degrees at Phoenix.



nix, Ariz., was its coolest daily maximum of record for the month of July. The normal daily high for July 1st is 105 degrees.

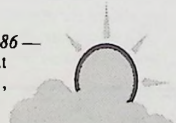
July 7, 1981 — Montana was in the midst of a snowstorm that dumped ten inches at Glacier National Park, and produced winds to 90 mph. Meanwhile, Denver, Colo., set a record high with a reading of 101 degrees.

July 13, 1977 — Lightning struck a key electrical transmission line in Westchester County of southeastern New York State plunging New York City into

darkness.

July 24, 1886 — Rain fell at Lawrence, Kans., for the first time in four weeks. Rain fell over much of the state of Kansas that day relieving a severe drought which began in May. The very dry weather ruined crops in Kansas.

July 30, 1965 — The temperature at Portland, Ore., reached 107 degrees to equal its all-time record high. —



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