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Down on the Farm

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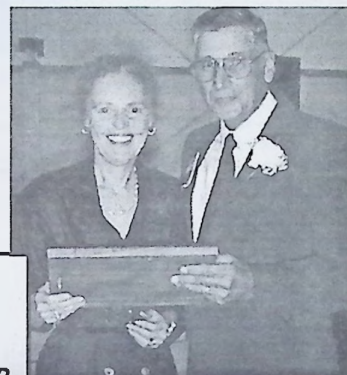
December 2000 Vol. 7, Issue 1

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



Waynesboro Church of
the Brethren getting
ready for annual cookie
and craft bazaar

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Ruritans gather for
annual district awards
convention

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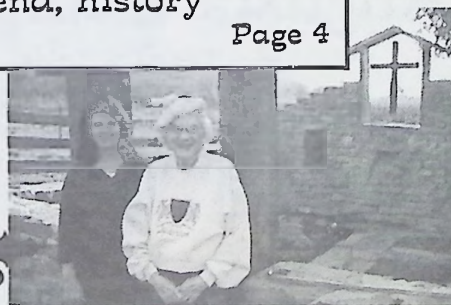


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SHE'S BACK!!!

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Family creates
garden to honor
friend, history

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Area Ruritans hold district awards convention

By NANCY SORRELLS

WEYERS CAVE — A year of hard work and community service came to fruition at the Woodrow Wilson District Ruritan Convention held at the Weyers Cave Community Center recently. The evening banquet began with a memorial service for the 13 area members who died during the year. A yellow rose was brought to the front of the room to remember each "life that was dedicated to serving others."

The top award for the evening, the Woodrow Wilson Ruritan of the Year, went to Justine Tilghman of the Craigsville club. It was her work ethic within the community and within Ruritans which earned her the honor. She serves Augusta County as the chairman of the Planning Commission and is active in Craigsville Presbyterian Church where she helps maintain the local cemetery. She attended 12 monthly meetings and the district convention, brought in three new Ruritan members during the year and helped her club complete six projects that took 1,200 hours of volunteer work.

Club awards were given out in a number of service areas: In Business and Professions the following clubs received Gold Awards: Stonewall and Middlebrook; Silver Awards: Jollivue-Barterbrook, Stuarts Draft, Blue Grass; and Bronze Awards: Craigsville, Beverley Manor, Weyers Cave and North River.

In Citizenship and Patriotism



Bill Fretwell, left, and Russ Dean, right, congratulate Woodrow Wilson Ruritan of the Year Justine Tilghman of the Craigsville club. Fretwell is governor of the Woodrow Wilson District and Dean is the governor-elect. The award was presented recently at the Ruritan's annual district convention.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

the following clubs received Gold Awards: Spotswood-Raphine; Silver Awards: Jollivue-Barterbrook, Buffalo Gap, Sangerville-Towers; and Bronze Awards: Mt. Sidney, Stuarts Draft, Doooms-Waynesboro, North River, Middlebrook, Sherando-Lyndhurst, New Hope, Mill Gap, Churchville and Beverley Manor.

In Environment the following clubs received Gold Awards: Sherando-Lyndhurst and Deerfield; Silver Awards: Stuarts

Draft and Jollivue-Barterbrook; and Bronze Awards: Doooms-Waynesboro, Stonewall, Middlebrook, Fishersville and Beverley Manor.

In Public Service the following clubs received Gold Awards: Stonewall, Stuarts Draft, Spotswood-Raphine, Weyers Cave, Doooms-Waynesboro, Sangerville-Towers, Craigsville and Barren Ridge-Annex; Silver Awards: Mill Gap, Greenville-Riverheads, North River, Sherando-Lyndhurst, Blue Grass, Fishersville and Mt. Sidney; and Bronze Awards: Middlebrook, Churchville, Deerfield, New Hope and Beverley Manor.

In Social Development the following clubs received Gold Awards: Churchville, Stuarts Draft, Blue Grass, Stonewall, Greenville-Riverheads, Middlebrook and

Fishersville; Silver Awards: Sangerville-Towers, Doooms-Waynesboro, Mt. Sidney, Weyers Cave and Mill Gap; and Bronze Awards: Craigsville, New Hope, Sherando-Lyndhurst, North River, Beverley Manor and Barren Ridge-Annex.

Foundation Awards were presented to the Buffalo Gap, Craigsville and Churchville clubs for giving between \$2 and \$10 per member, while the Rockfish Valley Club was honored for giving more than \$10 per member.

Seven new officers for 2001 were also installed during the evening's activities: Russ Dean as District Governor, Brooks Wheatly as Lt. Governor, Jim Cobb as 2 on 4 Governor, Jim Driver as 2 on 3 Governor, Robin Ruleman as 2 on 2 Governor, Cheryl Miller as Treasurer, and Howard Collins as Secretary. Incoming District Governor Dean urged his fellow Ruritans to "go out and ask someone to join."

He also presented a plaque and gift to his mentor, outgoing District Governor Bill Fretwell.

Receiving special recognition for their past service were: outgoing District Governor Fretwell, Linda Wheatley and Vaughn Ashby. Wheatley was the 1997 governor and has been on the cabinet for five years, while Ashby received the Golden Key to the Future Award. Leon Alt was also recognized for being a national representative.

National President Jim LaFollette from Tennessee spoke at the convention and urged all Ruritans to attend the upcoming national convention in Chattanooga. At that meeting, he noted, it was hoped that the Ruritans would announce their goal of having raised \$50,000 for the D-Day Memorial in Bedford.

The evening concluded with local singing celebrity Donna Lou Shickel of Dayton presenting a medley of patriotic and religious songs.

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Waynesboro C.O.B. set for annual cookie, craft bazaar

By NANCY SORRELLS

WAYNESBORO — It is fitting that the Christmas Cookie and Craft Bazaar should be the Waynesboro Church of the Brethren's primary annual fundraiser, because the entire church congregation works all year to make it happen.

This year's seventh annual bazaar will be held Dec. 2 from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. The church is located at 364 Bridge Avenue in Waynesboro.

Well over \$6,400 was raised at last year's event and the congregation hopes to surpass that mark this year. Funds from the bazaar are earmarked for the District Disaster Response, Weekday Religious Education in Waynesboro, the church fellowship hall bathroom fund, and the 2002 National Youth Conference. The bathroom fund is particularly important because the new, state-of-the-art shower/bathroom facility is completely handicap accessible and

will make the church eligible to serve as an overnight emergency disaster center for the community.

As always, cookies hold a place of importance at this event. The smell of freshly baked cookies will waft out the door on the morning of the bazaar and customers will be greeted with the still-warm goodies as they enter the fellowship hall. Just in case one cookie isn't enough, the Cookie Café will be selling hot drinks and fresh cookies. More than 560 DOZEN cookies were baked and sold at last year's bazaar including 120 dozen on the day of the sale. In addition to the old standby of monster cookies, several new cookie recipes will debut at this year's bazaar including macaroons. Workdays held at the church in the weeks before the event helped stockpile the cookies. New this year will be a "ready-made" treat to leave for Santa under the Christmas tree: a holiday ceramic plate, mug, hot cocoa or cappuccino mix, and cookies will be sold as a package.

No bazaar at this church would be complete without the tasty contributions from the youth group, including Turner ham sandwiches, homemade candy, pickles, brownie mix in a jar, and hot cheese dip in a jar. The youngsters have put in their time in the fellowship hall's kitchen making hard candy, peanut brittle,



Virginia Eton looks at the bath gift baskets which are new this year at the Waynesboro Church of the Brethren annual cookie and craft bazaar.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

fudge, and chocolate-covered peanut butter balls to name a few.

Those with a sweet tooth might want to divert their attention from the candies and cookies by shopping among the wide array of craft items which will be available. New this year are bath products made up in attractive gift baskets. Kaye Stiltner is heading up the home-made soap and candle-making operations. Under her watchful eye, glycerin soap in 10 different scents, including the exotic cucumber-melon, will be available.

As always there will be a variety

of handmade wooden items. This year, however, there will also be miniature wooden nativity scenes made out of clothespins and created by the craft group which meets every Thursday year-round in the fellowship hall. There will also be a variety of denim products including children's organizers, perfect for holding school supplies and crafts.

Wreaths, hand-woven denim rugs, rag mop angels, Christmas decorations, wallhangings, 18-inch doll clothes, aprons, poinsettias, and SERRV products will all be available for sale.

Those who stop by on the day of the sale might also want to participate in the silent auction which will include prints from local artists and, for the second year in a row, a magnificent quilt by Mary Eton. Last year her quilt brought \$1,000 and the church members hope to at least equal that amount this year. This year's quilt, created in harvest theme colors and patterns, is the 60th quilt Mary has created in her life. The pattern is cabin fever — sort of a starry twist to the more traditional log cabin pattern.

Mingling with the customers, bakers, and congregational members will be two other important visitors. The Cookie Monster will encourage everyone to nibble on a cookie or two, especially the monster cookies. At some point in the morning, the jolly old elf himself will also arrive to help get the crowd in the mood for the upcoming holiday season. —



Two-year-old Hailey Stiltner of Waynesboro Church of the Brethren is prepared for Santa's arrival with her ready-made "Santa goody plate" to set out on Christmas Eve.

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Hailey Stiltner, Maggie Bowman and Holly Moyer, left, Blair Weatherholtz and Anne Jones right, work to prepare chocolate covered peanut butter candy for the Waynesboro Church of the Brethren's annual cookie bazaar to be held Dec. 2.

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Family creates garden to honor friend, history

AG staff report

FRANK'S MILL—When Penny and Brown Stegall bought their farm along the Middle River near Frank's Mill, they felt instant connections. There were connections with the native Americans who once lived here hundreds of years ago, connections with the families which had carved out a pioneer homestead here, and, most importantly, a connection with Sarah Frances Anderson Suter.

Not only did Mrs. Suter once live in the house, but so did her ancestors, the earliest European settlers on the land. Recently Mrs. Suter, her daughter and granddaughter, and several dozen other area residents were welcomed to Honeysuckle Hill Farm for the dedication of the Sarah Frances Anderson Suter Garden. The garden, created by the Browns, was to honor their friendship and connections with Mrs. Suter.

"Everybody here I've met directly or indirectly because of her," said Penny as she looked around the crowd during the garden dedication. Mrs. Suter's roots run deep in Augusta County. In the south-

ern part of the county her McCutchen ancestors were among the first to settle the land, while along the Middle River, her Anderson ancestors set down roots. Although those first settlers arrived 250 years ago, they remain alive today thanks to Mrs. Suter's stories and memories, which she has passed down from her own parents and grandparents.

"My mother schooled me in the family history," she recalled. Her parents, Maude Curwell and William Bailey Anderson, lived in a log house nearby. When young Sarah grew up she married Beverly Suter. In 1970 they bought the farm now called Honeysuckle Hill and owned by the Browns. The farm had stood empty for a number of years when the Suters bought it, but the couple breathed life back into Mrs. Suter's ancestral home. They even built the first-ever bridge across the river to the house! Mrs. Suter's daughter, Sarah Splaun, who was present at the ceremony, remembers working in the garden and finding relics from a much-earlier native American presence along the river.

When they moved in a couple of

years ago, the Stegalls made it a point to learn the history of their new home. That quest connected them with Mrs. Suter and the rest, as they say, is history. To honor that friendship and those connections, the couple decided to create a unique garden below the house next to the stone springhouse. The garden they created, through the talented hand of Travis Barley, is one that speaks of meditation and ancient history.

Using blocks of limestone, many weighing 100-150 pounds, he built what looks to be the ruins of an ancient chapel. He used local lumber to shape the doorway and a cross, and more stones to create the terrace. A Celtic cross, stone monks, and a native American amulet are all spaced throughout the plant-lined walkway. A Zen garden will eventually complete the scene.

In addition to Penny, two others spoke at the dedication. Nancy Sorrells, president of the Augusta County Historical Society, spoke of Mrs. Suter's love of local history, her deep family roots in the area, and of her eagerness to pass on her historical knowledge to the next generation. Belle Harrell



Penny Stegall, left, stands with Sarah Frances Suter in the garden created on the Stegall property to honor Mrs. Suter. Blocks of limestone were used to create the illusion of the ruins of an ancient chapel. A Celtic cross, stone monks, and a native American amulet are all spaced throughout the chapel's plant-lined walkway.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

who is in the Daughters of the American Revolution with Mrs. Suter and is her neighbor, also spoke of Mrs. Suter's love of history. "She has given us a sense of time and place and has regaled us

with her family stories," she said.

Following the garden dedication, the Browns treated everyone to a buffet dinner in their historic house. After being helped along the garden walkway, through the chapel and down near the springhouse, Mrs. Suter couldn't keep a broad smile off her face and her eyes sparkled with delight. "I'm proud to be remembered in this fashion by my friends," she said. —

Wilson's Pierce Arrow not the only one in town

STAUNTON — What are the chances that two rare antique cars manufactured the same year, in the same plant, probably at the same time would both be in Staunton? For the past six months, the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace, home of President Woodrow Wilson's 1919 Pierce Arrow Roadster, has watched over the process of refurbishing another 1919 Pierce-Arrow Roadster. Owned by the Tudor Place Historic House and Garden, Washington, D.C., the roadster is currently housed at The Motorcar Company, an antique automobile restoration firm in Staunton.

"In 1919, this car was built in the same Pierce-Arrow factory in Buffalo, N.Y., along with the car chassis and engine that was meant for President Wilson's sedan," says Dick Robertson, the primary caretaker of President Wilson's car at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace. The Tudor Place Foundation contacted Robertson, who headed up restoration efforts on President Wilson's car, in March because of his experience with antique cars.

The original owner of the roadster, Armistead Peter III, bought the engine and chassis from Pierce-Arrow, and commissioned the Brewster Company to make a roadster body for the car. Peter, an artist by profession, made a few adjustments to the roadster body to suit his personal tastes.

According to Al Morkunas, owner of The Motorcar Company, several changes have been made to the original body. Peter had the bumper removed and replaced it with a more rounded model. He also changed the standard spoke

wheels to a steel plate. The signature Pierce-Arrow headlamps were removed in favor of more fashionable headlights that are used on more modern cars. The most impressive change that Peter made entailed designing a separate carriage-style roof for the rumble seat in the back of the car. These highly specialized modifications make this car one of a kind.

Robertson says, "When Peter made his will, he placed a provision in it stating that when he died, the Georgetown estate was to be kept in its current state and opened to the public. In 1984 when Peter passed away, the roadster was made into an exhibit along with the rest of the estate. The roadster fell into disrepair from lack of maintenance. The Tudor Place Foundation wanted to have the roadster restored to its original condition."

The Foundation contacted Robertson and, subsequently, Morkunas to research different options available in restoration. Morkunas says, "When we received the roadster, we found that

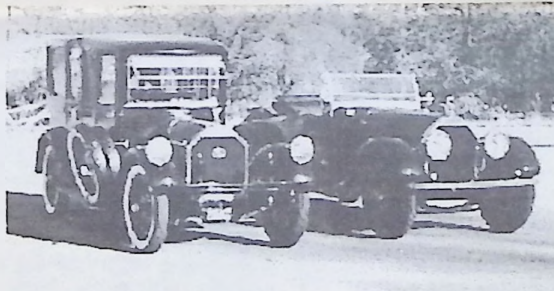


Photo courtesy WW Birthplace

President Woodrow Wilson's 1919 Pierce-Arrow Roadster, left, and another 1919 Pierce-Arrow Roadster owned by the Tudor Place Historic House and Garden, Washington, D.C., will be on display at the centennial celebration of the Pierce-Arrow Company in Buffalo, N.Y., in February. The Tudor roadster has spent six months at a Staunton motorcar company being restored.

the body was in excellent condition because it was kept indoors. However, everything mechanical had to be taken out and either cleaned or replaced completely."

See CARS, page 9



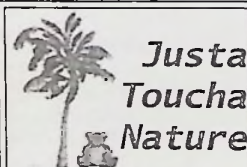
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Christmas traditions, legends, and other fascinating facts

Woven into the history of Christmas are many horticultural traditions and legends, including the use of herbs, winter plants, and evergreens. December is a month filled with fascinating facts.

Did you know that during the first two centuries after Christ's death and resurrection, Christmas was not celebrated? Scholars around 245 A.D. attempted to pinpoint the exact date of the Nativity but could not agree on one date. Finally in 349 A.D. Pope Julius formally chose Dec. 25.

The Romans were already celebrating a pagan festival in honor of the Sun God Mithras on the 25th. At that festival such modern day customs as decorating with greens, preparing holiday meals, and exchanging gifts took place.

The Winter Solstice was celebrated in ancient Europe and greens such as ivy, laurel, and holly were used to signify friendship, light, and renewal. Mistletoe was used by the Druids and the Celts in religious ceremonies.

The Puritans in 17th century England objected to many Christian celebrations (including Christmas) and these were banned in 1643, but Dec. 25 was restored as a secular as much as a religious holiday in 1660.

The Pilgrims also disliked Christmas when they arrived in Plymouth, Mass., in 1620 and enacted a law in 1659 fining anyone observing the 25th. This law was repealed in 1681 due to the popularity of this holiday.

Christmas traditions were embraced in the United States by such denominations as the Anglicans, Catholics, Lutherans, and Dutch Reformists, but discouraged by the Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, and Presbyterians because of the pagan origins of many of the festivities.

One of our most popular traditions is bringing an evergreen tree indoors. An old legend claims that in the early 8th century St. Boniface was sent from England to bring Christianity to the Druids in Germany. He chopped down an old oak — their sacred tree — and it came crashing down in the forest but spared a small fir, which he aptly named the Christbaum or "Christ's tree."

In late 15th century Germany a fir tree decorated with apples was used in the Paradise Play, a Popular theatrical production, and was soon seen in Christian homes as a symbol of the coming Savior.

Albert, the German born Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, introduced the Christmas tree to the parlors of England.

In America the Pennsylvania Germans claim first use of a tree. In the diary of Matthew Zahm of Lancaster, Pa., on Dec. 20, 1821, is a written reference to this practice. These early trees were decorated with candles, nuts, fruit, popcorn, and toys.

The huge, much televised Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square, London, has been a gift from Norway (in thanks for World War II aid) since 1947.

The Magi brought gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Christchild. In biblical times the two fragrant resins were as valuable as gold. These two oils were used in medicines, cosmetics, incenses, perfumes, and in rituals and ceremonies, and are still widely used today.

Rosemary has long been a Christmas evergreen. We see it in wreaths and topiaries as a sign of remembrance. Legend says that the flowers were originally white, but the Virgin Mary laid her blue cloak on the fragrant branches and thereafter the flowers took on the soft blue shade that we know today.

Advent wreaths are traditional decorations that probably originated in Germany. They have a base of evergreens, which suggest life and hope, and often Juniper, a traditional plant of the sanctuary. Also included in Advent wreaths are herbs such as sage and boxwood (immortality), lavender (purity), rue (virtue), thyme (bravery), horehound (good

In the Garden

By Jenifer Bradford



health), statice and globe amaranth (everlasting life), and rosemary.

Candles are added during the first four Sundays before Christmas. The first three (Prophecy, Bethlehem, and Shepherds) are purple, the fourth (Angels) is pink, and the fifth (Christ Candle) is white and is placed in the center of the wreath and is lit on Christmas Eve or Day.

Who among us doesn't buy or give away at least one poinsettia over the holidays? The plant is named after Dr. Joel Poinsett, the first U.S. minister to Mexico and a keen botanist, who discovered this plant in 1828 and he introduced it to the rest of North America. In Mexico poinsettias are called Flor de la Noche Buena (flower of the Holy Night), since they are thought to resemble the star of Bethlehem.

Did you know that Christmas is the only religious holiday in America that is also a national legal holiday? In Europe Easter and Whitsuntide are also legal holidays. Alabama was the first state to legalize the 25th officially (in 1836). By 1890 every other state had done the same.

Not everyone approves of abbreviating Christmas as Xmas, but Xmas is actually a Christian word from Greece. X is the first letter of the Greek word for Christ (Xristos). Xmas was widely used by 16th century European Christians who understood the meaning "Christ's mass," but in later times the origin and meaning has been lost.

Perhaps you have deduced by now that our current traditions are often based on ancient legends and pagan practices, and customs have evolved to become part of our Christian heritage. The past is prologue. So we should remember the past and build on these old customs to create new traditions of our own. Let us in particular use the greens, herbs, plants, and fruits of nature to symbolize the meanings of the season. Isn't Christmas fascinating? —

~~~ Garden tips for December ~~~

Although the gardening year is almost over there are still a few more things to be done before the holidays. These include:

Outdoors:

- Rake up those late leaves and add to flowerbeds or the compost pile.
- Fertilize the lawn if you didn't do it in November.
- Trim evergreens judiciously, moisten, and place in a plastic bag. Store close to the house (under large foundation shrubs) to be ready for when you decorate your home. Note: Store holly in a separate bag to alert you to its prickles.
- Collect nuts, cones, seedpods, and berries and store in a dry place for use in

decorating or wreath making.

- Prune old perennials to about three inches. Pull up dead leaves and stalks and clean up surrounding areas to prevent disease and overwintering insects. Water evergreens thoroughly (very necessary after our dry fall) until the ground freezes.
- Spray trees and shrubs with dormant oil if you see scale.
- Mulch roses heavily over the bud union (8 inches) and over the roots (2 inches).
- Do not leave diseased leaves around roses. Remove and bag.
- Clean out gutters and downspouts.
- Plant any remaining spring bulbs.

- Protect delicate broadleaf shrubs (boxwood, nandina, hollies) with burlap cages.
- Select your live Christmas tree early to obtain a handsome specimen.
- Dig a planting hole for the tree before the ground freezes. Choose a permanent site carefully. Fill the hole with straw to keep it from freezing. Keep the soil in large plastic bags in an unheated space until you need it in early January. Don't keep your tree indoors for more than two weeks.
- Do not walk on a frozen lawn.
- Make wreaths for your front door, windows, garden gate, and front grill of your car.
- Walk through your garden to ensure all

See *TIPS*, page 19

VALLEY SYMPHONIC CONCERTS 2000-2001

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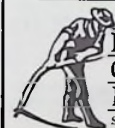
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Christmas plants — handle with care

Many of our native plants are traditionally used as Christmas decorations. Conservation and safety should be kept in mind when using these plants. Some have been overcollected such as species of clubmosses (ground pine and running cedar), Christmas fern and holly. Other plants such as holly and mistletoe produce berries that are poisonous, especially to small children.

The clubmosses (*Lycopodium spp.*) are in a family (Lycopodiaceae) of nonflowering vascular plants. The spore-producing structures called "strobili" are finger-like structures which develop on top of the individual plants and may be mistaken for a flower. This time of year many species are releasing spores from these structures. Later the spores will germinate to form the tree reproductive stage of the plant.

The strobili with spores were used for old-fashioned powder-flash photography. This material ignites easily producing a brilliant flash making any decorations made from it are extremely

Conservation and safety should be kept in mind when using native plants for Christmas decorations. Some have been overcollected and others produce berries that are poisonous, especially to small children.

flammable. Both *Lycopodium obscurum* — called ground pine because it resembles miniature pine trees — and *L. clavatum* known as running pine or cedar (individual plants are connected by rhizomes) have been collected to the point they are locally rare.

The Christmas fern (*Polystichum flavescens*, family Polypodiaceae) is another non-flowering plant that may be locally overcollected for Christmas decorating. This handsome evergreen fern is our most common fern. It derives its common name from the fact it is green at Christmas and also the leaflets of the compound leaf supposedly resemble a Christmas stocking or Santa in his sled with rein-

deer (use your imagination!). This plant is more common than clubmosses but still should be collected only if locally abundant.

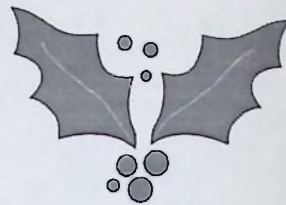
The hollies (*Ilex spp.*) are sometimes overcollected resulting in damage to the tree or shrub. The hollies are in the Aquifoliaceae family, a true flowering plant family. The small, inconspicuous green flowers bloom in summer and are usually separate male and female

flowers borne on separate plants (a condition known as dioecious or "two households.") The fruit is the lovely red berry (actually a "drupe") that is prized for holiday decorating.

The most popular native holly is the American holly (*Ilex opaca*) with the shiny evergreen sharp-pointed leaves that are familiar to us all as a Christmas symbol. American holly grows to 90 feet tall with a straight trunk and lovely gray bark. Trees this size are seldom seen in developed areas though the species does compete well in a mixed deciduous forest. Overcollecting of holly can be especially damaging to young trees. Of course, only female flower-bearing trees will have berries.

The other species of holly, less frequently used in Christmas decorating, is the colorful *Ilex verticillata*, a deciduous shrub known as winterberry or black alder. Its leafless branches with whorls of red berries make a colorful addition to Christmas arrangements. Again, overcollecting may damage the individual plant. Berries from holly plants are eaten by birds which are important in dispersing seeds of these species. However, holly berries may be poisonous to humans, especially small children.

Mistletoe, the "kissing" plant, so popular at Christmas, has a better known reputation for toxic berries. The evergreen plant with thick, leathery green leaves and lovely white waxy berries can make small children very ill, or even be fatal if several berries are consumed. Mistletoe (*Phoradendron flave-*



scens, family Loranthaceae) is a strange flowering plant that is parasitic (but still photosynthetic with green leaves) in the upper limbs of deciduous trees. Birds eat the sticky berries, formed by small inconspicuous green flowers, and often disperse the seeds by wiping their beaks on the bark of tree limbs to remove the sticky seeds. In the winter, it is easy to see ball-like masses of mistletoe in the upper limbs of trees.

As the title of this article suggests, our traditional Christmas plants should be "handled with care" by using sparingly and being aware of potentially dangerous leaves or berries. If conservation and safety are kept in mind these plants can add much to a colorful Christmas. —

This information was provided by the Virginia Native Plant Society.

Time to renew?
See page 2

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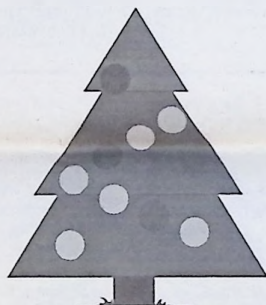
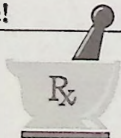
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Herbs help stave off wintertime blahs

When I think of autumn, I think of colorful leaves, bountiful harvest, and the upcoming traditional holidays — Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Another thing, of course, that I think about is cutting and drying my herbs. This year, I don't have a large variety. But, the plants I have are huge — lavender, two kinds of sage, sweet woodruff, and cat mint, which sends my two cats into ecstatic fits.

The best time to pick herbs is when the essential oils are at their peak. Ideally, when they are on the brink of their flowering cycle, early in the morning, after the dew has dried, but before the heat of the day. But they can be picked at any time. The only time it really matters is if you are trying to extract essential oil from the herb.

If you have a small harvest, you can rack-dry it in a well-ventilated room out of direct sunlight. Use a screen or cheesecloth-covered cookie sheet (paper towels do fine as a covering, too). Lay the stems down in a single layer so the leaves don't overlap. Turn or stir the herbs once or twice a day until dry and crumbly.

My favorite way to dry herbs is perhaps the least efficient and effective. (But I like the way they look and smell done this way.)

The best time to pick herbs is when the essential oils are at their peak. Ideally, when they are on the brink of their flowering cycle, early in the morning, after the dew has dried, but before the heat of the day. But they can be picked at any time. The only time it really matters is if you are trying to extract essential oil from the herb.

I cut them, tie them in bundles, and place them upside down on my herb drying rack that hangs from the ceiling on the sun porch. Patios, airy garages and outbuildings, as well as basements, are great places for drying herbs. They need air so that they won't get moldy. It's best not to dry them in a place that is too sunny or dusty.

If dust is a problem, then poke a hole in a paper bag and insert the herb cluster lantern style. To dry seeds, wrap the unpunched paper bags around the stems and secure them; seeds will fall into the bags as they dry. All this kind of drying takes about two weeks. Another less time consuming and more space

efficient way of drying herbs is by oven. With a gas oven, leave on the pilot light, the oven temperature will be 85 degrees to 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Spread a single layer of herbs on a cookie sheet or brown paper on the over racks. Turn the herbs once or twice daily; they will dry in one to three days. If your oven is electric, turn it on its lowest setting and proceed in the same fashion as with a gas oven. The herbs will dry in a matter of hours. Oven drying works very well for succulent herbs like basil.

Whatever method you use for drying, storage techniques are the same. All year long I save glass jars and bottles in which to place my herbs. Dark bottles are best. And, of course, it's best to store out of direct sunlight.

You can also store fresh herbs in the refrigerator or freezer. Herbs can be frozen, just like any leafy green. (A word of warning about basil, it will turn black after a few weeks, but it still is good.) An alternative is to puree the herb in blender with water to liquefy, pour the puree into ice cube trays, and freeze. When frozen, pop the ice cubes into freezer bags.

Down to Earth

By Mollie Bryan



One year, I froze mint this way and enjoyed iced-tea with mint ice cubes all winter long. Another way I enjoy my herbs is by making teas with them. Just dry them and crush them and place them into little tea bags. I have made mint tea, lemon verbena tea, sage tea and various combinations. Empty tea bags can be difficult to come by. I found a great supplier of this kind of herb product — Jean's Greens, RD#1, Box 57, Medusa, NY 12120. They offer very cheap and good quality products.

One of my favorite herb scents is dill and it freezes very well. What a treat to smell fresh dill in the middle of winter. (Even better to eat it.)

Another way I keep my herbs with me throughout the winter is by bathing with them. Tea bags filled with herbs make great baths. I use lavender all year long for baths. Lemon verbena is great for baths, too, though many people I know have had mild allergic reactions to lemon verbena in the bath. For me lemon verbena works best as an air freshener.

I look forward to the changing seasons. At first, I find comfort in the dark and cold of the winter. About midway through, I long for the sun and warm earth. A whiff of dill or lemon verbena, a relaxing lavender bath, or a cup of mint tea can take me there, even for just a brief, bright moment. ---

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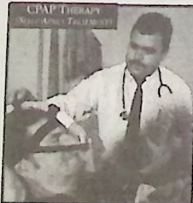
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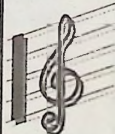
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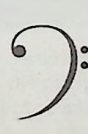
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Yesterday once more



Second Presbyterian: The Country Church in Town

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second installment of a two-part series about Staunton's Second Presbyterian Church.

By NANCY SORRELLS

The man who walked into the lives of Second Presbyterian Church members in 1927 had a profound effect on the church. Not only did he stay for nearly 40 years (until 1964), but he helped heal some recent scars and then rebuild a church devastated by fire.

When the Rev. Ray Lawrence St. Clair arrived, Second Church was suffering from internal dissension that led, in 1921 to the removal of all the elders and deacons. For a year the church was managed by commission and 100 members left the church. St. Clair would later say that his new church was suffering from an inferiority complex. To help the congregation get past those feelings he helped institute the slogan, "Second Presbyterian Church: Second to none." He also helped his flock liquidate a debt and set them on the road of sound fiscal planning.

Caught up in the spirit of revival, the youth of the congregation raised enough money to build a cottage at Massanetta, a Presbyterian retreat in Rockingham County. That cottage would become the scene of many good times for congregational members of all ages.

Although the church had liquidated its debt before the Depression, times were still tough. St. Clair had to take a pay cut and the church could no longer afford to pay an organist, choir director, or vocalists. The dilemma proved providential. Betty Wall stepped up as the volunteer organist-director in 1932 and organized an all volunteer choir. She would serve the church for 45 years and become such an institution that when she

retired, the church bronzed the shoes she always wore while playing the organ.

One of the church's biggest tests came on Dec. 2, 1946 when a fire started in one of the storage rooms in the basement, burned through the floor of the church auditorium and then through the balcony to the church ceiling. Ultimately the smoke and water damage was as devastating as the fire itself.

For more than a year the congregation met at the Visulite movie theater in downtown Staunton while the church was rebuilt. Church members waited until the final movie was shown on Saturday night and then transformed the room into a church, pulling out chairs, setting up for communion if necessary, and rolling out the theater's piano. When services were over, then the crew turned the interior back into a cinema for another week.

The actual church reconstruction began on Jan. 29, 1947 under the architectural direction of S.J. Collins and Son. In reality the completed building was virtually new as only the foundation, side walls, steeple towers and part of the roof could be salvaged. The interior was completely redesigned, making it possible to add a new balcony, improve the auditorium ceiling and relocate the choir and organ. A new organ and several new stained glass windows completed the restoration.

The congregation moved back into its church on Feb. 29, 1948, one year and three months after the fire. Because the people of Second Presbyterian pulled together, the programs went on uninterrupted and the group that returned to the corner of Lewis and Frederick was stronger for it.

The rebuilding after the fire was not the only construction project completed under the Rev. St.

Clair's leadership. In 1958 it was decided that an educational building should be constructed west of the church. The Sunday school had increased to 21 classes with 585 members. Simultaneously, classes were being held in the old manse, in a house down the street, in the sanctuary and in the balcony. The church decided to raze the old manse and build a new building which was completed and dedicated on April 16, 1961.

Over the years, the church has seen its faith reach out in a variety of ways. In addition to aiding the establishment of Third Presbyterian, 59 members were dismissed in 1959 to become charter members of Covenant Presbyterian. In 1960, 24 members established Bethany Presbyterian.

Two Second Church sons, Thomas Littleton Harnsberger and Kenneth McCutcheon, have become ministers. Another, Dr. Louis D. Brand, went to Korea as a medical missionary. His wife, Alberta Dudley Brand, accompanied her husband to Korea and was also a missionary. Virginia Brand Francis served as a teacher in Africa and Lelia Kirtland taught in Japan. Ivy Arron trained at King's Daughters' Hospital for service as a nurse in the foreign field. Sarah Morris and Lula Shiflett Weaver were home missionaries, the former teaching at Middle Mountain. Carolyn Gochenour served as a full time Minister of Music and Mabel Speck became a Director of



Betty Wall stepped up as Second Presbyterian's volunteer organist-choir director in 1932. She would serve the church for 45 years and became such an institution that when she retired the church bronzed the shoes she always wore while playing the organ. The shoes are on display in the church's history room.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Religious Education.

In 1964, the beloved St. Clair resigned after many years of dedicated service. He was followed by Julius S. Garbett who served for 11 years and helped the church celebrate its centennial in 1975.

Dennis Walker then led the congregation from 1977 until 1993. Daniel Williams arrived in 1995 and continues as the church enters the new millennium and the 125th anniversary of its founding simultaneously. —



Members of Second Presbyterian Church hold an impromptu Fourth of July parade while on retreat at Massanetta Springs near Harrisonburg. The photo was taken in July 1929.

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Here, there, & everywhere

Moss Museum to host annual Barn Show

By MOLLIE BRYAN

When you close your eyes and think of images of the Shenandoah Valley, what comes to mind? The mountains? A picturesque farm landscape? How about stylized images of Mennonites, sitting on quilts and having picnics, or riding in a carriage? Those images have been forever etched in the minds of P. Buckley Moss aficionados from all over the country. One of the major events for Moss followers is coming up Dec. 1-3 — a spe-

cial "Barn Show," which includes going to Moss' home, where her apple crating barn is decorated for Christmas and the artist is on hand to sign up to two previously purchased items, along with any items purchased during the show from the museum. "We usually have between 1,800 and 2,500 people," says Grace Robertson, museum secretary. "And she usually signs straight from 11 to 5. All day."

The P. Buckley Moss Museum, located in Waynesboro, brings more than 42,000 visitors a year to

the Shenandoah Valley. If you live in the Valley, treat yourself to a day of beautiful open spaces, gorgeous scenic views, and most importantly, art that is more than a bit interesting. If you know Moss for her stylized paintings and prints of Valley Mennonites and landscapes, you will be pleasantly surprised by some of her other art rendered in different styles, colors, and with different subject matter.

The P. Buckley Moss Museum houses a collection of P. Buckley Moss artwork spanning the

artist's entire life. The museum is an 18,000-square foot building and offers resources, exhibitions and programs that examine the artist's cultural and environmental heritage.

"Basically, the museum is Pat's way of educating people about art and the need for art in academics," says Robertson. "Art was very important in her education — not just because she's dyslexic."

Although the museum's focus is on P. Buckley Moss, through

interpretive programs information about other artists and how they influenced Moss is included. Information about different mediums of art, including etchings and silk screens, is offered. The P. Buckley Moss Museum is located in Waynesboro, just south of I-64/Exit 94 on U.S. 340 (P. Buckley Moss Drive or Stuarts Draft Highway). Hours of operations are Monday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Sunday 12:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. —

Book is third to chronicle Rockingham mill history

Just when you thought everything there was to know about mills in Rockingham County had been uncovered, Janet and Earl Downs together with Pat Ritchie have produced *Mills of Rockingham County, Volume III*.

The almost 700-page book, published under the auspices of the

Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society, is jammed packed with new and exciting information in each of its four sections. Of particular interest is the information about feed sacks found in the second section. This portion is really a museum exhibit catalog as it contains the 1997 "Memories by the Sackful"

exhibits from four area museums.

The exhibits were the inspiration behind the first mill book. Also included are several articles on the history of feed sacks and how homemakers stretched budgets by making clothing from sacks.

Section one contains documentation of 28 more mill sites discov-

ered since Volume II. Twelve of those mills are in the Plains District. The final two parts of the book contain new information and memorabilia on 53 of the mills discussed in the first two mill books.

This book has 700 photographs of mills, former mill sites, millers and rural Rockingham farm scenes.

The 8 1/2 by 11 inch hardcover book is printed on archival quality paper. Books are \$45 each (plus \$7.50 p&h and \$2.03 tax for Virginia residents). Send check or money order to: Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society, P.O. Box 716, Dayton, VA 22821. —

•Hounds

Continued from page 20

edly thanks the score of landowners who allow the hunt to pass through their land. In fact, numerous landowners are active socially in the hunt and attended the day's festivities.

After the ceremony, Fox hung his vestments on a tree branch, shrugged into his scarlet coat, coiled his whip and stepped onto his horse.

Along with whips MaryAnn Getty, Fred Getty Jr. and John Patteson, and huntsman and hunt master Getty, the hounds preceded the field down Dutch Hollow Road to a huge field.

The first fence, a vertical with a downhill landing, gave no one trouble. Everyone was primed. Ev-

eryone was ready. The hunt was on.

Of course, the same glorious sun that turned the hills to red and gold also dried up the scent as fast as the elusive foxes could lay it.

But later in the day, a moving weather front changed everything.

Bingo, a younger hound, became a hero for the day when he struck a line. His voice bayed out and the pack honored his find. The chase was on — a gray fox.

Grays run in smaller circles. And within 20 minutes, this one had dived into his den and eluded the hounds.

Not to be outdone, Hamlet, an older experienced hound, struck a line soon after. This time a red fox sprinted somewhere in the grass. The hunt gave chase for 50 minutes before losing the scent.

Everyone returned, puffing and little and flushed with the success of an ideal opening hunt.

Not everyone at the hunt rides breakneck speed or jumps high fences. An entire group, many with younger horses or who are just learning to hunt, tag along behind the action. Joint MFH Margot Case, with help from Dan and Ginny Gano, made sure the hilltoppers kept on track and got as close to the action as possible.

But the day still wasn't over. After the hunt, a tea, really a feast, awaited in the Granary, social headquarters for the hunt. Ninety-one members, guests and friends gathered to relive the day's adventures. Highlight of the afternoon was a huge birthday cake — for Getty's birthday, and the hanging

of a plaque honoring all members who helped fund a deck on the back of the Granary.

The blessing of the hounds and hunt dates back to St. Hubert and is usually held close to "St. Hubert's Day," Nov. 3. Hubert, a rich young man, loved the chase more than anything else. One Good Friday, he skipped church to hunt. But when he caught up to the stag, it turned and Hubert was shocked to see a crucifix between its horns. He heard a voice warning him, "Unless you turn to the Lord and lead a holy life, you shall go to Hell."

Hubert paid attention. He renounced his rank and wealth and entered the priesthood, later becoming Bishop of Liege. He was canonized patron saint of the hunt and chase.

Rev. Fox is quick to explain that beyond mere tradition, the blessing of the hounds represents a significant facet of human life. In spite of disintegration of society from the old traditions and beliefs and the encroachment of technology, the hunt ceremony seeks to include God through tradition and bringing the roots of our culture into the modern era. —

•Cars

Continued from page 4

While on exhibit, the roadster had been polished on the outside, but the engine and other mechanical parts were disregarded.

The roadster is now in perfect condition and will be returned to the Tudor Place Museum in late November. In February 2001, the Pierce-Arrow Society will be celebrating the 100th anniversary of the Pierce-Arrow Company at the original plant in Buffalo, N.Y. Both the roadster and President Wilson's sedan are scheduled to appear.

Located in the heart of Gospel Hill District, one of Staunton's five National Historic Districts, the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace is one of the few presidential birthplaces open to the public. The Woodrow Wilson Birthplace Foundation exists to preserve the Presbyterian manse where Woodrow Wilson was born, and to increase awareness and understanding of the life, principles and accomplishments of the 28th president of the United States. For more information, contact Carolyn Strong at 540/885-0897. —



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Bringing to a close the Cow No. 92 saga

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third installment of what has turned out to be a series of articles about Cow No. 92. The first two parts of the 9-2 saga can be found in the July 2000 and November 2000 issues of *Augusta Country*. Or ask just about anyone you know. They can tell you all about No. 92.

Down on the farm we're thinking about what else (?!?!?)—Cow No. 92. And I REALLY hope this will be the last time I have to mention her. So without further delay, a few words about everyone's favorite cow, No. 92.

The afternoon last month when I returned from having delivered the November issue of *Augusta Country* to the printer, I went to the barn for evening feeding. "Falling back" to Eastern Standard Time these days has us racing to finish our chores in the afternoons before we lose daylight. So, on that afternoon, by the time I got home from the printer, it was dusk and moving rapidly toward dark.

When I got to the barn I saw a lone cow at the saltlick behind the grainery then did a quick doubletake before I went through the barnyard gate. My doubletake made me walk back toward the saltlick for a close look. Sure enough, I wasn't seeing things. There was No. 92 in all her glory. She gave me a pretty stern look which said, "I'm back, but don't push it." In other words, it wasn't one of those slow-motion-running-across-flowery-meadows-which-ends-in-a-breathless-bearhug kind of reunion.

"Where have you been?" I said to No. 92. A quick look at her yielded the answer not to where she had been, but what she had been up to.

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO
HAMILTON



"You had a calf, didn't you?" I deduced by the look of her udder. "Did you bring it home with you?"

No. 92 gave me a sideways look and kept after the salt, her long tongue licking out, up and around her nose. Cows have this really strange thing they do when they eat salt. Their tongues shoot out and up rapidly and repetitively into each nostril. This was the only response I got to the questions I asked No. 92.

I didn't tarry long, though. I had sheep to bring in and darkness was falling fast. I pulled the pickup out the gate past the saltlick where No. 92 had stationed herself and off I went to get the sheep. When I returned just a few moments later, No. 92 was gone. Vanished, as it were. There was no sight of her to be had anywhere around the saltlick or within the range of practical vision. I was sure I had seen her. Pretty sure. Her vanishing act had me convinced that maybe my imagination had gotten the better of me.

I admitted to myself I hadn't actually been able to see her cartag number. But I was practically positive the cow I had seen at the saltlick was No. 92. She's got one of those faces you just don't forget.

For those who don't know the living drama behind No. 92's disappearance, reappearance, disappearance, reappearance, let me review. No. 92 is a cow we had taken to rented pasture in late winter. She escaped that pasture and roamed at large in the greater Middlebrook-Arbor Hill area for a number of weeks. Eventually she was coaxed into another pasture and spent most of the summer there being rehabilitated so that she might return to polite cow society. In late summer, she was corralled and hauled to her home pasture. In October, so tickled was I to have secured No. 92's return down on the farm, I went to take her photograph so I could show all *Augusta Country* readers that we had been successful in bringing No. 92 home—only to find her missing yet again. Searches of adjoining neighbors' properties yielded no sightings of No. 92. The November issue of *Augusta Country* had her listed as missing in action—again—which brings us to the saltlick sighting the evening I returned from the printshop last month.

By the time I had gotten the sheep in and done the feeding it was dark. There could be no absolute verification of No. 92's pres-

ence in the pasture that evening. Further investigation into the matter was put off until morning.

As it turned out, I didn't need to do a pasture check to validate my sighting. The next day as I began the morning feeding routine I encountered my father.

"Well, the old cow came back," he said. My father doesn't know the cow as No. 92. He's not on a first-name basis with her like I am.

"I thought I saw her out here yesterday evening," I said. "Where was she? Out in the cornfield?"

"Yeah," he replied.

"How'd you know she was out there? Did you see her along the fence?" I asked.

"Yeah, she came out there yesterday afternoon and I saw her," he said.

"How'd you get her out of the cornfield?" I asked.

"I went out there and opened the gate and she came out," he said.

"Did she have a calf with her?" was my next query.

"Yeah," he said.

"Did you have any trouble getting it out?" I asked.

"No, it came on out with her. Took off like a streak," he said of the calf, then repeated as if in awe, "like.... a.... streak...."

"I guess she's been out there the whole time," I said, of her nearly two-weeks of missing time.

"Oh yeah, she had her calf out there and then wouldn't come out," he said.

Later in the morning I went to do my pasture check and found No. 92 and her new calf both to be in very fine shape. No. 92 gave me a high-headed salute when she saw

the pickup in the pasture. She gathered up her calf and trotted off in the opposite direction.

I managed to get a few photos of her, one of which you see illustrating this article. I didn't dare put off taking the photos once the cow had returned for fear she might take flight again. I wanted to bring some closure to this particular chapter of Down on the Farm because so many people have asked about No. 92.

"Did you find your cow?"

"What about No. 92?"

"Have you seen No. 92?"

"You know you made your mistake when you turned left instead of right," one fellow said.

"How's that?" I asked.

"When you had her loaded on the trailer the first time, you should have turned right toward town instead of turning left toward home," he advised, insinuating No. 92 would have been best delivered to the stockyard for sale rather than delivered home to torment us further with her shenanigans. Maybe he was right.

Of course, my father and I were just tickled to death to have No. 92 back home. She's one of our most precious and valuable cows now. She almost has to be. We've invested so much time in rehabilitating her. Maybe her dollar value hasn't gone up any, but managing her the past six months has eaten up a lot of expense in time and labor.

The unspoken question between my father and me the morning after No. 92 returned concerned her calf. Baby calves born in the early spring are tagged and vaccinated in the pasture at birth. We should

See COW NO. 92, page 11



Cow No. 92 and her new calf are safely home at long last.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

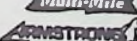
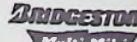
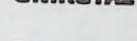
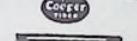
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•Cow No. 92

Continued from page 10

treat fall-born calves the same way, but time constraints and the season don't lend themselves to this practice. Ultimately, in the fall, we don't get the cattle in and tag and vaccinate the baby calves until some of them are as much as six weeks old. Working with the calves after they've had some time to get their wits about them and grow is not as easy as working with day-old calves. And I rarely look forward to vaccinating calves which have gotten to the "taking-off-like-a-streak" stage.

Some calves "take off like a streak" by nature and this is good. It means they are hardy and healthy. Some calves "take off like a streak" due to genetics and this is not so good. It means they come from stock which "takes off like a streak" with little provocation. No. 92, and possibly her offspring, would fall into the latter category. You know the saying, "The apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

So I wasn't particularly looking forward to the day when we would be ready to vaccinate No. 92's calf, along with the other baby calves that had arrived during September and October. But the day came for the job to be done and we set about the task.

My father and I didn't have any real trouble getting a large number of the cattle to come in the barnyard that morning. A little salt and some sweet hay proved tantalizing enough to do the trick. I knew we were missing some cattle so I rode out in the pasture to see what was left to bring in.

Of course, I found No. 92 and her calf as far away from the barn-

yard as they could get and still be on the property. Not much of a surprise, really, considering her history. In fact, I had sort of forgotten about her being out there and had forgotten her calf needed to be vaccinated. When I saw No. 92 and her calf staring at me in defiance I thought, "Well, this is going to be interesting."

We don't often chase cattle to herd them. We've found if they won't come in of their own volition for the most part, we usually can't accomplish anything by trying to chase them. There are too

No further comment was made by my father. He departed. He knew one of two things would happen: either I would get the calf vaccinated or he would return home later to find none of the cattle treated and all of the fences in shambles. I, too, knew these were the two most likely outcomes to the situation.

The first thing I did was go to the barn and get a couple bales of hay out. I gave this to the group of cattle which included No. 92 and her calf. 9-2 gave me the eye. She was watching me, but didn't seem

calves and penned them up to treat later. The rest of the cows and the vaccinated baby calves I turned back out to pasture.

By this time No. 92 and her group of cattle had finished their snack. I moved them into the barnyard and began pulling out the baby calves to vaccinate and tag. I had intended to do No. 92's calf first, just to get him done and out of the way. But other calves were more handy to the gate than 9-2's calf, so I ended up working them first. The moment of truth came, fi-

in the opposite direction so they don't mix back in with cattle that haven't been treated yet. I figured if I managed to get 9-2's calf vaccinated, I wouldn't care much which direction it went in the end. But No. 92 was being so peaceable, relatively speaking that is, that I decided to go for it.

I turned the calf out of the catch chute back toward where No. 92 was standing on the opposite side of the fence. I opened the gate to the pen and 9-2 came through, sniffed at her calf and gave it a soft moo or two. I opened the gates on the far side of the pen and No. 92 and her calf proceeded, very calmly, to exit the area. Really, if No. 92 hadn't made a name for herself over the summer, I wouldn't have noted anything remarkable about her behavior the morning we got her in to vaccinate her calf. In No. 92's case, what seemed remarkable was that nothing happened. No splintered fence panels. No metal gates crumpled and sagging. No bruised or battered human flesh. No desperate scrambles to safety. No pickup truck doors caved in. Just another day spent working cattle.

I should insert a few words of explanation about that last term—working cattle. It's really an oxymoron. I commented to someone recently that I was "working cattle." The comment drew a glassy-eyed stare. "Working cattle," I said. "I'm working cattle, which is not exactly what it sounds like. The cattle don't do anything. I have to do all the work." Working cattle is the phrase which describes getting cattle in to administer vaccinations or sort them to be moved to different pasture or "get them up" (this means "get them in") for veterinary checks and the like.

So as far as I'm concerned, this brings to a close the No. 92 saga. She's home. She has a nice calf. It appears she has re-established ties with her pasturemates. There is peace in the valley. I believe the best thing to do at this point is to impose a news blackout on No. 92's future shenanigans. She's paid her debt to society. It's time to move on. I'm thinking No. 92 is as ready as we are to put all this behind her and us. But even this said, I know we'll always know No. 92 and she'll always know us, down on the farm. —

My father and I are just tickled to death to have No. 92 back home. She's one of our most precious and valuable cows now. She almost has to be. We've invested so much time in rehabilitating her. Maybe her dollar value hasn't gone up any, but managing her the past six months has eaten up a lot of expense in time and labor.

many of them and too few of us for this to work. We did have to resort to the chase technique to get No. 92, her calf, and a number of other cattle in that morning.

It took a number of attempts with me driving a pickup and my father driving a tractor to herd the cattle — No. 92 and her calf included — into the lot behind the barn. There was hay ready to be raked that morning and once we had the cattle contained, my father departed to take care of that chore. But he didn't leave before asking a very pointed question.

"How are you going to handle that calf?" he asked, referring, of course, to No. 92's calf.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "I'll get him."

too terribly perturbed despite having been chased hither and yon across the pasture. I tossed the hay out for the cattle hoping to make their captivity a positive experience in some small way. No. 92 joined the group in munching on the hay and her calf remained calmly near her side.

While these cattle were having their morning snack, I set about working on the other group of cattle which had come into the barnyard first and willingly. I figured the best way I could reward them was to work them first and release them first. There were just a few baby calves in the group to be vaccinated and it didn't take long to accomplish this task. I separated out the spring-born

nally, when 9-2's calf was the only one left to vaccinate.

In the back of my mind I was thinking, "O.K., I'm going to take that calf in the pen away from that cow and she's going to go ballistic. She'll clear this barnyard." I was prepared for the worst but was ready to proceed.

I shuttled the calf into a pen and ran him in the catch chute. Behind me I could hear No. 92 start to bawl. I looked over my shoulder to see her looking around for her calf. "Here she goes," I thought. "This is it." I left one gate open so the cow could come see where I had taken her calf but closed the gate to the pen where I was working with the calf. I was willing to let 9-2 see where her calf was, but I wasn't too interested in having her in any close proximity to what I was doing.

I vaccinated and tagged the calf while 9-2 stood at the fence and moored ever so gently. I think in Christmas music this is what they call "lowing." You know, "The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes.... but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes...." No. 92 was definitely lowing for her baby calf. It was all very touching. So far, so good, I figured.

I finished with the calf and was ready to release him. Common practice is to bring cattle being treated in one way and release them

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Headwaters presents conservation honors

By NANCY SORRELLS

VERONA — Some of the Shenandoah Valley's top environmental stewards were honored recently at the Natural Resources Conservation Banquet sponsored by the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District (HSWCD) and held at the Verona United Methodist Church.

D. Lee Simmons and his family, who run Big Rock Dairy near Mt. Solon, and Dan Miller and his family, who run Round Hill Dairy near Stuarts Draft, were named Conservation Farmers of the Year. The Simmons have 80 milking Holsteins, 60 replacement heifers and 20 beef animals on their farm located along the flood plain of the upper North River. The family installed a dairy loafing lot management system that included 814 feet of travel lanes to move livestock over and around sensitive water areas. This system allowed the cattle to avoid dirt lanes which created sediment and nutrient runoff.

Over 2,000 feet of cross fencing was also installed at Big Rock in order to facilitate rotational grazing. By rotating cattle between lots, the pasture on the Simmons farm recovers faster and is healthier. In order to keep cattle out of the streams, they installed three watering troughs



SIMMONS



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and laid 900 feet of pipeline.

Miller and his family milk 75 cows and have 60 replacement heifers. They installed a concrete, liquid manure storage structure that holds manure and parlor water until the weather, soil and plant conditions are acceptable for spreading. Manure can now be applied with minimum runoff and maximum plant nutrient uptake. The end result is also better water quality along the Christians Creek watershed.

The Soil and Water Conservation District's Forestry Award this year went to John Horn of Mt. Solon. His selection was based not only on his excellent forestry management, but also because of his cooperation with the Virginia Department of Forestry and Westvaco in allowing them to use his farm as a demonstration area to show others about forestry conservation

practices. His 205-acre farm has 61 acres of forest. Horn has been a Certified Tree Farmer since 1981. In January 1998 a hardwood research plot was marked and installed at his farm so that tree growth can be studied before and after selective thinning. In cooperation with the Westvaco Cooperative Forest Management Program, he allowed a six-acre tract to be clear cut in 1998 and replanted with white pine seedlings.

The final award went to George T. Savage Jr. as the Conservation Educator of the Year. Savage has taught middle school science at Beverley Manor in Augusta County for 35 years. In that time, his creative teaching methods have inspired thousands of students to learn more about nature and science. He engineered the Outdoor Classroom at the school, complete

with its bridges and trails and he made and collected the equipment used by his students to study the environment. He also has chaperoned a number of field trips to the Chesapeake Bay where the students could expand their awareness of the environment and the Chesapeake Bay watershed.

A special recognition award was also given to Lee Beam who resigned as a director after serving on the Headwaters Board for the past five years. She also served on the executive committee as treasurer and as chair of the finance/legislative and personnel committees.

"Lee's leadership and guidance have been invaluable to our district and to me personally," said office administrator Cathy Perry in presenting the award. "I am so impressed with her dedication and hours spent on a volunteer basis because she, like all of our directors, believes in the importance of conservation and public service."

Two other speakers presented information to the banquet audience. Conservation Technician Amy Garber highlighted the year noting that HSWCD was the first district in the state to achieve and surpass its nutrient reduction levels. "Education has also been a big part of our year. We have focused on water conservation and sponsored an envirothon

contest. We are all connected by a web of water and we all live downstream from someone else," she said. She added that the district had 1,160 volunteer hours logged this year in its conservation efforts.

Terri Brown of Virginia's Natural Heritage Program gave the evening's keynote address. She discussed the Virginia Karst Project which was of particular interest to those present because the local district is considered a karst area. Geographically a karst region is one with an abundance of limestone, springs, caves, sinkholes and sinking streams. Such conditions making tracing and tracking underground water very difficult. Understanding the geology of such areas is vital to understanding the groundwater of the area. There are 29 karst counties west of the Blue Ridge, she noted, adding that the mid-Appalachian region is a karst region. "These areas are hotspots of biodiversity," she said.

She pointed out that area delegate Steve Landes is working on a study of the karst groundwater issue which is very pertinent to the work done by the HSWCD. There is also financial help available for those in karst regions who want to clean out old sinkholes which may be polluting the springs and wells of neighbors over a wide region.

Fishersville woman's love of art is an inherited trait

By VERA HAILEY

FISHERSVILLE — Donna Cheshire Holland's love and talent for art was inherited from her mother's side of the family. "I've been interested in art all my life. My cousin was an art teacher in Arizona and another cousin is a well-known artist in California," Donna said.

The first indication of outside interest in her talent was in high school when she carved a boy with a raincoat and hat out of a plaster of Paris mold. The project was put in the school showcase, but was stolen the same day. Teachers who resented her project being stolen, possibly by a jealous classmate, posted administrators at all exits and searched everyone leaving the building. The carving was later found in a bathroom, where a teacher fished it out of a water closet. "I still have it," she laughed.

Studying commercial art at Patrick Henry Community College and taking private lessons gave her a good foundation on which she has built a successful hobby.

Donna managed a gallery, Arts Etc., in Martinsville before her husband's employer, Du Pont,

closed its local manufacturing facility and transferred him to the Waynesboro location. Previously, she managed the National Gallery in Martinsville. The geographical move separated both she and her husband Benny, originally from Penhook in the Smith Mountain Lake area, from a close-knit circle of extended family. Being away from familiar people and places has led to a renewed interest in art.

"At home, working so many hours in retail I didn't have time to paint," she commented. Now that they are settled in the Teaverton area of Fishersville and are adjusting to life in the Shenandoah Valley, she has returned to her first love, painting landscapes and architecture in oil.

Donna is a vivacious people-person who enjoys taking special requests and designing one-of-a-kind paintings and drawings. Recently she did an oil painting of a rural cabin with a blue tick hound on the

front porch for an outdoorsman in Waynesboro. "He gave me an idea of what he was looking for and the type of things that he likes and I pictured in my mind what he wanted," the artist explained. The picture now hangs in his house, a testament to the skill of the creator as well as a personal expression of the commissioner.

A friend who saw her sketch that a church uses for bulletins requested a pencil drawing of her home decorated for the holidays to be used on custom Christmas cards. A print shop will transfer the black and white image onto cards with a personal greeting, and the friend will have the original to use as she wishes.

Dolls are also a focal point of her artistic expression. With a large collection of unique dolls, she enjoys creating her own designs.

Donna may be contacted by calling 540/943-5524 or by email at bdb@cfw.com. —



HOLLAND



Donna Cheshire Holland of Fishersville created this oil landscape which was commissioned by an outdoorsman. The painting includes a log cabin with a blue tick hound sleeping on the front porch.

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Notes from the road

In this issue, *Augusta Country* contributing writer Madison Brown takes us on a journey to England's Lake District for some fell walking.

Placenames in England's Lake District like music to 'fell walker's' ears

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series of articles about a recent hiking/sightseeing trip to Great Britain.

By MADISON BROWN

LAKE DISTRICT, England — When I arrived, I found out no one "hikes" in England's Lake District. Had I traveled all that distance for no hiking at all? No! Hiking is called "fell walking." So, there I was in a territory new to me about to set out doing something old un-

der a new name. And I next discovered that all the features of the landscape have their own special Lake District names. Most were left by the Danes and Norwegians, a few by the Celts, some come down from common Germanic, and a couple have been reworked by the local dialect.

Just listen to the names on my first day's fell walk. I began at the youth hostel on Elterwater, headed up the road along the Great Langdale Beck and then up the side road along the Redacre Gill. I left this road and headed up to the top of Pike O'Blisco across the five Crinkle Crag, past the Three Tarns, up to the top of Bow Fell, then over Esk Pike and down to Ore Gap.

The Danish and Norwegian Vikings contributed fell, a hill or mountain; pike, a pointed summit; tarn, a smallish high mountain lake having no significant tributaries; gill, (sometimes spelled ghyll) the deep rocky cleft forming the course of a stream; and beck, a stream. Water and dale are derived from two common Teutonic/Germanic words and mean lake and valley, respectively.

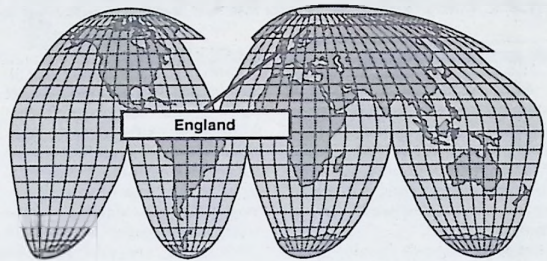
The word crag is Celtic and means a steep, precipitous rugged rock.

Now that you have some of the Lake District vocabulary, you can easily follow my descent from the high ridge along Yeastyrigg Gill, Lingcove Beck and finally the Esk River into Eskdale and my next youth hostel. Oh yes, you will want to know what the words rigg and cove mean. Rigg is the Lake District dialect version of the common Teutonic word which comes to us as ridge and cove (like cave) is the recess where a side valley ends in a narrow gorge with precipitous sides.

That first day I was so excited to be in Lakeland that I was up at 5 a.m. and on the road by 7 — the lambs and ewes ba-a-ahing to me and each other, the cows looking their most early morning intelligent, the birds singing their best, and clouds low. I was in the clouds before the summit of Pike O'Blisco. By 10 a.m. I was coming into contact with other fell walkers going in both directions on this high path. In the clouds just below Bow Fell, I saw a purple tent. Not shy, I stopped and asked about camping on rocks at this altitude (about 890 meters or 2,800 feet). The woman, man, dog, and radio inside were the checkpoint staff for a charity challenge walk. Thirty teams of six fell walkers each were doing a two-day course. Various companies sponsored them and the proceeds went to support different programs for children.

The next day I walked back to the youth hostel at Elterwater. Listen to these names. The track led up from the road opposite Wha House Farm below the ridge of Hare Crag, Goat Crag, Bull How (Old Norse for mound or cairn used in place names to mean hill or hill-

See FELL, page 19



Madison Brown stands in front of the former animal barn and current Elterwater Youth Hostel.



Looking down Hall's Fell from Hall's Fell Top



The photo at right was taken in the vicinity of Langdale Fells. The water is probably Grave Gill flowing down by Loft Crag between Pike of Stickle and Harrison Stickle of the Langdale Fells into Great Langdale Beck.

A.M. Herring

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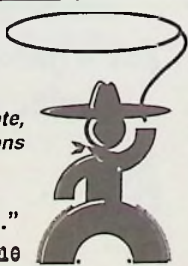
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Schoolhouse News

BMMS students continue helping veterans

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — It may have started as a classroom civics assignment, but when Scarlett Kiser's seventh graders at Beverley Manor Middle School started adopting men and women from a Roanoke veterans home, they were working from their hearts.

In June *Augusta Country* published a story about Ms. Kiser's 40 seventh graders who were writing and sending gifts to 28 former servicemen and women who had no families of their own and were living in a veterans nursing home. The students didn't get graded on their acts of kindness, it was just something they decided to do.

For at least two of those students, the project has changed their lives. Winnie Walker and Stephanie Via, now eighth graders, refused to let the end of the school year be the end of their caring. In August, Winnie's mother drove the two 13-year-olds down to Roanoke to help volunteer

at a carnival for the veterans.

From 1 p.m. until after 6 p.m. they helped the veterans get to the carnival and then played games with them. "We got to meet a lot of new veterans, not just the ones we adopted. We would bring them down to the carnival (some were in wheelchairs) and if they wanted to play games then we did that with them and generally we just mingled," said Winnie.

"I got to see the person I adopted and see how he is doing, but I also got to meet a lot of other veterans too," added Stephanie.

Both girls enjoyed helping out the people who had served the United States in the armed services. "They did something for us so we wanted to do something for them," said Stephanie.

They also pointed to their former teacher, Ms. Kiser, as being the one who pushed them in the right direction. Winnie added that her father was a veteran and he was glad she was showing an interest in

something he did. "Before I would listen to his stories and think, 'Well, whatever,' but now it is pretty interesting," she said.

Not only did the two young ladies adopt veterans and volunteer at the Roanoke home, but for the last two years they have gone to a store to hand out poppies and collect money during the week of Veterans Day. They joined a whole crew of Ms. Kiser's present and former students at WalMart this year on the Friday before Veterans Day. Between the group, very few shoppers got past without giving some money and receiving a poppy.

"This is the second year we have done the Buddy Poppy and we are planning on going to the Veterans Day parade," Winnie and Stephanie said together.

As for returning to Roanoke, both are eager to go back for another volunteer experience. "You think about what they (the veterans) did for us and then you are glad you did this and got involved," said Winnie. —



Winnie Walker, left, and Stephanie Via hold VFW Buddy Poppies. The two Beverley Manor Middle School students adopted veterans at a hospital in Roanoke and recently volunteered to collect donations for veterans.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

Parade renews patriotic spirit

By BETH HUFFER

STAUNTON — On Saturday, November 11, 2000, Staunton had their first Veterans Day Parade in more than 25 years.

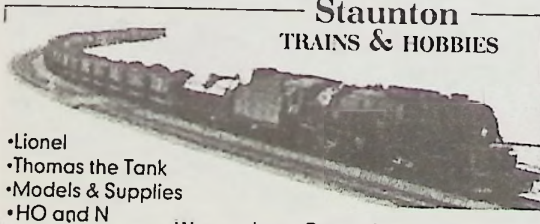
There were 59 groups and floats which participated. The local VFW organized this event. Participating groups included The JEB Stuart United Daughters of the Confederacy, Tom Telegraph Children of the Confederacy, Col. Thomas Hughtart Daughters of the American Revolution, local VFW posts, National Guard, Boy Scout troops, Ladies Auxiliaries, City Council, Girl Scout troops, Mary Baldwin VWIL, Virginia Tech ROTC, the Fifth Infantry Civil

War Re-enactors, the Palmetto Sharpshooters, and many more.

Among these participants, the loudest by far were the bands. Waynesboro, Lee High, and Shelburne bands were in attendance. A mass Augusta County band made up of students from five high schools also marched.

Don Hall, organizer of the parade and a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, saw his dream of a veterans' parade come to life Nov. 11. He hopes the parade is held annually in the future. As a member of band, I marched with a new respect for what has been sacrificed for the freedoms I enjoy every day and I hope that parades like this one will renew the American spirit. —

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RHS play creates magical world

By SARAH SAUNDERS
and DREW SHELNUTT

GREENVILLE — On Nov. 2, the students of Riverheads High School presented a production of *Alice in Wonderland* in Layman Auditorium.

Directed by Mrs. K. Brown, an English teacher at Riverheads High School, the play was a great success. "I could not have asked for a better cast or crew. Each of them made me proud to be the director," commented Mrs. Brown.

Introduced to the story line by the Cheshire Cat, performed by Kearnst Ruud, the play opened on the world of make believe and madness, when Alice, portrayed by Julie Waltz, falls, down the rabbit

hole. Derived from the original story by Lewis Carroll, the play offers a look into the world of a young girl who suddenly finds herself far from home. In the beginning, Alice is naive in her perspectives on life. Then, as Alice encounters the different characters of Wonderland including the Knave, played by Daniel Gerber, and Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, played by Sarah and Rachel Bernier, she gains insight on what's important in life.

There were a variety of memorable cast members. From the Mad Hatter, played by Kim Reed, to the submissive King and overbearing Queen, played by Justin Burkeholder and Katey Handley, everyone was sure to find someone

that they could identify with.

"The Caterpillar's costume was adorable," remarked Joy Yoder, a freshman. This was the outfit worn by Reva Danzig. Hers was not the only remarkable costume in the play. The Mock Turtle and Griffin costumes, worn by Kate Presbury and Lora Datillio, respectively, were a rival for favorite. The flowers, played by Hannah Stickley, Kayln Ruud, Caroline Green, and Sarah Bernier, were by far the most distinctive. The part of Humpty Dumpty was filled by Seth Kiselek, who handmade a puppet to sit upon the wall.

The March Hare, played by Rachel Patteson, and the Dor-

See PLAY, page 15

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What did YOU do on your summer vacation?

How many times have you heard that or had to write about it as a child? Well, here I am writing about it as an adult... but having as much fun as a child doing it!

The Port Isobel and Chesapeake Bay Foundation trip in June was definitely a highlight. Sunrises and sunsets on the Bay, crabbing in the grass beds, scraping on oyster bars, visiting on Tangier Island, mucking in the marsh mud, canoeing in the starlight... these are wonderful memories of the culminating episode of Stewart Middle School's Project Real World ecology club. Doing stuff outdoors just has to be a highlight for all us "outdoorsy" educators.

I'd like to think that the Augusta County talented and gifted (TAG) summer enrichment class, Science Outside (SOS), was a highlight for students as it was for us. Us???? About 4 years ago George Savage, who teaches at Beverley Manor Middle School, asked me if I'd like to be involved with his summer class. I was flattered because George is THE outdoor teacher par excellence. He has taught life science, along with wilderness survival, outdoor classroom and personal first aid for 20-plus years in Augusta County. He most recently was awarded the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation Teacher of the Year for 2000 in honor of his innovative teaching methods and dedication to sound environmental education. George and I taught "back to back" at BMMS for 5 years where we shared a prep room, stole each other's good labs/activities and enjoyed some really neat outdoor teaching adventures together with our outdoor club. Now that I've transferred to Stewart Middle School, Science



A group of Summer 2000 Science Outside students and teachers gather for a victory photo following a "good natured" canoe race at Elkhorn Lake. Science Outside is among course offerings in the Augusta County school system's summer enrichment program.

Outside is a great opportunity for George and me to continue our collaboration in outdoor teaching.

Over the four years we've been doing it, the program offerings have varied, but the common thread (flow?) is water. Knowing full well that kids and water are a good summertime mix, we incorporate stream, pond, and wetlands field trip investigations into our plan.

Early in this year's session, we spent the whole day at the U.S. Forest Service's Augusta Springs Wetlands near Craigsville learning the importance of healthy wetlands for wildlife. I arrived at the wildlife area earlier than the kids and George that day so I could set up my bird banding nets. Just as the

school bus arrived, a cooperative robin hit the net. What timing! What a teachable moment! My discussion plan of bird banding regulations, licensing, and record keeping was all put on the back burner — the bird in the hand had front stage. (Maybe that's why the saying goes, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush...?") Seeing a student marveling at a wild bird in his hand is a rewarding "teacher moment."

Later in the morning, through a simulation game, students saw that the wetlands provide necessary habitat for songbirds as well as waterfowl. After banding equipment was furled and put away we focused on lunch then sampling the stream that runs from the spring. Using the Save Our Streams biomonitoring method, we determined that Au-



From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

gusta Springs stream had pretty good water quality despite the siltiness found on the rocky bottom as a result of recent rains.

George (a.k.a. Professor Gadget) and I kept the students active, focused and involved with all his science toys! George had insect traps and Burliese funnels to determine insect populations in the soil, a Secchi disk to determine water turbidity, aquascopes to see the bottom of the streams, plankton net to strain the water, a field microscope to see the plankton, a Surber sampler to catch macroinvertebrates, a bottom dredge to investigate the mucky bottom of a pond, chemical test tablets to determine presence or absence of pollutants in water, and seines to trap the fish. The kids were tremendously interested in their investigations — the science toys were the vehicle to their water explorations.

Each morning we'd pack our teaching toys on the bus, and hit the road. Jennings Branch in Churchville is always a wonderful day. The kids see, sample and experience great biodiversity and healthy finds in the water... and what fun! Many of the students were glad this year that it was a warm day because the seining went into some chest high pools! On another wonderful day to the Grottoes area, we toured Grand Caverns in the morning to learn about ground water, limestone, sink holes — Karst topography of Virginia. That afternoon, we had a terrific time with a park ranger from Shenandoah National Park who helped us map the Madison Run watershed, biomonitor the water, and appreciate the specialness of

the natural resource which we were experiencing — a wonderfully professional, sensitive, active and engaging job done by Ranger Kathleen Harter.

But the highlight for me was the canoe trip with the Chesapeake Bay Foundation guys, Pat Calvert and Noel Bumpas. George and I had taken our BMMS outdoor club kids to Elkhorn Lake three times before for this experience with these two fun guys. It's a long way for these CBF Virginia watershed education guys to come — all the way from Charlottesville pulling a trailer of Old Town canoes, but they accommodate and humor us. I hope they think it as worthwhile as we do. After a very laid back, yet structured introduction to water quality and canoeing rules, we were off!

One of our first marvels was actually seeing a beaver on the lake! We canoed the length of the lake and beached under the dam at the far end. Lunch on the beach was followed by a trek over the dam to sample North River. With Noel's and Pat's equipment this time, our sampling confirmed good water quality there too. Canoeing back across the lake presented itself with some challenging moments for some first time canoeists: a good-natured race topped off the day.

The goal of the class is to scientifically encounter and aesthetically embrace the outdoors as a classroom. Our focus has been on teaching in the outdoors so that students understand of the principals of wise use of our natural resources and develop their own plan for stewardship of the land. We think that we hit our target this year. The following group poem was written on our last day after we

See *SCIENCE*, page 17

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•Play

Continued from page 14

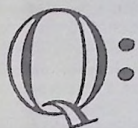
mouse, played by Sarah Saunders, gave a hint of insanity to the play. The Cook, and the Duchess, played by Victoria Brannock and Katie Caldwell, respectively, added a certain ambience to their scene. And of course, the Executioner, Matt Ishee, added his bit of humor.

"It must have been better for the people with bigger parts," joked Josh Eng, who played a soldier along side Drew Shelutt. Maybe so, but everyone who auditioned received a part. This included Allison Church, Hannah Bernier, and Elizabeth Corbin as the gardeners.

Good-bye, and as a very smart cat once said, "Watch out for rabbit holes!" —

The Hitching Post

Older horses carry benefit of years' worth of training



I am looking at horses for sale for my wife and me. We are not interested in competition, but more for backyard and trail riding. We came across a 20-year-old mare. Is 20 years too old? How long do horses live?

J.S., Middlebrook

Horses are living longer these days. The nutrition and physical care available today has made it possible for some horses to live into their 30s. A 20-year-old mare can offer many years of riding pleasure for your money. Older horses

can also have a wealth of training invested which can mean a great return for you!

There are four main areas of concern for you to consider when looking at older horses.

First of all you should find out

about any special needs. Sometimes older horses can have age-related physical problems such as arthritis. Talk to the owner and always have a vet check. If you really like the horse and the physical problems are something you can handle, then you might offer the horse a good retirement with a recreational type riding program.

The second concern is condition. Is the horse too thin? Neglect can wear down a horse and be a sign of poor nutrition. The quality of a horse's diet, exercise, and care can all add up to longer life. If the horse is in good condition, then it shows a history of proper care. Many older horses that are well cared for and exercised regularly can look years younger! Check the horse's condition and make sure the coat looks good. A rough patchy coat can be a sign of poor nutrition. The hooves can reveal poor care. Are they trimmed even if not shod? Do they have signs of any disease such as thrush, ring bone, or cracking?

A third thing to check out is the temperament. Is the horse suited to your needs? Temperament is part personality and part manners.

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



Some horses have good manners, but will take advantage of a beginner. Some horses have poor manners, but are docile and sweet. Try to take time to find out what kind of temperament the horse has. In any purchase a rider should recognize his own personality traits and try to match them with his partner — the horse! Timid riders will be intimidated by aggressive horses. Aggressive riders tend to be overbearing on timid horses. Temperament is important to the happiness of your selection and partnership.

The final part to check is the history of the horse's training. Older horses can be a wealth of hidden talent which can be a great bonus to you. I've known lesson

horses that had competed and won many championships in different disciplines. They brought that talent, knowledge, and training to the ring. These attributes were a great plus for the student! If the horse has a background of extensive training then consider the advantages to you.

Horses in good condition with proper care can live into their 30s. Older horses are a risk, but sometimes it's worth it. Take it from the horse's mouth, purchasing an older horse for a recreational rider can be an inexpensive way to get all the benefits from years of training, experience the rewards of caring for an aging animal, and enjoy the company of a great friend. —

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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Glenmore Hunt pays homage to veterans

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — On the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, 11 horseback riders paid homage to the veterans of America's past before heading off over the fields on a hunt.

The crisp chill of autumn was in the air, the blue sky was perfectly cloudless, and only the occasional baying of a hound broke the silence atop a steep hill overlooking Staunton. Here in the pasture lies one of Augusta County's founding fathers, John Lewis. This spot, filled with history and patriotism, is where the Glenmore Hunt chose to hold its Veterans Day ceremony.

Suddenly the faint strains of a bagpipe were borne on the wind over the crest of the hill. Within a few minutes the tops of a Virginia flag, carried by Nancy Palmer, and a United States flag carried by Anna Jacques, appeared; then the killed bagpiper, Mixon Darracott, stepped into view as he piped his way through the grass and late-blooming purple thistle. The standard bearers and the other riders in their formal black and red hab-



Mixon Darracott leads the way playing bagpipes as members of Glenmore Hunt approach the gravesite of John Lewis in a ceremony honoring veterans on Veterans Day.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

its followed him. The procession wound its way to the top until it faced the grave of Lewis, now enclosed in an iron fence.

From the summit, James Patrick addressed the crowd, telling them

about two Virginians who are ranked among America's greatest soldiers. One, said Dr. Patrick, is probably the country's best-known soldier, while the other is known only among history buffs.

The latter is Gen. Winfield Scott (1786-1866). He was born near Petersburg and studied to become a lawyer before distinguishing himself in the militia during the War

of 1812 and remaining in the military the rest of his life. He created the American military of today. For more than 20 years he commanded the U.S. Army and proved his brilliance in the Mexican War.

The second great Virginia general is Robert E. Lee (1807-1870), a career army man, whose engineering skills in Mexico served

Gen. Scott admirably. Lee, of course, went down in history as the man who led the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia.

What is less known, said Dr. Patrick, is that both men abhorred slavery and saw it as a black mark on humanity. Both were men of compassion and patriotism almost above reproach.

Speaking of such men at the John Lewis grave was the "most appropriate place for the most important soldiers in American history," said Dr. Patrick. "If we live up to our ideals in our time as well as Winfield Scott and Robert E. Lee did in their time, then we will leave a better nation to our children."

And with that lesson in patriotism complete, the hounds were sent off on the chase and the riders disappeared back over the crest of the hill.

The holiday of Veterans Day was once known as Armistice Day to commemorate the signing of the World War I armistice that ended the fighting. That peace agreement was signed on Nov. 11, 1918 at 11 a.m. Eight years later the day became a national holiday. It was renamed Veterans Day in 1954 to honor all veterans. From 1971-1977 it was celebrated on the fourth Monday in October, but since then the day has moved back to Nov. 11. —

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Science

Continued from page 15
sampled yet another water environment, the Wilson Rehab Pond. Doesn't it say it all??

Coming from all over Augusta County we met to be adventurers, explorers and "Science Outsiders" ...

To have tons of fun exploring the

world around us.

We learned about the stream
Finding things that no one has
found before

Swimming in the murky water.

We really had fun

Making swift ripples behind us

As we lose to Mrs. Gatewood and
Mr. Savage in the canoe race.

We were explorers learning about

the world.

And true be it told, we learned
quite a bit.

We wish you a good summer

And have lots of fun.

We say goodbye

I'll be sure to come back again.

Science OutSide is just one of 20-plus offerings during Augusta County's Summer Enrichment program for talented and gifted or highly motivated students. Other classes focus on computers, science experimentation, archeology, and local history to name just a few. For more information about the program, or to be added to a summer enrichment program mailing list this spring for the Summer 2001 program, contact Jenny Groh at Augusta County school's central office in Fishersville. —

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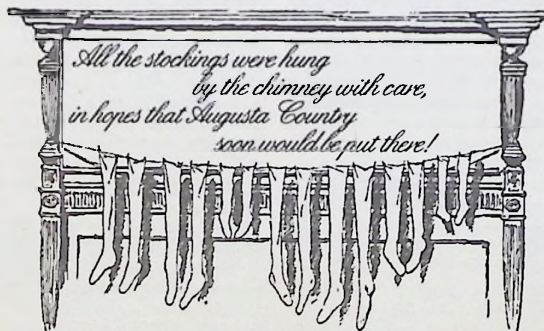
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Reflecting pool reflections

November 2000

Dear Maude,

Well, what in the world can I write about from Washington that you don't already know? With the barrage of news coverage relating to the election, or lack of it, there is nothing left to say.

On schedule, the lame duck Congress managed to sneak back into town, meet early and quickly pass still another continuing resolution, and then flee even more quickly from whence they came. I guess that for some reason they just were not able to keep their minds and interest on budget matters.

At least it gives those of us who have jobs time to catch up on our paper work - or perhaps I should say, should have given us that time. With such confusion reigning, everyone just sits at his or her desk babbling. Just as we manage to get started on something, in dashes the boss.

"Call the Prime Rib! Reservations for three at noon."

How, oh how, can a lobbyist know whom to take to lunch? It could get expensive to have to entertain everyone from both parties. But expense cannot be a concern when the future of one's clients is at stake. One cannot entertain only those important types one expects to see as a part of the next administration. All the bases have to be covered. Even though certain important staff members are expected to be gone after January, suppose that they are not! Just suppose that they return in an even more powerful position than you ever expected to find them in (something like the White House or executive staff)? In a terrible distress would be the poor lobbyist who had not been there to support them in all the uncertainty, especially the first time one of those special little matters comes up that needs just a touch of personal attention from that possibly very important person.

So - the poor boss is about to drop. The days start early for him now. Instead of slowly sauntering in mid-morning after a dinner with someone important, or about to be important, he has to be up at some unmentionable hour in order to attend some appreciation or fund-raising breakfast. We just keep out of his way when he shows up at the office for an hour at his desk, (often with the door closed, and we suspect with his eyes also closed.) Then it is off to take someone to lunch and hear all the latest gossip all over again. Doubly fed, and back wandering the corridors of power on the Hill, one is bound to bump into some shaken aide in need of a wee cocktail. So it's off to one of the nearby restaurants or clubs. There are not many days when he can escape taking someone else out to either an early or late dinner, or maybe even one important House person to an early one and an equally important Senate person later. Then the next day it starts all over again.

If things are not finalized soon, the boss will be so weak from exhaustion that he will need a wheelchair to get around, as well as a new wardrobe, having put on pounds per day from all that eating!

And those of us who work in the lobbying sector are not the only ones whose lives are in a state of confusion.

Imagine, if you can, the distressed professional party planner (a very popular occupation among the wives of lobbyists and former members) who had a contract for a glorious victory celebration party at one of the big hotels. How can one have a victory party when the victor isn't declared? Who is to be the guest of honor? Some parties actually took place, (the room was booked, the catering contract signed, the money would have to be paid!) All of the invitees just stood around looking glassy-eyed, not sure why they were there. A few of the planners were able

to cancel events. But just postponing such events in this city is often out of the question. Many organizations book their space at the popular hotels as much as five years in advance. You can't just call the hotel and tell them you need to change your party in the ballroom from tomorrow to the next week. And if you can't do that then what can be done? No party, no fee. No fee, no new fir-lined leather coat for the winter. It hardly seems fair!

It is not fair to those of us who are invited to these gala functions either! How does one prepare? You cannot act as if you plan to wear just any old thing to one of these parties. That would send the signal that you did not expect your choice to win. So off you go, exuding confidence, and buy a marvelous new fancy frock. Your office mate, supporting the other party, gives you a "Who do you think you are?" look and dashes off to buy something more expensive. But just in case our choice is not that guest of honor, we need something, not at all flashy, but very subdued and quietly elegant. So, for those things, we stop by some nice little specialty shop on our way home (don't want that office mate to see us buy this!) and pick up something very classy. We are now ready for any outcome and our closets are filled with wonderful new things, just in case we need them.

This has been going on for far too long, and with such a frenzy of confusion, the only solace I could find was in all that marvelous shopping. So what if I don't need anything? One has to do something to maintain one's sanity!

Give love to everyone at home from your well-prepared cousin. I'll be home for the holidays before you know it!

LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

The Election of 1876: Lessons learned from history

EDITOR'S NOTE: Few events have succeeded in capturing the attention of so many people as has the 2000 presidential election. This article was circulated recently via Internet. It gives us pause to remember how important the democratic process is to our system of government.

As we have pondered who will be the next president of the United States, it might be useful to look at the last time an election was this close.

It was in 1876, the centennial year of the United States, and it pitted Samuel Tilden against Rutherford B. Hayes. The state of things at this time was not good. The country was in a severe depression. Also, the corruption of the Grant administration caused many to feel that it was time to end Republican rule.

The South had never accepted the emancipation of black people

and had fought it tooth and nail during Reconstruction. It was during this time that the Ku Klux Klan was born and black voters, along with their Republican supporters, were attacked throughout the South. It was only the presence of federal troops that kept Republicans in power.

The election of 1876 was so close that it was impossible to tell who had won and to make matters worse, Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida each had two different sets of results. The Klan had attacked black voters and their white supporters during the election and ballot boxes were stuffed throughout the region, so when all the dust cleared, it was still impossible to see who had won. Early returns had seen Tilden gain the lead but as the counting continued, Hayes closed the gap and appeared to have won.

When it was all over, Hayes had gained 185 electoral votes, which was enough to win the election, but Tilden had won the popular vote.

Republican officials had invalidated many of the Democratic votes in the South because of the violence and the Democrats challenged the result. There was even talk about another civil war, and the headline "Tilden or War" appeared on more than one democratic newspaper. This was definitely a crisis but despite the rhetoric, neither side had the stomach for another war.

Tilden was a man who feared disorder and seemed to resign himself to defeat. Grant didn't help matters at all. He felt that the 15th amendment had been a mistake and had done little or nothing to stop the terror of black people in recent years. He felt, as many Republicans did, that the party would be better served if it sought the aid of former members of the Whig Party rather than black people and their white supporters in the South.

Something had to be done so a commission to solve the matter was

established, consisting of 15 members, five from the House, five from the Senate and five Supreme Court justices. The split was even between Republicans and Democrats except for the Supreme Court members where the GOP had an advantage of one vote.

What the South wanted more than the election of Tilden was home rule in their states, so a deal was made whereby Hayes would win the election and in return federal troops were to be removed from the South. In an 8 to 7 vote, Hayes was elected president. While Hayes himself pledged loyalty to black voters and promised to protect them, Congress refused to appropriate any money for the troops.

In the South, the Democrats cut government programs drastically and, in addition, schools, hospitals and other government services were closed. By 1890, black people had lost their right to vote and an

apartheid system took over in the South that would not be removed until the 1960s. While Hayes would not send troops to the South, he would send federal troops to break labor strikes in 1877.

The election was an overall disaster for the United States. To win, the Republicans had forsaken the rights of black people and spit on the bravery of those who had fought and died for the Union cause. The Democrats established a rule of terror in the South and the idea of democracy in the United States became a hypocritical joke.

Things have changed in the United States since then. Whoever wins this election will not face the possibilities of another civil war. It is a testament to the strength of our democracy that people like you and I can make jokes about the election. However, in 1876, it was no joke.

Sources: Reconstruction, Eric Foner; Rutherford B. Hayes, Ari Hoogenbroek

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Middlebrook Hounds shine at blessing, opening meet

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

MIDDLEBROOK — The day couldn't have been better.

Struck by the morning sun, the maples in front of Bold Stream Farm's gracious home glowed like spun gold. Sensing the solemnity of the moment, 62 horses quit stamping and jingling their curb chains. Even the milling pack of Middlebrook Hounds quieted, gazing adoringly up at huntsman Frederick Getty in between taking care of the usual hound business of sniffing, scratching and rolling delightedly in the cool grass.

They seemed to know that today they were part of an age-old tradition that has opened formal foxhunting seasons in the United Kingdom and the States for longer than anyone can remember.

The Blessing of the Hounds.

The Rev. Kevin Fox, headmaster at Stuart Hall in Staunton, robe over tall hunt boots and surplice atop a properly tied stock, explained the rite.

"Today's ceremony, the Blessing of the Hounds, is as traditional in Ireland as is the sport of foxhunting. At the beginning of each season, the parish priest comes to the Meet and gives his blessings to the hounds, the single most important aspect of the Hunt. Without the hounds, there would be no sport," Fox explained.

This season, the hunting itself began much earlier than the end-of-October ceremony. Several weeks of "cubbing," an informal hunting season in which members can train their younger horses and "leg-up" their veterans, and in

which younger hounds can learn their jobs, opened the season back in late September.

In fact, this season, four young hounds joined the pack. The young black and tans, introduced to improve conformation in the blue tick pack, started the season shy and unsure of themselves. Worked with the pack all spring and summer, they knew their job, but still had to learn to pick their way through coverts, around briars and among the forest of equine legs often blocking their paths.

Mindful of their youth, Getty and several hunt members even took the hounds to a "fox-pen," a fenced-in hunting preserve near Gordonsville, so they could run freely with the pack and scent foxes to their hearts' content.

See HUNT, page 20



Flanked by Frederick Getty, left, MFH and huntsman and whipper-in Fred Getty Jr., the Rev. Kevin Fox says a prayer over the Middlebrook Hounds.

Photo by Deborah Sensabaugh

•Fell

Continued from page 13

ock), Slight Side to Sea Fell, the first top, and back into the clouds. The drop to the next saddle is a very steep 400 meters (1,300 feet) and the rise to the next peak, Scafell Pike, is a bit more, just not quite as steep. Scafell Pike, the highest point in England, sports a permanent cairn in which is cemented a bronze plaque honoring the men of The Lake District who fell in the 1914-18 war and commemorating Charles Henry Baron Leconfield's 1919 gift of the summit to the nation via the National Trust. In good weather there will be scores of fell walkers on this top. I met less than a dozen.

I followed the path on to Esk Hause (hause is a local dialect form of the Common Teutonic halse meaning neck or the narrow saddle in a line of peaks) and on to another path down past Angle Tarn, steeply down Rosset Gill, along Mickleden Beck and Great Langdale back to Ellerwater. When I was again

below the clouds, I looked back over my shoulder and saw a white T-shirt some 250 meters (just over 800 feet) up in the pass next to the one I had just descended from. I thought no more of this sighting for the next quarter hour or so until a young woman in shorts, sneakers and white T-shirt caught up with and ran past me. She is one of that special breed — the fell runner.

Helvellyn, with its several connections to William Wordsworth, is the third highest fell in the Lake District at 949 meters or 3,113 feet and one of the most popular. The Striding Edge, which begins at a place called Hole-in-the-Wall, is one of the standard approaches. The day I took this route began with showers and the Edge in the clouds. I met eight other fell walkers at the summit Gough Memorial on Helvellyn which tells the incredible, Romantic tale of Charles Gough's loyal dog. Gough fell to his death and his dog stayed with his corpse for three months before the body was discovered.

I followed the ridge south over Nethermost Pike, High Craig, and Dollywaggon through clouds and drizzle but was in no danger of losing my way — to my left was the

precipitous drop into successive coves and to my right the gentle downward slope to Thirlmere. (Mere, half as common in Lake District place names as "water," seems to be Common Germanic for a lake or other sheet of standing water.) By the time I was completing my circuit walk of that day, the clouds had lifted so that I was in sunshine along my route over St. Sunday Crag ridge while the higher Helvellyn group I had just left was still in the clouds. I was always amazed that weather conditions could be so different within such close proximity.

That welcomed shift in the weather carried through the next day when I walked up to the broad, full rounded High Street opposite and parallel to the half-rounded, half-precipitous Helvellyn ridge. From High Street I could see 20 miles of magnificent wide ridges stretching both north and south. The Romans were likewise struck by this ridge and built their road along it. High Street was later the venue of horse races and other festivities.

The Coast-to-Coast Way crosses the Roman road here on its way between St. Bees on the Irish Sea and Robin Hood's Bay on the

North Sea. Traffic was heavy on this 190-mile "national trail" — one of more than 50 in England, Wales and Scotland. I found the Coast-to-Coast walkers more happy-go-lucky and sociable, and less serious than fell walkers. I am all in favor of these national trails because they provide walking opportunities less demanding and removed from the ridges I like. To each of us our own.

Listen to the names of the peaks and saddles I visited my last over-and-back, figure-eight trip between Braithwaite and Buttermere: Sleet How, Grisedale Pike, Hobbart Crag, Hopegill Head, Grasmoor, Coledale Hause, Whiteless Crag and Whiteless Pike, Whin Ben, Whiteside, Hopegill Head and Coledale Hause again, Crag Hill, The Scar, Sail, Scar Crag, Causey Pike, Rowling End and finally Ellas Crag. On the last day trip my route included two edges: up Hall's Fell, the middle of Blencathra's five southern ridges, along the broad crest to Knowe Crag, back over Hall's Fell Top, on to Atkinson Pike, and down Sharp Edge.

Those exotic names still bring all sorts of vistas to my fell walker's inner eye and set my fell walker's feet itching. —



Begging sheep at Thornthwaite Crag

•Tips

Continued from page 5

breakables have been stored indoors, all beds are well mulched, hoses are drained and moved indoors, outside faucets are turned off, and nothing is left outside to freeze or blow about.

• Put up Christmas lights.

Indoors:

• Pot up paperwhite narcissi or other bulbs to force (in stones or soil) to enjoy after the holidays or to give away as gifts.

• Make herbal vinegars (4 oz. of fresh herbs to 1 quart of wine vinegar) and allow to infuse for at least two weeks. A gift for you or a friend or...

• Select other horticultural gifts such as books, magazines, plants, tools, gloves, preserves.

• Wash houseplants in the bathtub once a week.

• Buy or ask for a garden-related calendar in which to record your gardening adventures, successes, weather, planting or work dates, etc.

Finally, enjoy the holidays and a respite from gardening with a good book, a mug of herbal tea, and a warm log fire or radiator. HAPPY YULE! —

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Appearing Nightly

"And she will bear a son; and you shall call his name

JESUS,

For it is he who will save

his people from their sins." Matthew 1:21

Happy Holidays

from all of us down at

STAUNTON METAL RECYCLERS

BRIDGE STREET, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Film version of Seuss holiday classic lacks twinkle

As the founder and current president of M.A.C.E., Mothers Against Christmas and Easter, the Grinch has always resonated with me. I see myself in him. Like me, he greets the holidays kicking and screaming. Like me, he rejects the glitter and twitter of the season as just so much, well, glitter and twitter. The Grinch is as familiar as Ebenezer Scrooge is, and reading the story or watching the 1966 Chuck Jones cartoon is as much a holiday ritual as colored lights, fruitcake and eggnog. How could I resist seeing Ron Howard's *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* starring Jim Carrey?

I'll cut to the chase. Ron Howard's production of *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* is about two sizes too small. If you feel the urge, resist it. You will do better to check the *TV Guide* to see what day and time the cartoon comes on.

I'm not being a Grinch, really!

The problem is that a short children's book or 30-minute cartoon simply doesn't translate into a feature-length motion picture.

Screenwriters Jeffrey Price and Peter S. Seaman (*Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*) had to pad the story to make it last 100 minutes. The Grinch (Jim Carrey — *Liar, Liar, The Truman Show*) and his faithful dog Max live high atop Mt. Crumpit. A sour curmudgeon, he hates Christmas and the people of Whoville who live in the valley below him and are so thoroughly caught up in the frenzy of the season. Among them is young Cindy Lou Who (Taylor Momsen — *The Prophet's Game*) who seemingly is the only one to question the real meaning of Christmas; her postmaster father, Lou (Bill Irwin — *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*); and her mother, Betty (Molly Shannon), who's determined to beat

their neighbor, Martha May Whovier (Christine Baranski — *Bowfinger, The Birdcage*), in a lighting decoration contest.

A chance encounter between Cindy Lou Who (a minor character in the book and cartoon, she becomes pivotal to the movie's story) and Grinch proves fateful. The tot sees clearly that the Grinch isn't as bad as people think. She decides to find out all that she can about him and tries to draw him into the festivities.

Jim Carrey plays the Grinch in bright-green makeup, yellow contacts and a furry green suit that make him look like he stepped right out of Seuss' book. Affecting a sinister, snarly, Edward G. Robinson voice and twisting his mouth to reveal a forest of dark crooked teeth, the rubber-faced comic captures the spirit of the book and cartoon.

Unfortunately, he engages in one too many pratfalls that are his hallmark. Baranski, who plays a sexy Martha May and who has secretly harbored a crush on the Grinch since grade school, turns in a notable performance. The lovestruck Baranski radiates a secret lust that embarrasses her at the same time. *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* is a simple yet profound little story. The genuine magic of the previous versions is smuggled into the new film. Seuss' poetry survives in a somewhat altered state narrated by Anthony Hopkins. And best of all the cartoon's terrific songs — "You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch" and "Welcome, Christmas" — are reprised. I wish I could say that the movie captures the spirit of its predecessor. But, sadly, it doesn't. It has its funny moments — Max disguised as a reindeer always makes



me laugh, especially when Jim Carrey commands him to move with "On Trasher, on Slasher, on Vomit and Vixen!"

Hannah's mom gives *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* two green bananas. The movie is rated PG for some slightly off-color jokes that most kids won't get anyway. —

Hunt

Continued from page 19

The hard work was paying off. Now sleek and gaining confidence, the three young females and one male took their places formally, and quietly, in the blessing.

Also in the pack were seven couple (14) hounds from Jimmy Kincheloe's Fort Valley Pack. Along with their master, they were ready for a day's sport as well as staff and members of the Bedford Hunt as special guests of the opening meet.

Fox' upraised hand signaled the beginning of his prayer. Hunt caps doffed, the staff kept one eye closed and one on the hounds. "Oh Heavenly Father, who has filled the world with beauty, open we beseech Thee, our eyes to behold Thy Gracious Hand in all Thy works; that rejoicing in Thy creation we may learn to serve Thee with gladness... we pray for all who take part in the Hunt; grant them protection of body and soul... bless the horses. Give them a sure and steady foot to carry their riders safely to a rewarding day of sport. In their running, shield them

from danger to life and limb."

Surprisingly enough, horses in the hunt seldom fall, or become injured. The gallops over the grassy fields and through woods trails, seem as natural as breathing to the variety of horses — thoroughbreds, warmbloods, draft crosses, quarter horses, sturdy ponies and Arab crosses, that comprise the bulk of hunters in the steep country south of Middlebrook.

Almost everyone who watches a hunt go out, or who stops along the dirt roads to watch the hounds and field take the fences and gallop away, have immediate concern for the fox, the reason of the chase.

But in America, foxes are seldom, if ever, harmed. In fact, during one recent Monday afternoon hunt while "mom and daughter" were on a hunt, dad and the younger siblings watched an insolent red fox lolling in the sun on a hillside near the road.

Upon hearing the pack of hounds giving voice in the distance, the wily fox lifted his head, listened,

and then settled back in the sun for a while before vanishing in the tall grass to lay scent for the next onslaught of the hounds.

And on a subsequent Monday chase, a fox ran circles in a grove of pines, leading the hounds and horses in a fast and furious work-out before he vanished like a puff of autumn smoke.

"The challenge isn't only in finding the fox. It's in never knowing where the run will go and how the fox will outwit the hounds time and time again. It's like magic," one hunt member explained. "And it is a fun, traditional sport that combines all the elements that many horse people enjoy — good gallops, natural fences, the skill and antics of the hounds as they solve the puzzle of the fox, the beauty of the Valley, and good friends to share it all with."

In the blessing on opening meet, Rev. Fox was mindful of all that.

"Bless the foxes that participate in the Chase. May they run straight and true and find their destiny in You... and for all who deal with the

animals, we ask a heart of compassion, gentle hands and kindly words. We pray for all wild creatures; may we learn from them how to live at peace with Your creation."

Middlebrook Hounds is the oldest hunt in the Shenandoah Valley, but it wasn't until 1992 that the hunt divided, sold its original name and took the name from the area in which it had hunted for 25 years.

The famed PennMaryDel blue tick pack, the only one of its kind recognized by the Masters of Foxhounds Association, emerged after a new breeding program in 1980. The blue tick hounds are noted for their deep voices, sharp noses and steadfastness. They would, in short, follow their huntsman across hot coals.

"Heavenly Father," Fox contin-

ued, "we ask you to bless these hounds of the Middlebrook Hounds Hunt. Enable them to take us safely through the countryside and woods which You have created, in pursuit of the fox, one of Your most cunning creatures. May their voices give testimony to Your Greatness, and may we learn from their steadfastness perseverance in all we undertake."

Fox had one last blessing to bestow. "Bless the landowners and their families. Bless their land that it may never be barren. Look after their livestock. Grant that no deed or omission of ours may cause them harm of trouble."

The Middlebrook Hunt repeated. See *HOUNDS*, page 9

Yesterday's weather

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



Dec. 6, 1970 — A windstorm toppled the National Christmas Tree at the White House.

Dec. 12-13, 1882 — Portland, Ore., was drenched with 7.66 inches of rain, a record 24 hour total for that location.

Dec. 16, 1835 — New England experienced one of their coldest days of record. At noon on that bitterly cold Wednesday the mercury stood at four degrees below at Boston, 15 degrees below at Norfolk, Conn., and 17 degrees below at Hanover, N.H. The temperature at Boston

was 12 degrees below zero by sunset. Gale force winds accompanied the severe cold, and that night a great New York City fire destroyed much of the financial district.

Dec. 19, 1777 — The Continental Army moved into encampment at Valley Forge amidst stormy winds and piercing cold. A relatively moderate winter followed.

Dec. 25, 1966 — A white Christmas was enjoyed by residents from North Carolina to New England in the wake of a major snowstorm. Even coastal Virginia was white. ---

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

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