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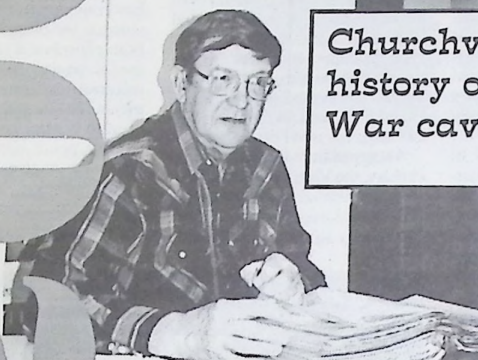
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Augusta Country

July 2001 Vol. 8, Issue 7

Staunton Victorian Festival
Pages 8-9

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Churchville native reveals
history of village's Civil
War cavalry unit

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CONFEDERATE
BREAST WORKS



Staunton's Victorian
Festival brings history
of city to life

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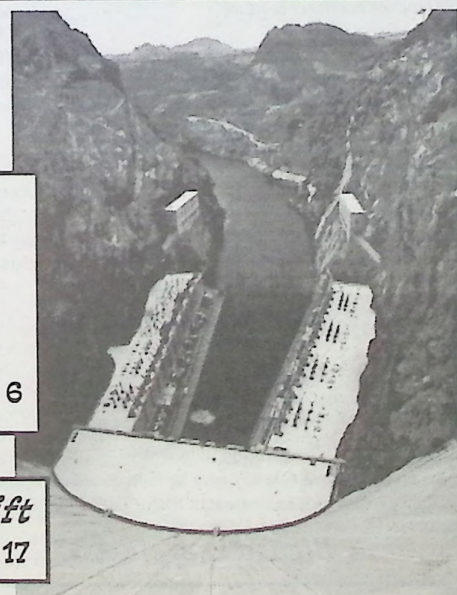


Trip to Hoover Dam
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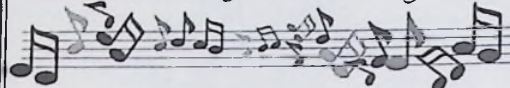
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Video production yields *The Perfect Gift*

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Tech's Animal Industry Day slated for July 13

As family farms decrease in number, rural America is faced with a declining workforce. This is happening with a background of ever increasing technical advances in agriculture. Careers in the animal industry and agriculture are not just the traditional "hands-on" jobs of our grandparents. They require very specialized training.

The 2001 Department of Animal and Poultry Science Animal Industry Day is scheduled for July 13 at the Virginia Tech Livestock Center, Plantation Road, on the Campus of Virginia Tech. This year's program is dedicated to Gary Minish. The program kicks-off with registration from 8:30 to 9:30 a.m. Dave Notter, interim department head, will update participants on the state of the department. William Camp will discuss the Governor's School for Agriculture, a program designed to attract talented Virginia students into Agriculture. Andy Swiger, dean of the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, will put the 2000-2001 year in perspective with a review of the state of the college. University President Charles Steger will describe his vision for the university. The keynote address will be presented by Tom Field, associate professor at Colorado State University. Dr Field has published over 140 articles and 150 invited presentations on careers in agriculture and beef cattle management.

Dr. Field sees animal agriculture and rural America dealing with dra-

matic structural changes. He believes now is the time for the best and brightest to commit to building a new future for animal agriculture. Dr. Field predicts that the complex expectations of society will require transformational thinking to survive in the future.

Modern agriculturists must be creative because future solutions to industry issues are going to result from the combination of traditional and innovative approaches. He encourages agriculturists to seek out the common economic opportunities of the past and to explore new options. He feels the need for the agriculturist citizen has never been greater.

As agriculture enters the 21st century, the Virginia Tech Department of Animal and Poultry Sciences is addressing the issues of present day agriculture and anti-

ating the challenges of the future. Recent new faculty hired by the department are on the cutting edge of knowledge and technology. It is imperative that the future be met head on with directed research, teaching and Extension goals and objectives designed to insure prosperity in rural America.

Curtis Novak is a poultry extension specialist. He coordinates applied research to address industry concerns. Two issues today are environment and animal welfare. Environmental concerns include nitrogen and phosphorus pollution. Both phosphorus and nitrogen are used in poultry feed. It is difficult and costly to dispose of excess nutrients. Policies are being developed to control contamination of streams, ponds, and the water. Nutritional management is one way to reduce pollution. Animal welfare is also an ongoing concern. Mc-

See *TECH*, page 20

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Churchville made great contribution to the Civil War

By VERA HAILEY

CHURCHVILLE — When he has the time to write it, Augusta County resident Forrest Harris' book will begin:

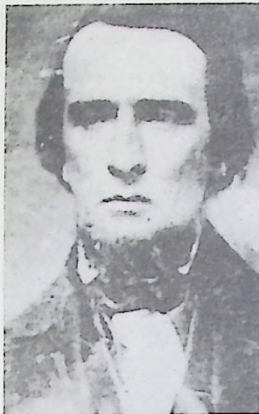
"Ladies and gentlemen of Churchville, of Augusta County, and of the State of Virginia, I suppose that your first thoughts on hearing of the Churchville Cavalry is who were they? They were sixty-three (63) in number at the start of the War between the States.

"Go out in the quiet of the rolling Virginia and West Virginia hills some afternoon and gaze about you. Then close your eyes and listen. Hear it? That's the thundering hoofbeats of the Churchville Cavalry's last and final charge at Appomattox, that's the rattle of carbines and pistols at Philippi, and Rich Mt., and Brandy Station, and Greenbrier River, and a dozen lesser engagements, that's the roar, and thunder, and awful sound of the artillery at Rummel's Barn at Gettysburg; that's the Rebel Yell and the Yankee hurrahs; that's the wind in their battle flag, and that's the stillness in their rank when they were told that the war was over. It is these things and many more which become part of our local heritage as a result of the War between the States which I try to honor in this book. In this way, I can pay homage to the memory of our Johnny Rebs; from the Churchville Village, Augusta County, Virginia."

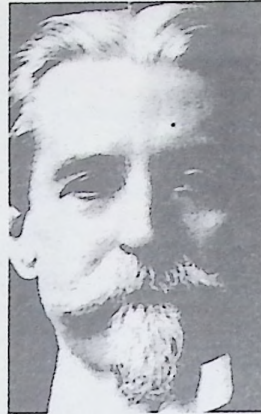
Over 30 years ago, Harris attended a Churchville Ruritan Club meeting that would affect his life for many years to come. The speaker was Marshall Moore Brice, a history professor at Mary Baldwin College. The topic was "Churchville's last 150 years." In his presentation, Dr. Brice made reference to the Churchville Cavalry. Harris requested more information, and the rest, as they say, "is history."

The initial reply letter from Dr. Brice dated July 29, 1971 referred Harris to research resources. He suggested that he go to the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond and check for the names of the original members.

Harris was elated to discover that the museum not only had the names of the 63 original men, but also the cavalry's original flag in the Battle Abbey. Harris cannot verify the



FRANKLIN F. STERRETT



JAMES E. HANGER



JOHN HATCH STOVER

story, but was told the flag was sent to Washington and presented to Abraham Lincoln "as proof of victory at the first land battle of the War of the Rebellion."

Harris decided to concentrate his research efforts only on the original members. After obtaining the names of the soldiers, he wrote to the National Archives in Washington, D.C. to get the service records of each one.

From his research, Harris learned that early in the war, well-to-do men formed their own local cavalry, infantry or artillery units. In the South, when secession was declared, signs were posted that requested volunteers for the war effort. Nearly every town or community had its own militia.

Franklin F. Sterrett, a prominent farmer, businessman and partner in an organ manufacturing company, appealed to the community for men willing to join what would be called the Churchville Cavalry. Sterrett's wife was a relative of Jedidiah Hotchkiss, founder of Loch Willow Military Academy in Churchville, who would become the famous Confederate mapmaker.

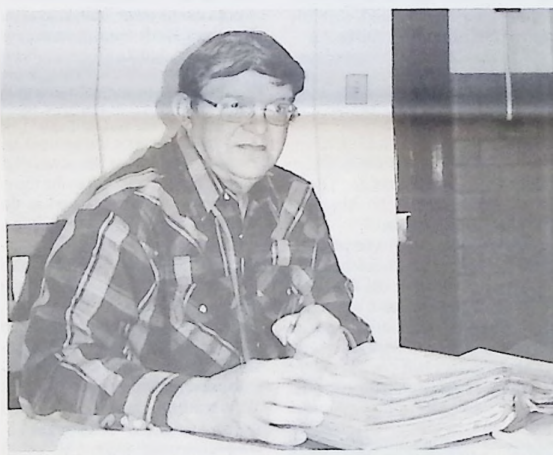
Sterrett required that would-be soldiers provide their own guns and horses. "To get into the cavalry you had to ride and have a riding horse. If you didn't you had to volunteer for the infantry," Harris explained.

When the organizational meeting was held at St. James Methodist Church in the spring of 1861, 63 men dedicated to protecting Virginia from northern aggression stepped forward and volunteered.

The youngest was 18 years of age and the oldest was 45.

The community banded together behind its volunteers. Inspired by the patriotic feeling of the day, the women of the village organized the Churchville Ladies Association. They made a company flag, which

According to Gladys B. Clem in her booklet *The Past and Present of Churchville, Virginia 1976*: "Frequently, it is recorded, when the detachment was practicing their drills and maneuvers on the hill opposite the Loch Willow School, an admiring audience of wives and



Forrest Harris of Churchville looks through an album of documents he put together during his research about the Churchville Cavalry.

Photo by Vera Hailey

was the same in appearance as the Virginia State flag, from a blue French cashmere dress donated by Alanza Rounds, Captain Sterrett's fiancée. A former tailor instructed the group on how to cut and sew woolen uniforms and knapsacks.

Unfortunately, Harris has not been able to locate a Churchville Cavalry uniform or a picture of any of the original men in uniform. The men were described as being "one of the best dressed and mannered independent outfit at the start of the war. They had ruffles on the sleeves of their shirts," Harris said.

A few modern arms were obtained by the men, but most of them carried shotguns and flintlock pistols.

Much of what is known about the troop has been passed down through the generations by oral tradition.

sweethearts would gather on the upper veranda to watch them execute their evolutions."

The Churchville Cavalry soldiers received orders to march to Staunton on May 12. They fought in the first land battle of the Civil War in Philippi, Va., which is now in West Virginia. Robert E. Lee had ordered recruiting in the western portion of the state, the main objective being to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Clem wrote, "None are living who were present on that day. A day of mingled pride and sadness when the Cavalry troop assembled at the Old Fellows Hall for their formal departure. The ladies first served them a bountiful lunch. Mr. Walker, a prominent citizen of the village, spoke briefly and the Rev.

Arnold of the St. James Methodist Church led in prayer. Amid the sounds of stifled sobs each man bid his loved ones farewell."

Sterrett would serve as captain for only one year. The group would then be mustered into the Confederate States of America (CSA) 14th Virginia Cavalry as Company I. The 14th combined four independent cavalries from various parts of Virginia.

Harris explained that the CSA did not own any of the horses the men rode - they were all owned by private citizens. The owners were paid 40 cents per day for use of the horse and 40 cents per day to fight.

A receipt dated 1861 from a livery stable in Staunton billed the Churchville Cavalry for services rendered. The stable was located at the present site of the Wharf Parking Lot on Johnson Street.

Another first for the cavalry, according to Harris, was that it was the first Confederate unit to lose its flag. It was captured during the Battle of Philippi.

Harris tells the story of the Hanger family connection to the group. There were two Hanger brothers in the original Cavalry. Their 18-year old sibling James E. Hanger, a student at Washington University in Lexington (now Washington and Lee University) had tried to enlist but had been turned down because of his age. He surmised that if he would place himself at the forefront with the troops he would stand a better chance of becoming a soldier.

James left his home in Churchville with a food ambulance corps carrying supplies from Staunton to troops in the western part of the state. He arrived at Philippi, where his brothers were under orders to protect the railroad. Before he had a chance to sign on, the Union Army attacked.

Hanger wrote in a 1914 letter: "The first two shots were canister and directed at the Cavalry tents; the third shot was a six-pound solid shot aimed at the stable where the Churchville Cavalry had slept. This shot struck the ground and ricocheted, entered the stable and struck me. I remained in the stable until they came in there looking for plunder. About four hours after I was wounded my limb was amputated by Dr. Robison, Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers. My limb was the first amputation of the war by a Union doctor."

When he was well enough to travel, James returned home to Churchville. "He asked for carpenter's tools, a 4-foot long willow log and said he wanted to be left alone... months later he walked down the steps with the first artificial leg that would bend at the knee," Harris said. His natural mechanical ability and inventive mind, plus the engineering training he had received at college served him well.

See HANGER, page 5

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Family gathers for Confederate Breastworks Trail dedication

By VERA HAILEY

A dedication of the Confederate breastworks Interpretive Trail at Fort Edward Johnson was held on June 2 to celebrate the recently completed restoration project.

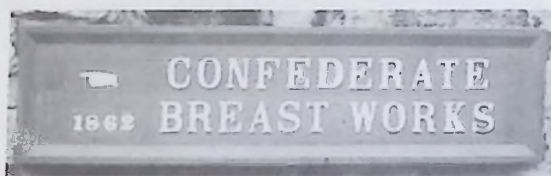
The breastworks is located at the top of Shenandoah Mountain at the Augusta and Highland County line. Newly-placed signs tell the tale of the activity there in the spring of 1862 and explain the stronghold's importance during the Civil War in the words of soldiers who were there.

A marker denotes the site of the

cation and leads visitors on a half-mile hike to the top of the mountain.

The first step in the preservation process was an archeological survey by James Madison University. The Student Conservation Association assisted the U.S. Forest Service in relocating and rebuilding sections of the trail and constructing interpretive platforms. Over 100 JMU students participated in the two-year project.

In 2000 the trail, rockwork and steps were completed and a small section of the breastworks was reconstructed by Tri-State Construc-

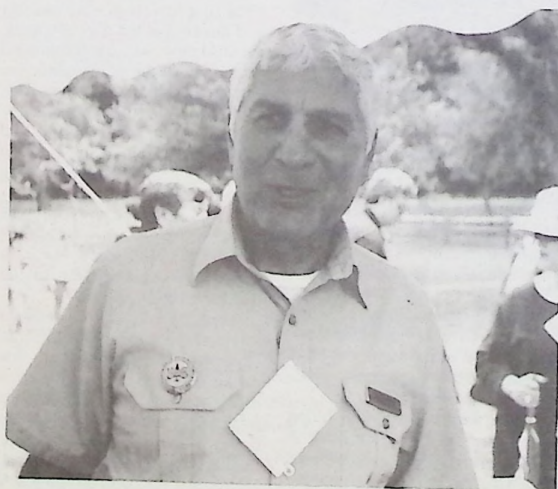


tion. The old interpretive markers were replaced with fiberglass embedded signs enhanced with historic photographs and text.

The majority of the signs placed along the trail, which were funded by the National Forest Service in cooperation with the Valley Conservation Council and the Highland County Chamber of Commerce, display excerpts of letters by First Lt. Shepherd Green Pryor who wrote home to his wife Penelope in Georgia.

The project was made possible through the generosity of the Pryor family, a grant from the Highland County Chamber of Commerce and the Valley Conservation Council, and the dedication of volunteer Charles Huppuch.

About 150 descendants and rela-



Charles Huppuch, a retired U.S. Forest Service employee, participated in the Confederate Breastworks Interpretive Trail dedication held recently on Shenandoah Mountain.

Photos by Vera Haley



Shepherd Green Pryor (1828-1911) and Penelope Eudora Tyson Pryor (1834-1915) are depicted in this charcoal drawing by Cecile Smith Moore (great-great granddaughter) from a photograph taken on the occasion of the Pryors' golden wedding anniversary in Sumter County, Georgia, Oct. 4, 1903.

tives of Civil War soldier Shepherd Pryor were present at the dedication of the Confederate Breastworks Interpretive Trail, held at the Ramseys Draft recreation area in western Augusta County. From Arizona, New York, Georgia and points in between, the Pryors gathered in Virginia at the spot where Shepherd lived and labored.

Chartered buses transported descendants of five of the seven children of Shepherd Pryor to the top of Shenandoah Mountain and to the dedication site. They eagerly assembled for the occasion that highlighted their ancestor's posthumous contribution to the project in the form of his war time correspondence.

Pryor descendant George Marshall addressed those assembled and spoke of the patriotic sacrifices made by the Civil War soldiers who constructed the breastworks. "A stronger nation emerged from the great American tragedy."

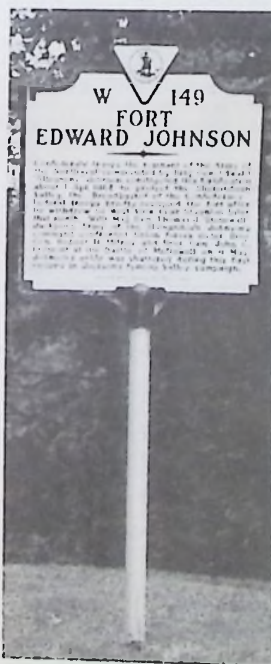
Charles R. Adams, Jr., great-great grandson of Shepherd Pryor asked, "Why have so many people come so far to gather at such a remote location?" He told of the military and historical significance of the events that happened over 14 decades ago. "It forged a new unity. The nation would become a leader of the world in less than a century." According to Adams, his ancestor's letters share "facts and feelings of his profound war time experience" and serve as "windows for those yet unborn, preserved for all to know."

Adams brought with him copies of the book he edited and narrated in 1989, *A Post of Honor: The Pryor Letters, 1861-63*. This book includes transcriptions of all available copies of the letters exchanged between Shepherd and Penelope Pryor through the war years.

JMU professor of anthropology Clarence Geier told of the

school's involvement in the breastwork project. He described the harsh weather and topographical conditions of the area where the fortification was constructed. "I think I would have deserted. It helps to be a Yankee."

George Washington and Jefferson National Forest supervisor Bill Dammon credited the persistence and dedication of retired National Forest Service employee Charles Huppuch of Verona with making



This historic marker located near the Confederate Breastworks on Shenandoah Mountain tells of the location of Fort Edward Johnson.

the breastwork undertaking a reality. Huppuch started working on the trail in 1969 and never abandoned the idea of preserving the area, even after retirement. Dammon told the Pryor family, "He figured out you people were the key to us getting all of this done."

According to Huppuch, "Words can't explain my joy of having so many pleased relatives come to see the story of the Confederate breastworks told by Lt. Shep Pryor. After finding Shep's letters in 1969 in the Georgia archives, I knew we needed to have his story told about the men who fought this terrible war but longed for home and family. The Forest Service and I thank the Pryor family for sharing his letters to tell the public this important story and lesson."

Huppuch's enthusiasm for the project rubbed off on his son, musician Christopher Huppuch, who preformed a song he wrote about the Shenandoah Mountain location. Christopher is working on a collection of Civil War songs, with sale proceeds to be donated to preserving the breastworks.

J. Gatewood Pryor of Atlanta, Ga., was among the grandchildren of Shepherd Pryor to attend the celebration. Well loved and respected "Uncle Gatewood" penned *A Pryor Family Narrative* in 1995, which gives the family a priceless reference tool for genealogical and personal information.

"This is a wonderful occasion. I wonder what Shep would think about his letters being used over 130 years later," commented Adalyn Wilson of Leslie, Ga., whose husband Frank III is a Pryor descendant. All five of Adalyn's and Frank's children and eight of their 10 grandchildren witnessed the dedication. Their daughter, Jane Butler, reflected on what the event meant to her: "This was a very emotional time for me to think that the letters of my great-great grandfather, a humble farmer describing life on his duty post to his wife, would have been preserved and displayed in such a unique way. This goes to show that

See FAMILY, page 5

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Who was Shepherd Pryor?

By VERA HAILEY

Shepherd Green Pryor was born in Burke County, Georgia in 1828, the son of Robert and Lucinda Scrutchins Pryor.

Like so many families across the United States, the Pryor family roots can be traced to Virginia. Robert Pryor, likely to be an early ancestor, received a land grant in Gloucester County in 1689.

At the age of 21, Shepherd purchased a 600-acre farm, where he would live the remainder of his life with the exception of his time in the Civil War and the last years of his life that he spent with his daughter.

In 1851, he married Adaline Tinsley, who died after giving birth to a daughter. In 1853, he married 19-year-old Penelope Tyson. Shepherd and Penelope lived the normal life of a Georgia planter and his family, with slaves doing most of the manual work around the house and in the fields.

Shepherd was 32 years old with four children and one on the way when the Civil War began. According to descendant J. Gatewood Pryor, "He felt strongly that he should defend the freedom of his homeland, his family and his way of life, and many of his relatives, friends and neighbors felt the same way."

On June 15, 1861, soon after the Civil War began, Shepherd Pryor enlisted and became a member of the Muckalee Guards, which became part of Company A of the 12th Georgia Regiment.

With her husband away at war, Penelope was left to take care of the farm. The couple soon began exchanging letters.

Shepherd wrote on Sept. 25, 1861, "I'll send all the letters that I've received since I got here. I want you to keep them for me. You can look over them, see what you've written. I want you to keep my letters; they may be some satisfaction in the days to come to you or me, or maybe to our children."

The letters were kept and handed down in the family, until a descendant donated them to the University of Georgia Library in Athens, where they were located by Charles Huppuch of the U.S. Forest Service while doing research on the Confederate breastworks in Virginia.

After being seriously wounded on Oct. 12, 1863, Shepherd recuperated in General Hospital No. 4 in Richmond. He made arrangements with friends back home in Georgia to have his name put on the ballot to run for sheriff of Sumter County. On Nov. 28, 1863 he was granted a furlough and returned home on crutches in December 1863. In January 1864 he was elected sheriff.

After the war, Shepherd and Penelope struggled to make a living for their family. Their sons and hired help did the farm labor, and they managed to retain 200 acres of their land.

The golden wedding anniversary of Shepherd and Penelope in October 1903 was an important event

for the family and has been celebrated almost every year since. This chronicle appeared in the *Americus Times-Recorder*: "Captain and Mrs. S.G. Pryor celebrated their golden anniversary at their beautiful country home near Leslie. Among those present were 54 of their children and grandchildren, all wearing beautiful badges in gold colors."

In 1909, Shepherd and Penelope moved to the home of their daughter in Lee County, Georgia, where Shepherd died in 1911. His gravesite was marked with a white marble marker at a ceremony attended by members of the Confederate Reenactment Corps 12th Georgia Regiment and many descendants.

J. Gatewood Pryor eloquently describes his grandparents in his family narrative: "The memory of Shepherd G., his wife Penelope Tyson Pryor, and their homeplace, is deeply imbedded in the minds of many descendants of this couple. They represent the cornerstone of family history and tradition. A great deal has been written about Grandpa and Grandma Pryor, and many stories about them have been passed down from generation to generation even to the present."

Keeping the stories alive was a priority for Shepherd when he instructed Penelope to save all of their correspondence. He would be proud to see how his descendants have honored him by carrying on the tradition.



Shepherd Green Pryor was born in Burke County, Georgia in 1828. He enlisted in the Confederate Army soon after the Civil War began. During the war he was stationed at the Confederate breastworks on Shenandoah Mountain. Letters to his wife written during this time reveal the history of the Civil War encampment along Augusta and Highland's county line.

•Family

Continued from page 4

we do not know the impact that even the simplest and most common day-to-day occurrences can have on those that follow us. It also impressed me how truly special my family is and how they have stayed connected through the decades."

The Pryor family gathered at various times over the weekend at their hospitality suite at Ingleside Resort in Staunton. According to Adalyn Wilson, "Our grandson called it 'the big talk room' and it was truly that. Family members exchanged news and tales that spanned decades and states."

•Hanger

Continued from page 3

James immediately went to work making limbs for others who were similarly wounded. He devoted his entire life to the designing and manufacturing of artificial limbs. His work resulted in patents for 14 different inventions, including a type of horseless carriage. He formed a company, worked in Richmond and returned to Churchville in 1871. He later moved the company's headquarters to Washington, D.C.

The amputee from Churchville became a hero to soldiers and others worldwide who had lost limbs. A Virginia Highway Marker honoring him was erected in his hometown, across from the firehouse, and dedicated in 1998. Two employees of the Hanger Orthopedic Group of Bethesda, Md., the current name of the venture that James started so long ago, spoke at the ceremony.

Another interesting part of the cavalry history involves its actions during and after the South's surrender. On Sunday morning while Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant talked about terms of surrender, the men from Churchville made the last cavalry charge of the war on the outskirts of Appomattox and captured a cannon. They were in-

structed to return the cannon and the men, as Lee had surrendered.

But surrender they would not - they refused to give up their arms or their horses. "On Monday morning the soldiers put burlap sacks over the hooves of the horses, tied bandannas around the horses' mouths and made their way through Union lines and returned to Churchville," Harris said.

The only regret that Harris has about all the time and energy he has spent in researching this troop is not having started sooner. "It's a shame I didn't get into this 20 years sooner. Mrs. Robert B. Dunlap died in the late 70s. Her husband was in the Churchville Cavalry and I never got to speak to her."

Dunlap, an elderly veteran, hired a 13-year-old housekeeper, who became his wife. He willed all of his belongings and his CSA pension to her.

Another piece of historical memorabilia in Harris' possession is documentation of a claim made by cavalry member Robert Love for a bay mare that was captured by the Union Army on a raid in Jackson County. His claim asked for \$250, the appraised value of the horse, but he was paid only \$200.

Eight members of the original cavalry rest in Churchville: six in the Green Hill Cemetery, one in St. James Methodist

Churchyard and another at St. Peter's Lutheran Church.

Unfortunately, Harris has not spoken to a single descendant of the original 63 men during his 30 years of research.

His most valued possession relates to a Confederate soldier who was never part of the Churchville Cavalry. Harris' interest in the Civil War led to a gift from his boss at Smith's Transfer, Robert L. Stover. "He came up to me one day and told me he had something he wanted me to have," Harris said. It was a diary that had been kept by John Hatch Stover, his boss' great-great grandfather. John Hatch Stover, a Churchville native, served in the Augusta Guard that later became part of the 52nd Virginia Infantry.

The pages of the notebook, probably filled in with Stover's neat handwriting by the light of a campfire or a oil lamp, contains the names of all the men and their rank. Stover also recorded descriptions of the unit and detailed information on each man.

In a photo-postcard, made from a picture taken in 1861 by Burdett in Staunton, Stover wears his uniform proudly. He has a Bowie knife on his belt and holds an Enfield 58 carbine with a bayonet, which was manufactured in England. His hat bears the letters "A.R." which stand

See STOVER, page 7

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Musical entertainment, dam visit require earplugs

By NANCY SORRELLS

Earplugs. I rarely wear them. There's not really much in my life that calls for them. Not in my work and not in my play. But in late May I found myself using them twice in the space of a week in vastly different situations and in places nearly a continent apart.

The first event took place in Falls Church, Va., at the State Theatre. We were going to hear Paul Reed Smith's Dragons in the cozy confines of the restored Depression-era theater. For those of you in the musical know, Paul is an electric guitar maker. His instruments are preferred by the likes of Carlos Santana, Dave Matthews, Larry Hanson, (Alabama) Jock Bartley, (Firefall), Axl Rose, (Guns & Roses), and Stephan Jenkins (Third Eye Blind) among dozens of others.



Paul Reed Smith with step(?)-nephew, Justin Walker

Paul not only makes guitars (his company is the third largest guitar maker in the country) but he plays a pretty mean guitar also. For years he has put his music making on the back burner in deference to his guitar making. Recently, however, with the success of his 75-employee factory firmly in place, he has started to showcase his band, Dragons. The group's first CD, "Dragons," was released a couple of years ago. That album has recently been joined by the band's new release, "Jenna's Eyes."

So you ask "how and why" would I travel to northern Virginia for such a concert. It's not like I am a musician and, while I enjoy good music, my own talent and level of sophistication in that arena are pretty low (some of my friends would say abysmally low).

But Paul, you see, is family... well sort of family. Let me try to explain the rather convoluted tree limbs in this family forest. A long time ago during World War II my mother and Paul's father were mar-

ried. Their union produced two sons. (my half-brothers who are also Paul's half brothers) The marriage did not last and it was not long until each partner in that original marriage was remarried to a spouse who would be their life-long partners. Each remarriage (Paul's father and my mother) produced three children. Here's where it gets kinda weird: Paul's father and mother had a dark-haired boy, a light-haired boy, and then a dark-haired girl in that order. My parents had a dark-haired girl, a light-haired girl, and a dark-haired boy in that order. It was like we each had an alter-ego on the other side of the family tree.

My alter-ego (oldest boy, oldest girl) is Paul. Technically we share no genetic material. We are not blood relatives. But we do share two brothers (remember the two sons from my mother's first marriage). Two of my brothers are Paul's brothers or more technically my two half-brothers are also Paul's two half-brothers. That makes Paul my brother's brother but not my brother. Confused yet? And to go a little bit further, although Paul and I are not blood relatives, we do have a number of mutual nieces and nephews and we BOTH share blood with them (the children of those first two sons).

The eight kids from those three marriages (two plus three plus three) interacted quite a bit when we were small. We all lived in Maryland just outside of Washington, D.C. and everybody got along well. Paul and I even took swimming lessons together (the instructor was OUR older brother). Then we moved to Virginia and years passed with little contact. In the past few years our life circles have again intertwined as we gather to celebrate the life events of our shared nieces and nephews... graduations, marriages, birthdays, etc. And long ago I stopped saying Paul is my brother's brother because that created the oddest and most quizzical looks from people. Paul and I agreed that we would just say step-brother and stepsister. Although not technically correct, it's easier that way and requires less explanation.

So back to Paul and his guitars. In addition to music, he always enjoyed doing things with his hands. In high school he took a number of shop classes and in college a music professor challenged him to make a guitar. That proved to be a life-altering event and he began to pursue guitar-making for a living. In a haunted Annapolis garret he poked along at producing one guitar a month while perfecting his designs. As his product improved he went on the road hawking his guitars backstage at concerts. Eventually a few big names such as Carlos Santana liked

the look, feel and sound of his electric guitars and bit on the PRS product. Santana is perhaps Paul's most famous customer. Last year at a Nissan Pavilion concert, the multiple Grammy winner invited Paul up on stage to play with him.

Today with more than two decades of designing behind him, Paul's PRS guitar is an exquisite example of craftsmanship and sound. Instead of producing one instrument a month, the company produces 1,000 and still has a waiting list that can be close to a year long!

And with the company doing well, Paul can get back to his other love playing music. In addition to Paul who plays guitar and does vocals, the group features songwriter-guitarist Ralph Perucci, drummer Bob Mater and bassist Hugh Mason. Together they are moving toward some higher profile venues to showcase their brand of music which *The Washington Post* calls "an updated version of classic rock."

All of which is a long way of saying we headed up to the D.C. area for two reasons: family and good music and we were not disappointed in either category. The date even happened to be the birthday of one of Paul's and my "shared brothers" and one of our "shared nephews."

Oh... and the earplugs? The sounds of slammin' electric guitars are tough on the ears so we all wore ear plugs. Ours were neon green.

(To find out more about PRS guitars or Dragons performances, log on to: www.prsguitars.com).

Earplugs II

A week and 3,000 miles later I was in Nevada getting ready to go down into the bowels of Hoover Dam, one of the engineering marvels of the world. Ever ready to try something a little different and off-beat, we had signed up for the Hardhat Tour rather than the traditional tour of the dam. Because we were going into more dangerous behind-the-scenes areas (just slightly) with a lot of noise, we had to wear hardhats and earplugs.

As we descended into the tunnels that are in both the dam and the canyon walls, we learned the story behind such a neck-craner of



A long time ago, way back in the 60s, someone snapped a family picture. Included in the picture were, left to right, Charlie Smith, Paul Reed Smith holding his little sister Annie, and on the far right was the author Nancy Sorrells, who is Paul's brother's sister.

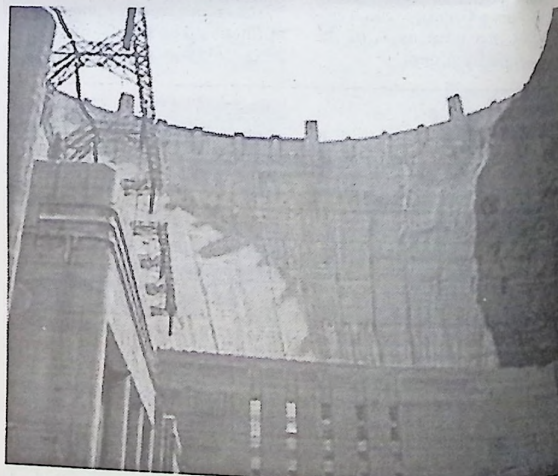
a structure. But before we could even step into the elevator that took us over 700 feet down to the base of the dam, we had to don our hardhats. Our elevator car opened into a tunnel and that led out into a large room that houses the power generating units. From there we stepped out into daylight and looked up, up, up at the white sheet of concrete that holds back Lake Meade, America's largest man-made reservoir.

Hoover is an arch gravity dam meaning that it is not actually attached to the walls of Black Canyon but spans the canyon for 1,244

feet. From top to bottom the dam is 726 feet, while it is 660 feet wide at the base and 45 feet wide at the crest. An amazing 3.25 million cubic yards of concrete are contained in those dimensions.

The dam's purpose was and still is to control the Colorado River, a giant watercourse that flows 1,400 miles from the Rockies to California; an area equal to one-twelfth the land of the continental United States. Historically, the river's periodic flooding and drought were tough on those living in its path.

See HOOVER, page 15



Hoover Dam spans Black Canyon for 1,244 feet. From top to bottom the dam is 726 feet, while it is 660 feet wide at the base and 45 feet wide at the crest. An amazing 3.25 million cubic yards of concrete are contained in those dimensions.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

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Aunt Purlo's miracle cure

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

The days of summer stretched interminably long until I started getting more insight into the intricacies of relationships. That was a summer to remember! Dad's employer sent him to Europe; Mama had a full-time job at the Pentagon, and they decided a trip to Uncle Bill's and Aunt Purlo's farm would be good for me.

Although I wasn't enthused, I didn't get a vote because I was only seven. One time I had seen Aunt Purlo at a family reunion and she was the ugliest woman there. Mama explained that both parents named Aunt Purlo. Her father wanted to call her "Pure" and her mother preferred "Lois" so they combined the two and came up with "Purlo." It's pronounced "pure" but most people pronounce it "purr" like a cat so I guess that in itself would make you grumpy if no one ever called you by the right name.

I got out of the car and saw this wizened little short person who was not much taller than I and did she ever look mean. The hair knotted on top of her head was pulled so tight, it made her eyes look slanted. Her ears seemed too big and her mouth, though it was almost heart-shaped, was clamped firmly shut. I knew the moment I saw her that she was going to be big trouble.

"Boy," she yelled at me, "get these bags in the house."

I wanted to tell her "My name is not 'Boy,' it's 'Gregory'" but somehow I knew it wouldn't do any good.

I wondered why anyone would wear a big, old ankle-length black skirt in the summer. She clomped around in heavy work shoes and her apron looked like it had been worn for a year. But she

wore a big fancy straw hat with a rose on it. It was strange to see such a fancy hat with the rest of her outfit. I would find out later just how important that straw hat was.

Now Uncle Bill was the jolliest person I had ever met. A great big tall man with huge hands and shoulders, he shook hands with me like I was grown and said, "Young man, you and I are going to get a lot done this summer."

I sure hoped I would be working with him instead of Aunt Purlo.

The first morning after I arrived, I heard this angry-sounding voice yelling, "Boy, get up. It's already 5:30."

For a minute, I thought it was 5:30 in the evening because I had never gotten up at that hour of the morning. Somehow I managed to crawl out of bed, into my clothes and creep down the stairs.

When we sat down to eat, Aunt Purlo said, "Boy, we work on this farm. Your uncle gets up at 4:30 to milk the cows and I get up at 5 to get his breakfast. From now on, we expect you to be up at 5 so you can help me get breakfast."

I couldn't think of anything worse!

Uncle Bill looked over at me and smiled. He said calmly, "Now, Purlo, this young man is not used to our hours. Maybe he could sleep 'til 5:30."

She gave Uncle Bill a dirty look and said, "I'm not going to do all this extra work and you get all the help. I said I want him to help get breakfast."

My heart dropped to my feet but Uncle Bill said, "Come on, Gregory. We have a big field of corn to plow and some trees to trim."

At first, days seemed to crawl by but then I found myself enjoying the outdoor farm work and even helping Aunt Purlo wasn't too bad. One day she made me some cookies - my favorite kind - peanut butter.

When she took the last pan out of the oven and admonished me not to eat all of them at one time, she almost smiled. That was the first time she had ever been really nice to me and I promised her I would eat just three at a time.

There were cows, horses,

chickens, ducks, cats and one billy goat on the farm and I got along famously with all of them except the goat. For some reason, he took a dislike to me and every time I got close to him, he lowered his head and made grunting noises like he was going to butt me. I tried to give him wide berth.

It was a real treat the first time Uncle Bill set me up on a horse. I felt like I was king of the universe. The little mare was named "Gentle" because that best described her. She slowly walked around the stable yard and I sat straight in the saddle, half scared to death but excited with the undiluted joy of a child.

I was so thrilled I ran to tell Aunt Purlo and, with a withering look, she said, "That's my horse," but didn't tell me not to ride her again so I figured it was okay.

There was one incident that summer which I still remember with such clarity that every time I think of it, I nearly get hysterical.

But I forgot to tell you something really important at the beginning of the story.

Mama said that Aunt Purlo was beautiful when she was young and everyone loved her but then she got a disease which made her body shrink and she totally changed her personality. She and Uncle Billy were the handsomest couple in the county until she got sick. Then she just lost interest in how she looked except for her straw hat with the rose. She wore the hat all the time as though it was the last remaining link to beautiful youth.

One day while pulling weeds from the flower bed I glanced at the back yard and there was Billy Goat eating a pair of Aunt Purlo's bloomers off the clothesline. I went running to the house yelling as I ran, "Come quick, Aunt Purlo, Billy Goat is eating your clothes!"

She came charging out of the house screaming, "Get away from there you mangy goat!"

Billy didn't budge. Aunt Purlo grabbed her apron and started beating him with it, all the while yelling at the top of her lungs. Billy kept on munching on her bloomers for another few seconds and then slowly backed away from the clothes line. I felt sort of sorry for Aunt Purlo because I

didn't think she had many clothes.

She started across the yard and Billy suddenly lowered his head and headed for Aunt Purlo at amazing speed. Before I had time to yell "Look out!" he had butted her as hard as he could and tossed her back over his head. Aunt Purlo landed on her back with her legs straight up in the air and that black skirt billowing in the air. I was laughing so hard I couldn't get my breath.

Then I realized Aunt Purlo wasn't moving. Uncle Bill had gone to town and I was wondering what I'd do if she was dead. I went over and knelt down beside her and started patting her face. I think I was crying.

"Aunt Purlo," I pleaded, "please don't die."

She finally opened her eyes and sat up. The fall had just knocked the breath out of her. About that time, both of us saw Billy eating away at her straw hat. He was chewing on that rose as though his life depended on it. She started crying and sobbed, "That was the only pretty thing left in my life."

With a wisdom far beyond my years, I responded, "Aunt Purlo, you don't need that straw hat to be pretty." And the strange thing was, she didn't. Her hair had come loose in curls all around, her face was flushed and for the first time, I saw the remainder of the beauty she had when she was young.

Uncle Bill drove in the yard and rushed over to where we were, exclaiming, "What in the world happened?"

Aunt Purlo looked at me and winked. She honestly did! And said to Uncle Bill, "We are taking that goat to the stock market tomorrow and now we're all going in the house to have cookies and lemonade. Isn't that right, Gregory?"

"Yes ma'am" I replied in astonishment.

Uncle Bill looked perplexed but never said a word and as the three of us walked to the house holding hands, Aunt Purlo said, "I never did like my hair up. Perhaps I'll start wearing it down again."

Uncle Bill smiled from ear to ear and said, "I think that's a wonderful idea."

Later, he cornered me at the barn and said "Tell me what happened."

I did fine until I got to the part about the goat butting Aunt Purlo over his head and her legs sticking up in the air and I started laughing so hard I couldn't finish telling the story.

He nodded as he patted me on the head and said, "That's O.K., Gregory, I never dreamed that ornery goat would give my wife back to me." —

•Stover

Continued from page 5

for Augusta Reserves.

Through his careful research and collecting of information, Harris has preserved an important part of Augusta County's history. There is no greater tribute to our forefathers who fought for what they believed in than to be remembered and honored by future generations.

Now Harris has to find time to write the book.

Harris is a Churchville native and graduated from Churchville High School. He was employed by Smith's Transfer, Genicom and is currently groundskeeper at Baldwin Park retirement community in Staunton. He is married to Jane Harris, who retired after serving 40 years as secretary for the Augusta County Administrator and Augusta County Board of Supervisors. They live in Churchville.

These original members of the Churchville Cavalry are recorded as being in active service at Churchville in April 1861:

Franklin F. Sterrett, captain; Robert R. Ruff, first lieutenant; George A. Hanger, second lieutenant; James Cochran, third lieutenant; Joseph A. Wilson, first sergeant; John T. Eubank, second sergeant; Henry H. Hanger, third sergeant; Hugh F. Turk, fourth sergeant; John L. Hill, fifth sergeant; John B. Wynant, sixth sergeant; Charles L. Francisco, sixth sergeant; Abraham Hoover, first corporal; Jacob A. Hanger, second corporal; William R. Hodge, third corporal; Robert Cochran, fourth corporal; James M. Lickliter, bugler.

Privates: William F. Allen, David H. Bear, James H. Bear, James E. Bell, Charles L. Campbell, James Kenney Campbell, Addison C. Crawford, William W. Donaghe, Edward Augustus Dudley, Elijah Dull, Robert B. Dunlap, Daniel Falls, James A. Frazier, Calvin J. Fuller, David F. Gilkeson, Thomas E. Gilkeson, William A. Hanger, James F. Heizer, John Henry Hite, Henry S. Hogsett, Benjamin B. Houseman, Francis E. Irvin, Andrew Jackson Johns, John Keller, Noah Knopp, Robert Love, John G. Massincup, William L. Massincup, John G. Mann, William D. Mills, Isaac Myers, Williams F. Myers, John O. Ramsey, William S. Ramsey, William W. Ramsey, David L. Reid, John Roudabush, Silas Rubush, George Sellers, James Sheets, John H. Sheets, George E. Sherman, George F. Smith, George M. Speck, Albert R. Whitmore, Jacob Henry Whitmore, James B. Wilson. —

Time to renew?
See page 2

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STAUNTON VICTORIAN FESTIVAL

Downtown tour provides historic details of city

By VERA HAILEY

STAUNTON — Local architectural designer Doug Roller, accompanied by his wife Tidge, led a walking tour of downtown Staunton as part of the Victorian Festival. Both were outfitted in proper Victorian attire.

The excursion, sponsored by the Historic Staunton Foundation, began at the corner of Beverley and Augusta Streets. The gathering was led east on Beverley Street to the Gospel Hill district.

Houses in the section feature a range of styles - Victorian, Italianate, Classical Revival, Georgian, Queen Anne, and Frank Lloyd Wright, among others. Most are transitional and not purely one style. Prospective homebuilders would look in catalogs and combine components and styles to suit their tastes.

Gospel Hill was named because of a ministering blacksmith who had a business in the neighborhood in the early 1800s. "While he would shoe horses, you might get treated to gospel music and a sermon," Doug noted. *The current site of the Sampson Eagon Inn is the original*

location of the blacksmith shop.

Doug and Tidge explained how many jewels of downtown were lost during the urban renewal movement. Luckily, Staunton "wasn't quite as progressive" as other places and not as many buildings were torn down.

The Historic Staunton Foundation was formed in 1971, when the highway department wanted to tear down much of the train station neighborhood for reasons that didn't make good sense. Since that time, HSF has tried to save buildings to preserve the historic nature of downtown.

According to Doug, the current Woodrow Wilson Birthplace Museum building was a "white elephant" which had been made into apartments when no one wanted to use it as a single family residence. It was purchased by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and restored to its current beauty.

A tour participant asked where the money came from to build such extravagant houses in Staunton in the late 1800s. Doug explained Staunton was an office town for the coal mines in West Virginia. The locals took advantage of the rail-

roads which were a major factor in the economic prosperity.

Staunton was a "sleepy" town before the first boom decades of the 1830s through the 1850s. Major state institutions and schools were started in Staunton. Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind was an important presence. Virginia Female Institute, which was renamed Stuart Hall and nicknamed "Staunton jail" by students, opened on Frederick Street. Augusta Female Seminary, now Mary Baldwin College, also was opened in those years. The Western Lunatic Asylum (now Western State Hospital) occupied the area close to downtown that is now used by the Staunton Correctional Center.

Iron ore, which was predicted to be a primary boost to the economy, was mined. Land development plans were not far behind. A brochure printed in the 1890s advertised a majestic hotel that would never be built. In retrospect, the idea of a boom never really occurred.

Contrary to popular belief, the Queen City did not escape the destruction of the Civil War. Although it was a major supply depot in the breadbasket of the Confederacy and was defended aggressively, most of the train station area was demolished by Union troops. "I regret to report that unfortunately for the Chamber of Commerce, there were not any battles here," the tour guide noted.

On Kalorama Street, Doug pointed out what many people refer to as "the castle." It was designed by local architect T.J. Collins and built in the early 1890s. Collins had been brought to Staunton by a developer in anticipation of an economic boom. "Collins liked to tell the story that he came down from Washington and never could afford to get back," Doug said. Needless to say, the great burst of growth never came.

"The castle" was planned in the style of H.H. Richardson from Chicago. Double porches flank the rear. Featured are Victorian grill and spindle work, a turret and a slate roof. The second floor mas-



Dressed in Victorian attire, Doug and Tidge Roller led walking tours of historic downtown Staunton during the Victorian Festival.

Photos by Vera Hailey

ter bedroom, which is below the tower, contains a marble tablet with a Biblical quotation. "The builder was religious. It looks like a high rise tombstone," Doug noted.

A building that was featured in Ripley's Believe It Or Not once stood on the wedge-shaped lot where Kalorama meets Johnson Street, the current location of the Cobbler's Shop Shoe Repair. The structure had four floors, with a street level entrance on each.

The Virginia Hotel, which burned down, was situated on the site of the under-construction parking garage.

The former Stonewall Jackson Hotel, located on South Market Street, was constructed in the 1920s. It was said to be the only hotel in Virginia west of Richmond that had a penthouse, all private baths and steam heat. The inn, which prided itself in being fireproof, was outfitted with a fine dining room and a pipe organ in the ballroom. Unfortunately, the years have taken their toll on the Stonewall. It is now a state-licensed, assisted-living facility. Because the former hotel is close to the site of the new Blackfriars Playhouse, Doug said he hopes a buyer may be found who will restore the Stonewall to its original grandeur.

Shenandoah Shakespeare, which started in Harrisonburg, chose Staunton as the location for the project in part because of the Victorian downtown. The playhouse exterior will be in keeping with the city's turn-of-the-century architec-

ture, while the interior will replicate the 16th-century environment of the Blackfriars where Shakespeare's plays were first presented.

Across the street from the under-construction playhouse is the piece of land once owned by William Beverley, who received a major land grant to settle the area. The grand building which was eventually built on the lot was later the city library and is now part of Grace Christian High School.

The Roman Catholic T.J. Collins is credited with designing the nearby Jewish Temple, as well as numerous other buildings in downtown.

The Dixie Theater on Beverley Street was built in 1912. It was fashioned in the opera house vaudeville tradition with box seats and balconies. In 1936, a major fire in which arson was suspected gutted the structure. Warner Brothers hired a Broadway, N.Y., architect to re-design the theater. The top floor was not replaced. It was reconstructed to resemble other small town theaters in the Depression with mostly painted art deco décor.

In 1981, the Dixie was "plexed" into four theaters so each could show a different movie. A plan is in place to take the interior back to its original

See DIXIE, page 13



The "castle" on Kalorama Street in Staunton

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Thornrose maintains traditions of Victorian era

By VERA HAILEY

STAUNTON — "Think of this as a park," recommended Sergei Troubetzkoy, local historian and director of tourism for Staunton, as he welcomed a crowd to Thornrose Cemetery.

All 90 tickets to the Victorian Festival tours, sponsored by The Virginia Chapter of the Victorian Society in America, were sold out in advance. Included in the excursion was a gourmet box lunch, which was eaten on the cemetery lawn in the tradition of the Victorian era.

Troubetzkoy explained that a shift toward public cemeteries in America began in the 1830s. Public burial grounds were a 19th-century creation - before that time entombment was in a family or church cemetery. The first public cemetery in Staunton was at Trinity Episcopal Church.

The earliest European public cemetery, near Paris, initiated the trend that spread to England. The concept caught on in New England America and spread down the east coast. They were an outgrowth of the romantic era and were park-like with romantic landscaping.

In 1849 Thornrose opened on the outskirts of Staunton and was surrounded by farmland. Armed with picnic baskets, clans journeyed to the resting spots of their departed loved ones by horse and buggy or on foot. As they had to travel a distance, visitors often spent the day.

In the early days, maintenance was not an issue. Family members visited often and tended their own plots. Perpetual care became nec-

"There is nothing more beautiful and touching in human life than affection shown for the departed"

Beautiful Thornrose, 1921

essary when people began to devote their free time to such things as movies and radio. In 1921 a perpetual care endowment fund was put in place with the capital appropriated to upkeep and maintenance.

Victorians did not hold a gloomy view of death. Infant mortality was commonplace and there was less fear of dying. According to Troubetzkoy, the term "City of the Dead" characterized how people of that era thought of a graveyard.

Nineteenth-century cemetery designers tried to "improve where Mother Nature went wrong" by adding hills, slopes and large rocks to make the landscape more visually pleasing. Thornrose was no exception. Plans included a pond with a fountain and island near the present main entrance. These ponds were often abandoned in the south when they became breeding grounds for mosquitoes, though the exact reason for the absence of the Thornrose pond is not known.

A mortuary chapel at the entrance was used to store bodies during winter, when the frozen soil could not be dug. It is now used for storage.

In 1890 Washington D.C. architect T.J. Collins moved to Staunton. Thornrose was enlarged and improved, with Collins de-

signing new entrance gates and stone walls, a mortuary chapel, a stone bridge with observation tower and a row of impressive limestone mausoleums. Most of the work was done with limestone quarried in Staunton.

It is remarkable that in spite of all his architectural contributions to the city of Staunton and to Thornrose Cemetery, the headstone for T.J. Collins is a small, unadorned marker.

The Echols family plot is one of the largest. At one time it had a working fountain, arbor and garden. Civil War General John Echols' stone reads:

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud

Like a swift-fleeting meteor a fast flying cloud

A flash of the lightning a break of the wave

He passeth from life to rest in his grave."

Cast iron benches and urns were common in a 19th-century cemetery. Troubetzkoy mentioned that he has seen benches in private gardens that probably came from cemeteries, having been carted away by those with an interest in antiques. Images of well-known symbols of death and resurrection were carved on them.

"Victorians were symbol crazy," Troubetzkoy established. Engravings of plants and flowers, each with a distinct meaning, served as perpetual flowers before artificial flowers existed. Roses represented innocence, lily of the valley connotated purity and ferns and ivy symbolized sorrow and grief.

A broken column, cut tree trunk or a snapped rose stem stood for a life cut short — usually a prema-

ture death. Acorns and leaves symbolized valor. A willow tree made reference to weeping or mourning. An upside down torch told of a life being extinguished. The likeness of a lamb was often placed on a child's marker. A shroud signified mourning. An anchor was known as a Christian symbol of hope. The obelisk, originally an Egyptian symbol of life after death, was also used.

See THORNROSE, page 12



Sergei Troubetzkoy, Staunton's director of tourism, relates the history of Thornrose Cemetery during a recent walking tour.

Photo by Vera Hailey

Festival gives public rare glimpse of Oakdene

By VERA HAILEY

STAUNTON — Oakdene, an architectural jewel located at 605 East Beverley St. in Staunton, was accessible to the public during the third annual Staunton Downtown Development Association's Victorian Festival.

Seventy-four visitors got a rare glance at the first and second floors of this personal residence which has been meticulously restored and exquisitely furnished.

The dwelling was initially the residence of Edward Echols. It was

designed by the Philadelphia architecture firm of Goforth and Williams and completed in 1893.

Edward Echols (1849-1914) was the son of Confederate General John Echols and Mary Jane Caperton (sister of West Virginia senator Allen Caperton). General Echols was the president of National Valley Bank and instrumental in the economic reconstruction of Staunton after the Civil War.

Edward Echols attended the University of Virginia and established a law practice in Staunton. In 1880 he was selected as

commonwealth's attorney. He later served in the House of Delegates and as president of National Valley Bank. Edward Echols was lieutenant governor of Virginia from 1898-1902 under James Tyler, and served in the Virginia Senate from 1908 until his retirement in 1914.

Oakdene exemplifies a classical Queen Anne style with a hip and gable design and a turret at the forefront. The head of the turret is a fireplace flue which breaks its conical roof. It is hooded with a cupola and a decorative owl with illuminating eyes that face south.

The exterior of the house consists of many different surface materials. The foundation is limestone, the work of noted local stonemason William Larner. The upper levels are brick. Above that in a stick style are timbers and stucco. The roof is made of slate.

The porches were originally open to the weather. The floors were designed to drain water through a metal pan under the floor and through pipes to the outside.

Legend has it that the unusual leaded glass window behind the

main staircase was once a Tiffany stained glass window that was removed by a previous owner who felt it was too dark. The roof of the porch to the left of the front entrance may have been eliminated for the same reason.

The tract sits on a hillside with gardens surrounded by limestone walls. A brick serpentine wall forms the northern property line. A brick courtyard was added in the 1930s.

The house is on the National Register of Historic Places. —



"Oakdene" is located on East Beverley Street in Staunton.

Photo by Vera Hailey

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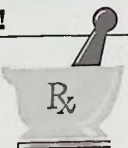
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This employee group photo was taken outside Waynesboro's Stehli Silk Mill in 1927. Although individuals in the photo cannot be identified, it is known that the following people are pictured here: Katherine Bell Brydge, Ruth Driver Burkholder, Viola Heatwole Showalter, Rushie Truslow Bridge,

Elizabeth Heatwole Showalter, Elmer Heatwole, Arthur Sherk, Paul Brydge, Bessie Brydge Hailey, George Sheffield, Odessa Henderson Barker and Viola Brydge Tisdale. An original of this photo is kept in a collection belonging to the Waynesboro Heritage Museum.

Waynesboro's Stehli Silk Mill brought women into workforce

By VERA HAILEY

The Virginia Metalcrafters site on East Main Street in Waynesboro once housed a prosperous silk operation.

In 1925, Viola Tisdale (then Viola Brydge) heard through an announcement at her church that workers were needed for a new silk mill. She had just completed school in the spring and eagerly accepted the invitation.

World War I had led a great surge in American silk production that carried over into the 1920s. The Stehli Silks Corporation, headquartered near the garment district in New York City, produced silk textiles for high quality apparel and furnishings. They sent four Waynesboro-area women, including Mrs. Tisdale, to their Harrisonburg plant to learn the

operation, providing their transportation and board and paying them \$11 per week for six weeks.

The four young women returned to Waynesboro ready to train the rest of the new workforce. As a forelady, Mrs. Tisdale had no trouble with the supervisory nature of her job. "They were all so glad to get a job, everyone listened and we didn't have any problems. Some of them were scared at first because they had never worked on public works," she said.

The regional economy ensured that Stehli had no trouble filling their facility with personnel. Jobs were not plentiful in Augusta County in the mid-1920s, especially for women. Silk producers preferred women, as they were said to be better at processing silk without damaging the fibers.

The mill drew employees from

the city as well as neighboring communities. With no transportation from her home in Lyndhurst, Mrs. Tisdale and others boarded at the Frazier residence near the plant.

Plant Manager Arthur Sherk oversaw the entire operation. He lived in a white dwelling on the property that now houses the Virginia Metalcrafters showroom.

The manufacturing building was built to Stehli specifications. The original one-story brick structure was 325 by 200 feet in size. A coal powerhouse supplied heat and electricity, with a 50,000-gallon overhead water tank for protection in case of fire.

Silk processing demanded good illumination and temperature control. The building had a special roof to provide additional daylight. Mercury vapor lamps aided in finding defects in the material. According to Mrs. Tisdale, they relied on fans for temperature control until a central air conditioning system was installed.

Raw material was shipped to Waynesboro in wooden crates. At least one of the original boxes survived and is a prized possession of a Waynesboro collector. It shows a return address of New York City.

The late local historian and *Days of Yore* author Curtis L. Bowman, Sr. described the processing of silk: "A mature silkworm cocoon might contain as much as 800 yards of reelable fiber wound on the outside. The fiber is so fine that it is

necessary to combine the product of several cocoons into one thread cocoons are placed in hot water to facilitate unwinding, then the filaments from several are removed manually and lightly twisted into a thread which is wound on a reel." The silk filament contained a natural gum protective coating, which held the filaments together during processing.

were asked to return to work, though "duration of increased activities [were] uncertain."

In June 1932, all 400 workers received a 10 percent pay raise. New equipment was installed and the mill was operating day and night to keep up with demand.

In March 1935, Corporate Vice President H.E. Stehli wrote a letter to Waynesboro Chamber of



The photo, above left, shows Viola Brydge in the early 1920s. The photo, above right, shows Viola Brydge Tisdale today. Mrs. Tisdale worked at Stehli Silk Mill when it first opened its doors in Waynesboro in 1925.

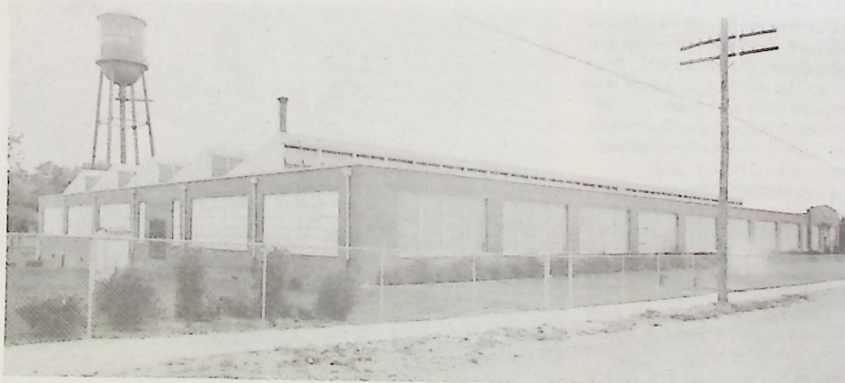
Mrs. Tisdale remembers that the winding department was the first to start up at the silk mill. She explained that one of the machines made the silk two-ply or three-ply, as the orders requested. The silk was also dyed.

A 1932 *News-Virginian* article told of large shipments of raw materials, which translated into renewed activities at the Stehli site. Employees who had been off duty due to a decrease in production

Commerce President David T. Coiner in response to rumors that the plant would close. Stehli said that although the fate of the operation had not been decided, closing was very possible.

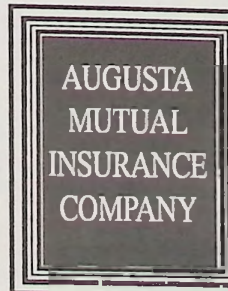
The local chamber of commerce as well as the Norfolk & Western Railroad fought to keep the plant afloat, even as all operations ceased in March 1935. Following a meeting of company officials in

See STEHLI, page 11



Stehli Silk Mill began operations in Waynesboro in 1925. The plant closed when the textile industry changed to produce man-made fibers such as Rayon.

Many of Stehli employees were absorbed by DuPont's operation when it came to Waynesboro.



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Viette offers garden tips to Waynesboro club

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — Well-known gardener, author, lecturer, instructor and radio host André Viette was the guest speaker for a program sponsored by the Rose Cliff Garden Club and held at the Waynesboro Public Library. Viette, winner of the Garden Club of America 1999 Medal of Honor, is known for his "boundless energy, concern for the environment and passion for plants and gardening," according to Judy Aitchison in her introduction of Viette to the club. "Seventy-eight percent of Americans garden. Gardening is the largest activity in America," said Viette. In the past 30 years, a shift has occurred: "More men are involved in active gardening." Fifty percent of callers to Viette's radio show are now men.

The garden club was treated to what Viette calls his accordion lecture. "It can be three hours or I can squeeze it into one hour." The information is based on his family's three generations - over 80 years - of "being in the ground where the troops are."

Without insult to his Cornell University professors, Viette attributes his knowledge to his father, an internationally known horticulturist. Viette's French-speaking father started a European apprenticeship in America in 1920 as a 16-



André Viette donned gardening apparel for his recent presentation to the Rose Cliff Garden Club. Photo by Vera Hailey

year-old. In 1929, he launched a business during the depression. "My father said to never be afraid of anything. If you're willing to work, no one can defeat you." He made a profitable living in an impoverished economy. As a child, Viette recalls his father entering 19 different categories of peonies and taking first place in 17 categories.

"Gardening can be easy or it can be hard." The Viette's 5-1/2 acres

of manicured grounds in Fishersville take one person about 12 hours per week to maintain. Beds are edged with Roundup, with a tool edging every 4 or 5 years.

His early spring easy gardening technique includes cleaning the beds, feeding organic fertilizer and removing all weeds. He recommends using pre-emergence Preen, then mulching the beds. "Then you're done. There will be few

weeds through the season."

"Buy the best and plant less." Perennials can be purchased at volume discount stores, though they may not have quality plants or a wide selection. Viette recommends quality - both in soil preparation and in purchasing plants.

"Put a \$2 plant in a \$10 hole," he said. Considering that the typical suburban soil is close to concrete in density, soil amendments are crucial to a thriving garden. Organic matter is the key. Do not try to save money by skipping on soil preparation, Viette noted.

A slide presentation, including pictures of his home in St. Thomas, demonstrated the beauty of easy gardening. Continual color can be obtained with proper planning. A careful mix of trees, shrubs and perennials gives seasons of interest. Going to the garden center and purchasing whatever is in bloom is not the way to achieve good results.

An example of an "American garden" with a few boxwoods, some ivy and an azalea brought chuckles from the audience. "Formal gardens are going out. The natural look is in, looking as if God has put it there," Viette said. "Never view a whole garden at one time. You need to have a garden of discovery." He suggests always having something compelling at a distance or around the corner.

"Water is a killer," Viette noted.

Shallow, frequent watering by underground sprinkling systems or by hand watering kills plants because it creates shallow root systems. Deep, infrequent watering promotes healthy roots.

"Highland and Bath are two of the best counties in America," Viette said. He found a big, hardy Shasta daisy in Highland that he named "Switzerland," after the county nickname "Little Switzerland."

"Lawns are your highest expense," according to Viette. Lawns are not necessary, but if you have a lawn you must fertilize it. He recalled removing sod from a section of his lawn to prepare another perennial bed, when his daughter got excited because there wouldn't be space to put a tent for her wedding. "And she wasn't even dating anyone." So, like a good father, Viette seeded it back in grass.

"Take back the front yard," Viette instructed. In the case of a traditional home that fronts a street, he recommends a 5 to 6 foot wide walkway that "says welcome."

"Use Clorox to clean tools," Viette offered as a gardener's tip. One part of the bleach combined with nine parts water makes a sterilizing cleaner for all garden tools.

In conclusion, Viette donned a planting outfit, complete with hat and basket, to demonstrate the "proper way to plant a wildflower garden."

Stehli

Continued from page 10

Harrisonburg, the Waynesboro site resumed operations at full capacity, employing between 550 and 600 people. In a time before there was a telephone in every home, a newspaper announcement asked former employees to report back to work.

Stehli was still a major force in the silk industry. Their largest plant was in Lancaster, Pa., with two weaving plants located in Pennsylvania and North Carolina, in addition to the "throwing" facilities in Harrisonburg and Waynesboro.

A newspaper article in 1935 described the plant as "one of the stable industries of the city, employing several hundred men and

women, mostly women. At times the plant operated day and night and through the depths of the recent depression it was one of the really bright spots in Waynesboro."

Mrs. Tisdale stayed at Stehli, her first job, for four years. "When they started talking about the new DuPont plant that was opening up, everyone thought it would be a good deal."

In 1927, Waynesboro voters had approved a \$85,000 bond issue to finance capital improvements that would make the town more attractive to industry. DuPont soon committed itself to building a manufacturing plant.

According to *Economics of American Industry* published in 1957, the advent of the Great Depression in 1929 signaled the end of an era for American silk manufacturers. As business de-

clined in the mid-1930s, mills closed or merged or turned themselves over to producing the cheaper man-made alternative to silk, Rayon. Changes in the textile industry, lifestyle changes and the world economy ensured that the active player in the industrial transformation of America would never recover.

When production at the Stehli plant slowed and later ceased altogether, the workers were absorbed by expansions at DuPont. It was reported that from an employment angle Waynesboro's employment index did not drop in the least when the plant closed.

After the closing of the silk operation, the building was used by Esmont to manufacture blankets.

Mrs. Tisdale went to DuPont as a supervisor when it opened in August 1929, a position she held until her retirement, 40 years later. —

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Wildflower gardens provide surprise factor

Every year at this time the tension increases in our house. My husband's approach to gardens and lawns is exactly the opposite of mine. I like a wild look and he prefers a very manicured lawn and regimented gardens. One of the worst "discussions" we ever had was because I came home to a forsythia that had been cut way too much for my taste. Of course, it came back full force — but that was not the point.

This year we have been way too busy for our cycle of arguments with a new baby and a 2-year-old demanding much of our attention. One thing we did decide on and actually follow-up on is a little corner of our yard dedicated to wildflowers. While we were sprinkling the soil with the Martha Stewart canned seed varieties of wildflowers, it occurred to me that these plants can't be all that wild if they are coming from a can.

And so I started to wonder — what makes a flower wild? The answer was much simpler than I had imagined. It simply means a species of flower that has shown itself to be hardy and self-reproducing with little attention from the gardener. By some definitions, it also means native to the area. Wildflower gardens are considered a low-cost alternative to high-maintenance gardening. Many wildflowers prefer poor soil and neglect,

making them ideal for tough-to-maintain areas of your property which also makes them ideal for harried, child-weary gardeners like my husband and me.

On doing some research into wildflower gardening, I found it somewhat ironic that a wild look does require a bit of planning and effort. The good news is that most of the effort is in getting it started.

Choose a site with full to partial sun. If you want the plants to sustain themselves, you had better give them conditions they find agreeable.

Weed control is paramount. Weeds are a successful wildflower garden's biggest threat. Of course, only you can determine what is a weed and what is a wildflower, but for the sake of simplicity I would suggest you start your garden with a clean palette and remove all existing vegetation.

If you purchase a can of wildflower seeds, like we did, follow the directions — seems like silly advice, but I have never been one to be good at following directions. (My last wildflower gardening attempt was proof of that: one flower came up.) This time, we followed the instructions and it looks like we will have an interesting garden.

For the most part, instructions will read like this: rake and level the soil, leaving the

grooves left from raking to help hold the seeds and give them contact with the soil. Now broadcast the seed. (Adding some sand to the seed mixture will make it easier to spread evenly.) Rake lightly again after spreading the seed. In general, use 4 pounds of seed per acre or 4 oz. per 2,500 square feet. Most packaged mixes will tell you how large an area they cover.

Although wildflowers are self-sufficient, the seeds do need to be kept moist, much like starting grass seed. Some folks say they will benefit from a light mulching with straw or peat. But our instructions said never to mulch wildflowers. (Go figure.) Germination should occur in 10-21 days and your first blooms should reward you in 5-6 weeks.

After the plants are established they will require very little care. A little water during dry spells is always welcome and won't spoil the plants. Some weeds will try and invade, but wildflowers grow densely and initial weeding should be very minimal, becoming less and less as the garden fills in.

Your major maintenance chore will be "mowing" the flowers in the late fall after the annuals have gone to seed and the perennials are dormant. They call it mowing but the ideal height is 4 - 6 inches, so you can't really use a lawn mower. The idea is to help drop the seed heads while tidying the appearance of the garden and discouraging the growth of any woody perennials that might take over.

It always helps if you prepare your beds

Down to Earth

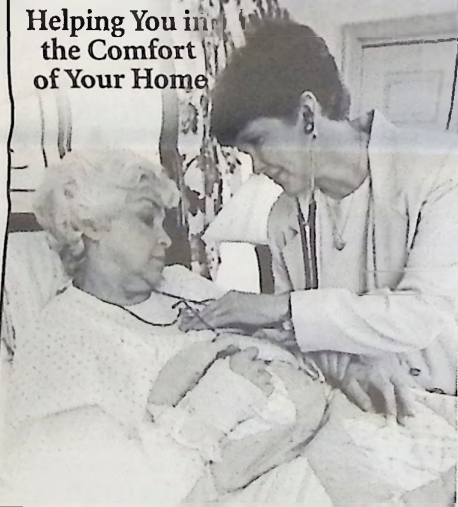
By
Mollie Bryan



the fall before you intend to plant. You won't have to fight all the annual weeds sprouting in the spring and you won't get impatient and be tempted to skip steps in your preparation. The best time to plant wildflowers is in the spring, to give them a good long season to get established and set seed. If you are starting later in the summer, be sure you have at least 8-10 weeks before frost, if you want them to self-sow.

And, after all, self-sowing is one of the best things about wildflower gardens. The other thing I like about them is the surprise factor. You never really know what you are getting until they bloom, which is sort like having babies. You can only do so much as far as taking care of them, watching them grow, and helping them out whenever you can. The most exciting part is that "wild" factor, the parts you cannot plan. I look forward to that state in our parenting — after all the tending, sitting back and enjoying the view. —

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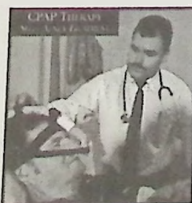
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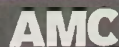
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•Dixie

Continued from page 8

elegance and specialize in showing art films, making it into a community professional theater on a small scale.



The city courthouse on Beverley Street was the Grange Hall in the 1870s where agricultural meetings were held for farmers. The city purchased the building and turned it into an opera house, though there was very seldom an opera in residence. The 800-seat structure was elaborately embellished. Touring shows, some direct from Broadway, rode in on the railroad to delight Staunton audiences. "Everybody who was anybody was here," Doug said.

Strolling down Beverley Street, the tour guide identified the styles of various buildings — early 19th century brick, 1940s fill-in construction, Victorian and early Victorian makeover, simple Italianate.

All participants left the walking tour with greater knowledge of architecture and a new perspective on a downtown that is being restored and renewed.

For information on the Historic Staunton Foundation, call 540/885-7676. —

The former Stonewall Jackson Hotel, located on South Market Street in Staunton and shown in the photo at left, was constructed in the 1920s. It was said to be the only hotel in Virginia west of Richmond that had a penthouse, all private baths and steam heat.

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Schoolhouse News

RHS FCCLA honors members at banquet

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

Members earning the gold medal and state trophy in competition recently included Carla Snow, applied technology, senior; Jami Daugherty and Casey Cash, chapter service project, senior; Katie Fravel and Emily Glenn, interpersonal communication, senior; Jessica Roadcap, skills for life, senior; Leslie Truxell and Selina Ayres, focus on children, senior; and Crystal Smith,



SNOW



DAUGHERTY



CASH



FRAVEL



GLENN



ROADCAP



TRUXELL



SMITH

illustrated talk.

Gold medal and state trophy winners will travel this summer to the National FCCLA Convention to be held in Anaheim, Calif.

Members earning gold medal in competition included Maggie Gilstrap and Alesha Layman, focus on children, junior; Hannah

Bernier, illustrated talk, junior; Lauren McGhee, interpersonal communication, junior; Danielle Thompson, job interview; Elizabeth Cash and Jenny Gardner, chapter showcase, senior; and Stacey Bower, skills for life, senior.

The chapter presented certificates of appreciation to various

community and school friends.

RHS FCCLA member Katey Handley will be serving as first vice president of Virginia FCCLA for the 2001-02 term.

Installed as officers for the 2001-2002 school year were Jessica Roadcap, president; Katie Fravel, Emily Glenn, Carla Snow, Leslie

Truxell and Jami Daugherty, vice presidents; Casey Cash, secretary; Lauren Davis, treasurer; Heather Higgins, reporter; Lauren McGhee, historian; Farren Hennigan, chaplain; and Maggie Gilstrap, photographer. Kathleen Buchanan and Kelly Thompson are RHS faculty advisers for FCCLA. —

Summer is for renewal, rejuvenation and relaxation

The phrase, "Summer vacation," registers different things to different people and the responses are similar to the exclamation "Snow day!" that I talked about in an earlier column.

For many teachers, summers are not for just lying around sipping lemonade on the veranda. Many of us have the hope that we'll get to that, but summer is usually a time for going to summer school, teaching summer school or enrichment classes, taking students on summer field trips to Europe or the Chesapeake Bay, planning for next year's assignment, participating in textbook adoptions, or developing curriculum guides. We teach because we are devoted to the education of our students. It is a year-round endeavor — the school year is for implementation and summer is for rejuvenation, renewal, and relaxation.

So what's up for me this summer? This fall I'm looking forward to returning to a former teaching assignment of teaching only seventh-grade science and doing it in a science lab classroom. If you remember, about this time last year, I was eager and anxious about my new teaching assignment. For this past teaching year I was able to return to my favorite age group (seventh graders) but I was assigned to teach math in addition to teaching life science. I became part of a great two-person team "The AdVenturE Seekers" or AVES with Diane Wymer who taught civics and language arts for our 50 students. We had a great year team-

ing our ideas, meshing our SOLs and using birds (because AVES is the scientific classification name for birds) as a springboard for many studies. We did some pretty cool stuff, had some pretty neat kids, but I did feel my energies were torn between the two disciplines and I was frustrated that I was teaching science in a non-science lab classroom. Teaching in that way can be done, but it takes cooperation and creativity. Thanks to two sixth grade science teachers who let me use their labs when needed, I was somewhat successful in offering adequate lab opportunities to our students. This year I'll return to a fully-equipped lab classroom for my assignment. So this week I'll be moving my teaching materials (and toys!) to my new classroom, and I'm excited.

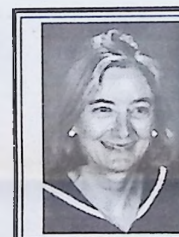
So once I'm moved, then what??? I must admit that this summer I'll not be quite as busy as I've been in other years. No need to take course work, since I just received my teaching certificate renewal. No teaching of summer enrichment classes, since there is no funding of talented and gifted programs this summer. The curriculum guides have been done for middle school science and math, and the adoption of new textbooks will have to wait on funding. I took some students on a field trip in early June and attended a science teaching methods workshop with other Augusta County science teachers later in June, I'll meet with my new team-

mates several times to plan our year, and I'll unpack my teaching toys and materials in my new classroom. But this will be the first summer in 28 years that I have not worked or taught most of the summer. Whooo-Eeee! What AM I going to do? Yup, I do have some goals that address some unfinished business.

1. I want you to see what some of the successes that AVES students had last year. So I'll be writing summer articles for *Augusta Country* and I'll publish some prize-winning environmental poems that won state honors. My students and I attended the River of Words Art and Poetry contest reception in Richmond on May 30. If you'd like a preview of their poetry, go to this website and you'll see that Stewart Middle School is well represented! (http://www.snr.state.va.us/2001_river_of_words_awards.htm).

2. In an earlier "Teacher's Desk" I told how our students participated in Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's student science program, Classroom FeederWatch. We had great times feeding, watching and collecting data on our feeder birds. Early this spring students submitted culminating materials to the newsletter, Classroom Birdscope, and we were pleasantly surprised that seven of the students' entries were printed in the Spring 2001 edition. I'll share those with you this summer too.

3. Also in an earlier "Teacher's Desk" I bared my soul and told you



From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

about the book my father-in-law and I have written. The first proofs were sent to me last week and now we have to proofread the proofs in preparation for the printing. We all hope that *Kriegie 7956* will be a reality by Christmas. We are working with the graphics department regarding the cover and I'll be communicating with the publisher frequently during the summer.

4. Family activities this summer will be a must. Camping? I hope. Birding? Of course. My Husband the Nature Columnist and I will be doing the Breeding Bird Blitz in our part of the county for the Augusta Bird Club. Travel? You bet. We'll go to Ohio and visit my father-in-law (the real Kriegie 7956), and we are planning a late summer beach trip with my dad.

So does that sound like renewal, rejuvenation and relaxation? Along with Liz Nicholson and Jane Cox

from Stewart Middle School and George Savage, Bobbi Poats and Sally Shomo from Beverley Manor Middle School, I'll be taking students on a Chesapeake Bay Foundation work boat field adventure. Then after moving my classroom materials and toys, I am going to do some relaxation just for me: I'm going to the beach with some women with whom I used to work! Maybe I'll get in some of that lemonade sipping I've been missing. I know I'll be scouring the beaches for shorebirds, painting a few watercolors, and visiting some aquariums and parks to get new ideas and teaching toys... for...???... next year... Hummm... It's inescapable for me. I'll still be thinking like a teacher even though I'll be "on vacation." You can take the teacher out of school, but you can't take school out of the teacher... Happy vacation to all! —

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Chemical People host RHS graduation party

GREENVILLE — The Riverheads High School Class of '01 went out in style when members of the class celebrated their graduation at the 17th annual After-Graduation Party.

The Riverheads Chemical People sponsored the event, which was held on June 6 from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. at the YMCA on North Coalter Street in Staunton.

A variety of alcohol- and drug-free activities plus entertainment took place for graduates and their guests. Adult chaperones supervised the activities.



MILLER

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Augusta Medical Center provided some of the food as well as

Coke, Hershey Chocolate Co., and Kitch'n Cook'd. Many activities were available at the Y including basketball, volleyball, racquetball, swimming and hot tub, pool, ping pong, Foosball, and music. The Chemical People received a Division of Motor Vehicles mini-grant to help offset the cost of renting the YMCA facilities.

Jim McCloskey, a local cartoonist, drew caricatures of seniors. Polaroid snapshots were taken. Each senior was given a special Class of 2001 T-shirt. Clem Miller

and Susie Sweitzer created the two designs used on the shirt. Both are sophomores at RHS.

Drawings for substantial cash prizes took place for those who remained for the entire event. Businesses donated gifts and gift certificates used as door prizes during the evening.

Over the years many parents, churches, community organizations, businesses, and other concerned people have supported the RHS After-Graduation Party. The committee worked hard to make it

a safe, fun, and memorable alcohol- and drug-free night for the Class of 2001. Parents were asked to encourage their seniors to attend this event and not to plan alternative parties on the special night.

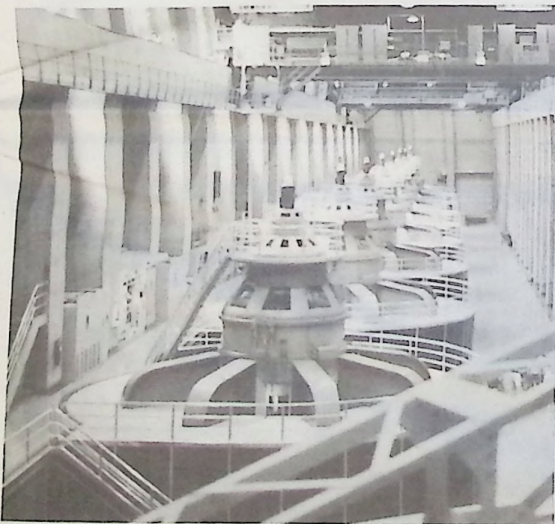
There is never an admission charged for this party that costs over \$2,000 each year. Individuals, groups, or businesses who would like to make financial contributions to the effort may do so by sending donations to Riverheads Chemical People, c/o BB&T, P.O. Box 100, Greenville, VA 24440. —

Hoover

Continued from page 6

a plan was hatched to control the flooding and use the water for irrigation. Almost as tough as designing the project was hammering out the political agreement that most equitably divided the Colorado River's waters among the seven states through which it flowed. When the Colorado River Compact was signed in 1922, it opened the way for damming and controlling the river.

Today flood control and water supplies continue to be the main purposes of the dam. Electrical power and the recreational use of Lake Meade are just nice spin-offs of that original purpose. An example of just how well that initial purpose is being fulfilled can be seen by the following fact: the water that Hoover Dam collects and releases irrigates all of Southern California and Arizona, an area that produces 52 percent of all the food we consume in the United States.



Turbines within the dam generate electricity.



From the top of Hoover Dam looking down where the Colorado River flows away.

Photos by Nancy Serre's

From the beginning the dam was named Hoover, after Herbert Hoover who was secretary of commerce (and later the 31st president) when plans were drawn up. Supposedly when President Franklin Roosevelt dedicated the dam in 1935 he struck the word Hoover and substituted Boulder from his speech because he did not want to

see his predecessor honored. Despite getting the presidential cold shoulder, the official name has been Hoover since the very beginning but many people used Boulder and Hoover interchangeably. Harry Truman resolved the issue in 1947 when he asked congress to determine which name, Hoover or Boulder, was correct and origi-

nal. The answer came back that it had always been Hoover.

Planning such a structure is one thing, but actually building it is another. Actual construction began in 1931, not for the dam itself but for diversion tunnels into the mountain. Once the tunnels were complete the Colorado River was rerouted through them and the soil of the canyon began drying up. During our hardhat tour we actually got to walk through one of those old tunnels which are no longer necessary for river diversion but which do still divert some water runoff.

The engineering obstacles that had to be overcome were astounding and many of the problems and innovative solutions were pointed out to us. The nearly vertical, 800-foot canyon walls were obstacle number one. Men had to swing out over the canyon on ropes, roadways down the canyon had to be built and ingenuity and inspiration had to be active at all times. The fact that the site was miles away from people, power or railroad was another problem. The nearest source of electricity was over 200 miles away. Everything had to be built from scratch, including the town that would support the construction, Boulder City. Over 5,000 people worked on the dam at any one time during construction. The working conditions were brutal. Not only did air temperatures soar to 120 degrees in the summer but the noise, dust and heavy equipment made accidents commonplace. Statistics show that there were often 1,500 minor injuries in a month. By the time the dam was finished 96 people had perished including 24 who fell to their deaths and 26 who were struck by falling debris.

As we explored the interior of the dam itself we learned of one of the more innovative solutions to a construction problem that presented itself early on. Curing concrete generates heat and the amount of concrete in a span such as Hoover Dam would generate heat that would not dissipate for 150 years. To combat that problem, the dam was poured in 230 interlocked columns each column block being 25 to 60 feet wide. As the sections

See DAM, page 18

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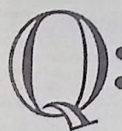
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The Hitching Post

Take precautions to protect horses from summer weather



Do you have some suggestions on horse care for the hot weather?

---Too hot to trot

The hot weather does bring some disadvantages. Flies, mosquitoes, dehydration, and less motivation to do anything. Here are some helpful tips that will help you and your horse enjoy some summer riding fun.

Flies! Keep the flies to a minimum by maintaining a clean barn. Dirty stalls attract flies. If the stalls are clean, horses will usually go inside out of the hot sun to cool off. Fly spray will also help us keep the pests away. A lot of tail swishing and foot stomping does not mean we are dancing! Fly masks can help keep flies out of our eyes and noses. Mucus areas attract them. Make sure the masks do not cause rub marks around the

back of the ears and bridge of the nose. If you see hair loss remove the mask immediately.

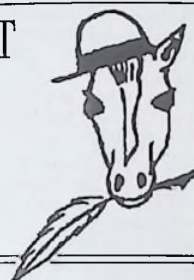
Water! Lots of it. To drink and drink. Keeping an extra trough full and available in the pasture area is a good way to prevent dehydration. A simple hose bath will refresh a horse on a hot day. Always make sure you cool down a hot horse (after riding) before allowing it to drink a lot of water. A good method during cool down is three sips of water, walk, three sips of water, walk, until the horse is finished drinking. This prevents colic.

Horse shows! Remember that at most horse shows there is not a lot of shade. Prepare your horse prop-

erly. I have seen many horse owners pamper their horse only to expose the horse to completely different conditions at the horse show. At home... keeping the horse in during the day, riding during the evenings when it is cooler, and exercising only an hour or so a day. Then on horse show day... the horse is exposed to the hot sun or hot trailer all day, is ridden in many classes, and may not get enough water. Be aware and watch your horse for signs of stress during these changes. The horse might not be used to the extra work involved. I knew of one horse that was so tired after a Saturday show that on Sunday he laid down and would not get up all day. On Monday he was expected to go again and became a behavior problem. The owner did not prepare the horse properly for what was expected on the day of the show.

Safety! Summer seems to give people more time to ride. Remember to think safety around horses

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



especially with friends who are not familiar with horsemanship. I have seen horse owners offer rides to beginners without safety in mind. Use lead lines for beginners. Make sure the horse's temperament is quiet enough for the "pony rides" and teach basic safety while working around them. An accident to a beginner being introduced to

horses has turned many a potential horse lover away from this wonderful sport.

Summer is a great time to enjoy your horse. Take it from the horse's mouth, offer some relief from flies, lots of water, and extra conditioning and you should have a healthy, happy partner for those long trail rides into the sunset. —

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 ap-

proval. 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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Trip to Lowe's yields The Perfect Gift

By CHRIS MARRS

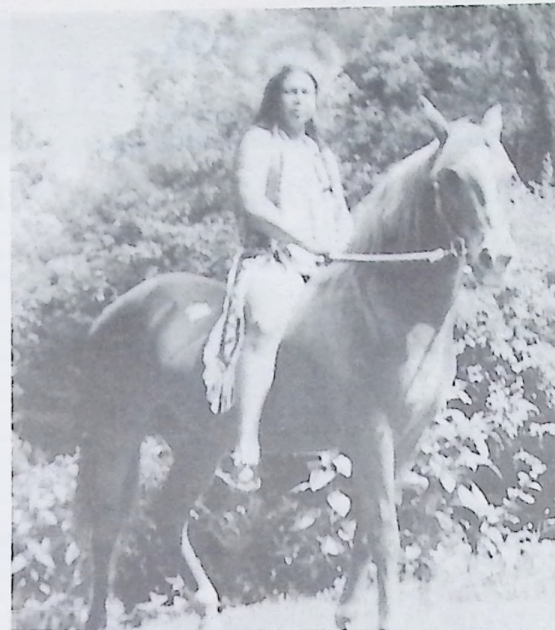
I decided to make a video called *The Perfect Gift*. A 30-minute simple video that would offer the students at my riding academy some recognition without the competition of a horse show. The story

is about a production company that comes to town and needs a special horse. The students are excited about the try-outs and decide to put the stable horses up for the part. The horse that wins is called *The Perfect Gift* because it represents a brave's love for the chief's daugh-

ter. In the last scene I desperately needed an Indian chief. Where was I going to find a friend to play the part? He had to a) look Native American, and b) ride a horse fairly well. I found him in Lowe's.

I was shopping in Lowe's and saw a man who I felt would fit the part perfectly. I grabbed a brochure that explained my riding program and approached him. He listened to my offer and agreed to do it. He said he thought it would be fun! I talked to him again and he asked if he could bring some friends. It turns out the man at Lowe's was a Lakota Sioux Native American named D. Scares The Hawk and his friends were the tribe members he had asked to come to Charlottesville to do a pow wow in honor of the opening of the new Keeping the Tradition Alive Fine Arts Gallery.

D. Scares The Hawk and his friends came to the stable and provided everything I needed to give my video a professional touch. One of his friends, who played my chief, was Lloyd Bald Eagle, a seasoned Native American actor who has many credits to his name including *Dances with Wolves*, *Crazy Horse* and *Lakota Woman*. He is an expert horseman and had all the beautiful Native American regalia



Lloyd Bald Eagle, mounted on Red Warrior, performs the part of Indian chief in the video, *The Perfect Gift*.



D. Scares the Hawk on the set of *The Perfect Gift* helps get the horses ready for a scene.

of the chief. My horse never looked so good! The Kangi Cikala (kah-gee chee-ka-la) song and dance performers provided background Native American music during the scenes. In one chance encounter I made some very special friends who helped me with a project that meant a great deal to me.

In turn I took a trip to visit their Keeping the Tradition Alive Fine Arts Gallery, in Charlottesville and was again impressed with the talent of these people. D. Scares The Hawk's Vision Collection series is on display with prints available for purchase. The gallery is part of the "medicine wheel" or sacred hoop as described by director Tistala ("little flower" in Lakota). It is a circle that encompasses all people and their problems, concerns or issues. In this case the gallery pro-

vides an outlet on the east coast for the beautiful artwork and craftsmanship of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe Reservation of South Dakota. The gallery also accepts donations of clothing and other items to take back to the reservation to help with the people's needs there. Anyone who would like to become part of the special "wheel" might take a trip to the gallery to see the spirit and tradition of an artistic people. For more information call 1-804-220-3331.

Who would have guessed a trip to Lowe's, a little courage on my part, and a chance encounter would bring such a gift into my life? Thank you, once again, for helping me achieve a small dream of mine, and I hope that your dream of mending the sacred hoop comes true for you. —

WHOA!!!



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Reflecting pool reflections

June 2001

Dear Maude,

This month I certainly can't say that life in Washington is the same old thing. We do not need to complain of boredom. I have read about members of Congress engaging in fistfights back in the 1800s, but certainly never thought that we would see similar behavior in this new century. One would think that the whole lot of them has gone berserk. Why, just last week one member quoted words from some country-western song while discussing a piece of legislation. The opposition began to argue and complain about the country-music mentality, whereupon the original honorable member of Congress lit into honorable member number two with a snide remark about Puff-the-Magic-Dragon mentality. It almost came to blows. I am not sure anyone paid much attention to the legislative views of the two gentlemen, but they sure enjoyed the fight.

Senator Trent Lott is still having a very bad time adjusting to his loss of power. Just recently he attacked a *Washington Post* editor because the newspaper was giving his replacement too much press coverage. The poor editor was not quite sure what to make of this accusation. Guess she had better go back and run a word count in an effort to be fair! Even more bizarre things are happening. The "gentlemen's code" seems to have gotten lost. Recently, one senator, angry about the power structure, began discussing some pretty nasty gossip about a couple of former administrative officials in the opposing camp. When confronted about it, not wanting to discuss his source (or admit that he had only been making it up in anger), he remarked that he was only trying to find out if anyone else had heard the rumor. And in the meantime, poor Senator Jim Jeffords has to go about his daily chores

encumbered by those two plain-clothes policemen who are there to protect him from death threats. Things certainly have gotten out of hand when one is threatened with death because he changed political party affiliations. It is indeed sobering to think of how the lure of power can affect the sensibilities of persons otherwise considered stable.

Not only are the actual members of Congress in such a state of angry excitement, but the staff members seem to be afflicted as well. Earlier this month, the White House scheduled a meeting and sent word that no aides were to be invited, only the President and several senators from both parties. When the senate staff members (as they sat and watched the TV coverage of the meeting,) found out that most of the White House aides were in attendance, but no one from the Hill, they were not happy people. Some choice words issued forth. And then, just the other day, aides in one of the Whip offices became angry when the wife of the member who, under the re-organization, would qualify for the office showed up to make some measurements. They had not been given advance notice, they complained, and rather loudly, to some press types. Only later did it appear that their boss knew all about the lady's visit. Oh my, tempers are on edge!

But not everyone reacts to this change of organization in the same way. One can simply ignore the whole thing. Shortly after the great upheaval, a Republican senator was heard saying that he would not be surprised if his party regained control of the Senate, "maybe even in a few months" and that he would have his power back.

In spite of all the turmoil, one never has to worry about there being no fundraisers. Those breakfasts and receptions are still on everyone's calendars, and even when the members are not busy raising money for their own campaign chests, they are often busy sponsoring events for

their favorite charities. A week or so ago, the boss was invited to a golf and tennis function to raise money to fight childhood cancer, and we were all hoping that everyone attending would prove to be in a charitable mood (in more ways than one) on that day. Goodness what damage those angry senators and congressmen could do if they started swinging tennis rackets and golf clubs at one another. But the attendance list must have been carefully arranged for we got no reports of unacceptable behavior.

Oh, and for the final bad news: It seems as if Congress may not be able to adjourn on Oct. 5, as they had originally planned. Because of the re-organization, as well as the late start by Congress on the 13 appropriation bills, they just may not make that original target date. Well, what in the world are they talking about? They have never, in my memory, made a target adjournment date even when they had no excuses. Now, with all this nonsense, they will be lucky if they get started by Oct. 5! This, of course, keeps the boss on edge. So far, the Senate Appropriations Committee has not had a full committee mark-up on any of the bills. There are schedules this week and next for some legislation he has interest in, and he is pacing about mumbling to himself. Oh, I do hope those honorable gentlemen who represent us can pull themselves together soon and get to work. Especially since it looks as if this is going to be one of those long, drawn-out, last-minute years. I had best not make too many vacation plans for November and December!

To all at home, I send my love, and think that I had better plan to come home for a visit before the summer is over!

LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

•Dam

Continued from page 15

were poured they were interlaced with 580 miles of one-inch tubing. Cooled water was circulated through the tubing and the structure was cooled in 20 months.

Despite the fact that doing something that had never been done before was a daily occurrence during the construction, the entire dam was complete in less than five years. On Feb. 1, 1935 the diversion tunnels were closed and Lake Meade began filling up. Today the lake contains enough water to cover the entire state of New York to a depth of one foot. It is 110-feet long and as many as 500 feet deep.

The span itself was built in two sections that were poured simultaneously, one from the Nevada side and one from the Arizona side. On May 29, 1935 the gap down the middle was filled in and the two parts became one. Roosevelt dedicated the dam on Sept. 30, 1935 and a year later on Oct. 22, 1936 the first generator began producing electrical power.

Nearly 70 years later the dam and its complex are still awe-inspiring on a scale that is hard to absorb. Humans look like ants on a picnic table and the eight-foot door on the dam's surface through which we peered during our walk inside the



Just above river level on the lower side of Hoover Dam.

Photos by Nancy Sorre's

dam itself looks like a tiny peephole from below. Thousands of cars drive across the top of dam every day without the structure giving so much as a shudder. An overlook from the top of the dam inspires not only awe but also a quivery feeling in the stomach and a dizzy feeling in the

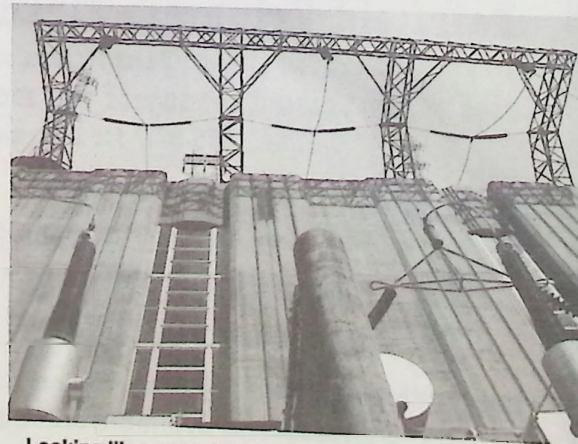
head, both of which cause most visitors to subconsciously grip the handrail just a little bit tighter.

Although Hoover Dam is no longer the biggest structure of its kind, it still holds world stature. It is a National Historic Landmark, a National Historic Civil Engineer-

ing Landmark and one of America's Seven Modern Civil Engineering Wonders. In 1999 it was named the fifth most important construction achievement of the 20th century. The fact is that the dam set the standard for future projects around the world.

If you ever travel to Boulder City, plan on enough time to stop and visit Hoover Dam. It's had an impact on your life even if you never realized it before.

Oh yeah, and the earplugs were necessary when we walked through the inner sanctum of the powerplant where spinning turbines that run 19 huge electric generators produce plenty of sound as well as plenty of electric energy (over 2 million kilowatts of electric energy are capable of being produced if all the generators are on line). If you want to learn more about the dam, log on to www.hooverdam.com. —



Looking like something from a science fiction movie set, transformers and conductors on the exterior of the dam surge with as much as 2 million kilowatts of electricity.

Where in the world is Buffalo Gap, Texas?

Taken from AC's voicemail....

Augusta Country received the following inquiry recently via telephone voice mail. We thought it was interesting enough to pass along to readers. The message is transcribed verbatim.

"Hi. I'm calling from Texas with what may be an odd question but you're the only person I can think of to call. My husband and I live in a place called Buffalo Gap, Texas and we were recently in your area and saw a sign for Buffalo Gap, Va. So we went there, tiny as it is, and we picked up a copy of Augusta Country and we promised everyone we would send them a postcard with a picture of Buffalo Gap, Texas — everyone being the two ladies in the Junction Convenience store.

"So when we got down here to Buffalo Gap, Texas and wrote our postcard to Buffalo Gap, Va., [we found] there is no zip code for Buffalo Gap, Va., — none. There's none at the post office and we don't know where they would get their mail but I see that the Augusta Country is sold at the Buffalo Gap Junction Convenience store and I thought maybe we could find out what their zip code is or where they get their mail by calling you.

"So my name is Carol Hall and I don't want to cause you money but our phone number is 915... If it's not convenient for you to call, I'd be glad to pay you for the call or you could call collect, I'm just not sure if we'll always be here, just to tell us how we would mail our little Buffalo Gap, Texas post card to Buffalo Gap, Va. 'cause we promised them and I know their address is Junction Convenience, or maybe we'll send it in care of you, but if you felt like getting back to us that would be adorable."

Augusta Country called Mrs. Hall, left the address for Junction Convenience on her machine and



explained that part of Buffalo Gap, Va., is served by the Swoope post office and part of Buffalo Gap, Va., is served by the Churchville P.O. But just because the U.S. Postal Service doesn't recognize Buffalo Gap, Va., with a zip code designation doesn't mean it doesn't exist. It's there, you just have to know where to look for it.

As for Buffalo Gap, Texas... well, we looked on a road atlas and couldn't find it listed there. Then we did an internet search and found the following information which is taken from *The Handbook of Texas Online*, a joint project of The General Libraries of the University of Texas at Austin and the Texas State Historical Association:

"BUFFALO GAP, TEXAS. Buffalo Gap, an incorporated community, is at the intersection of Farm roads 89 and 1235, thirteen miles southwest of Abilene in central Taylor County. It was founded in 1857 and has had a post office since 1878. The Callahan Divide, the topographic boundary between

the Brazos and Colorado basins, crosses Buffalo Gap from east to west. Elm Creek passes through and once served as a watering hole for buffalo. The present Buffalo Gap highway (Farm Road 89) follows the old Center Line Trail, which was surveyed in 1874 and ran from Texarkana to El Paso. Another major road entered the county on the south side of the mountains and passed through Buffalo Gap in the direction of Fort Phantom Hill. The road forked at Buffalo Gap; one branch led southwest to Pecos County and the other to Tom Green County. Buffalo traveled through the area on the way to the high plains. The earliest history of Taylor County centers around this gap in the divide, where in the 1860s and 1870s buffalo hunters made winter camp and from there transported their kill to Fort Griffin and other convenient centers of trade.

As it was the only town in Taylor County, Governor Richard B.

Hubbard, acting Texas secretary of state, approved the selection of Buffalo Gap as the temporary county seat of Taylor County, on April 30, 1874. On July 3, 1878, this action was formalized. Twenty days later the judge, sheriff, clerk, and commissioners met. The first general public election was held with eighty-seven voters. By 1880 Buffalo Gap had 1,200 people, a drugstore, a carriage and blacksmith shop, a big hotel, a jail, three or four grocery stores, and a saloon. Buffalo hunting was popular in 1875. The carcasses sold for five to fifteen dollars, and the bones were used to refine sugar. In 1895 the Santa Fe Railroad was built through town.

In 1883 the cornerstone of Buffalo Gap College was laid, and documents pertaining to the times were sealed within the rock. Later, vandals tore out the stone and removed the contents. This Presbyterian college, the first formal attempt at higher education in Taylor County, opened in June 1885. Buffalo Gap called itself the "Athens of the West." The Baptist church at Buffalo Gap is the oldest Baptist church in Taylor County. About 1885 Marshall G. Jenkins began a weekly paper, the Buffalo Gap Live Oak, and in the mid-1890s the Buffalo Gap Messenger was circulated.

When the Texas and Pacific Railway established headquarters in Abilene, a competition to be county seat began, and in 1883 Buffalo Gap lost the battle. By 1884 Buffalo Gap had decreased in population to 600. Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, and First Christian churches were established in the community, which also had a newspaper, sixteen businesses, and a high school. In 1890 the population had dropped to 300 and the number of businesses to seven. In 1892 Buffalo Gap had a population of 400, eleven businesses, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and Buffalo Gap College. The college declined, and its charter expired in 1902. In 1914 the town reported 500 residents, ten businesses, and a bank. Between 1925 and 1980 the population fluctuated between 250 and 400 and businesses between two and twelve. In the 1930s Buffalo Gap had five churches, a number of farms and dwellings scattered along the main roads, and a camp and small park. In 1990 it had 409 residents and six rated businesses.

The town has carved out an iden-

tity as an "old-time" cultural and commercial center. In the 1920s its Old Settlers Picnic was a well-attended annual event. The Ernie Wilson Museum of the Old West opened in 1959, as a result of the work of family of R. Lee Rode, who purchased the Old Buffalo Gap Jail and Courthouse and restored it with help from the community. The native limestone jail dates from 1879; the sandstone blocks were concave in the center and mortared together with cannonballs to keep prisoners from chiseling their way out. The jail is listed in the National Register of Historic Buildings. The museum is named for its first curator, who was also a lawyer and publisher of the Buffalo Gap Messenger. In the 1990s this museum was part of Buffalo Gap Historical Village."

We were wondering if Buffalo Gap, Texas is called "Buffalo Gap" for the same reason Buffalo Gap, Va., is called "Buffalo Gap," that is, a gap through which buffalo once passed. Seems buffalo minds think alike, at least according to this history. Buffalo Gap, Texas can be found on a road atlas if you look close. It is just southwest of Abilene which is about 180 miles in a mostly western direction from Dallas. Buffalo Gap, Texas is not much more than a pinpoint on the map, however, so get out your magnifying glass if you want to look for it.

The day after we called and left a message in Buffalo Gap, Texas about how to send a postcard to Buffalo Gap, Va., the following message was left on Augusta Country's voicemail, again, quoting verbatim:

"Hi, this is Carol Hall and I had called yesterday wanting to know how to send something to Buffalo Gap, Va., because I live in Buffalo Gap, Texas, and we'd been through Buffalo Gap, Va., recently, and someone there was kind enough to call me on my home phone and I just wanted to thank you. I got my post card off to Buffalo Gap, Va., with the pictures of Buffalo Gap, Texas and it just is so adorable. That it means to me that the folks are really nice in both the Buffalo Gaps so thanks very much to whoever did that -- I have a feeling it's Betty Jo Hamilton -- but thanks. Bye."

And so ends the saga of the connection between Buffalo Gap, Va., and Buffalo Gap, Texas. The world is a lot smaller than we believe it to be. —

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Pearl Harbor, the movie, has been a bigger target for critics than Pearl Harbor was for the Japanese. As a matter of fact, critics haven't stopped taking potshots at this summer's blockbuster produced by Jerry Bruckheimer (*Saving Private Ryan*) and directed by Michael Bay (*Armageddon*, *The Rock*). This has really upset Hannah's grandmother.

So what's all the fuss about?

Written by Randall Wallace (*Man In The Iron Mask*, *Braveheart*), *Pearl Harbor* is first and foremost a love story about two friends whose undying devotion to each other is tested when they both fall in love with the same woman. Rafe McCauley (Ben Affleck: *Shakespeare In Love*, *Good Will Hunting*, *Armageddon*) and Danny Walker (Josh Hartnett: *The Faculty*, *The Debutantes*) are two

childhood buddies who achieve their lifelong dream to become pilots just as Europe plunges into war. Eager to earn his combat wings, Rafe volunteers to fly missions for the RAF in the Battle of Britain. In the weeks before his departure for England, however, Rafe meets and falls in love with a nurse, Lieutenant Evelyn Stewart (Kate Beckinsale; *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Last Days Of Disco*). Even though the odds aren't in his favor, he pledges his safe return to both Danny and Evelyn before he leaves.

In the meantime, Danny and Evelyn are transferred to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Life is pretty dull and uneventful in paradise, especially if one ignores the disintegrating negotiations between the United States and Japan following the U.S. oil embargo. Soon the news arrives that Rafe's plane was shot down over the channel and that he is presumed dead. Shared grief eventually drives Danny and Evelyn into each other's arms. But remember this is a "triangle," meaning Rafe isn't dead at all but simply missing and unable to communicate. Indeed he and the telegram bearing the good news that

he is alive arrive at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 6. He quickly learns that he has lost his girl to his best buddy and before anyone can explain anything, the Japanese launch their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Here (90 minutes into the film) the movie shifts from a fairly predictable wartime love story to the special effects extravaganza the movie's trailer promised. At a cost of \$100 million, Bruckheimer delivers a showstopper that takes up the next 40 minutes of the movie. This is not *Saving Private Ryan*; it is not as gritty or harrowing as the first 25 minutes depicting the D-Day invasion — and I say that with some relief. The special effects — huge mechanical sets, scale models and computer animation — deliver scope, thunder, magnitude, chaos and alacrity that other Pearl Harbor depictions, even the actual footage, fail to capture. I found myself cringing and ducking, grateful to be spared the gore. Notice has been served that the day will soon be here when it will be impossible to separate reality from computer-generated reality.

Here is the movie's greatest weakness, the one it can't overcome. The Pearl Harbor sequence

is so intimate and riveting that the problems of our three love-struck heroes no longer matter. You find yourself wanting to yell, "Grow up guys, we've got a war to win!" The story does not end with Pearl Harbor but follows the trio through the Doolittle raid on Tokyo the following April.

Pearl Harbor doesn't do the best job with history either. The wrong planes fight each other at the wrong altitude; the Battle of Britain is fought in the daytime; FDR makes a big deal over his paralysis; Stalin asks for America's help BEFORE Hitler's June 1941 invasion of Russia — the list goes on. Writer Wallace could have bought some *Cliff Notes* at least.

Pearl Harbor isn't great but it isn't a bomb either. The movie has a 1940s quality about it that makes you forgive its flaws. Affleck, Hartnett, and Beckinsale do a credible job. An enjoyable supporting cast includes Ewen Bremner, William Lee Scott, and Jamie King. Big names punctuate the cast: Alec Baldwin as Lt. Colonel Jimmy Doolittle, Cuba Gooding Jr. as Petty Officer Doris "Dorie" Miller, and Jon Voight is unrecognizable as President Franklin Delano



"FDR" Roosevelt. It's not *Casablanca*, or *Thirty-seconds Over Tokyo* or *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, although it tries to be all three. It's actually not Pearl Harbor either — maybe another, less ambitious title would have better served the movie. (Imagine calling *Saving Private Ryan* D-Day.) That said, you could spend your \$6 on worse things than a ticket to see *Pearl Harbor*. You'll get a decent story with great special effects and so-so history. If nothing else, it'll give you three hours in an air-conditioned theater. Hannah's mom gives *Pearl Harbor* two-and-a-half bananas. The film is rated PG for violence and some brief sensuality. —

•Tech

Continued from page 2

Donalds Corporation among others wants to regulate how poultry and livestock are cared for as the result of public opinion. New managerial and nutritional regulations may improve animal well being.

Scott Radcliffe will discuss research in swine nutrition that attempts to minimize the environmental impact of swine production through nutritional means. His laboratory uses pigs fitted with cannulas that allow for the collection of digesta from the end of the small intestine. This combined with more applied work, allow the Swine Nutrition Laboratory to evaluate the effect of various dietary changes on nutrient digestibility and excretion.

The old saying "no two persons

are the same" also applies to chickens and turkeys according to Ed Smith. So what makes one chicken get sick and the other not? Paul Siefel, university distinguished professor emeritus, is trying to answer this question by using chickens selected over 29 generations for high and low antibody titers. Answering this question may help reduce the use of vaccines and the need for antibiotics in the poultry industry. Dr. Smith will also talk about a new program launched to increase the interest of high school students in agriculture.

Audrey McElroy is investigating mechanisms of disease resistance in poultry. Salmonella and *Campylobacter* are associated with food-borne illness from poultry products. *Coccidia*, which causes dramatic losses in the poultry in-

dustry is also a concern. Current research includes the identification of cells in the chicken gut in response to intestinal pathogens and the development of immunity. Their primary research program involves the investigation of intestinal mechanisms of immunity, by vaccine administration, dietary inclusions, or other means. The overall goal is to increase bird health and productivity through non-antibiotic means. As a means of nonantibiotic disease resistance, they are investigating capsaicin as a dietary additive to increase resistance to salmonella. Capsaicin has been identified as having medicinal properties in humans. Interestingly, birds do not have the pain response to the pepper extract that humans do. Initial studies have shown that including capsaicin in

the diet of broilers resulted in increased resistance to salmonella.

Rhonda Hoffman states that the horse evolved for 55 million years as a grazing animal with forage being its primary food. Variations in pasture quality make it necessary to supplement their forage diet. Dr. Hoffman will discuss research at Virginia Tech's M.A.R.E. Center that will help farmers understand optimal nutrition of grazing horses. She will report on the advantages of a concentrate rich in fat and fiber developed at the M.A.R.E. Center. The special supplement has resulted in smoother growth curves, enhanced milk composition, moderated hormonal changes associated with starchy meals and improved behavior.

The 2001 Field Day will provide an excellent opportunity to catch up on the latest efforts at Virginia

Tech, visit the trade show and see old friends and alumni.

The Virginia Cattle Industry Board, Virginia Poultry Federation and the Virginia Pork Industry Board are sponsoring a complimentary beef, pork and chicken barbecue at noon. During this time, Pam Umberger, a professional horse trainer and instructor at Virginia Tech, will be demonstrating the finer points of driving. She will discuss several types of hitches including single, tandem and others. She will describe the advantages of each and talk about the preparation and training of driving horses.

Plan on attending the 2001 Animal Industry Day to learn about the agriculture industry in Virginia. The afternoon sessions will adjourn at 2:55 p.m.. For information contact Dan Eversole at 540/231-4738. —

Yesterday's weather

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



July 2, 1988 — Twenty-six cities in the eastern U.S. reported record low temperatures for the date. The morning low of 47 degrees at Roanoke, Va., broke the July record set the previous day.

July 13, 1975 — Dover, Del., was deluged with 8.50 inches of rain to establish a 24-hour record for the state.

July 19, 1886 — A hurricane from the Gulf of

Mexico crossed Florida causing great damage from Cedar Keys to Jacksonville.

July 25, 1956 — The Andrea Doria sank in dense fog near Nantucket Lightship, Mass. The ship was rammed by the Swedish-American liner, Stockholm, 45 miles off the coast of Massachusetts. Fifty-two persons drowned, or were killed by the impact. —



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