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*What I did on my 15 1/2-hour summer vacation*  
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Summer 2001 Vol. 8, Issue 8

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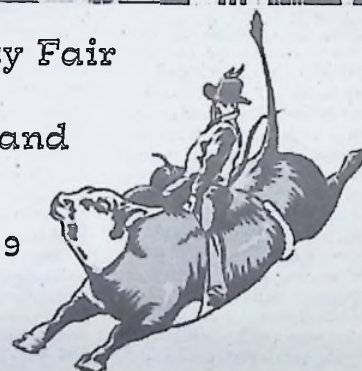


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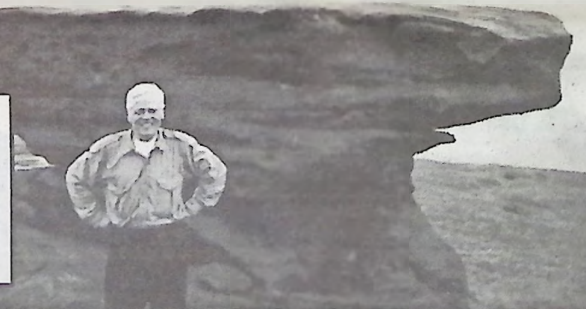


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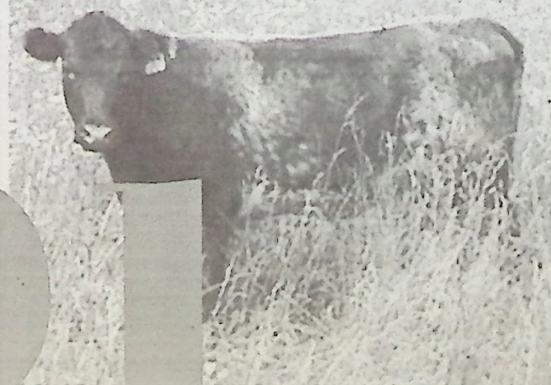
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**Joy, oh yeah... joy, joy, joy**  
The most valuable animals down on the farm Page 10



# Summer 2001



## Hebron celebrates homecoming, 100-year anniversary of sanctuary

**HEBRON** — Hebron Presbyterian Church will celebrate homecoming Aug. 12 with a special rededication ceremony of the church's sanctuary on its 100-year anniversary.

The original Hebron sanctuary burned Jan. 31, 1900 and the congregants acted swiftly to hire architects T.J. Collins & Son to begin work on a new sanctuary. Construction of the new sanctuary cost a little under \$10,000 and a dedi-

cation service was held in 1901. In 1999, the Hebron congregation raised just over \$179,000 to replace the original stone roof on the sanctuary with copper, re-work the framework of the rose window behind the sanctuary's pulpit and install protective coverings over some of the stained glass windows. The brick walls of the sanctuary were repointed as well.

The rededication service on Aug. 12 represents the culmination

of the restoration efforts to the church's sanctuary. John Furber, pastor of Hebron, along with former Hebron pastors will participate in the 10 a.m. service which will be followed by a covered dish luncheon.

For information about Hebron's homecoming and rededication service, call 885-1048. Email inquiries may be sent to hebron@adelphia.net.

## A stitch in time

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

At a very young age, I watched my mother and grandmother whip needle and thread in and around collars, hems, and buttons with great dexterity and was duly impressed. In those days, the skill of darning holes in clothes was a highly practiced art and anyone who was anyone knew how to patch. Even with all that exposure to the fine art of sewing, I didn't quite acquire the knack of stitching up a rip or producing exquisite clothes.

I did make one tea towel which to my inexperienced eyes looked pretty good and, frankly, I never did understand why my grandmother pleaded with a very sad face that I not tell anyone she taught me to sew!

The process is based on very simple principles: take a piece of material, cut it to fit and sew up the edges. Elementary, dear Watson! With this basic concept and the learned conviction that it could not be but so complicated, because so many people understand it, I undertook the task of sewing a button on the waist of my husband's best pair of Khakis.

Confidently I laid out the matching thread and rummaged through some "well-organized" storage places until I found a needle. Knowing it was useless to search for a thimble, I got the needle threaded — tied three knots — and shifted into high gear. It was a shame about the thimble because I stuck the large end of the needle, thread and all

into my finger which became severely infected.

Approximately 45 minutes later I had done what I considered an admirable job of attaching the button and anchored everything with three more knots.

I showed my handiwork to my husband and he was extremely complimentary. Feeling quite proud and convinced that there's nothing to sewing, I was somewhat surprised to hear him say, "It's a shame you did all that work and I have to give the pants away."

Confused, I asked, "Why on earth?"

"Because," he replied, "either a cartoonist or a man with one leg will have to wear them!" As he held them up for inspection, I could see that I had very neatly sewn the bottom of the left pants leg to the waistband. —

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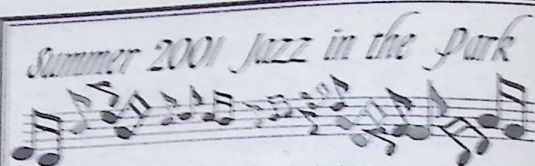
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Al-l-l-l abooooooooooooooooard!!!

# Gypsy Express becomes the Little Engine that Could

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — Everyone knows the children's story about the Little Engine that Could. "I think I can. I think I can," chugged the engine as it approached the seemingly insurmountable task of climbing a mountain.

"I think I can. I think I can."

That story could have been written in Gypsy Hill Park and the engine could have been the yellow, red and silver Gypsy Express that has been taking youngsters of all ages around a track near the duck pond for the better part of 50 years.

Back about 1998, the Staunton parks and recreation department decided to shut down the train because of serious safety issues. That's when a group of concerned local citizens and train hobbyists, led by men like John Zinn and Jerry Hendricks, got together and decided to see if the park's miniature train could be resurrected.

The task seemed insurmountable: the aging train and its tracks presented some unique engineering problems, the site of the train complex was in a floodplain, and, a



The G.G. Bartley Station is named after the man who purchased the train in North Carolina and brought it to Gypsy Hill Park in the early 1950s.

great deal of money would be needed. But, just like the Little Engine that Could, a group of local people came together in a very special volunteer success story.

"I think I can. I think I can." The Gypsy Hill Park train came

to Staunton in the early 1950s after G.G. Bartley found it in an amusement park in North Carolina. The 1948 train and two cars were made by Miniature Train Company in Rensselaer, Ind. The engine is modeled upon the F7 General Motors diesel locomotive.

Little did Bartley know that when he bought that train and moved it to Virginia that he was starting a community tradition. Through the years, generations have ridden the train around the small oval, often screaming when they passed through the tunnel (engine house) on the way around the loop. Through 30 of those years the Staunton Moose Lodge 1635 sponsored the train. All proceeds from the train ticket sales went back into the park for playground equipment and picnic shelters.

When the train's age sidelined it a few years ago and all those people who had ridden the train for decades couldn't bring their children and grandchildren to ride, there was an emptiness. But rather than shed a nostalgic tear and move on, those people decided to do something about it.

"I think I can. I think I can."

In the fall of 2000 about 50 people met and proceeded to see if they could bring the train back to good running condition. A non-profit group was formed and donations were accepted. The City of Staunton anted up \$25,000 which had been in its budget for the train.

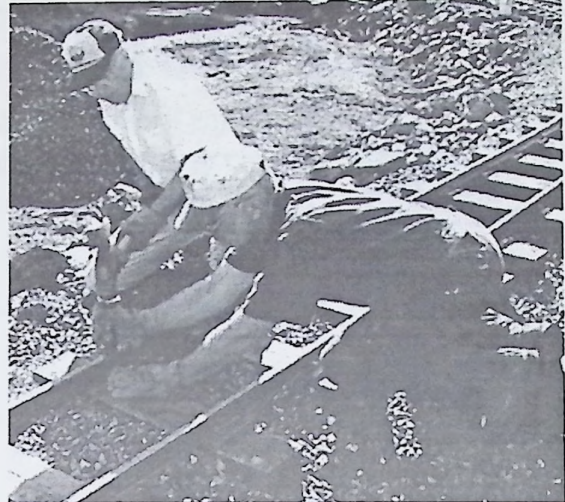
And with that beginning the group turned toward the daunting task of getting the little park train back in shape. It wasn't a matter of tuning up the train engine, throwing a coat of paint on things, and replacing a few railroad spikes. In truth it was a matter of starting a construction project from scratch. The engine had to be rebuilt, the train and car bodies had to be refurbished, the railroad bed had to be regraded, new bridges had to be built, new track had to be laid, the station house had to be moved, a new fence around the site had to be erected, and grass seed had to be sown.

Early on it was decided to divvy the work up into different committees — maintenance, engineering, track, and advance (fundraising) — and to put Harold Carwell in charge of the construction site.

"I think I can. I think I can."

"We have had about 50 volunteers working on this," said Harold. "Every Saturday and through the week sometimes. It's been a long drag," he said.

The results are amazing, especially since construction only got under way full speed in early 2001. "We have used 383 tons of stone and rip rap, 45 tons of fill dirt and 20 tons of top soil," said Harold



Bob Roger, left and Joe Miller drive spikes in to the ties to hold the Gypsy Express railroad track in place.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

while explaining the magnitude of the project.

"Everything is new. All new track, all new ties, all new rails, and steel beam truss bridges. We replaced the bridges and raised them above the flood plain at least two feet. The two bridges with their steel beams were done by Tom Spotts and Son and they did a beautiful job," he said.

Along the way, the workers ran into a unique set of problems. They had to be flexible and apply a little bit of their knowledge from full-size trains and a little bit of their knowledge of model trains. They had to track down specific tools for specific tasks and even make a few tools of their own.

One of the most fundamental concerns of the project was the railroad track and bed. If that wasn't right, then the project would not succeed. Ralph Sheppard was put in charge of the railroad track construction.

"I was made chairman because I knew just a little too much," Ralph said with a laugh. "I had worked on the Pennsylvania Railroad for one summer as a chainman. At one meeting they asked if anybody knew anything about stringlining curves and I put my hand up!"

As track chairman, Ralph had to make sure that the curves were at the correct degree so that the train wouldn't derail. "We took up the old eight-pound rail and replaced it with 12-pound rail which makes it closer to a real railroad. We

also had new tie plates and new spikes made," Ralph said. To get the curves just right, the group borrowed a railroad bender from a man in Maine.

"It's been a challenge. I've never taken up anything like this before," noted Ralph.

Nancy and Joe Miller, Bob Roger, Richard Kirtland, Vincent Ennis and Glenn Lane have all been a part of Ralph's track crew. On this particular day Glenn was nailing boards in place at a railroad crossing while Nancy was placing gravel into spaces on the crossing bed. Joe and Bob were pounding in spikes, and Richard and Vincent were working on the curves using the rail bender.

"When I heard that the train wasn't running, then I started calling," said Nancy about her involvement in the project. "We didn't want the train to be shut down. All the kids rode on it and now it is time for my grandkids to ride on it," she said.

See TRAIN, page 20



Linden Walters has been in charge of overhauling the engine and refurbishing the passenger cars of the Gypsy Express.

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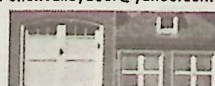
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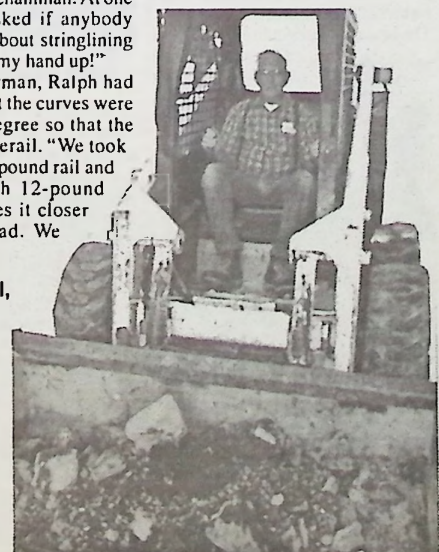
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Harold Carwell, superintendent of the Gypsy Express restoration effort, moves a load of rock for the rail bed.







# Notes from the road

In this issue, *Augusta Country* contributing writer Madison Brown takes us hostelling on the British Isles and staff writer Betty Jo Hamilton takes us on a winding one-day, four-state odyssey through Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

## Hostelling ain't what it used to be

By MADISON BROWN

Hostelling ain't what it used to be. Well, that is, in many small details. Even before I visited my first youth hostel 10 years ago, I suspected there was an age limit and was certain you had to arrive either on foot or by bicycle or you would be turned away. Last year I found hostelling the same in principle but very changed in specifics.

Early in the 20th century Richard Schirrmann, a German schoolteacher, was appalled with conditions in which German city children were playing. He organized trips to provide these children with countryside visits during which they slept on mattresses on the floors of rural schools. When this arrangement proved inadequate, he began the effort to open hostels. The first hostel opened in 1909 at Berg Althaus. By 1914, there were 200 hostels throughout Germany, by 1928 there were 2,177 providing 3 million overnights yearly.

English travelers in Germany used hostels, appreciated the accommodations, and brought the idea home. The city of Liverpool and the District Ramblers' Federation met in December 1929, and on Christmas Eve 1930 they opened Pennant Hall. By Easter 1931, there were 31 hostels. Scotland and Ireland, both of which had begun opening hostels, joined with Wales and England to form the Youth Hostel Association. The International Youth Hostel Fed-

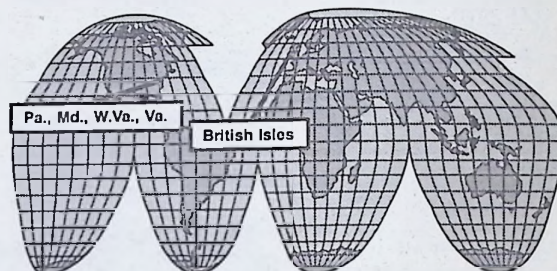
eration was established at a conference in 1932 giving YHA members access to hostels worldwide.

Membership in Great Britain rose during World War II when the ban on coastal vacations and other barriers to normal accommodations were in place. After the war, volunteers refurbished hostels and veterans signed on as wardens (sometimes called wardens). The 1950s saw school groups begin to use hostels for their trips. Between 1968 and 1996 membership growth slowed — 217,000 to 272,000 — and new strategies were undertaken. YHA established two activity centres (e.g. Edale in The Peak District which offers climbing, caving, kayaking, canoeing, navigation, orienteering, hillwalking, hang gliding, mountain biking and weaseling-crawling in, around, under, and over boulders). A hotel model was adopted

help all, especially young people to a greater love and care of the countryside, health and rest." I find that hostelling offers an excellent way of meeting people and sharing experiences. These remain as true today as when I spent my first night in a hostel in the early 1990s. But in details, I could see many changes.

There is no need to bring your own sheet sack because hostels supply them. You do not get a "chore" assignment. I remember having to clean a bathroom mirror in the Scotland's Glen Coe Hostel. (Maybe I did such a poor job then I was not getting asked to do any chores this year.) All hostels have clearly marked parking lots. Hostels used to prohibit alcoholic beverages; now you may bring your own or buy beer on the premises.

The last time I stayed in hostels in Ireland and Scotland, self-catering was the norm. The large group of French young people visiting the Twelve Bens in western Ireland because the Bens were featured in the lyrics of a popular song, carried in boxes and boxes of food and then dominated the kitchen. When I got



## Visit to England's Peak District 'mucky' but rewarding

By MADISON BROWN

The Peak District National Park lies smack between two of England's major cities — Manchester and Sheffield — an easy day-trip for half the English population. I was one of the estimated 22 million visitors per year when I spent two very different, very enjoyable days in The Peak District. The Edale youth hostel provided me with bed, bath, meals, drying room, and maps.

Day one I set off up the hill directly behind the hostel with the plan of walking around the edge of the Edale Moor on the Kinder Plateau. This was exactly what the landscape called for: the moor is mostly a walker's "nightmare," the "edges" are the sane way to go. Edale Moor is eight miles long and three miles across at its widest. My circuit went counterclockwise so that the sweeping views down from the edges were always on my right and the heather, grass, moss, groughs and hags of the moor always on my left.

I dared stray into the moor once on the recommendation of the map which showed direct paths to and from a triangulation column on a "high point" a mere 130 feet higher than the edge. The "direct" path is on the map, the actual path was not: straight over tufts of heather, grass and moss for a few feet before it had

to snake around the hags (banks of exposed, usually slippery peat) and groughs ("drainage" gullies filled with standing dark, tea-colored water). There was no sweeping view at this "top," just a large patch of wet, mucky peat surrounding the four-foot triangulation column. I had just walked through the nightmare of the moor where it is easy to take a compass bearing, impossible to follow it in or out of fog.

Back on the Edge I met a few other walkers going clockwise and a few showers going east to west. The landscape features of the edges are the "tors" or stone outcroppings eroded into fantastical shapes with whimsical names: Madwoman's Stones, Seal Stones, Fairbrook Naze, Sandy Hays, Noe Stool, Pym Chair, Wool Sacks, Crowden Tower, Upper Tor and Nether Tor. One of these is always in sight on the edges but they are too indistinguishable to the first-time visitor to be of any navigational aid. I stopped another solo walker and asked him in so many words, "Where am I?" I was not lost; I just wanted to know where on the

See PEAK, page 5



Edale Hostel

in several cities (e.g. Manchester). Hostels now try to appeal to families, especially with young children.

I sat at table in the Eskdale Hostel in The Lake District with a couple who were ardent hostel volunteers. They were active in their regional committee which helps local hostels in all kinds of ways. They served as wardens one week a year. She made the point that the "disco" generation never developed an interest in hostels and young families are sought to replace the discoers. I had just met such a young family from York who were on their first hostel outing. The children seemed to be liking the experience.

The Youth Hostel Association mission statement reads in part: "to

off the train in Windermere I headed straight for the supermarket with the list I had made up in Staunton and bought supplies. As soon as I saw how extensive catering had become,

See HOSTELS, page 6



Madison Brown in front of the Idwal Cottage Youth Hostel in Wales.

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# What I did on my 15 1/2-hour summer vacation

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

EVERYWHERE, Pa., Md., & W.Va. — It never hurts to spend some time away from the farm, even if these occasions are rare and fleeting. Such was the case in mid-July when I traveled with my father to look at some farm machinery in the Lancaster area of Pennsylvania.

First of all, it's pronounced "Pennsavainya," not "Pencilveineya." Now that we've got that straight, I can continue.

Traveling can be tedious or fun, there are a lot of conditions that affect the trip. Primary among these is the company one keeps when traveling. I break these folks down into two categories. There is "the traveling companion," one I define as taking an active role in the trip helping to navigate and spot road signs along the way. And then there is "the passenger," one who is passive in the process and doesn't really participate other than to ask when the vehicle will stop for a bathroom break or food. The traveling companion can be very helpful in the process of getting from Point A to Point B. The passenger doesn't

contribute much to the cause.

My father and I began our trip to Lancaster at 6 a.m., just as the sun's first rays were sweeping across the floor of the Shenandoah Valley. And here's something worth noting — the temperature at 5:45 a.m. on July 14, 2001 was 48 degrees. Yes, 48 degrees! I had to run the heater in the car well into Rockingham County before I could turn it off.

With me at the helm of my trusty automobile, we skimmed over the miles northward on Interstate 81. We had barely made it to New Market when my father asked, "Are you going to get on the turnpike?" He was referring to the Pennsylvania Turnpike which runs east and west across Pennsylvania.

It had been most of 30 years since I had been to the Lancaster area. We had gone there for family "vacations" (I'll explain the quotation marks later) when I was a child. It was on these "vacations" to Pennsylvania when our family's auto would somehow end up caught on the turnpike with my mother exhorting my father to take a particular exit only served to cap-

ture us in a perpetual loop of getting on and off the turnpike.

The turnpike is what I refer to as "Pennsylvania's Unimproved Interstate System." It is made of concrete slabs pieced together so that as you travel along you are caught in the mind-numbing "ka-chunk, ka-chunk, ka-chunk" which is the car's tires hitting every seam of the concrete highway. My mother and father took a trip to Pennsylvania a little over a year ago and when they returned from that trip my mother related how my father "insisted" on getting on the turnpike even though she "begged" him not to. They ended up in a situation which I would best describe as "lost." They did eventually make it home, but not after traveling quite a ways on the turnpike before managing to exit it successfully.

So when, on my most recent trip north, my father asked "Are you going to get on the turnpike?" I responded: "I am NOT getting on the turnpike. There is no NEED to get on the turnpike. Do NOT EVEN START talking about the turnpike." The subject didn't come up again. We did stop in Carlisle

— where the turnpike crosses I-81 — for gas but I made a point of getting off one of the Carlisle exits which was not the turnpike exit. I was afraid my father might com-mander the wheel and put us on the turnpike despite my protests.

There is one thing about Lancaster, Pa. which hasn't changed — it is quite simply one of the most beautiful farming sectors in the United States. It has indeed become more congested over the years, but one can still ride into the countryside and seemingly go for miles and miles with farmsteads broken up only by rural villages along the way. The fact that a large percentage of the farmland around Lancaster is operated by Amish families accounts for its continuation in farming. Despite the skyrocketing value of farmland in Pennsylvania, (\$5,000/acre, we were told) the Amish continue to manage to work the land largely because they require less in the way of material possessions than the average American.

I didn't take my camera with me on this jaunt so you'll have to take my word when I say it's beautiful

in Lancaster, Pa. Better yet, go there and see for yourself. Also, the Amish consider a photograph to be a graven image so they do not allow their photograph to be taken. Even if the photograph is taken in a casual fashion and they are not asked for permission to have the photograph made, I consider it an infringement of their faith. Honestly, I would have loved to take some photographs on this trip — of the three- and four-horse hitched pulling square balers as the Amish farmers loaded wagons of alfalfa hay or the horse-drawn plow cultivating tobacco plants. The latter surprised me a bit — seeing tobacco being grown on Amish farmsteads. But there it was just the same.

The land in Lancaster is beautiful because it is practically 100 percent cultivated. There are no fence rows. There are no sweeping pastures. The majority of the land is cultivated with corn and alfalfa, beautifully strip cropped along the natural contours of the land. Even though the Lancaster area is relatively flat when compared to the Shenandoah Valley's rolling hills, coming to a rise along a country

See LANCASTER, page 6

## •Peak

Continued from page 4  
edge I was. He took my map and said, "See this little black dot, the one next to my pinkie? That's this rock right here, the one you have your foot on."

I met a park ranger. We chatted a bit about how he works in a hos-

pital and has been volunteering for the park three years, hoping to finally obtain one of the 14 full-time ranger positions. He had designed a questionnaire and I was delighted to answer any question. Had I noticed any erosion? Yes. Did I avoid really mucky places? Well, yes. Did these mucky places detract

from my enjoyment of walking? I was honest and reluctantly, guiltily admitted, "Yes." When he said that 45 percent of walkers answered "no" to that question, I felt even guiltier. He kindly suggested a route for my second day. Before we parted, he told me where I was. I began walking through mucky places and enjoying it.

Walker numbers increased considerably when I got to the edge section which is part of the Pinnine Way, probably the best known of the 60 long distance trails in England, Wales and Scotland. It begins in the village of Edale and runs 250 miles north along the Pinnine Mountains into Scotland. There are about 1,600 miles of paths in The Peak District National Park. If, as the literature notes, walking is the most popular activity for the 22 million visitors per year, that would mean that each mile would get al-

See WALKERS, page 6

## Trip to Wales puts twist on English language

By MADISON BROWN

These people were not speaking English! That traffic sign showed "Araf" not "Slow" and the welcome mat had "Croeso" on it. Where was I? I was in a foreign country: Cwmru among the Cymry — Wales among the Welsh. I was on my way to the northernmost mountains of Snowdonia National Park in Northern Wales.

Snowdon (Yr Wyddfa) itself is 3,560 feet high, the tallest in Wales. In the next valley seven miles to the north are the Glydders with two summits over 3,200 feet. Opposite these is the Carneddau range with three summits — two over 3,300 feet and one over 3,100 feet. The

scenery is magnificent, rugged, and challenging for the walker. If you are looking for "scrambling" (being on all fours much of the time but not needing rope protection), this terrain offers many, many opportunities. If you want more challenging routes requiring mountaineering skills and equipment, these are here as well.

I got off the train in Bangor and bussed to the Idwal Cottage youth hostel at the downstream end of Llyn Ogden. (Llyn means lake). My three congenial roommates that night were from the Manchester area on their way some 275 miles north-to-south, coast-to-coast through Wales. The next morning

See WALES, page 7



Noe Stool on the south edge of Edale Moor

Photos by Madison Brown

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Tryfan rises in the foreground as seen from the slopes of Pen y Ole Wyn across Llyn Ogwen.



## •Lancaster

Continued from page 5

roadway means one can look for miles across the Pennsylvania countryside seeing corn field after corn field broken up only by strips of alfalfa dotted here and there with farm structures.

And the farmers in Pennsylvania farm right to the edge of the road. I don't know what the rule on the depth of the state right-of-way is along Pennsylvania's roadways, but by my approximation, the farmers are using every inch of land they can get away with.

There are very few gravel roads around Lancaster. Even the most narrow, infrequently traveled "pig paths" seem to be paved. I asked a friend of mine, who happens to be a native Pennsylvanian, about this one time. She said at some point in the state's history there was a gubernatorial candidate who campaigned on a pledge to get the farmers out of the mud by paving all the state's secondary roads.

He won the election and the paving began. I heard another story — rural legend, if you will — about why all the secondary roads in Pennsylvania are paved. The story as related to me goes that if they didn't pave the roads the farmers would farm to the middle of the road. I'm prone to believe a combination of the two stories may be the truth behind Pennsylvania's paved secondary roads.

As I noted before, my family had the occasion to "vacation" around Lancaster when I was a child. These "vacations" usually consisted of my father roaming from one farm equipment dealership to the next while we sat in a scalding car (these were pre-air-conditioned family auto days, mind you) dying to get to an air-conditioned hotel room. These trips sometimes consisted of "vacationing" along the farm show circuit which was about the same thing as roaming from one

See *ROAMING*, page 7

## •Hostels

Continued from page 4

those were the last groceries I bought.

I was delighted to find that all but one of the hostels I visited this trip catered both breakfast and dinner and would pack a lunch if you wanted one. The menus offered half a dozen entrees, three or four breakfasts, and the choice of large or small packed lunches. The "hotel" hostel in Manchester automatically sold you bed and breakfast. The chef at the Patterdale hostel in The Lake District wore a chef's hat, cooked elaborate entrees, and came to the tables after dinner to chat and do magic tricks. He presented himself as a professional and not the staff member cooking that night. And these meals were often served! I converted to catering and gave up chit-chat in the communal kitchens for inviting myself to the table of choice.

The Idwal Cottage in Wales did not offer catered meals. It did stock a small store with an extensive choice of prepared meals, canned and dry foods, fresh vegetables, packaged meats, ice cream and other dairy products. I would bet pounds to scones that if I had ordered something not in the store, Chriss would have bought it for me his next trip to the market. Here I had the advantage of socializing in the kitchen and at table.

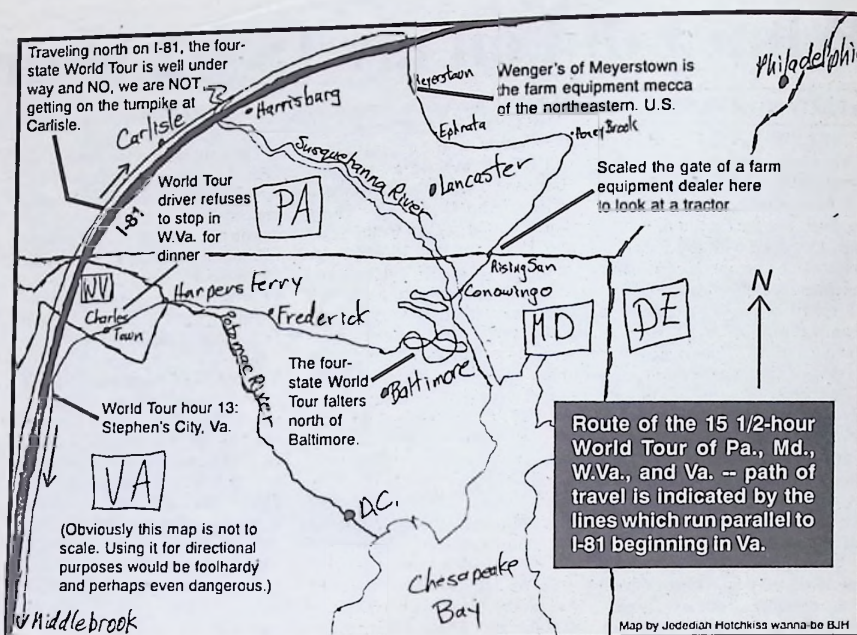
Dormitories were out in the hostels I visited and small rooms with four to six bunks each were in. I guessed this was an effort to ac-

commodate those young families. One price for each night prevailed except in Manchester where there was an elaborate selection: economy, standard, and two- or four-bed premium (TV and tea/coffee facilities) rooms — all en suite with bed linen included; full and half board; family rates if you brought at least two children under age 16; and family rooms with either four or six beds. Meals were served in the cafeteria where seating was much more formal and made joining others less easy.

Among most of the hostels in the Lake District there is a shuttle run. I took full advantage of this service: I left my bag at one hostel to be sent on ahead of me on the morning shuttle, went for a day-hike with only my backpack, rode the commercial bus to catch up with my luggage, and then took the shuttle with all my luggage to my next hostel. I was a happy hostler that evening.

Hostels still take on school groups. There were four groups there during my stay. The only conflict with school groups seems to arise when a hostel books a large school group and closes to others. I guess this arrangement is easier on the staff and helps maintain a high level of pleasant visits for all.

Prices in hostels were about half of those at low-end B&Bs and hotels. Bookings are available on the Internet. Oh yes, I am a YHA member. My number is 060-3300697 and my category is SENIOR (Senior Youth, I suppose). —



## •Walkers

Continued from page 5

most 14,000 walkers every 12 months or 38.35 walkers per day. I saw at least that many on that section of the Pinnine Way.

I clearly saw track erosion. Some sections of tracks have been paved with floor stones recycled from local abandoned mills in the Peak District. There are also stone water bars. One section at the Edale end of the Pinnine Way was re-

cated when it became impassable as a consequence of heavy use.

Visitor management is another way the national park undertakes to do its job of conserving and sharing the land. One of the many activities the national park offers visitors is "Walks with a Ranger." At Noe Stool I met a man I took for a fellow walker and asked him to take my picture in front of this tor. He readily obliged. At close range I heard radio squawking, saw his mi-

crophone and then ranger badge. He was another volunteer ranger out for his scheduled day. We chatted about this and that including my intended route. He suggested a descent down Grindsbrook Clough and offered to walk with me to where it left the edge. I walked along in his foot steps through the muck or avoiding it exactly as he did.

A bit further on we met up with another volunteer ranger out for her scheduled day. I listened in as they talked a bit of shop. That morning he had called for the mountain rescue to help a young woman with a broken toe down easier ground. Another call that day had been to pull another young woman out of waist-deep mucky peat. I was content with my walks with (rather than rescue by) rangers.

On day two I reveled in sunshine as I walked five miles of the splendid ridge opposite the Kinder Plateau: Lose Hill (also called Ward's Piece), Back Tor (a cliff rather than an eroded stone outcropping), down to Hollins Cross. Before Edale had its own parish church its folk attended services in five-mile distant Castleton. Hollins Cross was the gap they walked through every Sunday sometimes carrying babies to baptisms and coffins to funerals. The ridge walk continued on to Mam Tor (another cliff) which has been identified as the site

See *RANGER*, page 7



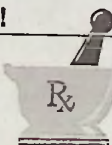
A ghostly figure stands sentinel in the fog on The Cantilever.

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## •Ranger

*Continued from page 6*  
of an Iron Age hill fort. The track passed next to the rock piles of two prehistoric tumuli. I left this grand ridge after Lord's Seat with its own tumulus and descended a zigzag path worn three feet deep into the hillside. I guessed it must have been the path herdsmen of earlier days drove their livestock up and down spring and fall. I was alone;

no park ranger to ask.

Careful planning left me in Edale with two hours before the next Manchester train: time to buy postage stamps and postal cards, time to study the exhibits and collect some printed materials at the National Park Information Centre, time to drink a pint and to write 10 cards about my wonderful, rewarding, informative and varied visit in The Peak District. —



Castell y Gwynt (Castle of the Winds) whose monoliths rise some 10-15 feet in the air.



Looking west down Cwm Pen Llafar over Bethesda to The Irish Sea

## •Wales

*Continued from page 5*

at breakfast we talked of our plans for the day. My three roommates were off to the south, maybe cutting their trip short if the wet weather did not relent. I mentioned my intended circuit route: up Tryfan and over Glydder Fach and Glydder Fawr (Small and Large). Another hostler asked if he might join me. I was happy for the com-

pany because he had done the route some years before.

Tryfan is 2,973 feet tall, a mile long, and from the side looks very much like the spiny, arched back of some dinosaur without a blade of flora nor a smooth rock surface in sight. My guidebook described our route as "a suitable introduction to scrambling." We begin at slightly less than 1,000 feet and were soon in the clouds. The higher we scrambled, the more ferocious

the wind. We avoided the ridge crest and stayed on its lee side. We missed The Cannon, a monolith jutting some ten feet into space at a 45-degree angle, and Adam and Eve on the Central Summit, two big flat-topped chunks of rock set a daring jump apart. Finally we had to cross over the ridge. Near the top the wind hummed loudly like some warning rumble from deep in the throat of our "dinosaur." Over the ridge on the windy side we literally staggered uncontrollably in the intermittent gusts.

This moment taught me the very useful art of "a bit" as in, "It was 'a bit' windy" and made me a master of English understatement.

Down in the saddle Bwlch Tryfan, back in the sun we paused to recover and snack before setting up Glydder Fach. This ascent was easy: less steep and on the lee side. Nonetheless it led us back into the clouds. In contrast to Tryfan the tops of the Glydders are rounded except for some fields of boulders and jumbled groups of 10- to 20-foot monoliths jutting up in different directions. One such grouping is the Castell y Gwynt or Castle of the Winds. Another contains the Cantilever, which my friend en-

See WALKERS, page 13

## •Roaming

*Continued from page 6*

farm equipment dealership to the next except a farm show brought all the equipment dealers to one location. On these occasions we could swelter and climb onto monstrous farm tractors or combines while my father looked at the rest of the farm equipment on display.

So this recent trip to Pennsylvania was a bit nostalgic for me except this time I was more of an active participant in being able to look at farm equipment and salivate over its potential use.

My father and I began our farm equipment viewing assault in Meyerstown, Pa., at the infamous Wenger's of Meyerstown, a huge used farm and heavy equipment dealership. (Visit their website at [www.wengers.com](http://www.wengers.com).) The primary intent of the trip was to look for a hay elevator, of which the dealership had several. While there — no point in wasting the trip just

looking at hay elevators was there? — I took the opportunity to check out a couple tractors they had on the lot. One of the Wenger brothers even let me drive one. Yee-hah.

When I had visited the Wenger website before making the trip, I had noted they had a page devoted to their farm's cattle — American British White Parks — a quite unusual breed and one I had never seen before. I mentioned the cattle to the Wenger brother who showed us the hay elevators and before I knew it we were loaded into a sport utility vehicle driven by yet another Wenger brother who took us to see the White Parks.

There are 23 White Park cows in the Wenger herd and they can be justifiably proud of these animals. One of Wenger's club calves won grand champion honors at the Keystone International Livestock Show held last fall in Harrisburg, topping 40 other competitors in the show including some 20 black-hided animals. White Parks are, obviously, white but have black ears and black pigmentation around their eyes and muzzles. They may have some black speckling on their bodies as well giving them some resemblance to mark-

ings like those of an Appaloosa pony. The Wenger cattle also can be viewed on the Wenger website.

Once we had completed our business at Wenger's in addition to the personalized tour of Meyers town, we were prepared to head toward Ephrata to see an elevator for sale on a farm near there. But it was lunchtime so there was no use in passing up the opportunity for some excellent Pennsylvania cuisine. One of the Wenger brothers recommended a restaurant nearby called "Arment's." "It's nothing special," he said. "But they have good food."

No, it wasn't anything "special" but the food was great! It was just one of those wonderful little home-like establishments that was neat as a pin on the inside. It was clean enough to eat off the floor. But we didn't. My father had the meatloaf special. I had a hamburger that was about an inch-thick and was coddled with mushrooms and Swiss cheese. We had seen a cooler of homemade desserts upon entering the restaurant and I couldn't pass up sampling one, so we split a piece of cherry-cheese pie. What can I say? It was like butter. If you're even in Meyers town, eat at Arment's.

Re-fortified with our repast at Arment's, my father and I began our journey toward Ephrata. Along the way we passed a side-of-the-road equipment dealership where we saw an elevator as we whizzed past, so I had to squeal tires and turn us around to go back for a look. Soon we were back in the car headed again toward Ephrata. The winding odyssey once more took us through beautiful farmland and rural villages — Reistville and Brickerville, bypassing Kleinfeltersville and Schaefferstown, into Ephrata and then on to Blue Ball and Honey Brook. Our destination turned out to be an Amish farmstead just on the outskirts of Honey Brook.

Typical of most Amish farmsteads, this one was well-maintained and picture perfect. We found the farmer and he took us to see the elevator. It had been used hard but not necessarily abused. I was hoping to find it in a little better condition than it was, but it could have been in much worse condition. My father scuffed around the elevator for some time looking at one thing and another. I did the same thing. The farmer plugged the elevator into an outlet and ran it for us. It ran well

enough, but once again, it wasn't anything special. It needed work and it was many miles from where we needed it to be.

Eventually my father began to get into the "art of the deal."

"How much did you say you wanted for it?" my father said. I knew he hadn't forgotten this information. He'd talked to the man on the phone numerous times before making the trip.

"I'd like to have \$700," the man said in that delightful clipped Amish dialect.

"How much would you take for it today?" my father said.

"I think I need \$700," the Amish man replied.

My father scuffed around a little more. I asked a few more questions about the elevator. We found a few things wrong with it — a few things the Amish farmer didn't realize was wrong with it.

After some more scuffing and looking, my father turned to me and said in an innocent nearly pleading fashion, "Could you give him \$600 for it?"

(I swear we didn't plan this out. It just happened this way.)

"Me? Oh no, I couldn't give him

See DEAL, page 9

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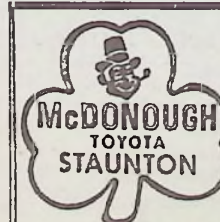
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# Here, there, & everywhere

## VMA begins mission to offer music education

By MOLLIE BRYAN

WAYNESBORO — Paige Edwards is on a mission — to bring music into the lives of Augusta County children.

"So many children here have not had the opportunity to experience the power of music beyond the school classroom, and school systems have 'cut back' so much from their music programs that some children have not even had the most basic music instruction. Perhaps my strongest pull to this venture, though, has been that I know this is God's will for me at this time," she says.

The way Paige is reaching out to children is as the executive director of the new Valley Music Academy, which will open in late August. VMA's mission is to provide quality music education to all children of the community regardless of gender, race, creed or financial resources, while demonstrating that music is a powerful means of encouraging cooperation, celebrating diversity, building self-esteem, and cultivating a sense of nonviolence and social justice.

With its mission to reach out to

children of all social and economic backgrounds, this academy is not just any music academy. And Paige is not just any music teacher. She is a woman of incredible faith, passion and energy. And she really believes that she is working with God on her side.

"There has been a source of energy and inspiration from within myself that is inexplicable otherwise. I have a passion for this academy that I have never had for any other project in my life (outside of my family), and I believe that kind of drive and passion comes from God when you are truly trying to make a difference in His world," she explains.

She explains further that while planning for the academy, she feels that some things that have happened have been more than a coincidence.

"For instance, I got a call from a lady back in April who read an article... about me and the Academy. She called saying that she was moving to New Zealand in May and wanted to donate all of her office supplies to the academy — computer, fax, phone, desk, chair, cassette player, paper — the list goes on and on. Just the week be-

fore, the board had discussed our need for a computer and our lack of resources. I do not believe that was a mere coincidence," she says.

Since 1994 Paige has been known throughout Waynesboro for her KinderMusik classes, which have grown from eight students in one class to 65 students in six classes. Until the birth of her daughter Cullen, she was on the voice faculty at Mary Baldwin College. Paige holds a master's degree in music with a voice concentration from Radford University and her undergraduate degree is from Meredith College in Raleigh, N.C. But it was as a child that she first came to music.

"I have studied music since the first grade when I began piano lessons. I continued piano for 10 years. I began flute in the fourth grade and played in bands through my senior year of high school. I discovered my love of singing in early childhood but did not begin voice lessons until I was 17," she says. Paige is the guiding force behind the academy. The idea germinated through a discussion she had with her friend Paula Engleman, who directs a non-profit

agency in Staunton.

"I've wanted to develop a music academy for years. I studied voice at a music academy in Richmond while in high school, and have thought ever since that directing a music academy that offers a wide variety of music education opportunities would be just perfect for me," she explains. Together the two thought this would be a perfect way to bring music into the lives of Augusta County children. It has taken awhile for them to get to this point, though.

The academy's board of directors — comprised of non-profit directors, music teachers, musicians, and active, civic-minded individuals — began to meet monthly in May 2000. Paige says the biggest challenge has been to remain patient and to trust her instincts that she is doing the right thing at the right time.

"This is a huge endeavor and has taken a lot of courage on my part. To have my name associated with this is risky, and the fear of failure has been significant. Most people have been extremely supportive, however in particular the families who have been involved in my KinderMusik program and the people at First Baptist Church," she

says. This year the VMA will offer KinderMusik classes (4 months to 7 years old); beginning guitar (ages 8-12, maximum enrollment eight children); private piano lessons (ages 6-18); private voice lessons (ages 13-18); private brass instrument lessons (trumpet, trombone, French horn, tuba; ages 8-18). All of the teachers hold degrees in music and most hold at least one graduate degree. The VMA faculty will demonstrate its talent at a faculty recital to be held 5 p.m., Sept. 16 at Waynesboro's Bethany Lutheran Church which will be the first in this year's Music at Bethany concert series. Things do indeed appear to be falling in place for Paige and the VMA. Sometimes changes and new ideas are not welcome. But something is different about this one. Perhaps it is all of the effort Paige and her colleagues have put into it, perhaps it is part of the magic of music, or maybe it is just like Paige says it is — it simply is God's will.

VMA is located in the education building at First Baptist Church in Waynesboro. For more information, call 949-7470. ---

## New Hope FCE holds cultural arts contest

VERONA — New Hope FCE Club held its June meeting at the Augusta County Extension Office in Verona. The meeting featured a cultural arts contest.

The club's cultural arts contest was judged by Pat Ewers and Gerry Engle. All blue ribbon winners will go to state conference in September. Entries and ribbons included the following:

Applique (handsewn): Helen Stogdale, blue; applique (machine sewn): Helen Stogdale, blue; jewelry: Linda Howdyshell, red; Christmas crafts: Bettye Randolph,

blue; Helen Stogdale, white; soft sculpture: Helen Stogdale, blue; sewing (children): Helen Stogdale, blue; genealogy: Helen Stogdale, blue; paper twist: Judy Grove, blue; Linda Howdyshell, red; decoupage: Judy Grove, red; flowers (silk): Linda Howdyshell, red; flowers (other): Judy Grove, red; watercolor: Nellie Flora, red; photograph (color): Judy Grove, red; pressed flowers: Betty Ott, blue; quilting: Bettye Randolph, blue; quilting (hand): Bettye Randolph, white; smocking: Helen Stogdale, blue; wreath (other): Judy Grove,

white; wreath (holiday): Linda Howdyshell, red; Writing (short story): Mary Jane Shaver, blue; knitting: Jean Critzer, blue; craft creature: Wilhelmina Gaddy, blue.

The meeting's program was presented by Sarah Ann Whitmore, Rockingham County FCS agent, who gave a talk and handouts to members on healthy snacks. People snack because of being hungry, bored, upset, lonely, and the need for extra food between meals. There are three major guidelines for Americans: aim for fitness (be active each day); build a healthy

base by using the pyramid food guide; and choose sensibly (watch fat, sugars, and salt.) Ms. Whitmore stated that snacks need to be planned; they should be tasty, attractive, fun to eat, easy to fix, and fit into the food guide pyramid.

During the club's business session it was noted that 15 books were presented to Augusta Medical Center for babies born on May 15, National FCE Family Day. Members were reminded to bring lists of book read to the next meeting. Registration deadline to attend state conference is Aug.

31. Several members helped at the Greater Shenandoah Valley Fair with exhibits.

Study of the month was the pearl, birthstone for June. In May club members toured the D.R. Hostetter Museum of Natural History and M.T. Brackbill Planetarium at Eastern Mennonite University. Also, there was lunch at the Dinner Bell Cafe and shopping at the Shenandoah Heritage Farmer's Market. The club held its family picnic July 23 at Middle River Church of the Brethren picnic shelter at New Hope. —

### Bethel Presbyterian Church

Homecoming, Aug. 26, 11 a.m. worship service  
"Son of Bethel" Clyde Weaver Jr., guest speaker  
Covered dish lunch following service

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Aug. 5, 9:30 a.m. worship service  
Church windows through the eyes of a child

Aug. 12, 11 a.m. -- Homecoming

Stained glass windows dedication -- Covered dish lunch follows service

Aug. 25, noon-6 p.m., Old Fashioned Festival  
Festivities on the lawn including white elephant booth, country store, children's games, food, funnel cakes, homemade ice cream  
Music by Living Stones Praise Band and Scruffy Murphy (old Irish music)

Aug. 26, 9:30 a.m. -- Old fashioned worship service  
Circuit Rider Gary Ziegler preaching

Oct. 27 -- Silent auction, cake walk  
Swoope Fire Department

Call 885-6479 for information.

Bethlehem U.M.C. is located southwest of Staunton on Trimble's Mill Road, Va. 707.



# 2001 Augusta County Fair goes by the ABCs

**FISHERSVILLE** — A lot of factors must come together to produce a successful county fair. In Augusta County, those factors are agriculture, business and community.

This year's Augusta County Fair will be held August 7-11 at Augusta Expo and will showcase the county's diversity and regionalism.

Of course no fair would be complete without beef, dairy, sheep, hog and goat shows, youth events in the livestock barns, the annual truck and tractor pulls, the demolition derby, the horse show and antique truck and tractor pulls — all of which are included in the Au-



## 2001 Augusta County Fair schedule

### Tuesday

Opening Ceremony, Beauty Pageant

### Wednesday

Youth Night featuring the Virginia Science Museum's Aquatics Display and The Wild Ones—Bikes, Boards and Blades

### Thursday

Gospel Music Night featuring Heather Berry and the Berry Pickers, Jolene Cline, The

Sunset Mountain Boys, and Three for One

### Friday

Country Music Night with singer Darryl Worley plus Davis Rodeo Bull Bustin'

### Saturday

Bluegrass Festival — All day Bluegrass with Heather Berry and the Berry Pickers, David Coffey, The Del McCoury Band and others

Midway opens at 6 p.m. Tuesday, 5 p.m. Wednesday through Friday, and 1 p.m. Saturday.

gusta County Fair.

There will also be educational exhibits on the midway including the Virginia Science Museum's "Ocean in Motion" trailer and touch tanks with live marine life.

World Wide Entertainment will provide a bigger and better midway this year with over 20 rides, including some old favorites.

This year's Augusta County Fair will offer two nights of Davis Ro-

deo Bull Bustin'.

Musical entertainment for the 2001 fair ranges from Gospel Music Night to Country Music Night to the Augusta County Fair Bluegrass festival featuring nationally-known Del McCoury.

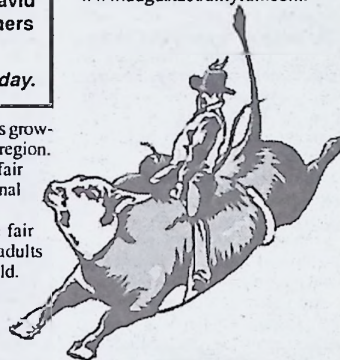
For those seeking excitement of a sporting venue, daily performances by "The Wild Ones" on BMX bikes, roller blades and skateboards will thrill young and old alike.

The Augusta County Fair is growing with the diversity of the region. Fairgoers will find a new fair spirit combined with traditional favorites at the 2001 fair.

General admission to the fair and exhibits will be \$5 for adults and \$3 for youth 6-15 years old. Children under 6 will be admitted free. A pass for the week is \$20. There is an additional charge of \$8

for both the Davis Bull-Bustin' and the Darryl Worley concert. There is an additional charge of \$10 for the Bluegrass festival.

Fair catalogs are available at the Augusta Cooperative Farm Bureau and the Augusta County Extension Office. For information, call the Augusta County Fair office at 245-5627 or visit the fair's website at [www.augustacountyfair.com](http://www.augustacountyfair.com).



## •Deal

Continued from page 7

\$600," I said, which sounded more like "\$600? For that piece of junk? Are you out of your mind?" (See, this proves that we didn't plan it out, because I would have made \$500 the first offer. I don't know

what got into my father.) During this exchange, the Amish farmer was looking back and forth between my father and me trying to puzzle us out.

"Well," my father said, addressing the farmer, "I guess we better let you get back to work," and we

began to turn toward our departure when my father turned to me again and begged, "You're sure you couldn't give him \$600?"

"Well," I said, "first of all, you know it's going to cost a couple hundred dollars just to get it home, plus you can't even use it the way it is. The motor has to be changed and the broken chain links have to be replaced. You'll have a thousand dollars in it before you can even use it."

About this time the farmer piped up and said, "I could probably take \$600 for it."

(Really, my father and I didn't plan this — a sort of good-cop-bad-cop farm machinery tag team. We shouldn't be allowed to travel together.)

We left the farm not long after that telling the farmer to sell the eleva-

tor if he had the chance and that we MIGHT call him Monday. We left the Amish farmstead intending to travel then on toward home.

BUT... in the family tradition of roaming from one farm equipment dealership to the next... the folks at Wenger's had another tractor I wanted to see that wasn't at the Meyerstown location but was at another Wenger's location in Rising Sun, Md., which is right on the Pennsylvania-Maryland state line. I had given up seeing the tractor while we were at Wenger's of Meyerstown in the morning because it seemed too far to travel to get to the other dealership. As it turned out, by the time we traveled to Honey Brook we weren't that far from Rising Sun. Faced with two choices — traveling due

north just a few miles and getting on the dreaded Pennsylvania Turnpike to head back west across the state then hit I-81 south or travel on south toward the Maryland border and worry about how to get back west and south later — we chose the latter option.

By the time we got to the dealership in Rising Sun it was closed but the Wengers had made us feel so at home in Meyerstown that I breached the security of the fence around the dealership to get in to look at the tractor. One of the Wenger brothers had supplied me with the information that the fence was electrified so I took that as a signal from him that he knew I would try to climb the fence. I climbed the gate instead. And, as the keys were in the tractor, I started it up and drove it around the lot. My brother-in-law is horrified at this part of my story. "What if there was a security camera?" he shrieked. By that time I had already sent an email to Wengers telling them I had driven the tractor. They voiced no objection.

As it turned out, I didn't like the tractor at all — an International 1086. I did like the International 1066 I drove at the Meyerstown location. But it was with the unsatisfactory test drive that I returned to the car to begin the trip southward toward home.

By this time we had meandered our way to the northeastern corner of Maryland. We had crossed the Susquehanna River twice — once in Pennsylvania at Harrisburg and once in Maryland at the Conowingo Hydroelectric Power Plant where we drove right over top of the dam where it harnesses the power of the mighty Susquehanna. All this was very exciting but by this time it was

See CONOWINGO, page 17



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## ~SHOW STOPPER EVENTS~

### TUESDAY, AUG. 7:

•Opening Ceremonies, 6 p.m. •Beauty Pageant, 6:15 p.m.

### WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8:

•Beef Show, 4 p.m. •Street Truck and Farm Tractor Pull, 7 p.m.

### THURSDAY, AUG. 9:

•Demolition Derby, 7 p.m. •Gospel Music Night, 7 p.m.

### FRIDAY, AUG. 10


•Davis Bull Bustin', 7 p.m. (additional charge)

•Darryl Worley, 9 p.m. (additional charge)

### SATURDAY, AUG. 11:

•Blue Grass showcase, 5 p.m. (additional charge)

•Davis Bull Bustin', 6:30 p.m.




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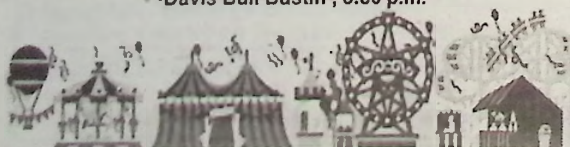
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<b>Tuesday</b>	<b>Wednesday</b>	<b>Thursday</b>
Ribeye steak sandwich	Lemon-peppered tenderloin	Sliced barbecued beef
<b>Friday</b>	<b>Saturday</b>	
Pork tenderloin and gravy	Barbecue chicken	

*Tea or lemonade included with dinners. Fresh-picked corn on the cob will be served each night except Friday. Mashed potatoes will be served Friday night. Dinners include side dishes such as cole slaw, green beans, baked beans or baked apples. Breakfast and lunch also will be served. Individual food items will be available in the evenings in addition to full dinner menus.*







# Joy, oh yeah... joy, joy, joy

Down on the farm we're thinking about what things are worth. Technically, nothing we have on the farm is worth anything. Really. It's not worth anything until whatever it is — livestock, grain, hay, straw — makes it to market and we receive a check for it.

Ahhh, you say, but what about all those intangibles that go into things we produce on the farm? The labor and feed required to produce it, the fertilizer that goes on fields to make crops grow, the acres of ground we pay taxes on — what about all those things, you say? Well, quite frankly, they just don't count. Because if we did start counting we might throw in the towel completely and realize the folly of this farming venture.

I remember attending a seminar one time where the speaker talked about a form farmers can fill out to determine their level of profitability. The speaker spent the better part of an hour explaining how to fill out the form and what to do with the figures and how to arrive at the "cost analysis" solution of a farm enterprise. At the conclusion of his rather lengthy discourse on the matter he asked if there were any questions. I had only one question that I wanted to ask but didn't: "Why the 'bleepity-bleep' would anybody want to do all that figurin'?" Farmers raise products, try to keep their costs as low as possible, sell their products, pay bills with the revenue and hope against hope that there's a little something left over for things like groceries and clothes. (I put groceries first because we'd rather go naked than go hungry, but let's just not go there.)

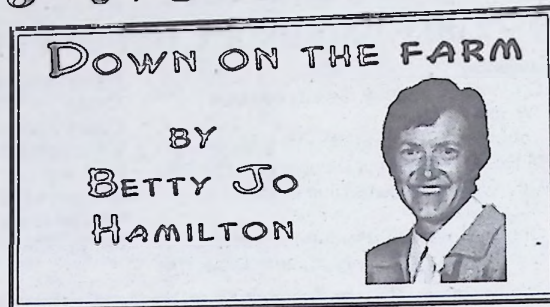
We don't really think — or maybe we refuse to acknowledge — what kind of expenses we rack up on the farm until we have to actually reach into our pockets and fork out some cold, hard cash. This brings me back to my original point of not having anything on the farm that's really worth anything. However, a couple incidents in the past few months have caused me to consider that we do have a few animals on the farm that are really worth something to us right now. They are, in fact, the most valuable animals on the farm, but perhaps not for the reasons you might think.

The first example of these "extremely valuable animals" on the farm, are three calves which were born in the spring. There's nothing so unusual about that. Spring is the traditional time for calves to be born on the farm and we had about 70 born between mid-March and late May. The things to watch for in newborn calves are to make sure the cows deliver them successfully, that they take care of the calves the way they should, and that the calves thrive in their early days of calfhood. I vaccinate and tag calves as they arrive, so each day during calving season I am in the pasture checking on new and recent arrivals.

Early in April I found a calf sick

with scours. This is the animal term for the condition and it sounds fairly innocuous, however scours — which is basically unrelenting diarrhea — can be fatal if not treated. Normally it is not a condition that medicine will put right; its origins are usually viral prompting the calf's "good" digestive bacteria to run amok. Scours leads to dehydration, which leads to depletion of the animal's electrolyte levels, which leads to organ failure and ultimately death. So, suffice it to say, it can be very bad. And it also can be contagious, which means if you find one animal with the condition you may be quite likely to soon find it spreading among other calves in the herd.

The "cure" for scours is fairly elementary; mostly mechanical as opposed to medicinal. First the calf is taken away from its cow. A calf suffering from scours will continue to nurse, however, the milk it ingests only serves to promote conditions in the calf's intestine which causes the scours to get worse. With the calf taken away from its cow, an oral electrolyte



access basis, primarily to observe the calf's progress and appetite and to ensure that the calf doesn't overload on the cow's milk and relapse into scours.

In some instances calves can become so dehydrated from scours that their bodies cannot absorb the oral electrolyte solution. In these cases calves require the attention of a veterinarian who administers electrolytes intravenously to the calves. In this fashion the electrolytes go directly into the calf's bloodstream, bypassing the absorption process of the calf's digestive system. The calf

either recovers within a few days and goes forth or dies within a few days, end of story.

But, that's not the end of this story. There wouldn't be any point to telling it if it were. So I found a calf with scours and began treating it using the oral electrolyte solution. A day or so later the calf showed signs of recovery and began regaining strength. It was returned to its cow on a restricted basis and its recovery continued to be observed. At the same time, I was observing other calves in the herd which were beginning to show

quire more intervention than I could provide, two more calves in the herd fell to the same condition. Oddly enough — or perhaps not so oddly — all three calves had been born on the same day and all three calves were from heifers which had calved for the first time. (We call these replacement heifers.) I say "not so oddly" because obviously the calves were all exposed to a bug at the same time — in this instance cryptosporidia which was carried into the pasture by lambs who had been sick with it but were fighting it off — and also "not so oddly" that these calves were affected because first-time calving heifers' colostrum (the milk the calf first gets when it is born) may not be as strong with antibodies (the stuff that helps calves fight disease) as colostrum produced by mature cows.

And, yes, there were other calves born to replacement heifers in the herd which didn't get sick and didn't show symptoms. And, yes, there were calves born to mature cows which did show symptoms but didn't require treatment. For these three calves it was just bad timing. Their births coincided with lamb turnout and the calves were exposed to the virus before their immune systems had a chance to kick in and protect them. There are



These are the three most valuable calves on the farm right now. They don't look like much, but take my word for it, they are **EXTREMELY** valuable.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

solution — basically a balanced combination of sugar and salts in water — is fed to the calf. Although not necessarily inhibiting the scours virus, antibiotics are normally administered to the sick animal to prevent it from contracting a secondary condition. Calves are likely to contract pneumonia as a result of their weakened condition prompted by scours.

Once the calf has spent 24 to 48 hours on the electrolyte solution, its system has time to stabilize and its intestinal tract begins functioning normally once again. It is then returned to the cow on a restricted

may spend a day or more on IVs before it is started on the oral electrolyte solution, then calves are switched to a liquid milk replacer, then returned to the cow. This treatment is usually very effective in stemming the consequences of scours as long as the calf is not too far gone when treatment commences. There are some occasions, however, when the calf seems to respond quite well to IV therapy, recovers quickly and seems on the road to recovery only to suddenly "crash" and die. Normally, there's not much middle ground when treating calves with scours — the

signs of scours. Just because a calf gets scours doesn't necessarily mean it will require treatment. Many calves seem to have enough natural immunity to viruses which cause scours that while they may show symptoms — diarrhea, most notably — scours does not necessarily precipitate a life-threatening condition. Watching the calves in our herd this spring I saw numerous ones scouring but they seemed to be holding their own.

A few days into treatment on the calf I had brought in, it began to go back downhill. On the same day I determined this calf would re-

only a few things worse than realizing there is some kind of contagion spreading through the herd or the flock. Isolation of animals is difficult and efforts to stem the tide of contagion can be frustrating and futile. As a vet once told me, it becomes a matter of "trying to rescue the perishing."

Ultimately the three calves with scours were delivered to the animal hospital. One was started on IVs immediately and the other two were started on oral electrolytes. A day later a second calf's condition

See CALVES, page 11

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## •Calves

Continued from page 10

deteriorated and it was started on IVs and yet a day later the third calf required IV therapy.

"Meanwhile back at the ranch..." the three heifers to whom the calves belonged were pining for their calves. The thing about replacement heifers is that if something happens to their calves, they don't usually pine too long because their maternal instincts have not fully developed. A mature cow will move heaven and earth to be reunited with its calf. The phrase which best applies to a replacement heifer and its calf is, "Out of sight, out of mind." Although I hoped the calves' recovery would be swift, I knew the heifers — given the opportunity to forget they had calves — might reject the calves when returned to them.

I took the calves to the animal hospital on a Saturday and called bright and early Monday morning expecting to be told to come get the calves. Instead I got a bad report of the calves' conditions. Although some stronger, they were far from being ready to be released from the vet's care. Not wanting the heifers to forget they had calves, I loaded the heifers up and took them to the animal hospital so they could have some "quality" time with their calves. The calves were strong enough to stand and it was enough for the heifers to sniff them and remember. "Oh yeah, that's my calf. I knew I had one of those around here somewhere."

Then bright and early on Wednesday I called the animal hospital again expecting to be told to come get the calves. No, things were still not good. One calf had been taken off of IVs but then had to be restarted. One had been taken

off IVs, but was still too weak to take off oral electrolytes. The third calf had just been started on IVs. The results of tests were being awaited to determine exactly what bug was afflicting the calves. Again, I loaded up the heifers and took them to the animal hospital to see their calves.

On Thursday, things seemed to be on the upswing. I called the animal hospital and was told two of the calves could go home — good news, at last. Late in the afternoon that day I arrived at the vet hospital to pick up the two calves. All

conversation about how much to keep trying to do for the calf and trying to decide when to stop. There are no easy answers to these questions. After treating an animal for so long you think just a little more perseverance will get it over the hump if it's hung on this long. I figured if any of the calves were going to die they would have done so in the first three or four days. I had never known the process to drag on in this fashion.

I brought one calf home Sunday morning and Monday morning returned to the animal hospital with

the cloudy haze in the calf's eyes I had seen the days before. Also I noticed a smear of grass stain around the calf's muzzle. It was trying to eat grass. That's how long it had been sick — the calf had started to ruminate during its therapy for scours. Rumination indicated that the calf's digestive tract had matured to the degree that it can digest forage in addition to cow's milk.

"I'm taking this calf home," I said to the vet techs that morning at the animal hospital. This happened to be a black-white face calf and, granted, it was cute as a bug.

(a 30-hour trip — talk about your "frequent trailer miles") and arrived here at the farm the second week in June.

These are now the three most valuable heifers on the farm. Not so much because of what I paid for them or what it cost to haul them here from Nebraska, but because I had to actually pull real money out of the bank to pay for them. They aren't like the heifers we raise on the farm which we believe don't cost us a dime — they just grow up here and then we keep them for replacements and we don't fork out any real money for them. We can't see their price tags. But the heifers from Nebraska came with very prominently displayed price tags which makes me think about how much the heifers we raise are actually worth.

Even more startling, when I let myself think about it and I try not to but I've had several dreams since I got these "valuable" shorthorn heifers which makes me realize that even if I'm forcing my conscious mind not to think about how much these heifers are costing me my subconscious mind is certainly working on it quite a lot — even more startling is thinking about how long it's going to be before these "valuable" heifers are going to begin to return money — not profit, mind you, just money — on my investment.

If they get bred this summer and if they have calves in spring 2002 and if the calves perform as they should, these "valuable" heifers will not begin to return money until the spring or fall of 2003, and possibly the winter of 2004 if the calves are finished out to slaughter weights. Please, somebody stop me. I really don't want to think about this.

Now mind you I'm not saying that the vet's services aren't worth every penny charged and I'm not saying the Nebraska heifers aren't worth every penny they cost, it's just so many pennies... lots and lots of pennies... and I really don't want to think about that.

The keynote speaker at Virginia Tech's Animal Industry Day held July 13 had this to say about farming: "There's nothing wrong with making your business a way of life so long as it creates joy and profit." Well, I have a lot of joy when I go out into the field and see the three calves we — me, the vet and vet techs — worked so hard to get back on their feet. And I have a lot of joy when I see the replacement heifers and what a good job they're doing with their babies, especially when I realize it could have turned out much differently. And I have a lot of joy when I see my Nebraska shorthorns and think ahead to next year's calving season anticipating their first calves. (Gee, I just hope they don't get scours... oh, somebody slap me, we were talking about joy, right?) Anyway... joy, oh yeah... joy, joy, joy. It may be that we will need to get by with joy, for awhile anyway, until we manage any profit down on the farm. —



These are the four most valuable replacement heifers on the farm right now. They traveled all the way from a Shorthorn farm in Nebraska to make their new home in Virginia. The heifer in the upper left corner is a Red Angus-Shorthorn cross. The other three heifers are purebred Shorthorns.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

three calves, one still with IV attached, were being held in a grass pen outside the animal hospital — fresh air and sunlight being as much a part of the therapy as anything else. I loaded one calf and was preparing to load the second one when I noticed it had just scoured badly. So it had to stay put at the animal hospital.

Friday morning, without calling because I knew what the answer was going to be, I loaded up the two heifers whose calves were still at the clinic and hauled them once again to see their calves. The calf I had brought home the day before had held its own overnight although it continued to appear just sort of medium. By late Saturday afternoon, the vet was ready to release the two remaining calves but I was unable to fetch them home having spent the day in the throes of sheep shearing. (215 sheep sheared — oiy vey — don't ask.) I agreed to come get the calves Sunday morning.

Sunday morning came and so did a call from the vet. One of the calves could go home but the other had to be put back on IVs — again. I was beginning to get frustrated. The vet and I had already had the

remaining heifer to once again "visit" her calf. This was the first calf I had found sick and by this point in its life it had spent as much time at the animal hospital as it had in the pasture at home. The calf's heifer was racking up considerable "frequent trailer miles" — like the airlines' "frequent flyer miles" only more unattractively aromatic.

On Wednesday I had another cow which needed veterinary care so I took it to the animal hospital for treatment. I intended to take the remaining calf's heifer with me but she rebelled and ran across the meadow kicking up her heels rather than being brought in to load up for another trailer ride. I didn't have the patience to press her into the endeavor so gave up trying to get her in.

My intent that morning was to bring the last calf home regardless of its condition. I was ready to call a halt to the whole process. When I arrived at the animal hospital, I found the calf in a pen outside and for the first time since it had been under treatment I could honestly say that it looked like it had some ambition. Although it still appeared weak, its eyes were bright and clear, a definite improvement over

It was also the easiest to work with, being the most "people-friendly" of the three. The other two calves were clumsy to handle and resisted human intervention as much as their conditions would allow. I wasn't surprised when a vet tech said of the black-white face calf, "He's been so good. We're going to miss this little guy." My response was: "Well, you probably own him." I did not know how true these words rang.

Long-story-short... oops, we're probably past that point — anyway all three calves survived. We got a bill for \$760 from the animal hospital. My father required blood transfusions. These are now the three most valuable calves on the farm.

Fast forward to early summer and my decision to purchase four shorthorn heifers from a farm in Nebraska. Why Nebraska, you ask? Well, why not? The high school student who helps me on the farm raises purebred shorthorns and he's been working on converting me to the big red-and-whites so I decided to take the plunge when he told me about some heifers which were available. So I made an offer on the heifers and they were trailered across country

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## Country flowers: The natives go wild!

Autumn will soon be here and a new color palette emerges. Annuals in vivid shades of red, yellow, and blue give way to perennials in mellow tones of gold, lavender, bronze, pink, and white. It is a time when many native plants take center stage, particularly meadow or prairie flowers.

The word "meadow" originates from "mouth" meaning as grazed by animals, hence "to mow." In French the word is "prairie."

Many of us use native plants since they flourish in our soils and environment and withstand our variable weather conditions. Native plant societies around the state hold sales, usually in the spring, and specialty nurseries around the country sell native plants. There are also improved cultivars that are both hardy and long-blooming. These late summer/fall wildflowers grow well in flower borders, against walls or fences or at the edge of meadows and love full sun.

A favorite with home gardeners and florists alike is gayfeather or *Liatris spicata*. A true prairie flower from the midwest, its tall, purple/lavender spikes bloom from late June through September. It should be planted at the back of a sunny border. There is also a

white and a deep purple hybrid form.

Another lavender favorite is wild bergamot or *Monarda fistulosa*. It multiplies easily in meadows and borders and looks like other bee-balm varieties.

The coneflower or *Echinacea* makes a nice clump after a few years. One usually sees the purple variety (*E. purpurea*) but nurseries also sell the white "White Lustre" cultivar.

A relative is the black-eyed Susan (*Rudbeckia hirta*), currently looking its best with its golden daisy-like flowers and brown/black centers. Rudbeckias naturalize well. The newest cultivar in catalogs is Rudbeckia "Black Beauty." There are no golden ray petals only a black cone ringed by gold dots.

Blanket flower or *Gaillardia aristata* flowers from summer through fall. It has small daisy-like petals looking like red and gold pinwheels with orange/brown centers.

Yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) has evolved from the white American native with its smaller flowerheads into handsome hybrids such as "Coronation Gold" with large, golden heads that dry beautifully when picked in full bloom and hung in a bunch upside down in a dark, warm attic. Pink, red and pale pastel

colors have also been developed.

When we think of fall we think of asters or Michaelmas daisies. They are often seen along our roadsides. The New England aster (*Aster novae-angliae*) and New York aster (*A. novae-belgii*) make good garden plants. Place at the back of a border or in the center of an island bed. For a shorter plant, cut back to a foot 2-3 times earlier in the year. Long bloomers (August into October), asters come in lavender, purple, pink or white. The Maryland golden aster (*Chrysopsis mariana*) has flowers that resemble miniature chrysanthemums. The true yellow flowers don't open until mid-September.

Tickseed (*Coreopsis lanceolata*) has a long bloom season too and 'Early Sunrise' is a recommended variety.

There are over 100 native varieties of goldenrod and some excellent cultivars such as "Goldenmosaic," "Fireworks," "Peter Pan" and "Cloth of Gold." Many of these cultivars are much shorter than the original natives. In England goldenrod (*Solidago*) can be found in most perennial gardens and is used as a long-lasting cutflower. Goldenrod does not cause hayfever or allergies; ragweed is the culprit.

### In the Garden

By Jenifer Bradford



If you have a damp meadow or a pond or stream, the following wildflowers love wet conditions. Ironweed (*Veronica noveboracensis*) is a very tall, purple beauty. It complements pink or white turtlehead (*Chelone lyonii* or *C. glabra*); pink seashore mallow (*Kosteletzkya virginica*); blue lobelia (*L. siphilitica*); pink Joe-Pye weed (*Eupatorium*); and white obedient plant (*Physostegia virginiana*).

I hope that I have given you some suggestions for achieving a colorful, natural late summer/fall display that can extend the blooming season until frost. All these recommendations are perennial, naturalize well, and are low maintenance, and can be enjoyed indoors in a flower arrangement. —

## ~~~ Garden tips for late summer ~~~

I can't believe that I am writing tips for the end of summer and the beginning of fall. It was only a few weeks ago that I returned from high summer in Florida where I was treated to wonderful displays of tropical flowers, foliage, shrubs and beach flora. What we cultivate as houseplants are grown as groundcovers in the south. Large potted plants for us become hedges for our southern neighbors. Exotic fruits are commonplace and flourish in orchards. Wild colors run rampant. There's nothing like a complete change of

scene to appreciate the new, the old, and nature in full bloom.

Meanwhile, back home a few tips to keep the garden in good shape:

- Weed all beds thoroughly and pull up any dead or diseased foliage, especially around day-lilies and iris.

- Cut German iris leaves into a fan shape about 1 foot high.

- Deadhead all plants and cut back by half tall, overgrown plants to promote further flowering. Apply a liquid fertilizer.

- Tie up or weave vines

such as clematis and Virginia creeper along chain link fences and trellises.

- Tip prune shrub roses to encourage new growth. Feed.

- Keep buddleias deadheaded (cut between the V). They will set new buds.

- Pull up tired annuals and replace with cushion mums whether in flowerbeds, planters, or pots. Replenish hanging baskets with fresh foliage or late-blooming annuals.

- Evaluate old stock and think about dividing, giving away, or try-

ing new varieties and cultivars.

- Visit local nurseries. Autumn sales are in progress. Now is the best time to find perennials at low prices, often 50 percent off. Trim perennials back if leggy.

- Look for bargains on items such as grills, patio furniture, and ornaments.

- Give roses their last feeding of the year.

- Keep bird baths and fountains clean and filled.

- Water hanging baskets and wall-mounted troughs daily. They seem to miss the rain showers and soon dry out.

- Take soil tests in various parts of your garden, especially the lawn to determine the average pH values.

- Renovate lawns. Rake bare spots, add compost and topsoil, reseed, and cover with weed-free straw. Keep well watered until

the new seed germinates.

- Apply pre-emergent weedkiller to lawns to control annual bluegrass.

- Fertilize cool-season grasses.
- Start a new lawn. Fall is the preferred time of year.

- Lower the height of your lawnmower blades to 1 1/2 inches to help with later leaf raking.

- Plant most deciduous trees and shrubs.

- Order spring bulbs early (often discounted).

- Rake up rotten fruit beneath fruit trees.

- Clean up and bag any leaves with black spot and other fungal diseases.

- Wash, disinfect, and take-in houseplants as evenings get cooler. Accustom them to lower light levels on tables and windowsills. —

## Animal Industry Day keynote lauds 'miracle' of agriculture

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

BLACKSBURG — The future of agriculture took center stage during Virginia Tech's 38th annual Animal Industry Day held July 13.

"I cannot imagine a better time to be alive," said Tom Field of Colorado State University and keynote speaker for the event. Dr. Field spoke before some 100 participants on the opportunities for careers in animal agriculture in his keynote address.

"The world is changing in ways we can hardly imagine," Dr. Field said of challenges faced by modern agriculturists. He pointed to the ironies of an ever-changing world with a statement issued in 1899 by the U.S. Patent Office which proclaimed, "Everything that can be invented has been." Quoting Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz, Dr. Field said, "We're not in Kansas anymore."

Dr. Field noted that since 1990 food sales in the United States have

increased by 18 percent. The amount of money spent by families for food away from home has increased by 15 percent. In 1999, food spending reached \$789 billion.

He said the key to both the present and the future is consolidation. Pointing again to the food industry, he noted that the five top grocery retailers in the nation control 41 percent of the market, one more merger in this area will increase this number to 60 percent.

In this environment of consolidation, he said farmers who achieve success will be those who are "cost efficient, innovative and partner-willing."

"Consolidation and the formation of food systems is coming," Dr. Field said, but noted that there will continue to be a place for the family farm. "Bigness and sameness equals boring and this opens the door for creative folks who can hustle. Winners will stay

in the game," he said. "Those with poor scores will exit. We must forge together that same spirit with which we used to raise barns."

Some societal concerns that will shape the way farmers operate are food safety, animal welfare and protecting the environment, according to Dr. Field.

"We need to marry husbandry and stewardship with the new economy of food systems and make sure people know the 'good shepherd' is alive and well. Nobody gets to operate in a vacuum any longer," he said.

According to Dr. Field, it will be today's farmers who will insure the future of the industry.

"We need 'turned on champions' — we have to stop talking agriculture down to our children... become evangelists for this industry and rural communities," he said. "The

See FIELD, page 13

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# Development at what price?

One Saturday morning my husband and one of our neighbors were entertained by some squirrels. When I say some, I mean there were about 20 squirrels running around in both yards. The neighbors were amused and thought it odd - especially in our suburbanish neighborhood in Waynesboro. We do have squirrels, but not so many at one time.

Another morning, Emma, Tess, and I went to a neighbor's house for a play date. It was a nice morning. Her daughter and Emma played on the swings and we chatted while I fed Tess. She told me about a beautiful fox she had seen that morning. It startled her to see a wild animal so close and so confident. Last Sunday morning I put Emma in the stroller and strapped Tess into a carrier and we went for a walk. On our way home, I noticed something slowly moving across our nicely paved street. It was a turtle. Emma was delighted. My neighbor, Lily, was not. The turtle was heading for her side of the road and she insisted that Eric come out and get it - otherwise she would not be able to enjoy her yard, knowing that turtle was around somewhere. So, Eric picked up the turtle and took it to our back yard. It hung around most of the day - long enough for it to become a permanent fixture in Emma's two-year-old mind. She asks about it almost

every time we go in the back.

It was that day, on our walk, that I noticed the new housing development sign at the end of our street. And as I stood looking out over what used to be a nice patch of woods, I felt as if I were looking at a disaster area, almost like the trees were carcasses. I felt a sick feeling in my stomach as I realized about 70 new homes were going to be there. That patch of woods was probably the home of the squirrels, fox, and turtle that had invaded our neighborhood recently.

I wonder how many other animals have been displaced by this particular development. It worries me because I'm an animal lover (which is one of the reasons I don't eat meat) and I also love forests and mountains that sustain the lives of animals. And I have seen this kind of development many times.

One of the reasons Eric, Emma, and I came to the Valley was because Reston, Va., was becoming completely overdeveloped and it was becoming increasingly unpleasant to live there. Even the nice, completely planned and nicely manicured green spaces in Reston, were being leveled. I will never forget the time a deer went crashing through a plate glass window of a local business. The "deer problem" was all over the local

papers. It was not really a deer problem, was it? It was a people problem.

Even though we are newcomers to the Valley, it breaks my heart to see the devastation done by developers. Perhaps it is because we lived in Northern Virginia and are sensitized to what happens when an area embraces development. Though it was a convenient place to live - a variety of shops close by, wonderful restaurants, great concerts and theater - it was not a happy place. Every event I went to was spoiled by the fact that the crowds were too large, parking was hard to find and too expensive, or by being in traffic for way too long.

Also, though I have experienced some rudeness here, it is nothing like the rudeness of the general population in places where there are just too many people that have too many things to do and their stuff is the most important stuff so get out of their way.

Human animals, like other animals, are not meant to live like that. It wears on us. And as a survival mechanism, we become numb, almost like robots, as we go through our days, stuck in traffic, filing

## Down to Earth

By  
Mollie Bryan



into buses and metro trains, or navigating through overcrowded grocery stores and waiting in that inevitable line. We all need some breathing space.

To my way of thinking, places like Sheetz (in Staunton, off of I81) are not the problem. Let's face it, that strip of 250 businesses has not been pretty for a long time (And Sheetz may just be the best looking building on that highway.) The beautiful part of Staunton is the downtown area - and that is likely to remain so. But when you get out into Stuarts Draft and Waynesboro and see the growing housing developments - where people will be living, cars will be traveling every day, grocery stores will be filling - well, it just takes your breath away. —

## •Field

Continued from page 12

best and the brightest young people must be trained for careers in agriculture."

Dr. Field called the nation's land grant universities and the Extension service, "a gem in our hands." He heralded the work of land grant universities as being in the tradition of Virginia's founding father of agriculture, Thomas Jefferson.

"Jefferson may have envisioned that which created the University of Virginia, but Virginia Tech is the university he meant to create," Dr. Field said.

To be successful, farmers will need to encourage entrepreneurship in their children illustrating the point by saying, "We can build

the bicycle while we're learning to ride it."

In spite of the surge toward consolidation evident in the modern-day economy, Dr. Field said, "The most important brand name in the world is you — You, Inc. — and you are the CEO. The second most important brand name in the world is 'Your Team.' The world depends on you — farmers, ranchers, researchers and students."

"Agriculture stands for something unbelievable in this world," Dr. Field said. "Because of what you do, 150 people will have something to eat and in a greater variety and at any time they want it. American agriculture is one of the greatest miracles in the world." —

## •Walkers

Continued from page 7

couraged me to walk out on so he could photograph me at its end. We did not see the sun again until part way down our descent but the day had been truly exhilarating.

The next day broke sunny and I set off to the Cameddau (caims) on the other side of Llyn Ogwen. The first stretch of this route was sign-posted through the pasture with yellow and black painted stakes. One easy scramble, nothing like Tryfan, and I was on the top of Ben yr Ole Wen where there was a half-full water cistern left for thirsty walkers by the OVMRO (Ogwen Valley Mountain Rescue Organization). The broad ridge extended just a prehistoric cairn to Cameddau Dyffid and on to Cameddau Llewellyn. The views were breathtaking, the sun welcome and the wind moderate. The day was glorious.

One announcement was a helicopter which persistently swooped through the huge cwm (glacial valley) to the northwest and hovered over a top as if about to land. Suddenly I decided it was a rescue chopper taking advantage of this weather to train for a wet run rescue. I welcomed the buzzing as readily as meeting another walker on the ridge. Some time later I saw a jet fighter bomber some 2,000 feet below me flying through the Ogwen Valley and out toward the Irish Sea. Who was it, I thought, to fault the British armed forces training to surprise some threatening invader? I had the greatest luck to have been de-

vised accommodation in the youth hostel in Pen-y-Pass and booked in at the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, choice of North Wales visit.

See WALES, page 17



Water rushing down into Llyn Llydaw (reservoir) on the Miners' Track below Snowdon.

Photo by Mollie Bryan

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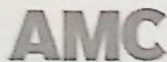
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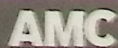
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# Schoolhouse News

## RHS FCCLA recognized at national conference

ANAHEIM, Calif. -- Nine members of the Riverheads High School Family, Career and Community Leaders of America chapter recently returned from the 2001 National Meeting held in Anaheim, Calif. The week-long event, attended by 5,200 youth and adults from across the country, featured workshops, keynote speakers, organizational business, spotlights on chapter projects, and national competition. The meeting theme was "Lights, Camera, Take Action."

Katey Handley, a senior at Riverheads, serves as Virginia First Vice President. While at the national conference, she was a voting delegate, state meeting president, and member of the National Program Training Team. Katey will be working with nine other state officers to organize and lead state functions during the coming school year.

Riverheads chapter members represented Virginia in five STAR Events (Students Taking Action with Recognition). The events emphasize skills learned in family and consumer education classes including character

development, creative and critical thinking, communication, practical knowledge, and vocational preparation. Medals are awarded based on criteria for each event.

Earning a gold medal in the Skills for Life event was Jessica Roadcap. The presentation stressed the planning and communication needed for a quilt-making project for community residents at Blue Ridge Nursing Home. As an Early Childhood Education student, Jessica involved the Riverheads Elementary Head Start class in this project. Jessica will serve as chapter president for the coming school year.

Also earning a gold medal was Emily Glenn and Katie Fravel in the interpersonal communication event, stressing improved personal and team communication for the junior varsity softball team. Both members are rising juniors and officers in the Riverheads chapter.

Carla Snow, a junior, earned a silver medal in the applied technology event. Her computer Powerpoint presentation, related to the national program, STOP the Violence.

Members Leslie Truxell and

Seleina Ayres brought home a silver medal in the Focus on Children event. Their display and presentation centered on the yearly Halloween party, a community service project serving over 150 children.

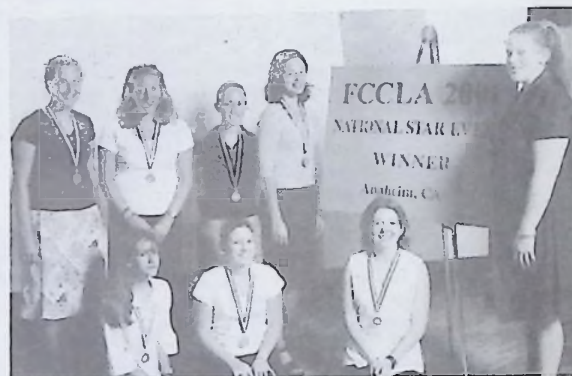
In the chapter service project event Jami Daugherty and Casey Cash were awarded a silver medal for their manual and presentation describing nine community service projects, planned, conducted, and evaluated by the chapter during the 2000-01 school year. Jami also served as a student evaluator in the entrepreneurship event.

The Riverheads chapter delegates joined other meeting participants in making donations to the Make a Wish Foundation, collectively raising over \$2,500 to be used by deserving children and their parents. Special hands-on sessions gave youth members time to address finances and consumerism, fitness and nutrition, community involvement, leadership development, career exploration, and safety in the home, school and community.

In addition to conference events, delegates joined with 200 youth

and adults from Virginia, to see sights nearby in California. Stops included Disneyland, California Adventure, Universal Studios, Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Venice

Beach. Advisers Kelly Thompson and Kathleen Buchanan accompanied the group and served as STAR event evaluators. —



Riverheads FCCLA members display medals which they earned during the 2001 National Leadership Meeting held in Anaheim, Calif. They include, (standing, left to right) Katie Fravel, Casey Cash, Jami Daugherty, Emily Glenn, and Leslie Truxell, and (kneeling, from left) Seleina Ayres, Jessica Roadcap, and Carla Snow.

## Buffalo Gap FFA brings home state awards

BLACKSBURG — Buffalo Gap High School's FFA chapter earned two state team awards at the 75th State FFA Convention held in Blacksburg June 25-28.

Members of the Buffalo Gap FFA chapter placed first in the state Livestock Judging Career Development Contest and Food Science and Technology Contest. The livestock team will compete this fall at the National FFA Convention held in Louisville, Ky. Members of the winning livestock team were Jimmy Crosby, Jami Lyle, Jonathan Riley and Brad Hewitt.

Individually, Jami was third high individual in the contest and Brad was fourth high individual. At the



CROSBY

LYLE

HEWITT

RILEY

national contest they will apply the principles of market grading in order to evaluate classes of market hogs, feeder steers, and slaughter steers according to USDA stan-

dards. They will also evaluate classes of beef, sheep and swine. Each team member will present oral reasons on the selections. One of the event's greatest values is its ability

to develop decision-making skills while increasing the student's exposure to the livestock industry.

The food science team consisted of Elizabeth Fuller, James Ramsey, Tina Wilson and Hock Jones. This team competed at the National FFA Contest and placed seventh overall.

Buffalo Gap FFA was also awarded the top chapter award in the Northern Area in the area of chapter development. Furthermore, Buffalo Gap FFA had four state winning proficiencies. The four state winning proficiency recipients were Emily Curry, diversified livestock; James Ramsey, diversified livestock-placement; Rosalea Riley, poultry production; and Jason Arehart, beef production.

Buffalo Gap FFA also participated in the meats judging contest, horse judging, crops judging, dairy showmanship, dairy judging, and

junior agriculture mechanics. The dairy team of Elizabeth and Audrey Fuller and Zach and Brandon Waldron placed second in the state contest. The meats team of Tina Wilson, Amanda Coyner, Nancy Ramsey and Emily Conroy placed sixth in the state. The horse judging team of Gina Smith, Emily Conroy, Heather Kisamore, and Ashley Simmons placed sixth in the State FFA Contest. The junior agriculture mechanics team of Michael Pileski, Chris Black and Chase Killingsworth placed sixth in the state contest. The crops team of James Ramsey, Jeff and Amanda Campbell and Allen Rawley placed 10th in the state contest. Other Buffalo Gap FFA members who attended the state convention were Kristen Pauley, Jeff Garrett and Tim Shippe. Chapter advisers are Shirley Kaufman and Barry Gray. ---

## Governor's School for Agriculture enrolls 51 for inaugural year

By BETTY JO HAMILTON

BLACKSBURG — Fifty-one of Virginia's best and brightest high school students enrolled this summer in the inaugural year of Virginia's Governor's School for Agriculture.

William Camp, director of the school and a faculty member at Virginia Tech, gave an overview of the new governor's school to attendees at Tech's annual Animal Industry Day held July 13. Tech is

the host site of the state's new governor's school which aims to provide a month-long intensive academic environment for high school students designated as gifted and talented in agriculture.

"This is hands-on, cutting edge scientific instruction," Dr. Camp said of the governor's school. Two high school agriculture teachers serve as full-time faculty for the school and are supplemented by Tech graduate students and seniors. In a unique twist to the state's gov-

ernor school mechanism, Tech faculty volunteered to teach courses for the Governor's School for Agriculture and not draw a salary for their efforts with the program.

Students attending the Governor's School for Agriculture specify a major among four areas of study — animal science, agriculture economics, natural resources and plant sciences. The school's core courses are Introduction to Animal Science, Agriculture

See STUDENTS, page 15

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# Becky gets this teacher re-warped

Ours was a friendship meant to be. Birds, bees, bikes, weaving, spinning and kids.

It started when Lew found a dead banded bluebird and he called the national park (Cuyahoga Valley National Recreation Area near Akron, Ohio) for help. His call led him to us to help him find out about the bird's history since Mark worked in the park and I was a volunteer bander there. When he and his wife, Becky, brought the bird by our house, the business of dealing with documenting the bird almost took a back seat when Becky saw my spinning wheel and loom. She too was a spinner and weaver!

Since that day, Lew has been collecting bluebird nesting data and has become quite a local authority on the birds. He keeps me informed of the trends and his techniques in assisting the bluebird population. Since that day, Becky and I have shared and compared child rearing challenges since we all have become parents of teenagers, AND we have collaborated on many textile projects. She is always coming up with a new idea to try and she is so eager to teach others about it.

For several years after our first meeting, we worked together at Hale Farm and Village, a living history museum in Ohio, where we demonstrated textile preparation processes for the visiting public. We have cleaned, mordanted and dyed fleeces, prepared natural dye baths, spun fibers such as wool, silk, cotton, flax and dog fur, planned displays and projects, warped looms and have woven lots of different types of fabrics.

But between our day-to-day work and child-rearing duties in the ensuing years, we did projects at home too. Becky is an amazingly creative fiber artist who has a degree in graphic design from the University of Akron. She says that most of what she was trained for is done by computer graphics programs now, but she is always experimenting, using her creativity, and drawing upon her formal training when she designs her textiles. Even though we are now separated by 450 miles, our families try to see each other every



## From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

summer. They visit us on their way to Hatteras, and we visit them as an extension to our trip to visit Mark's dad in Marietta. Now during those stolen vacation moments, Becky and I still "get warped" by doing some project together.

Becky's energy level is amazing too. She is always doing something new on her 4-harness floor loom, and she recently purchased a table-top 8-harness loom for her complicated patterns! She spins llama fur for a neighbor, weaves sample projects for her weaving guild, knits with silk during her kids' soccer games, keeps an incredible perennial garden and bee hives and daily she takes care of children in her home besides her own three! What a woman! Each Christmas she sends something new. Felted gingerbread men, woven lavender-linen sachets or a newly designed kitchen towel that she has woven. One summer when they were here, we calculated and warped for some waffle weave towels and I sent her one for Christmas. I was so excited to see it in use on her kitchen counter this summer when we visited.

The year 1985 was a big one for both families. Our daughter Betsy was the first child born in our two families, and in October of that year Becky gave birth to Max. Our families have shared so much — hikes and trips to the park sandwiched between naps, vacations at the beach, picnics in the national forest, biking on the towpath, birthday and holiday celebrations as well as childhood sicknesses and worries over our own health scares. We certainly have the tie that binds. When she was expecting Max, I

wove a room-sized rug for his nursery. Now he's 15 years old, and his room as well as his tastes have changed, but I saw "my" rug in use in her bedroom. Becky, always the encourager and inspirer, got me warped again for rugs two summers ago — this time rugs for my dining room. I'm a little chagrined to



Becky Monegan, right, and Betty Gatewood paint warp threads using acid dyes.

say that project is still on the loom due to some other commitments I've had this year. But one of my summer goals is to work that project off the loom so I can continue with what we did this summer!

This summer I was the student

once again. Becky wanted to weave some bookmarks and found directions that involved using acid dyes. We had both shied away from these nasty sounding chemicals over the years. Natural dyes can be a little tricky when you use chemicals to pre-treat (mordant) or extract non-water soluble dye stuff (indigo preparation requires using lye), but mostly it was a chop, soak, boil, simmer, rinse process. Natural dyes usually produce wonderful soft, earthy colors that can be brilliant, but the bright blues, reds and purples are either from expensive cochineal insects for red or that complicated lye mixture of indigo for blues. We wanted to get the fast, clear, electric colors with chemical dyes so we donned old clothes,

the caustic nature of the dyes and how fine the powder is, she did the weighing and initial mixing inside a box that was lined with wet newspaper. In nine plastic tubs we mixed the powder and I stirred the mixture. We laid out our three yards of 120 chained warp threads for the bookmarks and placed them on our worktable that was prepared with newspapers and plastic wrap. We used paint brushes and sponges for applying the colors.

Even though the dyes were mixed now, we kept our gloves on because the dyes were caustic. The fun part was painting the warp. Becky had done one set already by applying colors at random. This time she decided that she wanted to create a rainbow affect, so she applied the rainbow progression of all colors in a short distance so each bookmark could have as many colors as possible. I played around a little bit with the technique and then followed her lead with the rainbow affect. We painted, exclaimed and had great fun.

When we had the chain painting completed, we covered the project with more plastic wrap, rolled it up and placed it in a plastic grocery bag. This was the "batching" process when the color sets. The batching should be about 24-48 hours. I did my finishing at about 84 hours since we were on the road when the 48 hours were up, but the colors are just brilliant.

Finishing required the gloves and goggles again — rinsing in water, neutralizing and then washing in mild soap.

My project is now hanging to dry in the furnace room and I can't wait to get my rugs off the loom so I can put this project on. It will be a testimonial to trying something new and tricky, but mostly it will be a constant reminder of my admiration for my friend Becky who is always eager to share what she knows. She inspires creativity, encourages experimentation and exhibits meticulous methods to achieve her goals.

Becky is a terrific teacher who just happens to be a textile artist and one of my best friends! She got me back in gear and re-warped this summer! My first bookmark will certainly be for her! —

## Students

Continued from page 14

Economics — The Business Aspect of Science, Introduction to Renewable Resources and Agro-Ecology and Sustainable Development. In addition to two courses in each major, students enroll in technology skills, a computer-based

course and take electives.

According to Dr. Camp, the "heart" of the school curriculum is a group project, with students divided in groups of four or five, to study a specific project. One group in this year's school chose to study beef genetics and reproduction by harvesting an egg from a donor

cow, fertilizing the egg in a petri dish and then implanting it in a recipient cow, following the process step-by-step through its completion. Another group studied the human genome in comparison to other species. The capstone of the event was the presentation of the group research projects at the conclusion of the school.

Students in the governor's school live in a dorm on Virginia Tech's campus and eat in a university dining hall for the duration of the school, much as they would in a college environment. The students are subject to 24-hour adult supervision and are not permitted to leave campus. In addition to their academic instruction, students' time is devoted to seminars, athletics, and movies with some free

See SCHOOL, page 19

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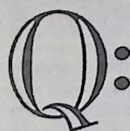
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# The Hitching Post

## Learn the lingo of the riding ring



Can you explain some of the terminology used by riding instructors. I hear terms like "change of rein, diagonals, aids, and transitions." What do they mean?

—Signed, lost in the lingo.

So many times I hear people say that they don't speak "horse" talk. It seems there is a language in the horse industry all its own. New horse enthusiasts struggle with the terms and definitions of some strange and sometimes confusing lingo. Here are some of the basics and my definitions.

**Change of rein** — Riders in the riding ring are on a "left" rein when traveling in a counterclockwise direction. The left rein is also the "inside" rein. Consider the riding ring a big circle. The left rein is inside when moving in a counterclockwise direction. It is also an active rein in the corners. Hence the term on a "left" rein. To change a rein riders

must reverse direction either by riding on a diagonal line (half of a figure eight) or simply reversing direction. Traveling in a clockwise direction puts the rider on a "right" rein.

**Schooling movements** — These are patterns that riders use in a riding ring to work the horse. They provide direction and help keep the peace when more than one rider is in the ring. Some examples of schooling movements are figure eights, circles, serpentines, and change of reins.

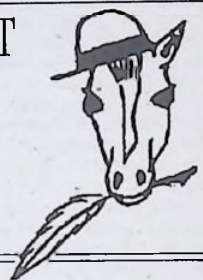
**Diagonals** — This term usually refers to the horse's movement at the trot. The horse's legs travel in diagonal pairs. The left front and right rear move together as do the

right front and left rear. This creates the two beats when the hooves hit the ground. (One beat is the left front and right rear diagonal working together and the second beat is the right front and left rear hitting the ground together.) English riders are asked to "post" to one of these diagonal pairs of legs depending upon which direction they are traveling.

**Post** — English riders are often asked to post at the trot. This refers to the rider moving in and out of the saddle with a diagonal pair of the horse's legs. For example: if the horse is traveling in a clockwise direction then the rider should be posting with the outside or left shoulder of the horse. As the shoulder moves forward the rider comes up out of the saddle. As the shoulder comes back the rider sits down. This takes time to learn but helps the rider maintain better balance. The trot can be rather bouncy and learning to post helps many riders stay with the movements of the horse.

**Aids** — There are five natural aids used in horseback riding. They are used to influence the movements of the horse. The five natural aids are leg, seat, hands, voice, and balance. The rider uses these aids in different ways to

I.B. HOOFINIT  
From  
the  
Horse's Mouth



communicate to the horse.

**Transitions** — This is the change of gaits. When a horse walks and is then asked to trot it performs a transition from one gait to the other, in this case from the walk to the trot. Instructors like to see transitions that are smooth reflecting the horse's obedience to command.

These are just a few basic terms used in the riding ring. Learning some

of the terminology of horsemanship is an important part of understanding the instructor. If the instructor asks for an exercise that the rider does not understand then the rider should ask the instructor to explain. Take it From the Horse's Mouth, learning the lingo is like speaking a foreign language. After a while it becomes your "second" tongue. —

*I.B. Hoofinit is a fictitious horse character developed by Chris Marrs as a service to teach horse care. Questions to I.B. Hoofinit may be submitted to P.O. Box 136, Greenville, Va. 24440. Questions become the property of Chris Marrs, and answers are subject to editor approval.*

*Information provided in this column is meant to be taken as general advice. Each horse, rider, owner, and situation reflects different problems. I.B.'s answers are meant to be informative and enjoyable, but not binding. Common sense in any situation is a must.*

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## •Conowingo

Continued from page 9

getting close to 6 p.m. and there appeared to be an ever widening chasm between us and home.

I kept trying to make an effort to head west across Maryland but every road I took seemed to steer me back north into Pennsylvania. We were traveling on U.S. Route 1 which heads directly into Baltimore. Choices for direction of travel were becoming fewer and fewer with two notable exceptions — take Interstate 95 which swings east of Baltimore, then hit the Washington Beltway traveling around to Interstate 66 then on to I-81 or take the Baltimore Beltway swinging around to Interstate 70 toward Frederick then work our way down to I-81.

At this point my father morphed from traveling companion to passenger. One, he wanted to know when we were stopping for dinner, and two, he informed me the battery in his hearing aid had gone dead. Before long I found myself traveling east toward I-95 and was almost resigned to taking that route. Mind you this was the 12th hour of our world tour of southeastern-Pennsylvania-northeastern-Maryland.

"I'm not doing this," I announced

to my passenger. "I am not taking 95 south. That's jungle driving and I just can't do it." I got turned back in a westerly direction still hoping to find the southwest passage to the Shenandoah Valley. I mean really, all those German and Scots-Irish immigrants found it so many years ago, why couldn't I? And I had several maps too. Eventually we came to a fork and had the choice of going to Baltimore or Philadelphia. I asked my passenger which he preferred. He chose Baltimore.

In a few minutes I found myself on the 695 around Baltimore which is basically four or five lanes of traffic moving in opposite directions. The posted speed limit is 55 miles per hour. I was going 75 and traffic was moving around me like I was sitting still. Baltimore's beltway is bounded by towering concrete sound barriers which makes it the equivalent of driving in a macademized trench. There's nothing to see but the concrete sound barriers and the road in front of you and it's probably a good thing — one doesn't need too many distractions traveling 75 miles per hour with others going even faster.

Moving at this alarming rate of

speed it wasn't long before we were launched out onto I-70 and were headed west toward Frederick, Md. We had left the beautiful farmland of Lancaster behind but found ourselves traveling through some very pretty horse country in northern Maryland.

My father again asked for food as we approached Charles Town, W.Va. Despite the fact that his eyes sparkled with a distinctive Donner Party glint, I wouldn't stop based on the principle that it was, after all, West Virginia. I asked him if he could hold out until we got back to I-81 and were once again within the borders of Virginia before we stopped to eat.

We crossed the mighty Potomac at Harpers Ferry then the mouth of the Shenandoah River at Bolivar. Finally... finally... we meandered back to I-81 and even though I wasn't particularly hungry, I was happy to stop the car at Stephen's City for gas, food and a bathroom break.

By this time we had ticked off the 13th hour of our trip and I really... really... just wanted to be home, but I knew I still had a two-hour drive ahead of me. At 9:30 p.m. my car rolled to a stop outside my home bringing to an end the 15 1/2-hour

World Tour of southeastern-Pennsylvania-northeastern-Maryland-West Virginia's-eastern-panhandle-northern Virginia having traveled some 580 miles round trip.

As for the hay elevator, I called the Amish farmer on Tuesday. His wife answered the phone. She said her husband wasn't in the house, but she would get him to the phone. There was a silence, I heard a door open, then a dinnerbell began to ring outside — the Amish equivalent of a pager — and before long the farmer was on the phone with me.

## •Wales

Continued from page 13

tors from as early as the 1840s. My room was Number 7 appropriately named Tryfan, my first summit. That night I enjoyed the most delicious lamb dinner of the trip and a pint of tasty Welsh Bitter. The guest book my gracious hostess generously let me peruse began with 1,854 entries.

Walkers included accounts of glissading — seeing haloed shadows of their heads cast on clouds far below — newspaper clippings like the one noting his 210th ascent of Snowdon, this time with two sons aged 9 and 11. Another walker related his 16-hour romp up Snowdon, the Glydders, and other peaks totaling 33 miles and total ascents of about 14,000(!) feet. One 1950 entry announced climbing the highest peaks in Scotland, England and Wales — Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike, and Snowdon — in 21 hours and 15 minutes (about 4 hours allowed for eating). The car was a Mark VII Jaguar. Many entries noted dinner meetings of school and walker clubs, gatherings of several expeditions, various reunions including that of the MacClesfield Rum Doodle Expedition of 1992!

The English brought mountaineering to Wales from Switzerland. From the beginning of this guest

"Do you still have the elevator?" I asked.

"Yah," he said.

"Will you take \$600 for it?"

"Yah," he said.

"I'll call you back and make arrangements to have it picked up," I said, thanked him and proceeded to make arrangements to get the elevator moved from Honey Brook, P-A to Middlebrook, V-A.

As for the tractors I looked at, I'm seriously considering another World Tour of P-A to look some more. I can't help myself. It's genetic, I guess. —

book, climbers entered detailed, pitch-by-pitch descriptions (sometimes with drawings) of numerous new climbing routes.

By 1900 the Climbers Club had been founded at the hotel which soon became the center of Alpine mountaineering in Great Britain. I found three entries connected with the 1953 Hillary-Tensing Everest ascent: expedition members came to test their oxygen equipment in January; the guests gathered in the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel to toast the Coronation; toasted one hour and four minutes later news of the Everest triumph; and on page 246 the signatures of expedition leader Hunt, Hillary, and 10 other expedition members.

The weather did not favor my last day in Wales, the one I had saved for my classic circuit ascent of Yr Wyddfa. A grand, friendly retired climber at the hotel said it all: "You just ignore the weather." I did restrict my route to the two well-traveled paths: up the Pyg Track and down the Miner's Track. I was not the only one to be out in that weather: there were duos, trios, families, school groups, and even one large group of far easterners all in identical camouflage outfits chanting in their native tongue, dogs but no pigs, nor miners. The cog railroad brought non-pedestrians dry to the cloud enveloped summit café where they mingled with us sopping walkers.

Below the clouds again I was alone on the Miners' Track passing the ruins of the miners' dormitories and the copper ore-crushing mill thinking to myself of Welshmen's lifetimes spent there in that kind of weather. I thought of how differently we experienced the rainy clouds, the steep rocky, green mountain walls streaked with falling and roaring white streams. —

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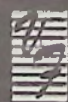


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# Country Crossroads

## Reflecting pool reflections

July 2001

Dear Maude,

Well, I am happy to be able to report that our honorable representatives here in Washington have settled down and are concentrating on their gentlemanly skills. Or, at least they seem to be trying a little harder. There still can be heard words mumbled and hissed, but not such as we had last month. Perhaps the Independence Day recess helped settle their nerves.

It was nice to have Congress out of town for a while, even if it was only for a short time. And we were doubly fortunate, for the boss went away during the recess also! His wife began calling before the end of June to check with him on some special trip she wanted to take. He really did not have much choice in the matter, for he has been so busy at hearings and fundraisers and more hearings and more fundraisers that their time together lately has been limited. Shuffling through a stack of papers, with the phone held between shoulder and ear, we heard him say, "Yes, dear, whatever you wish..." There was no indication that he ever took his eyes off what he was reading. A day or two later he was heard saying, "Walking shoes? Sure, if you think so." Turn over the letter from the client containing more concerns about the appropriations bill. "Yes, dear. Take care of whatever it is." ("Now where is that testimony from the law firm down the hall?" he thinks to himself.) "What? No, no, I have no time to shop, you do it for me."

Here in the office we have to deal with him on a regular basis when his nose is buried in a stack of paper and we have learned that those are the perfect times for a coffee break. Sometimes when we come back we get his attention. We now suspect that his wife knew his attention habits, and took advantage of the situation. On the last day, we asked him where they were going for their week away from town. He did look a bit caught off guard, and replied that he was not exactly sure. It was something his wife had been wanting to do for a long time and had made all the arrangements herself. "It has something to do with

bird watching and hiking and the like. I will have to call and let you know how to reach me as soon as I get there. My wife has all that information," he told us.

A whole week went by and we did not hear a word from him. Quite frankly we were more than worried. He is not the type of person who can stand not to be in touch with the office less than 10 times a day.

Smart lady, his wife. She decided in celebration of our nation's independence, he needed a little independence from the office and carted him off to a very deserted mountain lodge. There was no telephone in the room. There was no radio or television. No newspapers. There was no clock. But of course he was there with his trusty cell phone, and felt a bit smug at first until he tried to use it only to find that there was no service within miles. The manager had a telephone in his office for emergencies. Its use was not encouraged.

What a state he was in when he returned to the office the following Monday morning. "What has been going on since I left!" came out of his mouth before the door was fully open.

"Not much," we replied.

"What do you mean, 'not much!'?" he quipped back. How could he have been away for a week, trapped in the wilderness, with absolutely no contact with IMPORTANT events and "not much" have happened!!

"Well, there was a lot of noise about Representative Condit and his connection to the young intern who has disappeared."

"I knew all about that before I left," he grumbled.

"Oh, well, then there is word going around about the possibility that Torricelli will leave the Hill and just go downtown to be a lobbyist and make lots of money." This statement brought a grunt of sorts. Obviously it was not good news. He had not heard much about that and one more ex-member of Congress in the lobbying sector meant more competition for clients.

"Your mail is sorted and waiting on your desk," his personal secretary said as she brought him a steaming cup of coffee.

"Forget the mail! Surely something important happened while I was gone!"

By then it was my turn to volunteer some little bit of gossip, for really nothing had happened while he was gone.

We all were searching our brains, trying to remember something that would make him feel that he truly had been missed and that it was only a minor miracle that the city had survived without him. The only thing I could come up with was, "The photographers and periodical press reporters are all up in arms because they are loosing their office space on the third floor of the Capitol to make more room for the Secretary of the Senate," I volunteered. "Oh, and there are some interesting fundraisers coming up. I put the information on your desk."

That got his attention. Those reporters, whom he never realized were up there on the third floor did not interest him at all, but there was something special about little notes from members of congress asking for a little monetary help with their upcoming campaigns. Things were back to normal. People wanted money. "Oh, and it looks as if the House is going to concentrate on three of those appropriations bills that you are interested in by the end of this month. They want to get them ready for conference before the August recess." That brought a slight smile back to his face. Billable hours, perhaps?

Into the pile of papers on his desk he plunged. Oh yes, there they were, all those invitations. All those concerned letters from his clients. All those lunches and dinners to be planned. We are now back to normal. The phone rang. It was his wife. He put down what he was reading and paid very close attention to whatever it was she was saying.

Today I may even have to go out and buy myself a new frock, and then the boss will be certain that things are just as they have always been!

Love to everyone at home,  
LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

## Easier -- and better -- blueberry muffins

This is prime blueberry season. If you have a stand-alone freezer, be sure to buy several pints of blueberries for freezing. There are many wonderful blueberry recipes that you can make year-round if you plan ahead by growing or buying and freezing this fruit in season. When choosing containers of blueberries that are in good shape, make sure no juice is visible - a tell-tale sign that some of the berries have been squished.

It is not difficult to freeze blueberries. Simply place the plastic pint container that they come in into a freezer bag that just fits around it so that there is not much air space. (Air dries out frozen food so you want to minimize how much there is.) When you are ready to use the blueberries, that is the time to look through them for stems and crushed fruit. Rinse them off with cold water in a colander so the water can drain. Now you are ready to make something delicious!

The following is a recipe that I modified from a Betty Crocker cookbook. In order to save time and to use up an entire pint of fro-

zen blueberries, I have doubled the basic recipe and I have added more frozen blueberries than the original recipe called for. Betty Crocker suggests that the blueberries need to be thawed, but they do not. These blueberry muffins have a light, airy texture, are attractive to behold, and they freeze wonderfully.

### (24) Sweet

#### Blueberry Muffins

Pour one pint of frozen blueberries into a colander, a few berries at a time so that you can sort through them for stems, leaves and bruised fruit as you go along. Rinse the berries with cold water, give the colander a shake to distribute berries so they can drain well, and continue with the recipe.

Place 24 paper baking-cups into two 12-hole cupcake pans. (This is easier than greasing!)

In a large mixing bowl (a bowl that has steep sides), mix together with a spoonula or large mixing spoon:

3 cups all-purpose flour  
1 cup granulated white sugar

4 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

In a two-cup measuring glass, measure:

1 cup milk (non-fat milk makes a lower-fat muffin)

1/2 cup vegetable oil  
(a canola/corn oil blend is healthier than just corn or vegetable oil)

2 large eggs

Using a fork or a whisk, blend the liquid ingredients, making sure that the egg yolks are broken and mixed in well. Pour the liquid mixture into the dry ingredients and combine well. (Note: Muffin recipes always tell you to mix "just until flour is moistened. Batter should be lumpy." Do not believe it! If the batter is lumpy, you will find bits of dry flour in your finished muffins. Disregard this misinformation that continues to get perpetuated by people whom you would expect to know better. The batter should be smooth and well mixed.)

Be sure the oven rack is in the middle position and start heating the oven to 400 degrees, unless you are using dark-metal pans.

## Cooking made easy

By Marlene Condon



These pans require lower cooking temperatures to avoid overcooking, so set the oven to 350 degrees if you're using the dark pans. (Note: The information that comes with these pans says to lower the temperature by only 25 degrees, but that is not enough.)

With a large mixing spoon, fold in the drained frozen blueberries gently to minimize squishing berries. Try to distribute the blueberries evenly throughout the batter. Using an ice cream scoop, place one scoop of batter into each paper cup. Try to fill each cup to about the same level. (They should be about 1/2-3/4s full; any leftover batter should be

added to the less-full cups.)

Optional: For a professional look, sprinkle a little less than 1 tsp. sparkling white sugar on top of each muffin cup of batter. This special sugar that can be bought through mail-order baking catalogs does not melt.

Place both pans of batter into the oven and bake for 20 to 25 minutes, or until tops of muffins are lightly browned and spring back when lightly touched with a finger. Remove from pans and place muffins on a wire rack. Eat fresh or let cool completely before wrapping and freezing. —



# Stewart students combine language skills with science to win state poetry contest

By BETTY GATEWOOD

FORT DEFIANCE — Some talented seventh grade students at S. Gordon Stewart Middle School have become published this year. State winners from the 2001 International River of Words Environmental Art and Poetry contest were Ryan Bugas, Laura Cline, Robyn Hawkins, Alison McCue, and Kristen Swanson. Winning entries for Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's Spring, 2001 Classroom Birdscope newsletter came from Brittany Blackwell, Holly Clark, Laura Cline, Jacob McCallister, Samantha Phillips, Luella Russo and Lynita Tice. The seventh grade science standards of learning concentrate on environmental stewardship. These two opportunities provided a creative avenue for students to exhibit their learning, emotions and perceptions about their little part of the environment.

Language arts teacher Diane Wymer and I guided our students to enter the International River of Words Environmental Art and Poetry Contest last fall. Four of our students won, plus we had a winner from another team who entered with us. I gave them the forms and the mindset (of being good stewards in our watershed) and Diane gave them help with syntax and poetry pointers. M.J. Wisman, Ryan Bugas' language arts teacher, gave him some hints in preparation for final submission. In late May, we were notified that

five of our entries won and the awards ceremony would be in Richmond at the Library of Virginia on May 30. I traveled to Richmond that morning and met up with four of the winners who were able to attend the ceremony with their parents. They were then invited to participate in myriad science and environmental activities in Richmond for the rest of the day. I was so proud of their accomplishments and especially pleased since it was

third. Following is Ryan's first place poem, but to see all the winning poems and artworks, visit this website: [http://www.snr.state.va.us/2001\\_river\\_of\\_words\\_awards.htm](http://www.snr.state.va.us/2001_river_of_words_awards.htm).

The focus of Diane's and my team last year was birds, and we called ourselves the AVES team. The term "AVES" is a double-play on words — it stood for Adventure Seekers and aves is the Latin words for birds. We did a lot of adventuring last year!

YuLee Larner came and shared some wonderful observation and record keeping information with us; we dissected a chicken and scraped its bones to be mounted for a poster; we graphed feather counts on 12 species of birds; we charted migration routes; we researched 50+ birds and made field guide pages for each — and we kept a feeding station.

Data from our feeder counts each week in the winter provided great opportunities for students "to get up close and personal" with our avian friends who just happen to be amazing environmental quality indicators. We entered the data on the website and then students could draw conclusions about weather, temperature, feed types, the species that visited and which species visited most often.

As a result of our involvement with Classroom FeederWatch, we were invited to submit articles, puzzles, poems and artwork for the spring issue of Classroom Birdscope, the newsletter of Classroom FeederWatch. We were so excited when seven of our teammates' works were chosen to be published. A combined article by Laura Cline, Luella Russo, Samantha Phillips and Holly Clark summarized our team's avian activities this year. Lynita Tice's bird word search provided a favorite puzzle challenge. Brittany Blackwell's beautiful hummingbird illustration graced a corner of

## Bird watching

By JACOB McCALLISTER

As we sit in our class  
We see the birds land on the grass

And then a car comes motoring by  
That's when they decide to fly

Then they go high in the sky  
Up, up higher than high

After all is calm on the ground  
That's when they come back down

Eating, cracking with their beaks  
We all look over to get a peek

So, now when you hear a melody  
Look over, you might see a chickadee

the third year I've had winners and the second year for two of my students to win! You'll see that S. Gordon Stewart Middle School is well represented!

Ryan is a two-time first-place winner, Kristen (who also won last year), Alison and Robyn tied for second place, and Laura placed

SEVENTH GRADE — Virginia River of Words Environmental Poetry Contest, First Place

## W.A.V.E

(The Watershed is an Asset to a Vital Environment)

By RYAN BUGAS

Whoosh...crash...hiss...whoosh...crash...hiss  
Ancient ocean waves pound upon a deserted beach  
Whoosh...whoosh...whoosh...whoosh  
An abundance of life flows with the tides  
Crash...crash...crash...crash  
From fish, to shells, to even a grain of sand —  
everything is interconnected

Hiss...hiss...hiss...hiss  
All elements of biodiversity are represented here  
Aquatic life from many different places interact among each other here  
The ocean shows a reflection —  
but in a different way that you or I could ever imagine  
It shows you how you've treated it, cared for it.  
It shows you the future —

what you need to do is help it before it is too late  
From jellyfish to tiny microinvertebrates —  
they all share the same habitat — the waters of life

From 100 miles away, to one mile nearby  
Everything you do has an effect on the watershed  
The watershed is a gift  
We should use it to our benefit, not abuse it  
We should realize that this is all we have and care for it  
No matter where you live, whether it be Staunton or Virginia Beach  
Whether you are a farmer or a doctor  
We all have an effect on the watershed  
Whoosh...whoosh...whoosh...whoosh  
The tide is flowing out  
Taking with it, the scars and the healed wounds of the day  
Hiss...hiss  
The cycle of nature continues throughout the night  
With it, treasures embedded permanently within  
Boom!!!  
The wave has crashed.

a page and Jacob McCallister's poem that appears here, illustrated our experiences in feeding the birds during the year.

We hope that these experiences made the students proud of their hard work and that they appreciate

that these publishing venues will help hone their skills as writers, poets and artists. Most importantly, we hope that these experiences reinforced the importance of being good observers and citizens of the environment. —



AVES team students Kris Showalter, Sonny Hostetter, Brittany Blackwell and Will Davis tend bird feeders at Stewart Middle School as part of Cornell University's Classroom FeederWatch program.

Photo by Betty Gatewood

## •School

Continued from page 15

time allowed for other interests. According to Dr. Camp, the application process to the Governor's School for Agriculture begins in October with nominations made by individual schools which designate students as gifted and talented in agriculture. Each school sets its own standards to determine which students fall into the category of gifted and talented in agriculture. Applications are due in mid-February and the Virginia Department of

Education selects individuals to attend the school. Invitations to attend are extended in May with commitments from students due in early June. For the 2001 term of the governor's school, 76 students were nominated, 56 were officially accepted to the program, 53 students committed to attend and 51 students registered July 8 when the school opened. The program is open to rising juniors and seniors.

Funding for Virginia's Governor's School for Agriculture comes from the General Assembly

and the Virginia Department of Education. Start-up costs for the 2001 term were put forward by Virginia Tech's College of Agriculture and Life Sciences. A number of corporate sponsors provided caps, T-shirts and insulated water bottles to students who participated in this year's school.

The school has openings for 100 students to enroll in the program. Interested high school students should ask their school's guidance counselor or agriculture instructor for information about the program. —

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# A.I.: Spielberg stumbles in Kubrick's shoes

"A love story, a fairy tale, a prophecy" is how the television ads describe *A.I.*, Steven Spielberg's attempt to finish the last movie project of the late Stanley Kubrick. I might add "incomprehensible" to the movie's list of descriptive phrases. The edgy, provocative Kubrick, who gave us *2001: A Space Odyssey* and *A Clockwork Orange*, must be turning over in his grave. I'm not sure what Kubrick wanted but I'd bet it isn't what is currently playing at the Bijou.

The story takes place in the future, after greenhouse gases have melted the polar ice cap and hundreds of millions have died in the Third World. Because food and resources are scarce, only a select few are permitted to procreate. Technology has produced all variety of robots to perform different tasks in the human world. As the movie opens, Dr. Hobby (John Hurt: *The Big Chill*, *Body Heat*, *The Accidental Tourist*) has developed a "mecha," an artificially intelligent robot capable of loving a human being, or "orga" in the hopes of cashing in on all those childless couples in need of a little person to love.

Grieving Monica (Frances O'Connor: *Bedazzled*) and Henry Swinton (Sam Robards - Jason and Lauren's son - *American Beauty*, *Maximum Bob*) are chosen as the

parents of mecha David. It's a poor choice. The Swintons only son lies in a cryo-coma, near death. That Monica is vulnerable is an understatement. Husband Henry brings David (Haley Joel Osment: *The Sixth Sense*, *Pay it Forward*, *Forrest Gump*) home with instructions for imprinting. When Monica is ready to make a commitment to David, she follows a series of commands that will imprint her - and only her - on David's artificial intelligence. There is a caveat. Should Monica and Henry decide they don't want David anymore, the little robot will have to be destroyed because the imprinting is permanent. The first part of the movie is entertaining as Monica cautiously gets to know David before she takes the final step. Interesting questions about humanity, life, the nature of love, and, later, jealousy and sibling rivalry are raised. When Martin (Jake Thomas: *TV's Third Rock*, *Touched by an Angel*), the Swinton's son, miraculously recovers and returns home to a new and much cuter "brother" and begins to deceive the innocent mecha, it calls into question the whole nature vs. nurture argument.

Little Martin puts the unsuspecting David up to all kinds of things and takes special delight in having his mother read the fairy tale Pinocchio to them. Things seem to

be going fairly well until a harrowing event at the swimming pool convinces Monica and Henry that David cannot stay. Unable to have him destroyed, however, Monica leaves David in the woods with money and instructions to stay away from the "flesh farms." Osment is at his best in this part of the movie, capturing every child's nightmare of being abandoned by his mother or of being lost in a deep dark place unable to find the way home.

Okay, so much for the love story; on to the fairy tale.

Left alone, David remembers that a Blue Fairy made Pinocchio into a real boy and reasons that she will do the same for him. As he sets off in search of the Blue Fairy he meets Gigolo Joe (Jude Law: *Enemy at the Gate*, *The Talented Mr. Ripley*), a mecha programmed to satisfy needy orga women. Law does a great job as a machine programmed for seduction, who can at will dance like Fred Astaire or with a snap of his head play Tony Bennett tunes. Framed for murder, Joe is on the run when he and David get caught up in a robot sweep. The two end up a flesh farm run by a fundamentalist Luddite who has a thing against robots. In a Gladiator-style scene, robots are ripped to pieces for the enjoyment of the human crowd. David, pos-

sessing artificial intelligence, is naturally terrified and his semblance of humanity ultimately saves him from a bad end.

The two continue their search for the Blue Fairy after they escape the flesh farm. Gigolo Joe suggests a visit to Rouge City, a city filled with women. To facilitate their search, Joe and David visit Dr. Know, a Wizard of Oz-like computer who, for a fee, provides binomial answers to their questions. He/it points them in the direction of Manhattan and the lion that weeps.

The story doesn't end here. In his quest to become a real boy so that his mother will love him, David comes face to face with his creator, Dr. Hobby. Just when the story could delve into what makes each of us "one of a kind" the movie starts to have a close encounter with a third kind. So what's the prophecy of *A.I.*? If you go to the movie you will waste your time and money. *A.I.* is beyond bizarre. It tries to do too many things, include too many concepts, at the expense of substance. Visually it is interesting, at least at the beginning.

Spielberg (*Schindler's List*, *E.T.*, *The Color of Purple*) manages to capture that mechanical clarity and sterility of Kubrick's classics. Unfortunately, he also manages to lose it. Worse, however, is the way he



Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

plays fast and loose with themes. Is this a story about love and humanity? Is it a study in what makes us special and unique? Is this a futuristic Pinocchio? Is it the story of man versus the machine? Or is it just Steven Spielberg run amok? If I haven't convinced you yet to skip *A.I.* let me warn you not to take the kids. It is not warm and fuzzy. Even though Haley Joel Osment is adorable and a cute; even though a talking Teddy Bear faithfully follows him everywhere; even though Spielberg attempts a happy ending (albeit a twisted happy ending), *A.I.* is strange and intense. When the lights came up in the theater, Hannah and her mom looked at each other and said, "Huh?" Hannah's Mom gives *A.I.* one-half of a banana. Rated PG-13 for some violence and hints of sensuality. —

## Train

Continued from page 3

As a retiree, Glenn has enjoyed having a project to keep him busy. "A lot of us retired people want to do something but we don't want something where we have to think too much. So they just tell me what to do here. This train is all a part of what makes the park and everybody in this group has been making his own contribution whatever little that might be," he said of his own work.

"I think I can. I think I can."

Of course a track without a train is not good for much, so Linden Walters and Jack True headed up work in that department. "We ba-

sically rebuilt the whole thing," Linden said of the engine. "We overhauled the fluid clutch; it had a bad carburetor, a bad fuel pump, the generator was broken and the vacuum pump was falling off."

Working on a 52-year-old engine presented some unique problems. "The biggest challenge was finding parts. I found a gentleman in Harrisonburg, Willie Davis, who knows these engines inside and out and he was familiar with them and knew where to dig up parts. We talked on the phone for many hours," said Linden.

"I think I can. I think I can."

While some members of the Gypsy Express crew were worry-

ing about the inside of the engine, others were worrying about the outside. "It is newly painted," said Harold of the shiny engine. "The colors are called a Sante Fe warbonnet; it's red and yellow with the basic silver color for the body."

The train's shiny new look has certainly impressed 9 1/2-year-old Joshua Drega who, together with his parents, has helped with the project. "I rode on this train when I was two and I have a model train myself," he said. "I have a learned a lot about trains, but the most fun was riding on the float in the Fourth of July parade," he said. The newly refurbished engine was put on the float for the parade.

As July ticked down, the activity on the train site reached a frenzy with volunteers putting finishing touches on a dozen different projects. Grass seed was planted, ticket counters were built, railroad whistles were ordered. A volunteer was taking pictures for a scrapbook and a video is being produced. "If it wasn't for the help of so many people loaning us equipment and materials we couldn't have done this. We owe them a debt of gratitude. And the City of Staunton has been very helpful as well as city council," said Harold as he surveyed the busy scene.

Although the big task is nearly finished, Gypsy Express will still exist to run the train. Staunton owns

it, but the non-profit group will lease it, operate it and maintain it.

The long hours and unique challenges will pay off in August when the train is running again. "This park was my stomping ground when I was a kid," said Linden. "The fun part is going to be when we see the kids — the real old ones and the young ones — riding the train. That's what it's all about."

The Gypsy Express project will culminate 3 p.m., Aug. 5 with a grand opening and unveiling of the park's completely refurbished miniature railroad. As this volunteer production prepares for the final act, it is clear that the Little Engine that Could has topped the mountain.

"I know I can. I know I can." —

## 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.



Aug. 6, 1959 — A bucket survey showed that thunderstorms dropped 16.70 inches of rain on parts of Decatur County, Iowa. The total was accepted as Iowa's 24 hour rainfall record.

Aug. 16, 1777 — The Battle of Bennington, delayed a day by rain, was fought. The rain delayed British reinforcements, and allowed the Vermont Militia to arrive in time, enabling the Ameri-

cans to win a victory by defeating two enemy forces, one at a time.

Aug. 25, 1885 — A severe hurricane struck South Carolina causing \$1.3 million damage at Charleston.

Sept. 5, 1950 — Hurricane Easy produced the greatest 24-hour rainfall in U.S. weather records. The hurricane deluged Yankeetown, on the upper west coast of Florida, with 38.7 inches of rain.

Sept. 22, 1890 — A severe hailstorm struck Strawberry, Ariz. Five days after the storm hail still lay in drifts 12-18 inches deep. ---



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