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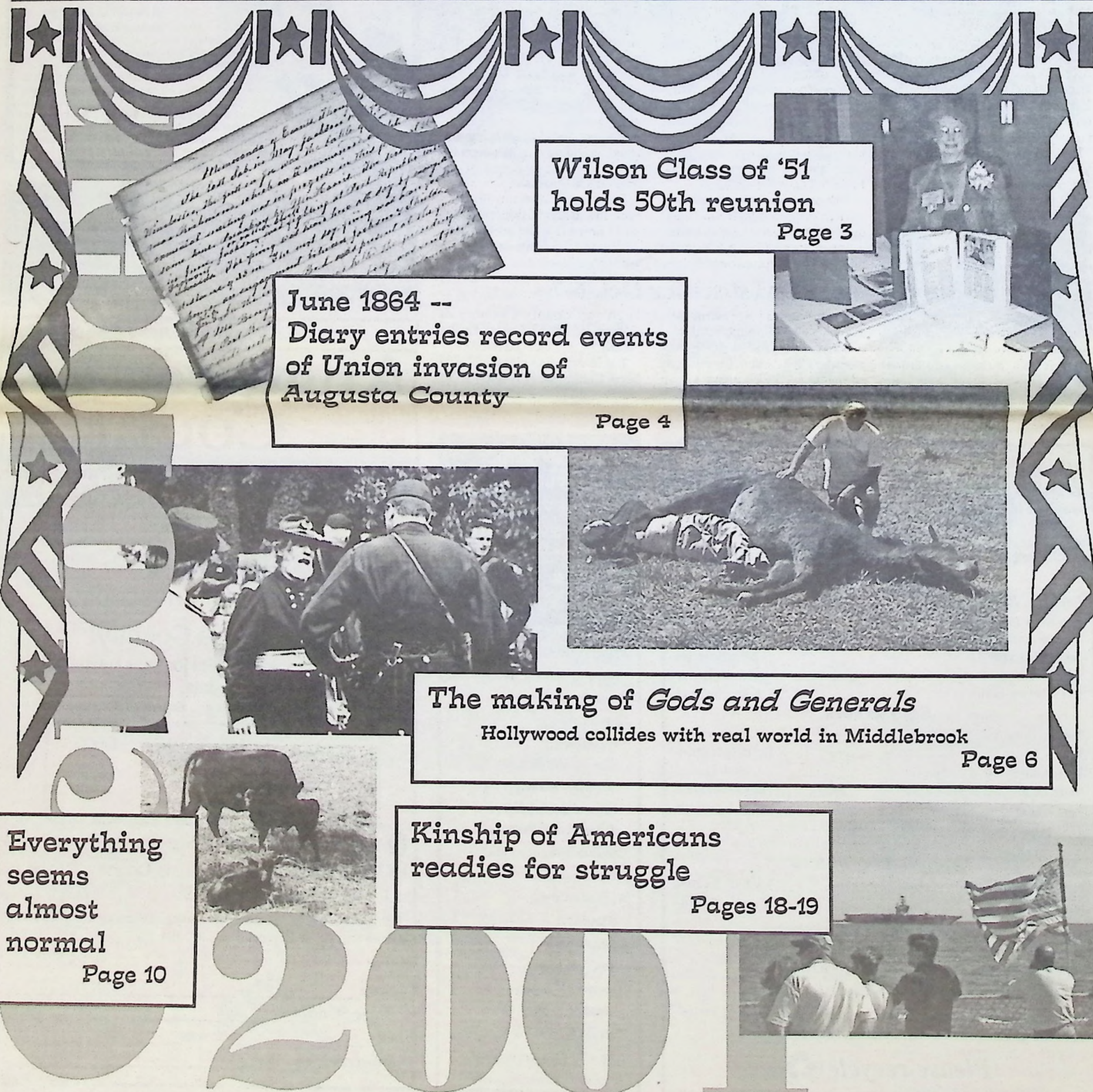
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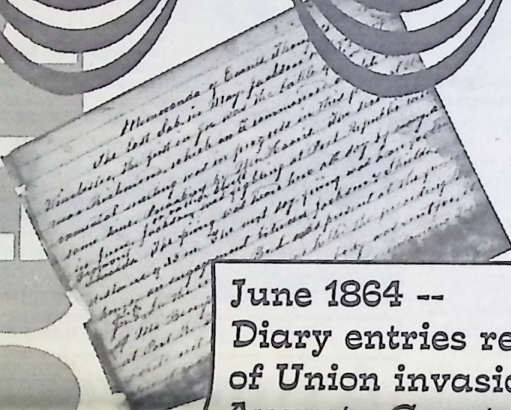
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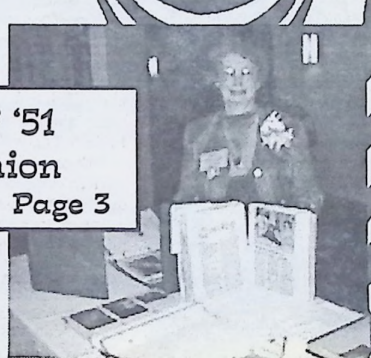
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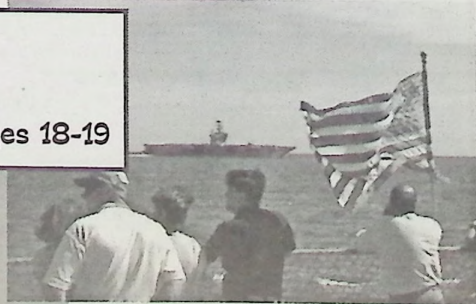
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Hollywood collides with real world in Middlebrook

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Everything
seems
almost
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Kinship of Americans
readies for struggle

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'Living Legend' Stanley to be centerstage at Ferrum festival

Ferrum College is the site for the 27th annual Blue Ridge Folklife Festival, to be held Oct. 27, rain or shine, on the campus of Ferrum College. The festival will begin at 10 a.m. and run until 5 p.m.

This year's featured musical guest will be Dr. Ralph Stanley, the 74-year-old "Living Legend" of bluegrass music. Stanley is a six-time Grammy nominee, and it is widely speculated that he will pick up another nomination this year for his performance on the *Oh Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack. He is the only bluegrass artist included on American Century, the new compilation album produced for "The American Century" exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. In 2000, the Library of Congress awarded Stanley the "Living Legend" medal, and country music bestowed on him its greatest honor, inducting him into the Grand Ole

Opry. Stanley was born in 1927 in the Clinch Mountains of Southwest Virginia. As a member of the Appalachian College Association, one responsibility of Ferrum College is to promote and preserve the Appalachian heritage.

The Blue Ridge Institute and Farm Museum, located on the Ferrum College campus, is the State Center for Blue Ridge Folklore and is a popular tourist attraction for those seeking the arts and crafts of the Virginia Appalachian region. Roddy Moore, the BRI's director, is one of the commonwealth's leading experts on Blue Ridge and Appalachian heritage. It was Moore who created and maintains the integrity of the Folklife Festival each year.

"All of the more than 50 artisans who demonstrate their crafts and quilts at this festival are authentic to this region and stay true to the time period. The music on all three

stages also holds true to the performance style demonstrated. Even the food is authentic to this region; you won't find any hot dogs or cotton candy at the festival. We have biscuits, black pot chicken, ham sandwiches, and all the good home-cookin' that was around long before fast food," explains Moore.

The coon dog events and judgments are two of the most popular events at the festival. Starting around noon, the Virginia State Championship Coon Dog Water Race begins at Adams Lake, located in the center of campus. There are also sheep-herding demonstrations and mule-jumping contests. Providing entertainment for the entire family is one of the festival's hallmarks.

For more information, contact the Blue Ridge Institute and Farm Museum at 540-365-4416 or visit the website at www.blueridgeinstitute.org.

Highland's Hands and Harvest set for Oct. 6-7

MONTEREY -- Highland County's Hands and Harvest Festival is slated for Oct. 6-7.

The festival includes an antique and classic car parade, arts and crafts show, farmers' market, old-fashioned country auction, a book sale, flea market, and barbecue among other events. Local craft

shops and galleries will extend their shopping hours through Sunday.

Entertainment will include clogging and a live concert. Concessions on the Monterey courthouse lawn include pork barbecue, ham sandwiches, apple dumplings, kettle corn, hot dogs and hamburgers.

The event is sponsored by the

Highland County Chamber of Commerce, the McDowell Ladies Auxiliary, and local businesses.

For information call the Chamber of Commerce at 540/468-2550, send e-mail to highce@cfw.com or visit the website at www.highlandcounty.org.

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Publisher & editor
Associate publisher & editor
Sales associate
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RHS News advisor
RHS News editor

Betty Jo Hamilton
Nancy Sorrells
Chris Marrs
Leslie Scheffell
Cherie Taylor
Kim McCray

Staff writers

Jenifer Bradford
Mollie Bryan
Betty Gatewood
Mark Gatewood
Vera Hailey

Betty Jo Hamilton
Roberta Hamlin
Beth Huffer
Penny Plemmons
Sue Simmons

Nancy Sorrells

Contributing writers

Amy Barnett
Jean Brydge

Erin Finnegan

Ashley Keaton
Pamela Proffitt


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Wilson Class of '51 celebrates 50 years as 'family'

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — They were all scared in September 1947 — the students, the teachers, and the administrators — everyone who started school that year at the huge, new, consolidated Wilson Memorial High School.

The school was located in the phased-out Woodrow Wilson Army Hospital which had served the military during World War II. The Fishersville school was unlike anything area students had seen before. The campus was a maze of buildings with pathways outside between buildings. Through snow, rain, heat and cold the students walked from building to building. In a way the large campus with its many buildings reflected the new school's population which drew in students from all reaches of the county. School buses brought kids who had originally gone to Beverley Manor, Fishersville, New Hope and Stuarts Draft high schools. In 1949 students from Middlebrook High School also began attending, swelling the Class of 1951 (the first class to go all four years through the new school) to well over 200 students.

Daily, the school brought people into contact who lived at opposite ends of the county. Eloise Hewitt Moore, for instance, remembers how she lived in Swoope and had a boyfriend in Crimora which really put a



More than 100 members of the Wilson Memorial High School Class of '51 gathered recently for their 50th reunion. The group is unique in that it was the first class to complete its

high school years at the new high school after it was converted from an army hospital. The consolidated high school brought students together from all over Augusta County.

Photo courtesy WMHS Class of '51

damper on after-school activities.

The first days of uncertainty soon turned into a closeness and bonding that remains to this day. When the Wilson Memorial High School Class of 1951 gathered recently at the Holiday Inn in Staunton for its 50th reunion, classmates showed why they were labeled "unusual" at their commencement 50 years ago.

In the first place, the entire group of 212 graduates that night graduated with honors. School officials gave up trying to single out a few individuals for presentations and decided the entire class deserved to graduate with honor according

to Principal R.A. McChesney.

Hunter Mabry, the Student Cooperative President and a member of the graduating class, turned the compliment around that night saying that the honor was in graduating from Wilson. "We were strangers at first, but we have grown together and experienced unforgettable comradeship," he said.

As special as the class was in 1951, graduates have a way of drifting apart and losing contact. That certainly would have been the case even with this class if it wasn't for Gay Arehart Meeks. Despite the fact that she was painfully shy in high school, Gay felt the special bond

that developed at the school. Soon after high school, she began clipping articles from the newspaper — among them wedding announcements, graduations, military information — about her classmates, and putting them into a scrapbook.

"It was a way of keeping up and knowing where people were," she said of her efforts. "Then we had a 10-year reunion and we couldn't find everybody," she said of the further work she and others have done to keep a class history.

That stumbling block in 1961 became a challenge to Gay and some of her other classmates. They have since accounted for all 234 classmates (some transferred to other schools before graduation) and keep a roster of names, addresses, phone numbers and even e-mails. And Gay has never stopped her clipping and documenting. That original scrapbook has expanded to 11 bulging scrapbooks documenting the Class of '51.

The closeness of the class means that they don't wait for big anniversary dates like the 50th reunion to gather and enjoy each other's company. Some members of the class gather monthly, even more gather yearly for a dinner and every five years a two-day reunion is held. In between, classmate Graham Pittsenberger keeps everybody updated with a semiannual newsletter.

The 50th reunion, however, probably brought out the biggest crowd since graduation night in 1951. Nearly 220 people, including more than 100 class members, spouses, children, and several teachers, returned to remember those high school days in the halls of Wilson and to catch up on the ensuing years. There was also a memorial service for the 31 classmates who have passed away.

Six classmates that night were at their first WMHS reunion; Tom Burford came despite the fact that his grandson was in the Babe Ruth World Series in North Carolina (for

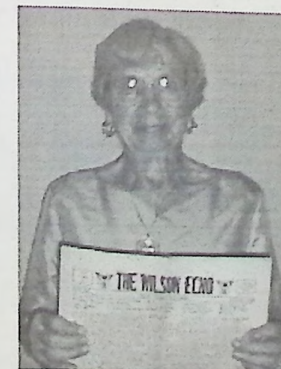


Gay Arehart Meeks exhibits the scrapbooks which she has been compiling on her classmates for the past 50 years.

the record he attended the game and then drove straight to the reunion); two classmates arrived from California; and one from Washington state.

Despite the fact that most people in the room were pushing 70, there was an atmosphere of youth and nostalgia about a time when gas was 25 cents a gallon, cigarettes were a quarter a pack, and hair cuts

See CLASS OF '51, page 13



Lucy Coyner, who taught physical education at Wilson Memorial High School, shows a copy of the school's newspaper.

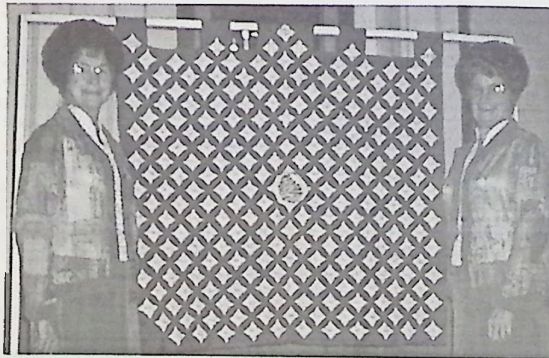
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Martha Bridge Ramsey (left) and Mary Bridge Wright display the green and white cathedral window quilt they made in honor of Wilson Memorial High School's Class of '51. Each window of the quilt is embroidered with a classmate's name. Photos by Nancy Sorrells

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Journal entries reveal trials of Union invasion

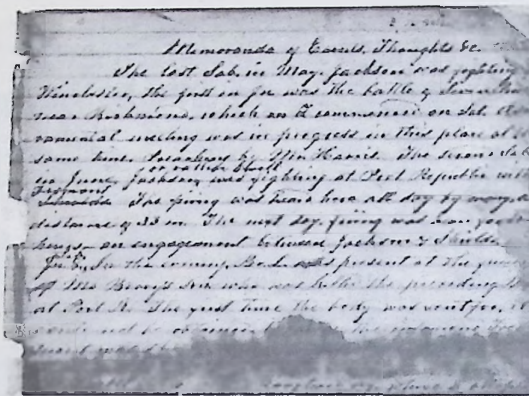
EDITOR'S NOTE: The journal entries transcribed here appear as they do in the original document. In some places words have been inserted where the author's writing is illegible. Spelling and punctuation conform to what appeared as written by the author. Staff writer Sue Simmons compiled this article.

Introduction to the people

Middlebrook resident Nancy Emerson, the sister of the Reverend Luther Emerson, Shemariah Presbyterian Church's minister, began a diary, "a memoranda of thoughts and events," as she called it, in 1862. In it she provides an eyewitness account of these trying times. The diary is filled with news of illnesses and funerals as well as a running commentary on the war raging in Virginia. The diary stops in 1863 and picks up again in July 1864. Nancy explained that a serious illness befell her and silenced her pen for many months. She then writes over a period of several days the events of June when the invading Union army marched through Middlebrook on its way to Lexington from Staunton.

Nancy and Luther Emerson were born in Massachusetts in 1807 and 1811, respectively. Luther arrived in Virginia and served Shemariah Presbyterian Church in Augusta County from 1852-1867. Emerson's family was fairly prosperous, claiming \$800 in real estate and \$12,265 in personal estate in the census of 1860. Emerson and his wife Catharine, who was a native Virginian, had three children: Ellen, Catharine, and Joseph, all of whom were born in Virginia. His sister Nancy made her home with her brother's family.

Union General David Hunter was born in Washington, D.C. on July 21, 1802, the son of a Virginian and the grandson of Richard Stockton of New Jersey, one of the



This is a page from the diary of Nancy Emerson who lived near Shemariah, southwest of Middlebrook, when Union troops passed through the area in June 1864. The complete diary may be viewed on the internet at <http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/vshadow2/>.

signers of the Declaration of Independence. He graduated West Point, class of 1822, and immediately pulled frontier duty. Remarkably, he twice crossed the plains to the Rocky Mountains before 1836. The beginning of the war found him a colonel in the 3rd U.S. Cavalry. In May of 1861 he was appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers. He commanded the 2nd Division at First Manassas. Hunter was promoted to Major General of Volunteers, commanded the Western Department following Fremont, commanded Department of the South, Secessionville, and the Department of West Virginia. He resigned his command August 1864.

After the war ended, Hunter presided over the commission that tried the conspirators in Lincoln's assassination. He retired in 1866 and died in Washington, D.C. in February 1886.

Confederate General John McCausland was born on Sept. 13,

1836 in St. Louis, Mo. Before the war he was an assistant professor at VMI. He was recruited into the Confederate army in 1861 in the 36th Virginia as a colonel. He saw action at Fort Donelson, and participated in operations in Southwestern Virginia and at Cloyd's Mountain. He was promoted to Brigadier General in May 1864 and subsequently led the cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley. It was McCausland who burned Chambersburg on Early's orders in retribution for what had been done in the Valley. McCausland went on to command a cavalry division at Petersburg, Five Forks and managed to break through the Union lines at Appomattox rather than surrender. After the war, McCausland fled to Europe and then to Mexico where he farmed. He was the second-to-last surviving Confederate general at his death on Jan. 22, 1927 in Mason City, W.Va.

July 8, 1864

(note: After several paragraphs describing her recent ill-health, Nancy Emerson begins a belated description of the events of June 10, 1864)

... Our friends at the North have probably been thinking [some] about us of late, hearing that the Yankees have taken Staunton, though what they have thought is beyond my power to divine, ignorant as we are of each others feelings. Sister C. & I very often talk

of them, wonder how they fare [& what they think of us,] whether they set us down for incorrigible rebels against "the best government in the world," always winding up however by arguing that we do not & cannot believe they favor this unjust & abominable war, though such strange things happen these days that nothing ought to astonish us.

But I commenced with the intention of telling a story about some Yankee raiders. We have often had alarms about their coming but have been preserved by a kind Providence until this season. Not long since, they favored us with two visits [(on June 9 & 10)] which will not soon be forgotten in these parts. The first day, they came in from the West, across the mountain. A party of 40 or 50 perhaps, came riding up, dismounted & rushed in. "Have you got any whiskey" said they, "got any flour? got any bacon?" [with plenty of oaths] "Come on boys," says one, "we'll find it all" With that, they pushed rudely by Sister C. who was terribly alarmed, & had been from the first news of their coming, & spread themselves nearly all over the house. Finding their way to a fine barrel of flour which a neighbor had given us, they proceeded to fill their sacks & pillow cases, scattering a large percent on the floor, till it was nearly exhausted. The last one told us, on our remonstrating, to hide the rest. Some went upstairs, opened every trunk & drawer & tossed things upside down or on the floor, even my nice bonnets, pretending to be looking for arms. They stole Cousin Samuel's gold sleeve buttons & pin (a present to him) his best shirt, a good coat, & pair of shoes. The shoes, it being nearly impossible to get shoes these days, he afterwards persuaded the fellow to sell them back for an Ohio ten dollar note, as good as gold to him. He could with a much better appetite doubtless have knocked him down, but there was no choice in the matter. We did not say anything to provoke them, but did not disguise our sentiments. They went peeping under the beds, looking for rebels as they said. Baxter told them there were no rebels here (meaning rebel soldiers) Cate spoke & said We are all rebels. Ellen spoke & said "Yes Baxter, I am a rebel." The Yankee looked [up] from her drawer, which he [was] searching just then, & said "That's right." Cate then said, "I



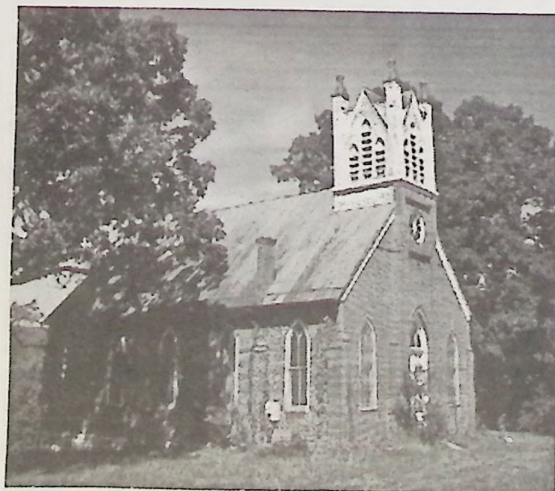
Nancy Emerson is buried in Shemariah Church cemetery. Her headstone records that she died Dec. 1, 1864, only a few months after she penned diary entries about the Union occupation of Augusta County.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

am a rebel too & I glory in it." When Sister C. remonstrated with them about taking the shoes, asking them why they injured innocent persons who had taken no part in the war, one of them replied, "You need not tell me that, I know all the people along here have sons in the army." She then pointed to B & said "That is my only son." Ellen then said, "I wish from my heart I had." He then said, "Now Sis, I don't wish you had brothers in the army. I wouldn't like to kill one of your brothers. I got some corn here," (pointing to his plunder) An officer rode up after the rest had gone having the appearance of a gentleman, & asked civilly if he could get some flour. Sister C. telling [him] how they had stripped us of nearly everything they could find, said he could go & see what they had left, & help himself. He said no, he never had searched a house & never would, & it was a shame they should [do so.]

That night they camped [away] a mile or two from us, extending along the road two or three miles, & got a fine supper from the farms

See *SISTER C.*, page 5



Shemariah Presbyterian Church was originally an outpost of Bethel Presbyterian Church. Shemariah has been inactive since the 1960s.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

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Movie production in Middlebrook prompts attention to June 1864

By SUE SIMMONS

The Civil War has generated new excitement in Middlebrook these days as re-enactors joined Hollywood actors in recreating two famous battles for the movie *Gods and Generals*. Hollywood's invasion is reminiscent of another invasion that took place along those same roads and fields long ago. Lost in the hubbub is the true and compelling story of June 9 to 13, 1864 when the Union army invaded Augusta County.

Augusta's citizens probably knew they would one day face an invading Union army; they just didn't know when.

Early in 1864 General Ulysses S. Grant ordered Union Generals Franz Sigel and David Hunter to destroy the Shenandoah Valley's summer wheat harvest in order to deny General Robert E. Lee food for his army. Sigel, who was stationed in the lower Valley, advanced as far south as New Market where he was halted by John C. Breckinridge's Confederate forces, which included the Corps of Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, at the Battle of New Market.

Hunter replaced Sigel after this humiliating defeat and managed to push into the upper Valley by mid-May and occupy the city of Staunton. Union forces destroyed the railroad depot, Staunton Woolen Mills on the New Hope Road (the site of the old ice factory), the Steam Flour Mill in the west end of town (and the first mill operated by other than water), Garber's Foundry (on the site of the original Old Lee High School downtown) Garners Mill on the northwest corner of Johnson Street and Central Avenue, Harman's distillery in the west end, various Confederate government stables, wagon shops, storehouses, and one of the newspapers — \$400,000 worth of property.

Hunter also threatened to destroy the Western State Asylum when Sarah Brock, a free woman of

color, informed him that wool was stockpiled there. For whatever reason, Hunter did not burn the hospital but he did seize and destroy the wool. An assassination attempt on Hunter left the city fathers quaking in their boots, wondering, no doubt how he would respond. They urgently met in common council and resolved to meet with Hunter personally, hoping to impress on him their belief that the shot fired at him was an isolated incident and to implore him not to harm the innocent in an effort to punish the guilty.

In the meantime, Union General William Woods Averell had come east from Charleston and engaged the Confederate army at Wytheville, Dublin, Christiansburg and Blacksburg where he was stopped. From there he went west, met General George Crook at Lewisburg and marched in the direction of Staunton. In Crook's ranks were Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley, two future presidents of the United States. In front of them was General John McCausland's cavalry, which could do little more than harass the Union forces.

Averell and forces arrived in Staunton on June 8. The combined forces now numbered 20,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry. They would not linger in Staunton but make their way to Lynchburg by way of Charlottesville. On June 9, however, Averell submitted a new plan to take Lynchburg in five days by going through Lexington, Buchanan, and Bedford. Augusta's fate was sealed.

The march began on June 10 when four columns left Staunton for Lexington. Hunter and General Sullivan advanced on Lexington via Mint Spring, Midway, and Fairfield. Crook went by way of Middlebrook and Brownsburg while General Alfred Napoleon Duffie held to the east through Waynesboro. Averell marched through Rockbridge Baths. Word of the

Union advance panicked the countryside, and for good reason. Hunter had ordered his men to live off the land. Worse, he told them to burn everything within five miles if the Federal troops were fired upon.

The Union army -- which Augusta County residents later described as an endless sea of blue -- met with resistance in Middlebrook where E.E. Bouldin, Captain of the Charlotte Cavalry, with help from the Churchville Cavalry engaged in a rear-guard action.

At the Union camp near Brownsburg, events turned deadly for David Creigh of Greenbrier and a member of the Lewisburg Presbyterian Church. Creigh had killed a camp follower, who had broken into his home, and hid the body. A runaway slave reported the incident to federal authorities who arrested Creigh and brought him to Rockbridge County. On Hunter's orders, Creigh was hung. The hanging took place on James Morrison's farm, located on what is today Hays Creek Road.

The Yankees arrived in Lexington on June 13 and shelled the town for three days. Virginia Military Institute was destroyed in retaliation for the cadets' role in the New Market battle. Washington College was spared but the occupying army destroyed books and equipment and turned the lecture halls into stables.

Jubal Early's Confederate forces had by this time taken the offensive and the Union forces retreated to Lynchburg and then into West Virginia. This was the Confederate army's last major offensive in the east, however. General Phil Sheridan took command in August and eventually, after several heated battles at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek broke the Confederacy's hold on the Shenandoah Valley. It is important to note, however, that Hunter's defeat in the Shenandoah Valley left the way open for Early's Washington raid. —



Members of the Emerson family are buried in the cemetery at Shemariah Presbyterian Church where Emerson was pastor.

Photo by Nancy Serrell

°Sister C.

Continued from page 4

around them. Sister C. was afraid to undress, but lay down quite exhausted two or three hours in the night. Ellen kept watch the first part of the night, & Cousin S. the last. E soon called to him, "I hear footsteps." He went out & saw someone coming up the road with a torch. Thinking they might be coming to burn the house, he came to our door, saying we had better have something ready to throw around us if we should be called out for any reason [taking care not to alarm us]. But our fears were groundless. They started off in the night for Staunton where there were several thousand of them. Our visitors belonged to Averill's [command].

July 13

They told us that Crook's men were a great deal worse than they, & that was true, but they were bad enough & worse at some other places than with us. At one of our neighbors, [Mr. H.] they took everything they had to eat, all the pillow cases & sheets but what were on the beds, & the towels & some of the ladies stockings. One of them made up a bundle of ladies clothing to take, but his comrade shamed him out of it. They then poured out their molasses, scattered their preserves & sugar & other things about the floor, & mixed them all together & destroyed things generally. The ladies there are very amiable & genteel in their [appearance] which makes it the more strange. Their visitors as well as ours however had taken a drop too much. This gentleman had kept some things for sale of late, had a quantity of tobacco & some other things on hand, all which they took to the amount of several thousand dollars. At another neighbor, they took all of their meat (some 30 pieces of bacon) & nearly everything else they had to eat, all their horses (4) & persuaded off their two negro men. One of these was afterwards seen by one of our men crying to come

back, but was watched so closely that he could not escape. No wonder he cried. He has been twice on the brink of the grave with pneumonia, & was nursed by his mistress as tenderly as if he had been a brother, & she was always kind to him, his master also. He will not find such treatment anywhere [else]. The Yankees (I give them this appellation because every body else does) took off all the negro men & boys they could, as well as all the horses, told the women they would take them next time they came. Many sent their horses to the woods. Some of these were found & captured. People here do their farming with horses instead of oxen, & it is an immense loss to have them & the servants swept off to such an extent, just as harvest is about to begin too. Many sent off their servants in one direction & another, some of whom were overtaken & captured & others escaped.

The lady before mentioned has told me since that no tongue can tell her feelings the day the Yankees were there. In the first place, they fired on her little son & another boy several times, as they sat on the fence watching their approach, & afterwards pretended that they took them for confederate soldiers from their being dressed in gray. Then her husband & oldest son were hid in the bushes in the garden, & she was in momentary fear of their being discovered & fired upon. The men & boys always kept out of the way, as they were sometimes taken off, & did not know what treatment they might receive, & thus the women were left to shift for themselves as best they could. Another of our neighbors was fired upon several times until he either dropped or lay down, it was not known which. They said it was because he ran, but he was passing between their pickets & ours, who were firing at each other, & was obliged to run. We heard of the circumstance, & were very uneasy, but he providen-

See DIARY, page 7

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Middlebrook survives Hollywood tsunami

By NANCY SORRELLS

Unless you were living under a rock in August and early September you know that Universal pictures provided a bit of late-summer chaos to the area by filming a big-screen Civil War movie here entitled *Gods and Generals* (hereafter referred to as G&G). As a result of my observations, I'm thinking about making a movie and calling it "Hollywood meets Middlebrook" or maybe just "Welcome to the Real World."

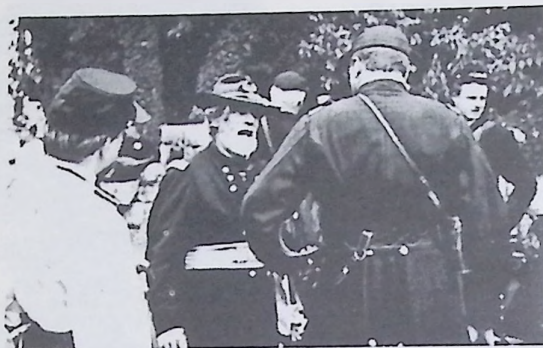
G&G, designed as a "prequel" to *Gettysburg*, purports to show the beginnings of the Civil War until the battle of Gettysburg in 1863. You know, storm clouds gathering, decisions by great men to go off to war, battles being fought, blood being shed, lives being shattered by the tragic conflict that has come to be a defining moment in American history. Scenes were shot in Staunton and Lexington, and great battles were staged in Middlebrook, of all places.

Make no mistake about it — there's plenty of material in the history books for a movie about the Civil War in Virginia. Enough that nothing has to be invented; however, neither the book, *Gods and Generals*, nor the movie of the same name, apparently spends a lot of time worrying about niggling little details like, oh, say... the facts.

The invasion by Hollywood — complete with cannons, more than 50 horses, and a fleet of trucks — was certainly the biggest thing to hit Middlebrook since June of 1864 when nearly 20,000 Union troops marched through the area on their way from occupying Staunton to Lexington where they engaged in a burning and ransacking free-for-all.

This time around the non-indigenous visitors provided a whole lot more humor but only slightly less pandemonium.

The saga of Hollywood meets Middlebrook began in late July when mysterious, crudely lettered "LOC" signs appeared, obviously directing someone or something off U.S. 11, across the backroads to farms just south of the village. A friend and I first spotted the signs on a bicycle ride along those quiet backroads and were baffled by their meaning. Little did I realize that within the month I would be running around trying to gain ac-



Actors in the movie *Gods and Generals* prepare for a scene during shooting at a residence on Sherwood Avenue in Staunton.

Photo by John Taylor

cess to the LOC — that's Hollywood lingo for LOCATION — so that Middlebrook's own "hometown" newspaper could provide complete coverage of the invasion.

In what was the culminating movie experience for me, I was able to gain access to the LOC, watch about six minutes of actual filming and gain a whole lot of insight into why it takes in excess of \$50 million to make a movie and why we have to fork over \$8 bucks a pop to see the same movie. But as wiser philosophers than me have been known to say: "Ahh, Grass-hopper, it's not the destination, but rather the journey that counts."

Here, then, are some insights gained from my journey into gaining access to the LOC:

1. *Hollywood people don't have a clue about the real world.* I was actually able to gain inside information here because I accompanied a nice movie scout named Tina Stone around in search of the "perfect parlor" for filming a confab of generals plotting battle strategy. Tina does not come from Hollywood stock and is just two years out of a Virginia college. Armed with a communications degree and a desire to succeed in screenwriting, she took a job with Universal. The past two years have been both eye-opening and disillusioning. It is a job with long hours, prima donna actors, and a hurry-up-and-wait attitude that is maddening. After four mediocre and big-time movies, she's ready to bail, but first she must survive G&G — a movie she says that in the normally disorganized and insane world of movie-making has set new

standards in both categories. The end result of an afternoon of searching (and I was along for only one of the three days of looking) for an antebellum house was that the top dogs decided to film the scene in a 20th-century house in Staunton (a very nice house but built about 50 years AFTER the Civil War). Here are where some of the real excesses can be seen. To film a three to five-minute scene that may or may not survive the cutting room required a full day of filming. Sherwood Avenue, a quiet little street in Staunton, was turned into bumper-to-bumper trucks more akin to an interstate gridlock than a hometown Staunton neighborhood.

Hollywood flew in someone from California to sew \$10,000 drapes (what, nobody in the Valley knows how to sew???) and another crew from the left coast to grain the woodwork (heck, for a smaller sum I could have told them that one of the best craftsmen in the country for this sort of thing lives just a few miles up the road).

And if you need any more evidence to convince you that Hollywood people (also referred to as HP) don't have a clue, let's take the example of the cell phone. Of course the original Middlebrook

invaders in 1864 were able to navigate without cell phones or any phones for that matter. Their state-of-the-art communication device was the telegraph but since part of their mission was to cut communications they were probably concentrating on destroying not using the dot-dash technology.

Everyone who lives in southern Augusta County knows that cell phones don't work around Middlebrook. From a cellular communication standpoint, it's a dead pocket. I knew from talking to Tina that being deprived of the ability to keep an army of lackeys jumping at every whim was driving the movie people crazy. Of course this didn't keep every movie person from toting a cell phone. Tina said that every time she came into signal range her cell phone had 20 new messages from producers who had to have some errand accomplished 10 minutes ago.

The harsh realities of living in Middlebrook hit home to one woman involved in activities on the

LOC — and didn't know how to get help because, you guessed it, her cell phone didn't work. Luckily a local who grew up knowing how to navigate through the wilderness of small-town America without the use of a cell phone was able to guide her to the LOC for which she effusively expressed eternal gratitude.

2. *Hollywood people think they are the real world.* Getting on the LOC was not easy. In return for my help in not finding an appropriate parlor I was given the contact information for the publicist, Nick, who was very clear about the fact that he was very nearly omnipotent. My request to allow a local writer to visit the LOC was answered with a snooty, "You might be able to visit. First off, I'd like to see the paper and know what kind of story you envision. We'll take it from there."

Intimations of censorship aside, I complied, taking Nick several copies of Middlebrook's own newspaper, *Augusta Country*, to which I clipped a short note describing my "vision" for a story. Maybe he didn't like my vision or maybe he was cranky about the cell phone thing, but after three days of unreturned calls, Nick sent me a terse e-mail: "Sorry but can't work out set visit at this time. You might check with me in a week's time." (Incidentally a week's time put us PAST the date when the Middlebrook filming would have been complete.)

Whoa! Nobody had ever told me I couldn't do a story before! Since 1975 when my high school journalism teacher began schooling me in the wily ways of being a good reporter, I have known that a good journalist ALWAYS gets the story. This would be no different; I would get a story but maybe not exactly the story that good old Nick had envisioned.

Good reporters cultivate sources so I went straight to my source, the font of all knowledge in Middlebrook, command central if you will, the postmaster. Turns out that we didn't even have to plot an undercover operation to gain access. Even as we strategized, one of the movie head honchos walked in the post office wanting a favor. By the time I drove away, I had access for me, my husband and a local church youth group. The kids were going to run water to exhausted Civil War re-enactors be-

See MOVIE, page 7



Skyler Hill, a member of the youth group at Bethel Presbyterian Church, draws a cup of water to carry to Civil War re-enactors during filming of the movie *Gods and Generals*.

LOC. She was discovered wandering aimlessly near the village, close to tears with a glazed look in her eyes. She was lost — couldn't find

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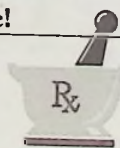
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Movie

Continued from page 6

tween takes. The pretend soldiers fighting the pretend battles in the real setting just south of Middlebrook were in danger of heat exhaustion after standing in the hot sun in wool uniforms for take after take of the movie.

Before I leave this category, I want to just cite several more examples to prove HP think, incorrectly, that they are the real world. Example one: Without consulting the post office or Virginia Department of Transportation, the HP turned a rural two-way, dead-end road into a one-way road and ADDED a new side road complete with directional signs. By doing this they assumed that their wishes took precedence over not one, but two government agencies one on the state and one on the federal level! Of course the postal carrier and all other locals ignored the signs and the new road.

One of the head honchos of a movie with a \$50 million budget had to go begging for a small table for his computer! He borrowed said table for about four days and then returned it unharmed, but you would think, nah, too rational to run to the store and buy a cheap table.

The movie gophers were told to go into a local discount store and buy a couple of folding chairs. When one chair broke after use (or abuse?) the gopher was told to take the chair back to the store for a refund. So a person probably making \$20 an hour was sent into town to return a \$10 chair.

3. A few hours on the set are all that's needed to understand why Hollywood movies cost millions upon millions of dollars. Perhaps a local member of the fire department, called to the LOC to spray down the dust and then shuffled from one place to another without rhyme or reason, said it best when he quipped, "The right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing."

When we arrived with the youth group at 10 a.m. to shuttle water we observed this chaos first-hand. The head honcho had given the other HP only a few hours warning of our arrival and there was some confusion about the ages of people allowed to run water to ac-

tors. So we waited for nearly two hours before being shuttled to the set. While we waited, a nice young lady from California attempted to prep the youngsters in movie protocol. Their awe and respect for Hollywood instantly vaporized when this young lady began warning the kids of a safety hazard on the battlefield — mysterious holes in the ground. One of the kids from the church youth group rolled her eyes and blurted out "groundhogs." Yes, the lady admitted, they were beginning to think something like that had created the holes. Again the kids reiterated, "groundhogs." These youngsters might not have been old enough to be trusted to run cups of water to actors, but they knew about the real world and in Middlebrook the real world contains groundhogs that make big holes in the pasture.

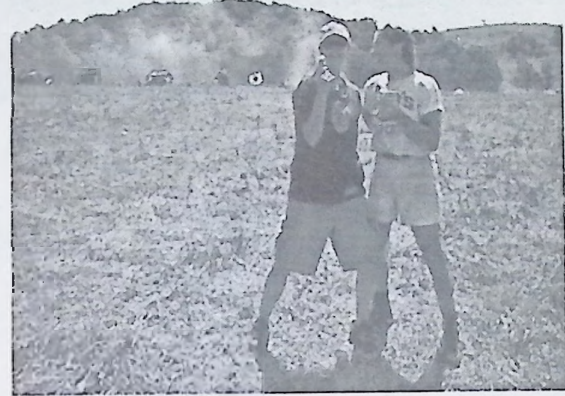
Eventually we got on the set and the kids served water, mostly because the chaos of the situation meant that there was no one to say they couldn't. The water is supplied by subcontractors (this is called craft services in Hollywood lingo) who were more than willing to have help, any help of any shape or size. So we ran water and Gatorade to actors; we also figured out a way to cover cups of liquid when the bombs went off and rained down bits of debris. Prior to this they had been dumping and throwing away cups and starting over. Go figure. Hollywood should talk to a few frugal Scotch, Irish and German people from the Valley if they want to know how to trim a budget.

All told we were on the movie set itself for about an hour and a half. We saw, maybe six minutes

of filming, which will probably translate into a few seconds of footage. We saw a lot of sitting and rearranging. We saw plenty of fake dead horses and soldiers. It is amazing how unreal these things, with bits of foam and plastic parts protruding, look close up, but on the big screen they will probably look okay. We saw cornstalks nailed to a board as a prop.

When we broke for lunch (which we were told would be provided) we headed toward the catering tent ready to eat some really good food that included shrimp and strawberry shortcake. Just as we reached for trays we were told they didn't have enough food and so couldn't feed us. Further, because they were filming a really dangerous cavalry scene in the afternoon they didn't need us back after lunch. We had been canned from our first movie job!

4. That's a wrap. A few parting bits of insight into the Hollywood scene. Although most of the HP didn't have a clue, there were some nice people involved in the movie. The wranglers were a particularly bright spot. They had to take care of more than 50 horses, "prep" them for battle by setting off explosives near them in the days before filming, and match actors with just the right mount for all the scenes. These guys went about their job cheerfully despite never knowing what was happening the next day and knowing that when they did know what was scheduled, then it was certain to change. One wrangler who worked with Robert Duvall, who portrays General Robert E. Lee in the film, said that as actors go he was a pretty good guy.



Some "Hollywood People" use squirt guns to cool off between takes of filming for G&G. In the background along the top of the hill are cannons used in the battle scenes of the movie. Farms south of Middlebrook served as the movie LOC.

Photos by Nancy Sorells

(As an aside, we in Middlebrook wouldn't know because Duvall came and went from the LOC pretty quickly and always under Augusta County police escort complete with flashing lights. Was he worried about being accosted by cows, we wonder?)

All in all, the HP provided a bit of humor in the lives of some hard-working real-life people and there are probably 15 or 20 kids who now know what career they don't want to pursue. Perhaps a little money was pumped into the local economy and more will be spent when the movie is released and everyone heads out for a dinner-and-movie evening.

In mid-September, with little fanfare, Hollywood pulled out of Middlebrook and things pretty much returned to normal without a hitch. I think it would puzzle most of the HP that they weren't missed and that the community didn't have a great gaping hole of loneliness. You see Hollywood People don't know that they aren't the real world and they can't understand why our world doesn't stop just because they are in town. They were just like a summer movie — a pleasant diversion — but they're gone and the real world marches on. And, you know, we are o.k. that cell phones don't work here. It means we can get some real work done. —

Diary

Continued from page 5

tially escaped injury. They always fire upon those who run from them. July 15

Those who left their houses fared worse than others, at least their houses did. The wife of a worthy miller living near us, became so much alarmed that she went with her little children to a neighbor's. They stripped her house completely, destroying everything, left nothing but a straw bed & one sheet. It was a hard case, for it was with difficulty that Mr. H. with his large family, could get along before. Another lady who was alone, was so much frightened by a drunken soldier who came in, that she left the house.

The Yankees destroyed every thing there too. We were better off than most in having Cousin S with us. We feared they would take him, but they only inquired if he was a soldier, & when told that he was a teacher, did not molest him. He had a large school (upwards of 40) & had refused many more applications. It was nearly out at that time, & was closed abruptly because parents liked to stay at home & keep their children with them. He was the chief man in hiding our things. I know not what we should have done without him. Some hid their things & had them discovered but we were more fortunate. (Some were betrayed by their servants) Some hid nothing, thinking they would not be disturbed but found

See OTHERS, page 8



Tom Cornelius of Craft Services poses beside a "dead" horse and soldier, both props in the filming of G&G.

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BRCC offers new program in alternative medicine

By MOLLIE BRYAN

"Someone once said to me, 'How do I know what to buy, if herbs and vitamins are not regulated? How do I understand? I may be buying nothing.' I said to her, 'How you know is through education,'" says Sandra Showalter, director of institutional advancement and coordinator of Blue Ridge Community College's new certificate program — Foundations of Complementary/Alternative Medicine program.

Informing and educating the public about alternative health practices, such as herbalism, homeopathy, and touch therapy, is one of the goals of the new program. It is introductory and is not intended to certify individuals to create a public practice in any of the modalities discussed or in complementary/alternative medicine in general. Showalter explains that certificate enrollees must take the Overview of Complementary/Alternative Medicine before they go on to the other core courses and

that 75 to 80 percent of those taking the class this semester are planning to obtain the certificate.

"We have 27 people enrolled in the first course right now and that's a great number, considering we really did not promote the program," she says.

The participants are from many walks of life, though there are several from the health care professions — nurses, hospice professionals, and nursing home caregivers. "I think they feel like they are adding another dimension to their skill in being able to attend to the people they care for," says Showalter.

The course of study is a culmination of Showalter's personal 10-year interest in alternative medicine and the interest and support of the president of the college. For the most part, the community has been extremely supportive — in fact the program was actually suggested a couple of years ago by a member of the local community. It was something that Showalter had been considering for awhile and she took a

BRCC certificate program

Required core courses (18 hours each):

- Overview of Complementary/Alt. Medicine
- Body Systems
- Bodywork/Touch Therapy
- Chinese/Eastern Healing
- Herbal/Botanical Medicine
- Homeopathy I (Introduction)
- Kitchen Wisdom: Good Health Starts in the Kitchen
- Mind-Body-Spirit Connection to Good Health
- Nutrition
- Elective(s) in Complementary Medicine (one or more courses must equal 18 hours of class time)

Electives** (variable hours):

- Aromatherapy

- Art/Color Therapy
- Ayurveda Medicine
- Flower Essences
- Grains: Discovering Varieties
- Herbal Botanical Illustration
- Home and Folk Remedies
- Homeopathy II (Advanced)
- Iridology
- Music/Dance Therapy
- Organic/Biodynamic Gardening
- Tai Chi/Qigong (Introduction)
- Tai Chi Form (Advanced)
- Traditional Healers Perspective
- Yoga

**Other electives will be added as appropriate.

sabbatical last year to take some herb classes and to explore the possibilities of this program. It is a facet of her job and her life that has become very important her.

"As a culture we have gotten to the point where we don't question why we have that headache or backache, we just want to take a

pill and make it go away. With alternative medicine it takes longer, of course, but the focus is on the whole being and finding out why you have that headache or backache," says Showalter.

As far as she knows, the program is the only one being offered at a community college — at least on the

east coast. "Other colleges offer a course here and there, but no program or certificate. Some others, particularly in North Carolina, are moving in this direction," she said.

For information on BRCC's program contact Sandra Showalter at 540/234-9261, ext. 2312. —

•Others

Continued from page 7

themselves woefully mistaken. Others thought they might be worse dealt [with] if they hid anything. A lady near Staunton a little time since had two Yankee officers come to take tea with her. She was strong "seesht," but she got them a good supper. It was served up in very plain dishes. They perceived that she was wealthy, & inquired if she had not hid her plate & [cup]. She told them she had. They asked where. She told them in the ash heap. They said "That is not a good place. It is the first place searched." They then very kindly & politely showed her a good place (in their opinion) She followed their advice & saved her things. In another instance, some Yankee officers politely showed a lady where to hide her silver & c. The soldiers came & searched in vain. Just as they were going away, a little black chap who had followed them around says to them in a tone of triumph, "Ah you did not find Missis things hid inside the ____." They went & found & took them. Very early on the morning of June 7th, knowing that the Yankees were coming (the night had been mostly spent in preparing for them) Br. L. had taken Eva & John, the horse & rockaway, & started out he knew not whither exactly, perhaps to Eastern Va. He wanted to be guided by circumstances. We had been in a great quandary as to what course was best for him to pursue. If he went abroad, he might fall into the hands of the Yankees. If he staid at home, they would probably take him, having such a spite against preachers & especially as he has written & spoken so freely, that his sentiments are generally known.

July 16

It was finally concluded to ship

the whole cargo, & let them go & seek their fortune. Eva had been right sick, threatened with pneumonia, but when the time came, she was very anxious to go & thought she was able. So she wrapped up well, took a strong dose of coffee, & set off. We heard nothing from them for [a] week. Then word came that they had been seen riding behind a train of wagons which they could not pass, & that those wagons were afterwards captured. So that there was little doubt they were taken too. Sister C. was in such a state from anxiety, loss of sleep & fatigue, for she & the children had had all Eva's work to do, that this news brought on [spasms] such as she used to have. A note was now brought in from a friend, saying that Mr. E. was seen at such a time in E. Va. beyond the reach of the Yankees, & was therefore safe. There might be some mistake about this, but we tried to believe it & rest upon it.

In a few days, we got a letter from brother L. saying that he hoped to get home soon, & so he did. It seems he wandered around for several days, & then went over to E. Va. to Amherst County where he taught school on first coming to Va. but here he was not safe. In a day or two, news came that the Yankees were coming, & were just upon them. He mounted his horse & made for the woods, his host also, taking their servants with them. They barely escaped, for in five minutes from the first alarm, the Yankees were in the house. The fugitives slept in the woods three nights, which was no benefit to Eva in her weak state. She has not been well since her return, but has lingered along some times better & then worse, & is now under the doctor's [care]. The Yankees took from this plantation several hundred weight

of bacon (nearly all there was) a hundred bushels of corn, a quantity of flour, oats &c. & [all the horses.]

July 19 I have been anticipating. On the 10th of June we received another visit from our invaders, at least, several thousand of them passed our house on their way from Staunton to Lexington. Sister C. requested one of them who was gentlemanly in his appearance, to guard us, & he did so. They were four hours in passing. None of them came in but the guard. Some went in the spring house however, & helped themselves to milk, & one went off with a large panfull in each hand. Ellen called after him to "Bring back those pans," but he only laughed & went on. Another who had been taking a cool draught from a pan, came out with his chin covered & some on the end of his nose, like a cat from the cream pot. E. accosted him with "Ar'nt you ashamed?" putting on as much emphasis as she well could, & adding, "Who do you think is going to drink that milk, after you have put your nose in it!" The fellow made no reply but walked off.

I did not see much of them, Sister C. preferring to have me stay home in our room. I was just getting able to walk about. They did not find the way down there at all. The room was built over after we

came here, & they might have thought that the door leading into it, led out of doors. I did not feel afraid of them in the least, but did not have opportunity to say much to them. Volumes might be written, & doubtless will be, according to their heroic achievements, but I must cut my story short. They burnt a bridge a very large distillery & some other buildings in S. Gov. Letcher's house, the military institute in Lexington, & some of the mills about the country.

My brother had a barrel of flour, four bushel of wheat & eight of corn at a mill a few miles distant from us, all which they took, a great loss in these times for a poor preacher. It was the whole of wheat he received this year from the people at Walker's Creek, where he supplies one fourth of his [time]. I forgot to say that they took from us, a very large ham of bacon, two large rolls of butter & whatever else they could lay their hands on, at the first visit.

July 20

One thing which happened at a neighbor's is too good to omit. A fellow went into their spring house, helped himself to what he liked, & finally lighted upon a jar of tar. He asked what it was. A daughter of the family, the only person at home, told him it was blackberry jelly. He

took it, & made off. She called after him to know if he would have some cream with it. With that he put his fingers in it, & began to suck them, then threw down the jar & went off cursing with all his might. His captain coming up just then, asked the girl what that fellow was cursing so for. When told, he said he thought the Yankees were sharper than that.

July 21

It is doubtful whether this irruption should be called a raid, when so many were consumed in it. The number in S. was estimated at 15,000 or more. Some passed here, & some took other routes. It is natural to inquire what became of this cloud of locusts from the bottomless pit. They told us, we need not trouble ourselves about our wheat harvest, for they were coming back to reap it for us, but the good Lord disappointed their expectation. It was reported, that many of them suffered greatly, & some even perished with hunger afterwards, in passing through some districts which

See DISTRICTS, page 17

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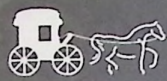
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Yesterday once more



Mossy Creek topic of fall ACHS meeting

Retired James Madison University professor Charles William Blair is the featured speaker at the Augusta County Historical Society's fall meeting to be held 3 p.m., Oct. 28 at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church in northern Augusta County. Blair is the author of the recently published book *A History of Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church, 1768-1999*.

Blair's program, "Reflections of Valley History in the Waters of the Mossy Creek," will share the story of this historic church and the surrounding community in northern Augusta County and southern Rockingham County. He will address such topics as the ethnic origins of Augusta's early settlers and the relationship between the Scotch-Irish and German settlers. He will also look at how the Mossy Creek community was affected by the Civil War and of the involvement of local people in politics and economic development.

The subject is one with which Blair is familiar, not only because of his many years of research during the writing of the book, but also because he has been a member of the Mossy Creek church for more than 50 years and has served as an elder and a deacon.

The history of the church goes back to Augusta County's beginnings. Several members fought in the American Revolution. Later, four served in Virginia's House of Delegates. Before the Civil War, Stonewall Jackson's mapmaker, Jed Hotchkiss, maintained a school near the church and was a trustee and member of the congregation. During the Civil War, 27 men associated with the church lost their lives.

The fall meeting at Mossy Creek Church begins at 3 p.m. with a brief business meeting for the election of the new slate of society officers preceding the program. A short walking tour of the church grounds (the

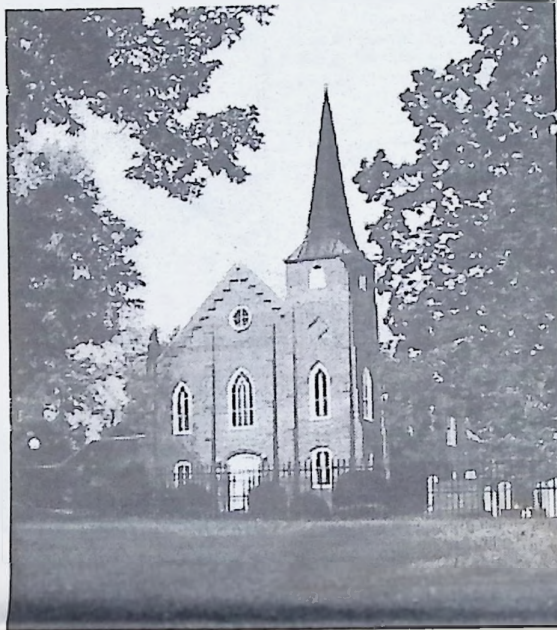
church, manse and cemetery) will follow Blair's program. Refreshments will be served at the conclusion of the walking tour. The meeting is free and open to the public. For information, call the historical society office at 248-4151.

Producing the Mossy Creek history book was a labor of love for Blair and also an opportunity to find his roots which go deep in the Shenandoah Valley. Not only is he a descendant of early Valley settlers, but he has an abiding interest in the area's history. Part of his interest was whetted by Howard McKnight Wilson, a Presbyterian minister who served local churches such as Mossy Creek and Tinkling Spring. Dr. Wilson and his wife, Virginia, were also experts in early Valley history and published several books on the subject.

"I have an undergraduate degree in history and I've always been interested in Augusta County history since my ancestors settled on Long Glade. I would drive up there and think about who might have lived there. Dr. Wilson gave those of us who worked on this history some ideas and encouraged us. I took back on what he and his wife did and I see how very disciplined they were. They were people who really made a difference," Blair said of the example set by the Wilsons.

The Wilsons were at Mossy Creek in the early 1960s when the congregation began preparing for the bicentennial celebration of the first log church at Mossy Creek, erected in 1769. Blair and two others, Margaret Bell Harman and Ella Reeves, were appointed to write the church history. The two women died a few years later and Blair was heavily involved in teaching in the education and psychology department at James Madison.

With his retirement in 1996, he decided that as the remaining member of that first history committee



Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church will be the site and topic of the fall meeting of the Augusta County Historical Society to be held 3 p.m., Oct. 28.

he should revive the project.

The project came to fruition in 2000 after nearly five years of research and writing that included trips to Richmond, Ohio and Kentucky. "I found out a tremendous amount of information. I am really sorry I stopped and printed it. Now I miss doing the research and I really enjoyed the travels," he noted.

He continues to be amazed at some of the information he uncovered, like having four members from the congregation serve in the Virginia House of Delegates from the 1820s to the 1870s: John Estill, John Givens Fulton, John Marshall McCue,

and J.N. VanLear. "Having that many from a little church tucked up in the northwest corner of Augusta County is kind of unusual," he said.

The result of his work is that he can rattle off a timeline of events within the Mossy Creek congregation. Successive churches were built in 1769, 1787, 1818, 1843 and then in 1882 the present brick church was constructed. The community's rapid

recovery from the Civil War is another historical aspect that impresses him. "In 1865 they were turning sheep into the cemetery to keep the briars and brambles down, but by 1873 they were building a manse and in 1882 they were building a nice new church," he noted.

Although the research and writing were time consuming, Blair says that the hardest part of the project was formatting the text and getting it ready for printing. "I would certainly do it all again. People who retire need to get involved; it makes life richer and is beneficial because it keeps you active."

The book includes church, community and genealogical history. The chapters are as follows: Scotch-Irish Settlers, 1768-1808; Organization and Early Years, 1809-1860; A Period of Growth and Development, 1860-1907; Trial and Recovery, 1907-1968; The Twentieth Century, Epilogue and Conclusion. There are also 58 illustrations, a complete name index, gravestone inscriptions, and an abstract of the session minutes from 1811-1900.

The 348-page hardback book, *A History of Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church, 1768-1999*, will be available at the historical society meeting for \$43 or can be ordered by writing a check for \$48 (\$43 cost plus \$5 postage) made out to "History" and mailed to: Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church, 372 Kyles Mill Road, Mt. Solon, Va. 22843. Because Blair donated both his services and the publishing costs, the entire amount of the check minus postage costs, will be used for historical preservation and Christian education. —

ACHS earns archival grant

The Augusta County Historical Society is the recipient of a \$3,640 archival grant from the Virginia Genealogical Society (VGS). The grant will be used to make the society's archival collection more accessible to researchers.

Over the next year the money will be spent to hire an archival team to come to the society, assess its archival collection, instruct volunteers in proper cataloging techniques, begin the process of writing finding guides to the collections and begin putting information about the society's collection on the organization's new web page.

Beginning in late September, the husband-wife team of Dale and Tracy Harter will visit the society and begin to evaluate the collection to discover its strengths, weaknesses and needs. On the second visit these two professionally-trained archi-

vists will hold a workshop to instruct society volunteers in proper cataloging techniques. The Harters' third visit will be devoted to a training workshop on how to create effective finding guides. Their final visit will be a wrap-up session in which progress can be checked and questions answered.

In addition to contracting with the Harters, some of the grant funding will be used to hire an individual for 100 hours of work on the cataloging and finding guide project. The remainder of the money will be spent putting the society's archival information on the web page.

This is the second grant given to the society by the Virginia Genealogical Society. The Augusta County Historical Society is a member of VGS. A matching mini-grant of \$250 has helped purchase

See GRANT, page 12

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Everything seems mostly normal

Down on the farm we're thinking there is a lot going on. A lot. And if you're not suffering an emotional brown-out over the events of Sept. 11, 2001, then please tell me how you're managing it.

I was sorting sheep the morning of Sept. 11 when my father arrived at the barn and told me someone had flown an airplane into the World Trade Center. I chuffed and shook my head thinking some nut had flown one of those little single-engine planes into the building.

I continued with my work and about an hour later went to the house for something, turned on the television and watched as one of the World Trade Center towers collapsed. News commentators were talking about hijacked jetliners, a plane crash in Pennsylvania, a plane crash at the Pentagon, a plane crashing into the other tower of the World Trade Center, tens of thousands of people walking north out of lower Manhattan, all U.S. air traffic had been grounded. The world had gone mad and I had been sorting sheep.

I loaded some livestock to take to the stockyard and listened to the radio as I traveled to town. All regular programming had ceased. Every station was broadcasting network news of the events unfolding in New York, Washington, D.C. and Pennsylvania. U.S. government officials were being sequestered to maintain national security. The president was at an undisclosed location. This is like a movie I've seen, I thought. It's a movie. It can't be true. But it was true.

Sept. 11, 2001 was a beautiful sunny day — one of the last best days of summer. I remember thinking, "It can't be a beautiful day like this when all these horrible things are happening." As maddening as all the events of that day were, to me even more maddening was that here — between Middlebrook and Staunton in Augusta County, Virginia — everything seemed mostly normal. The stockyard was open for business, banks were operating, traffic was typical and moving routinely, federal offices were open, people were going about their daily routines. The world had gone mad and everything was mostly normal.

Virtually, in the blink of an eye, on one of the last best days of summer in September, some 7,000 souls soared skyward. Concrete, steel and glass heaved and yawed and they were gone. Just like that. The terror of lunatics and fanatics whose sociopathic motives are beyond our understanding sealed the fate of the unsuspecting and the innocent. We were told we were at war and everything seemed mostly normal.

The night of Sept. 11 was crystal clear and cool, the first still chilliness of fall filled the air. Stars winked against an inky sky. The only thing noticeably different about the night was that there were no blinking lights from jetliners crisscrossing the night sky. How could there be stars in the

sky on a beautiful night in late summer following a day when countless people had died, when unimaginable suffering and anguish and sorrow had been visited upon the world? But the stars flickered and glowed just the same and everything seemed mostly normal.

Words like "tragedy" and "catastrophe" and "horrible" and "devastation" aren't adequate to describe the events of Sept. 11. There is not a street corner or country crossroads in America that remains untouched or insulated from these happenings. I am reminded how small this world really is each time I talk with someone who either knows directly or knows someone who knows someone who lived near or worked in the World Trade Center or the Pentagon.

The timeline of world history has been altered forever by events which transpired on Sept. 11. Movies will be made about it. Books will be written about it. Songs will be composed about it. Memorials will be built to honor the dead. We will nurse this wound until it has healed as much as it can then the scar remaining will become a part of our culture. From now on we will talk of things in terms of "before" or "after" Sept. 11, 2001.

Since Sept. 11 I feel I've been living life on two levels. On one level, I check news of world events on the internet and attempt to assimilate things that are happening. I sat for most of an hour and watched the nationally televised memorial service for those lost. I took comfort in words spoken by clergy of various faiths and denominations. I look to our nation's leaders for the hope of bringing to justice those responsible for inflicting this evil into our lives.

At the same time I'm living life on another level where everything seems mostly normal. We installed a waterline inside the barn — a project almost two years in the making. (Yes, sometimes we're very slo-o-o-o-w, but eventually we get it done.) We made plans to build a machine shed. I bought a tractor in August — the details of this will be forthcoming in the next issue of *Augusta Country* — and began the process of figuring out how to use it. We harvested corn silage and filled the silo. Fall calves began arriving. (No. 82 delivered a fine bull calf — without incident, I might add.) A litter of marenma

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO
HAMILTON



A litter of marenma pups was born Sept. 18 — nine in all, five woofers, four tweeters.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

pups was born Sept. 18, nine in all — five woofers, four tweeters. We spent the better part of a week trying to figure out what cow should be claiming an apparently orphaned newborn calf. I bottle fed

the calf for a couple days before a cow showed up expressing some interest in the calf. And she was more than happy to let the calf nurse. Then I couldn't find another newborn calf I knew I had seen in



Fall calves began arriving the second week in September. This set of heifer twins was born Sept. 13.

the pasture. Searching high and low, admittedly difficult among tall weeds and grass, proved fruitless. We released the cow and she wandered out across the pasture maybe a quarter-mile from the barn. She stopped, took a few more steps and then ka-BOINGK! — like a jack-in-the-box — up popped the missing calf which then began nursing the cow. So it turns out she had a set of twin calves and had just gotten them scattered across the pasture. Cow and calves — both heifers — are together now. The cow is happy. The calves are happy. We are happy.

Labor Day we spent doing ultrasounds on ewes. A group of 41 will begin lambing Oct. 13 and another group of 49 will begin lambing Nov. 17. We've been spending some time getting ready for this eventuality. This is one of the reasons we pressed ahead with getting the waterline installed inside the barn. I've sworn to myself several times that I've carried my last bucket of water. Now I may actually be able to keep my promise to myself.

Great news from the Labor Day veterinary visit to the farm was the pronouncement that the incredibly valuable Nebraska shorthorn heifers which I purchased in June are all bred and due to deliver calves in early February or March. Technically, because I purchased the heifers unborn, they shouldn't have their calves until mid-March. However the vet's preg checks showed three of them on Sept. 3 to be 80-, 85- and 90-days bred. The heifers didn't arrive on the farm here until June 13 which is when they were pasture exposed to a bull. If the vet is correct, then the heifers would have gotten bred before they left Nebraska. I don't exactly know how the vet determines at what point of gestation the calf is, but likely I'll know when the calves arrive whether they are Virginia-bred or Nebraska-bred.

I mentioned buying a tractor. I've used it enough to say I like it. It is a 120-horsepower International Harvester 1066. Although "new" to me, the tractor is about 25 years old, but it hasn't even hit its prime yet. It had 3,300 hours on it when I bought it. Tractor life is determined by hours used like automobile life is determined by miles driven. So 3,300 hours is considered fairly low use. I purchased the tractor from a Pennsylvania farm equip-

See *NORMAL*, page 11

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Headwaters tour highlights conservation projects

By NANCY SORRELLS

Promoting land stewardship and creating a conservation ethic in the Valley were issues highlighted at the Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District (HSWCD) focus tour held recently in southern Augusta County. A busload of conservation workers, farmers, media, Headwaters representatives and local officials visited a dairy farm, a trout farm, a riparian buffer site and a new truck stop in the Riverheads area.

The area was chosen because it encompasses the headwaters of two major drainage systems: the Shenandoah and the James rivers, both of which flow into the Chesapeake Bay, and because a 250,000 gallon-per day wastewater treatment plant is proposed in the area.

Christians Creek, the site of the new riparian buffer and the truck stop, has received a great deal of attention recently because it is negatively impacted by animal and human non-point source pollution. Part of being a good steward of Virginia's natural resources means reducing non-point source pollution that can be created from such things as rainwater run-off, septic systems and agricultural practices. Contaminants such as excess nutrients, pesticides, sediment, heavy metals, petroleum products and other toxic substances are called non-point when they don't come from a single source like a discharge pipe. Headwaters areas, like Christians Creek and the other areas visited during the tour, are particularly precious and extremely fragile natural resources in need of protection through both private and government efforts.

Many area farmers have instituted animal waste management plans using a variety of cost-sharing programs in order to reduce or eliminate non-point source pollution from their operations. The owner of Fravel Farms, a 115-head milking herd with an additional 40 replacement and dry animals, has built a liquid animal waste storage structure designed to hold manure and washwater until the time is right for soil application. In addition, a gutter system was installed on the barns in order to divert rainwater away from the barn to avoid contamination.

"With a system like this, manure can be stored for up to six months and put on crop ground when the land is capable of holding heavy equipment and the plants are growing," explained John Kaylor, of the HSWCD.

After leaving the dairy farm, the bus took the visitors through an agricultural/forestry district in southern Augusta County created through the combined efforts of private landowners, the Valley Conservation Council, and the Augusta County government. Such rural zones are reserved for the production of agricultural products and timber and established according to state guidelines with the approval of local governments. It is a voluntary agreement, established for time periods between 4 and 10 years, which helps preserve the rural character of the landscape and adds a layer of protection against development.

The Middlebrook Ag/forestry district has additional protection over part of its area through conservation easements - voluntary legal agreements whereby landowners give up certain development rights forever while retaining ownership of the land. Such easements protect the natural, scenic and historic resources of the land while ensuring that it will remain as open space and viable agricultural land in perpetuity.

"Augusta County now has 3,000



Owned and operated by the Plemmons family, Castaline Trout Farm's Summerdean location was among stops made on the recent Headwaters Soil and Water Conservation District summer tour.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

acres under conservation easement," noted Faye Cooper of the Virginia Outdoors Foundation, the primary holder of the easements. "In such areas we are looking for a density of one dwelling per 100 acres," she added.

While on the county's rural roads, trip leaders pointed out the positive effects of a recent Augusta County Multiflora Rose Control Cost Share Program. Multiflora rose is an invasive non-native thorny bramble that chokes out pastureland and is hard to eradicate. As she pointed to the brown bushes of dead multiflora plants, Amy Garber noted that the application of chemicals is the best way to kill this plant pest and that the newly-instituted program provided for a 50 percent cost share to reimburse landowners for chemical costs. Although 71 people signed up for the cost-share program, only 41 applicants received monies before

the funds were exhausted in 2001. Garber encouraged landowners to sign up again next spring.

The next stop was at a trout farm operated by the Plemmons family. Bryan and Penny Plemmons told the group that Virginia is 10th in the nation for aquaculture production and 6th nationally in terms of trout production. Despite that, there is not enough known about the amount of non-point source pollution that occurs as a result of waste from fish farms. The impact can be fairly negligible if practices such as creating a settling pond and feeding the fish a low phosphorus diet are instituted noted Plemmons who added that one study has shown that water begins to recuperate within 400 meters of a trout farm.

The headwaters of Christians Creek and a Conservation Reserve Enhancement Program (CREP) site were examined at the next stop, the Berry-Moore Farm operated by

Donald Hanger. Hanger will use the cost reimbursement of the CREP program to create a riparian buffer around his spring as well as two other hillside seeps in the field below the spring. The 10-acre tract will be fenced to keep livestock out, a watering trough outside the buffer has been built, and hardwood trees will be planted next spring.

Hanger's CREP project was the 50th in Augusta County. There are now 63 county CREP projects in place representing a \$1.3 million contribution of government money. Augusta and Rockingham counties have the largest CREP sign-ups in Virginia's Chesapeake Bay watershed areas.

"The whole purpose of CREP is to get cleaner water. The land is out of production but is growing timber and wildlife and is benefiting all those acres downstream. We need to divide the total cost by the acres benefited not just by the acres created," noted Bobby Whitescarver of HSWCD.

Whitescarver urged area farmers to take advantage of this program before the program concludes in December 2002. Not only are farmers reimbursed for a percentage of their cost of fencing, creating water sources, and tree planting, but also they are paid annually for the acreage taken out of production.

The final stop of the day was at the Pilot truck stop in Greenville. The area has been controversial because of its location on Christians Creek and because the development company which owns the business site along with well over 100 other contiguous acres is proposing to build a 250,000-gallon per day wastewater treatment plant in the area. The plant is designed to support the four existing businesses at the intersection as well as cover future development of the nearly 400 acres from just north of the village of Greenville to the Riverheads schools. —

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Normal

Continued from page 10

ment dealer but it came from a farm in northeastern Illinois. As for the story of the trip I made with my father to buy the tractor, let me just say this for now — to Pennsylvania and back in one day, we hit a half-dozen farm equipment dealers: 19 hours, 680 miles. Again, details of this are being saved for the next issue of *Augusta Country*.

For now, though, living life on two levels is odd. The great turmoil and tumult of world events gives life an edginess that, to say the least, is disquieting and alarming. And yet, amid the great suffering brought about by the events of Sept. 11, I feel a kind of guilty comfort that down on the farm everything seems mostly normal. —



A tractor was purchased in August. The International Harvester 1066 was taken to the field to harvest corn silage the third week in September.

A gardener is ... ?

The other day I was pondering the question "What is a gardener?" The topic came to mind when I was reviewing the many hats that I seem to wear at different times. I came up with a list of 12 job titles.

1. Skilled manual worker — Who among us hasn't gradually acquired the necessary skills to use the tools of the trade: Fork, spade, hoe, trowel, scissors, hedge clippers, lawn mower chief among them. We dig, weed, plant, prune, trim, and cut as the season dictates.

2. Amateur botanist/scientist — We acquire a new plant. What relevant details do we need to know to grow that plant well? We are looking for a plant to fill a particular space. What do we need? Thus we seek out the Latin name as well as the common name from scientific sources. We may enjoy botanizing in the wild to see native plants growing and to observe their characteristics. Many of our hybrid cultivars originate from native sources.

3. Attentive reader — We become amateur librarians and keen readers as we study all we can about horticulture. We subscribe to monthly magazines and keep abreast of new developments in the field. We pull information off the Internet.

4. Avid book collector — One thing leads to another and before we know it we have shelves

full of reference books and a resource collection worthy of a small library. We read book reviews and always have a new garden volume on our birthday/Christmas lists. We frequent used book sales for bargains at our local library.

5. Photographer — Not content to see and read, we enjoy capturing our own images. Macro photography can be quite addictive and beautiful. We can keep a good record of a year in our gardens. We can photograph other gardens as keepsakes or snap good ideas for later use.

6. Creative artist — Photography is an art form as is sketching and painting. We can choose many mediums from charcoal, pencil, pastels, watercolors, and oils. The extra talented can create works of art on silk, wood, glass, or in clay. All are inspired by the botanical and natural world.

7. Nature lover/conservationist — Who doesn't enjoy just getting out into the country to admire landscapes or trees, or hedgerows or meadows. One doesn't have to DO anything to appreciate the beauties of nature, but we should all help to preserve our rural heritage before it is lost.

8. Garden writer — We don't have to write for publication or for others. We can write for ourselves. Keep a daily or weekly record

of how your garden grows. Make notes and observations on favorite species. Record the weather in a notebook. The printed word can be very helpful for future reference.

9. Good neighbor — How pleasant it is to share ideas or plants or to chat for 30 minutes over the garden fence. Sometimes the answer to a question is on a neighbor's tongue. Strong friendships can be formed from a mutual hobby.

10. Active garden club or plant society member — Other venues for sharing and listening are to join local horticulture societies. What town doesn't possess several garden clubs? Residents come together to enter plant specimens, create artistic designs, hear speakers, and conduct business. Plant societies specialize in specific topics. Local societies include native plants, roses, bonsai, and herbs. The opportunity for fun and fellowship are many.

11. Historian — We constantly ask about the origins of plants or tools or gardens. We comb reference sources for answers to our queries. A fairly new organization, the Shenandoah Valley Rural Heritage Foundation, was formed to preserve, protect, and utilize the heritage of the Shenandoah Valley. Top priority is to save Mt. Airy, a country home of Grandma Moses, and the Gochenour/Yount house, both located near the Augusta County Government Center in Verona. The foundation hopes to create pe-

In the Garden

By Jenifer Bradford



ried gardens around each home and to develop the pond and wetlands between the houses as an open green space. Your help is needed. Contact Sam Saufley at 540/245-5002 or e-mail him at Ssaufley5606@cs.com

12. Garden visitor — We visit historic gardens and botanical gardens, we tour private gardens during garden week or by invitation, and we admire, study, and refresh ourselves as we do so. There's nothing quite like a walk in someone else's tended plot to gain new perspectives (yet to have no responsibility save to pass through).

Indeed, a gardener is multi-talented and has multiple interests. Make up your own list and give yourself a pat on the back. Did you realize you were so creative and so many people combined into one individual? Now if there were just more than 24 hours in one day...

~~~ Garden tips for October ~~~

How quickly the gardening year is winding down! Seems only the other day that I was unpacking the fragile ornaments and statuary, settling up the fountain and bird baths, and planting up the window boxes and fresh herbs.

Fall officially arrived on Sept. 22 and Daylight Savings Time ends on Oct. 28. Every moment counts when we can be outdoors savoring the sights and sounds of the season.

October is an excellent working month to trim and tidy before cold weather sets in. Pay special attention to daylilies. Don't leave huge seedheads, dead stalks, and dried up leaves. Clip or pull all spent flowerparts. German iris also need cleaning up with all leaves cut into a low fan shape and dead foliage

removed. Borers and disease overwinter in debris-filled beds, and large, unkempt beds detract from a well-maintained garden.

Other tips for the month:
- Weed all cultivated areas thoroughly before leaves fall. Your job is much easier this way. Dispose of old foliage and debris.

- Clip back by half fading perennials. Pull up leggy and old annuals.

- Keep vegetables picked (when young and small for the best flavor). Remove decaying fruits or old leaves.

- Divide overgrown perennials.
- Plant or transplant shrubs and trees.

- Fertilize or reseed your lawn. Dethatch and aerate if necessary. Weed the lawn. Fall is prime time

for lawn work.

- Dig up warm season bulbs such as gladioli, cannas, dahlias, caladiums, and calla lilies. Wash off soil, clip back tops, dry well, and store in a warm, dry place in net bags or containers of peat moss or vermiculite. Check on them throughout the winter.

- Remove leaves from lawns promptly. Distribute in your flowerbeds as winter mulch or compost. Save all your leaves!

- Check out local nurseries for bargains. Prices are great now since garden centers don't want to hold stock over the winter. Plants won't look their best but if you cut them back, plant immediately, water, and mulch well, they will reappear as new next spring.

- Do not prune spring-blooming shrubs otherwise you'll remove next year's flowerbuds.

- Leave some seedheads for birds. Plants with attractive seedheads include clematis, rudbeckias, coneflowers, and liriopsis.

- Leave ornamental grasses intact over the winter. They provide a dramatic feature in the landscape.

- Collect seeds from favorite plants on a dry, sunny day, save in small envelopes, label, and be ready to plant next year.

- Clean out fish pools and ponds. Remove rotting leaves. Sink pots of hardy water lilies. Keep tropical lilies in pots in your garage.

- Bring tender potted plants indoors. Wash thoroughly. Trim foliage. Re-pot if necessary. Acclimate to lower light conditions inside.

- Keep mowing the lawn as long

as the grass is actively growing. Set the mowing height higher.

- Plant spring bulbs late in October or early November. The larger the bulb, the deeper it should be planted.

- Take soil tests.
- Prepare your Christmas cactus. They need 13 hours of darkness every night and 50-60 degree temperatures for the next two months to flower in December. Use a cool, spare room.

- Plant oriental poppies now.
- Plant winter pansies.

Finally, treat yourself! Drive up U.S. 250 to Highland County to admire the magnificent sugar maples in full fall splendor. (Best time is usually the second week in October.) The Hands and Harvest Fall Festival takes place Oct. 6-7. —

•Grant

Continued from page 9
archival-correct materials in which to store a portion of the collections. Several volunteers are currently working on that project under the direction of the society's assistant archivist and board member, Doug Harmon.

The significance of the society's collection can't be overestimated. Because the county once stretched

to the Mississippi River and because the Great Wagon Road passed through the heart of the present-day county, thousands of settlers traveled through or settled here. Today many family researchers from across the country eventually find their way back to this county and are seeking clues to their roots. The society's collection holds many of those clues.

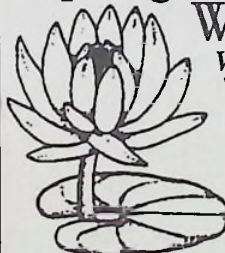
It is hoped that the archives will

be successfully housed in archival-correct materials, inventoried, catalogued, and finding guides created before the society moves to the R.R. Smith History and Art Center in 2003. That building, which will house Historic Staunton Foundation and the Staunton-Augusta Art Center, is currently being restored by the three groups to its late 19th-century splendor as a railroad hotel. —

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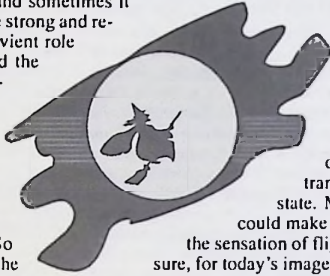
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Halloween lore, modern medicine based on ancient practices

This time of year when the skies turn cooler and darker, I often think of wise women, herbalists and midwives of days gone by. The image of the "witch" permeates our country this time of year with Halloween coming. That image is a distorted one, based on real women who practiced herbalism and midwifery, mostly in Europe. They were called witches basically because they were misunderstood women who refused to conform, who refused to give up the old ways of healing, and sometimes it was just because they were strong and refused to embrace a subservient role offered by the church and the culture. This was no laughing matter — many of them were tortured and killed. One of the things that has always fascinated me about these women, of course, was their knowledge of plants and how to use them. So many of the plants — or the chemical copy of them — are now used in many of our pharmaceuticals. Willow bark, for example, used by the wise women as pain relievers, later became a major ingredient of aspirin.



I thought it would be interesting, particularly at this time of year, to take a look at some of the herbs that these women used for darker purposes — their rituals, trances, or to ward off somebody's enemy.

Many of the herbs were in the Deadly Nightshade family of plants, which contain tropane alkaloids. These chemicals attack the central nervous system, causing serious sensory derangement and a disturbed mental state. They were often used in ointments prepared for rituals. Combinations of different plants would produce even more stimulation — singing, dancing — or the opposite, a trance-like, vegged-out state. Many of these herbs could make a person experience the sensation of flight — the basis, I'm sure, for today's image of the flying witch.

It is interesting to note that one of these herbs — henbane — called wolfsbane by some, was used frequently in Europe during the Middle Ages and it stimulated the nerve endings in the skin, then paralyzed them — one could possibly feel as though they had feathers or fur. (Of course, this was also the same time period that werewolf legends began.)

Henbane, like most herbs, could be used for good or bad. In the proper dosage, it is said to relieve pain and, historically, it was used to alleviate the pain of those sentenced to death, especially during torture that routinely came before an execution. As you can see, the old herbalists used their knowledge for both good and evil purposes. In Rome, men would employ wise women to do away with a political enemy. So it is not surprising that today's image of a witch took hold, especially because it was a womanly art and a powerful one — and that tended to make male authorities a little nervous.

Some of the other herbs women used for darker purposes were hemlock, opium, thornapple, and monkshood. Wise women also used bella donna, which actually means beautiful lady, appropriately enough, since young medieval women used it as a means of dilating their eyes to look more attractive. Bella donna was also mixed with morphine and given to women in labor. Today the same alkaloids in bella donna are used in anti-diarrheals and antacid medications.

One of my favorite herbs, foxglove, also was used. It is interesting to note that foxglove's effects on the heart create flying sensation and today a foxglove ingredient, digitalis, is a powerful drug for the heart.

I have tried to grow foxglove more than a few times and I have never been successful. Though I never liked the idea of having a poisonous plant in my garden, I have always been in awe of its beauty, with its tiny, bell-like flowers, you can really see why people thought fairies lived in them.

Down to Earth

By
Mollie Bryan



I have known people who have planted "witches' gardens" — full of these plants that could be both powerful healers and deadly killers. Ironically, some of these deadly plants can be very beautiful and, of course, they are good conversation pieces. They should never be used by the layperson for anything other than growing. Even with their evil doings, it seems to me that we owe a great deal of our modern medicine to the old wise women and their plant knowledge. So this year at Halloween, when you dust off your favorite witch items and hang them up for decoration, I hope you will remember them with a bit of kindness. ---

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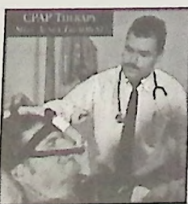
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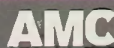
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Class of '51

Continued from page 3

went for half a dollar. There were even a few practical jokes including a smoke bomb under Jimmy Custard's car accompanied by an announcement that there was a car on fire in the parking lot.

"It's such a unique class and there is so much love here," explained Gay. "I've never been in a church that was so close," she added.

Twin sisters Martha Bridge Ramsey and Mary Bridge Wright echoed her comments. "We are like a close-knit family and it is wonderful to get together. It's like a homecoming," said Martha. Her sister remembered the long bus ride from their Sherando/Lyndhurst home 50 years ago. "We left at 7:30 in the morning and got home around 4 in the evening."

The sisters care so much about their classmates that a decade ago at the 40th reunion they spent a year creating a special gift for the group. By hand they stitched a green and white quilt in the Cathedral Window pattern. Each of the 224 windows has a classmate's name stitched in it. A black cross also accompanies the names of deceased class members. A large center panel has a hornet's nest stitched there, a reminder that the Wilson mascot is the Fighting Hornet. It is appropriate that this quilt stands for the Class of '51 because that class was given the honor of choosing the school colors (green and white), school mascot (hornet), and school song ("Onward Wilson"), all of which remain today.

Knowing how unique the Class of '51 was and it makes it no surprise that the Bridge twins would spend many hours creating this present for their class or that the class would insist that it be displayed at reunions. Interestingly, the Bridges were one of three sets of twins in the class. Jean and Joan Kowal and Connie and Ann O'Brien were also twins.

Also in attendance for the 50th year reunion were four teachers, Miss Lucy Coyner, physical education instructor; Miss Frances Cline, science and math; Jesse Ridgeway, physics; and Andrew Nelson, physical education. Miss Coyner, who is still active at 92, noted that she taught a dozen years at the consolidated Wilson High School and really enjoyed the reunion gathering at the Holiday Inn.

In 1951 when Augusta County School Superintendent, Hugh K. Cassell, spoke to the graduating class at Wilson, he charged them with four responsibilities:

1. Remember to keep your relationship with God correct and proper;
2. Remember the Golden Rule in your relationship to your fellow man;
3. Remember that the home and homemaking is the foundation of society;
4. Remember your duties as a citizen which are owed because of your privileges of citizenship.

After graduation, the class followed many different paths of career and family. They became missionaries, farmers, bus drivers, military leaders, pilots, ministers, homemakers, and businessmen. They now live in 14 different states, but instead of losing touch in the years since Cassell's speech, the Class of '51 has drawn together while keeping those words of advice in mind. Gifts like the one created by the Bridge twins are not unique. The class continues to give gifts and support to their alma mater. In 1999 the class donated two new trophy cases for the school. At the 50th year banquet, every table had a small green and white canvas pocket that contained a green and white cross and an inspirational message. The handmade gifts were created by Janice Cook Moyer and Gay. Deaths, birthdays and anniversaries are remembered every year by an anonymous class member.

"I feel like we have continued to carry out Mr. Cassell's words to this day," explained Gay. —

Schoolhouse News

RHS inducts six to Athletic Hall of Fame

By NANCY SORRELLS

GREENVILLE - The Riverheads High School Athletic Hall of Fame induction banquet held recently was an opportunity to relive the glory days of high school, but more importantly it offered reflection on lessons learned on and off the athletic fields and how that education shaped people and the community in countless ways. Five former Gladiator athletes and one former coach were inducted during the evening. The six joined last year's nine charter members.

Tommy Cooper, Pam Bradley, Greg Stewart, Andrew Taylor and Sarah Caldwell were the five athletes selected, while Chris Rockwell, a popular girls' coach at the school who was killed in an automobile crash in January 1998, was elected posthumously.

Riverheads Booster Club vice-president David Hardie told the audience of the special qualities that made Rockwell a good coach. "He worked hard to make himself better," he said of Rockwell who compiled a 32-0 dual meet record in girls' track and led the thinclads to four regular season and four district meet titles in as many years. He also coached basketball and softball and founded the Riverheads AAU basketball program. An annual basketball tournament now bears his name.



BRADLEY



CALDWELL



TAYLOR



COOPER

Accepting the award for his son was Rae Rockwell. "I can't think of any words to fully express how we feel about this award," he said.

The inductees were then introduced from youngest to oldest, beginning with three-sport standout Andrew Taylor. A 1982 graduate, Taylor played four years of varsity basketball where he was all district and All City-County and among the scoring leaders in the area. As a track star he finished second in the state in the 880 and still has the third fastest time in school history. On the football field he led the Gladiators at the quarterback position. He was selected as the RHS Male Athlete of the Year for two consecutive years and was the school's Dilettoso representative as the top scholar-athlete. "The thing I remember about Andrew was his closeness with his family," reminisced his former coach, Ron Wilkerson. "He was an outstand-

ing individual, an excellent student and an excellent person to coach."

Taylor thanked the Booster Club for hosting the evening's event and praised them for the fine athletic facilities at the school. "I wish my mother could be here to see this. She deserves to be thanked. She never missed a single sporting event from my eighth grade year to my senior year," said Taylor, a businessman who lives in Charlotte, N.C.

Dr. H. Lynn Moore introduced the next inductee, Dr. Sarah Caldwell, a 1979 graduate. Moore explained how he watched a small, vivacious girl grow up into a fine student and athlete at Riverheads. "She always wore a wonderful smile for everyone," he said. Caldwell participated in track, basketball and even did a little cheerleading at Riverheads. In track she placed third in the state in the high jump. "She also played a little basketball," noted Dr.

Moore with a laugh. She was a starter on the 1976 district championship squad and earned all-district and All City-County honors for three straight years. She was also the area player of the year in 1978 and was the first female player in the area to score over 1,000 points. At Riverheads she earned female athlete of the year honors in 1979. Caldwell went on to earn a Ph.D. in chemistry and lives in Spartanburg, S.C.

"It was a wonderful stroke of good fortune for my family to move to the Valley in 1969," noted Dr. Caldwell. "I would like to thank Barbara Kolscher for her efforts in getting girls' sports started at Riverheads and I am grateful to have played for Doris Scott as well."

Greg Stewart, a 1980 graduate of Riverheads who lives in New York City, was inducted next but was unable to attend the ceremony. He joins his brother, Bernard, who was inducted last year. "Greg is a super individual and a super athlete in football, track and basketball," noted his former coach and teacher John Ludt. "He made himself good by hard work. He just wanted to win." Stewart, who quarterbacked the Gladiator football team, rewrote the passing records and was the All City-County Player of the Year in 1979. In basketball, his guard skills earned him four varsity letters. Stewart went on

to Eastern Carolina University on a football scholarship.

Pam Bradley, a 1977 graduate, was introduced by former Riverheads athletic director Jim Stout. "Pam is a very special person to me and to this community. She's one of the finest people I know. She is pure Riverheads." Bradley starred for the Gladiators basketball team where she led the team to its first-ever district title and regional berth in 1976. In addition to all-district and All City-County honors, she was the top basketball player of the year for the area, and the Riverheads basketball MVP all three years that she played. On the track she participated in a variety of field and running events and was part of the district championship squad her senior year. In 1977 she was also the Riverheads Female Athlete of the Year.

Bradley went on to play four years of basketball at Radford and now teaches and coaches at Monticello High School in Albemarle County.

"This is the most prestigious award I've ever received. Riverheads paved the way for my life. I will always be a part of this family," Bradley said.

Rounding out the evening's event was the induction of Tommy Cooper, a 1973 graduate who starred in football, basketball and

See HALL, page 15

RHS FFA begins year with new officers, crop show

By PAMELA PROFFITT and ASHLEY KEATON

GREENVILLE — The Riverheads Future Farmers of America chapter is beginning the school year with a new slate of officers including president, Jonathan Coleman; vice presidents, Frank Dull and Erin

Lowry; secretaries, Cole Heizer and Jason Shultz; treasurers, Ryan Herndon and Garrett Irvine; reporters, Pamela Proffitt and Ashley Keaton; sentinels, Jake Leonard and Cassie Proffitt; historians, Angela Hinton and Megan Miller; student adviser, Jeremy Archart and adviser, Eugene McIlwee Jr.

The first chapter activity of the year was held on Aug. 30. This was the annual Crop and Vegetable Show, which was held in the

Riverheads Ag Shop. The event turned out to be very successful. There were over 1,100 entries brought in by all the members of the chapter. Phillip Miller was the high individual with 99 exhibits, followed by Jonathan Coleman with 71 exhibits, and in third place was Jeff Buchanan with 68 entries. On Thursday night many parents and other visitors came to observe the show and help the students gather up their items. All leftover

items were taken to the Valley Mission as they are every year.

Many activities are coming in the month of October. Our chapter will be taking many exhibits to the Virginia State Fair in Richmond. Citrus fruit sales also will be taking place through the month. So get ready to order fruit from the chap-

ter members. The money raised through citrus sales will be used to send delegates to the National Convention in Louisville, Ky. The trip will last from Oct. 22-27.

We appreciate all the support given to the Riverheads FFA in the past and we hope that this year will be as successful as previous years. —



The FFA chapter at Riverheads High School held its annual Crop Show Aug. 30. Chapter members brought more than 1,100 entries to the show.

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The last hurrah of summer and thoughts for the new year

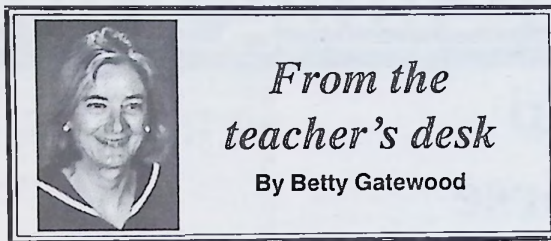
August 14, 2001

By the time you read this, some of the following will be "old business," but it will have led to some "new business" in the upcoming new school year. Let me explain. "My Husband the Taxonomist" decided to take today off and give me an outing for "my last hurrah of summer."

Thankfully, the early August days of oppressive heat then violent thunderstorms gave way to a wonderfully cool, clear day as we headed out at 8 a.m. toward Big Meadows, one of our favorite hangouts in Shenandoah National Park. Last month when we were there, we had said that sometime we should just splurge and have coffee and a real breakfast at the restaurant, then go for a return hike up Hawksbill Mountain. That's just what we did — the breakfast was delicious and the views from the top of Hawksbill Mountain were spectacular. It was a beautiful day, full of rewards and productive thoughts.

As I said in an earlier column, you can take the teacher out of the classroom, but you can't take the classroom out of the teacher. The roadsides of U.S. 33 east from Harrisonburg to the park entrance at Swift Run Gap became a corridor of lacy doilies with millions of dewy spider webs catching the early morning sun. They spanned sections of fencing and punctuated roadside vegetation — just beautiful! I couldn't help wondering — were they all from the same species of spider? Were they always there, or just this morning as the dew caught the light just right? Would they be gone in the afternoon when we returned? Are they all the same design? How much moisture could a silken strand hold before breaking? And, could a student turn this observation into research or a science fair project? These were mysteries to ponder as we proceeded through the entrance station and made our way along Skyline Drive to "Big Meadows Wayside" (i.e.: sit-down restaurant with coffee and a real breakfast!).

After breakfast and over our second cup of coffee, we planned our hike up Hawksbill. This time we'd



From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

take a little longer hike and go part way on the Appalachian Trail. We hoped that it might be a little more aesthetic and maybe we'd avoid some of the day hiker traffic. Last month when we hiked up the short way from Skyline Drive, we met many day hikers. Granted, that was a Saturday, but the top was almost like Grand Central Station! With its recent publicity as a recommended hike in the fall L.L. Bean catalog (pg. 87!), it's bound to experience even more hikers. Our new-found secret is out.

As we hiked up Hawksbill this morning, the woods were damp, cool and shady. Since the top of Hawksbill is the highest elevation in the park, any hike to the top traverses several types of plant communities. The warm fragrance of hay-scented fern in openings of the lower woods, the visual assault of riotous mushroom colors in the deep woods, then the twitterings of juncos in the fir trees at the top, made our two-mile walk particularly enjoyable.

As we dawdled along, The Taxonomist stopped to photograph harebells, rock tripe, and those wild mushrooms, and I began to think about how to get my students to experience all of this! Usually, The Taxonomist and I hike somewhat unlike others because we usually don't carry on a running conversation. Our quiet hiking has rewarded us with deer, bear, bird and snake sightings, for instance.

But today, I was chatty. I was thinking about the new year — new assignment and new room in which to get acclimated, field trips to take, lesson plans to prepare, SOLs to meet, and club outings to schedule. The job of planning outings for the ecology/outdoor club has always

been a task that I relish. While I was at Beverley Manor Middle School, George Savage (a.k.a. Doit Wong) was my partner as co-spon-



Betty Gatewood works on a watercolor on Hawksbill Mountain in Shenandoah National Park during an outing which was her last hurrah of summer.

Photo by The Taxonomist

sor for Project Adventure, the outdoor club there. Together we planned Chesapeake Bay Foundation canoe trips and Port Isabel island adventures, fall hikes, spring bike hikes, and guest speakers for in-school club meetings.

•Hall

Continued from page 14

baseball. "Tommy was one of the first Augusta County athletes to play Division I football," said Wilkerson in his introduction. Cooper played in the Virginia High School League Coaches Association.

Don't forget to renew.

See page 2 for details.

Now for Stewart Middle School's ecology club, Jane Cox, Liz Nicholson and I have planned similar activities. For both clubs, The Taxonomist often gave us wonderful suggestions. He also participated in many of our outings, so I was bouncing ideas off him as we hiked. We decided that a fall outing in the park needed a moderate hike that had a spectacular vista as its destination like Hawksbill. A "teachable moment" about endangered species could be worked in easily too since Hawksbill Mountain is a hacking area for peregrine falcons.

Even though we might not see these magnificent birds in October as we had in July, the opportunity for education was there at the top.

Air thermals on this ridge during the fall could bring us several types of migrating hawks. I also thought that after the hike and lunch with the kids, we could do an organized park ranger activity — maybe in the meadow. It was a good package to buy into. Actually I recently learned that if notification is given to the Park Service several weeks prior to a scheduled educational

outing, the entrance fee will be waived. We thought we had something that would work. I couldn't wait to share it with Jane and Liz and submit a field trip request!

The spur trail to the top of Hawksbill now paralleled the ridge and before we knew it, we were alongside the hacking area that was cordoned off from visitors when we were there in July. We could now walk out to the edge of the rocky outcrop where the hacking box and perches had been left from the

project. Whitewash from the peregrines dotted the area. Another teachable moment ahead when I bring the kids! A little further up the rocky top is a stone observation deck with compass dials that labeled distant peaks, valleys and towns. Another opportunity — map study and geography!

After all of that mental exercise, we now just wandered around enjoying the summit. Scruffy ravens and lazy vultures were soaring nearby in the thermals. The ravens were especially fun to watch as they suspended themselves overhead by turning their secondary wing feathers down and dropping their legs to arrest their progress in the wind. We had a birds' eye view too: we reveled in the almost 360-degree view of the mountains and valley. Every direction was picture perfect, so I asked The Taxonomist if we'd be on top long enough for me to paint. With an affirmative to that question, I settled myself into a crag with my Crazy Creek lounge chair, got out my watercolor equipment and spent the next hour or so trying to capture just the right shade of blue, then green, then tan for the landscape that lay before me. I really don't know how long I took, but The Taxonomist was content photographing and keying out saxifrages and goldenrods while I dabbled.

When I pronounced the watercolor finished, it was after 1 p.m.! After a light lunch, we packed up and reluctantly headed down the trail back to Skyline Drive and home. We stopped occasionally to photograph, marvel at some ballooning caterpillars, and feel the cool carpet of moss.

My last hurrah of summer was complete with exercise, fresh air, captivating scenery, and time for creativity. After this delightful, marvelous day in such a magical place, I'm refreshed and ready now for the new year. How soon can I tell my students to put on their hiking boots? —

forced right here at Riverheads." Cooper is a businessman who lives in northern Virginia. At the conclusion of his acceptance speech, Cooper was joined by his father, Ed, and his son, Chad, who is currently playing football at Virginia Tech. The trio played "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on their harmonicas in remembrance of the terrorist tragedy earlier in the week. —

"It doesn't get any better than this," Cooper said of Riverheads. "I was given a base of fundamentals at home and those were rein-

forced right here at Riverheads." Cooper is a businessman who lives in northern Virginia. At the conclusion of his acceptance speech, Cooper was joined by his father, Ed, and his son, Chad, who is currently playing football at Virginia Tech. The trio played "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on their harmonicas in remembrance of the terrorist tragedy earlier in the week. —

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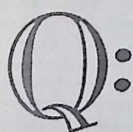
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My horse over-responds to the aids. When I ask him to halt, he stops so quickly he drops out from under me and when I ask him to go, he "scoots." I want him to be responsive, but not like this. How can I slow down the reaction so I don't have to be "on guard" every time I ride.

—signed "jack rabbit" rider

One reason the horse might over-react to the aids is due to a trainer that has demanded perfection through a reward/punishment process. The horse is taught to respond to the aids with a quick punishment if it fails to comply. Trainers who train with this goal often don't give the horse time to "make the choice." This means the horse reacts quickly and without thinking. It is great for control. The only problem with this method is the horse becomes agitated when it "makes a mistake." This agitation takes the form of fear of punishment. Any rider can tell you an

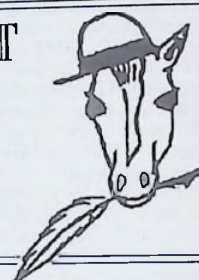
agitated horse is difficult to communicate with when worked up. As long as you have strict action/reaction obedience, everything is in order. I know from my experience I make mistakes all the time. Riding is a communication process between myself and my rider. I don't always understand everything they try to tell me which means I will make mistakes. If these mistakes are punished, I work in fear.

Another reason a horse might overreact is because of a sensitive nature. Sensitive horses tend to react faster than those that are of a calmer nature. Sensitive horses can

overreact to anything and everything. Sometimes it is in their breeding, such as the Arabian and the thoroughbred. This sensitive nature is part of their appeal. Many riders like the quick responses associated with these two example breeds. With the sensitive nature the first problem manifests itself even more. Fear of punishment can agitate a sensitive horse to the point of appearing senseless or acting stupid.

The feeling of losing your horse while riding is common for beginner riders when they don't have the balance necessary to "stay with the movements." As riders progress they finally achieve good balance and this feeling minimizes. Lesson horses are usually quiet and slow reactors in order to give new students the time to gain this coordination. Put a beginner rider on a horse that overreacts to the aids and you have a problem. Beginner riders will naturally exaggerate their commands due to a need to feel in control until they become comfortable with the horses' movements and personality. This exaggeration is too much for a sensitive horse and we can look for an explosion sooner or later. An explosion in the form of bucking, rearing, or refusals. Experienced riders who need to feel more in control will also exaggerate commands.

I.B. HOOFINIT From the Horse's Mouth



If we think about these three factors and combinations we can try to look at your problem. First you will have to answer some questions. Let's start with you. Are you a rider who demands complete control while riding? Complete control is when you demand perfection to the point of losing sight of other factors. Other factors can include the horse's health, experience, and personality or mentality. Are you patient? Some horses are slow learners and completely frustrate riders who demand a great deal of perfection in a short amount of time. If you are a demanding rider then the horse has been taught to react quickly and with complete obedience. It is a no-nonsense approach to training which might be

your foundation.

Another question is about the horse. Is your horse sensitive? Does he frighten easily? If you feel your horse has a sensitive nature then he will react faster to any training you decide to pursue. Horses used to be trained with a reward/punishment system. Today's psychology is a little different in using better communication and giving the horse a choice to do "right." This choice is encouraged by making the horse comfortable doing right (what the trainer is asking) and uncomfortable when doing the wrong thing. Thus the horse, once choosing to do the right thing, actually maintains the training for

See TRAINING, page 12

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Miss Macie visits the doctor

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

Miss Macie shoved her cap back on her head and tapped her corn cob pipe on the porch banister. The pain in her hip was excruciating and nothing seemed to be going right. This morning the hogs upset their bucket of feed before she could get it in the trough, the old setting hen pecked her hand and made it bleed and the cow kicked over the bucket of milk. She was really out of sorts.

She glanced around the front porch and noticed that the planks were gray and weathered from too many conversations with too many seasons. The steps were worn in the middle where years of footsteps had eroded the wood. When her parents died, the farm was left to her. Money had not been plentiful but so far she had been able to keep the livestock cared for and the garden well tended. This year for the first time, she had rented all the fields to Jason Shores for planting because she had trouble getting on and off the tractor since she broke her ankle. It never mended quite right.

Through the orchard, she saw a cloud of dust and waited expectantly for the car to come into view. She recognized it as Lucy Miller's and was glad, because although she didn't cotton to many people, Lucy was one of her favorites.

Dressed in a spring dress and

high heels, Lucy was quite attractive as she walked up the steps. Miss Macie looked at her long brown hair and thought how pretty she was.

"Good morning, Miss Macie.

How are you?"

Bracing her hip with her right hand, she exclaimed, "Law, child, I don't know. My hip hurts so bad I can hardly move."

Seeing the pain in her face, Lucy declared "You need to see Dr. Baird and I'll take you to town."

Miss Macie backed away in fright. "I'm 78 years old and I've never been to a doctor in my life. I'll put some liniment on it. I have some I've been using on the horse."

Lucy tried to hide her astonishment. She couldn't believe a person could reach the age of 78 and not see a doctor but she wasn't surprised about the horse liniment. Miss Macie had her own way of doing things. "Come on, I'll go in with you. Besides the doctor won't hurt you."

Finally Miss Macie relented. "I'll get my shoes."

Lucy looked at her faded overalls and torn shirt but didn't say anything because if she made an issue of it, the trip to the doctor might be canceled! Miss Macie's hair hung down her back in a long ponytail and her skin was brown and leathered from too many hours in the sun and the wind but

she didn't look 78 years old.

The nurse said she would fit Miss Macie into the schedule and Lucy hoped that it wouldn't be long because she still wasn't sure the patient wouldn't bolt from the room!

Finally the nurse took her back to an examining room. She gave her a hospital gown to tie in the back and told Miss Macie the doctor would be in shortly.

Twenty minutes later, Miss Macie reappeared in the waiting room. Lucy thought she had seen the doctor but Miss Macie said, "No." Then she added, "They gave me a flimsy looking thing to put on that wouldn't cover a postage stamp. I guess they forgot I was there because nobody came and I just put my clothes on over that flimsy thing and I'm ready to go."

Lucy tried to hide her amusement. "Miss Macie, Dr. Baird is

really busy and they are fitting you in. Let's go back to the examining room and I'll wait with you."

"My hip feels better!" Miss Macie proclaimed.

"No it doesn't. Since we're here, let's see the doctor," Lucy said gently as she propelled her down the hall.

Dr. Baird smiled as he entered and said, "Miss Macie, I understand your hip is hurting. Let's get you examined. Please open your mouth, stick out your tongue and say, 'ah.'"

Miss Macie shook her head. "It's my hip that hurts - not my tongue."

He explained, "But I need to examine you to see if you have a fever, if your lungs are clear, if your heartbeat is regular and your throat is clear."

Her eyes took on the look of steel as she declared vehemently, "My hip hurts, nothing else does and that's all you are going to examine."

Dr. Baird looked at Lucy and

shrugged his shoulders. She could tell he was irritated but she knew Miss Macie.

She said gently, "Why don't you just examine her hip?"

Her hip had a large red splotch with something black in the center that looked like a long splinter.

"Miss Macie, have you recently bumped into something wooden?" the doctor asked.

She thought a minute. "Well, yes. I fell against the stall in the barn the other day. Why?"

"Because I think your problem is a very large splinter. It is becoming infected so I will have to remove it. I will numb the area and it won't hurt."

Lucy said, "I'll hold your hand."

Everything went well and as they were leaving the waiting room, Lucy, to her horror heard Miss Macie say in a voice loud enough to hear in Asia, "I still think I could have used my horse liniment and it would have done just as well as that doctor!" —

•Districts

Continued from page 8

they had ravaged. Their violent dealing [if so] came down upon their own pate. They brought on quite a number of reapers, which we captured. As we had the work to do, it was but fair that we should have the wherewith to do it, especially as they broke up so many of our [tools].

But to return to our inquiry. From Lexington they went to take

Lynchburg. Our men followed them, but we had not enough to handle them, till we got reinforcements [at] near L. Then they retreated before us, & went on to Parkersburg & Wheeling. There is a report very current now, that Gen. Grant is killed, but there are so many rumors, that I never believe anything till confirmed beyond a doubt. It is too good news to be true. Perhaps, how ever, his cause was the best for us that could have been pursued. He fought our men in their fortifications, sacrificed them & saved ours. Will he not have a heavy account to render, crimsoned with the guilt of so many murders.

Aug. 9

The Central Presbyterian contains an advertisement copied from the Boston Recorder of 10,000 testaments taken on the schooner Minna, which was attempting to run the blockade. Fine paper, beau-

tiful print, flexible leather covers, & only weighing two ounces — just the thing, says the editor, for our soldiers. And what good does any one suppose these testaments will do their soldiers? Will the blessing of God attend stolen goods? A large lot of bibles too he says, of the same kind. Nothing has aroused my indignation so much for a long time. I could hardly go

See related information on page 20

to sleep the next night for thinking of it. How outrageous for people calling themselves Christians to be chuckling over the infamous robberies of their countrymen, taking the bread of life out of the mouths of our famished soldiers, & giving it to profane creatures who will not probably care the snap of their fingers for it. If you ask me how I know that their soldiers are more profane than ours, I answer [in] the same way that I know most other things, by testimony, abundant testimony that's [our testimony]. ---

•Training

Continued from page 16

longer periods of time. My suggestion to you is to take a look at your training process and allow for some mistakes due to misunderstandings. Another exercise is to do more transition work to coordinate your skill and the horse's reaction to a working partnership — less control and more influence. This allows the horse to make choices to do what you are asking. This means being patient and taking more time in the training process. Know what you are wanting to achieve and give yourself more time to influence the horse's mind. Little steps. Take it From the Horse's Mouth, a horse should work in partnership with the rider. —

WHOAAA!!!



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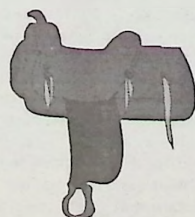
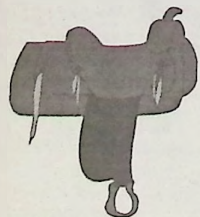
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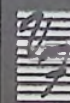
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Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

August 2001

Dear Maude,

It usually is not so difficult to think of things to write home about, but with the August congressional break going on here in Washington, there is very little going on. Truthfully, there is nothing going on. I plan to take a little time off and go to the beach with some friends. Love to all at home.

LuLu

Early September 2001

Dear Lulu,

Perhaps if you want some excitement, you should come to Middlebrook. We have plenty of excitement here, now that the filming of Gods and Generals has begun. We have not had so much traffic go through here in years! There also are well-known actors all around — although, they are a little different from those actors you seem to run around with in the nation's capital. You really should come home for a visit. It is not as dull here as you might think!

Your cousin, Maude

September 2001

Dear Maude,

Remind me never to complain about nothing going on in Washington. We certainly cannot say that things are quiet or dull after everything that has happened during these past frightening days. These once quiet streets are now filled with police and the military and the constant sound of helicopters overhead. Since our office is in such a "desirable" location, meaning in the heart of the business district just blocks from the White House, we have an especially heavy presence of protection here.

On the Tuesday of the plane crashes at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, there were only three of us in the office. The boss had gone off to play golf with one of the

clients and we were standing around with our morning coffee chatting about our weekend activities when we heard this mass of sirens. There is a television in the office but we never turn it on and had no idea what could be happening. There is a small balcony on our building so we ran down the hall and outside to see what might be going on. There were police cars and vans all over the street, then here came the bomb squad. It seems there was a bomb scare on our street the same time as the World Trade Center towers were being hit. It was one day when being so near the White House and the State Department was not necessarily an asset.

Soon the telephone began to ring with news of the attack. Everyone kept yelling, "Leave!" so, shortly after 10 o'clock I started home. It happened that I had driven to work that day instead of taking the subway (although the subway was just as much a disaster). I managed to get only about one-half block from the office when I encountered a massive traffic jam. Nothing was moving around Washington Circle. Cars were bumper to bumper. We sat there for two hours. Now, if anyone had been interested in reducing the number of workers in the business sector, they could have taken out quite a bunch of us. We were just sitting there like silly ducks. First, they closed K Street; then they closed both 22nd and 23rd Streets, as well as New Hampshire Avenue as far as Dupont Circle. There literally was nowhere to go. Six lanes of stalled traffic, with only one or two narrow streets open!

At one point we heard loud helicopter noise and saw military helicopters above us with soldiers hanging out holding guns. That was not a reassuring sight. Then came a medical helicopter, heading towards the Pentagon and then another military helicopter with more soldiers pointing guns. Eventually, however, ambulances began to arrive with injured from the Pentagon heading to George Washington Hospital, only a few blocks away, and the

police finally realized that they had to do something about the traffic. They opened up one small area so the ambulances could get through and we were able to move. But with only one or two narrow side streets open, if one was not careful, one could make a wrong turn, ending up back at Washington Circle and having to start all over. I did not get home until after 2:30.

On Wednesday Washington was like a ghost town. So many of the downtown offices were closed and not many government workers showed up either, but I came in to try and get a little done, since certainly nothing was accomplished on Tuesday. About the only people on the streets were the police. Thursday started out with a bit more activity, however I left the office about 1:30 to go pick up some supplies we needed. That afternoon there was a bomb threat at the World Bank, again, only a couple of blocks away from the office, and they closed down all the streets and the traffic jams started all over again. It was ghost-like again on the next day, and we began to wonder if we were going to be subjected to these exciting traffic problems every other day continuously. Our street continues to be noisy, however, and we think that perhaps there is a command post of some kind just down the block. We still continue to hear sirens and helicopters all during the day. We now have people in the office, but very little seems to be getting done. All those very "important" little special bits of legislation that had to be monitored for all those special clients, don't seem so important anymore.

If I ever write to you again about there being absolutely nothing going on in Washington, remind me of these last hectic and unbelievable days. I wish that I were home in Middlebrook, watching a different kind of battle.

Give everyone at home my love, and tell them that I am well. LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Kinship of Americans readies for struggle against terrorism

By NANCY SORRELLS

In the wake of the tragic events of Sept. 11, most good news is buried deep. It's hidden beneath a massive pile of smoldering rubble in Manhattan, under the caved-in walls of the Pentagon, in a trench plowed deep into a Pennsylvania field, and finally in the hearts of horrified people across the globe.

As the images of that horrible day traversed the earth, I received e-mails from friends in far-flung places like Japan, which has given and received some of the most horrific acts of war, and Northern Ireland, where terrorism has been a harsh reality of life for decades. My friends offered prayers and condolences, something we all will surely need as we enter an uncertain future that will surely test the human spirit and will.

But I think there is some good news; there are words of hope. As I watched the twin towers collapse like a child's toy blocks and felt the air being sucked out of my lungs, I could think only of the thousands

of innocent lives that were instantly extinguished. One after another almost to a person we stood and talked and cried and wondered as we sought to articulate our feelings.

Again and again we came up puzzled. "How could anybody possess such fanaticism about a cause that innocent human lives could be so worthless and so callously sacrificed?" It is beyond the realm of understanding for most humans. Yet history has shown us that such fanaticism has occurred before: in the name of religion, in the name of power, in the name of wealth.

This time the fanatics have chosen the wrong victims. For as hopeless as it is for us to understand their psyche and thus their ability to blithely inflict such horror, so too do they find the American psyche unfathomable. They may have lived in our neighborhoods, sent their children to our schools, and trained in our country, but they obviously do not understand Americans.

If they had understood what it means to be American, to live in a

democracy and have the freedoms that we cherish, then they never would have perpetrated this crime. You see, we as Americans know that we will prevail. As naive and unrealistic as that often is, we know that if the cause is just we will win. Why? Look at how we started. We were a ragtag bunch of unorganized, unsophisticated country folk who decided to commit treason because the cause was just. Thirteen colonies with very little in common except a cause and an opportunity to be hanged took on the greatest empire on the face of the planet and WON. A generation later when that same empire tried to invade our shores and burn our capital we stood in defiance, painted the burned presidential house white, and won again.

The terrorists might think they have struck a mighty blow but the death toll on Sept. 11 doesn't touch the statistics of America's bloodiest day. That black day was Sept. 17, 1862 when brother fought brother at Antietam. On that day



The aircraft carrier USS Roosevelt and its battlegroup left Norfolk Sept. 17 headed for the Mediterranean Sea following the military mobilization brought about by the events of Sept. 11 in New York, Washington, D.C. and Pennsylvania. The Roosevelt is seen here in the Chesapeake Bay as it passes over the Bay Bridge Tunnel.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

as the creek ran red with blood, almost 23,000 Americans were wounded or killed.

That great civil war did not tear America apart. When the guns were silenced at Appomattox, Americans were united in an inseparable embrace that had been sealed in blood.

Whether it is the soldiers in the World War I trenches, or the boys

from Bedford hitting the beaches of Normandy, or Rosie the Riveter building Florida after Hurricane Andrew, we know through every cell of our being that we will prevail and be stronger for it.

And so that is the good news. This is not a Holy War or a religious war for the perpetrators of

See PREVAIL, page 19

Tree crickets liven up late summer nights

By MARK GATEWOOD

I wouldn't want to try to get through the summer without our bedroom window air conditioner, but I do regret being cut off from the night sounds of crickets and katydids. It's a constant sizzle, 24 hours a day, but with fewer competing noises at night, in the darkness and humidity, the insect chorus intensifies until I'm not sure whether it's coming from inside or outside my head.

It's not like this everywhere. We lived in a place in the western mountains where there was no insect noise. At just over 6,000 feet, summer night temperatures routinely dropped into the 40s and frosts occurred each month. It was a thoroughly lovely place in all respects, but those silent summer nights offended my Appalachian sensibilities.

September and October are the peak months for this insect activity. Before the frost came to end it all, I thought I'd like to get better acquainted with my little neighbors, so I asked My Wife the Biology Teacher if I could borrow an insect sweep net from her school.

Anyone with the hunter-gatherer mindset would quickly take to the sweep net. You swing it back and forth, brushing the tops of the weeds and grasses. If you want to be methodical and quantitative about it, you walk through the field doing a specified number of sweeps, finishing with a deft flick of the wrist to close the net. Then comes the fun of going through the assortment of seeds, leaves and other plant material in the net bag to see what insects you've caught.

My objective in this was crickets — not the big blue-black field

cricket that often gets in our houses, but tree crickets, which live in weeds and on trees and are responsible for that background sizzle day and night. It was harder than I thought it would be. Cricket sound was coming from everywhere, but when I went to where it seemed to be coming from, it was somewhere else.

My sweeps turned up leafhoppers, beetles, jillions of tiny spiders, but no crickets. Then I tried sweeping the lowest foliage of the scattered apple trees and bingo! I caught a beautiful male tree cricket. I should defend my use of "beautiful" here. Tree crickets are kind of pin-headed and goofy-looking. But still, this insect was light green, with clear wings that looked like plastic. It was a beautiful insect! Tree crickets lack the drumstick legs of the familiar field crickets,

but they still can jump, as I found out when I tried to put him in a plastic box for observation.

When you hear about the cricket whose chirps tell the temperature, it's a type of tree cricket called the snowy tree cricket. Count the number of chirps in 15 seconds, add forty and you get — pretty nearly — the current temperature in degrees Fahrenheit. We were rousted out of bed late one night by a snowy tree cricket that got in the house. I was too startled to count chirps at the time. Resonating through the house, the sound was so loud and so electronic-sounding that I ran to check the smoke alarm. We finally found the little musician — pale white, half an inch in length — on the wall outside the Teen's room and escorted him outside.

Otherwise, the tree crickets are an innocuous group of insects.

They don't devour any crops or ornamental plants that we cherish, though they may do some minor damage to trees by depositing eggs in their twigs. The fact that my sweeps — some 200 strokes of the net — turned up only one tree cricket in a field fairly buzzing with their calls would indicate that their call has a ventriloquial quality. That is, it's hard to locate its source. In that field full of cricket noise, I went out expecting to get two or three crickets in every sweep, and I got just one. The constant, everywhere-at-once buzz confuses would-be predators — jams the radar, so to speak. This is a good thing for a succulent little insect. There are more of them than we'll ever see, and that's o.k. They add a vocal dimension to late summer that I love to listen to — just as long as they stay out of the house. —

•Prevail

Continued from page 18

this crime were neither holy nor religious. Americans must remember that winning has never been easy or without sacrifices, but the things we must never sacrifice are our constitutional principles of democracy that so many have worked so long to defend. We must remember that freedom of religion means *all* religions. We must remember that freedom of speech, freedom from censorship, and the freedom to govern ourselves can't be sacrificed or the terrorists have won.

Just over a week after the attack on our soul, my husband and I were traveling across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel when the U.S. Navy's Roosevelt Battle Group departed for the Mediterranean. The deployment had been scheduled for many months, but the mission had been radically altered by the events of Sept. 11. As we stood on the end of the fishing

pier in the middle of the bay, two huge ships forged out toward open sea, and helicopters vibrated over our heads and dipped down close to where we stood. The USS Whidbey Island was headed down to North Carolina to pick up 2,000 marines. It was part of the fleet accompanying the aircraft carrier, the USS Theodore Roosevelt.

An hour after the Whidbey passed us, the Roosevelt crossed over the underwater tunnel at the mouth of the bay. This vessel over 1,000 feet in length and carrying 6,000 personnel would be impressive anytime but was even more so on this day.

As the Roosevelt passed in front of us, perhaps 200 people stood proud on that bridge watching their countrymen and women heading off into the unknown to uphold a duty they had sworn to fulfill. Some of the spectators had family members onboard and as they waved red, white and blue flags they shed tears of pride and fear. Others, like us, knew only the kinship that it is to be American.

Those military men and women standing on the decks of those huge ships were representing us and what it means to be American. It was a patriotic feeling, the kind that leaves you with tears stinging your eyes and a lump in your throat. We knew we would prevail, but we were also sobered by the thought that many of the young men and women standing on deck on this picture perfect summer morning might never come home to the country for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives. —

Remember...

Remember when tragedy was an air attack on an unsuspecting naval fleet?
Remember when tragedy was blood spilled on the beaches of Normandy?
Remember when tragedy was soldiers dying in a southeast Asia jungle?
Remember when tragedy was the assassination of an American president?
Remember when tragedy was a Civil Rights leader lying dead on a hotel balcony?
Remember when tragedy was two dozen coal miners trapped in a collapsed shaft?
Remember when tragedy was 52 Americans held hostage in Iran?
Remember when tragedy was the deaths of seven astronauts when a space shuttle exploded in midair?
Remember when tragedy was dead soldiers being carried from a Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon?
Remember when tragedy was an earthquake, a tornado, a hurricane, a wildfire anywhere in the world?
Remember when tragedy was a plane crash in Lockerbie, Scotland?
Remember when tragedy was a truck bomb exploding beneath a federal building?
Remember when tragedy was a British princess killed in a car crash?
Remember when tragedy was students with guns opening fire in a school yard?

The tragedies we have known have been but prelude to what we know now. Our collective social conscience is stunned. The naivete of a new millennium has been shattered. The innocence of a new generation has been lost. We stand amid the rubble, struggle to make sense of the chaos, cry tears of unimaginable grief. We are lost and alone.

But this world does not spin by chance. It is not random accident that moves the planets in their courses. The speck in the cosmos that is our existence is neither coincidental nor fluke.

Our lives represent the souls of the universe, The Power for which there is no measure.

This is The Power that delivers us, enfolds us, saves us.
This is The Power that makes us capable of bearing the grief, the suffering, the sorrow.
This is The Power that gives us the strength to be vigilant, to endure, to stand up in the face of adversity, to grab the world by its bootstraps and gut out the worst of it.
This is The Power that enables us to imagine, to create, to invent, to build.
This is The Power that gives us laughter, warm embraces, giggling children, a hand to hold.
This is The Power we use to care, to nurture, to love, to show compassion, to comfort, to make the world a better place.
This is The Power that will take us forward, that makes a future seem possible, that prepares us for a new age.
This is The Power that gives us a starting place, a foothold, a great ambition.
This is The Power that took an idea called "We the People" and turned it into a nation.

Years from now, decades from now, generations from now, when we remember Sept. 11, 2001, we will remember the tragedy but we will also remember The Power that brought us through it.

Always, we will remember The Power.

---bjh

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Appearing Nightly

Time
to
renew?
See page 2

Songcatcher brings music of Appalachia to the big screen

After the recent tragic and frightening events, Hannah's mom had a tough time picking out a movie to review. *Hearts in Atlantis* doesn't open for another week and no one saw fit to make sure a sneak preview aired in town. Terrible doesn't begin to describe the reviews for *The Musketeer*. *Hardball* — *The Bad News Bears* with an edge, I thought — looked like a possibility until I found out that a kid dies in it. (No way!) Then I found it, a gem of a movie at a gem of a theater — balm to soothe the ravaged soul.

The movie is *Songcatcher*. Released to theaters last spring, this entertaining, thoughtful movie never really made it to the local Bijou. You might find it on video, however, and please don't pass it up.

It is set sometime in the early years of this century. Dr. Lily Penleric (Janet McTeer: *Tumbleweeds*, *Carrington*) a musicologist who studies old English ballads and teaches at a prestigious school, is denied a promotion for a full professorship simply because of her gender. Professionally and personally betrayed not only by her colleagues but the one man on whom she thought she could count, she literally heads for the hills.

Retreating to a community deep

Hull's Drive-in offers welcome entertainment respite

Hannah, Hannah's Dad, and I saw *Songcatcher* at Hull's Drive-in in Lexington. Hannah had never been to a drive-in before and at her suggestion we gave it a try. It was like stepping into the 1950s.

Families with kids were sacked out on blankets in front of their cars, teenagers set up chairs in the back of their pickups, others just sat in their cars. The show started at dark and included two features — *Shrek* and *Songcatcher*.

The sound was good as it

played from speakers and on the radio. The snack shop had everything from French fries to hot dogs and barbecue to chicken fillet and all at extremely reasonable prices. A 10-minute clip from a Winchester drive-in advertising the delicious fare at the snack shop, interspersed with a deep voice warning "the movie will begin in eight minutes" and replete with bouffant babes munching fries and sipping cokes was just a riot.

At \$4 a head, the admission price is a little steeper than the

last time I went to a drive-in (yes, it was with Hannah's dad!) but the price of admission supports the efforts of a local community group trying to save this little piece of Americana.

To find out more about Hull's Drive-in visit its website at www.hullsdrivein.com. Hull's will be open every weekend through mid-October and features a new movie each weekend.

P.S. Ask your friends what was the last movie they saw at a drive-in. The answers will amuse you.

FLICK



A movie review by

Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

An unrecognizable Quinn is perfectly believable as a jaded yet somewhat self-actualized man who can lose himself in a banjo as easily as in a jug. Greenwald, a feminist writer and believer in the necessary man, carves out a touching, sympathetic character in Tom Bledsoe, a man who loves and respects the hills and people who begot him.

It was particularly nice to see Carroll again. Remembering her from years ago on television, I had no idea she was such an accomplished actress and singer. Her performance as the matriarch of this mountain community is both believable and poignant. The real star of the movie, however, is the music. Toe-tapping, evocative, soulful, the movie captures the pure, raw, powerful strains that catapulted mountain singers like the Carter family to national prominence long ago. If you enjoyed the music in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* — well, this soundtrack makes that one sound puny. Over 20 songs and musical pieces are integrated into the plot. They tell the age-old tales of the banshee or the fear of freezing during the long nights on the Irish bogs after the potato crop has failed for the fifth year in a row. They are of duels and squabbles, of true love and lost love, of bitter hatred, and death come on a pale horse.

Songcatcher celebrates the music and a culture that contributed mightily to the American identity. It will lift you up. Hannah's Mom gives *Songcatcher* three-and-a-half bananas. The movie is rated PG-13 for some sexual situations and a little violence. ---

in the hollows of Appalachia where her sister and a friend operate a school, Lily soon realizes that the songs sung by the local people are the purest form of the Scots Irish ballads in existence. She brings all her training to bear to catalogue and eventually record as many of the songs as she can and in the process re-establish herself professionally.

The mountain people's initial distrust fades as the doctor moves about the community with a phonograph machine "catching" their

songs. Her greatest find is Viney Butler (Pat Carroll: *Cinderella*, *Busting Loose*, and numerous TV comedies) a grandmother, midwife and matriarch of the community who is a veritable treasure trove of Appalachian music. Her grandson Tom Bledsoe (Aiden Quinn: *Michael Collins*, *Legends of the Fall*), a Spanish American War veteran and musical genius, remains suspicious and hostile. When he challenges her motives, Lily condescendingly explains to him that she

is there to "exalt their music," adding, in case he didn't understand such a big word, "to praise, to lift up." Tom levels his gaze at her and counters, "Oh, I thought maybe you were here to exploit — to take advantage of, to steal."

The story contains every imaginable character in a mountain community — the moonshiners, the cheating husband, the suffering wife, the woman scorned, the fanatical preacher, the bigots, the coal mine operator, the smart local boy who went off to college only to return to find he no longer fits in, even a lesbian couple — yet the movie manages to resist stereotypes.

Instead it serves up a sumptuous blend of music, folklore, and some mighty fine acting. Written and directed by Maggie Greenwald (*The Ballad of Billy Joe* — a personal favorite), this is a story of liberation, the power of music, and a celebration of the people who eked out an existence in the hardscrabble hills, hollows and glades of Appalachia.

McTeer, a tall big-boned actress who seems to take up a great deal of space, turns in an excellent performance as a woman repressed by her times but liberated by the mountain people and their music. McTeer dominates nearly every scene in the movie as her character comes to realize that the catalogued and recorded songs cannot capture the way the music is "like air" to the people who make it.

Augusta County and the Civil War

For more on Augusta County during the Civil War, visit the Valley of the Shadow electronic archive at <http://jefferson.village.virginia.edu/vshadow2/>. The complete text of Nancy Emerson's diary is available there.

To read more about David

Hunter, pick up Edward A. Miller's *Lincoln's Abolitionist General: The Biography of David Hunter*, University of South Carolina Press, 1996 and Gary C. Walker's *Yankee soldiers in Virginia Valleys: Hunters Raid*, Roanoke, Va.: A&W Enterprise, 1989.

For more information about John McCausland, who tried to defend Augusta County from the Union forces, pick up Diana L. Johnson's *Unreconstructed Rebel*, Huntington, W.Va.: Uni-versity Editions, 1992.

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. Oct. 3, 1912 — The longest dry spell of record in the U.S. commenced as Bagdad, Calif. went 767 days without rain. Oct. 8, 1871 — Prolonged drought and desiccating winds led to the great Chicago fire, the Peshtigo horror, and the Michigan fire holocaust. Fire destroyed more than

17,000 buildings killing more than 200 persons in the city of Chicago, while a fire consumed the town of Peshtigo, Wisc., killing more than 1,100 persons. In Wisconsin, a million acres of land were burned, and in Michigan, 2.5 million acres were burned killing 200 persons. "Tornadoes of fire" generated by intense heat caused houses to explode in fire, and burned to death scores of persons seeking refuge in open fields.

Oct. 11, 1925 — Widespread early season snows fell in the northeastern U.S., with as much as two feet in New Hampshire and Vermont. The heavy snow blocked roads and cancelled football games.

Oct. 19, 1844 — The famous "Lower Great Lakes Storm" occurred. Southwesterly winds were at hurricane force for five hours, driving

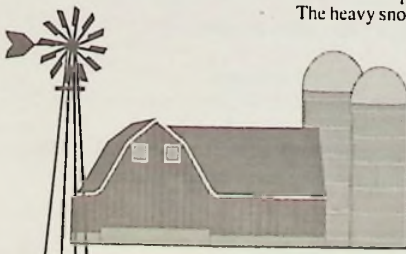


lake waters into downtown Buffalo, N.Y. The storm drowned 200 persons.

Oct. 22, 1987 — Yakutat, Alaska surpassed its previous all-time yearly precipitation total of 190 inches. Monthly records were set in June with 17 inches, in September with 70 inches, and in October with more than 40 inches.

Oct. 27, 1929 — A snowstorm dumped 27 inches upon Ishpeming, Mich., in 24 hours to establish a state record.

Oct. 31, 1846 — Eighty-seven pioneers were trapped by early snows in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that piled five feet deep, with 30 to 40 foot drifts. Just 47 persons survived the "Donner Pass Tragedy." —



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

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