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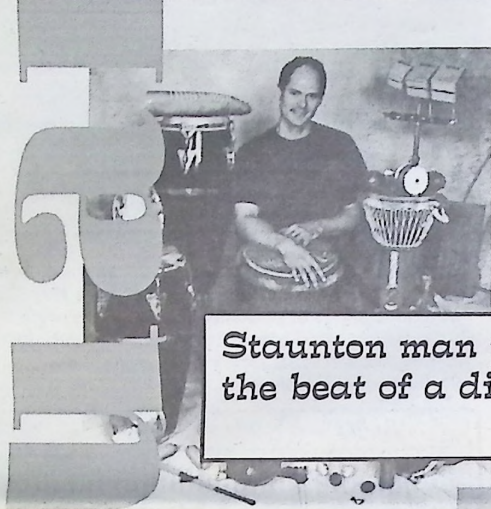
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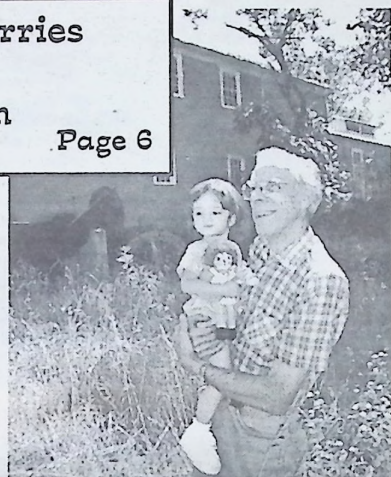


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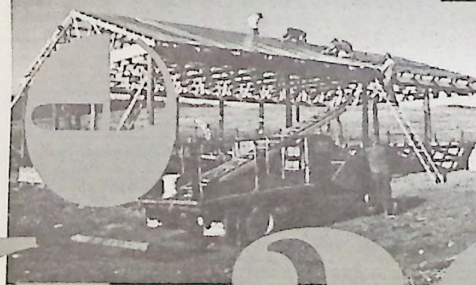
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2002

Civil War tragedies close, personal for Valley residents

By NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — For residents of the Shenandoah Valley, the tragedies of the Civil War were very close, very personal and occurred at home as well as well as on the battlefield.

In November, a group representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Turner Ashby No. 162 from Harrisonburg, and Jeb Stuart No. 154 from Staunton remembered eight local soldiers who served in that conflict. Eight Iron Crosses were placed on the graves of Confederate soldiers buried at St. John's United Church of Christ cemetery on Arbor Hill Road. D. Coiner Rosen, a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, participated in the ceremony and donated the crosses which were placed on the graves of several of his ancestors.

Mrs. Donald R. Windley, president of the Turner Ashby Chapter, welcomed the attendees and led the dedication for the graves of George H. Rosen (Pvt., Co. D, 5th Va. Infantry), John Henry Rosen (Pvt., Co. D, 5th Va.), Jacob W. Rosen (Pvt. Co. I, 52nd Va. Infantry), James A. Rosen (Pvt., Co. D, (2nd) 25th Va. Infantry), Jacob S. Price (Pvt., Co. D, 52nd Va.), George A. Swartzel (Pvt., Co. II, 52nd Va.), Jacob S. Greaver (1st Sgt., Co. H,

52nd Va.), John B. Goodnight (Pvt., Co. B, (1st) 52nd Va.).

Following the marker dedication, Mrs. John H. Gum, recorder general of military service awards and historian of the Turner Ashby Chapter, gave a prayer. Coiner Rosen and his sister Dorothy Lee Rosen talked about their family's hardship during the war, then Dorothy Lee, who is the registrar of the Turner Ashby Chapter, placed floral tributes on the graves. The ceremony concluded with Mrs. Windley's dedication prayer.

As Coiner and Dorothy Lee so poignantly explained, the losses suffered by the Rosen family during the Civil War ran deep. At the onset of the war, John and Barbara Rosen, descendants of German-speaking settlers in the area, were farming in the Stingy Hollow area of Augusta County just north of two Calvinist churches. Bethel Presbyterian was attended by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the area, and St. John's Reformed served the German Calvinists. The Rosens' close neighbor was the Rev. Francis McFarland, minister at Bethel.

All six of John and Barbara's sons enlisted and served in the war. Their youngest son, James Alexander, died in 1861 during the first months of the war. Then in

June of 1862 the fighting came to the Valley with Confederate General Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign. Barbara's brother, George Swartzel, died in the final battle of that campaign, at Port Republic. Another area soldier, Jacob Greaver, died the same day at the same place. The first cousin of John and Barbara's daughter-in-law, John Goodnight, died the same month.

The black cloud of doom only darkened for the Rosen family in the following months. Another of John and Barbara's sons, John Henry Rosen, returned home to recover from typhoid fever, a disease only too common among Civil War soldiers. Sadly, he apparently brought the disease home with him. John, Barbara, John Henry, and a sister of Barbara's all died of the fever despite the constant ministrations of two area doctors, William S. and R.S. McChesney. When they died, John was 61 and his wife was 54.

Yet another son of John and Barbara, William Harrison Rosen, a 29-year-old farmer who had enlisted in the military in March 1861 was to suffer greatly. When he went off to war, William Harrison Rosen had a fine wife, Catherine, who was pregnant, and two young children. By late summer his brother and parents were dead. Then on Oct.

See SOLDIERS, page 17



United Daughters of the Confederacy members, from left, Mrs. John Gum, Dorothy Lee Rosen and Mrs. Donald Windley stand with D. Coiner Rosen, a Son of Confederate Veterans, at the gravesite of John and Barbara Rosen in the cemetery at St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ near Middlebrook.

Photo courtesy Dorothy Lee Rosen

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Staunton man personifies 'the beat of a different drummer'

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON -- Joe Dockery has traveled a long musical road since he first beat rhythms out on the tops of Quaker Oats boxes while competing for attention with his 12 brothers and sisters. Luckily for this area, Joe's pathway left Davenport, Iowa, looped through Charlotte, N.C. for a year, and then curved right into Staunton where it stopped.

Today Joe not only shares his percussion talents with audiences through his latest group, Rhythm Road, but he is the founder and executive director of Queen City Acoustic, the organization which has, in the last few months, filled the Blackfriars Playhouse with

some of the finest music around.

It's really true that Joe had six brothers and six sisters and that the first hint of his musical talents came as a result of breakfast in that large family. "My father would save the (Quaker Oats) cans since he knew I liked to bang on them," he explained. In the sixth grade Joe graduated to the real thing when he used his paper route money to buy a drum set. Almost immediately he formed a band with three friends. All through high school he played — rock n' roll, country, and blues.

When he went off to college in Iowa and then launched a chiropractic career, Joe figured his playing days were over. That is, until his career path took him di-

rectly into Staunton in 1980. Once here, he happened upon a newspaper advertisement for a drummer. The ad led him to a year of playing country music in local Moose lodges, which, in turn, led to a phone call from Alan Moye asking him if he would like to audition for the Findells.

The Findells, which still have quite a local following, were a new wave/punk rock band that offered just the creative environment Joe was seeking. The next turn in his musical path came in 1987 when he performed in a benefit concert for ShenanArts. Among the musicians was Wanda Eaves-Hardy, an African-American woman. Most of the group, however, consisted of Caucasian men. The combination clicked and they decided to stick together as "Wanda and the White Boys."

"It was quite a ride with that group which included a tour in Ireland in 1990. We were mostly a 'blue-eyed soul band,' playing Motown and pop tunes. I not only had a lot of fun with that group, which was my only objective from the beginning, but the excellent musicianship in that band made me think I could be a real musician myself," recalls Joe.

The group continues to this day, but Joe left after about four years and began expanding his percussion horizon. "I immediately began lessons with a jazz drummer, Robert Jospe, from Charlottesville. Through Jos I learned not only different rhythms, but colors, textures and moods in the expression of percussion. I gained independence between the four limbs I was using to play the drums."

All the while, he kept playing and the music that he thought would be abandoned when he entered college became intertwined with his being.

"I continued playing with different groups in the area, including my wife's band, the Barbara Martin Quartet. By then, however, I was off the drum kit and played strictly hand drums, including the doumbec, congas, shakers, wood blocks, etc. The hand drums proved much more satisfying to me as I found I could play anywhere from a living room to a large concert hall since the

See *DOCKERY*, page 5



If it can be beaten, rattled, or tapped, Joe Dockery of Staunton can play it.

Photo courtesy Joe Dockery

Now playing at a theater near you...

Four more concerts round out Queen City Acoustic's first season at the Blackfriars and all the performers are worthy of a sell-out.

Coming up on Feb 21 is jazz and blues singer René Marie, a Virginia

teenager. Actually by the age of 9 she was teaching herself to read music and winning talent contests.

René put her career on hold for marriage and two children, but never strayed far from music. After she had put her children to bed at night she would listen to the jazz

greats, like Ella Fitzgerald, and then try to learn from their methods. She would practice singing into a tape recorder again and again. Eventually she used their methods as stepping stones to developing her own, somewhat unorthodox, style.

In 1996, she decided to go public

again and began performing in a Roanoke club. Within two years she had a CD and had moved to Richmond to get better exposure. *The Richmond-Times Dispatch* called her the "brightest new voice on the Richmond jazz scene."

See *RENÉ MARIE*, page 5

Queen City Acoustic
Upcoming concerts
Feb. 21
René Marie
March 21
Seldom Scene
April 18
TBA
May 16
Austin Lounge
Lizards

"We're hoping that our audience will take a chance on her based on our recommendations."

René Marie may not be a household name in Staunton yet, but she is making waves on the Jazz scene. She grew up in Warrenton and Roanoke and started performing as



Joe Dockery stands in the Blackfriars Playhouse in Staunton which serves as the venue for concerts sponsored by Queen City Acoustic.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

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New album reveals new dimension for Robin & Linda

By NANCY SORRELLS

MIDDLEBROOK — Like a fine wine aging to perfection, Robin and Linda Williams keep getting better and better. Their newest CD "Visions of Love," produced by long-time friend and professional colleague Garrison Keillor, just might be their best yet.

That's saying a lot about a couple who has performed together as husband and wife for nearly three decades. Along the way they have produced 16 albums of their own, two more with Garrison Keillor and Kate MacKenzie as the Hopeful Gospel Quartet, and a children's musical CD.

This album, however, is unlike all that have gone before. For those who know Robin and Linda's music and have come to anticipate more of their finely written lyrics, know right up front that none of these songs is the work of their finely-crafted writing. At the suggestion of Keillor, the creator and host of National Public Radio's "A Prairie Home Companion," Robin and Linda decided to record old tunes they had sung for years but for some reason or another had never recorded.

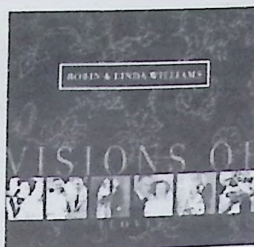
"Garrison asked us to think about old songs we have really known for a long time," Linda said. As a result they had to do a lot of retrieving from the "old hard drive" for songs they had heard or performed over the last 30 years. "Basically they are old songs that we have known forever, but had to brush up on," she added.

Regardless of the fact that none of the songs was penned by this musical duo, several of the traditional songs were arranged by them and all have their unique brand and special blend of harmonies. Linda's rendition of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," should give this song a popularity that it has not had since World War I when the melody evoked national support for the lads in the trenches. And Robin's singing of Hank Williams' "Ramblin' Man" is, arguably, better than Hank himself.



Linda Williams sits proudly on the tractor which Robin "gave her" for the couple's 23rd wedding anniversary -- the farm implement anniversary.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells



"Visions of Love," due out Feb. 5, is Robin & Linda's ninth release on the Sugar Hill Label.

The album, the first produced by Keillor outside of his radio show, is purposely stripped of the fancy effects that have come to clutter many CDs in an age of computers and digital wizardry. "Garrison likes the live sound. He has spent his professional career making decisions on what sounds good live. It was interesting working with him. We put ourselves in his hands and did what he wanted and he was really good as a producer," said Robin.

"Garrison wanted it to be rough and raw -- the classic bedrock genres of country music," Linda added.

The result is an album full of songs recorded on just a couple of takes, with prominent vocals. "Ramblin' Man" was recorded in one take on the first afternoon of recording. "Robin just sat down and sang it. When he was finished, I looked at Garrison who looked at me and said, 'he just nailed it,'" Linda said.

"We are really happy with the sound. The vocals are prominent and anything else is there to support the vocals," she explained. "Anything else" would be both Robin and Linda on the guitar, Robin on the harmonica, Linda on the banjo, Richard Dworsky on the piano, Gary Raynor on the bass, and Peter Ostroushko on the fiddle and mandolin.

The songs should ring familiar with listeners of all ages as the music ranges from 1890s parlor music, to gospel, to a 1992 Bruce

Springsteen melody. It is, quite literally, a century of music wrapped up in 13 tracks. "I'll twine 'mid the ringlets," the opening track and the inspiration for the album title, will be recognizable to listeners as the Carter Family song "Wildwood Flower." Only the words make sense in this version, notes Linda with a laugh. In reality, this version, drawn from old parlor music, was probably the first form and the basis for the Carter song. Most of the lyrics were supplied to Robin and Linda with the help of Pete Wernick's Blue Grass Songbook, but an audience member in Oklahoma supplied the last line of the first verse.

Of course no country album, and particularly not one seeking to go back to the roots of that musical scene, would be complete without a cheating song, particularly one that's a cheating song performed as a duet. The second cut on the CD meets those requirements with Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn's classic "After the Fire is Gone."

"You're Running Wild," a Louvin Brothers duet, is the third song, and "Ramblin' Man" follows.

An orchestra song, "Wasting my time, wasting my love on you," is next, followed by "Too late, too late." Actually the latter song, a Mollie O'Day song that Robin and Linda learned from Uncle Walt's Band, is the lone melody that the duo had previously recorded. It made a brief appearance in a country medley of songs on their 1985 album "Nine 'til Midnight." It is not one they had to dust off, however, as it has been their sound check song for years.

Three country music greats, Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, and Merle Haggard supplied the next trio of songs: "Mississippi Delta Blues," "The Blues come around," and "Hungry Eyes."

The hands of Robin and Linda are heavily in the mix of the next song, "Wash me in thy precious blood" which is a combination of two traditional hymns. "The Stanley Brothers recorded a 3/4-time version and Hazel Dickens and Alice Gerrard recorded another. We combined the two and put the whole thing into 4/4 time," they note on their album.

That is followed by "Keep the Home Fires Burning," a piano-bench favorite from World War I that they first sang at a benefit for the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace in Staunton. "Wandering Boy" is the

album's 12th cut. This traditional song is another that has been arranged by the duo, although they acquired it from Roscoe Holcomb of Daisy, Ky. In the late 1970s when they were playing and recording with Peter Ostroushko, this song was a regular in their repertoire. That makes it very fitting, they noted, that Ostroushko should accompany them on this song.

Rounding out the album is a 1992 Springsteen tune, "If I should

kansas to California. Squeezed in during the next few months will also be a number of live appearances with their CD producer on "A Prairie Home Companion."

"Performing is great. It's the driving that's hard," noted Linda. "Our lives are based on personal performances," Robin added. They have wisely used their many years together to hone their craft and gain control of a life that sometimes means six months of the year on



Robin and Linda Williams have been performing together for the better part of three decades playing on stages that range from local churches to New York's Carnegie Hall.

fall behind." "This song spoke to us the first time we heard it. We have spent over 30 years, each of us, either falling behind or waiting for the other," they write.


"Visions of Love," due out Feb. 5, is Robin and Linda's ninth release on the Sugar Hill Label. They will waste little time sitting at home waiting for rave reviews to roll in. Local fans who want to hear them had better head up to Buena Vista on Feb. 7. After that Robin and Linda, band member, Jim Watson, and canine companion Dixie will load up their travel van and hit the road for a stretch of many weeks, promoting the new album and reaching out to audiences from Ar-

the road. Robin admits that it hasn't always been easy. "It's been a struggle to gain control of our life and careers on the road."

But practice makes perfect. "We know how to pace ourselves; are more sure of ourselves and have more confidence," said Linda.

And it's worth the effort. "We have friends everywhere because

See ALBUM, page 5



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Valentine's Day is blend of pagan, Christian traditions

By MOLLIE BRYAN

Valentine's Day, the day of romance, is actually a blend of pagan and Christian holidays and tradition. The oldest valentine can be traced back to Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was one of the earliest creators of valentines. From his confinement in the Tower of London after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, he sent several poems or rhymed love letters or "valentines" to his wife in France. But the tradition of celebrating love in the middle of February actually extends back to ancient Rome with the pagan celebration of love and fertility.

Mid-February was traditionally the time of the Lupercian festival,

an ode to the God of fertility and a celebration of sensual pleasure, a time to meet and court a prospective mate. It was also deemed the official beginning of spring and considered a time for purification. Houses were ritually cleansed by sweeping them out and then sprinkling salt and a type of wheat called spelt throughout the interiors. To begin the festival, members of the Luperci, an order of Roman priests, would gather at the sacred cave where the infants Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were believed to have been cared for by a she-wolf or lupa. The priests would then sacrifice a goat, for fertility, and a dog, for purification. The boys then sliced the



goat's hide into strips, dipped them in the sacrificial blood and took to the streets, gently slapping both women and fields of crops with the goathide strips. Roman women welcomed being touched with the hides because it was believed the

strips would make them more fertile in the coming year. Later in the day, all the young women in the city would place their names in a big urn. The city's bachelors would then each choose a name out of the urn and become paired for the year with his chosen woman. These matches often ended in marriage.

In 496 A.D., Pope Gelasius outlawed the pagan festival. But he was clever enough to replace it with a similar celebration, although one deemed morally suitable. He needed a "lovers" saint to replace the pagan deity Lupercus. The martyred Bishop Valentine was chosen as the patron saint of the new festival.

Saint Valentine had been be-

headed for helping young lovers marry against the wishes of the emperor Claudius. Before execution, Valentine himself had fallen in love with his jailer's daughter. He signed his final note to her, "From Your Valentine," a phrase that has lasted through the centuries.

While the pagan festival did die out as the Pope wished, his hope that people would emulate the lives of saints during this holiday has fallen aside. Instead, people latched onto the more romantic aspect of Saint Valentine's religious life. While not immediately as popular as the more passionate pagan festival, eventually the concept of celebrating true love became known as Valentine's Day. —

•Album

Continued from page 4

we've traveled for so long. It's a wonderful way of keeping up with people and family. It's a great country and I still get a big kick out of driving out there," Linda explains.

The struggle of balancing personal and public lives as well as home and road lives appears to be one that they are winning hands down if "Visions of Love" can be used as an indicator.

"We have to keep getting better," Linda said. "We take our jobs seriously as artists and you want to be better. You have to rise to the highest level and be thinking all the time about what you're doing," she said.

Most importantly it works because they make it work. "We get along with each other because we want to," Robin explains. Then he pauses and adds the most important ingredient in their formula of success: "And because we love each other." —

To see a touring schedule, learn more about Robin and Linda, or to order CDs, visit the duo's website at www.linda.com

•Dockery

Continued from page 3

hand drums are much quieter and much more versatile than a drum set," he explained.

Joe doesn't just "walk to the beat of a different drummer," he is — quite literally — "a different drummer" personified. His forays "outside the box," so to speak, led him to his current group, Rhythm Road, that includes members from the Wanda and the White Boys days. Twice Rhythm Road's extended family has toured Ireland, further expanding their musical circle of friends to the Emerald Isle.

As his musical horizon widened and his appreciation for a variety of types and styles of musical rose alongside, he began traveling out of the area in order to experience other musical performances. He was especially impressed with the Birchmere, an intimate, dinner theater style music hall in Alexandria.

"The small concert atmosphere afforded an intimacy unmatched in larger arenas. At the Birchmere you were sitting near the performer no matter where your actual seat was," he said.

As he traveled the couple of hours each way to see quality groups away from the Staunton area, an idea began to grow in his brain. "I computed the number of seats (at the Birchmere) by the ticket price and got an idea of how much the performer might be getting paid. Then it dawned on me that if Staunton had such a place we could hire those same people to come here and we wouldn't have to travel so far," he said.

That's why the area should be thankful that Joe decided to set up shop in Staunton rather than somewhere else. The seed that sprouted in Joe's thoughts put down roots in Staunton as Queen City Acoustic, "a non-profit corporation aiming to bring the best in traditional and contemporary folk music to Staunton."

The first QCA productions were in the upstairs theater at McCormick's Restaurant. The atmosphere there was good, but with only 130 seats, the revenue was limited. Unfortunately, McCormick's closed after QCA's second season and Joe cast about for another venue.

"I approached Stuart Hall which was very happy to accom-

modate us. We were there one year and we saw how much more money we could generate with the extra seats since their theater held 250. The quality of our acts grew, as did the size of the audience."

Even as QCA was off and running, there were quiet rumblings of another cultural group coming to town - Shenandoah Shakespeare. By the fall of 2001 an authentically recreated indoor theatre, modeled after Shakespeare's Blackfriars Playhouse, was opened. With such a space, and an invitation from Bill Gordon of Shenandoah Shakespeare, Dockery knew that QCA had found a home. So, in addition to the regular schedule of plays, the stage at the Blackfriars is now host to a monthly QCA show.

"The Blackfriars is, first of all, even larger than Stuart Hall, allowing an audience of 350. With more people we can generate more money and, therefore, hire even a higher quality of performer. It also has an intimate feel unmatched by even the Birchmere. Also the Shenandoah Shakespeare organization has helped us sell tickets through their box office and

through their website which has proven to be quite convenient," Joe said of QCA's new "look."

In the early stages of Queen City Acoustic's existence, the burden of the work fell on Joe. "Originally I did all the booking, all the arrangements with the venue, all the promotion including generating press releases, posters and mailing lists, along with setting up and tearing down all the equipment for each show. As the years have passed, our board of directors has become much more involved and my workload has lightened a bit. Also, the more you do it, the less mistakes you make and it becomes a bit easier," he said.

By working with the Shakespeare crowd, QCA has been able to bask in a little of that limelight. "Often times with a volunteer organization, which Queen City is, some crucial promotional activities fall through the cracks, resulting in the word not getting out. Shenandoah Shakespeare's involvement has eliminated many of those activities. And lastly, just being associated with an organization as visible as Shenandoah Shakespeare

See QCA, page 9

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•René Marie

Continued from page 3

Now, at 44, she is definitely among the country's up-and-coming jazz artists. She also has a new CD, "How Can I Keep From Singing?" under the MaxJazz label. NPR calls her singing "a warm, clear, beautiful sound," and predicts that René is on her way to international success.

When Seldom Scene comes to the Blackfriars on March 21 they are certain to sell out based upon their popularity in the area. This Washington, D.C., quintet is regarded by many as one of the country's top bluegrass bands, if not the top. Their most recent CD, "Scene It All" received rave reviews. Notes their record company, Sugar Hill, of the group: "These five men are so attuned to one another that all the clutter that sometimes creeps into bluegrass ar-

rangements has been pruned away to spotlight melt-together vocal harmonies and tightly interlocking instrumental parts."

QCA's April 18 concert is still unbooked, but the season finishes with a bang on May 16 when the Austin Lounge Lizards come to town. Although technically a bluegrass group, these guys, some of whom have been playing together since the mid-70s, push the envelope as far as subject matter. In fact, they are self-styled "satirical bluegrass" artists. They think nothing of taking a crack at politics, love, religion and culture. The song list from their latest CD includes: "Gingrich The Newt," "Life is Hard (But Life is Hardest When You're Dumb)," and "Shallow End of the Gene Pool."

Although Texas based, band members gave up their day jobs as bailiff, construction foreman, luthier and administrative law

judge to tour nationally starting in 1987. Since then their fame has grown by leaps and bounds.

With the Austin Lounge Lizards show, the curtains come down on QCA's first season at the Blackfriars. However, Joe is already working on next season, which opens on Sept. 12 with Karla Bonoff. Also slated for sometime next season are Robin and Linda Williams. The other artists are still up in the air, but the Riders in the Sky band members were so impressed by the new venue that they promised to help get the word out to other performers of their caliber.

And while it is true that locals who share an appreciation of music can still get in the car and drive many hours to take in a performance, they no longer HAVE to. Thanks to QCA, it's now just a matter of seeing what's happening at "a theater near you." —

Churchville man restores family mill to running order

By NANCY SORRELLS

CHURCHVILLE - Once there were dozens and dozens of mills scattered across Augusta County. Churchville, so named for the many houses of worship in the village, could just as easily have been called Millville in honor of the half-dozen or so mills in the vicinity.

Today Augusta County's mills have all but disappeared. Here and there a fading building remains. But in 2002, Bear's mill in Churchville may be the only water wheel actually turning in the entire county.

Until a few months ago, however, Bear's mill was also out of commission. The mill went off line over three years ago as a result of a flood and he only recently completed repairs to the millrace, dam, and engine to get the whole operation back in working order.

Churchville wouldn't seem like the same place without a member of the Bear family running a mill or assisting with funerals. And the two businesses have been intertwined with the Bears since 1809 when Christian Bear, Sr. arrived in the area to run a plantation for his father-in-law, Henry Hottle, and to establish his cabinetmaking craft.

Although there was a small settlement in the area, it was called Jennings Branch. The name Churchville did not surface for another two decades. Bear operated a mill made of logs along the waters of Whiskey Creek. Although Christian Bear's business records

go back "only" to 1812, he more than likely built the mill on an earlier mill site or acquired a mill already in operation because late 18th-century deeds mention a "mill place" on the property.

Bear used the water power to run his woodworking equipment and "textile" equipment that carded, fulled, pressed, dyed, and wove wool products. The foray into the funeral business was a natural extension of the woodworking. The early ledgers show barter payments for beds, tables, "toomborts" (wooden grave markers), and coffins. In 1818, Bear received one-and-a-half packs of clover seed in exchange for a coffin.

"People came in with two sticks, one for the length of the person and the other for the width. That would tell how big to make the casket," explained Bill Bear, the fifth generation to operate the Bear funeral business. Bear's children, Will Bear and Judi Delp, make the sixth generation to operate the business. Today that business is the oldest operated family funeral business in the state and one of the oldest in the nation.

Eventually the Bears assisted in all aspects of funeral arrangements. "The men made the casket and the ladies put the lining it," Bear said.

All the while, of course, Christian Bear was also turning out fine

furniture like highboys, tables, and wooden clock cases for his brother-in-law, clockmaker Peter Heneberger. In the 1820s, Christian Bear added a brick mill alongside the log mill. One portion of the brick mill had living quarters for his son, Christian Bear, Jr. It was there in 1848 that Ephraim Bear, Bill Bear's grandfather, was born.

By 1852, Christian, Jr. moved his family a few yards away to a nice new brick house. Those original two mill buildings eventually fell to time, first the log one and then, in 1926, the brick mill was dismantled. The bricks were recycled into a brand new funeral home, which still stands today.

In 1908 the present mill was built on the foundation of the original log mill. That's the mill that Bill Bear recently put back into working order, thus maintaining the continuity of more than two centuries of milling at the very same site.

Getting the mill back in working order was something Bear felt "just had to happen." The 77-year-old life-long Churchville resident remembers playing down around the mill as a child. And, although he doesn't remember when the old water wheel was pulled off the mill by a team of horses, he does remember playing on the wheel where it set in the field.

He also knows that the steel wheel that now turns again cost just over \$800 in 1928 and has a six-inch shaft. Earlier this century the Bear mill supplied electrical power to the village. "When ice got on the waterwheel it would go fast on the downturn and come up very slowly because of the weight of the ice. The lights would get bright and then go dim," recalls Bear with a laugh.

The necessity of operating the mill disappeared long ago. Electricity comes from the power company and grain is ground in big mills in other places. Cider and wool products are made elsewhere as well. The 20th-century focus for the Bears leaned more and more toward the funeral business. As the funeral parlor expanded, it encroached on the milling operations. "When the last room was added to the funeral home, we had to move the millrace," noted Bear.

Still the mill kept running. The upstairs floor of the mill is a maze of pulleys and belts that draw power from the 10-horsepower waterwheel and the 15-horsepower engine to operate a variety of machinery including a jigsaw, tennioning machine, bandsaw, lathe, and sander. All the trim for the interior of the funeral home was done by the Bears in the mill as was the trim needed to restore the family's 1852 brick home. "Each room in that house had different trim," Bill noted.

In the last few years, Bill continued to work on odds and ends of projects including some kitchen cabinets. Then the flood came and



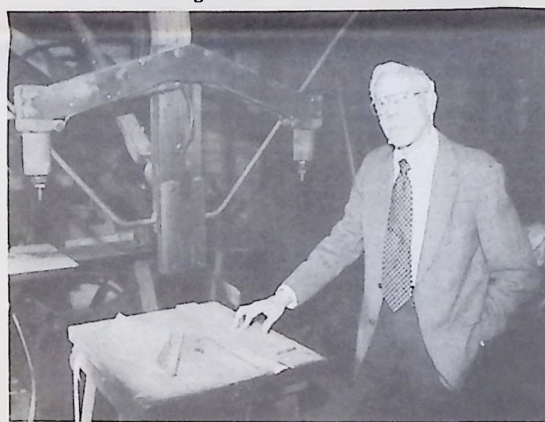
Bill Bear stands with granddaughter Mary Porter Delp outside of the mill. The waterwheel can be seen in the background.

the mill ceased to operate. "I didn't want to see it go down," he said of his resolve to get the mill in operation again.

And so he started at the old wooden dam, which had been designed by the Bears and repaired by his father Frank Bear. "The old dam had gates with a board and handle. When the water got up, no matter if it was day or night, you had to go open the gates. One time the water was so high that it took my father through the dam and down into a sinkhole. He was rescued by a neighbor," he said.

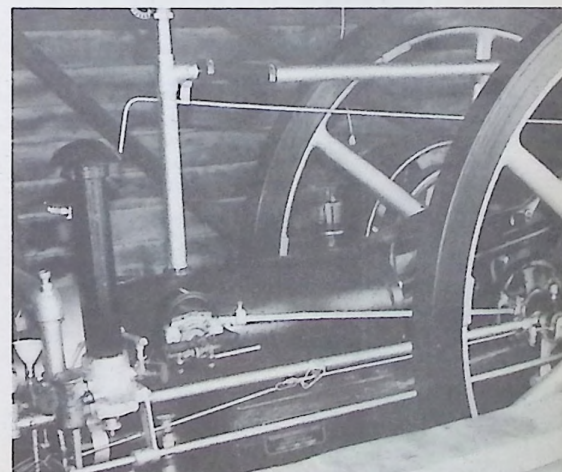
"In the 1960s, we built a new concrete dam below the old dam diverting the water through the mill race. I picked up some ideas from a dam at Glasgow and Peyton Baylor, 'Hickory' Rohrer, and

See BEAR, page 9



The 10-horsepower waterwheel and the 15-horsepower engine at Bear's Mill in Churchville operate a variety of machinery including a jigsaw, tennioning machine, bandsaw, lathe, and sander. Bill Bear, who recently restored the mill to operational status, stands amid the woodworking equipment. The waterwheel and engine he restored are shown in the photos to the left and right, respectively.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells



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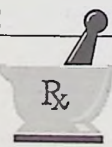
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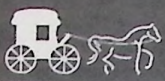
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'A Sense of Place'

Art Center exhibit presents Augusta County

STAUNTON — From utilitarian pieces to portraits on canvas to business advertisements, the exhibit, "A Sense of Place: Collecting the objects of Staunton, Waynesboro, and Augusta County" uses the material culture of this community to give a glimpse into the depth and variety of the area's people throughout history.

The exhibit, sponsored by the Staunton Augusta Art Center in association with the Augusta County Historical Society, opened in early January at the Art Center (located at the entrance to Gypsy Hill Park) and continues until Feb. 15. Financial sponsorship of the show comes from Insurance Partners of Virginia.

This exciting show, curated by Rick Chittum and Ed Covert, fea-

tures some of the traditional art pieces associated with the area such as quilts, samplers and early furniture, but also features some rare and unusual pieces such as 18th century longrifles crafted here and associated hunting accoutrements such as powder horns and hunting bags. Local pottery, including a rare inscribed piece of Augusta County redware, and woven coverlets are displayed next to bottles, tins, pennants and military memorabilia.

There is a timeline of local calendars adorned with local business advertisements from 1883 through the 1960s. Pieces from the African-American community, early local photographs and a rare canvas portrait are included. There is even a collection of yardsticks that were

given away as advertising tools by local businesses. Culled from the homes of resident collectors, the show demonstrates that the material culture of this community does not cease to exist at any given date.

"This show is a treasure chest of local collectibles," said Covert. "This is a rare opportunity to view the curious items local collectors have hidden away in their homes. Come see things that relate to your own community that you've never seen before and likely won't have a chance to see again," he added.

The Art Center is open from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday and 10 a.m.-2 p.m. on Saturdays. Admission is free. Call the Art Center at 885-2028 for more information. —



Rick Chittum, Augusta County Historical Society board member and co-curator of "A Sense of Place" exhibition, stands in front of a display case from the exhibit. Seen here are a quilt, longrifles, and other colonial hunting accoutrements, all from Augusta County.

AC staff photo

Future French king playing tourist in 1796 Augusta County is topic of ACHS banquet program

America was a young country in 1796, full of idealism and adventure. Less than 60 years earlier, Augusta County had been the western edge of civilization and, while it was no longer a wild frontier in 1796, the county was the jumping off point for pioneers heading southwestward along the Great Wagon Road. Men, women and children of all races, ethnicities, religions and social status passed through the area.

In that year one of the travelers was a 23-year-old exiled nobleman, Louis Philippe. The young French tourist was accompanied by his two brothers. They had left France in the

aftermath of the French Revolution's excesses and were touring the new United States. Very early in their ramblings they passed through Augusta County along the Valley Road, en route to Tennessee. They stayed overnight in Staunton and the next night at Steeles Tavern.

Thirty-four years later, in 1830, the people of France would overthrow their king at the time and replace him with another — Louis Philippe — the very person who has once traveled through Augusta County.

On April 16 at the Holiday Inn in Staunton, Dr. Turk McCleskey will share with the audience at the annual Augusta County Historical Society Banquet what the future King of the French saw in early national Augusta County and what Augusta County residents may have seen in him.

McCleskey, a history professor

at Virginia Military Institute who has been honored for his teaching skills, has a knack for ferreting out unusual stories from the annals of local history. He is also one of the leading experts on 18th-century Augusta County history, having written his doctoral dissertation on landholding patterns in the county.

McCleskey received his doctorate in history from the College of William and Mary in 1990. Upon graduation, he moved to Michigan where he served as an assistant professor at Oakland University. In 1994 he joined VMI's department of history. He has published a variety of essays dealing with frontier Virginia topics.

Louis Philippe's place in Augusta County history was certainly minor, but his place in French history has been the focus for many scholars of modern European history. The future king was a close

WHAT: Augusta County Historical Society Annual Banquet
WHEN: April 16; social hour, 6 p.m.; dinner, 7 p.m.

WHERE: Holiday Inn, Staunton

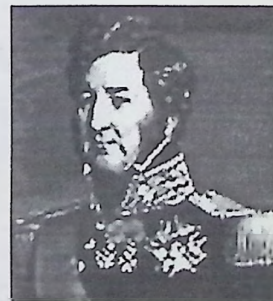
TICKET INFO: Tickets are \$20 per person and include a buffet dinner. Tickets can be purchased through the Augusta County Historical Society (P.O. Box 686, Staunton, VA 24402 or 540-248-4151) or at The Bookstack in Staunton. Deadline for purchasing tickets is April 12.

relative of King Louis XVI but when the French Revolution broke out, Louis Philippe joined the revolutionary army. However, when Louis XVI and Louis-Philippe's own father were both guillotined as the revolution took a bloody twist, the young nobleman deserted the military and fled abroad.

He spent two decades traveling to places such as the United States and Norway before finally returning to France in 1814 during the restoration. Two of the beheaded Louis XVI's brothers came to the throne in succession from 1814 until 1830. Then, in 1830, revolution again stirred and the French legislature decided to try a constitutional monarchy. Louis Philippe was offered the crown with limits spelled out in a charter. He accepted the title of "King of the French" rather than the more traditional term of "King of France."

The new king, who came to be known as the "Citizen King" because of his bourgeois manner and dress, led his country into a period of technological advances and a blossoming of the arts and literature. Nevertheless, there were those that opposed his power, particularly as famine and economic crisis plagued France in the latter part of his 18-year-reign.

Revolution came again in 1848



LOUIS PHILIPPE

and the "Citizen King" abdicated and went into exile in England where he died two years later.

To learn more about this interesting connection between Augusta County and the King of the French, plan to attend the Augusta County Historical Society Annual Banquet April 16. You do not have to be a member of the historical society to attend. The social hour begins at 6 p.m. and dinner is at 7 p.m. Tickets are \$20 per person and include a buffet dinner. Tickets can be purchased through the Augusta County Historical Society (P.O. Box 686, Staunton, VA 24402 or 540-248-4151) or at the Bookstack in Staunton. Deadline for purchasing tickets is April 12. —

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Notes from the road

In this issue, *Augusta Country* staff writer Nancy Sorrells takes us on a trip to Utah's Dixie where she tracks down some dinosaurs and visits the homeplace of famed outlaw Butch Cassidy.

Utah's Dixie boasts dinosaur tracks, birthplace of Butch Cassidy

By NANCY SORRELLS

SOMEWHERE IN DIXIE — Butch Cassidy didn't die in a shootout in Bolivia. That's what Bruce Fuller, the director of tourism in Garfield County, Utah says. And if anyone should know then it would be the Mormons living in southern Utah's Garfield County. Bruce was born and raised in Circleville which is where Butch grew up. The Parker family was just part of the community and one of the outlaw's nephews still lives in the vicinity.

Garfield County is located in the region called Dixie, affectionately named for the real Dixie in the southeast U.S. Why? It's hot and is in the southern part of the state where the early settlers hoped to make a fortune growing cotton just like those in the other Dixie. The local accent of the people in Utah's Dixie is even called a southern drawl although to my ears it sounded more like a softened version of speech from the movie *Fargo* — filled with plenty of "you



The childhood home of outlaw Butch Cassidy is located near Circleville, Utah.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

betchas" and a "ya" every once in a while. The area is also called Bryce Canyon Country or Color Country for the sculpted and colorful rocks that change like shapeshifters from mile to mile.

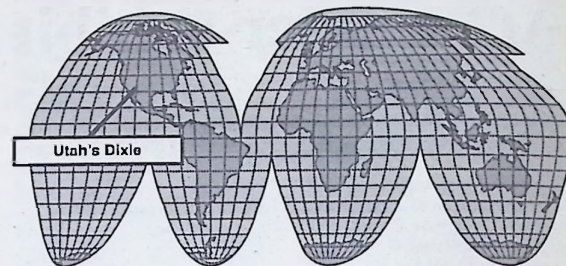
"Nope, Butch didn't die in South America," Bruce told us. "He came

back here and changed his last name to Phillips and worked not too far away in a mine. He either died of lung cancer from the mine or in a mining accident," he said, adding that the remaining members of Butch's family (the Parkers) claim that the outlaw is buried within a 100 miles of Circleville.

Bruce took us to the tiny log cabin on the outskirts of Circleville where Butch, known then as George Leroy Parker, grew up. The Old Parker Ranch, as it was known, was won by Mark Parker in a card game. "Mark won the ranch with the Queen of Hearts," explained Bruce.

We also drove through Red Canyon which has a draw up in the rocks called Butch Cassidy Draw. That was the very spot where a local posse tried to capture their infamous local citizen. Bruce's grandfather was in that posse made up of local townspeople. When the posse tried to call Butch down out of the hills he reasoned with them that nobody would die if they would go home and leave him alone which is exactly what happened.

Garfield County, however, has much more to offer the visitor than a glimpse at Butch Cassidy's stomping ground. Ninety-eight percent of the county is public land. Part or all of three state parks (Kodachrome Basin, Escalante Petrified Forest State Park, Anasazi Indian Village), two national parks (Bryce Canyon, Capitol Reef), Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument, Dixie National Forest, Glen Canyon National Recreational Area, Lake Powell, and Box-Death Hollow



Wilderness Area are located there.

Running west to east through the 5,000-square-mile county is scenic Rt. 12 which has twice made the top ten list for most scenic drives in the country. The outdoor opportunities in such a place are limitless. There are red rock-filled canyons, arid cactus deserts, and haunting yellow hoodoos to capture the soul of any lover of the outdoors. Explorations can take place on foot, horseback, mountain bike, skis in the winter, and ATV.

that the quilts allowed them to walk across the snow without sinking in. Their prayers had been answered. Time after time they spread the quilts out, walked the length, pulled them up and moved forward again until they had reached their destination. The town was saved!

Livestock men, both sheep herders and cowboys, also left their mark on the area. Even today it's not surprising to see someone mosey into a restaurant with jingling spurs. Cowboy poetry readings are



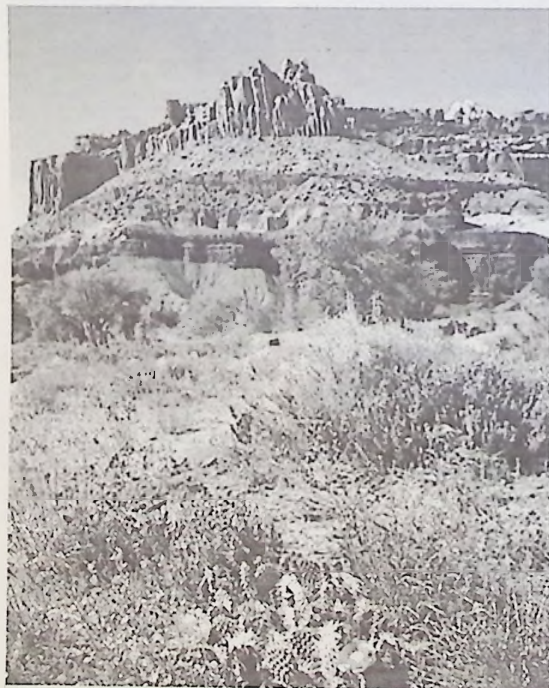
Anasazi Indian Village, Garfield County, Utah

Encircling the area is the Paiute Trail, a well-maintained, 200-mile path good for ATVs, horses and mountain bikers. In this country it's easy to get away from it all for a few hours or a few weeks.

As you travel through, you quickly become aware that you are not the first to get to know the land. Most recently the Mormons and the cowboys have made their mark upon the area. Panguitch (a Paiute Indian word for "big fish") is the biggest community in Garfield County with 1,600 people. Every year the town has a Quilt Walk to honor the courage of the early settlers. The first Mormons to put down roots here found themselves facing a particularly rough winter and running short of supplies. A group set off for help despite heavy snow drifts. The struggle through waist-high snow soon placed them on the brink of exhaustion, so they spread their quilts on top of the snow and knelt down to pray for guidance. Amazed, they realized

very popular as well. A good place to ingest the local flavor, literally, is Cowboy's Smokehouse Cafe in Panguitch. Beef, pork and chicken are available in a variety of ways but it all involves barbecue sauce

See DIXIE, page 9



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•Dixie

continued from page 8

of some sort or other and it is all good. And there is always a local musician twanging a song for the tips that diners drop in the bucket.

Before the Mormons and cowboys came the Spanish priests and the fur traders. A route from Mexico to California through the area became known as the Old Spanish Trail. The trail crossed through territory inhabited for about four centuries by the Paiute Indians. Even today their influence survives in many of the placenames like Panguitch and Parowan.

Even though Parowan (evil waters) is a Paiute name, the town is better known for even earlier inhabitants. The Anasazi Indians, known as the Ancient Ones, roamed southern Utah for about 1,300 years. They were farmers and hunters and built small rock dwellings using finely honed masonry skills. Around 1300 A.D. they mysteriously disappeared maybe because of changing climatic conditions. Their story is interpreted at the Anasazi Indian Village State Park in Boulder, Utah where the remains of Anasazi villages are being studied by archaeologists.

At Parowan Gap is another haunting reminder of this ancient civilization about which so little is known. There in the rocks are petroglyphs (pictures scratched into the rock surface) that include drawings that are probably solar and lunar calendars which helped this agricultural people calculate the seasons. Petroglyphs and pictographs (drawn on the rock) are found all over the region. Handprints, animals, mysterious spirals and lines whose meanings and significance can only be speculated



Three-toed dinosaur tracks in St. George, Utah

upon remind us that we are not the first to try to understand this strange and beautiful land.

Long before humans even made their appearance in the world, dinosaurs walked through Utah's Dixie. About a year ago on the outskirts of St. George, Dr. Sheldon Johnson was on heavy equipment leveling a sandy hill in preparation for development. As he flipped over the heavy rock slabs he saw some unusual bumps in the stone face. What Dr. Johnson had was one of the best collections of dinosaur footprints in the country.

During the Jurassic age, about 200 million years ago, at least three

different dinosaur species lumbered through the area, their feet sinking in the mud. Over time, those impressions filled in so that what Dr. Johnson discovered are actually casts of the feet of those animals.

Rather than continue to develop the site, the Johnson family is moving to protect the dinosaur tracks so that they may be enjoyed for all time. Visitors to St. George should take the time to stop by the dinosaur tracks where volunteer interpreters now help tell the story of the giant footprints.

If you would like to learn more about Utah's Dixie, log on to www.brycecanyoncountry.com —



Petroglyphs at Parowan Gap in Utah

•Bear

Continued from page 6

Raymond Driver helped me get the job done.

"The gate is on a hinge which can be raised and lowered. I had to take it out and weld it," explained Bear of the first repairs. He also had to clean out the 1,000-foot millrace which had a lot of grass growing up in it.

With the help of Will and John Miller, Bear worked on the 1915 engine. "That was an awful job," he said of stripping the paint, and rebuilding the engine.

Finally the day came a few months ago when water was again diverted from Whiskey Creek, down along the millrace until it flowed across the big wheel which once again started creaking around. The Bear Mill was back in business, much to Bill's satisfaction.

Without a doubt, Christian Bear, Sr. would be proud to have the wheel turning again. "It was just something that had to be done," said his great-grandson, Bill Bear. —



Hoodoos in Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah

•QCA

Continued from page 5

with all the local, regional and national publicity they generate has given Queen City exposure we only used to dream about."

The four shows this season, QCA's first in the new setting, have been overwhelming successes. Three of the four shows were to sold-out, standing-room only crowds, while the fourth was nearly a sell-out. Those shows have brought Grammy nominees and Grammy winners to Staunton courtesy of QCA.

"Our first show was a local per-

formance bringing the white and black communities together for a joint performance highlighting the black influence on white/Euro-pean-based music and the white influence on the progression of black/African-based music resulting in the popular music we listen to today including rock, blues, country and jazz. The community came out in droves with a standing room only capacity audience and the show was quite emotional," he said. That Unity concert was followed by hometown favorites Robin and Linda Williams, folk singer and master instrumentalist

John McCutcheon, and Grammy Winners Riders in the Sky.

"The feedback has been just what we wanted — very positive, with comments commending the quality of the acts, the intimacy of the performer/audience relationship and the professional sound system," Joe added.

And so all that hard work, if you can call it that, has paid off. "I guess if it was an idea that I wasn't interested in, the work could be overwhelming, but I love music, and I love this community, and I get a charge out of sharing the experiences I've had as an audience member at

some of these small concerts mentioned earlier. With that in mind, the work is secondary, and actually feels more like fun than work.

"We at Queen City Acoustic look at live music as an art form that has the ability to move people in a positive way. If we can provide a great space, quality sound equipment and lighting, and make the performer comfortable before the show, we believe the best possible artistic expression can be delivered," Joe said. "After three years of hard work we now have everything in place for that to happen." ---

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Osama who? A big project for America

Down on the farm we're thinking about our big project. We don't undertake very many big projects down on the farm. Not that we don't need to. Usually when we finally undertake a big project, it's something we've been needing to do for a long time. But give us, oh, say... 20 or 30 years, and we can usually work up the steam necessary to actually mount the resources and energy to see a big project through to completion.

And while there are big projects that need doing, there are also long-running projects that exist mostly as works-in-progress. These are the kinds of projects that you know up front aren't going to be accomplished in one fell swoop. And sometimes works-in-progress have to be suspended in order to accomplish big projects. It's a vicious cycle.

Revitalizing the barn, built in the 1940s, to function as a 21st century structure is my work-in-progress. A few years ago we tore out the old horse and cow stalls in the barn's ground floor and made it functional for the purposes of lambing. We changed a door to make it wide enough for a skid loader to enter and exit so the lambing area could be cleaned out properly once or twice each year without having to fork it out by hand. We still do some hand forking, but being able to use a skid loader for clean out sure pares a big job down to size.

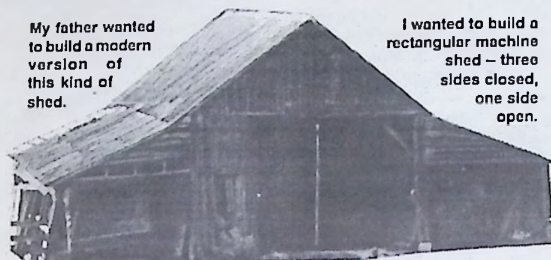
The second phase of the barn rejuvenation project was to put water lines inside the area we had rehabilitated for use during lambing. Carrying several five-gallon buckets of water twice daily during lambing season had brought me to the realization that having hydrants in the lambing area could save time and labor.

We will remember Sept. 11, 2001 for many reasons. In addition to the obvious reason, I will remember it as the day the-guy-who-can-do-anything was supposed to come to the farm to begin the plumbing project inside the barn. By the time we were ready to begin the water project, a tractor had been purchased for which we had no building large enough to store it. This prompted us to consider a

big project — building a machine shed to house the many pieces of equipment we stick here and there in every space available to keep them out of the weather.

Not that we hadn't thought of building a machine shed before. Actually, about 20 years ago there was an effort made to begin the project. An area was graded out to accommodate a structure. Fill dirt was brought in. A few poles got set. Then the project fizzled. We never did get back to it. That's just the

My father wanted to build a modern version of this kind of shed.



I wanted to build a rectangular machine shed — three sides closed, one side open.

way things sometimes go.

The other pressing matter which doesn't have anything to do with equipment storage is sheep shearing. It just so happens that the-guy-who-can-do-anything including build machine sheds, install water lines and the like, is also the guy who does our sheep shearing. The last two years of shearing were difficult in the extreme due to poor weather conditions and the lack of an adequate indoor facility to accommodate the shearing process.

When the sheep shearers left last spring after shearing 215 head of sheep in one day (some outside, then the remainder — when rain forced the job indoors — in a small, poorly fit lean-to on the side of the barn) the chief sheep shearer/guy-who-can-do-anything said, "You've got one year to figure out how to do it all inside." The underlying threat (promise) being that he was fed up with the poor arrangement we provided for shearing sheep and if we didn't change our ways we would be looking for another sheep shearer in the future.

Soooooo, it seemed to me that perhaps we could kill two birds

with one stone. We could build a machine shed that would be sufficient to shelter some equipment and then convert the machine shed to a shearing shed when the chore came around each spring. I told the-guy-who-can-do-anything/sheep shearer what my intention was and that he should build the structure with both purposes in mind — equipment storage and sheep shearing. My requirements for the structure were not too restrictive. I wanted it to be big enough and have enough clearance to house a good bit of equipment, including tractors with cabs and tall exhaust pipes, as well as provide plenty of space for shearing which would include space to bag the wool and shear the sheep as well as include a holding area for sheep waiting to be sheared. The shed would need to be adaptable to both purposes.

My father wanted... well, I'm not sure what my father wanted. O.K., he wanted a shed with a 24-foot bay, I know that. That's 24 feet of unobstructed backing room so wagons and other equipment can be put in the shed without having to dodge support poles. This brings

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY

BETTY JO
HAMILTON



us to the whole problem of starting a big project. Trying to decide exactly what to build once we decide we're going to build.

So, as I was saying, Sept. 11 was the day the-guy-who-can-do-anything was supposed to start the waterline project in the barn, and it was the day we were going to have him look at the site to build the machine shed. Well, as it turned out he wasn't able to come that day. Then, well, you know what happened then, the world flew to pieces and undertaking a big project like building a machine shed caused me to pause and consider what the coming months might hold.

Thoughts went through my head like, "Building a machine shed is going to cost a lot of money;" and "Things are really going to get tight — money may be in short supply;" and "Maybe this is not the time to do this;" and "We really don't know how bad things will get;" and, ultimately, I felt a sense of fear about how our lives and our country would be affected by things happening around us. And then I realized my mind was responding

exactly the way the terrorists wanted it to respond. They wanted to stun the American populace into inaction; they wanted fear to prevail in America; they wanted to hold our country hostage by stifling our dreams and hopes of what it means to live and work in a free democratic society. Then I found myself saying, "By golly, we're going to build that machine shed if for no better reason than to spite Osama bin Laden and any other person or world regime who thinks they can get the best of what it means to be an American." And besides, I figured the post-9/11 American economy could use the boost of our meager machine shed project.

So, when the-guy-who-can-do-anything arrived at the farm on Sept. 12 I said, "Let's go out here and measure off a place for this machine shed."

Now, getting back to what my father wanted. First of all, I thought he wanted what I wanted which was essentially fairly straightforward — a rectangular shed closed on three sides, open on one side and covered with metal. Nothing fancy, just a utilitarian-type machine shed. So my father and I, along with the-guy-who-can-do-anything, measured out a 60-foot by 40-foot rectangle in the area we had designated for the shed. Simple enough.

By the morning of Sept. 13 we had prices for the roof trusses. There was a substantial difference in price on trusses measuring 30 feet or less when compared to those in excess of 30 feet. The difference being that trusses under 30 feet are

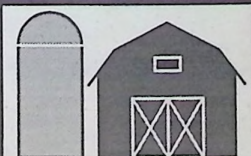
See PROJECT, page 11



STEP 1 — Forty-four tons of ground up road surface that a paving company was trying to get rid of was used for fill to make the pad for the machine shed. A 56x36 area was measured off designating the base of the shed.



Step 2 — Posts, those left behind on our property by the utility company when power lines were upgraded, were set, creating our own version of Stonehenge, above right.



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The roof trusses are delivered.

Project

Continued from page 10

made with 2x4s and trusses in excess of 30-feet are made with 2x6s. The other consideration was that the area we had selected for the shed was going to be really tight with a 60x40-foot structure located there. Rocks would make setting posts difficult. We would need a lot more fill to level out the area for the structure. So we regrouped and measured out a 56x30-foot base.

Once the stakes were in place, 30 feet seemed shallow, especially with 18-foot wagons to house plus tractors. It also looked small when considering the space required for shearing sheep. So then we measured out 56x36 and it was decided that would provide enough space for our purposes, would avoid rocks in setting the posts, was the right size shed for the area we had selected, and would save some money in materials. *Mind you, we wanted to boost the American economy but we weren't interested in shouldering the whole load.* A shed 56x36 would give us two 16-foot bays and two 12-foot bays — not a single 24-foot bay like my father wanted, however the legis-

tics of constructing a building with a 24-foot freestanding bay were unwieldy and, perhaps, impossible to achieve. I thought the 16-foot bays would be acceptable, although not as big as my father wanted. It would have to do.

So I was happy. The project was set to go. Things could begin happening. Sadly, the world was still crumbling to pieces, but we were making a plan and we were ready to start building. The afternoon of Sept. 13, I was no longer happy.

At some point during the day, my father had entered the picture and he had given his revised floor plan

to the-guy-who-can-do-anything. To achieve the 24-foot freestanding bay, my father had changed the floor plan and wanted to construct a 24-foot square structure with sheds sloping off each side. I hit the roof, to put it mildly. And I'll explain why.

We have one of these. The granary has sheds on both sides with low-hanging sloping roofs. We have been using these to store tractors. One of these tractors has a canopy for which the sloping sheds do not provide enough clearance to get the tractor inside. So for nine years my father has been putting the tractor under the sloping shed roof anyway, whacking the tractor canopy every time busting the corners on the canopy so that it became cracked, broken and generally dysfunctional. So then he paid a substantial amount of money to get a new canopy top for the tractor — once again doing our part for the American economy — and I asked him please not to put the tractor under the sloping shed roof again.

None of the aforementioned even takes into account the number of times tractor exhaust pipes have been

of THOSE! We've got one of THOSE and look what's happened to the tractor! Just forget it."

I was ready to call the whole project off. Somehow my father and I had traded places in this instance. Usually it's my father who wants something plain and simple and I'm the one who wants to complicate things. I'm not sure which stunned me more — the fact that my father seemed intent on re-creating a structural faux pas by building another shed with sloping roofs or that for once I thought we would be of the same mindset with both of us wanting something simple and plain to serve the widest range of purposes. I thought surely the two of us were simpatico on building the machine shed. I was shocked to learn otherwise. My mother says my father and I don't communicate. I think my father and I communicate too much.

As it turns out, the-guy-who-can-do-anything/sheep shearer also is quite good at sorting out interpersonal familial discord. His talents are completely wasted at sheep shearing and general farm con-

that morning, and the-guy-who-can-do-anything was finishing up the water line project in the barn.

"Your dad says it doesn't make any difference what shape the shed is," the-guy-who-can-do-anything/future-secretary-general-of-the-United-Nations said, "just as long as it has a 24-foot bay."

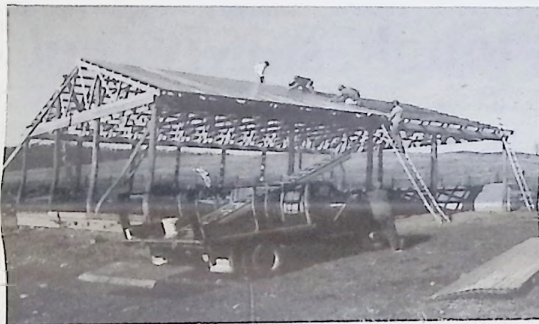
We had already discussed the difficulty of building the 24-foot freestanding bay. Short of using steel I beams to support the 24-foot span, its construction seemed impossible. "Can you build it with a 24-foot bay?" I asked.

"We'll put 16-foot bays on each end and two 12-foot bays together in the middle," he said.

"But you'll still have to have a support between the two 12-foot bays, won't you?" I asked.

"Well," he said and kind of rolled his eyes around, "we'll see what we can do."

So the shed got built. It is 56x36 with 16-foot bays on each end and two 12-foot bays in the middle. The post between the two 12-foot bays was set, however, it was not tied in with the framework of the struc-



Steps 5-7 — The sides and back await preparation for metal sheeting to be put up. Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

bent when hit on the roofs. And I'm not even going to mention the danger to humans who would prefer not to have their heads knocked off when maneuvering tractors under the sloping roofs. And then my father wants to turn around and build a brand new shed with even more sloping roofs? I was wild. I was livid.

"NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!" I said. "We are NOT building another one



Step 4 — The metal sheeting goes on the roof.

struction. He should be secretary general of the United Nations.

By the morning of Sept. 14, the machine shed plan had been remodeled yet again. I got to the barn

ture. It bears the weight of the span of what is to become the 24-foot open bay. The reasoning being that once the lumber dries, the center post will no longer be needed to support the roof and then the post can be removed thereby creating the all-important 24-foot freestanding open bay. I just don't know about this. I'll tell you this however. If the center pole is removed and the roof collapses, I can guarantee you there is going to be some serious communication around here.

We don't undertake too many big projects. It's pretty obvious why we don't. I'll tell you one thing though, building the machine shed certainly did take our minds off the imminence of global collapse. Osama who? If it hadn't been for trying to do our part for America, this is one big project that might have taken another 20 years to complete down on the farm. —



Step 3 — The top band and roof trusses are set. A neighbor loaned us a special tool that fits over the bale spear on the tractor's front-end loader to help place the trusses.

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VOILA! It is done! With room for five tractors, four 18-foot hay wagons, one 18-foot gooseneck trailer and most of a pickup truck, the 56x36 shed also will provide plenty of room for shearing sheep — provided the power company comes before spring to hook up the electric line to the shed.

Echinacea: Long on beauty; varied on medicinal benefits

Well, it's a new year and I am excited about being an American, being a Mom, and the International Herb Association's choice for "Herb of the Year." It's echinacea. I am excited about it because it is an interesting herb — one that is sort of a mystery.

One of the reasons it is so mysterious is that it is not found in any of the ancient herbals, so there is no early information on its uses. Echinacea is native to North America and there is no historical mention of it until Gray's *Synoptical Flora of North A* (1870) in which it was mentioned "popular medicine." For several generations, Native Americans knew of the power of this plant and other herbs in treating or preventing many different ailments. They used echinacea for many ailments, including sore throat, gums and mouth, neck pain, toothache, colds, colic, stomach cramps, snake bites, hydrophobia and septic conditions, enlarged glands (like mumps), headaches, stings, burns, cancer, measles, rheumatism, arthritis, smallpox and venereal disease. It was also fed to ailing stock. The dried flowerheads were used as hair combs.

A few years ago, it was all the herbal rage. Alternative-medicine folks had been using the herb for years to build up their immunities. Some mainstream medical people got hold of that fact, and along with a media build-up, the herb became very popular. I used to hear comments about it at the water cooler in my office.

Every year when the cold and flu season rolls around, people take echinacea and expect miracles. The thing about echinacea — as is the case with most herbs — you have to take it for awhile before it affects your system. Its benefit comes in making a systemic change, not masking symptoms like traditional medicines do. Well, from what I heard at the water cooler, there were a lot of people disappointed with the results they gained, or rather lack thereof, from using the herb. However, clinical studies show that extracts improve white blood cell count and create

other immune responses. Echinacin, found in echinacea, stops bacteria from forming the hyaluronidase enzyme, which helps make cells more susceptible to infection. It is obvious to researchers that echinacea contains a number of immune-stimulating constituents, although the mechanism is not fully understood. Some components are better extracted into water, others into alcohol. Small amounts taken a few times daily work better than larger doses.

Echinacea serves to support disease resistance in several ways. At the blood level, it helps antibodies attack and remove bacteria. At the cellular levels, echinacea helps to reduce the production of an enzyme that breaks down hyaluronic acid, the compound that occurs between cells to bind them together. Because of its multidirectional means of immune system support, its success depends on a healthy immune system. Without a healthy population of unencumbered antibodies to work with, echinacea's capacity to fight infection is limited to its simple, and less-than-impressive, antiseptic actions. This means that timing is critical to echinacea's effectiveness — this herb should be taken at the first onset of

Down to Earth

By
Mollie Bryan



infectious symptoms, otherwise its activity will amount to a losing battle against microbial opponents that have already fortified their positions in the body.

All of this and it is pretty, too.

Echinacea is a perennial plant. Commonly known as the coneflower, echinacea can be found growing as a wildflower mostly in the prairies, the midwest states and as far south as Texas. Today this flower is not only an ornamental in many gardens, but also a cultivated herb with its beautiful flowing rows of purplish blossoms. It makes a great addition to herb gardens and does grow well in Virginia. —



Echinacea or coneflower

Chickadees, tiny but tough, survive cold of winter

By MARK GATEWOOD

January dusk; it's 20 degrees and heading for the single digits overnight. The stars shine hard and bright; there's not even a wisp of cloud between here and the cold vacuum of space. I whistle *The Dog in, latch the gate and wonder: "How is anything out there going to make it through this night?"*

What I'm really thinking about is

the birds. Most of our wintering birds — the chickadees, the titmice, the sparrows — are so small. They don't know it, but they live or die at the mercy of a rule of mathematics which states that the smaller an object is, the greater, in proportion, is its surface area. It's true for any three-dimensional object — a cube, a sphere, a chickadee: the smaller the body mass, the greater the surface area. For an animal that

has to maintain a constant body temperature, this creates a problem: body mass produces heat by metabolizing food, while surface area radiates that heat out into the air. Think of it this way: you've got two baked potatoes, a big one and a little one. Which one is going to cool off first? The small one.

A chickadee weighs about 10 grams. To get an idea of how much that is, pick up two wooden pencils and you're holding about 10 grams. It's not much mass, but that 10-gram chickadee manages to support life through the coldest winter nights. We know that birds have developed several strategies for cold weather survival, some that we've known about for years, some recently discovered.

The first, and most obvious to us, is an increase in food intake. If you have bird feeders, you can see feeder activity increase late in the afternoon before a cold night. After feeding, small birds seek shelter in evergreen trees. They may huddle together or roost in nest boxes or cavities.

Feathers, of course, provide highly efficient insulation. In addition to the body or contour feathers that give a bird its shape, a bird possesses fluffy down feathers close to its skin. Tiny muscles at the base of each feather can raise the feathers to trap air next to the skin and create more insulation. We have these same muscles at the base of each of our body hairs; they give us "goosebumps" as they try to fluff our sparse fur coats when we're cold.

But what about those skinny, bare legs? How do they keep those things warm? That's taken care of, too. In the bird's leg, the arteries

carrying warm blood from the heart lie alongside the veins returning blood to the body, allowing for heat exchange with the cool, returning blood. Legs can also be tucked up into the fluffy body feathers. This explains how ducks can paddle in near-freezing water and stand around on ice in apparent comfort.

Less obvious to the observer are some physiological changes that take place during the night. Birds normally maintain a body temperature around 104 degrees Fahrenheit. On cold nights, chickadees can drop into a reduced metabolic state called torpor, reducing their body temperature by 20 degrees and reducing energy consumption by 25 percent. And, they shiver. The large pectoralis muscles, the

breast muscles that power the bird in flight, create body heat by shivering continuously. This information about shivering is fairly new and I was appalled when I read it. For us humans, insulated by our technology, shivering is the heat source of last resort. If you're cold, you put on more clothes or turn up the heat. If you have to shiver, something's wrong. It sounds like a very uncomfortable way to pass the night, but for these birds it's just part of the deal.

It all comes back to that body-mass-to-surface area thing. Spend enough time in college biology classes and somebody's going to tell you about Bergmann's Rule. This generalization about animal geography states that the

See *RULE*, page 13



A chickadee visits a satellite feeder for a late winter afternoon snack.

Photo by Mark Gatewood

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A new year in the gardening world

January 2002 has come and gone with holiday decorations stored away and snow shovels brought out. Candles, snowmen, and colorful plants have replaced festive cards and Santas.

Did you see the latest poinsettia cultivars in local garden centers in December? I hope that you bought one for yourself or as a gift. Plum Pudding, a wonderful mauve, and Holly Berry, imitating the variegated leaves of the broadleaf evergreen, joined the flecked Jingle Bells and compact red Winter Rose introduced in 2000. Now is the time to enjoy these winter bloomers along with cyclamen and forced branches and bulbs.

The U.S. Congress has proclaimed 2002 as the Year of the Rose. The intent is to celebrate and promote this beautiful flower, our National Floral emblem. All garden clubs are encouraged to feature the rose whenever possible.

The Monterey Garden Club in Highland County has planned a Rose Weekend on July 13-14. Dennis Whetzel, director of the JMU arboretum and noted rosarian, will speak on Saturday followed by lunch and garden tours. Tours will continue on Sunday afternoon around the McDowell area. Mark your calendars. More details will be coming later.

This spring a new Chinese redbud should be available in nurseries. Don Egolf, bred at the U.S. National Arboretum and released last year, is named for the notable plant breeder. This new redbud is a compact, fairly dwarf, multistemmed tree that is highly tolerant of the deadly fungus canker that afflicts older varieties. It is hardy to minus 10 degrees Fahrenheit, its flowers are rosy-mauve, it grows in partial shade or full sun, it produces NO seedpods, and it roots well from cuttings. Consider trying one of these superior cultivars.

If you enjoy garden tours, buy *The Garden Conservancy's Directory for 2002*. The Open Days Program features over 400 private gardens that are open nationwide. Descriptions and travel directions are given in the directory. The book costs \$14.95 plus \$4.50 shipping and handling. Call toll free 1-888-842-2442 or send a check to: The Garden Conservancy, P.O. Box 219, Cold Spring, N.Y. 10516. The website is www.gardenconservancy.org.

Good news from a Florida study by students of biology teacher Dot Henley as reported in *Orchids* magazine: one part aspirin to 10 parts water produced much better seedlings with greater disease resistance and fewer fungal problems. To make this solution dissolve three aspirin in four gallons of water or for a smaller quantity dissolve one aspirin in one cup of water, discard 1/4 cup of this mix, then add more water to equal one gallon. Apply this solution weekly or on a regular schedule to your indoor plants, orchids, or seedlings. What is a natural medicine for man is also apparently one for plants!

Unfortunately all news is not good news. At the November meeting of the Monterey Garden Club the entomologist speaker passed out two leaflets. The first was on daylily rust disease (DRD). In the summer of 2000 a new foliar disease of daylilies was discovered in the U.S. The pathogen that causes this problem is *Puccinia hemerocallidis*, a rust fungus previously known only in Asia. DRD has been found in 22 states including North Carolina, Tennessee, and Maryland. DRD shows up as raised pustules and yellow-orange or rust colored spores primarily on the underside of leaves. View with a hand lens.

The USDA believes this disease to be very serious since the incubation period is only two to three days, it is easily spread by wind and humans. Many varieties are more affected than others and the popular rebloomer, Stella D'oro, is one of these.

Remove and bag infected plants and leaves immediately and treat the remaining plants with fungicides such as Strike and Heritage (systemics) or Dithane and Daconil (contact fungicides).

The second leaflet was about Asian Cerambycid Beetle. A long-horned beetle (*Anoplophora glabripennis*) from Japan, southern China, and Korea has been discovered infesting trees in New York. Horsechestnuts, maple, and box elders have been favorite trees attacked so far in Brooklyn and Amityville. Other hardwoods are susceptible. These beetles are large, black with white spots, and have long black and white antenna. Adult beetles are usually observed from May to October. They make large 3/8-inch round holes anywhere on trees (exit holes). Oval to round, darkened wounds in the bark are the sites where the females chew a place to lay eggs. Be alert for large piles of coarse sawdust around the bases of trees.

If you see this pest, please call the USDA Forest Service at 603/868-7709 or the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service at 508/563-9303.

It's back to good news. It is almost time for the 13th Maymont Flower and Garden Show in Richmond to be held Feb. 21-24. This year's show is smaller than usual because the Exhibit Hall is under renovation. The new site is the Ballroom Pavilion of the Greater Richmond Convention Center, 300 N. 5th St. Advance

In the Garden

By Jenifer Bradford



vance tickets cost \$7 and are on sale through Feb. 19. The show will be open Thursday - Saturday 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. and Sunday 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Contact the Maymont Foundation for tickets, information or a brochure at 804/358-7166, website: www.maymont.org or e-mail: flowershow@maymont.org

Fortunately for us, we don't have to drive. The Staunton Recreation Department is again planning a coach trip Feb. 22. Departure time is 8:30 a.m. from Montgomery Hall Park. Return time is 6:30 p.m. The fee is \$27 (includes transportation and admission). Pick up a registration form or phone 332-3945 to book your seat.

More good news! Have you heard about *Greenfingers*, a movie that was released last summer? It tells the true story of how a group of tough criminals at Leyhill Prison in the United Kingdom entered a job training program to learn to garden. They not only learned useful skills but they excelled in their efforts and won the Tudor Rose, the premier prize at the Royal Horticultural Society's biggest Flower Show at Hampton Court — a fabulous event, I've been there.

What does that say about the rewards and rehabilitative powers of our favorite hobby? What a pity the movie never played in our area. —

•Rule

Continued from page 12

larger members of a species tend to inhabit the colder — or in our hemisphere, the more northerly — regions of its range. A study of the European wren found a range in body weight from 9 to 11 grams for wrens in southern England through 10 to 15 grams on Fair Isle, Scotland, to 14 to 20 grams in Iceland; same species, colder environment, more body mass. And body mass means heat, which means survival.

Chickadees aren't the smallest birds that winter here. The kinglets — golden-crowned kinglets and ruby-crowned kinglets — weigh in at a mere 6 grams; that's the weight

of one pencil. They're flighty little things, seldom pausing long enough to let you tell which of the two species you're looking at. They don't come in to feeders for sunflower seed. Their thin beaks are more like tweezers than seed crackers and they forage in the rough bark of pines and cedars for overwintering insects and insect eggs. Compared to a diet of sunflower seed, it sounds like pretty meager and carbohydrate-poor winter fare. They get their calories from fats and oils in the insects they find and they feed continuously throughout the day. And when night comes, they take shelter and take their chances like the other birds.

Twenty degrees and dropping. As soon as I open the door, The Dog shoulders her way back inside. I stand a moment more, watching the cold blue light fade over the western mountains. How is anything going to make it through this night? I'm going inside. —

February functions and fireside reading

It's still a little early to do too much outdoors, depending on the weather of course. My focus tends to remain indoors and I'd rather reach for a good book than a spade this month. However, for those with cabin fever, consider the following on a mild day:

- Take a walk in your garden to check on things.
- Shoot a roll of film to capture the winter landscape.
- Push back any mulch or soil around plants that have heaved up during a freezing-thawing spell.
- Cut back ornamental grasses, buddleias, kerrias, and caryopteris to about one foot at month's end.
- Trim liriopse clumps to a few inches at the end of February.
- Plant dormant trees or shrubs if the ground is friable.
- Prune dormant tree limbs to shape, thin out, or repair after a winter storm.

- Take soil samples. Send away for testing.

- Apply antidesiccants (when temperatures are above freezing) to broadleaf evergreens.

- Pick ornamental branches to force inside (pussy willow, quince, forsythia, cherry).

Indoors you can keep yourself occupied too.

- Enter your observations for January and February onto your garden calendar. A monthly account of weather, what's in bloom, birds seen, etc. always makes interesting reading at year's end.

- Review plant and seed catalogs.

- Order spring selections.

- Pot up more bulbs for forcing.

- Check houseplants for pests.

Do not overwater. Turn each plant 1/4 turn daily to provide even light.

- Collect stove/fireplace ashes (full of potassium) and dig into your compost pile and vegetable beds.

These early months are ideal to review your horticultural library. Every serious gardener should develop a set of books that you love to own, consult, and read on major

topics of interest to you. Some of my favorite topics are:

1. a book on Latin plant names;
2. pronouncing dictionary of plant names;
3. history of gardens/gardening;
4. dictionary of horticulture;
5. flower arranging;
6. water gardening;
7. rock gardening;
8. wildflower gardens;
9. perennials;
10. complete herb guide;
11. garden structures;
12. landscaping (with monthly tips);
13. vegetables;
14. rose culture;
15. bulbs;
16. trees;
17. shrubs;
18. indoor plants;
19. groundcovers;
20. climbing plants.

There are excellent series such as Peterson's field guides, Stokes nature guides, Taylors guides, Burpee basics, Ortho books, and best of all, sets of encyclopedias. A couple of monthly garden magazines are helpful too.

The more you can read and study, the more familiar you will become with Latin names, common names, new cultivars, and growing conditions. February is a great month to read, to acquire a library, to plan, and to dream. —

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Augusta 4-H honors members for achievement

WEYERS CAVE — Four Augusta County 4-Hers were recognized recently for outstanding accomplishments in project work.

Ashley Balsley and Brandon Reeves were recognized as the outstanding junior girl and boy, respectively. Ellen Murray and Robert Grogg were recognized as the outstanding senior girl and boy, respectively.

Balsley is a member of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club. She completed two Market Animal Show record books and participated in the lamb mentor program, helping four exhibitors to learn proper lamb care, management, and showmanship. She has exhibited her sheep everywhere from the local 4-H livestock show and county fair to the All American Jr. Sheep show in Indiana. She also exhibited arts and crafts at the Augusta County Fair. Balsley attributes her success in 4-H to the support and encouragement of her 4-H leaders, Betty and J.R. Coleman, and to her parents, Sonny and Delores Balsley of Lyndhurst.

Reeves is a member of the North River 4-H Community Club. He completed three Market Animal



BALSLEY



REEVES



MURRAY



GROGG

Show record books and serves as president of his club. Throughout the year he participated in the county presentations contest and Market Animal Show. He is also a member of the 4-H livestock judging team. In addition, he participated in the horse show and stockman's contest at the Augusta County Fair. He competed in the Block and Bridle, district, and state livestock judging contests and the feeder steer show at the State Fair of Virginia. In addition to his 4-H activities he is also active at his school serving as SCA President and winning first place in the Augusta County 24 Math Tournament. He is the son of Robbie and Lisa Reeves of Mt. Solon.

Murray is a member of the 4-H Honor Club and horse judging team, president of the Galloping 4-Hers, and president of the 4-H County Council. She completed the 4-H horse management project book and participates in many leadership activities. She organized her club's meetings and spent many community service hours at the county fair helping with the exhibits, 4-H petting zoo, and horse show facility preparation. She organized the meetings for the state horse show participants and represented her clubs at the 4-H open house. In addition, Murray competed in the county 4-H presentations contest, the county fair horse show, state 4-H horse judging con-

test, and state 4-H horse show. Club leaders say she is an inspiration to younger club members, setting an example as a great role model. She is the daughter of Ann and Riley Murray of Waynesboro.

Grogg is member of the Middlebrook Livestock Club, the Honor Club, and the Livestock Judging Team. He completed a market lamb record book and served as the Honor Club representative to the Augusta County Jr. Fair Board. Throughout the 4-H year he participated in the Market Animal Show, several sheep shows, and the Augusta County Fair stockman's contest. Through the livestock club and livestock judging team he participated in several fundraisers and community service projects. He competed in the Block and Bridle, district, and state livestock judging contests and the State Fair of Virginia sheep show. Through the things he has learned in 4-H, Grogg has been able to own and manage his own ewe flock. He is the son of Raymond and Teresa Grogg of Churchville.

Erin Murray and Dana Noel were recognized with "I Dare You" awards. William Danforth, founder of the I Dare You Award, had genu-

ine interest in people of all ages and all backgrounds. His philosophy was to challenge "the daring few who are headed somewhere." He recognized that each person had special gifts. He delighted in seeing talents developed and potential fulfilled. He regularly threw out the challenge, "Be your own self and at your very best all the time." Murray and Noel were selected as 4-Hers who best represented Danforth's challenge: "Dare to be your best, to live a four-fold life, and to serve others. Stand tall, smile tall, think tall, and live tall."

Individuals inducted into the Augusta County 4-H Honor Club included Ashley Balsley, Jeff Buchanan, Valerie Burton, Meagan Carpenter, Maggie Crosby, Will Earhart, Ben Heizer, Garrett Irvine, Meggie Lam, Jacob Leonard and Ashley Pitsenbarger.

In other presentations, 4-H club leaders were recognized for years of service and members received achievement awards for completing project work in a variety of areas including dairy, horse, dog, outdoor sports, judging competitions, presentations, state fair exhibitors, Share the Fun, and Fashion Revue.

New Hope FCE holds annual awards program

NEW HOPE — New Hope Family Community Educators (FCE) recently held its Achievement Day celebration at New Hope United Methodist Church. Helen Stogdale introduced special guests for the event including Janet Kline, state FCE president; Cristin Campbell, Brenda Mosby, and Stephanie Diehl, FCS agents; Ruth Cox, Rockbridge president; Mary

Arthur, Rockbridge vice president; and Kay Frye, Middle River District representative to the Augusta County Board of Supervisors.

On display were 36 bears that were dressed by FCE members for the Waynesboro Salvation Army to be given to children at Christmas. This was the club's service project for the year. The club's scrapbooks, dating back to 1939, were on display.



New Hope FCE officers for 2002, from left, Jean Miller, treasurer; Catherine Crickenberger, secretary; Linda Howdyshell, vice-president; and Judy Grove, president, display bears which FCE members dressed to be given for Christmas gifts by the Salvation Army.

AC staff photo

Nancy Sorrells, freelance writer and historian and president of the August County Historical Society, spoke on architecture in the Shenandoah Valley. A blending of English, Scotch Irish, and German settlers of this area is readily seen in many houses. Sorrells said that chimney placement in a dwelling depended on whether it would be used for heating or cooking. To determine the age of a structure, one needs to go to the county or city courthouses and search the deeds, tax and real estate records.

Kline installed 2002 club officers including Judy Grove, president; Linda Howdyshell, vice president; Catherine Crickenberger, secretary; and Jean Miller, treasurer.

The club's 15 members had 4,274 volunteer hours for the year with Lena Mahone recording the highest number of hours individually. Certificates were awarded for membership, reading and club accomplishments. Mary Jane Shaver was presented a 50-year membership certificate and pin from the state FCE. Helen Braun received a 20-year membership certificate from state.

A total of 668 books was read by club members. Seven members met state guidelines for reading and received state certificates. The New Hope club earned the highest club award at the state level. Individuals receiving awards included

Helen Braunworth, Betty Coffman, Catherine Crickenberger, Judy Grove, Linda Howdyshell, Lena Mahone, and Betty Ott.

All members received club reading certificates presented by Betty Ott, literacy chairperson, and included the following: Catherine Crickenberger, 227 books; Jean Critzer, 105 books; Lena Mahone, 52 books; Judy Grove, 45 books; Helen Braunworth, 42 books; Linda Howdyshell, 35 books; Betty Coffman, 35 books; Betty Ott, 33 books; Mary Jane Shaver, 30 books; Charlotte Blosser, 15 books; Nellie Flora, 14 books; Jean Miller, 10 books; Helen Stogdale, 10 books; Betty Randolph, 10 books; and Wilhelmina Gaddy, 5 books.

Judy Grove, Area VI FCE presi-

dent, presented Linda Howdyshell, New Hope FCE vice president; with a blue ribbon certificate for the club's 2001 goals and objectives. This certificate represents the accomplishments members have completed for the year. The highest points that can be earned is 50. The New Hope Club earned 49 points. Major activities members completed were eight educational programs, trips, state-regional-area-local meetings attendance, study of the month, support of 4-H youth groups, community outreach and enrichment projects and attendance at state leadership training workshops.

The program was concluded with a covered dish luncheon and door prizes. The club held its Christmas luncheon Dec. 10 at the home of Helen Stogdale.

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Schoolhouse News

Trip to Thailand introduces student to new culture

By RACHEL BERNIER

"Thailand? I was going to Thailand?" My mom was shocked like any normal parent would be. "That's half way around the globe," she exclaimed. "And for a whole month! Typical teen statement, but my mind was made up. I was going to spend July 13 through Aug. 10 in Thailand. I waited for weeks for my departure date to arrive. Thailand was on the other side of the globe, but I was geared up for a new land with a whole new culture."

I flew out of Richmond Interna-

tional Airport and arrived at Fort Worth, Texas. It was extremely hot — very different from nice, cool Virginia. There, I joined a thousand other teens in Garden Valley, Texas where Teen Manta Ministries, an organization focused on strengthening teens as Christians, is based. We had drama training, missionary training, and lots of fellowship and worship. After three hot days there, I was on my way to Bangkok, Thailand with 60 other teens.

In Thailand, for missionary work, our day consisted of loading on a bus and going to a different

location in the city. There, we would perform a drama called *The Journey*. It was about a man tired of the everyday life cycle, so he started to search for why he was here and who made him. It ended with the crucifixion of Christ in a very dramatic scene. It was an excellent tool to use for leading the Thai to Christ.

Traveling in the capital, Bangkok, I experienced the unfamiliar language, different faces, and new cuisine. We visited schools where unformed students were eager to entertain their new

American friends. Our group stayed at churches where the members provided us with meals well beyond their own means. We went to bustling marketplaces where we shared our message as vendors displayed their wares. We were in the midst of it all, from tables of traditional Thai treats to ones of fresh supplies of fish.

It was an awesome month. I made new friends, learned new things, ate new food and learned some new language. The month was over before I was ready to go home. Looking back now, I realize

what an opportunity I had. Spending half my summer over seas instead of working in Burger King is something many people would not consider doing. But I will look back on it as an important part of my high school years.

Rachel Bernier to a student at Riverheads High School.



BERNIER

Field trip gives RHS students a taste of France

By BETHANY STRICKLER

Oh! C'était magnifique, nous mangons le herbe de Province. Je voudrais...

Me!... excuse me, I sometimes forget that not everyone can speak French! Salut, je m'appelle Gabrielle, en français. Translation: Hello my name is Gabrielle in French. My real name however is



STRICKLER

Bethany Strickler, and I am a junior at Riverheads High School.

What I was raving about earlier was Bizou. Bizou is a French restaurant at the Downtown Pedestrian Mall in Charlottesville that our French IV class visited on a field trip. Now it is a very rare occasion once you reach high school that you are allowed to leave school premises and go on a trip, and that made our excursion even more special.

Our French IV class, composed of three students (Kelly Fitzgerald, Justin Burkholder and myself) and my teacher, Mme. Arenson, left Riverheads in the morning, and arrived in Charlottesville at the perfect hour for lunch.

As we entered Bizou, a converted diner, the aroma from the kitchen filled our nostrils, and we could hardly wait to be seated and dig in. Mme. Arenson however, had other ideas. She immediately struck up an amazing conversation with the owner in his native tongue of French. I only hope that one day I will be able to speak the language so fluently. I got so caught up in the rhythm of words, that I couldn't focus on what they were saying!

After we were seated at a booth, I decided to familiarize myself with my surroundings. I looked about and noticed posters of French movies and actors on the walls. The dim, gentle lighting gave me a feel-

ing of serenity and calmness which could never be felt under the glare of the typical obnoxious fluorescent lights in a classroom.

As I looked over the menu, I realized that at Bizou there was a variety of "French" foods to eat, but I went with a sure bet and decided on a salad with chicken, instead of the more "risqué" Herbe de Province which also caught my eye. Juliette (Kelly) also ordered the salad. Jean-Lui (Justin) and Mme. Arenson also ordered the same thing as one another.

I thoroughly enjoyed the main course of our lunch, and the others did as well, as Jean-Lui's quick demolishing of his plate attested.

C'était tres bonne! Translation: It was very good!

We then ordered dessert, and I chose a sinful chocolate moose, as did Juliette. Mme. Arenson ordered a dessert with blackberries, and Jean-Lui had banana bread topped with ice cream and caramel.

Before we headed back to the school, the owner came and spoke with us for awhile in French, and was very entertaining. We all said "Merci" to him for the delicious food, and then were on our way back to RHS.

My trip to a French restaurant was one that I will never forget, and I only wish that we could go there every day. Unfortunately, the world doesn't work that way. AU REVOIR! —

A match made in heaven: The Biology Teacher and The Taxonomist

Even though it's not a specific SOL, I teach organizational skills to my seventh graders. I'm not alone in this activity; my team is one of many in our area that has embraced the "Reading Across the Disciplines" (RAD) program. One of the many points in this program is that students have to keep all papers in all subjects (i.e. disciplines) in a

particular ordered way in their three-ring binder. Students also have to keep their daily planner (a trendy, spiral resource notebook purchased for each student by our school's parent-teacher organization) in their three-ring binder and fill it out each period with daily activities done in class and their daily homework assignments. Just ask your middle

schooler if you could see "his or her planner." It is pretty cool.

My science students have an extension to that point in that they have to have a table of contents page for the science section, each page in the section numbered, named, and identified, and all entries must be in order. During class, I might have them switch from one entry to another to make a point in our activities or discussion and the organization makes it easier.

I must give some credit for this organizational method to my first middle school team at Beverley Manor Middle School, "The Discoverers," for getting me going on this. One of the things they asked me in my job interview with them back in 1994, was whether I could work with a requirement of students keeping their papers organized this way. I knew that I was in the right place at the right time when I found out that my dream job (teaching life science to seventh graders) included this attention to organization across the disciplines. I have been accused of being too much of a "neat-nick." I understand that some teens balk



From the
teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

at the plan that everything has its place and everything should be in that place. It's a good plan for me and I think that it's a great way for students to get in practice for the real world of deadlines, finding and filling important things.

Even though I'm pretty set in my ways about where things are, I still have organizational deficiencies. Don't we all? The guru, expert, authority and master of organization is my husband, Mark, from whom I've learned a lot about systematic organization. He has a good filing system for everything — tools, toys, journals, and even his sock drawer! He has channeled his neatness into ways that have

served us well. Together we've done a pretty good job of running the household, but don't expect a clinically perfect house if you come to see us! We each fall by the wayside sometimes with our organization challenges. Sometimes each of our specific pet peeves of organization have irritated another household member (our teen, maybe?), but we all get along pretty well with the plan. Not only is he precise and detailed in his observations. I've referred to Mark as "The Taxonomist" in earlier columns and now I guess I should let you know why I call him that.

Mark and I met in plant tax- See *TAXONOMIST*, page 16

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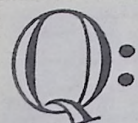
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References provided upon request.



The Hitching Post

Feed program important in maintaining health, ability



Q: Can you explain the difference between a "hot" horse as in hyperactive and "hot" as in body heat. I would also like to know how to use grain formulas to work with both situations.

This is a good question because many people become confused in feeding horses. Some trainers need a great deal of energy in their horses (race horses for example), and some trainers need their horses to be very quiet (lesson horses).

In the winter many trainers want to make the most of feed programs to provide body heat if the horse is pasture-kept or cut back in the summer months when the weather is hot. The term "hot" is often used for hyperactive horses. This means that horses have a great deal of stored-up energy. They are fed to meet the demands of an athletic schedule. It can also have to do

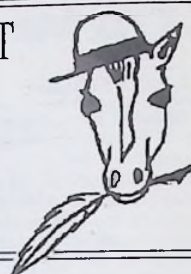
with the breed type. Arabians and thoroughbreds are common examples of "hot" blooded horses. This means they are very sensitive in nature. It is bred into them.

Another reason a horse might be "hot" is from stable management. Not enough turn-out can cause a horse to become a handful. If trainers are looking for "hot" horses they look for breed type, manage the turn-out to keep the horse from wasting energy, and then they look at nutrition.

Feeding programs that create high energy and hyperactivity in horses can come from too much starch and carbohydrates with a low fat mix. The starch and carbo-

hydrates offer quick energy to burn. If a trainer wants energy without hyperactivity then the feed program would switch to a higher fat content and lower carbohydrates. The fat gives the horse energy without being hyperactive. If the trainer wants to maintain body heat for his horse, such as in the winter, the recommended feed would be hay. Hay is a roughage, which adds body heat. Trainers can use a complete horse feed with a higher fiber content, too. But hay is best! This means giving the horse more hay during the winter months. The amount of feed you give your horse is as important as the combinations of feed. If you are feeding your horse seven to eight pounds of grain a day, it should be split into two feedings. At this point it is time to rethink your feed program. It might be financially better to switch to a higher quality feed and feed less.

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



I would also like to comment on the horse's weight as being an important factor in feeding. If a horse is overweight and underworked, be on the lookout for founder (laminitis), regardless of the feed type. Founder is a lameness problem that, if not caught early, can cripple a horse for life. Horses should be fed according to their needs. Overfeeding a horse can cause permanent damage. Some signs of a horse starting to founder are a fullness and tightness in the crest of the neck. Another sign is a spongy tail head. Horses with these signs should be taken off feed and begin an exercise program immediately.

If you have any questions about

the content of your feeds, you can discuss them with your grain dealer. Learning about the different products available and how they can work for you is a positive step toward helping your horse maintain good health at a price you can afford.

Take it from the Horse's Mouth, your feed program can provide all the nutrition your horse needs for whatever athletic situation he's in — from couch potato to Olympic gold medalist.

I. B. Hoofinit would like to thank Jon Almarode of Draft Feed and Supply for the helpful information he provided for this article.

•Taxonomist

Continued from page 15
onomy class at the University of Missouri-Columbia. Isn't that romantic — love among spring flora?!? He was the handsome one with hay fever, but he was self-assured, a little cocky (I thought), AND he always got our plant key quizzes done quickly and perfectly!!!! It was infuriating to me. I was a pretty good student too, but I was taxonomically challenged. I always read too much into each couplet of the taxonomic plant key for each quiz plant, and then didn't go the right direction in the key. I just couldn't get it. Often I was walking to my next period class in tears because I was so frustrated with the keying process.

We also had ornithology class together and he had and still does have the uncanny ability to remember (and know how to pronounce!) the Latin names for many birds without looking them up. Well, as you might surmise, my deficiency and his excellence in taxonomy

provided an opportunity for him to assist me with my keying and pronouncing Latin, and I've become better with practice.

We became soul mates, married five years later, and we have been having lots of wonderful adventures learning and sharing with each other ever since. (This summer, we'll celebrate our 30th wedding anniversary! What?! Thirty years?! Wow. Maybe our longevity is testimony to the fact that we've never stopped learning and sharing all these years.)

He still is the authority on things scientific, however, and he keeps me informed about many nuances of science. He just has the amazing discipline and natural ability to understand, then help me understand things like "the lumping or splitting" of species in bird taxonomy and the pronunciation of *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*. He can key out most anything — even the challenging fall asters, grasses and goldenrods, but that's where I draw the line. That is beyond my

patience level, but he thrives on the observations of those delicate details needed for keying.

One of the Standards of Learning in seventh grade science that I do teach is on organization, actually scientific classification (LS.5).

See SCIENCE, page 19

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

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

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Opening Middlebrook hunt records 'miraculous' day

By DEBORAH SENSABAUGH

MIDDLEBROOK — In air that crackled with dryness and swallowed scent like a black hole obliterates matter, the Middlebrook Hounds came through with what was termed "miraculous" opening hunt runs. "Hounds had been cast a half hour before anything happened. The stupendous scenting ability of the Penn Marydel proved to be a saving grace. They found a fox!" Huntsman and Master Frederick Getty recollects. "The hound work was brilliant and the music deafening. The chase lasted one hour and five minutes before they put their pilot to ground (chased the fox into its den)."

Of course, if ever a master and staff wish a hunt to go well, it is the all-important opening hunt of the formal season, an "occasion" to be sure.

And this occasion, held earlier this season at Bold Stream Farm, came off without a hitch in other ways as well.

The joint meet with Bedford Hunt swelled the field to 40-plus riders, all decked out in traditional hunt finery on mounts shampooed, combed and braided, tack fresh with saddle soap, bits and stirrups gleaming with extra polish.

The Rev. Kevin Fox, headmaster at Stuart Hall School in Staunton, hung his scarlet coat on a tree branch and donned surplice for the blessing of the hounds ceremony that originated in Ireland.

"Hear our humble prayer, O God, for all animals. We entreat for them Thy mercy and pity; and for all who deal with them we ask a heart of compassion, gentle hands and kindly words. We pray for all wild creatures; may we learn from them how to live at peace with Your creation," Fox prayed.

He also prayed for the horses,

petitioning a "sure and steady foot to carry the riders safely to a 'regarding day of sport' and 'in their running, shield them from danger to life and limb,' and, of course, the objects of the season, 'Bless the foxes that partake in the chase. May they run straight and true and find their destiny in You.'"

Middlebrook, like most hunts in the United States, are "no-kill" hunts that encourage the hounds to chase the fox scent, but always allow the fox to go free.

But the biggest blessing was saved, quite naturally, for the hounds themselves. "Enable them to take us safely through the countryside and woods which You have created in pursuit of the fox, one of your most cunning creatures. May their voices give testimony to Your Greatness, and may we learn from their steadfastness perseverance in all we undertake."

Then, after a special blessing for the landowners around Middlebrook who so graciously allow the hunt to cross their property, the day's hunt was ready to begin.

Hopes didn't fly high for the chase, however.

"The day was extremely dry and it was believed that scenting would be poor, if any," commented Mary Ann Getty, first whipper-in for the hunt. (A "whip" helps hunt the hounds under the huntsman's direction).

"As the hounds and horses walked down the road, puffs of dust rose around their legs. We hadn't had rain in weeks. It would be something of a miracle if we had scent at all," Mrs. Getty continued.

Cater-corner from the kennels, at the T of Dutch Hollow and McKamey Springs roads, the hounds scrambled under the fence with some of them jumping the double-rail vertical. Staff horses, and the field soon followed.

Then it was across Bold Stream itself and up the hill toward the tree-filled hollow where maybe, just maybe, a fox might lurk.

The direction to go out was chosen after Thursday evening. One of the volunteer hound walkers had actually seen a red fox on the hill across from the kennels, as unconcerned as if there weren't a hound in sight. Mr. Fox trotted down the hill and crossed the road, where he was chased across the yard by Lilly's dogs. Once in the open field, the fox ran lightly toward the hollow hunting grounds where water and grassy

seeds were bound to draw his favorite dinner — field mice.

Within a half hour of opening on that Saturday, the hounds caught a whiff of the red-tailed varmint they are instinct and duty bound to chase from the area. First one hound voice, then another and another until a ringing hound chorus echoed across the rolling hills — 19 couple (38) blue tick hounds, all with noses to the ground and voices belling.

And the field was off, after Field Master Dr. Brent Hall and his big draft cross, Spanky. Over hills, down hollows and up, up, up over verticals and coops that span the fences and allow the riders quick

better in the open than in the woods," Getty said of the pack.

In a patch of woods south of the pines at the head of Swanbeck's ravine, Getty sounded a wavering call on his horn. "Gone to Ground!" The hounds had found the den with the sly fox inside. Digging and baying, they told everyone they had accounted for another of the crafty varmints that had been troubling the countryside.

Everyone followed the field master, ready to return to the Granary for dinner and a lively re-accounting of the day.

But as the hounds rounded a trail in the pines that border Bold

Macy Fox summed up the opening meet. "What was really remarkable was that they kept finding one fox after another and then kept on them as such a unit for so long and in such trying circumstances."

In every hunt, certain hounds go beyond the call of duty and are brilliant in their puzzling out of the scent, or sticking to the line or even finding scent in the first place. Opening hunt's hounds were no exception.

Perry, a black and tan hound given to Getty as a gift from Andrews Bridge, outdid himself that day. "He's one of the most honest hounds a huntsman can have. Whenever hounds were found to be at a loss, it was Perry who came forward and reclaimed the line with all the pack honoring him."

Five new entry, or young hounds just recently beginning to hunt, also did surprisingly well that day. "They ran hard on the line right up with the mature hounds," Getty said.

The strike hounds of the day were Bingo, Rontu, Reject and Rembrandt.

The miraculous opening meet followed an equally satisfying cubbing season that began the first Saturday in September and followed the turning of the leaves across the countryside. Chases, runs, practice for young hounds and foxes and conditioning for the horses, the cubbing that might have proved difficult in the dry fall instead was challenging and fun.

"Middlebrook experienced the best cubbing season it has ever had," Getty said. "It seems the drier it gets, the better the pack performs."

Another highlight of the cubbing season occurred when the Middlebrook field traveled for a joint meet with Bath County and legendary huntsman Melvin Poe (foxhunting mentor of William Faulkner). While short on runs, the memorable day treated a field of about 35 to the mist rising from the Jackson River to reveal the Allegheny Mountains in full fall splendor.

Middlebrook hunts every Wednesday (informal) and Saturday (formal), weather permitting, with Monday afternoons as bye (extra) days. Several hunter paces and trail rides are also scheduled throughout the year, and often a "Tally-Ho" truck will follow the hunt for those who wish to enjoy the sport without the hard riding required.

For information about the hunt call the Gettys at 886-6817. —



Middlebrook Hunt opened its season with a blessing of the hounds and hunt. The Rev. Kevin Fox, center, blesses the event as Fred Getty, far left, Frederick Getty and Mary Ann Getty await the beginning of the hunt.

Photo by Deborah Sensabaugh

access across the country.

An hour and 10 minutes later, the hounds quieted, having lost the scent when the fox dove for his den.

The most likely place to try again was Swanbeck's Pines, a damp bit of leeward earth if any dampness could be found to cradle scent and muffle the dancing hooves of 41 equines.

"It was there they found the second fox of the day," Getty said.

"Right on the property line of Max vonArnswaldt. This fox moved slower than the first as the ground was even drier. Once again, the hounds worked superbly well in such difficult conditions. This run lasted 35 minutes and for some reason, they worked

Stream Farm, first one, then another gave voice again. Could it be? Another fox?

"This scent was the best here that it had been all day," Getty observed. "This one ran through the Master's farm and crossed the road into Searight Pines. We were 20 minutes at thunderous full cry and only half the field finished with the hounds. We then had to pull because the fox entered country as yet unpaneled (no way to get through the cattle fence)."

Tired, happy and more than a little proud of their accomplishments, hounds and staff trooped toward the kennels while the Field put up horses and gathered for dinner.

"It really was a wonderful hunt,"

oSoldiers

Continued from page 2

16 his three-year-old son, James Kemper, and his two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Margaret, died of diphtheria. Eight days later, on Oct. 24, his two-day-old son, William G., died. Finally, on Dec. 8, his wife suc-

cumbed to the same disease.

With a heavy heart he traveled to the Augusta County courthouse in Staunton to report the loss of seven members of his family: his parents, his brother, his wife, and three of his children.

At some point, William Harrison

Rosen returned to the army to again take up arms. He was captured on May 12, 1864 at Spotsylvania and was imprisoned in Delaware and finally West Virginia. He received the Southern Cross of Honor for his service. Back home at the Rosen farm, Union soldiers twice made "personal" visits to confiscate food and livestock. On the second visit, the family reported that the soldiers "took everything."

After the war, Rosen remarried

in 1866 and had several children who survived to adulthood. He died in 1901.

Rosen's grave is among those honored in the ceremony at St. John's. The markers on those silent graves will help people remember that the American tragedy of the Civil War was played out in thousands of mini-dramas of turmoil, suffering, and death like those of the Rosen family of Stingy Hollow in Augusta County. —

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See page 2

Country Crossroads

Reflecting pool reflections

January 2002

Dear Maude,

After such a nice holiday visit at home it certainly was difficult to come back to the city where everything is an even shade of gray. Not even the winter sales could get me excited. But it was wonderful to have that nice little bit of snow a couple of weeks ago. A snowstorm is not always so welcome here, but this time it was a lovely one. Not only did it arrive on a Saturday when we did not have to worry about being forced to drive about in it, but it also did not even bother to stick to the streets much at all. The two or three inches which we received, however, did stick to almost everything else. How beautiful it looked! Several neighbors and I went out for a walk in the park just past where we live — such a wonderful winter wonderland. It just did not last long enough.

Even had there been 10 inches of snow and below freezing temperatures, it still probably would not have lasted long. If you thought the last two weeks of January were warm in Augusta County, you should have been here. Within a very few days of that beautiful snowfall, we were blessed with the return of our distinguished leaders and there was soon to be hot air aplenty — enough to melt about anything.

Yes, they are back. It seems like they never left! I'll tell you one thing, it really is hard to stay cheerful when they have the nerve to stay in session until Christmas and then come back after being away only three weeks. Where is our down time? How can we possibly squeeze in all those things we had been wanting to do as soon as they were out of session when they give us so little time?

At last the Hart Senate Office Building is open again. Staff members were really glad to be back at their own desks with a normal work routine except that the mail arriving for them is really quite old. All of it had to go through one of the irradiation centers, and it took quite some time to get to the congressional offices. Some staff members complained about feeling ill after handling this irradiated mail while other workers were uneasy about the smell of chlorine. There were complaints of headaches, dizziness and nausea, but the au-

thorities tell everyone that the building is safe. Working on the Hill can often produce any number and any kind of headaches and nausea, but now there is something non-political on which to blame it!

On a slightly different note: The fish in the fish tanks are still alive!! (But then there were rumors that staff members were sneaking food in for the cleaning crew to feed to them.) With everyone back where they should be, the boss should now be in a better frame of mind. One of the senators with whom he often meets had his temporary office out in the Maryland suburbs. Talk about inconvenient! Well, inconvenient for the boss that is. If he had a morning meeting with the senator, then he usually did not come into the office until the afternoon, which gave us time to get a little work done, and, by the same token, he would leave at noon for his afternoon meetings. Those of us in the office were beginning to enjoy having him far enough away where the only thing we had to deal with was his cell phone.

But in the line of enjoyment, we could not hold a candle to some of the activities on the Hill. When the boss is gone, those staffers can play! While Senator Helms was down in his home state, his staffers were caught having a scooter race on the 4th floor of the Russell Senate Office Building. It seems as if one of the staff members received a scooter of his own for Christmas, and Senator Helms had one which he used to get around (he had recently undergone knee replacement surgery.) So, those staff members left behind in Washington decided to have a little fun and set up a race to see which scooter was the fastest. Someone sitting behind me on the subway was describing this exciting entertainment, but the train came to my station and I had to get off without finding out who won the race! Considering the fact that Senator Helms is considered one of the most conservative senators on the Hill, one wonders just what else could have been going on among the staff members of more liberal congressmen. Anything can happen when Congress is out of town!

For those workers not particularly interested in scooter races, there was a lot of interest in the sister of Senator Daschle's speechwriter. She is appearing in a new MTV show

and it seems that the series is supposed to contain some rather interesting relationships and scenes. The character she plays gets involved with three different men in the first week's episode. She must have been in training on the Hill!

Now that things are back to business as usual here, the Senators and Congressmen are preparing all kinds of news releases about the important legislation before them, committees are scheduling all sorts of hearings, and lobbyists are swarming into town to protect their interests. But what is really, really on everyone's mind is ...NOVEMBER!!

The taking of the Census every ten years is fine, however it does create a lot of concern and problems. Those district maps have to be redrawn and one could actually lose one's congressional district. It is impossible to please everyone with those new boundaries. What happens if they draw a new district line that just misses a congressman's home? Well, for some it is a quick call to the real estate agent and time to arrange for the movers. For some others, if that line moves enough for the newly designed district to include too many voters from the other party, it is often too much trouble, and too costly, to try and run a race where one knows he or she may not win.

The redistricting is a real concern, of course, but there are other races on the minds of those who watch such things, (those lobbyists who will have to come up with contributions.) For this coming election, there are 15 members of the House who are running for other races and 13 have either retired or resigned. There are also 4 senators retiring or running for other offices. When you consider that if there are only two people running for each of these vacant seats, that's still a lot of fundraisers!! And this number does not include those who still may decide that it is too much trouble to run. The boss will be going day and night.

Thank goodness I got that nice little trip home for Christmas and New Year's, for it is nose to the grindstone now!!

Love to all,
LuLu



By Roberta Hamlin

Homemade bread doesn't have to be major chore

Ever since I was a child, I have loved bread. As soon as I reached a point in my life when I had time to learn how to make bread from scratch, I read *Beard on Bread*. Even though this title sounds yucky to me, I have to say that James Beard explains wonderfully how to make bread. If you want to learn to make your own bread, I highly recommend studying the first 19 pages of this book. My first loaf was a success and I have never wanted to stop baking my own bread from scratch since I first read Beard's book.

So you can imagine my dismay when I started having trouble with arthritis in my hands. Up until then, I had mixed the dough ingredients together and kneaded (worked the dough) and shaped the dough by hand. Mixing ingredients together and kneading could mean as much as 10 to 15 minutes of continuous use of my hands — an excruciatingly painful endeavor for someone with arthritic joints.

I quickly realized that I could not

continue to make bread the old-fashioned way without seriously hurting myself. (Arthritic joints can be damaged with use.) I had read that food processors could be employed to knead bread dough so I began using my large processor to make bread. However, I found the processor difficult to clean. Dough can be quite sticky and any left on the surface of a utensil will dry and be practically impossible to get off. It helps immensely to soak the item before scrubbing, but I still found my Cuisinart difficult to clean. It had several parts that had to be handled and I found the clean-up to be more effort than the actual bread-making. Finally I checked out stand mixers that come with a dough hook as well as beaters.

My Sunbeam Mixmaster saved the day for me. Using its dough hook, I am able to blend the liquid ingredients into the dry ingredients without using my hands. When these components are thoroughly mixed, I am able to continue adding flour by just pouring it into the

bowl until the dough reaches the proper consistency. At that point it is almost completely kneaded — and there has been absolutely no stress on my joints because the dough hook has done most of the hard work for me. However, I do the last minute or so of kneading in the bowl by adding the final amount of flour and mixing it in by hand. This keeps the dough from being over-kneaded.

To add the final amount of flour and finish the kneading before letting the dough rise, I use a "spoonula." This wonderful plastic-and-rubber utensil looks like a wide spatula with slightly curved edges that can be used like a spoon to scrape the bowl and easily blend all ingredients together. Spoonulas can be found in mail-order cooking catalogs and in stores that have extensive bakeware departments.

Generally speaking, all cooking is easier if you do not have to store and work with many different ingredients. Although bread books and bread-machine manuals sug-

Cooking made easy

By Marlene Condon



gest that it is best to use bread flour, I have found that all-purpose works just as well (so you do not have to store two kinds of flour) and requires less kneading — saving time and effort. However, the major trick to having enough time to make bread is to use Fleischmann's RapidRise Yeast. This yeast, which came on the market not all that long ago, works faster and differently than other kinds of yeast (such as active dry and instant).

With RapidRise you mix the heated liquid ingredients with the dry ingredients, and let the dough

rise only 10 minutes (known as letting it "rest") instead of letting it double in size. By avoiding this first rising, you save a lot of time. (This technique should work with just about any bread recipe; I certainly have not experienced any problems by substituting RapidRise yeast and skipping the initial rising.) You then take the dough out of the bowl, knead it a little bit and shape it, put it into the pan(s), and let it double in size before baking it. Thus bread-making really is made easy! —

The hazards of becoming the 'Total Woman'

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

A number of years ago, the prevalent theme of the modern female was becoming the "Total Woman." Part of the theory of the Total Woman is a "new you" feeling different from the inside out. The bad points must be changed and the good ones emphasized.

Actually, the idea came to me prior to the Christmas holidays and at the time it seemed a realistic goal for the new year with an early start in December. As a Christmas present to my husband, I would become the "Total Woman." I envisioned myself as a sensuous, sexual morsel of womanhood, turning men's heads when I strolled into a room, a picture of calm efficiency, smiling, charming, lovely and enchanting.

I, the world's most disorganized female with the shape of a swizzle stick, whose house resembles a trash compactor with a nervous breakdown; I, who can sit and write completely oblivious to a car that needs washing, foggy windows even in the sun, a brain as smart as a roll of bologna, and cat hairs on the floor thick enough to make cushions; was it possible I could become the total woman?

Deep in my subconscious, a mysterious voice whispered there might not be enough days in the new year — even if I began with the headstart in December. This was truly a gigantic undertaking!

Enthusiastically launching into my project but not sure exactly where to begin, I decided to jog to and from the paper box to tone up muscles so that my skin, instead of just hanging around, would look as though it was going to keep up with the rest of my body.



My jogging looked more like an Edith Bunker skip but became part of my shape-'em-up routine. One day a neighbor stopped me and said, "Why do you keep running? Is something wrong?" "Oh, no," I replied. "I'm getting in shape."

Looking me over critically, she mused, "I don't think it's working!" Suddenly, I had a gut feeling I would be recognized as the Total Woman by men long before women.

After enjoying a wallflower niche for years, it would be a real challenge to become the belle of the ball at the big social event of the season, the New Year's Dance. But with my new inner strength, I felt equal to it so I dreamed on. Not having had the time to really get into my new life, it would be necessary to work extremely hard to make an impression. As it turned out, my "impression" was more than my wildest dream.

Hours were spent getting ready — simply hours! I was carefully bathed, lotioned, coiffured, mascara-ed, perfumed, and dusted. (Dusted? Yes, dusted, because when you wear a long black skirt at our house with all the white cat hairs — you have to be dusted!) I felt really elegant. A glance in the mirror showed a reflection vaguely resembling the old me but I assumed everyone would readily recognize the metamorphosis including Superior Husband.

I had always envied the way movie stars of yesteryear seemed to glide down the stairs. Going down to the ballroom was an opportune time for me to try that. But, a floor-length, accordion-

pleated skirt with yards of material and an elevated chin made it difficult to see how to walk down steps. Unfortunately, right in the middle of a very graceful glide, the "old me" tripped and tumbled into a potted plant at the bottom of the stairs. Attention-getting it was, but sexy it wasn't — sprawled all over the floor with a plant sticking in my ear, one shoe off, skirt half over my head and limbs flailing the air.

Maintaining my composure even though embarrassed and pride badly bruised, I hastily shook off helping hands, got up insisting I was fine and as inconspicuously as possible, sneaked my foot back into my shoe. We made our entrance to the ballroom amid much whispering. But the other guests instead of exclaiming to each other "Who is that divine creature?" were whispering "Is that the woman who fell over her skirt?" It's not the same.

Shortly, a hematoma the size of an ostrich egg appeared on my hand. Fearing broken bones, we tripped off to the emergency room. It is well-nigh impossible for four people to get coats, bags, and car keys after only the third dance and exit quietly. By this time, my image of me as the Total Woman was becoming slightly tarnished and I heard someone murmuring about a "ding-a-ling." Undaunted I vowed to exude charm and dignity from every pore. For instance, the hospital doctor said he had not treated anyone else that evening dressed like me. That was something. Of course, he did keep getting his feet entangled in that humongous skirt.

There were no broken bones but terrible swelling and the doctor recommended an ice pack. Discovery number one: a makeshift ice pack drips, so we used an ice bucket. Discovery number two: it is hard to be sexy with your hand in a bucket.

Now picture this: if I carried the bucket in front of me, I had both arms and a large ice bucket between me and my dancing partner. If I carried the bucket behind my partner, I had to put both arms around his neck, hold the bucket with one hand, put my other hand in the bucket and try not pour ice water down his back! Whatever I decided, I felt as attractive as a pregnant elephant.

This was to have been an evening with many admirers

clustered around my new-found charms. My debut, so to speak. But even for a new "Total Woman," presenting this impression to the party crowd was difficult in the extreme — especially with a bucket of ice dangling against the back of my sure-footed dance partners. Even for one with determination and courage, the ice bucket was a lot to overcome.

I think some women have become the Total Woman with less effort than I. For instance, I called my husband when he was out of town and in my sexiest voice breathed huskily into the phone, "Darling, when can you come home?"

There was a long pause then he asked anxiously, "When did you get laryngitis?"

Recognizing that achieving any goal requires tremendous self-discipline, I fought to keep my schedule intact. I struggled to do chores at home, organize my work at the office, create a new me and forever be a desirable, enchanting, lively sensuous wife but I found myself getting bogged down. In spite of all the self-discipline I could muster, if I cleaned the house, there wasn't time for a gourmet dinner. If I prepared a delicious dinner, I had to eliminate the relaxing drink and mouthwatering hors d'oeuvres. If by some miracle, I coped with everything else, alas! I was too tired to be an enchanting wife.

In desperation, I took a day's vacation. After all, my goal was to impress my husband and for what more important reason should I take vacation than for an evening he would never forget!

With an itinerary resembling a front-line general's, everything was timed to the second. D-Day was to be my husband's arrival that evening. He would find a spotless house, a relaxing drink, a fabulous dinner preceded by hors d'oeuvres, and a fascinating, gorgeous wife with an ethereal charm, a magic aura and come-hither air that would drive him out of his mind.

I even looked for unusual places to make love, but in our house this could be a dangerous proposition! The only empty space was under the kitchen table where electric baseboard heaters could fry a foot which wouldn't add much to the love scene of the year.

As the day progressed, everything fell in place. Obviously, what I

needed was true organization. The house evolved from a substandard garbage heap to a sparkling, orderly picture from *Better Homes and Gardens*. I prepared a fantastic Beef Wellington dinner and made delicious dainties to serve with champagne cocktails. My change from a disheveled, unkempt maid into a gorgeous creature in a silk kimono was the last item on the agenda.

I put records on the stereo and exactly five minutes before Husband's arrival, prepared our champagne cocktails which I set on the lace tablecloth.

Suddenly, the stereo needle stuck and as I rushed to fix it, heard Superior Husband's car pull into the driveway.

With the innovative genius of an engineer, I fixed the record, dashed to the dining room, grabbed Husband's drink to carry to the door — and his glass had stuck to the tablecloth. You guessed it! He reached the door to a resounding crash as the dainties, drinks, candles and tablecloth hit the floor. (Oh, by the way, a silk kimono never looks quite the same after it has been doused in shrimp dip and tiny lobster delights.) Superior Husband rushed in as the frightened cat rushed out nearly colliding with Husband who managed to miss the cat but slipped in the shrimp dip. It was an evening he'll never forget!

One night after a particularly trying day, I leaped over the foot of the bed (part of my getting-in-shape program) with my hair in the inevitable rollers regally covered by an avocado/orange scarf, wearing Superior Husband's blue pajama top (his favorite in college 20 years before) which needed an iron-on patch on the hole in the shoulder and my face covered with skin mask — the epitome of the total woman.

As I exhaustedly sank into the crook of his arm, he said "Honey, I have something to ask you."

Sleepily I muttered, "What is it?" wondering "Oh, what now?"

In his gentlest voice, he said "Do you think you should try for the Semi-total Woman?" Then kindly, "I just don't believe you're going to make it to the Total Woman in one year."

That sounded pretty good to me. Actually, there's not much difference between a semi-colon and a colon. —

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Appearing Nightly

Science

Continued from page 16

To begin our study, I parallel classification to how they could group the tasks of the community, jobs of our school employees, the items in their kitchen drawer (?), or the papers in their binder (!), with the scientific ac-

tivity of grouping living things with like characteristics in a taxonomic key. We have great fun figuring out taxonomic keys for fictitious animals and the states of the Union. Then I have them make their own keys for my seashells or cast-off shoes.

This year I wanted to extend that

activity and make a transition to another SOL on green plants, photosynthesis and trees, by making a taxonomic key for the woody plants around our school. So, you guessed it, I asked for Mark's help once again. He helped me develop a wonderful taxonomic key, and we used it outside several days this fall. His expertise provided the solution to my taxonomic needs once again.

He is amazing in his attention to detail, and therefore, (among other things), he is My husband The Taxonomist.

So maybe I have a knack for teaching and definitely he has a knack for observing scientific detail. Together we make a great team: husband and wife, teacher and student — the Biology Teacher and The Taxonomist. —

Time to renew? See page 2

Monte Cristo is cinematic pleasure-fest

Don't be prejudiced by the fact that director Kevin Reynolds, who brought *Waterworld* and *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* to silver screen, or that screenwriter Jay Wolpert, formerly executive producer of TV's *The Price is Right* and *The Match Game*, are the brains behind *The Count of Monte Cristo*, now playing at the Bijou.

They have done penance and are forgiven! *The Count of Monte Cristo* is terrific fun. Based on the Alexander Dumas novel of the same name, it is a story of betrayal, revenge and redemption that was made for the movie house. For Edmund Dantes (James Caviezel; *Frequency*, *Pay it Forward*, *Thin Red Line*), an earnest, honest young seafarer devoted to his friends and family, life is good. Even when he falls into a pile of you-know-what he comes out with the proverbial new suit. Like when the story begins — the young hero is on the shores of Elba trying to solicit

medical attention for his ship's captain only to be attacked by English soldiers guarding Napoleon. Everything turns out okay — the captain dies, the second-in-command gets the boot, and Edmund is promoted to captain.

That is until Edmund's friend Fernand Mondego (Guy Pearce; *Memento*, *Rules of Engagement*), who covets everything that is his friend's, even Edmund's lovely fiancée Mercedes (Dagmara Dominczyk; *Keeping the Faith*), falsely betrays him as a spy to a solicitor who has his own political ambitions to tend.

Edmund learns a hard lesson about the value of Habeas Corpus. That's right, they lock him up on the island fortress Chateau d'If and throw the key away. His only human contact occurs when warden Doreac (Michael Wincott; *Alien Resurrection*, *Along Came a Spider*) shows up once a year to mark his "anniversary" with some form

of torture. Edmund quickly loses all hope until one day, Father Faria (Richard Harris; most recently in *Gladiator*, *Harry Potter*) makes an unexpected appearance in his cell. The two spend subsequent years working on a tunnel, during which time the good father furthers Edmund's education as a gentleman and a scholar.

Faria eventually reveals the location of a hidden treasure so vast that, when he finally makes his escape, Edmund can exact his elaborate and exquisite revenge as the Count of Monte Cristo.

This is a moral tale and Edmund ultimately finds out that revenge isn't always sweet or simple. But not until he has swashed and buckled his way through his enemies.

The Count of Monte Cristo is good Saturday matinee fair. The dialogue is crisp and witty, the pace quick, and the acting very good. Caviezel takes his role more seriously than did Errol Flynn of yes-

teryer. Flynn always seemed to be laughing at the audience; Caviezel shows more respect. He makes the transition from being a clueless dupe to a man bent on punishing those who caused him such great loss, yet he never loses the basic humanity that makes you root for the good guy. And I should mention that this guy is handsome on top of handsome.

Pearce is a bit one-dimensional as the cold and calculating Count Mondego. Having recently seen Pearce in *Memento*, he has far more talent than he brings to this role. He seems to rely a great deal on his jaw to show just how dastardly he is. Dominczyk is likewise somewhat passionless in her role as Mercedes: pretty but insipid.

Harris and Luiz Gutzman, as the Count's man, are delightful, however. Delivering some of the best lines in the movie, both men portray characters who challenge and hone Edmund's mettle in times of

FLICK



A movie review by

Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

adversity. The entire supporting cast is good, for that matter. For some strange reason I really liked Wincott's performance as the warden, a hollow man who manages to see the irony of his life's work.

Reynolds and Wolpert play it so straight in this traditional movie, it feels like a breath of fresh air. You deserve a treat! Go to a matinee and see *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

Hannah's mom gives *The Count of Monte Cristo* three-and-a-half bananas. The film is rated PG-13 for some violence/sword play and hint of sensuality. —

Museum presents Black History Month programs

STAUNTON — The American Museum of Frontier Culture is holding a Black History Month celebration which continues through February and March. February is Black History Month.

"This allows the museum to highlight African-American culture and contributions," says Lydia Volskis, director of education at the museum.

Feb. 26, 7 p.m. Cookbook author Jessica Harris offers her expertise on African-American foodways. Harris teaches English at Queens College in New York City and is author of numerous articles and essays as well as six cookbooks. Museum staff and volunteers will prepare sample recipes from her books to share that evening. Her books will be available that night.

March 12, 7:30 p.m. Carl

Westmoreland from the National Underground Railroad Center in Cincinnati shares information about underground railroad and the movement of slaves through the system.

For information on the museum or its programs call 332-7850. —

Shiflett receives VFBF honor

WILLIAMSBURG — Aaron Shiflett of Piedmont was honored recently at the Virginia Farm Bureau Convention with the organization's 2001 Farm Youth Leadership Award. A similar award was presented to Sarah Bradshaw of Southampton County. It was the first time in VFBF history that the award was presented to two indi-

viduals. Both were recognized at the organization's 76th annual convention held in Williamsburg.

Contestants are judged on their proven leadership abilities through their involvement and experience in the agricultural industry.

Shiflett, 16, said he plans to own a dairy farm of his own after attending college and majoring in dairy science. He is the son of Susie and Larry Shiflett of Fort Defiance.

He attends Fort Defiance High School and is active in FFA and the Virginia Junior Holstein Association.

Ms. Bradshaw said she plans to attend college and pursue a career that "deals with the economic and

political sides of agriculture while providing me with opportunities to make a positive difference in the industry." She is the daughter of Elizabeth and Samuel Bradshaw of Franklin.

She attends Southampton High School, plays softball and field hockey and is an FFA member. She also was a representative for Virginia Girl's State and a participant in this year's Governor's School for Agriculture.

The Farm Youth Leadership competition is open to 16- to 18-year-old children of Farm Bureau producer member families. With 132,400 members in 88 county Farm Bureaus, VFBF is Virginia's largest farm organization. Farm Bureau is a non-governmental, non-partisan, voluntary organization that supports its members through legislative lobbying, leadership programs, commodity marketing and risk management services, insurance products and other benefits. —



SHIFLETT

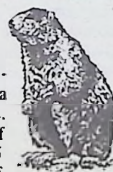
World's oldest shepherd dies

Antonio Todde, an Italian shepherd recognized by the Guinness Book of Records as the world's oldest man, was found dead on Jan. 4th, shortly before his 113th birthday.

Born Jan. 22, 1889, Todde was a shepherd all his life. He attributed his longevity to a daily glass of red wine.

Todde was quoted on the Guinness website as saying it was important to, "just love your brother and drink a good glass of red wine every day."

This article is reprinted from the American Sheep Industry newsletter for the week of Jan. 11, 2002.



keted northern Florida, with Tallahassee reporting a record 2.8 inches. A ship in the Gulf of Mexico, 25 miles south of Fort Morgan, Ala., reported zero visibility in heavy snow on the afternoon of the 12th.

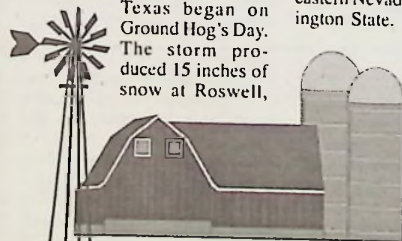
Feb. 16, 1903 — The temperature at Pokegama Dam, Minn., plunged to 59 degrees below zero to establish a state record.

Feb. 18, 1899 — While much of the central and eastern U.S. was recovering from the most severe cold wave of modern history, the temperature at San Francisco soared to 80 degrees to establish a record for month of February. —

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.

Feb. 2, 1956 — A record snowstorm in New Mexico and west Texas began on Ground Hog's Day. The storm produced 15 inches of snow at Roswell,



N.M., and up to 33 inches in the Texas Panhandle.

Feb. 6, 1990 — A second cold front brought more heavy snow to the high elevations of Oregon, with 12 inches reported at Sunset Summit. Ten inches of snow blanketed Crater Lake and Mount Bachelor. Heavy snow also blanketed north-eastern Nevada and parts of Washington State. In Nevada, up to a foot of snow was reported between Spring Creek and Lamoille. Stevens Pass, Wash., received 14 inches of snow in 24 hours.

Feb. 12-13, 1958 — Snow blan-

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