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Augusta Country

May 2002 Vol. 9, Issue 5



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Down on the farm
Page 8

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4-H and FFA
members
preparing
for Market
Animal Show

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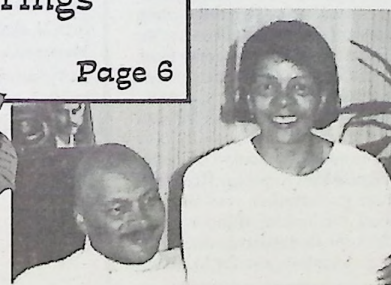
Staunton
festival
showcases
Victorian era

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Church's anniversary brings
family together

Page 6



'Golden Oldies' put
on their aprons
to benefit cancer relay

Page 15

Auction benefits Brethren disaster relief fund

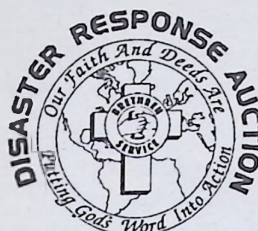
"Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land."
Deuteronomy 15:11

The Church of the Brethren will put God's words into action at the 10th Annual Disaster Relief Auction Sale May 17-18 at the Rockingham County Fairgrounds.

Volunteers from all over the Shenandoah Valley District will lend a hand in running the two-day affair intended to raise money for disaster relief projects sponsored by the Brethren.

A total of \$1.2 million has been raised in the last nine years, putting the district within striking distance of reaching its \$2 million goal this year.

Ninety percent of all proceeds



have been contributed to the Church of the Brethren Emergency Disaster Fund and 10 percent to the District's Disaster Response fund. The Brethren have responded to disasters close to home — floods in Madison and Augusta counties, tornado damage in Petersburg — as well as to those in need in Kan-

sas, New York, California, and far away places such as Puerto Rico.

The Church of the Brethren Disaster Response offices in New Windsor, Md., organizes disaster projects. Directed by this central clearinghouse, districts send teams to rebuild homes and churches in areas damaged or destroyed by natural disasters. Often those in need have little or no insurance to repair or rebuild. Projects last as long as needed; teams are asked to serve one or two weeks at a time.

Not everyone can take the time to serve on a team, but almost everyone can enjoy the fellowship of the Disaster Relief Auction and help carry on the work of Jesus — simply, peacefully, and together.

For more Auction Days information call 540/434-0005. —

Mills to be topic at ACHS meeting

The history of the Shenandoah Valley couldn't be told without mentioning mills. By 1750, just a few years after the first settlers arrived, there were at least 34 mills in the Rockingham-Augusta-Rockbridge area. For the next 200 years, mills were simply part of the everyday landscape of the region.

The public is invited to learn more about the milling industry in the Upper Valley 7:30 p.m., May 23, at the Augusta County Government Center. Janet and Earl Downs will present their popular program, "Mills of the Valley." In addition to the presentation, flour and feedsacks as well as household goods made from printed and white feedsacks will be on display at the meeting.

The audience will learn through the Downs' slide presentation just how important millers and mills were in the area communities. Here is where grain was ground to make flour for bread, wool was carded, wood was sawed, apples were pressed for cider, and water-powered equipment hammered iron. Millers even served as informal bankers. No one had to travel more than a couple of miles to get to a mill — they were everywhere and came in all shapes and sizes.

By the early 1800s, every Valley farmer grew wheat — enough so that the area was considered the wheat capital of the country. Of course the millers turned the wheat into flour, so the rise of wheat production meant even more mills were built.

Janet Downs comes to the subject of mills quite naturally. She was reared in the shadow of Goods Mill near Port Republic. Her great-great grandfather was Samuel Good, the builder of the mill. As adults, the Downs have turned their love and enthusiasm for local his-

tory into three massive books, *Mills of Rockingham County*. They are currently compiling their fourth Rockingham mill book.

The mill book project began as a spin-off from a museum exhibit they helped coordinate several years ago called "Memories by the Sackful." The cooperative exhibit, which was curated by Joan Knight of the Virginia Quilt Museum in Harrisonburg, featured displays at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace and Frontier Culture Museum in Staunton, the Virginia Quilt Museum, and the Shenandoah Valley Folk Art and

Heritage Center in Dayton.

The first mill book was originally planned as an accompanying booklet to "Memories by the Sackful." Over 450 pages later, the book had taken on a life of its own, filled with pictures and information relating to Rockingham mills.

The Downs will have their first three mill books available for sale at the conclusion of their talk. The public is invited to the program, which is free. Refreshments will be served afterward. For more information, call the Augusta County Historical Society at 540/248-4151. —

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10th annual Disaster Relief Auction

Rockingham County Fairgrounds

Schedule of events

Friday, May 17

Noon to 7 p.m.

Sale of cookbooks, arts, crafts, baked goods, and plants; quilt display
3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Oyster-country ham buffet

\$12.50, adults; \$6, children under 10

6:15 p.m.

Livestock auction

7 p.m.

Auction of arts, furniture, and selected handwork

Saturday, May 18

7 a.m.-10 a.m.

Breakfast, \$4.50 per person

8:45 a.m.

Worship service

9 a.m. Main auction

Quilts, crafts, handcrafted furniture, and more

10:30 a.m.

Auction of new and used items

11 a.m. Lunch

Barbecue chicken, \$2.50/half

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'TWIGS' sprout from writers' group

By VERA HAILEY

An extraordinary treasure for older adults who have a spark for the written word is The Writers Interest Group for Seniors or TWIGS.

The gang came together in 1990 for an Augusta County Department of Parks and Recreation class. When the class ended, the friendships and compositions continued. Instead of saying goodbye, they "branched out" by adopting a name and continuing to meet weekly at Valley Program for Aging Services

(VPAS) in Waynesboro. TWIGS is only loosely organized. There are no officers or membership fees. They are not even affiliated with VPAS. They simply show up at 325 Pine Avenue each Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 p.m.

Time is allowed for each person to read a story or poem. It might be part of an assignment or topic introduced at the last gathering, or just something they thought of during the previous week.

Not many subjects have been ignored over the years. Stories and

poems have been written about memories of childhood in places near and far, travel in foreign lands, the beauty of nature and career experiences. Summing things up on paper seems to bring joy to those who have had the experiences of a rich, full life.

Most participants are interested in history and have children and grandchildren. They reminisce in stories that reflect experiences of days gone by, hoping to pass the lore to future generations.

A booklet of their stories, "Bits & Pieces," was published in 1994. Only 100 were printed and they were not available for sale.

Bunny Stein of Lyndhurst, a charter member, is well known for her writing. She and a neighbor started the "Backroads" monthly newsletter in their home area of Love in 1981. The paper has continued since Bunny left after a year. She and other members contribute to the VPAS publication, "Seasons Plus."

TWIGS gained attention recently when member Sue Hamilton contacted a nationally syndicated radio program, "America In The Morning with Jim Bohannon." She called in during the 5 a.m. live talk

show, which invited information on activities for senior citizens. The information she gave about the group has resulted in contacts from all over the country via their website guestbook.

Visit the site at www.angel-fire.com/va2/twigs for more information or show up at their meeting. The friendly group welcomes visitors and prospective members. —



BUNNY STEIN

What is TWIGS?

By LENA PARKS MAHONE

"This little group meets weekly To share each other's company To share concerns and our stories Receive from listeners some glories

Writing from select topics-maybe Or freely from our own creativity 'The Writing Interest Group for Seniors' we came to be. Now we are known as the 'TWIGS' on the Writing Tree."

"It's amazing how God works and sends A whole new circle of friends With writing a common interest of all Maybe some haven't fully answered our call We have a time for sharing And expressing ways of caring Many are living as singles now In confidentiality we vow As we listen to the problems others share Burdens often too heavy for only one to bear. Sometimes problems are revealed That we can help to heal."

Lena Mahone is a member of TWIGS.



Members of TWIGS -- The Writers Interest Group for Seniors -- meet each week to tap their creative juices.

Photo by Vera Hailey

My near-fatal attraction

By SUE HAMILTON

My love affair with Coca-Cola goes back to my early teen years. I can't remember when I first tasted that wonderful drink. My Uncle Herb was employed by the company that made Schweppes Ginger Ale. He told my father that there was a "secret ingredient" in Coca-Cola, and only the owner of the Coca-Cola Company knew what it was. Even before the "secret" became public knowledge, Coca-Colas were called "dopes." At any rate, we children were not allowed to have the drink.

From my first cold, fizzy taste, I was hooked. Just for the pause that refreshes or with an aspirin, which was great for a headache, Coke was my favorite soft drink. Whether it was a fountain drink, or the easily recognized shapely bottle, the taste was always the same. And the price, when I was led down this

rosy path, was five cents each or a carton of six bottles for a quarter.

At lunch, on a date, or a picnic, a Coke was my recreational drink of choice. My family kept telling me I should not be drinking so many Cokes. After I was married and had taken on the responsibilities of a housewife, I admit I looked forward with anticipation to settling down in the evening with my bad habit. My husband echoed the same concern about my Coke drinking, and seldom ever joined me in my own version of "happy hour." Later on when we were anticipating parenthood, he felt that my Coke drinking was going to do harm to our unborn child, and made me promise to discuss it with the doctor. When the doctor asked me how many Cokes I was drinking, I said usually one every evening. I still remember his chuckle as he told me to reassure my husband

that no harm was being done.

In spite of the dire predictions from family, Coca-Cola was not going to be my undoing. I admitted to being a Coke-a-holic. In fact, I believe I invented the word. When my children were young they were not given Cokes, except maybe a little for a treat. As they grew up and it was OK for them to help themselves, there was an unwritten law at our house. If there was only one Coke left in the fridge, no matter how long it stayed there, it was Mama's!

And then the articles began to appear in newspapers and magazines that Coca-Cola could become addictive. Even though I didn't know why this could be, I was determined that I would not become addicted to anything, no matter how delicious. And so I broke off my torrid affair, and only occasionally dallied with the tempter. Eventually the secret was out, and we learned about the mysterious ingredient.

The formula was changed, and Coca-Cola has never been the same. That little six-ounce bottle of delicious refreshment cannot be duplicated. Several attempts to improve the altered taste have been met with public outcries, and the company responded by reinstating their "classic" drink. That of course is not the original, but Coke remains the number one best seller in soft drinks.

Predictions came close to being accurate on a winter day several years ago when it seemed for a few seconds that Coke actually would be my undoing. Snow had fallen the day before and freezing temperatures had left black ice on the roads. There was very little traffic as I made my way home from work around two o'clock in the afternoon. As I hit an unseen icy spot I began to skid. I tried to remember the rule I learned years ago but never had occasion to use. I turned the wheel, and kept on sliding. The only other vehicle on that stretch of road was coming from the opposite direction. I clinched my teeth and said to myself: "I will not hit that truck."

From over my shoulder, a voice said, "Turn your wheels the other way, Turn your wheels the other

way." This was opposite of the advice in my driver's manual. I corrected my turn, and in the next split second, the big red Coca-Cola truck and I traveled side by side in the same direction, in the same lane. I came to a stop, sitting crosswise in the road. Big Red continued on. My first thought, sitting there shaken, was that the driver could have at least stopped to be sure I was all right.

The words I heard were spoken to me at the very moment I willed myself not to hit that truck. I believe there is something significant about that. I had used all the knowledge and ability I had. It wasn't enough. Perhaps my thought was transformed into a prayer. I don't know. Was that God's voice I heard? I choose to believe so.

When I think back on that episode, I see God's sense of humor at work, and I have to laugh at myself. I had come at last to nearly being wiped out, not by a few Cokes, but a whole truckload of them. God can speak to us through any vehicle he chooses. Rather ironic that in my case he used a Coca-Cola truck, don't you think? —

Sue Hamilton is a member of TWIGS.

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Tiffany stained glass windows at Trinity Episcopal Church were featured on a tour of the historic church.

Photo by Vera Haley

Festival covers Victorian era inside out and under

By VERA HALEY

Victorian culture was covered from the inside out at the Staunton Festival. Lucinda Cooke, director of education at the Woodrow Wilson Birthplace, presented an interesting look at undergarments of the Victorian era. A costume expert, Cooke developed her knowledge of Victorian undergarments in Southern California, where she was involved in educational exhibitions.

A fascination of what goes underneath has continued throughout history. "Outer and under clothing were strong social statements of culture and values of a particular time," she said.

Clothing signified social status.

Having a well-dressed wife was considered an extension of a husband's success. With the freedom from domestic chores, wealthy women became entranced by fashion. The privilege of a well-dressed wife and mother reflected well on the entire family.

The desired Victorian silhouette required subtraction. Corsets, hoops and tight stays created the desired dome-shaped figure and made women appear to be standing inside of a wheel. Waist boners, wicker and bonnet were added to produce the desired shape. Puritans denounced padded bum rolls, which circled the waist. The religious group felt that a man could easily be hidden underneath!

Clothing manufacturing became centralized during the Industrial revolution. People migrated to cities to be near sources of innovation, causing a farm-to-factory transition. Clothing that was once manufactured at home by women was now mass-produced and distributed across the country.

Magazine development, notably Godey's Lady's Book, set the tone for fashion. Godey's advised on matters of manners, dress and values. The armored and costumed style required the use of corsets.

Women coveted a small waist, although doctors protested that the cinching was a source of health and reproductive risks. Wearing increasingly restrictive undergar-

ments from childhood affected the body. Corseting deformed 15-inch waists caused internal organ relocation, miscarriage, affecting conception and childbearing. Some women had their lower ribs removed to create a smaller waist — a great risk in the time of primitive surgical procedures.

The term "lame woman" originally referred to someone without a proper foundation for her clothing. "Straight-laced" described a woman suitably attired in a restrictive last-up corset.

Fascination with undergarments endures to the present. A visit to the lingerie section of a department or specialty store shows a continuing interest in underwear of the past. —

Trinity's Tiffany windows unique to South

By VERA HALEY

A downtown Staunton church claims to have the finest assemblage of Tiffany stained glass windows of any church in the South. The Church of England, which was the colony of Virginia's established church, built the place of worship, located at the corner of Lewis and Beverley Streets, as a parish church. The first building was completed in 1769 on land given by early William Beverley, the owner of a large land grant in what became Augusta County.

In conjunction with the Victorian Festival, Katharine Brown led a tour focusing on windows of the third building on the site, an 1855 Gothic Revival structure. The structure was designed by James Wood Johns of England and constructed during the Oxford movement in the Episcopal Church, which converted to the style of the medieval church.

The building has gone through expansions and restorations. An 1887 project opened up the possibility of new windows. The Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, later Tiffany Studios, created most of them.

Tiffany developed unique ways of working with glass to achieve opalescence from varying glass thickness. When textured, it was made to fold in a way that looks like textiles. The human forms draped in clothing look remarkably realistic. By feathering, pearling, and sandwiching different layers of glass and embedding fractured confetti glass, a totally new kind of

See TRINITY, page 5



The third among Trinity's buildings is an 1855 Gothic Revival structure which was designed by James Wood Johns of England and constructed during the Oxford movement in the Episcopal church.



Staunton earns Main Street award

Staunton Mayor John Avoli hangs a sign at the city limits proclaiming Staunton as one of five national recipients of the National Trust's National Main Street Award for 2002. The award recognizes exceptional accomplishments in the revitalization of America's downtowns and neighborhood commercial districts. Staunton is the first city in Virginia to ever receive the award.

(Photo by Nancy Gormley)

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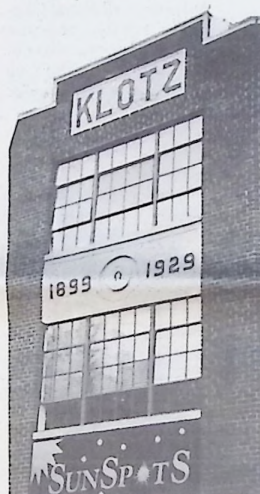




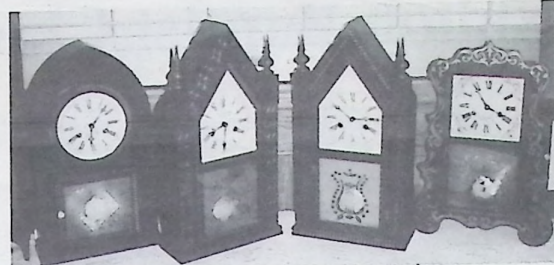
Maryll Kleibrink, Rick Lew and Eve Shelton Va., enjoyed a long weekend of festivities in from the Victorian Society of Falls Church, Staunton.



Minh Martin uses ancient glassblowing techniques to fashion a piece at Sunspots Studio, located in the historic Klotz building. Gazing globes were once thought to possess magical powers and were popular fixtures in the Victorian garden and were a tool of Victorian social life.



The Klotz building was open to festival participants.



Clocks made by Irvin Rosen of McKinley were on display during the Victorian Festival. Rosen is one of a few people in the world who can reproduce J.C. Brown's ripple front clocks originally made before 1853.

Holmes' fans keep mysteries alive

By VERA HAILEY

Peter Blau of Washington, D.C. divides people into two groups: "Those who read Sherlock Holmes stories and those who will." The geologist and journalist, who is secretary of the internationally-known Baker Street Irregulars, shared his love for master detective Sherlock Holmes during the fourth annual Victorian Festival.

According to Blau, Sherlock Holmes is part of the genetic pool in cultural literacy. Children who have never read the classic stories immediately recognize cartoon characters donning a deerstalker cap and carrying a calabash pipe and cane. Even the phrase, "Elementary, my dear Watson," which never actually appeared in any of A.C. Doyle's works, is widely understood.

Holmes' creator, born in England in 1859, wrote stories in his spare time. At that time, many articles had been written about crimes, but none that actually told how mysteries were solved. His first attempt at writing a story depicting the exploits of the observant Sherlock Holmes was turned down by magazines. After a short story appeared in 1887, there was demand for a Holmes series. Detective fiction was born.

Doyle thought he had written the last page in the life of Holmes when he killed him off in 1894 in order to concentrate on historical fiction. When a magazine offered him \$50,000 to write 10 new stories, he came up with additional plots.

"Sherlockians," or Sherlock Holmes enthusiasts, gather worldwide to discuss plots, play games and explain away inconsistencies and contradictions in stories.

A Sherlock Holmes society was established in 1978 in Charlottesville "to promote and keep green the memory of the master detective." Anyone wishing to discuss the exploits of Holmes and his chronicler Dr. Watson may call 434/974-7357 or e-mail rmsherm@aol.com.

There were three entries in the Sherlock Holmes Look-Alike Contest. Two participants appeared in classic Holmes attire. A man dressed as a Victorian lady — depicting Sherlock Holmes in a famous disguise — won the contest. —



The winner of the Sherlock Holmes look-alike contest chose to portray Holmes when he disguised himself as a woman.

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Trinity

Continued from page 4

pictorial window was produced.

With the exception of one, all Tiffany windows at Trinity depict people in a Biblical story. The windows were installed at different times and show changes in the development of the Tiffany style.

Trinity is on the National Register of Historic Places. —

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Shiloh Baptist Church celebrates 130 years

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — Generations of members and friends of the Shiloh Baptist Church, located at 234 Shiloh Road in Waynesboro, gathered for a 130th anniversary celebration in March. The church is located within the newly designated Port Republic Road Historic District.

Descendants of founding members and those who have joined the church in recent years, related by blood and the familiarity of gathering in the same place every Sunday for many years, came together to celebrate the milestone anniversary.

The Shiloh Male Chorus, one of the church's five choral groups, provided music for the morning service. In matching dark suits, the men filled the auditorium with a

powerful harmonizing sound as they swayed and clapped in unison, accompanied by the energetic sounds of the piano and drums.

Portia Bass announced that a historic marker and kiosk would be placed at the church site as part of the historic district designation. A ribbon cutting ceremony is planned.

The Reverend Warne Dawkins reflected on what it means to lead a church with such deep roots: "A church with a 130-year existence rests on the assurance and divine leadership of a loving Savior. I am thankful and appreciative to draw from a well that will never run dry and to be supplied from a source that will never be exhausted."

All were invited to the fellowship hall for a noon feast to celebrate the occasion.

The festivities continued with an afternoon program. Lois Perry gave a narrative of church history. Stanley Woodfolk from Charlottesville and the Gospel Choir of Evergreen Baptist Church were special guests.

The church history had been documented and preserved by the recently deceased Lillie Mae Johnson. Her chronicle names a 19th-century blacksmith shop as the first place of worship. The location she described is the now vacant building on Ohio Street near the Florence Avenue bridge which was a one-room log church built by Methodists in 1824. The original part is still standing, though there have been architectural changes over the years.

An Augusta County courthouse deed dated Dec. 31, 1872 recorded the purchase of property from J.D.C. Utley and Ann, his wife, by church trustees for the sum of \$206.

The Waynesboro Historical Commission has researched the beginnings of Shiloh: "Their earliest written record is an 1872 deed for a log cabin on the corner of Minden Place. After three years of growth, a larger frame building was built on what is now the parking lot on the north side of the church. A new church was built on the same site in 1924." Contractor Jacob Fuller constructed the 1924 building.

Not much is known about the early church leaders, as no records were kept. The first seven pastors were Rev. Gordon, Rev. Diggs, Rev. Alex Lias, Rev. Benjamin Carr, Rev. A. Allen, Rev. Moore and Rev. J.O. Wright.

Mrs. Johnson listed these lead-



The Shiloh Male Chorus performed at the church's 130th anniversary celebration.

Photos by Vera Hailey

ers since 1895: Albert J. Simms (17 years), L.B. Goodall (7 years), Clinton H. Harris (27 years), Eugene C. Watts (10 years), Walter L. Parrish (4 years), William C. Butts (5 years) and Allen T. Crawley (27 years).

Rev. Dawkins has been pastor since 2000. Mildred Middlebrooks serves as associate minister. James Jones is associate pastor.

The existence of Shiloh has stood the test of time. Started only a few years after slavery was abolished in the United States, the church has weathered the storms of changing racial relations. From the place of worship, it is only a short distance up Port Republic Road to the Black History Museum at the Rosenwald Community Center, housed in the school that was no longer needed after desegregation.

According to Joe Nutt in *Historical Sketches of African-American Churches (Past & Present)* of Augusta County, Staunton, Waynes-

boro, & *Vicinity*: "The following families are among those prominent in terms of long-term membership and service to the church: Perry, Giles, Woods, Stuart, Stewart, Washington, Gray, Fitch, Johnson, Mosley, Taylor, Howard, Diggs, Miller, Owen, Williams, Wilmott, Middlebrooks, Wells, Richardson, Eaves, Dudley and Nicholas."

The 300-member congregation has many reasons to be proud. The number of years of existence alone is a great accomplishment. Their Romanesque-inspired building is visually appealing, with a striking interior of rich crimson carpet, tall stained glass windows and brass chandeliers. Their choirs are known far and wide for their incredible sound. But the individuals who make up the congregation — men, women and children who have a strong and enduring commitment to church, family and community — are the most important. —



Shiloh Baptist Church

Lillie Mae Johnson: She left a roadmap

By VERA HAILEY

The late Lillie Mae Johnson left a map for Shiloh Baptist Church members, explaining where they came from. She wrote the first church history in 1967 and served as church historian for over 30 years. Sadly, she died only weeks before the church

celebrated its 130th anniversary.

Lillie Mae was born in Waynesboro in 1917, one of eight children of Albert and Lillie Darcus Simms. Her father was a Baptist minister who led the Shiloh congregation for 17 years, from 1895-1912. Lillie Mae was born in a house near the church.

Driven by a strong interest in genealogy, Lillie Mae traced her mother's family tree back to 1822, when ancestor Charles Darcus was born in Rockingham County. Her work resulted in 10 typed pages of names and dates, documenting births, marriages and deaths in the Darcus family.

According to family history, Lillie Mae's grandmother, Ellen Harris Darcus, was born into slavery in Albemarle County in 1862.

Lillie Mae attended the Rosenwald School. She married Daniel Johnson, who died in 1986. They had two children, Gregory and Diane.

Daniel Johnson worked at the old Cavalier Theater downtown

and later at General Electric. Hanging around the Cavalier while his father was working piqued Gregory's interest in movies and theater. "We would go down on Saturday morning and come home at dark, seeing the same movies over and over." They would return home and act out the scenes that they had memorized.

Lillie Mae spent her entire life in the Port Republic Road area, except for a time in Westchester County, New York. She and her children stayed with relatives during a time of separation from her husband. When they reconciled, Lillie Mae returned to Waynesboro, but Gre-

gory and Diane remained in New York to finish school.

Gregory became an actor and moved to California. He has been in television productions and movies, including *Str. Crazy* and *They Call Me Mister Tibbs*. He works with Oscar recipient Sidney Poitier on production locations.

Diane remained in New York City, where she furthered her education and was involved in acting. She worked in off-Broadway productions and as an administrative assistant, including a five-year stint with Poitier. She lives in Manhattan.

Ownership of Lillie Mae's house

See MAP, page 7



Lillie Mae Johnson's son and daughter, Gregory and Diane Johnson

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Waynesboro's Port Republic Road receives historic district designation

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — A history of the Shiloh Baptist Church cannot be given without discussing the history of the Port Republic Road area. The church history is intertwined with that of the surrounding area.

The sector was recently designated a historic district. The National Register of Historic Places Registration Form, prepared by architectural historians Leslie A. Giles and J. Daniel Pezzoni, describes the area's history: "The community was formed after the Civil War within the framework of an early 19th-century subdivision established near the industrial complex of mill owner Frederick Imboden. The neighborhood's proximity to Waynesboro's industrial section and railroad depots was attractive to black laborers after the war, and by the early 1870s houses and churches were under construction."

"The 35-acre district met the criteria for local significance because of the black ethnic heritage as the 'preeminent historic African American community in the City of Waynesboro... embracing over 80 years of African American community development...' The period of significance extends from about 1870 until the early 1950s.

An 1880 map of Basic City (neighboring town that became part of Waynesboro) shows a sparse development on both sides of Port Republic Road. A brick factory, hardware factory, paper factory and other industries were located just across the river.

Census records show that the railroad was a major employer of Waynesboro blacks after the Civil War. The C&O train station, which was located near the intersection of Port Republic Road and the railroad tracks, had a passenger depot, freight depot, express office, cattle scales, water tank and pump station for steam locomotives, according to George R. Hawke in *A History of Waynesboro, Virginia to 1900*.

According to *Waynesboro's Black Community: Historical Reflections* by Lillian Clark and others, many residents worked in "white businesses and homes" as waiters, cooks, janitors, maids and gardeners. The most prestigious occupations in the neighborhood were educator and minister.

The main thoroughfare of Port Republic Road extends the full length of the district. The historic area includes the streets of Alpha, Beta, Elkon, Fontaine, Smith as well as Fairview Avenue, Minden Place, Riverside Drive and Shiloh Avenue.

In the early- to mid-1900s, the area was a self-contained community in every sense. Many people were born, baptized, educated, employed, married and buried within the confines of a small geographical area.

Ms. Clark wrote: "Years have passed, landmarks have vanished, familiar faces are gone, but the memories of black Waynesboro from the early 1900s still linger in the sacred storehouse of the mind of some senior citizens."

"The hill," as the area is frequently referred to by locals, looked different in years past, when it was the focal point of the black community. The simplistic weatherboard residences were a source of pride and meticulously maintained. Many yards had vegetable gardens, chicken pens and small livestock, in an effort to be self-sustaining. It was a place for families — a district that took care of its own, especially the children. Youngsters roamed the neighborhood, watched the activity at the railroad station and played baseball. Evenings and weekends were spent socializing and going to one of the nearby churches. Elder residents of Florence Avenue recall singing coming from the Port Republic Road area on summer evenings.

In the early days, farmland edged the district. Behind what is now the Rosenwald Community Center was Bush's farm, which covered much of the acreage along present-day Florence Avenue. An orchard that was located behind Pleasant View United Methodist Church was also a source of employment. These operations provided jobs planting and harvesting crops, milking

cows, caring for chickens and performing maintenance.

The Griston Store stood on the north end of Port Republic, at the corner of Dogwood Street. There were two log cabins across the street on the corner. These were demolished to make room for two rock houses.

The four-room Rosenwald School was built in 1924 with capital collected by the community and supplemented by the Julius Rosenwald Fund. It accommodated children from the first through the seventh grade. In 1934 an addition was completed and a high school was added. Desegregation closed the school in 1965.

Abraham Hall was a lodge meeting place as well as a community center. A restaurant was located on the first floor, with dances and basketball games held on the upper level.

The Elks Lodge, built in 1917, was also a mixed-use structure. According to Edward Palmer in *Negro Secret Societies*, the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World was founded in 1898 as a black organization patterned after the white BPOE. The building also contained a barber shop, beauty parlor and restaurant.

The Tarry Hotel, completed in 1940, was situated close to the railroad tracks and served as a weekend getaway for black servicemen during World War II.

Many enterprises, too numerous to name, came and went. Some of these: Sherman's Barbershop was a gathering place for exchanging news and playing checkers, in addition to getting a cut and shave; Annie Spears operated a restaurant specializing in good home cooking; Dr. Hilton's home and office was in the neighborhood; Jim Brown operated a shoe repair business; Joe Harris was the manager for all black baseball players in the city and owned a small shop where he kept his equipment; Dr. Chavis' medical office had the first indoor bathroom; Leach's Meat Market was easily identified by the large chopping block that was kept on his front porch; Midwife Beatrice Sullivan delivered almost 400 babies in her lifetime; The Redd family produced an array of musicians and performed as "The Redd Dots."

Fairview Cemetery is an impor-

tant landmark. It was established on land deeded by Joshua and Nancy Hill in 1885 as a "colored cemetery for the burial of colored persons." Few historic markers are left.

Shiloh Baptist was not the only house of worship. The Pleasant View United Methodist Church was organized in 1867. The first building was built in 1870 on land donated by Joshua Hill, a freed slave. The African Methodist Episcopal Church also had a presence in the neighborhood.

The district has changed drastically over the past decades. Some properties have fallen into a state of neglect and others have been replaced by or converted to multifamily rental units. Younger generations, not feeling restricted to live in the traditionally black section of town, branched out to all areas of the city and beyond. As the black population took advantage of integration and better educational opportunities as well as decreased discrimination, the sense of cohesiveness lessened.

A community needs new blood to remain vital and thrive. Pride in history and a sense of self-respect are helpful in maintaining a healthy neighborhood. Maybe the new historic designation will prompt former residents to return to the community of their childhoods and

recreate the feeling of unity, either physically or in a philosophical sense. The recognition the area is receiving reveres the people and places that have gone before.

Waynesboro residents Portia Bass and Estella Randolph sparked a revitalization effort when they spearheaded the effort to obtain the historical designation. The neighborhood renewal process has already begun.

Ms. Clark explained the courage of early residents: "When there was total segregation and flagrant and public denial of every human right and opportunity, the forefathers of Waynesboro prayed harder, worked harder, and relentlessly held to their faith and determination to help make this corner of the world better for their children and grandchildren... Many of the pioneers and patriots have passed on, but their lives of struggle and deeds of conquest are forever visible in the inner eye of our mind and in the heart of our soul. As long as there is one person who remembers, they will never truly be dead."

These individuals and organizations deserve praise for making the Port Republic Road Historic District a reality: the Virginia Department of Historic Resources; Waynesboro City Planner D. James Shaw II; Waynesboro Planning Commission member Portia Bass; Waynesboro historians George R. Hawke and Alice Wood; neighborhood resident and historian Estella Randolph; Waynesboro Public Library Archivist Karen Vest; neighborhood resident and historian Chris Wilmott; and numerous other local residents. ---

Map

Continued from page 6

on Port Republic Road will be retained by her family. The well-kept house with a green exterior is filled with a lifetime of treasures — books, children's art, family heirlooms, souvenirs of travel, autographed pictures, images of ancestors.

"She loved to read and was a great storyteller," according to her daughter. Young and old would gather and listen. She carried on the black tradition of storytelling and oral history.

As a member of the League of Women Voters, Lillie Mae gave an unforgettable portrayal of Sojourner Truth, abolitionist and women's suffrage leader, who was born a slave. Lillie Mae had a strong stage presence and meticulously gave a long oratory without benefit of notes.

The Reverend Warne Dawkins of

Shiloh characterized Lillie Mae as "a lovely woman of God and a faithful member of the church. Mrs. Johnson was very independent. I asked her many times 'How did you get to church?' She would respond 'I walked.'" Dawkins likened her work as church historian to that of Luke, author of the Book of Acts, who recorded the history of the early church. "Her living legacy is that she kept the records of the church so well that Shiloh Baptist Church is now a historical landmark."

Her obituary described her as "a very civic minded citizen and those who knew her would attest to her strong will and tireless energy when it came to a fight for what she believed in or counseling young people or just being a good neighbor or friend."

Lillie Mae will long be remembered as a loving mother, dedicated churchgoer, ardent historian and faithful friend. —

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Youngsters taste 'real life' with livestock projects

Down on the farm we're thinking about going for a visit. It's spring. The weather is beautiful. It's been raining. The grass is greening up. The days are getting longer. Conditions are perfect for taking a drive across the county to see what folks have been keeping busy with this winter.

As sure as this time of year means it's time to spread fertilizer, sow grass seed and get ready for corn planting, it's also the time of year when young folks in the county are approaching the completion of their project work for the annual 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show. This year's event — the 57th of its kind — is set for May 15 and 16 at Staunton Union Stock Yard on New Hope Road.

You'll want to make a special note of these dates because it is a departure from the usual first Wednesday and first Thursday in May on which the show has been held in previous years. Seems Augusta County schools do their SOL testing on just those exact days causing the students who miss school for the Market Animal Show to have to make up the tests at a later date. Show organizers changed the dates of the event to accommodate the SOL testing. That's why the show is being held two weeks later this year than in previous years.

There are two other changes for this year's show. Organizers have added a category for feeder calves for club members under 13 years of age. Also, in addition to junior and senior showmanship exhibitions in each of the three species — steers, lambs and hogs — there will be a separate showmanship competition for novice exhibitors. As in years past, Augusta County will sponsor U.S. Savings Bonds to be presented to showmanship winners in each species.

Recently I had the opportunity to visit with some young folks who will be exhibiting livestock at this year's Market Animal Show.

My first stop was at Vinegar Hill Acres near Churchville. Vinegar Hill is home to Robert Grogg and his parents, Teresa and Raymond. Robert is 15 years old and is a freshman at Buffalo Gap High School. He is a member of the school's FFA chapter as well as the Middlebrook 4-H Livestock Club, the Augusta County Honor Club and the Livestock Judging 4-H Club. To say that Robert has "too many irons in the fire" may be an understatement. He says he's looking forward to being out of school two days to exhibit his livestock in the Market Animal Show.

Robert has two lambs and two hogs which he is getting ready for the show. The Dorset-Suffolk-cross lambs were born in November at the 10-acre Vinegar Hill spread and the hogs came from a swine producer in Ohio who specializes in raising hogs for show.

DOWN ON THE FARM

BY
BETTY JO
HAMILTON



I've had the pleasure of knowing Robert for a number of years. He was just getting a start in exhibiting sheep when he purchased some lambs from me to exhibit in one of his first Market Animal Shows. I remembered that he had bought lambs from me one year, but I was reminded that he bought lambs from me two years. (My mind is a bit blinky — like a fluorescent light that flitters and flickers — so I appreciated the refresher.) I was reminded further that I had loaned Robert a ram one year to breed some ewes. (My blinky mind flickered with recol-

same course with hogs and perhaps keep a sow and raise some pigs. That project is still in the planning stages.

The lambs and hogs were officially registered for the show in mid-February. Since then Robert has been feeding and caring for the animals to prepare them for exhibition. The lambs have been filling up with an 18 percent protein "show chow" while the hogs have been at a self-feeder on a custom blend ration — also 18 percent protein — of corn and soybeans. The hogs weighed 150 and 170 pounds in early April and, while gaining two pounds per day, were right on target to make their weights in time for the show date.

Putting two lambs through the show ring is not too much problem for Robert. After all, slip halters on them and once they've learned to lead, the process is fairly orderly. Hogs, on the other hand, are a whole other matter. Hogs can't be haltered and led in the ring. They have to be walked through the ring and exhibited so the judge can tell what kind of animals they are. Which means the hogs have to be fairly settled and willing to move at an easy pace while being exhibited.

But Robert has a few tricks up his sleeve to outwit the always clever porcine critters. He has them — quite literally — eating out of his hands. Since the hogs came to Vinegar Hill, Robert has followed the advice of the man who sold him the hogs and has been giving each one a treat of one marshmallow per day. And you know what? Those hogs love marshmallows. When Robert enters the pen, the hogs

come right up to him and start sniffing around for the puffy, sugary treats. It never hurts to know a few tricks of the trade.

As an 8-year-old junior 4-Her, Robert exhibited in his first Market Animal Show. He exhibited only hogs his first year. The fourth year he participated in the show, Robert's pair of hogs won reserve grand champion honors. He has exhibited both lambs and hogs each year since his first outing. The 2002 show will be the seventh year Robert has participated in the event. Robert's success with his 4-H project work has earned him recognition as Augusta County 4-H's Outstanding Junior Boy and, in 2001, Outstanding Senior Boy.

In addition to his 4-H club work, Robert enjoys working with an-

tique tractors and spends some time at the Churchville Volunteer Fire Department which he hopes to join when he's old enough.

As far as his current pursuits with his Market Animal Show projects go, he says he has two goals in mind — "get 'em there alive and show 'em." Robert also is working to line up prospective buyers for his project animals and will contact three or four individuals or businesses that he hopes will bid on his animals at the event's sale.

Robert says he likes the money his project work brings him. The money he has netted from his project work goes into a savings account. He uses some of the money to buy feed for his project animals and the remainder of the

See MONEY, page 9



Robert Grogg of Churchville will exhibit two lambs in the 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show.

Photos by Betty Jo Hamilton

lection of this once I was reminded.) Then I learned that, in fact, the lambs Robert will be showing this year were born to a ewe which had been sired by the ram I had loaned Robert, lo, those many years ago. How about that?

Robert's lambs for this year's show are looking very good. They were ready to show when I saw them in mid-April. He will be challenged to hold them at their finished weights until mid-May. Robert said he plans to give them plenty of exercise and keep the feed to a minimum until showtime.

Robert's interest in exhibiting lambs propelled him into the sheep business. He has a flock of 12 ewes, 11 of which are purebred. His parents say he would like to pursue the



Robert has his two hogs eating out of his hand.

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Continued from page 8

money is used to purchase animals for another year's exhibition. He also invested in a set of livestock scales this year. The scales have enabled him to keep track of his livestock's progress while on feed. Knowing how the animals are progressing weight-wise helps Robert adjust the animals' feed ration in accordance with their projected finish weights.

On another visit on the other side of the county near Greenville, I found Christina and Lindsay Mish — daughters of F.P. and Cornelia — working on three steers they will be exhibiting in this year's Market Animal Show. The Mish sisters represent yet another generation of Mishes to raise cattle on their family farm having been preceded by two sets of Mish brothers — their dad, F.P., and uncle, Gary, and their granddad, Fin, and great uncle, Billy. The Mishes may be genetically predisposed to raising fat cattle because the Mish sisters seem to be just as adept at the task as the generations which have preceded them.

I don't know if they will claim kin — although there's not much they can do to avoid it — but there is a blood relative link between the Mishes and the Hamiltons. My great grandmother was a Mish so that makes us cousins of some nature, but I won't try to figure to which degree — first, second or third. Christina's and Lindsay's great granddaddy Bill used to come visit my granddaddy each Sunday morning after my granddaddy surpassed his church-going years. My grandfather looked forward to those visits because he wasn't able to get around much. Bill's visits brought some news of the commu-



Christina (left) and Lindsay Mish groom their steers in preparation for the Market Animal Show.

nity each week. It is to my advantage to keep up with my Greenville relatives, because — in the first place — they're nice folks and — in the second place — they're pretty good at this farming business. If I hang around them some, I hope I might pick up a few pointers because they seem to know a thing or two or three about what they're doing with cattle.

The Mish show cattle have placed second in the market steer weight gain competition the past two years and two of their calves in previous years have graded prime. The prime grade is not something you see often. Essentially it means the cattle are finished to their ultimate potential. It's a kind of brass ring for which many folks reach but which few folks actually grab.

The three Angus-Charolais-cross steers Christina and Lindsay will be exhibiting were born and raised on their farm. They say their cattle don't have the conformation to win the rosettes given to the best among the ranks of show cattle at the Market Animal Show. But the Mish sisters know their strength lies in their steers' ability to effectively convert feed into weight gain. They aim their cattle to gain between 4 and 5 pounds a day and have proven that it can be done, not just one in a million times, but consistently.

Folks try all kinds of "magic formulas" to achieve weight gain for show steers. But there's no hocus pocus in the feed ration the Mish sisters use for their steers — shelled corn, 14 percent calf grower and a feed supplement which promotes the conversion of feed to weight gain. Essentially — minus the calf grower — the sisters use the same feed program their father uses for cattle he finishes in the farm's slaughter cattle feedlot.

The steers ranged in weight from 640 to 780 pounds when they were

weighed Nov. 3. By showtime they will have doubled their weights. With the two extra weeks the calves will be on feed this year — almost 200 days as compared to 180 days in previous years — the steers will have no problem reaching their finish point for the show. Judging by the steers' condition in mid-April, they will exceed 1,300 pounds each and may even top the 1,400-pound mark. The steers were in the choice-grade category a month before the show, so it is likely the sisters may see another prime grade come their way this year.

Not surprisingly — as is often the case between siblings — Christina and Lindsay have different goals in mind with their project work.

"I go for the weight gain and the money," Christina said.

"Like showing them," Lindsay said. The Mish sisters also have three lambs which they will exhibit this year. They purchased their purebred Dorset lambs from Wade Brothers of Greenville. The lambs will vary in size on their finished weights and likely will range from 100 to 130 pounds each. The feed they have been using for the lambs is a show ration which they buy. Along with the ration, the lambs get a little bit of hay each day. Lindsay has parlayed her sheep interests into a small flock of purebred Dorset ewes.

Christina, 17, is a junior at Riverheads High School. This will be her fourth year exhibiting livestock at the show. Lindsay, 13, is a seventh-grade student at Beverly Manor Middle School. This will be her fifth year as an exhibitor. Both are members of the Middlebrook 4-H Livestock Club. As other exhibitors do, the Mish sisters will be making contacts with prospective buyers to bid on their animals.

There is nothing easy about getting livestock ready for the Market Animal Show. If nothing else, it is farming on a macroscopic

level. And these youngsters are no strangers to the disappointments associated with the practice. Each has had to shoulder his or her share of misfortune this year. Two hogs Robert originally purchased for the show died of pneumonia within a week of arriving at Vinegar Hill from Ohio. He was fortunate in that the producer stood behind his product and replaced the two hogs.

Both Christina and Lindsay have had their own set of troubles this year. Lindsay started out with two steers to exhibit, however one of them wouldn't settle down enough to be exhibited safely, so it was sold. One of Christina's lambs died when it managed to hang itself on an errant loop of baling twine. (I guess I will have to share some of my sheep know-how with my Greenville cousins: Sheep Rule No. 23 — Never leave an uncut strand of baling twine within 20 miles of a sheep because it will find a way to get the string around its neck or feet or both and end up dead in the process.)

Despite setbacks encountered by these young folks, each of them has persevered. They've learned that hard work pays off. But they've also learned that sometimes hard work doesn't pay off. And when it doesn't, you pick yourself up and start over again.

You'll hear a lot of folks talking about what a great experience the Market Animal Show is for 4-H

and FFA members. And it is that. Funny thing about it, though, is that for the young folks involved in it, they don't realize what the experience means at the time. They know several things: 1) They get to miss two days of school; 2) They get money for the animals they sell; 3) It hurts pretty bad when a steer steps on your foot and grinds it into the pavement; 4) Animals which are perfectly content at home and "kid broke" can turn into rodeo caliber man-eaters when taken to the strange environs of a show ring; 5) It's hard to part with the animals when the time comes to sell them.

The good thing about the Market Animal Show experience is that the young folks who participate are learning something — it's not required by an SOL and it can't be measured by a standardized test. Years down the road, however, young folks who have the Market Animal Show experience under their belts will have a little extra something to pull from when they begin encountering their first "real life" challenges. Maybe we've got this whole thing backward. Let's dump the SOLs and make Market Animal projects mandatory for all Virginia public school students. Nah. That would make way too much sense.

Mark your calendars for May 15 and 16. You can be sure I'll be at the show those days and not down on the farm. —



Christina and Lindsay, with help from little sister Laura, show the lambs they will exhibit in the Market Animal Show.

57th Market Animal Show slated for May 15-16

STAUNTON — The 57th annual 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show will be held May 15 and 16 at Staunton Union Stockyard on New Hope Road.

4-Hers and FFA members from across Augusta County will be exhibiting lambs, hogs and steers during the event which is sponsored each year by Augusta County Ruritan clubs and the Staunton-Augusta-Waynesboro Chamber of Commerce. There are 165 steers, 218 lambs and 144 hogs pre-registered for this year's show. A category new to the show — feeder calves — has 15 entries registered.

The Augusta show is the largest of its kind east of the Mississippi River. Wednesday's events open with the show dedication at 2:30 p.m. The lamb show will begin immediately following the dedication and will be followed by the hog show.

Thursday's events will begin with the feeder calf show at 8:30 a.m. followed by the steer show. Grand Champions and Reserve Grand Champions will be selected from the lambs, hogs, and the steers. Exhibitors also will compete for \$100 U.S. Savings Bonds for the top junior and senior showmanship effort in each species. Showmanship Savings Bonds are sponsored by Augusta County. Another category new to the show will be a competition for novice showmen in each species. Augusta County is sponsoring the award of \$50 U.S. Savings Bonds for each of the top novice showmen.

The Market Animal Show culminates Thursday evening with the sale of livestock at 6 p.m.

For information about participating as a buyer at this year's Market Animal Show, call the Augusta County Extension office at 245-5750. —

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Add some spice to life with cilantro

Cilantro — ya' either hate it or love it. I happen to LOVE it. My first experience with cilantro was in salsa in Mexican restaurants in Northern Virginia. I kept saying "What IS that taste?" Once I found out, it clicked because I had seen and smelled that pungent odor of the cilantro plant many times at herb fairs and greenhouses. And I have recently been reading that if basil was the "herb of the 80s" then cilantro was certainly "the herb of the 90s" in culinary circles.

On further reading, I found out that cilantro is popular throughout the world — not just Mexico. The Caribbean, Africa, central and southeast Asia, China and the Republic of Georgia of the old Soviet Union all use the leaf of the cilantro plant. In western Europe only the seed, which is called coriander, is used. (The name coriander comes from the Greek "koris" which means bug — a term used to describe the odor and taste of cilantro leaves, especially by those who hate it. (Cilantro is a Spanish name by which the foliage of coriander has become known in the U.S.)

It turns out that there are several other plants that are cilantro flavored — culantro, Vietnamese coriander, papaloquelite, and *houatynia cordata*.

Culantro comes from Mexico's Yucatan area. Like cilantro, culantro is a member of the parsley family. It flowers in a stiff bloom stalk, 16 to 17 inches long, with tiny, egg-shaped blooms. The plant is native to the New World, but widespread through Asia and Africa, having moved back and forth with traders through the centuries.

Vietnamese coriander is what you probably have tasted if you've ventured into a Vietnamese restaurant. (One of my favorite restaurants is in Wheaton, Md., and it is deliciously Vietnamese.) The herb is soapy flavored, with fruity overtones. Interest-

Down to Earth

By
Mollie Bryan



ingly enough, this herb is a tender perennial, a member of the buckwheat family. It has red stems and dark green, lanceolate leaves, often marked with red. In the U.S., it grows best in places like Texas. *Houttuynia cordata* is used a lot in landscaping. Its heart-shaped leaves make a thick ground cover and appear in green form as well as tricolor cultivar, "chameleon" that is splashed with red, green, and white and has a slightly different taste.

Papaloquelite is the newest addition to the ranks of cilantro-taste-alikes. This plant is extremely large; according to the *Herb Companion* the oil glands on the plant are actually visible to the naked eye. These oil glands provide one of the strongest scents that botanists have recorded. A low-growing variety known as quinquilla has come to us from Bolivia, where it is reportedly used to treat liver ailments and high blood pressure as well as to season food.

As for me, I like cilantro best in a good salsa. I love Mexican food and have been to many restaurants that offer salsa. But the best salsa I have ever had was made by my good friend Carmen. Here is her recipe:

Carmen's Fresh Salsa

- 2 tomatoes, finely chopped
 - 3 T. chopped scallion
 - 1 1/2 T. chili pepper (more or less—to your taste)
 - 1 T. chopped fresh cilantro
 - 2 T. fresh lime juice
 - 1 T. olive oil
 - 1 tsp. finely grated ginger root
 - 1/4 tsp. ground cumin seed
 - Salt to taste
- Combine all ingredients. Mix well. Enjoy.

~~ Garden tips for May ~~

April and May are two of the busiest months as gardeners plan, prune, weed, fertilize, plant, dig, water, and cut the lawn.

However, leave some time to explore other gardens, and visit local nurseries before temperatures heat up and high humidity sets in.

In early April I spent a cool, overcast, if showery, day at the Lewis Ginter Botanical Gardens in Richmond. Conditions were perfect to view the thousands of narcissi, early tulips, pansies, ornamental trees and shrubs, and especially the ephemeral native wildflowers.

In late April I plan to enjoy Virginia Garden Week and take the tour sponsored by the Augusta Garden Club of Staunton to country gardens in Augusta County.

In early May I'll be off to the famous Tulip Festival in Holland, Mich..

There's nothing like a change of scenery to give us insights and ideas before we resume our spring tasks again back home.

- Keep after those weeds, seedlings, and wild onions while the ground is friable.
- Bring out the lawn furniture, statuary, birdbaths, and the like.
- Set out fountains.
- Select water plants and arrange in your

pond or pool. Restock fish.

- Plant hanging baskets, patio pots, and window boxes with annuals and trailing greens.

- Plant annuals and summer bulbs, herbs and vegetables after all danger of frost is past.

- Refresh wooden furniture with a coat of paint; respray metal furniture.

- Recoat pressure-treated decks with a sealer.

- Feed acid-loving plants with Holly-Tone.

- Apply Plant Tone or similar fertilizer to all perennials and shrubs.

- Feed trees.

- Fertilize roses monthly through August.

- Start clipping flowers from the cutting garden. Cut early or late in the day when the sap is stable.

- Once all new planting is done, fork in all organic matter between the plants. Then apply a 2-3 inch mulch for the summer to conserve moisture.

- Deadhead perennials and faded flowers from shrubs such as lilacs and azaleas.

- Stake prospective tall plants now (lilies, iris, gladioli, peonies, and larkspur or delphinium).

See TIPS, page 14

A few of my favorite shrubs

As promised in April, this month I continue a three-part series on favorite and recommended native plants. The topic today features shrubs, which are secondary only to trees in providing an essential framework for our gardens.

A basic plan starts with the hardscaping (paths, decks, patios, arbors, and buildings such as gazebos and sheds), adds trees, and then fills in with massed or single specimen shrubs.

Here is my shrub list:

Azaleas

A genus of over 800 species, including hybrids, classified as Rhododendron. Simple leaves. Clustered flowers. Most are evergreen. Bloom in spring in white, shades of pink, purple, orange, and lemon. The family likes acid soil. Use in naturalized and informal landscapes, not formal garden settings. Need plenty of moisture but well-drained soil.

Beautyberry

Callicarpa americana

A genus of 135 species. The native species is the best known. Also called French mulberry. Cultivated for its magenta-wine colored berries in September. Very showy. Has rough leaves. An easy-to-grow shrub in any well-drained soil. Berries are grown on the current year's wood. Attracts some birds but they prefer the white berried variety.

In the Garden

By Jenifer
Bradford



Bottlebrush buckeye

Aesculus parviflora

A large shrub. Coarse foliage. Big visual mass. Use in mass plantings. Has spectacular flowers in midsummer. Grows slowly when young. In winter it has an interesting tiered effect and upright left-over flower stalks. A genus of 13 species among them the horse chestnut.

Fothergilla

Fothergilla major

A genus of 4-5 species of deciduous shrubs. Another name is witch alder. Alternate, simple, coarsely-toothed leaves. Small white flowers like a brush head. Leaves turn dramatically (scarlet, red) in the fall. Naturalizes, but will mix nicely in a shrub bed. Likes acid soil.

Mapleleaf viburnum

Viburnum acerifolium

There are 225 species in this family of hardy shrubs. Opposite, simple leaves. Grows in all soil conditions, and in sun or shade. A pretty undershrub with maple-like leaves, small panicles of white flowers, and shining black berries. In late fall the leaves become rose and pink when bigger shrubs and trees are bare.

See SHRUBS, page 14

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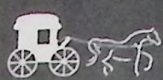
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Yesterday once more



Salem Church historic marker to be dedicated

By NANCY SORRELLS

SEAWRIGHT SPRINGS — One doesn't have to look far in Virginia and more specifically in Augusta County to realize that there are many important spots of history that remain unmarked.

That's why the Department of Historic Resources in Richmond sponsors a historic highway marker program. DHR guides communities through the process of erecting new markers and each year 10 or 12 new signs are dedicated. DHR's assistance includes serving as a documentary review board to evaluate the proposed marker's historic significance, working with the factory to produce the cast metal marker, and then working with the Virginia Department of Transportation to erect it.

DHR's assistance does not include the actual research and writing of the marker text or financial help. That's where the Augusta County Historical Society comes in locally. The society's board has made a firm commitment to encourage and assist in getting more markers erected. A fine example of this local community cooperation is the Salem Evangelical Lutheran Church marker (A-102) which has been erected and will be dedicated 12:30 p.m., May 5. The public is invited to attend. Not only did the society work with church historian Ralph Coffman in writing the text, but the board donated \$200 toward the nearly \$1,300 required for a marker.

Salem Church is quite deserving of a marker. In the Seawright Springs (formerly Kingston Spring) area just a couple of miles

When:
Sunday, May 5,
12:30 p.m.
Where:
Salem Evangelical
Lutheran Church, west
of Mt. Sidney on Salem
Church Road
What:
Historic Highway
Marker Dedication

west of Mt. Sidney, there was a long-established pocket of German settlers along Naked Creek. Johannes Danner was there as early as 1749. In the 1770s and 1780s more German settlers with surnames of Ahler, Schutz, Krahn, Hanger, and Link arrived.

Permanent German-speaking Lutheran and Reformed pastors were still in short supply in the years after the American Revolution. The community religious societies which had formed still relied on missionary and circuit-riding preachers. The man who was to make the biggest impact on the community of Kingston Spring was Paul Henkel. Although he was born in North Carolina in 1754, the Henkel family soon moved to Hampshire County, an area west of Winchester in what is now West Virginia.

By the time he was 28 years old, religion gripped Henkel's soul and he began preaching the Gospel to Germans in Shenandoah County in December 1782. For the next year he studied under Pastor John Andrew Krug in Frederick, Md. By 1783 he was licensed after provid-



Ralph Coffman, the Salem Church historian and a life-long member, stands beside the new historic highway the church has recently erected. Dedication ceremonies for the marker will be Sunday, May 5 at 12:30 p.m.

(Photo by Nancy Sorrells)

ing both his letters of recommendation and calls from four churches in the Lower Valley. His initial licensing of a year was renewed in 1784 and extended to include "all congregations in that section that have no regular pastors..."

Henkel was ordained in 1792 and, until his death in 1825, took, with unparalleled zeal, the Word of God to German-speaking peoples. Not only did he travel regularly through an area that stretched from Frederick County, Virginia,

through Shenandoah, Rockingham, Augusta, Page, and Madison, but he personally led or helped establish 20 congregations in those areas. His preaching trips took him east of the Blue Ridge and west into the Alleghenies of West Virginia. He traveled to North Carolina, Southwest Virginia, Tennessee, Ohio, and Kentucky.

For most of his ministry, Henkel resided in New Market. There one of his sons established a German printing press that provided religious and secular material in both German and English.

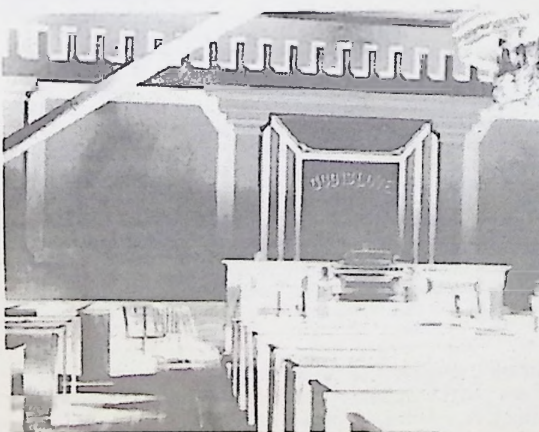
Henkel was a frequent visitor in the Augusta County area. He was in Staunton in 1785 and again in 1786. Henkel even lived in Staunton for a short time between 1794 and 1797. By the time he established a residence in Staunton, Henkel had already made contact with German families in Kingston Spring. As early as 1789 he ministered to the families in the area on several occasions, holding services at a German schoolhouse or in a grove of trees. Henkel's journal entry in 1819 helps pinpoint not only his visits, but also the beginning of Salem Church.

"Sunday the 27th [June 1819]. Preached in Salem's Church, Augusta County. I met with as large an audience as I could expect considering the short notice. In this region I found thirty years before a small settlement of Germans for whom I preached in a German schoolhouse and at times in the woods. Now there is here a beautiful church building. We lodged with Peter Henger, innkeeper."

Henkel's preaching must have inspired the community to strive toward a more permanent house of worship. In 1802, Mathias Link, Sr., and Balser Bumgardner, the trustees for the Lutheran and Presbyterian congregations purchased, for four pounds, a two-acre tract of land from Samuel and Mary King. The purpose was to build a union church. Although the deed described the two religious societies as Lutheran and Presbyterian, it was always understood that the Presbyterians were Germans, otherwise known as Reformed. That portion of the congregation eventually withdrew and formed St. Michael's Church closer to Bridgewater.

History has not left us with an exact date for the building of Salem Church's first house of worship. However, sometime between October 1802 when the land was purchased and June 1805 when a second land transaction took place, a church was built. In the 1805 deed, James King sold to the trustees of the "Lutheran & Presby-

See SALEM, page 12



The interior of Salem's second church was painted by itinerant artist Green Berry Jones. He used shadows to create a three-dimensional appearance in the cornices, frames and columns that he painted. (Photo courtesy Ralph Coffman)

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Daybook opens window on 1860s Augusta County

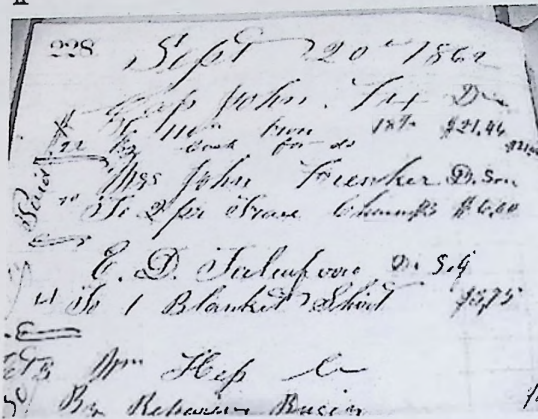
By NANCY SORRELLS

An alert Augusta County Historical Society volunteer and an anonymous donor ensured recently that a rare piece of Augusta County history would come home.

When volunteer Vera Hailey saw J.A. Templeton's store day book from the 1850s and 1860s go up for sale on the internet's eBay, she contacted the historical society. A society board member placed the winning bid of just over \$300 and then paid for the ledger out of a special fund set aside for the purpose of finding Augusta County, Staunton and Waynesboro documents, purchasing them, and placing them in the historical society archives so that future generations might use them for research.

The 16 1/2-inch by 7 3/8-inch suede book contains the records of a general store, probably in the Greenville area. The merchant operating the store and presumably keeping the ledger was J.A. Templeton. Most of the entries are from 1860 to 1862. There are a few for 1864 and some entries were apparently added long after the Civil War. For the most part, the entries show records of everyday sales to area residents. Each line represents an individual's purchase, or in some cases, an individual's barter for goods.

In July of 1861 the Augusta Lee Rifles bought 54 yards of gingham, for \$8.10 and another 18 yards for \$2.70. They also bought drilling, striped cotton, and cotton thread. Obviously the militia men were



This is a sample of some of the information recorded in J.A. Templeton's store day book which was recently purchased by the Augusta County Historical Society.

getting uniforms made.

In addition to the textiles sold at the store, other items which were purchased by customers in 1861 included: a hammer handle (17 cents), whole nutmegs (three cents each), cream of tartar (a quarter pound for 15 cents), molasses (\$1 a gallon), and shoes (\$3.25). A cake of soap was worth a nickel, coffee sold for 18 cents a pound, and a new hat cost 75 cents.

Payment through barter was also accepted at the store. Butter was worth 30 cents a pound and repairing a fence was worth \$5. Six bushels of oats, worth \$2, were accepted in trade. The proprietor then turned around and

resold the oats immediately.

Also included is information about a milling business in Greenville and a pew rental list for First Presbyterian Church in Staunton.

Because the book covers that troubled period in Augusta County just before and during the Civil War (which began in April 1861), some of the entries pertain to that conflict. In the spring of 1861 when Virginia seceded from the Union, Augusta had eight militia companies and four more were beginning to form. Five lines in the volume are for the Augusta Lee Rifles and one involved the purchase of tent

material by someone from the Greenville Militia. A note on the back paper of the book says, "Greenville Company left for Sect. Of War April 18th 1861."

Preliminary research by Civil War historian Robert Driver of Brownsburg has uncovered information about several of the names listed in the ledger. Robert Doak Lilley was a captain in the Augusta Lee Rifles and lost an arm in a battle near Winchester in 1864. His father, James M., did not fight in the war, but was notable as the Augusta County Surveyor.

Robert Lewis Doyle was a captain in the 5th Virginia Infantry. In 1863 he left the army to become the Augusta County Commonwealth Attorney. He saw action late in the war in the Augusta County Reserves and was killed at the Battle of Piedmont in 1864.

William A. Heiser enlisted in Greenville. He died of wounds suffered at Cedar Creek in 1864. James Gabbert was a blacksmith who enlisted in 1861. He was injured while shoeing a horse later that year but reenlisted in 1862. He was at the surrender at Appomattox.

John A. Brownlee was a farmer who served in McClanahan's Battery. He survived the war and continued farming in the Riverheads area. Vincent Tapp Churchman was a surgeon in the Confederate Army. Samuel Hays, Jr. served in the 5th Virginia Infantry. Isaac Kennedy was in the 1st Virginia Cavalry and served throughout the war. Churchman, Hays and Kennedy all survived the conflict.

The men already identified in the ledger came from all walks of life. To date farmers, a hatter, a hotelkeeper, a bricklayer, a teacher, a surveyor, a carpenter, a lawyer, a blacksmith, a doctor, and a cooper have been identified.

The information, both genealogical and social, to be gleaned from this book will serve to open a small window into the daily life of Augusta County 150 years ago.

The historical society hopes to have volunteers transcribe the entire 250-page ledger and annotate it through additional research. The result will probably be a published book.

The ledger had been in Pennsylvania prior to its posting on eBay. Important local documents like this have been scattered all across the country. Because it takes funds to procure these items and bring them back to their home in Augusta County, an anonymous donor recently gave \$1,000 for that purpose. It is the donor's hope that the money can be taken from the account to purchase items when they come up for sale. The fund would then be "reimbursed" by local history patrons who want to see documents returned to a place where they will have historical relevance. To date, the ledger, a letter, and two pieces of advertising have been purchased and nearly \$500 of the fund has been used. If you would like more information about how you can make a tax-deductible donation to continue this worthwhile project, call the historical society office at 248-4151. —

•Salem

Continued from page 11

rian congregation," an acre of land adjoining the tract on which "their meetinghouse stands."

The church built by the union congregation was a simple pine log structure, 30 by 40 feet covered in pine weatherboarding. A single front door and two small, high windows were on the gable entrance, while two four-over-four windows were on each side of the building. A small bell tower sat at the roof peak above the door. The interior of the church reflected a building that was simple, but certainly not crude in its construction. Beading and graining serve as a reminder of the nice finishing touches added by the builders. The building had a gallery which was lit by the two small windows above the front entrance.

This church was replaced with a larger one in 1859. In 1870, the original Salem building was dismantled and moved, log by log with men, wagons, and mules to the nearby village of Mt. Sidney where it was used by the African Methodist Episcopal congregation there. That church is no longer active, but the building remains in 2002 as a

private residence.

The first regular minister at Salem was probably a German Reformed pastor, John Brown or Johannes Braun as he is often called in Salem's German records. Braun appears in the records until 1812. Exactly how long the congregation remained a union church is uncertain although 20th-century records indicate that the connection between the two faiths remained

for at least half a century.

By the mid-1820s, another change was creeping into Salem Church. The subtle change can be seen, for instance, in the list of communicants in 1826. There are, dotted among the German names, surnames such as Cassidy, Hall, Murray, and Perry. More than likely members of the tight-knit German community were intermarrying with

See CHURCH, page 13

Salem Evangelical Lutheran Church has worshipped in three church buildings since 1802. This simple frame structure, which was dedicated in 1859, served the congregation until 1929 when it was replaced by the current brick church.

(Photo courtesy Ralph Coffman)



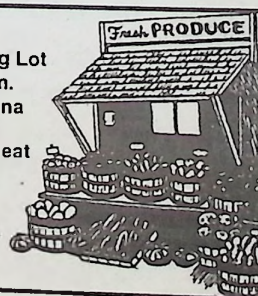
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ACHS honors Simmons, Davis with awards

STAUNTON -- A Fort Defiance High School teacher and Augusta County's Clerk of Court were honored at the Augusta County Historical Society's seventh annual banquet held April 16 at the Holiday Inn in Staunton.

J. Susanne Simmons, a history teacher at Fort, was presented with the 2002 History Educator of the Year Award. Mrs. Simmons has been teaching in the Augusta County School system for nine years with most of that time spent at Fort Defiance. She teaches western civilization, American history, and advanced placement U.S. history for those students wishing to earn college credit.

As a result of Mrs. Simmons' work at Fort, its U.S. history students have the highest Virginia Standards of Learning scores in the county - 92 percent - and her AP students also have the highest marks in the county. In the last six years, 77 percent of her AP students have earned college credit for their history work under her instruction.

Mrs. Simmons earned a bachelor of arts degree in history from Bridgewater College and a master's degree in local history from James Madison University. She taught at Catholic high school in Baltimore before returning to the Valley in the 1970s. She also has served as curator of education at Woodrow Wilson Birthplace in Staunton.

Presenting the award to Mrs. Simmons was Nancy Sorrells, ACHS past president. Quoting one of Mrs. Simmons' former students, Mrs. Sorrells said, "Mrs. Simmons is one of the best teachers I've ever encountered and I can't think of

anyone who deserves this recognition more than she because of all she has brought out in her students."

The evening's other award, the Distinguished History Service Award, went to John Davis, Augusta County Clerk of Court. A graduate of Wilson Memorial High School, Davis attended Madison College and earned a bachelor of arts degree in history. In 1977 he returned to JMU for his master's degree in education. He also has completed graduate work at the University of Virginia.

For many years Davis taught and then was a guidance counselor in the Augusta County School System. His last role was as assistant principal at Hugh K. Cassell Elementary School. In 1983 he was elected Augusta County Clerk of Court. He is the 15th person to serve the county in that capacity since 1745 and is now in his third eight-year term.

Davis has supervised the writing of almost a quarter million dollars' worth of grants to preserve old books, index records, and microfilm documents. The grant money also helped fund a fire alarm system and a computer for indexing loose chancery papers.

Davis has been a tireless ACHS supporter, serving as a board member and as the society's treasurer. He is active in a number of local organizations including Rotary and Ruritan. He was the charter president and a board member of the Valley Alliance for Education.

Both award recipients received plaques, and books in their honor have been placed in the area libraries.

Turk McCleskey, a professor at

Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, delivered the evening's keynote address. Dr. McCleskey received his doctorate in history from the College of William and Mary in 1990. In 1994 he joined Virginia Military Institute's Department of History. He was promoted to associate professor with tenure in 1998, received the Virginia Military Institute Foundation's Award for Distinguished Teaching in 1999, and was promoted to professor in 2001.

Dr. McCleskey's ACHS banquet presentation, "Entertaining Royally in the New Republic: Augusta County and the Future King of France," drew from a visit made to Augusta County in 1796 by exiled French nobleman Louis Philippe. The 23-year-old aristocrat and his brother were fleeing the excesses of the French Revolution. As he passed through Augusta County, Louis Philippe made cursory mention in his journal of a stop in Staunton, which he found "hilly," and then described his stop at the ordinary of David Steele.

Steele was an interesting character in the annals of Augusta County history. He had fought in the American Revolution and at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse was severely wounded in the head by British sabers. Although left for dead, Steele recovered to live a long life, but ever afterward wore a silver plate to cover the place in his head where a piece of skull had been hacked out. He could be counted on to produce that piece of bone as a conversation piece.

Careful study by Dr. McCleskey has allowed an interpretation beyond the few sentences left by a



Mary Beirne Nutt (far right) president of the Augusta County Historical Society, congratulates John Davis and Sue Simmons on the awards they received at the recent ACHS annual banquet.

AC staff photo

young man who 34 years later would become the King of the French. McCleskey believes that Louis Philippe purposely chose Steeles Tavern for his layover because of an earlier French visitor, the Marquis de Chastellux, who had stopped there and described an encounter with Steele.

Chastellux, a military officer who had aided the Americans during the American Revolution, toured North America in the early 1780s and published his account in France. Although Chastellux wasted far more space describing a groundhog he killed in western Virginia than he did about Augusta County, his account held Steele up as a symbol of America's revolutionary spirit. Louis Philippe as a teen might have read that book

even as the French teetered toward revolution. Dr. McCleskey noted that he believes the impressionable nobleman had the desire to seek out the revolutionary spirit which was so fresh and free in America. He did so by meeting those living symbols of the revolution like Steele.

In 1830, the people of France would overthrow their king at the time and replace him with another - Louis Philippe - the very person who had once traveled through Augusta County. Perhaps, Dr. McCleskey posited, in Louis Philippe's reign as the people's monarch, he drew from the lessons learned on his travels in America and on an evening spent in the company of the Revolutionary War hero, David Steele. —

Church

Continued from page 12

their Scotch-Irish neighbors. Soon Germans started Anglicizing their names so that a father called Zimmerman might have a son called Carpenter. Schwartz became Black and Braun became Brown.

At Salem, change came slowly. During the June 1834 communion, 28 individuals were administered the sacraments in the German lan-

guage and 21 participated in an English communion service. From about 1836 onward, the church records are in English or have a combination of the two languages.

Inklings of a new era at Salem could be seen as early as Nov. 10, 1855. On that day a committee was created with the purpose of procuring a building site on which to erect a new church. The committee failed in its attempt and any further infor-

mation regarding a new church is absent from the official records.

Somehow the desire to build a new church got back on track in February 1859 when Philip and Esther Hiser gave the Lutheran congregation a lot on which to build a new church. The piece of land was "situate near the old church lot."

Construction details for the new church no longer remain, but photographs from the building, which stood until 1929, show a simple white frame structure, 40 feet by 60 feet, with two entrance doors on the gable end. The building was white with green shutters on the windows. High above the doors on the front of the church was lettered: "Salem Lutheran Church, dedicated Nov. 13, 1859."

Life-long member Henry Coffman described the interior as follows:

"It had two doors in the end with aisles running the length of the church to the sides of the Pulpit.


The Pulpit was large, in fact it was massive and had three steps leading up to it on either side. A visiting minister once remarked that it reminded him of an Indian Fort. The three short pews on either side of the pulpit were usually occupied by the elderly and more devout members who frequently gave assent to the declarations of the minister by a loud 'Amen.' Therefore it was called the 'Amen Corner.'"

There were three large windows on either side. First lighted by candles then by lamps on posts at the ends of the pews, it was later and better illuminated by a large chandelier suspended from the ceiling near the center of the church. About 1920 a Delco Plant was placed in the basements to furnish light. There was a large gallery over the doors as you entered the church. The pews had square ends, straight backs and hard bottoms. Two large wood burning stoves placed near the middle win-

dows of either side furnished the heat to roast those near while those farther away were freezing."

Sometime later in the century, probably in the 1890s, the interior was altered by the paintbrush of itinerant painter Green Berry Jones. Jones, who was known to conduct camp meetings when he wasn't painting, specialized in wood graining and marbling. He also had a talent for using shadows to create a three-dimensional look to his painted architectural features. An interior photograph at Salem shows a modillion cornice, columns and frames painted on the wall in such a way as to give the appearance of three dimensions. In one frame he lettered "God is Love."

A few years after the Civil War, Salem organized its first Sunday School. The earliest Salem Sunday School records are in a faded notebook which records 84 scholars in 1869. One of the main activities at See **STRUCTURE**, page 14



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Music Club preserves, performs local melodies

By NANCY SORRELLS

STAUNTON — For 75 years — since 1927 — a loyal group of local music lovers has been gathering in Staunton. Although they used to meet on Tuesdays, they now gather weekly as the Thursday Morning Music Club.

On a recent Thursday morning they gave a special presentation of Shenandoah Valley folk songs at Covenant Presbyterian Church in Staunton. The dozen songs they sang are part of a legacy left by Mary Baldwin College music professor Ruth McNeil.

Dr. McNeil came to the Staunton college in 1944, explained Doris Dixon who has been a member of the club since 1946. "In the late 40s and early 50s she took her recording machine out into the countryside and listened to the people," she said.

That project a half a century ago was a combined effort between the MBC music professor and Lloyd Carr, a biology professor at Staunton Military Academy. Carr first began collecting biological specimens in the area and in the process stumbled upon many local songs so Carr asked Dr. McNeil to assist him with the musical transcriptions. Many of the places Dr. McNeil visited during her three years of song collecting in the Shenandoah Valley, however, had no electricity. So when she couldn't record the songs, she wrote down the notes and words as best she could.

The professor collected around 200 songs before she retired in 1972 to Florida with the intention of pub-

lishing her collection of Upper Valley folksongs in a book. She died in 1981 without the book ever coming to fruition and her work in the area has faded from memory.

For five decades the songs lay more or less dormant until the music club decided to bring them alive once again. Dixon and some of her fellow music club members decided to revive 12 of the songs that the professor gathered. "Some of us got these folk songs from Ruth

in the 1950s. In those days we had those old-time mimeograph machines and I remember getting blue ink all over my fingers. That was 50 years ago," Doris recalled.

The interesting thing about these short folk songs, according to Dixon, is that they mention local places and people. If one listens closely, there's mention of Crabtree Falls, Squire Cochran, Christians Creek, and the little Staunton Jail.

Fourteen members of the 40-per-

son club performed the songs: Beverley Beard, Betty Harman, Jo Lotz, Elizabeth Wick, Carol Grant, Martha Hamrick, Dorothea Huddleson, Mabel Lou Weiss, Barbara Atkins, Jane Coffey, Lavearn Everett, Margaret Lewis, Pat Ohlinger, and Lois Sensabaugh. Doris Dixon was the director, Pat Higgs was pianist, and Bill Branscome was guitarist.

The opening song, "Erin's Green Shore," struck a chord with the area's Scotch-Irish roots according to Dixon. "It's about a dream and a beautiful damsel," she said.

The second song, "Quaker's Wooing," was about a Presbyterian man trying to convince a beautiful Quaker woman to change her religion and marry him. The third, "Jesus will give you rest," was a local spiritual.

The fourth song, "Hard times," told of the difficult times that forced different tradesmen — like a baker and a wheelwright — to cheat just a little to make ends meet. The next song, "Conjure Ball," told of a man up around Crabtree Falls who could work a little magic with his conjure ball.

Just as the opening song spoke to the area's Scotch-Irish roots, the next, "Sauerkraut," drew from the region's German heritage. "My brother married a little gal, He brought her from the south, She ate so much sauerkraut, she couldn't shut her mouth."

The next two, "Carriion Crow," and "Old Uncle Rat," are short,

nursery rhyme type songs. They were followed by "Virginia Lover," a sad song with a haunting melody that has made its way into the soundtracks of movies. The next tune, "I went to a Party," told the story of a girl who went to a party and caught a "fella."

"Little Staunton Jail," has the most name recognition for local folks. The song recounts the tale of a man who got into a little tussle with a neighbor and was hauled off by the authorities. Two of the verses are as follows:

"'Twas early Monday morning as I lay in repose My boss he came into my room and says, 'Put on your clothes.' 'Twas early Monday morning Squire Cochran said to me 'You're up for 'sault and battery the same you'll have to pay.'"

The first night that I stayed in there I had a pleasant dream I dreamt I was on Christians Creek down by a running stream. My true love was beside me a-telling me a tale I woke up broken hearted in the little Staunton Jail."

The final song, "Good Ole Colony Times," told of "three roughish chaps (who) fell into mishaps," during the time that Virginia was still an English colony.

Although the performance was well done and enjoyable, the real significance of the morning with the music club was in the fact that a group of songs, shaped by the local culture of the Valley, continues to live. Dr. McNeil would certainly have been proud. —



Thursday Morning Music Club members — front row from left, Mabel Lou Weiss, Doris Dixon, Elizabeth Wick; second row from left, Pat Higgs, Pat Ohlinger, Dorothea Huddleson, Carol Grant, Martha Hamrick; third row from left, Jane Coffey, Barbara Atkins, Beverley Beard, Betty Harman; and fourth row from left, Lavearn Everett, Lois Sensabaugh, Margaret Lewis, Jo Lotz recently performed songs original to this area. Bill Branscome accompanied the group on guitar.

Photo by Nancy Sorrells

• Shrubs

Continued from page 10

Mountain laurel
Kalmia latifolia

This hardy, broadleaf, evergreen shrub is also known as laurel. It has shining simple leaves and clusters of showy white, pink, or purple flowers. Grows in woodlands on loose, acid soil that is well drained. The flowers are very distinctive and cup-like.

Oakleaf hydrangea
Hydrangea quercifolia

Coarse, handsome leaves. The leaves turn russet-red in the fall. Has erect clusters of white flowers in the spring. It is native from Georgia to Maine and Florida. There are 23 species in the family. Some are erect; some climb.

Silky dogwood
Cornus amomum

The silky dogwood is one of several species of shrubby, twigg dogwoods. It is less cold hardy than another common species *Cornus sericea* (red-osier dogwood). There is also a green-twigged variety. The silky doesn't have as red a twig as the osier, but its fruits ripen and turn a beautiful blue. Plant in a sheltered place. The family doesn't mind moisture.

Spicebush
Lindera benzoin

A genus of 100 deciduous aromatic shrubs and trees. Two are native to our area. This shrub grows 15-30 feet. It has alternate, scented leaves and clusters of small, yellow flowers and often showy red berries.

Summersweet
Clethra alnifolia

A genus of 30 shrubs. Also known as sweet pepperbush. Has alternate, finely notched leaves, and spikes of white flowers. Fragrant blooms that appear in early summer. Likes moisture.

Virginia sweetspire
Itea virginica

Ten species of tender shrubs. Alternate, simple leaves. Has spikes of small, often fragrant, white flowers. Also known as the Virginia willow. This is the only native North American species. Its fall color is brilliant red. It is a low shrub that likes moisture. Deciduous. Hardy in our climate.

Winterberry holly
Ilex verticillata

A large, multibranched shrub. Its

slender twigs are set with red berries. Quite showy in winter. Best known of the deciduous species on our east coast. Likes acid soil.

Witch hazel
Hamamelis vernalis

Six species of deciduous shrubs. Simple, toothed leaves. Has clusters of nodding, fragrant, yellow flowers. Blooms in February. Prefers a light, acid soil. Is the smallest of the species.

Witch hazel
Hamamelis virginiana

This is the 2002 Virginia Wildflower of the Year as named by the Virginia Native Plant Society. It blooms in the fall. The leaves turn a buttery color. It has spidery lemon-yellow flowers. Takes sun or part-shade. Tolerates wide growing conditions but likes moisture. —

• Tips

Continued from page 10

- Begin to spray roses (every 7-10 days in season) to prevent blackspot and other diseases (coat the undersides of the leaves too).

- Water roses at the base in the a.m. to discourage blackspot and mildew.

- Spray boxwood for leaf miners (early May).

- Prune boxwoods and other evergreen shrubs while you can see the new growth.

- Prune overgrown shrubs by 1/3 at the base.

- Prune out any winter-damaged stems from trees and shrubs.

- Water all plants early or late in the day to conserve moisture.

- Watch for poison ivy (the seeds are dropped by birds). Treat with Roundup.

- Watch out for eastern tent caterpillar webs in the crooks of trees. Destroy or spray with Bt.

- Water plants well if the month is dry. Larger plants need 1 inch of water each week.

- Keep up the garden notes and keep taking photos. —

• Structure

Continued from page 13

Salem's Sunday School was to have children memorize Bible verses.

In 1875, one student named Ida Elizabeth Stover was credited with memorizing 1,263 verses. Although she was not the top student in 1875, the following year she headed the list with 1,313 memorizations. Young Ida Elizabeth was born in Mt. Sidney on May 1, 1862.

She officially joined Salem as a 13-year-old in 1875.

If it hadn't been for the fact that her older brothers decided to move to Kansas about 1880, Ida Elizabeth might have been lost to history. However, at the age of 21 with both of her parents dead, she decided to follow her siblings and move to Kansas. There she met and married David Jacob Eisenhower. Their son, Dwight David Eisenhower, grew up to become a

United States president.

President Eisenhower was always very aware of his mother's Augusta County roots. In 1960 he visited the area, speaking at Mary Baldwin College and then going out to the farm where his mother was born and planting a Liberty Tree.

The Salem congregation used the frame structure dedicated in 1859 for 70 years. In 1928 ground was broken for the present church. The brick building was finished and

dedicated in May of 1929.

In 1952 Salem celebrated its 150th anniversary. This year, in August 2002, Salem will again hold a celebration — to remember 200 years of history as a congregation. There is plenty of reason to celebrate. Today Salem is a thriving rural congregation with 441 baptized members and 345 confirmed members. There are more than 70 Sunday School scholars and 16 leaders. The church also holds a Vacation Bible School each summer. —

Time to renew?
See page 2

Schoolhouse News

RES teachers, St. John's ladies team up for relay

AC staff report

Success in business is all about supply and demand. Find that magical something that people really crave. Set a price. Provide supply to meet demand and before you know it business is booming. For teachers at Riverheads Elementary School and some very proficient cooks at St. John's Reformed United Church of Christ, this is the concept that was used to make money for a good cause.

Each year the American Cancer Society holds the Relay for Life to raise funds for cancer research. Teams form and donate a certain amount of money to participate. Teachers at RES wanted to participate in the relay but were stymied when trying to decide how they could go about raising \$1,000 to enter the event. A bake sale, they decided, would do the trick.

But when in the world do teachers who work all day then go home to prepare lesson plans for the next day have time to prepare food for a bake sale? They started looking around for some "proxy" cooks but didn't need to look any further than a church just down the road from the school. As it happens, a couple of retired school cafeteria workers — who have years of experience cooking for the masses — lead a St. John's group they call the "Golden Oldies." RES teachers made a deal with the "Golden Oldies" — the teachers would take orders for

baked goods if the "Golden Oldies" would provide the homemade food products to fill the orders.

The "Golden Oldies," led by Twila Decker of Middlebrook and Violet Swortzel of Greenville said yes to the teachers' request and set about their task of baking. With the help of "Golden Oldie" colleagues Leda Jarvis, Shirley Law, Helen Jarvis, and St. John's pastor Amy Shultz, the group of ladies baked their way to a profit of \$2,200 to sponsor the RES teachers' relay team. And just to make sure all the money they raised would benefit the cancer fundraiser, the "Golden Oldies" held a bake sale within their congregation to pay for the ingredients and reimburse the church for utilities used for the baking project.

The ladies baked 219 dozen rolls, 49 loaves of bread, 76 dozen cinnamon rolls, 93 cherry pies and 115 apple pies to fill orders for the fundraiser. The baking was spread out over three different days. The ladies arrived at the church in the early a.m. hours each of the baking days and had the baked goods ready to be picked up by the teachers when they left school around 3:30. The teachers then distributed the baked goods to folks who had placed orders for the mouth-watering delights.

RES teachers also have a couple other projects they use for the cancer fundraiser. Teachers are discouraged from wearing blue jeans to work, however, the RES teachers found a way to turn a guilty

pleasure into a good cause. Teachers at RES pay 50 cents to wear blue jeans to school on Fridays. The money collected throughout the year from this effort accumulates in their relay sponsor fund.

Likewise, students at the school are discouraged from wearing hats to class. But the school administration has found a way to turn this guilty pleasure for the students into a good cause as well. On a day specified by RES administration, students pay 50 cents to wear their hats to class. The money collected goes toward the teachers' fundraising project and, in turn, the students become a part of the effort to help find a cure for cancer.

But why were the "Golden Oldies" so willing to lend their cooking talents to the RES teachers' cause? As one of the ladies noted, "There's not a one of us who doesn't have a loved one who has had cancer. It touches so many of us. This is what



St. John's "Golden Oldies" — Twila Decker, Shirley Law, Violet Swortzel, Amy Shultz, Leda Jarvis and Helen Jarvis — turned out \$2,200 worth of baked goods to benefit the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

we could do to help."

The American Cancer Society's Relay for Life will be held May 31 at Wilson Memorial High School in Fishersville. RES will have two teams with 10 members

each participating in the walk. Donations are still being accepted for the event and anyone wishing to contribute may mail donations to RES, 17 Howardsville Road, Staunton, Va. 24401. —

Fort student finds fun, rewards in ice hockey

By SUE SIMMONS

FORT DEFIANCE — "Congratulations go out this morning to John Cerminaro for his Ice Hockey team's League Championship victory."

I was taken aback. John had been in my history class at Fort Defiance High School for four months and I had no idea he played ice hockey, much less that he played on a championship team. It was time to investigate.

John tells me that he had gotten interested in the sport when he watched it on television the first time when he was eight years old. By that age John was already an avid rollerblader. "I found an old hockey stick and began hitting

things up and down the street," he explained.

Fortunately, he and his family were living in Norfolk at the time, and they learned that an ice rink in Virginia Beach offered ice hockey programs to anyone who could afford the equipment.

"It takes tons of equipment," John added, "helmet with face cage, shoulder pads, elbow pads, gloves, shin pads, pants..."

Undaunted, John signed up. He learned the league was divided into age groups: mites, midgets, squirts, peewees, and bantams. It usually takes at least six weeks to move up. John started out as a mite but soon mastered skating backwards. "They moved me up after 4 weeks," he exclaimed.

The area had big ice hockey programs with lots of kids. They practiced on Wednesday night and competed on Saturdays and Sundays during the October through March ice hockey season. Teams played all the other teams within the league and sometimes teams from out-of-town. At the end of the regular season, games were played for the league championship.

When the Cerminaros moved to Augusta County, John's ice hockey

See HOCKEY, page 19

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The Hitching Post

Time to get horse and rider ready for show season



• Show season is coming up. How can I make sure my pony is ready to compete?

—Anna, Verona

Competition is fun, but it can also be tough. After you have decided in which discipline or division you wish to compete, then the preparation begins. There are two parts to your preparation. Preparing your horse and then preparing yourself.

Competition can generally be broken down into two main events. Pleasure and equitation. In pleasure classes the horse is judged. In equitation classes the rider is in the spotlight. Since it sounds like you are worried about your pony's readiness we will look at preparation of the horse and then the rider.

The best way to prepare for a competition is to understand what the judge will be looking for. In preparing your pony you might have to take a good hard look at

conformation. Conformation is the foundation of every horse's success. I have heard many riders complain that winning is political when the truth is a horse that wins EVERY time is probably structurally correct. This is an objective look at your pony in spite of your emotional attachments. Balance of body, muscling, soundness, and conditioning are part of the first impression. Then there's the movement. Winging, paddling and forging are all problems due to poor conformation features. Pigeon toed, cow hocked, and long in the back are all conformational features that can hurt your horse's performance.

After looking at your pony's conformation you can then decide the

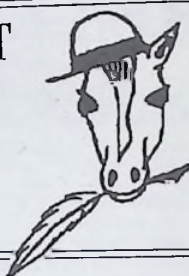
best classes in which to perform. Speed classes, such as barrel racing, do not consider conformational faults as detracting if the horse can perform against the clock. Western pleasure classes look for slow collected gaits where hunter-jumper classes look for a horse that can "move out."

Prepare your pony at home. This means obedience, manners, and conditioning. The pony should respond to your aids correctly in a willing and quiet manner. If your pony resists and has a problem with work from the winter "do nothings" then you have to work him into a routine. This might mean riding him every day to bring him into good manners.

If possible the best place to start competing is at an open or schooling show. Schooling shows are just that — a place to school green, young, or inexperienced horses. This is where you can learn how ready your pony is without too much pressure. They are a great place to train, to find out what works and what doesn't.

After your schooling show you can work your way into competition for points. Points usually add up over the season. This means dedication on your part to make it to the shows necessary for the

I.B. HOOFINIT
From
the
Horse's Mouth



points. The competing rider with the most points at the end of the season will win the championship.

If you have done your homework and prepared your pony, don't forget to prepare yourself! Take a few lessons from an instructor to get yourself in shape. Your responsibility as a rider will be to maintain CONTROL of your pony at all times. Position is important. Sloppy riders don't attract the judge's best impression. Work on making yourself appear professional and polished. Talent comes from hard work, practice and the desire to do well. If your pony does not do well at first, take these little failures as signs of what you need to work on to

make improve. Remember the tests in school? It's not the ones you got right that you need to study, it's the ones you got wrong. If you are not satisfied with the results at a horse show DON'T take it out on your pony. Look for ways to make the next round better. Work together as a team and you will find a partnership that wins.

Take it from the horse's mouth, show season is coming up and with dedication, hard work, and the desire to win, you can compete and give it your best. Winning doesn't always come in the form of a ribbon either. Sometimes it pays off in training your pony to be everything he was ever meant to be! —

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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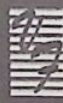


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Psst! - Don't tell the kids, but this is REAL science!

Local bird guru YuLee Lerner e-mailed me recently to tell me that she had collected some local, fresh, short-eared owl pellets and wondered if I wanted them for my science classes.

An owl swallows its prey whole, then about 12-24 hours later it regurgitates, or coughs up, the undigestible materials in the form of a thumb-sized pellet. The contents of the pellet (fur, feathers, claws, teeth, insect parts or bones) can help determine the owl's diet.

Mrs. Lerner wondered if my students would be interested in gathering some data from the pellets so that, in the future, perhaps an Augusta Bird Club member could write up a paper to summarize and conclude the student information about the feeding habits of this population of short-eared owls in Augusta County. I replied that the activity of dissecting owl pellets was an established part of the sixth grade science ecology unit and my students would have done that last year.

At first I thought that I'd offer the pellets to the sixth grade, but the more I thought about it, the more I thought that this could be a bridge activity in which their previous learning could assist them in interpreting a new situation. "That's real science!" as Cindy Schroer, a sixth grade science teacher, said to me when I approached her about the project. Any teacher hates it when students whine "...we did that last year..." even though the lesson could be more in depth or the emphasis of the lesson could be from a different angle. Bolstered by Cindy's comments, and despite a fear of whining, I forged ahead. I also thought of the

contribution to the bird club that this pellet research could be!

Last year, the Augusta Bird Club financially sponsored Stewart Middle School in the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's citizen science program, Classroom FeederWatch. The large curriculum binder includes teacher information/lesson suggestions, slides of 30 common feeder birds, information concerning methodology of counting birds, and student activities (complete with black-line master pages and ideas for interdisciplinary extension activities).

Our bird studies included bird anatomy, feathers, adaptations, behaviors, a review of food chains, the importance of birds in food webs, migration, and identification and life histories of Augusta County birds. With feeders outside our classroom,

we were able to observe birds at the feeders throughout the fall, winter and early spring.

My students learned the 30 common feeder birds plus many more that we observed around our school. Each week, we counted our feeder birds and entered our data on the FeederWatch website. An extension was sharing with my students the aesthetics and pleasures of watching birds. I think our activities made them more appreciative and observant of the natural world. Frequently they came to school bubbling over with their stories of bird sightings.

In language arts class, they wrote poems, crafted catchy cross-word puzzles, drew illustrations and documented our class activities in articles which were submitted to *Classroom Birdscope*, the student



From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

publication of Classroom FeederWatch. It was so exciting when we got our Spring 2001 issue and found that many of their entries were published in it! None of that would have happened had they not been "turned on" to birds by the Augusta Bird Club and Classroom FeederWatch.

I am continuing with Classroom FeederWatch this year, although our feeder count areas are further away from my classroom which makes counting more challenging. My students KNOW their feeder birds, though! Because of the contribution of the bird club to student bird studies, I thought that the owl pellet project would be a way to repay the bird club for its generosity.

One of my concerns was that because the pellets were fresh, they could be a vector for respiratory infection such as fungal, bacterial or viral diseases. Phone calls to the pellet supply company in Washington State (where the sixth grade teachers get their pellets), the Wildlife Center of Virginia in Waynesboro, and the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta concurred that baking them at 250 degrees for 20 minutes would sterilize them. I didn't want to stink up MY house or oven; I looked for another venue.

Then during one call to CDC, a technician asked, "Do you have an autoclave at school? That would kill everything." As a result of my negative response, she suggested that a hospital, or a vet might be able to help. Ah-ha!! Valley Animal Hospital in Staunton has been our vet hospital since we moved here 14 years ago, and as a teacher, I've been able to use them as a resource frequently. They loan me their parasitic worm specimens, a heartworm-infested canine heart, veterinary health books, and then one year Dr. Evans demonstrated feline anatomy by dissecting a tomcat with my science club.

I called them with my request and Dr. Henry said that he just didn't know what to expect whenever I called! He laughed and said that they would be willing to do the pellet sterilization. With sterilization complete, I could continue dissection with my fears of infection eliminated. Thank you Valley Animal Hospital!

Students first drew and described their pellet. They then weighed and measured it. With plastic gloves on they separated the fur from the bones/teeth/claws/feathers and did an estimate of percent volume of each. We then weighed fur and bones/teeth/

claws/feathers to find the percent of each that comprised the weight of the pellet. The students then had to determine what kind and how many of each kind of bone that their pellet had. This would help us determine how many and what species of animal each pellet contained. They were really scientists working meticulously and neatly. It was rewarding to see them so involved.

The recorded data was tabulated on the board, then on my master paper chart. Averages were determined for weight, percent volume, percent weight of each component of the pellet, number of bones per pellet and number of animals per pellet (mostly determined by the number of skulls in the pellet). Students compared their short-eared pellet this year with their barn owl pellet last year. Augusta County short-eared owls eat fewer, but larger prey than Washington State barn owls. We did not have any shrews in our pellets and that was what was mostly in the barn owl pellets. Besides tabulating and analyzing data, they glued a reconstruction of an animal skeleton or bone collection on a paper plate.

We're pretty proud of our data collection and now we are in the process of summarizing the research project by making a display board complete with drawings, cumulative data, skeleton reconstructions and the life history of the short-eared owl. Using their science research techniques, my students gathered information, tabulated data, documented their findings, and contributed to citizen science right here in Augusta County by helping the bird club. We sincerely thank the Augusta Bird Club for this opportunity. Sometime soon we will present it to the bird club and hope that our little research project helps them come to some conclusions about short-eared owls and their habits here in Augusta County.

I know that this project has enabled my students to learn not only about what is inside a short-eared owl pellet, but to learn that the skills that they acquire in science will serve them well beyond my classroom. They got so excited and involved with the project, that they really didn't think much about the fact that they were doing science! Don't tell them, but this WAS a real science application that came easily and naturally to them and that's just about all a science teacher can ask! ---



Stewart Middle School Directions class students Ryan Kite, Coty Shifflett, and Trafton Eutsler tabulate, compare and doublecheck their owl pellet data with instructor Betty Gatewood.

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Reflecting pool reflections

By Roberta Hamlin



April 2002

Oh Maude, can there be a crueler month than April?? Just when those bright and cheerful blossoms were indicating that spring was on the way and parties could be expected and vacations planned, then came the rainy days of April. Those damp and foggy days were welcome, though, for they make the increasing sunshine seem so much warmer. Then, however, arrives that dreadful middle of the month — the day of reckoning. Time to pay up. As much as I tried to ignore it, that fatal time did arrive when there was nothing to do but complete my income tax forms. Of course I have to admit that my rather pleasant lifestyle here in our Nation's Glorious Capitol is an indirect result of the complicated uses of taxpayers' money. However, it is still difficult to reverse my thinking, and become reconciled to the fact that I am also one of those ordinary citizens sending dollars to Washington. Needless to say, this was not my most favorite task, and as is my nature, I put off such things until the last minute.

As a result, I ended up spending all night — and I mean all night — adding up figures, filling out forms, and then . . . OH MY GOODNESS!!!! I owed the IRS more money. Now that is a rather distressing thing to have to deal with at 3:30 in the morning. However, deciding to put off completing those forms and writing the check until later did not seem to be such a good idea. Daybreak would come awfully soon, so, while sitting there in a bit of a stupor, I wrote the check and signed the forms.

Because there is money that has to be paid, then there is money that must be earned, which meant I had to get up at the usual time and head off to the office. It was a very difficult time.

At least last month ended on a pleasant note. I noticed

an announcement of a new exhibit at the Woodrow Wilson House. It is called "Passing the Torch" and has to do with the relationship between Edith Wilson and Jacqueline Kennedy. In 1961, when Mrs. Kennedy was First Lady, she was invited to a luncheon by former First Lady Edith Wilson. While at the Wilson house Mrs. Kennedy saw a number of things that inspired her own restoration of the White House. The exhibit contains a number of the furnishings from the day of that luncheon, including an armchair by Bellange which had originally been one of a set made for President James Monroe. Also on display are some of the flatware and china used on that day. It all sounded so interesting that Sara and I set aside a Saturday to go and see it.

It is a good thing we decided to go, for with the busy time of considered legislation which comes this time of the year, we needed a break.

The House is taking up the ethics question relating to Rep. James Traficant. This should get all the members agitated. They start calling one another names and creating enemies. Those feuds go on for a long time too. They even follow those who retire. There was one long-standing feud between Senator Torricelli and former Senator Lautenberg, both of New Jersey that is still with us. And those feuds do not involve only the members, but their staff get involved as well. It seems that there is talk of renaming the Newark airport for the former senator, and a life-sized statue of him was to be created for the project. The problem now before those who plan this honor for him is that the funding for this project is under the control of — Guess who? — a former Torricelli staff member, also a sworn enemy of Lautenberg. As a result, the awarding of the contract for said statue has been postponed. So, as all the congressmen and senators begin

to get testy, they would be wise to remember that the enemies they make on the Hill can follow them forever.

After all of the crazy weather earlier this month that reminded me more of July than April, I really wanted to go out on my lunch hour and buy a new summer frock or two. Who knows when I might need one? Things have been so busy at the office that I have not had a chance to get my warm weather things ready. Those wool sweaters just don't work well in 90-degree temperatures. By the time the second of those really hot days arrived, the need for a little something new sent me off in search of a nice little silk blouse, which I found, but then I remembered that check I'd written to the IRS. Then I saw the most wonderful linen suit in the window of one of my favorite stores on Connecticut Avenue, but again remembered the aforementioned check written to our national treasury. I really think it is bad enough that we have to go and part with additional dollars at this time of year without it ruining our favorite form of recreation!! But I shall be a good girl and try to stay away from the stores. This past weekend it was easy for all of those demonstrators were downtown, and even the promise of a good bargain was not enough to tempt me to get into that mess.

So here I sit with piles of work on my desk, and no way to cheer myself. Guess I had better get home early this evening and unpack that box of dresses from last year. They will simply have to do for now. By the time I write again, hopefully my bank account will have recovered and I can go out and see what is new at Filenes.

Give my love to everyone at home.

LuLu

Springtime is the right time for strawberries

Late spring is the time of year for fresh strawberries, preferably from your garden or from a local farm. The strawberries sold in grocery stores have been bred for looks (they are often huge!) and for travelling well across the country, and this has been achieved at the expense of how good they taste. Grocery store strawberries tend to be incredibly bland.

Luckily, these fruits are very easy to grow so you really should try your hand at it if you do not

now have a little strawberry patch to call your own. Meanwhile, if you can buy strawberries from a local grower, I highly recommend that you do so.

When selecting strawberries, look for deep-red, plump, moist-looking fruit. They should still have their little caps on, and the caps should be green — not dry and browning. Make sure the fruit is firm and emitting an enticingly sweet scent. Do not buy soft or bruised strawberries that are leaking juice as these will very quickly turn moldy and spoil. If buying your fruit in containers, the boxes should not be stained or sticky.

If you have bought pre-packaged fruit, sort through it when you get home to remove damaged or moldy pieces and then refrigerate the good strawberries UNWASHED and VERY LOOSELY covered with plastic wrap. Use them as quickly as possible, perhaps coupled with fresh shortcake made easily from the recipe below. Once you make your

own shortcake biscuits, you may never be able to eat those little spongecakes sold in the stores again!

NOTE: This recipe can be doubled and made in a large mixing bowl to save the time and effort of preparing and cooking another batch later. After the extra shortcakes have cooled completely, wrap in plastic and store in a "real" freezer for up to three months or two weeks in a refrigerator freezer. To reheat frozen shortcakes in a microwave oven, set on full power for a minute or less (depending upon the wattage of your oven) to warm up two biscuits. Adjust the duration as necessary to heat more than two biscuits at a time.

Easy Shortcake Deluxe

Measure into a medium-sized mixing bowl:

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 T. granulated white sugar
- 1 T. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt

Mix the above ingredients together thoroughly with a spoonula (a plastic spatula with curved edges that is used like a mixing spoon), large mixing spoon, or a fork. Using two butter knives or a pastry blender, cut in 1/2 cup shortening until all of the fat has been reduced to fine particles.

Measure into a two-cup measuring glass and whisk or blend well with a fork: 1/2 cup milk and 1 egg.

Place oven rack in middle posi-

Cooking made easy

By Marlene Condon



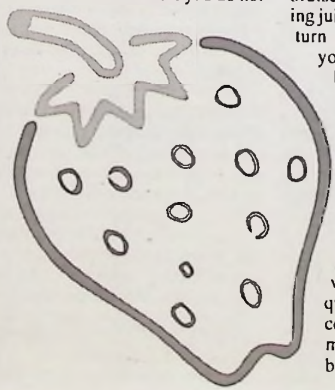
tion and start heating oven to 425 degrees.

Make a well in the center of the dry ingredient-mixture and pour in milk/egg combination. Mix with a spoonula, mixing spoon, or fork until well blended.

Drop by heaping tablespoons (to make 12 small biscuits or 8 larger ones), close together but not touching, onto an ungreased cookie

sheet. Bake for 10-12 minutes in preheated oven, until lightly browned. Remove to cooling rack.

Using a fork, break warm biscuit apart between top and bottom, place pieces on a small plate, and top it with lots of fresh strawberries. Add whipped cream (or artificial whipped topping) or ice cream to complete your strawberry shortcake deluxe. Enjoy! ---



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Wood thrush often heard, seldom seen

The wood thrush is the prettiest bird you'll never see. He's robin-sized and robin-shaped and wears robin red on his back, but he favors the dense forest. With luck, you'll hear his song spilling out of the deep woods early in the morning and late in the evening.

Anything you'll read about the songs of the thrushes will use the words "flutelike" and "rolling." Thrush songs also have a bubbling quality that always puts me in mind of water tumbling down a mountainside. It's an appropriate picture, because thrushes usually choose damp woods to sing and nest. This doesn't explain why each year in May we're treated to the song of a wood thrush from the woods above our house. High on a hillside, our little patch of woods is dry and rather unremarkable, so the presence of the wood thrush is a real bonus.

We may not always be so blessed, though, because the wood thrush is having some problems. The wood thrush is among some 70 species of North American birds that winter in mature tropical forests — the forests that we hear about being destroyed in Rhode Island-sized blocks every day. When these birds return north to breed, they have to deal with a

less obvious but equally damaging situation called forest fragmentation. Here, it's not the wholesale destruction of forests that is reducing nesting success. Rather, it's the cutting of large blocks of forest into smaller patches by developments, roads and power lines.

Cutting, let's say, a power line swath through a large wooded area may not actually destroy that much forest, but it increases the amount of forest edge. Picture a square brownie on a plate; it has four edges. Cut it in half and you have two smaller brownies with a total of eight edges. This so-called "edge effect" is good for some plants and wildlife, such as deer, but not for forest-nesting birds. Forest edge is attractive to the nest parasitic brown-headed cowbird. In a strange and unsavory reproductive ploy, the cowbird lays a single egg in the nest of the wood thrush or other species of forest-nesting bird. The poor "host" never catches on; it incubates and hatches the interloper along with its own brood. Trouble is, the baby cowbird grows faster and larger than its nest mates and gets most of the food that its foster parents bring. The final score is usually cowbird 1, wood thrush 0. Cuts in the for-

est make it easier for the female cowbird to find wood thrush and other deep-forest birds' nests and lay her eggs there, with damaging effects on the nest success of the unwitting host bird. On top of that, forest edges are attractive to crows, jays and grackles, which prey on nestlings.

Over recent years, this has all added up — or subtracted down — to declining numbers of wood thrushes and other tropical migrants as demonstrated by annual breeding bird surveys throughout North America. I don't know how much longer we can expect to hear wood thrushes on our property.

But let's digress to something happier and take a look at that rolling, flutelike song and how it is produced. We mammals have a voice box, the larynx, right at the top of our windpipe. Birds have a different arrangement. They have a unique chamber called a syrinx, located at the point where the windpipe, or trachea, branches into the two bronchial tubes leading to the lungs. There are a lot of different variations on this basic arrangement among different birds, but generally the syrinx, being at the bronchial tube junction, is located deep in the chest cavity

Getting out

By
Mark
Gatewood



and acts as a resonating chamber for the bird's voice. But here's what is cool about the wood thrush: each bronchial tube has its own set of membranes, muscles and nerves for sound production, so the wood thrush can produce two notes of harmonically unrelated frequencies at once. It took sophisticated electronic analysis of recorded sonograms to identify this, so I don't think we can really hear it, but it does contribute to the unique character of the wood thrush's song.

To me, the wood thrush's song, rolling out of the woods at the end of a hot, humid day, always has a refreshing quality, like a drink of cool water. I don't like the thought of ending my summer day without that refreshing song, so I'll be listening anxiously this month. —

Safe, sound and sleepless

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

Sometime it just doesn't pay to try and sneak in a good nap. Such was the case recounted to me by my friend Josh.

Josh's wife Meg was on her way out the door to a luncheon. A familiar "beep—beep—beep" alerted her to a problem with one of the house's smoke detectors.

She grabbed the stepstool from the family room closet, placed it in front of the shelves in the foyer and yelled, "Josh, the smoke detector needs a new battery and I've gotten the stool for you." With that she swept out the door.

Right away Josh had that sinking feeling. He knew that Meg could have put new batteries anywhere from the potato drawer

to the garage. First, he mentally listed all the logical storage places and then he mentally listed the illogical. When he finished the illogical list, he started working his way down that one. Sure enough, number 4 on the list was the correct hiding place: in the drawer beside the refrigerator with the sterling silver and the bread. (Did I mention this was the illogical list?)

With battery in hand, Josh climbed up on the stool, replaced the battery and closed up the smoke detector. He took the stool to the closet, settled back in his comfortable chair, and was disconcerted to hear "beep—beep—beep." Well, obviously, he'd put in a bad battery. So, once more, he retrieved the stool, went to the bedroom, removed the battery from that smoke alarm (because he knew that one was good), climbed up on the stool and replaced the new battery he had just put in the foyer smoke alarm. That done, he tested the alarm,

placed the stool in the closet and headed to his favorite chair.

He was almost dozing when he heard that familiar "beep—beep—beep." He said a few words best left out of this story and went once more to get the stool. When he opened the utility closet door, the broom promptly fell on his foot. It felt like the handle broke his big toe. It did not improve his attitude at this point. Josh checked the house from top to bottom to be sure there wasn't smoke anywhere. Before he did anything with the alarms, he turned fans on in both ends of the house in case some smoke had come in from outside. While engaged in these exercises, periodically he heard "beep—beep—beep."

Not wanting to continue this idiotic routine, he took down the smoke detector in the foyer and took down the smoke detector in the bedroom. He placed them both in plastic bags and sealed them. Then he took them out on the patio.

Alas, as he placed them on the table, he heard the latch on the sliding glass door fall into place, locking him out of the house. Disgustedly he shook his head. His mother lived about a half-mile away and the closest key to the front door, which was also locked, was at her house. He drew a deep breath and started limping to his mother's. That toe was really hurting.

He finally got the key and got the door unlocked with an audible sigh of relief. He sure wasn't going to tell Meg about this. But he hadn't been back in the house very long when he heard "beep—beep—beep."

Aha! There was another culprit in the house. Then began the search. It sounded as though the alarm was in the foyer but Josh knew he had taken that one down. He looked over, under, behind, above and inside everything in the front room. No luck! But it went off again and Josh determined the noise was

coming from somewhere in the vicinity of the bookcase. He got down on his hands and knees on the floor and on the bottom shelf, on top of some really tall books, there lay a smoke alarm just beeping its little heart out. You could barely see it because the shelf was deep and it was almost hidden. When he later quizzed Meg, she vowed she hadn't put it there. At that point, Josh explained that smoke detectors are put on the ceiling because smoke rises (and he didn't mention his temper rising).

He put a new battery in that detector, retrieved the two from outside, put their batteries back in, and reattached them to their homes on the ceiling. Finally, he could take a nap!

Just as he kicked off his shoes and got really comfortable, he heard the key in the door.

Meg bounced in exclaiming, "Oh, good. You've been napping. Now you can help me rake the leaves!" —

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★ Appearing Nightly ★

•Hockey

Continued from page 15
career came to an abrupt end at the age of 11.

John admits he really missed the sport. "I never got into football or baseball. This was the only organized sport I played." Then John learned that he could play pick-up games in Charlottesville for a \$5 fee. He joined the league this year and played for "Team Ireland." The sport doesn't enjoy the same popularity in Charlottesville that it does elsewhere. "It's pretty expensive." John reluctantly admits that when he was eight his equipment and playtime cost about \$1,000 — and

the equipment was all used. He added that he has grown since then and has had to re-equip himself. Further, the sport takes a real commitment, especially for a young man who has to travel over Afton Mountain for practices and games.

John readily admits that he loves the game. "It's hard to explain, but I have time for myself to get away," he says, adding that he works off a great deal of frustration while playing. "It's fun. I'm the only kid to play it around here, so it sort of gives me an identity." Smiling sheepishly he adds, "I'm a small guy and I can still

intimidate people out on the ice."

John plays defense and center, which means he covers just about everything excluding the goalie. He explains that a good player has to have plenty of patience. That means not rushing a shot. "You have to have a sixth sense to be able to calculate when and where to put the puck and to deck out the goalie." A player has to be able to skate forward and backward and fast with his head up dribbling the puck. "Put your head down and you'll get a stick in your ribs or a slap shot to your knees," John cautions, adding

that he has had both happen to him.

His friends know he plays but few of them can come to games. His parents go to every event, however.

John plans to continue playing ice hockey until he graduates from Fort Defiance in 2003. His college plans aren't firm but says he will attend a college or university that has an ice hockey team. He wants to try out as a walk-on.

But right now he is still basking in the glow of winning his first championship. "I haven't come down yet," he says.

And he's not decking! —

Send school news to goodnews@rica.net

Short film proves every farmer needs a good accountant

Tommy and David O'Dell are in trouble — deep trouble.

Their rural Georgia farm, the farm where generations of O'Dells have been born and raised, the farm that has put food on the table and forged them into men is \$277,452 in debt. Worse, the Farm Credit Corporation is starting to squeeze.

The brothers O'Dell have called in the accountant to help them save the farm.

The Accountant, written and directed by Ray McKinnon and produced by Lisa Blount and Walton Goggins, is not a movie you'll find playing down at the Bijou, which is too bad. At a mere 38 minutes long, it isn't multiplex fare. It is, however, the kind of film that seeps into your consciousness and won't let go. If you were paying attention to the Academy Awards you'll remember that *The Accountant* won an Oscar this year for the Best Live Action Short Film.

This movie packs a wallop and I can guarantee that if you watch it, you'll spend far more than 38 minutes thinking about it and discussing it. Shoot, you'll probably watch it twice. It is more than just a movie, it's a comment on the family farm, an economics lesson, a critique on the homogenization of post-modern American society with a bit of conspiracy and murder tossed in.

The Accountant, played by McKinnon, (*Apollo 13*, *Goodbye Lover*, *O Brother Where Art Thou*, and the April 7th episode of *The X-Files*) is something of a backwoods Luddite who puts his faith in facts and figures — "that's the thing about numbers... they either add up or they don't" — and whose purpose in life is saving the small family farm — the O'Dells' farm. "It's doable," he tells them, "but it ain't gonna be purdy."

His plan entails a catastrophic farm accident that begins with a fire in the old homeplace, spreads to the tractor, then to the hog pen, chicken house and somehow ends up with David (Eddie King; Georgia Ensemble The-

atre and a number of TV appearances), losing both arms and a leg and his faithful dog being sacrificed in the interest of authenticity. "We ain't dealin' with idiots here, David!" the accountant cautions.

David protests. Even if the insurance pays off the debts, he argues, he can't farm without arms. The accountant has another solution: kill Kathy, David's wife. Kathy, it seems, is having an affair. An unaccounted for \$27.99 — the price of a cheap motel room — is spent every other weekend when she goes to visit her mother. Remember, numbers either add up or they don't. Anyway, the accountant advises David to kill his cheating wife before she takes the boys, runs off with the other guy, and he ends up losing the farm in the divorce.

Now it's Tommy's (Walton Goggins; *The Apostle*, *Shanghai Noon*) turn to protest but David considers it a better alternative to burning down the farm and being turned into a stump. In the course of the decision, made while the three men swirl PBR sitting on hard back chairs in the middle of a plowed Georgia field — a scene that should become a classic in a perfect world — is played out. The accountant explains to Tommy and David the great conspiracy undermining the American farmer perpetrated by Wall Street, Hollywood, and the Boston Market.

Stay with me now.

It seems that together they (Wall Street, Hollywood and the Boston Market) plan to create "one world, one culture, one corporation" by taking away the little guy's ability to produce his own food with easy credit. But even when they've destroyed the family farm, they haven't destroyed his independence until Hollywood steps in and bombards him with stereotypes of himself — the Beverly Hillbillies, Gomer Pyle, Hee Haw, yes, even Billy Bob Thornton. "One day your grandchildren will be eatin' corn bread that's sweet and drinkin' ice tea that ain't and they'll think that's the southern tradition."

The Accountant is a tightly written, well-acted gem. Although at times it is a little unevenly paced, it demands that you pay close attention to the action and compels you to think. (I am no conspiracy theorist but I got sucked into the whole Wall Street, Hollywood, Boston Market diatribe. As a matter of fact, I plan to make this scene part of my history unit on the Agrarian Revolt and the Populist Movement.) The film resonates with an almost *Fargo*-esque understanding of the dark side of human nature. While it is billed as a "farm comedy" be warned that it isn't potato chip pleasure. The question remains at what cost will the



Hannah's mom, Sue Simmons

O'Dells save the family farm? But don't look to me for answers. Watch the movie.

Of course this raises another question. How do you get the movie? I've heard it is making the rounds in Middlebrook — a friend of a friend of Eddie King loaned me a videotape for 24 hours, which allowed me to watch the film three times. You may just want to order it from Ginny Mule Pictures, 2060 Paramount Dr., Los Angeles, California 90068 (phone 323/882-6368; email info@ginnymule.com) or log onto their website at ginnymule.com

Hannah's mom gives *The Accountant* five bananas. The movie has guts and spirit — in the southern tradition. It is still obscure enough that it isn't rated, or at least I couldn't find one. I won't insult Ginny Mule Pictures by trying to give it one. —



JMU arboretum hosts herb, garden festival

By MOLLIE BRYAN

Spending the day surrounded by beautifully landscaped gardens, full of interesting, rare, and historical plants may sound like a perfect way to spend the day. And Shenandoah Valley residents can do that at the Edith J. Carrier Arboretum, which is housed at James Madison University in Harrisonburg.

Now, with the arboretum's first Herb and Garden Festival, June 1, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., attendees will also be able to buy rare and unusual

plants, azaleas, roses, herbs, botanical art, and many other gardening-related products. "Right now, we have about 30 vendors all from Virginia. This year we invited Virginia vendors only because we have so many good ones right here in our state," says Bobbie Elliott, program coordinator at the arboretum. "We are very excited about all of the possibilities."

Some of the vendors will be Weird Dude's Plant Zoo, Springdale Water Gardens, Sherando Roses and the Herbery.

Experts from the Rhododendron Society, the Herb Society and the Virginia Native Plant Society will be on hand to answer questions.

Harrisonburg cooking teacher Barbara Kahler will offer a "Cooking with Herbs" gourmet cooking class sometime in late morning. She will prepare food and participants will have a chance to taste it. Kahler, originally from California, came to the Valley to retire, but still offers classes in her home.

The arboretum itself is well worth a trip. It showcases many native

plants from mid-Appalachia, including heirloom roses. It provides a unique habitat for a wide diversity of flora and fauna. The arboretum's 125 acres of natural environment is a haven for many species of trees, shrubs, wildflowers and many rare and endangered species native to the mid-Appalachian area. It has 16 gardens, including a bog garden, a spectacular daffodil garden, and the fern valley.

"Many of our plants and trees are heirloom," says Dennis Whetzel, director of the arboretum. "One of

the most interesting groups of plants we have are the herbs that are found in the old Druid herbals — herbs like meadowsweet, black horehound, wormwood and fetterwort (stinking hellebore)."

Food and beverages will be available during the festival and children are welcome. Parking is free and shuttle service will be available. The arboretum also offers community workshops on subjects such as tree identification. It is also available for educational purposes. For information call 540/568-3194. —

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. May 4, 1812 — A storm produced snow from Philadelphia to Maine. A foot of snow fell near Keene, N.H., and in Massachu-



setts, nine inches fell at Waltham, located near Boston.

May 9, 1885 — Lightning struck some trees about 150 yards away from a home in Alabama and followed the driveway to the home. The charge went through the house and burned all the electrical outlets, ruined appliances, and blasted a hole in the concrete floor of the basement.

May 14, 1896 — The mercury plunged to 10 degrees below zero at Climax, Colo. It was the lowest reading

of record for the U.S. during the month of May.

May 20, 1894 — A record late snow of two to eight inches whitened parts of central and eastern Kentucky. Lexington, Ky. received six inches of snow.

May 28, 1942 — The latest snowstorm of record for the state of Iowa left 10 inches at LeMars, eight inches at Cherokee, and 7.5 inches at Waukon. Afternoon highs were in the lower 30s in parts of northwestern Iowa.

May 31, 1985 — Severe thunderstorms spawned forty-one tornadoes across the Lower Great Lakes Region and southeastern Ontario which killed 74 persons. —

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

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