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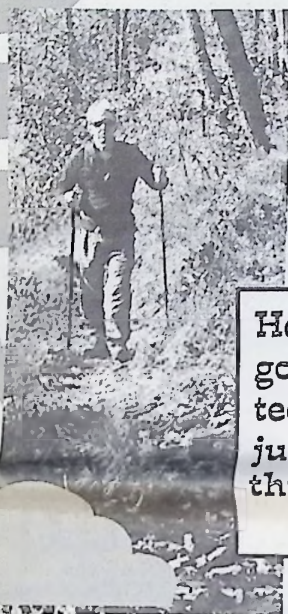


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Down on the farm  
Pages 10-11

July 2002 Vol. 9, Issue 7

P.O. Box 51, Middlebrook, Va. 24459



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celebrate end of year

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Has hiking  
gone high  
tech? Or is it  
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thing?

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Soaring above  
the Shenandoah

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Time for  
an update  
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Will the real Greenville please stand up?

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# Drought prompts water conservation

Most of us are aware of the very dry conditions the Shenandoah Valley is experiencing. Periods of drought are not new to Augusta County but never before have we had to face droughts with such a large population of people living in the Valley.

An average person will use 100 gallons of water per day, which does not include the water necessary to grow food for that individual. A household of four using 400 gallons per day, plus 600 gal./1,000 square feet of lawn sprinkled to provide 1 inch of water, per 200 square feet of swimming pool using 60 gal./day. This home will need a total of 1,660 gallons of

water to meet its demands. In comparison 1,660 gallons of water would meet the needs of 332 head of 400-pound calves at a daily high of 50 degrees Fahrenheit. It would supply 237 beef cows pre-calving or 127 beef cows nursing calves. The average beef cowherd size in Virginia is 30 head.

We all love the Shenandoah Valley for its beautiful pastoral scenery. We each must do our part to conserve our most valuable resource — water.

In 2001, we fell 9.12 inches short of the 30-year average for rainfall in Augusta County.

Reducing water use in our homes can be accomplished by employ-

ing the following conservation practices.

— Washing a car uses 15-30 gallons of water. Wash vehicles less often.

— Install rain barrels on gutter downspouts or utilize cisterns to catch rainwater for use on landscaping, gardens, or car washing.

— Run your dishwasher and clothes washer only when fully loaded. Dishwasher uses 7-15 gallons/load compared to 2-4 gallons using the kitchen sink.

— A five-minute shower takes 20-25 gallons of water, install an inexpensive low-flow showerhead with a shut-off valve to minimize

the length of time water runs.

— Do not let water run in the sink while shaving, brushing your teeth, or lathering your face and hands.

— Wash raw fruits and vegetables in a bowl or pan of water rather than under running water. The water can be reused to rinse dirty dishes before washing them.

— Keep a covered container of drinking water in the refrigerator instead of running the faucet for cool water. Shake the container before serving to incorporate air in water and eliminate "flat" taste.

— Wash dishes in a pan of hot, soapy water and rinse in a second pan of hot water rather than under running water.

— When waiting for tap water to warm, collect cold water for future use.

— Water softener regeneration

uses 50-100 gallons. Consider not using it in the short run.

— Repair any leaky faucets and/or toilets.

Ideas to reduce water use on the farm business.

— Implement ideas above in farm home.

— Repair any leaking pipes and water trough float valves.

— Keep livestock drinking water supplies clean and limit loss with proper facility design.

— Explore options for catching rainwater for later use in irrigation or watering livestock for future droughts.

— Minimize tillage operations for field crops.

— Feed high moisture feeds now and hope for rain later to feed dry forages.

— Contact your agriculture Extension agent to explore ways to conserve water in your farming operation.

This article was provided by the Virginia Cooperative Extension Service.

## Warning signs: Is my well about to go dry?

Generally by the time you see the warning signs listed here it will be too late to do anything to help the existing well. At this point you will most likely be in need of water hauling and well drilling which are both listed in the phone book yellow pages under "water."

— Sediment or muddy water coming out of the faucet.

— Your well pump runs more frequently or takes longer than usual to reach full pressure.

— Low water pressure or "sputtering" when water is turned on.

Unfortunately, there is just so much that can be done on the farm. However, there are some options and the same options do not fit every producer given their individual circum-

stances and resources. Many farms have already developed a plan to deal with this drought. In the event you are in need of additional information and resource material, call the Augusta County Extension office at 245-5750. For those who have internet access, visit the following North Carolina State University Extension web site: <http://www.ces.ncsu.edu/disaster/drought/>

Much of this information is applicable to Virginia conditions and was written in collaboration with land grant university faculty from throughout the mid-Atlantic and southeast regions. Stay in touch with Farm Service Agency and other appropriate officials to see what assistance if any may be available. Also be sure to keep good records for these programs or drought-related income tax considerations.

This article was provided by the Virginia Cooperative Extension Service.

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Subscription rate: \$16 per year

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# Peregrines soaring again over Shenandoah

By MARK GATEWOOD

On a visit to Shenandoah National Park last summer, my wife the Biology Teacher and I decided to extend our knowledge of the Big Meadows area with a visit to the highest point in the park. Hawksbill, elevation 4,050 feet, is just a short hike off Skyline Drive and on this chilly July day, we got more than we expected.

We were vaguely aware that someone was trying to reintroduce peregrine falcons into the park. We just didn't know that Hawksbill was the place! The active work was done for the season; a poster inside the Byrd's Nest shelter and a big plywood box out on the rocks were the only signs of what was going on — plus some white marks on the rock which we assured each other were peregrine falcon droppings. And that, we thought, was that, until a crow-sized, dark bird flashed in and landed on the cliff. It was a peregrine falcon, complete with radio antenna!

It was quite a thrilling sight to see. The antenna made the bird look like a radio-controlled model, but the strength and agility of its flight could only have come from a real bird. This was something we had to find out more about, so when the National Park Service offered, as part of its 2002 Summer Field Seminar series, a program titled "Learning to Fly: The Peregrine Reintroduction Program," we jumped at the chance.

And so 8:30 a.m. on the second Saturday in June found us in the Tap Room — the bar was closed — of Big Meadows Lodge with about a

dozen other interested persons. It had all the trappings of a workday seminar: coffee, juice and bagels, a screen and PowerPoint projector, information packets and an agenda.

Ranger Mathew Klozik began with an overview of the peregrine reintroduction program in Shenandoah National Park. The reintroduction effort is a partner-

became extinct in the eastern United States due to the effects of pesticides which weakened the bird's egg shells. In 1970 the peregrine was placed on the endangered species list. Between 1978 and 1993, over 100 peregrines were released in the mountains of Virginia. Peregrines nested in Shenandoah National Park in 1994, '96 and '97.

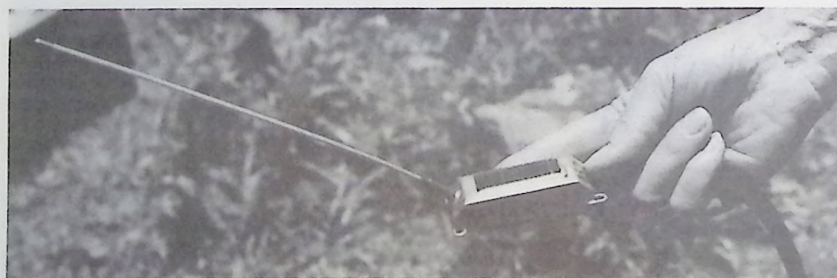
The reintroduction effort begins with a process called hacking — "it's not as bad as it sounds," said Klozik. Twenty-eight day-old peregrine chicks are placed on the cliffs in boxes called hack boxes — that was the plywood box we saw last summer. Volunteers tend the birds and feed them quail in their boxes for six weeks, until they are ready to fly. The fledglings are then fitted with small solar-powered radio transmitters which are monitored by polar-orbiting weather satellites which track the birds' movements. In one of the more fantastic flights revealed by the satellite data, one Shenandoah bird flew to the coast, then left the Outer Banks and flew to the Bahamas in 12 hours at an average speed of 60 miles per hour!

With this information to whet our appetites, we piled into park service vans for a short drive to the Hawksbill trailhead. There we met Park Biologist Rolf Gubler. Tall and soft-spoken, Gubler oversees many wildlife-related programs in the park, including the peregrine reintroduction. As he led the group up the trail, he filled in more details of the program, but he often deferred to



**Park Biologist Rolf Gubler, left, surveys the skies above Hawksbill for peregrines.**

ship among several organizations — the National Park Service, the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the College of William and Mary and Dominion Power, to name a few. The object of interest, the peregrine falcon,



Solar-powered transmitters like this one are harnessed with neoprene straps in the center of a peregrine's back. At 20 grams in weight, the device amounts 2 to 3 percent

of the bird's total weight. The transmitter emits a signal every 60 seconds to track the falcon's location.



**Shawn Padgett of the Center for Conservation Biology at the College of William and Mary demonstrates the use of a directional antenna to locate transmitter-equipped peregrine falcons. Peregrines have been re-introduced to Shenandoah National Park.**

Photos by Mark Gatewood

another authority. "That's a question for Shawn," he'd say.

That was Shawn Padgett of the College of William and Mary's Center for Conservation Biology, who was waiting for us on Hawksbill. Padgett has been fascinated by falcons since early childhood and is the driving force behind this reintroduction program, which includes releases at Harper's Ferry and at Wallops, Chincoteague and Fisherman's Islands, as well as Shenandoah. Padgett falcons historically nested in the cliffs of the Blue Ridge before there was a Shenandoah National Park and his personal agenda is to see them return. He provided many of the nuts-and-bolts answers we were looking for.

The birds which are hacked in Shenandoah are taken from nests on bridges on rivers flowing into the Chesapeake Bay. Bridge towers and piers, he explained, are a hostile learning environment for fledgling falcons. Aside from providing a few flat nest sites, towers and piers are sheer, featureless vertical structures. A young bird leaving the nest on its first learn-

ing flight may not make it back to the nest. With nothing else on the structure below it to land on, it ends up in the water and dies. Cliffs, with wrinkles and crags, offer a number of safe landing places for the fledgling to rest between flights. Fledgling mortality on bridge sites is very high, so relocating these birds to the mountains makes good sense. Unfortunately, the built environment offers something that historically was not available to the

See PEREGRINE, page 8



**A kestrel, held by falconer Bob Pendergrass, shows the malar stripe below the eye. The marking may cut down on glare thereby enhancing the bird's vision and hunting ability.**

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# Yesterday once more



## Bethany Lutheran's service to area spans 230 years

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This article is dedicated to the memory of Thomas Spindell, 1942-2001, of Escondido, Calif., descendant of early Lutheran minister Rev. Adolph Spindler. Tom was proud of his lineage and helped organize the "Spindler's Homecoming" reunion in 2000 at St. John's United Church of Christ in Middlebrook, the final resting place of Rev. Spindler.

By VERA HAILEY

WAYNESBORO — Bethany Lutheran Church, located on the corner of Main and Maple streets, has undergone many changes through its 230-year history. Its traditions have been enriched by the families which helped start the original church as well as the individuals who have been dedicated members through the years. Some of Bethany's original members were, in fact, among the first

Lutheran congregants to call Augusta County home.

The first members of the Lutheran Church came to North America from German speaking areas of Europe in the early 18th century. Many families settled in Pennsylvania before coming to Virginia. Joseph Waddell in his *Annals of Augusta County* noted, "The first Lutheran Church in Augusta County was built between 1780 and 1790 on the South River near Crimora."

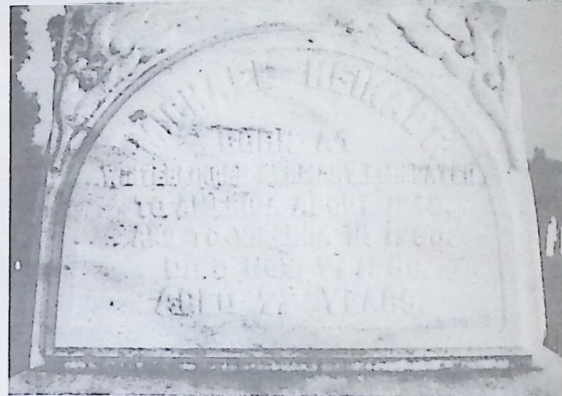
The church that Waddell described was first known as Spindle's (or Spindler's) Meeting House, named for early minister Rev. Adolph Spindler (or Spindler). Peggy Shomo Joynor in St. John's Church Register German Reformed and Lutheran, Augusta County, Virginia, credits Rev. Spindler for founding the church.

The early history of the congregation centers on the Keinadt and

Berger families from the Palatinate region. Conditions in Europe - war, religious persecution and lack of jobs, severe weather, famine and very little land — prompted the families' exodus. Name spellings vary, with different members of the same lineage adopting their own spelling. Keinadt became Koiner, Coyner, Coiner or Koyner. Berger was changed to Barger.

Michael Keinadt came to Pennsylvania and married Margaret Diller. According to Gladys Clem in *Stories of the Shenandoah*, Michael and his wife Margaret moved to the

Shenandoah Valley of Virginia in 1787, but were preceded by three sons - George, Ada and Gaspar (or Casper). Court records show that Michael and Margaret purchased 303 acres from Archibald Bolling



This monument to Michael Keinadt was placed in the Trinity Lutheran cemetery in 1892. It reads: "Michael Keinadt. Born at Winterlingen Germany Emigrated to America about 1740. And to Virginia in 1790. Died Nov. 7, 1796. Aged 77 years."

Photos by Vera Hailey



Trinity Lutheran Church is located near Crimora. Services are held here on special occasions. The Bethany and

Trinity congregations worship regularly at Bethany in Waynesboro.

on the South River in 1790. Michael's son, Casper, helped build the first house of worship for the congregation in 1794. Michael, at age 71, made the nails for the log church.

The Berger family came from Germany in the early 1700s. Jacob Berger was born in Augusta County in 1745 and became known as the congregation patriarch. The first church record was the 1772 baptism of Jacob's daughter, Anna Margaret, who would grow up to marry Casper Coiner, the son of Michael Keinadt.

According to the Rev. E.T. Coyner in the Keinadt family chronicle, the burial ground at the church might be the oldest in the area. He wrote: "It was used as a cemetery about 1730 or 1740, beginning in the northeast corner where the graves were arranged in rows facing the east. There were several graves outside the present fence about 1880, which, like the first hundred graves inside the fence, were marked only with rough flat stones, mostly with no dates on them. The conclusion is inevitable that either there was some sort of church organization

long before the church was built, or that the church acquired the cemetery from some private parties long before 1796."

In 1838 the original log church was replaced in the same location by a brick structure called "Koiner's Church."

Some of the surnames found in the first record book (1772-1845) are: Aylor, Branaman, Braunfield, Blakemore, Bernhard, Balsly, Craig, Doom, Engleman, Everding, Faber, Franzman, Forbes, Freusinger, Fellers, Fischborn, German, Georges, Groh, Guttman, Henser, Hubert, Hilbert, Herscher, Hiserman, Hofmeyer, Hildebrand, Imboden, Jost, Kleman, Kroh, Leonard, Lang, Mayer, Maurer, Noll, Nehs, Nieckey, Orebauch, Paff, Rosenbarger, Schlegel, Staudt, Staubus, Speck, Schindler, Schmaltzhafen, Schmidt, Stein,

See BETHANY, page 5

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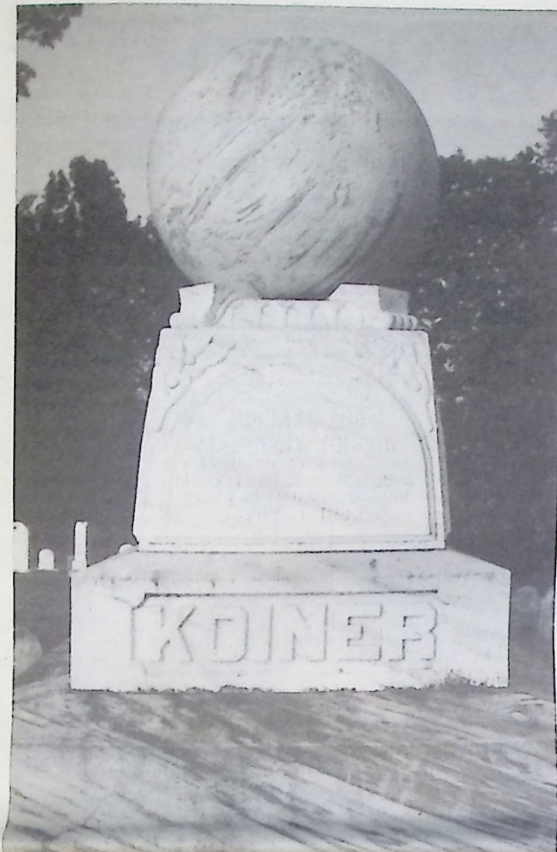
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The Kolner monument in Trinity cemetery reads: "Erected to the memory of Michael and Margaret Kolner. The progenitors of the Kolner family in America by the Michael Kolner Memorial Association October 1892." The monument is visible in the foreground of the Trinity church and cemetery photo on page 4.

## •Bethany

Continued from page 4

Ulrich, Vogely, Wetzel, Wemich, Wonderlich, Vost and Zerfas.

For the convenience of those living closer to Waynesboro, a small frame church called Bethany was built one mile north of town in 1874, near the former District Home location off Hopeman Parkway. Services were then held at Crimora and Waynesboro on alternate Sundays.

From church records of 1880, the Crimora location "was in such a condition as to make either repairs or a new building necessary; it was resolved that a committee be appointed to make calculations as to the feasibility and cost of repairing the old as well as the costs of a new building." It was decided that the new church "be built 45 feet long, 35 feet wide, walls to be 13

inches thick with pilasters; a steeple of corresponding height; a square ceiling 16 feet high; 3 windows on a side with glass 10 feet x 16 feet; 2 single doors with arched transoms." It was built outside the cemetery and dedicated in 1881. The official name of the congregation, which met in Crimora as "Trinity" and in Waynesboro as "Bethany," became "The Coyner's Evangelical Lutheran Congregation of Augusta County, Virginia, worshipping at Trinity and Bethany Churches."

*The Lutheran Witness* in 1886 gave an account of the English Lutheran Conference in Waynesboro: "The great zeal shown by our lay brethren down there in Virginny for good and true Lutheranism, and the kindest of hospitality to which we Missouri-

ans were treated, has certainly left a lasting impression on us all."

In 1892, a marble monument was erected in the church graveyard to honor Michael and Margaret Keinadt, progenitors of the family in America. Descendants from all over the country attended a grand reunion. The *Staunton Spectator* gave this account: "In the County of Augusta first, the Valley of Virginia next and then in almost every state south of Pennsylvania and over the broad plains of many Western States, the generations in their order of the Koiner family have lived and now live, illustrating the characteristics of good citizenship and leading in the professions. Moved by the purpose of preparing and transmitting a history of the family, to erect a monument over the graves of their first of American parents, to unify into

**The Lutheran Church traces its roots to 1517, when German monk Martin Luther posted a document that called for reforms in the Catholic Church.**

one if practicable the spelling of the name which had become diversified. Upon the long tables aggregating 300 feet, and after the multitude had feasted to fullness, there was left enough of choice food to supply a hungry regiment, and yet there were baskets and boxes of supplies in waiting to supply more than the 2,000 persons present."

Michael and Margaret's son and daughter-in-law, Casper and Margaret Barger Coiner, built the first brick house in Waynesboro and developed much land in the area. The restored house, known as the Coiner-Quesenberry House, is located at 330 West Main Street. A

1919 Waynesboro Valley Virginian featured a front page story about the Coiner family, noting that "perhaps it is time again to remember how life was in the Shenandoah Valley in the early nineteenth century and to pay small tribute to Gaspar and Margaret Coiner, who by 1855 had enriched our region with twelve children (nine sons and three daughters), seventy-six grandchildren, thirty-five great-grandchildren, and a brick house on Main Street as durable as their family."

According to George R. Hawke in *A History of Waynesboro, Virginia to 1900*, "By 1923 the Trinity Church had become crowded and in need of extensive repairs. Despite nostalgic ties to the old church, it was decided to build a new one in Waynesboro at the intersection of Main Street and Maple Avenue."

The congregation's population had gradually shifted from country to town."

In 1941 the name was changed to "Bethany-Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church." In 1947, the congregation voted to discontinue services at Trinity, except for special events.

Trinity was the mother church for four Lutheran churches in the area: Grace, Bethlehem, Zion and St. James.

One of the congregation's treasures is the German pulpit Bible first used in the original church. The church also has a pewter plate that was used in early communion services and a wooden chest made from logs of the first church building that housed the communion ware. The first record book, containing records through 1845, is bound in pigskin. —

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## Bethany-Trinity service honors war dead

By VERA HAILEY

Members of the Bethany-Trinity Lutheran congregations held a Memorial Day weekend service at Trinity to honor the memory of all U.S. veterans. The graves of the 49 veterans were marked with flags.

Lewis Coiner of Waynesboro, the great-great grandson of Michael Keinadt, serves as the Bethany-Trinity archivist. He led a tour of the church burial ground following the morning service. "The Coiner family, particularly the second and third generation

from Michael were very close to the church. Most of the three generations are buried in the cemetery. The church was part of their lives and since most of the members until about 1940 were cousins it was a social connection also."

The congregation founded by early Augusta County German immigrants remains strong and vital into the 21st century.

Veterans buried in the Bethany-Trinity cemetery are:

**Revolutionary War:** Michael Keinadt, Jacob Berger, George

Adam Koiner, Casper Coiner, George Slagel

**War of 1812:** Jacob Koiner, Michael Coiner, Philip Koiner

**Civil War:** Casper Coiner, Casper M. Coiner, Elijah Coiner, Jacob Coiner, John Calvin Coiner, George K. Coiner, Cornelious Coyner, Ireneus Koiner, Marion Koiner, Martin D. Koiner, John Nicholas Coiner, David Ezra Leonard, Martin Luther Leonard, Rudolph Yount

**World War I:** Hallie L. Coiner  
**World War II:** Winston

Armentrout, Harry Gordon Coiner, Cecil Marion Coyner, John S. Coyner, James V. Coyner, Fred A. Dedrick Jr., Thomas Marshall Freed, E. Chandler Garst, Walter T. Hanser, Alvin E. Hildebrand, Kenneth O. Hiserman, Curtis H. Jacobson, J. Stuart Koiner, Paul Koiner, David Eakle Leonard, James G. Leonard, Thomas S. Lipscomb Sr., Thomas Cox Lipscomb, Randolph M. Lynch, Edward W. Sherwonit, Charles Smith, Rutherford Van Vleet, John F. Yancey

**Vietnam:** Vincent Kehoe —

## VFW elects officers

**HARRISONBURG** — Officers were elected for 2002-03 at the VFW District 11 Convention held May 5 in Harrisonburg.

Officers include Don Hall, Post 2216, commander; Gene Chavis, Post 10826, senior vice commander; George Wimer, Post 7157, junior vice commander; Harry Huff, Post 2216, adjutant/quartermaster; Jim Werner Post 632, judge

advocate; Gene Plum, Post 632, surgeon; Wayne Reed, Post 632, chaplain; Bill Vigar, Post 632, three-year trustee; Raymond Swadley, Post 8644, two-year trustee; and Ralph Moran, Post 3060, one-year trustee.

All officers were installed at the VFW state convention held June 9 in Richmond. —



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# Notes from the road

Leave it to *Augusta Country* staff writers to find unique points of interest for their travel destinations. In this issue Jenifer Bradford takes us to Holland, Mich., for the annual tulip festival and Mollie Bryan takes us to Buckingham County's Yogaville for spiritual rejuvenation.



## Holland, Mich.'s tulip time reflects area's Dutch heritage

By JENIFER BRADFORD

The Netherlands come alive each spring on the shores of Lake Michigan when the residents of Holland, Mich., celebrate their Dutch heritage with a "Tulpen-Fest" or Tulip Festival. This year's festival was held on May 4-11, a week earlier than previous festivals, since in recent years it was more a "Stem Festival" (sans flowers).

The story of how a Dutch settlement came to the shores of Lake Michigan was told to our tour group (Travel Mates of Harrisonburg) in the historic Pillar Church by Dawn, a church member.

The congregation began when 53 Dutch immigrants arrived in February 1847 to escape religious persecution. Albertus C. VanRaalte led the group, created a small town in the swampy wilderness beside the Black Lake, and named it Holland. A log chapel was built and known as the People's Church.

By 1856 the present structure was erected. All but a few buildings, including Pillar Church, were destroyed by a great fire in 1871. After that a well-planned community was established with streets set in neat grids.

Pillar Church became a Christian Reformed Church in 1884 after a controversy over Freemasonry when the congregation split in two. English language services began only in 1911. Today the church is a fine example of Greek Revival architecture and listed on the National Historic Register.

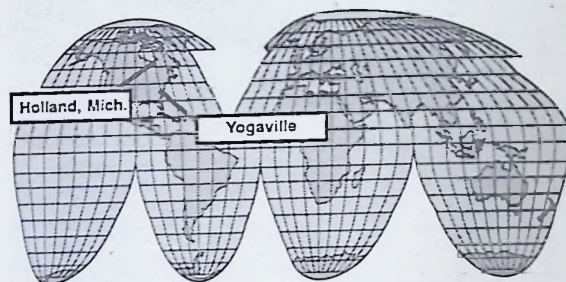
Downtown Holland in 2002 can be compared somewhat to Staun-

See HOLLAND, page 7



Tour guide Mary Bloomer, attired in national dress — complete with "klompen" or wooden clogs — led groups on a three-hour tour of Holland. The city's annual tulip festival is one of the top 20 events in the U.S.

Photos by Jenifer Bradford



Holland's downtown features six miles of tulip lanes. The borders line either side of the city's main residential streets. There is a \$100 fine for pulling or damaging a tulip.

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# Buckingham's Yogaville offers spiritual renewal

By MOLLIE BRYAN

YOGAVILLE -- I had heard about Yogaville for many years — long before I moved to this area. I was more deeply involved in yoga when I lived in Northern Virginia and several of my teachers mentioned Yogaville, but only in passing. Finally, the women's spirituality group at my church planned a field trip to Yogaville and I tagged along, expecting to be blown away, or for some spiritual lightning bolt to descend on me. Nothing like that happened.

Yogaville is decidedly understated, in most ways, except where it is located. Situated in a valley with mountains surrounding it, the views are breathtaking. I felt a peace immediately — as if something slow and tranquil was in the air I was breathing. But I often feel like that when surrounded by the beauty of the planet. And perhaps that is why Yogaville is where it is — many people (even Swamis) feel that way.

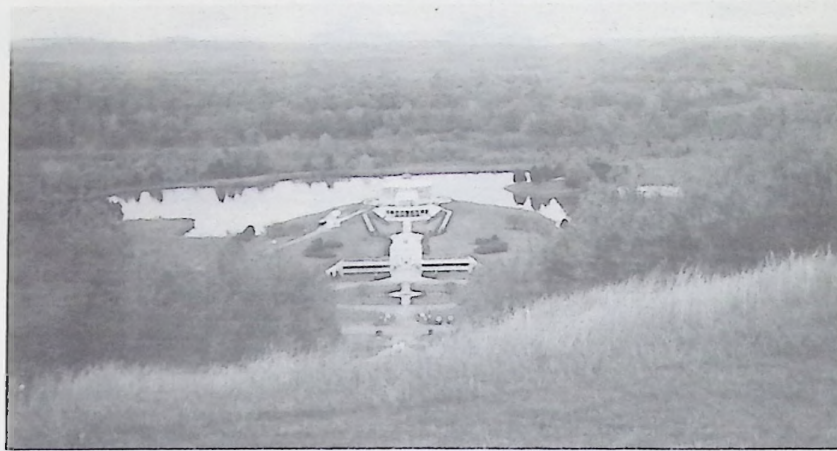
Yogaville is the name of the actual ashram and an ashram is basically a community of like-minded people who have decided to live and work together. The folks at Yogaville are practicing Integral Yoga, which is the complete Yoga.

This includes Hatha Yoga (physical), Karma (selfless service) Bhakti (devotion and prayers), Raja (meditation techniques), Japa (mantra repetition) and Jnana (self-inquiry). What is fascinating to me, is that while they are practitioners of yoga, the guiding principle is "Truth is one, paths are many."

The Reverend Sri Swami Satchidananda himself does not belong to one faith, group, or country. He attempts to bring all people together that come from different backgrounds and beliefs so that they can learn to respect different paths. Given my spiritual wanderings throughout the years, I can respect this stance and I feel that given the current world situation, the Swami is on to something.

He has been given several awards — the Albert Schweitzer Humanitarian Award, the Juliet Holster Award present at the United Nations, and the Evrets Loomis Peace Award. And when you wander through the exhibit hall that is about him, you see photos of him and world leaders, like Jimmy Carter and religious leaders like Billy Graham and others. In truth, he gets around.

The Lotus Shrine was his vision



Yogaville's Lotus Temple as seen from the Shiva Shrine.

Photo by Mollie Bryan

and was built in 1986. From the photos I have seen, it really does look like a big pink lotus living in water — when there is not a drought. When I visited, there was no water — the pools were completely drained and the fountains were shut off. The 16-acre lake on which the temple is situated was

also very low. It is all a part of life in their mountain community.

When our guide was asked how the locals felt about the people living at the ashram and the Swami, she just shrugged and said they are a part of the community — the ashram helps in times of flood, they help needy families in the area, and

local community members often visit Yogaville. They are always welcome and they know it.

I was disappointed about the water and the fountains — but it is good to know these folks are living according to their principles. I was also disappointed that the

See YOGAVILLE, page 9



DeZwaan (the Swan) is the only working Dutch windmill in the U.S.

## •Holland

Continued from page 6

ton with its Victorian era architecture, renovated buildings, small specialty shops, art galleries, parks, and excellent restaurants. It is a winner of both the "Great American Main Street Award" and the "All-America City Award." Hope College caters to 3,000 students. Centennial Park shows off sculpture and the historic waterfront. Trolley tours give visitors a 75-minute ride around the downtown area.

Upon our arrival local guide, Mary Bloemer, joined our motor coach to wish us "welkom" and to give us a three-hour tour of the city (which included the stopover at Pillar Church). Mary explained her colorful national dress and showed us her "klompen" — wooden clogs, worn with black hose, multiple pairs of woolen socks, and topped off with black socks (for uniformity).

She said it costs \$150-200 to have a costume made for the klompen dancing; \$80 is the maximum that a dressmaker can charge for her labor. She showed us photographs of different costumes and

explained the different meanings of the colors, fabrics, symbols, and the headdress.

Mary was a bright and fascinating hostess who gave us many tulip-related facts as we began our journey. This was the 73rd Tulip Festival, one of the top 20 events in the country. During World War II the festival was suspended. The tourist boom came in the '60s with the advent of motor coaches.

There are six miles of tulip lanes downtown in the rough shape of a square. These borders (several layers thick) line either side of many of the main residential streets. Other streets have masses of tulips in the center blocks.

All the bulbs along the streets and in city parks come from The Netherlands and cost approximately \$38,000 (current cost) annually. The bulbs are planted and replaced each year by the parks department and college students. The bulbs are planted 6 inches deep and mulched with organic leaves. About 500,000 tulip bulbs are planted representing 75 cultivars and seven species including Darwin, lily, orchid, cottage, triumph, and peony tulips.

The penalty to pull or damage a tulip is \$100. It takes 21 years to grow a tulip from seed.

Tulips were discovered in Turkey by an Austrian in 1554 and later introduced into The Netherlands. During "Tulipomania" about 1634, when the craze for the bulbs ran rampant and tulip marts were established to trade roots, a single root was sold for 13,000 florins. Mary told us of another bulb that



Veldheers Tulip Farm features 30 acres planted with tulips of every variety. It takes 21 years to grow a tulip from seed.

was exchanged for one carriage and six horses. Other single bulbs were bartered for oxen, pigs, butter, cheese, beer, wine, a suit of clothes, and a silver chalice.

The current population of Holland numbers 35,000, of which 45 percent are of Dutch descent. There are few remaining speakers of Dutch in the area, just a few of the older residents.

We ended our afternoon with Mary at the Veldheers Tulip Farm, Holland's only tulip farm covering 30 acres. There we took self-guided tours of the display gardens featuring windmills, drawbridges, and canals. Then we walked out to the fields of flowers as far as the eye could see. Each tulip variety was in full bloom, blocked out in separate beds, and identified by number (which related to the cata-

log each of us had been given as we arrived). It was breathtaking!

Afterwards we toured the DeKlomp Wooden Shoe and Delftware Factory in an adjoining building. We could see the clogs being created and the Delft being painted. The clog machines were brought from the Netherlands and the painters were trained there. It is a gift hunter's paradise!

The next morning we drove to Windmill Island to climb and explore DeZwaan (the Swan). The 240-year-old structure is America's only working Dutch windmill. It produces a fine graham flour.

The windmill sat in a 30-acre park amid 100,000 tulips, a wayside inn, canals, drawbridge, and miniature Dutch village. It was quite impressive.

See TULIPS, page 12

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# Awards cap year for Market Animal exhibitors

## AC staff report

**SANGERSVILLE** — The Augusta County 4-H and FFA Market Animal Show wrapped up its 56th year with the presentation of awards at a banquet held recently at the Sangersville-Towers Ruritan Hall.

Jonathan Coleman, a member of the Riverheads High School FFA chapter and the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club, was awarded the R.L. Coffey Junior Achievement Award for earning the most points in exhibiting lambs, hogs, and steers at the show. Coleman, the son of J.R. and Betty Coleman of Arbor Hill, also won the George Beam Memorial Award, which is given annually to the individual who amasses the most points exhibiting lambs, and the Jim Coffey Memorial for exhibiting the grand champion steer at the 2002 show held May 15 and 16 at Staunton Union Stock Yard.

The award was established in 1998 in memory of long-time Ruritan and Market Animal Show supporter Jim Coffey. The award, a silver belt buckle, is given annually to the individual who exhibits the show's grand champion steer. A plaque also is engraved with the name of each year's winner and rotates from year to year. The award will be retired if an individual exhibits the grand champion steer three times.

**Junior 4-H member** Laura Kate Reeves of the North River 4-H Club won the Alton Lewis Award for the show's top first-year exhibitor. Laura Kate is the daughter of Robbie and Lisa Reeves of Parnassus.

Virginia Pork Industry Asso-



COLEMAN



REEVES



MARSH



HEIZER

ciation's Sweepstakes winner was Adam Marsh, a member of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club. The sweepstakes award is based on points tallied for hog class placings and showmanship. Marsh, who exhibited the grand champion market hog and was the champion junior novice hog showman, also won the Carl Grove Memorial Award. Marsh is the son of Rob and Barbara Marsh of Middlebrook.

U.S. Savings Bonds in the amount of \$100 each were presented to the event's showmanship champions. The awards are sponsored annually by *Augusta Country*.

Receiving bonds were for steers, Coleman, senior; Katie Leonard, junior; Loretta Winegard, senior novice; and Reeves, junior novice; for lambs, Amanda Hemp, senior; Stephanie Willis, junior; Alex Botkin, senior novice; and Laura Proffitt, junior novice; for hogs, Jonathan Riley, senior; Clay Earhart, junior; Luke Talley, senior novice; and Marsh, junior novice.

Seven individuals received awards from the Augusta County Feeder Calf Association for beef performance. These awards are given to steer exhibitors and are based on the animal's average daily

rate of gain (ADG).

Receiving blue ribbons for beef performance were Isaac Swartzel of the Stuarts Draft FFA and Ben Heizer of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club who tied for first place, each exhibiting steers with an ADG of 4.15 pounds. Second place went to Jonathan Christian, of the Middlebrook 4-H club, for his steer which gained 3.94 pounds per day. Third place for a steer which gained 3.89 pounds per day went to Rachel Swartzel of the Stuarts Draft FFA chapter. Fourth place for beef performance was presented to Ashley Puffenbarger and Christina Mish whose steers gained 3.86 pounds per day. Both are members of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club. Placing fifth for beef performance was Sarah Swartzel of the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club whose steer had an ADG of 3.83 pounds per day.

New to this year's award presentations were Character Counts! awards. Of the 173 exhibitors participating in the show, 32 were nominated by their peers for the awards. Winners were trustworthiness, Jacob Leonard; respect, Sarah Heizer; responsibility, Will Earhart; fairness, Coleman; caring, Garrett Irvine;

and citizenship, Cole Heizer.

Awards for recordbooks included the following individuals.

## Juniors

**Blue awards:** hog, lamb and steer — Ashleigh Hinson, Brandon Reeves, Samantha Tuennermann, Ben Williams, and Mary Williams; hog and lamb — Alex Brown and Daniel Pitsenbarger; hog and steer — Laura Kate Reeves and Corey Stogdale; steer and lamb — Clay Earhart, Sam Earhart, Lindsey Mish and Michael Tuennermann; lamb — Rachel Boxley, Katie Dunsmore, Carey Layman, Ashley Kyle, Katie Marshall, Heidi Michael, Ashley Rubush, Meda Smith, Sydney Smith, Kelley Tuennermann, Garrett Waliky, Mary Lynn Winegard, and Ethan Wonderly; hog — Jacob Back, Anna Collins, Ben Flory, Jacob Heizer, Joshua Heizer, Maggie Lawson, Adam Marsh, Brittany Truxell, Kirsten Welcher, Steven Whelan, and Stephanie Willis; steer — Tyler Fretwell, Daniel Gordon, Andrew Heizer, Katie Leonard, Colten Lotts, Mark McCune, Kristy Mitchell, Ashley Puffenbarger, Kaila Redifer, Bryan Shafer, Katie Williams and Sarah Williams.

**Red awards:** hog, lamb and steer — Jim Williams and Jessica Wine; steer and hog — Josh Back; lamb and hog — Caleb Lam, Ali Painter, Katie Williams, Sarah Williams and Beth Wine; lamb — Ashley Andes, Anna Collins, Bradley Dunsmore, Ben Flory, Emily Giles, Crista Grimm, Kelsey Grimm, Ben Keaton, Maggie Lawson, Katie Leonard, Adam Marsh, Laura Proffitt, Kaila Redifer, Laura Kate Reeves, Derick Shank, Corey Stogdale, Erin Switzer, Kyle Van Lear,

Steven Whelan, and Stephanie Willis; hog — Luke Bartsik, Seth Bartsik, Brian Cromer, Tessa Davis, Clay Earhart, Sam Earhart, Caleb Fultz, Lynette Humphries, Lyndon Humphries, Justin Lambert, and Michael Tuennermann; steer — Craig Cromer, Jacob Heizer, Brittany Snyder, Brittany Truxell, and Kelley Tuennermann.

## Seniors

**Blue awards:** hog, lamb and steer — Jimmy Crosby and Josh Smith; hog and lamb — Robert Grogg, Amanda Hemp, and Ashley Pitsenbarger; hog and steer — Jacob Leonard; lamb and steer — Jonathan Coleman, Chris Jarvis, Scott Lam, Ben Napier, Rachel Swartzel, and Leah Waliky; lamb — Maggie Crosby, Ashley Shiflett, Natalie Sprouse, Danielle Temple and Lee Van Lear; hog — Jeff Buchanan, Megan Carpenter, Karch Cassidy, Becky Derrrow, Sarah Earhart, Audrey Fuller, Laura Grimm, Angela Hinson, Scott Ruebush, Ashley Simmons, Luke Talley, and Jaclyn Wine; steer — Jenna Ashby, Beth Breeding, Jonathan Coleman, Ben Heizer, Cole Heizer, Sarah Heizer, Tristan Leach, Willie Patterson, Mark Shafer, and Gina Smith.

**Red awards:** hog, lamb and steer — Jonathan Riley; lamb and hog, Hannah Burtner, Nicholas Collins, and Jessica Rohrbaugh; lamb and steer — Karch Cassidy, Laura Grimm, Garrett Irvine, Christina Mish, Isaac Swartzel, Luke Talley, and Loretta Winegard; hog and steer — Jami Lyle and Renee Pely; lamb — Ashley Balsley, Megan Carpenter, Kristin Carr, Krysta Harvey, Angela Hinton, Ashley Keaton, Jaclyn Wine, Jenna Templer, and Mary Kay Winegard; hog — Ben Napier; steer — Kelly Ashby, Logan Bean, Kyle Cromer, Becky Derrrow, Dwayne Fifer, Erika Fifer, Mark Garland, Brad Gordon, Amanda Hemp, Josh Rawley, Laura Swisher, and Jodie Truxell.

Premiums for class placings also were presented at the banquet. The show is sponsored annually by local Ruritan clubs, the Rotary Club of Staunton and the Greater Augusta Regional Chamber of Commerce.

## •Peregrine

*Continued from page 3*

peregrine — lots of pigeons — so these urban nesters are just going where the food is.

Padgett showed us one of the solar-powered transmitters, which are fitted in the center of the bird's back with neoprene straps. At 20 grams in weight, the radio amounts 2 to 3 percent of the bird's total weight. He turned on a receiver which beeped every 60 seconds as it received a signal from one of the local birds. The birds themselves made several showings while we were on the peak, treating the viewers to some good peregrine aerobatics and some interactions with a raven.

We had lunch on the peak, soaking up the sun and the scene on a deliciously cool day. Then it was back to the vans and back to the Tap Room. Returning to a darkened room for a presentation after lunch and a hike was a bit of a challenge and a few eyelids drooped, including mine. The program now turned to falconry — that ancient game of partnership between human and hawk, traditionally for the

purpose of hunting small game.

If you've thought about falconry at all, your reaction is probably like mine. It's this fringe sport, sort of like curling, and your first thought is, "People still do that?" And what's it got to do with the peregrine reintroduction taking place here?

Bob Pendergrass is Southeastern director of the North American Falconers Association and he came right to the point: "We're not here to recruit." Falconry, he said, requires a great commitment of time, every day, to feed, care for and work the birds. Padgett, for example, had been a falconer until he started his family; then there just wasn't time for kids and birds. Also, there's a considerable financial commitment. Purchasing falcons runs into thousands of dollars per bird and there's the cost of live or frozen birds to feed them. Housing arrangements require more investment. Then there's a welter of state and federal regulations to adhere to. Add it all up and it's a fringe activity not likely to go mainstream any time soon.

But here's how falconry fit into today's agenda. Over the years, fal-

coners have accumulated knowledge and experience in raising and handling falcons and the scientific community has turned to the falconers as partners in the conservation effort. Falconers have released many birds into the wild to aid in the reintroduction effort.

Pendergrass drove from Salisbury, N.C., where he is a supervisor at a nature center, to make his presentation. And he brought two birds with him. One was a laner falcon, an African species available to qualified falconers in this country. The other was the smallest of the falcons, our native sparrow hawk or kestrel. The laner was similar in appearance to a peregrine, but smaller and lighter in color. It was a lovely bird but I found the familiar little kestrel, sitting on Pendergrass' ungloved hand, far more interesting. When the bird gave its characteristic "Killy-killy-killy" call, Pendergrass noted that Kitty Hawk, where the first manned flight took place, was named for the Kitty (or Killy) Hawks — kestrels — which often gathered there during migration.

Here are some fun falcon facts,

gathered at random from the day.

Peregrines prey on ducks, pigeons and other birds, hunting them from high in the sky. They kill by dropping on their prey from a great height, basically knocking the smaller bird out of the air. In its dive, the peregrine folds its wings and assumes a "mummy" shape until it pulls out of the dive and hits the other bird. It has been estimated to reach speeds of up to 200 miles per hour in its dive. Now, think about this: here's this bird, diving back first at 200 miles per hour. What's to keep the rushing air from blasting into its lungs, making it blow up and pop like a cheap party balloon? Well, that's been taken care of. Tiny baffles within the nostrils control the flow of air during high-speed dives.

Most falcons have a tapered, dark stripe running down the cheek below the eye. This is called a malar stripe and it's thought to function like those dabs of dark stuff that baseball and football players put on their cheekbones to reduce glare — only the peregrine is trying to catch a bird, not a ball.

See *SEMINAR*, page 9

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# Baling hay: Machinery has changed; still hard work

By STACEY BAKER

The view down the hollow was beautiful, though a bit wobbly. Wobbly because any view from a moving hay wagon is bound to be so. Even more if one is perched six layers up.

Perched six layers of square bales up, that is, not those big round ones. Square bales, or more accurately, rectangle bales, are not seen on wagons much these days. Baling hay into squares and getting it from the chute of the baler to the barn is work, a lot of it.

Round bales are easier to handle and one person on a tractor can do it just fine. These round monsters can be moved to the edge of a field, where they can lazy off till winter when they are needed for feed. No roof overhead is necessary.

Round bales are great for cattle, but could be trouble when it comes to horses. Equines do not tolerate mold nearly as well as bovines. Mold is more likely to be found in hay rolled than hay picked up, packed, tied and tossed.

So that is why I found myself rooting several layers up on a hay wagon recently and actually liking it! I had offered to help a horse-owning neighbor to bale hay. My offer to help was very quickly accepted; my neighbor being wise enough to take

advantage of my enthusiasm.

Such was not always the case. Fourth of July morning just a few years ago -- well, many years ago -- found myself and two buddies attempting to crank start (dead battery) a stubborn old Farmall H that was hitched to a full hay wagon, (square bales) just as the edge of the sun was emerging over Afton Mountain. With our teenage logic, we thought it would be better to unload this wagon early, before the day heated up. If the day before was any guide, it would be in the 90s shortly. We had refused to unload the wagon the previous evening, our teenage energies giving out after just a few hours work. Our employers, two part time brother farmers, had let us go, knowing there would be no rain that night. What followed was one of the longest days in my memory.

The routine the next day went something like this. Two of us would take a full wagon to the barn and unload it. A hated job, as the thistle-surrounded barn would get terribly hot and dusty and there was no breeze.

One of us stayed behind to stack the newly baled hay onto the second wagon. With only two wagons, this was the only system that worked. Sometimes, the second wagon would fill up before the return of the first, but the brothers would keep the baler going, dropping the bales on the ground for us to get later. A store with cold drinks on the way to the barn might have contributed to the delay of the unloading

crew's timely return.

Of course we switched around and sometimes luck, or most likely an equipment breakdown, would find all three of us hired hands in the field at the same time.

As the day progressed and with it the heat and humidity, creeping through the field behind an even more decrepit Farmall M, and, if it is possible, an even worse baler, began to be quite a trial.

At one time, this baler might have been painted red, but it was hard to say. A large, many-fingered arm would rise skyward before mashing down, packing the hay just before it was tied. If it was tied. The knottier was one problem. Shearing pins was another. Only five or six inches long, and a half-inch in diameter, this piece of metal could make or break our day. Mostly break, or "shear," as this was the technical term. To this day, I have absolutely no idea what was the function of this "pin," other than to bring the whole slow operation to a rapid halt.

One of the brothers was usually driving the "M," so he would stop, climb down, and start the process of yanking out the sheared pin, and hammering in another. The hired hands meanwhile, would take advantage of this interruption to stack the wagon a little neater, then sit down and guzzle iced tea. Whereupon one of our bosses would holler for us to get down and clear the wind row in front of the tractor. This we did for

several yards, spreading the mowed hay thinly into adjacent wind rows. The idea behind this would give the clunking baler a chance to get up to speed before it met any more hay.

This slow moving act was performed in one of the strangest hay fields ever. Interstate 64 bordered one side and the City of Waynesboro the other. Zooming traffic and the always winking Afton Mountain fog sign looked over us on one side, smoking Fourth of July grills kept watch on the other, and there were the two sweating brothers, pounding away at the baler, trying to remove yet another sheared pin.

We did manage to get several hundred bales out that long hot day, working until after dark. Not many perhaps, to most farmers, but quite a lot for that crew and equipment.

With these wonderful memories in mind, I climbed up on the wagon to help my horse-owning neighbor and off we went. Baling hay is still a slow process, but with a new modern baler and a diesel tractor, breakdowns were non-existent.

As we moved steadily through the field, I found myself re-learning many necessary techniques for baling hay.

Keeping one's feet planted on a wiggling wagon while positioning oneself behind the chute of the baler is one challenge. Waiting for the bale to reach just the right point on the chute so it can be grabbed with clumsy leather gloved fingers by the ropes, balanced, then yanked up and around to be stacked is another.

I learned to use the heads of the bolts on the lumber of the wagon to help keep my feet anchored. Letting your ankles flex with the wagon helps to keep

Augusta County, July 2002 9

your balance. Using knees to help raise bales to a higher level saves one's arms. Knees can also help keep you planted when scrambling around on the top of a mostly full wagon. If you lose your balance, just drop to one knee. Balance is secure, and that bale you have been struggling with can still be manhandled into position.

We had five wagons, but as the day moved on and a few darker clouds appeared, we feared five might not be enough. None of us wanted to unload a full one, it would take too much time, especially if a rain storm blew up. The solution was to put more bales on the wagons.

Stacking bales high so they won't fall off is a time honored art, one I have yet to master, but others knew, so it was accomplished. And, as I said, the view from the top of the wagon was impressive -- the hay field leading down to the old gravel road disappearing down the tree-overgrown hollow, while the mountains rose blue-sky clear in the distance. The humidity was low, the temperature was in the 70s. It was an absolutely beautiful day!

The NBA finals were on TV at home but somehow, with the smell of the hay, the incredible sky and scenery, this seemed a better place to be. And also, these five wagons finished the last of the hay from this cutting. All that remained was to get the loaded wagons into barns and sheds, where they would be unloaded the next day.

The next day... that was the key. I had to be at my regular job the next day, so I would miss all the fun of tossing and stacking those square bales in a hot, dusty barn. Darn!!! --

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## •Seminar

Continued from page 8

The seminar finished up with a photo op with the two falcons and we adjourned about 3:30 p.m. Actually we had to adjourn, because they were getting ready to open the Tap Room. The Biology Teacher and I both rated this seminar as an outstanding field experience, well planned and well executed.

The rest of the field seminar lineup for 2002 includes "Shenandoah at Night" on Aug. 10, "Nature Photography" on July 13 and "A Wilderness Way: Hiking the Appalachian Trail" on Aug. 24-25. For information on this series, call Shenandoah National Park's Education Office at 540/999-3489. A registration fee is charged, with a reduced price for members of the Shenandoah National Park Association. --

Time to renew?  
See page 2

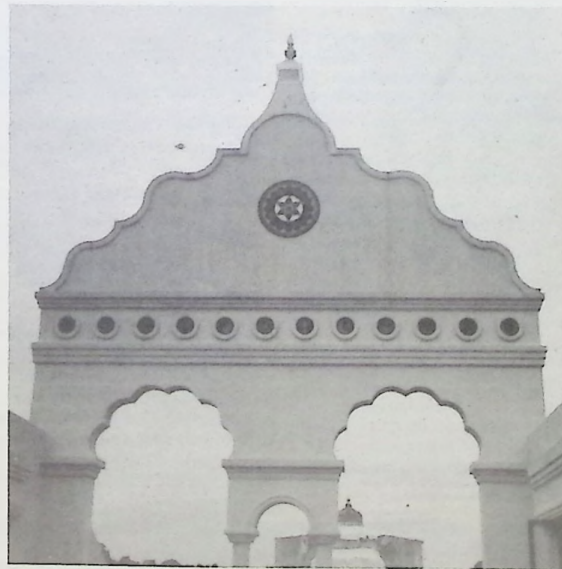
## •Yogaville

Continued from page 7

shrine itself was covered. It was being repaired and they hope to unveil it sometime this summer. The shrine is known as the Light of Universal Truth Shrine (LOTUS) and people of all faiths are welcome to go there and meditate or pray. When you walk around the actual meditation room there are mini-altars with a phrase from each faith represented there and each of these sayings contains the word "light." The faiths that are acknowledged are Hinduism, Judaism, Shinto, Taoism, Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism, African faiths, and Native American faiths. In addition there are two other symbols -- one for other known faiths and one for faiths still unknown.

Downstairs from the actual meditation room is an altar area where items for each faith are displayed and explained. I was awed by the Islamic art and the Native American artifacts, but I have to say that my favorite thing was a wood carved statue of the Chris-

See RELIGIONS, page 12



The gate to Yogaville's Lotus, which can be seen in the distance. The row of circles across the mid-section of the gate are symbols which represent world religions.

Photo by Macle Bryan



## Time for an update

## A red speck, a white speck... ka-BING!

Down on the farm we think it's time for an update. Whoops, almost said, "think it's time for a progress report." Progress is one of those dangerous words usually used by politicians or government officials which is a good enough reason to completely steer away from the word "progress" altogether.

So for our purposes here we'll just call this an update. I want to take a look back at a few things I've talked about in previous columns over the past year to give you some perspective on how a couple long-term projects down on the farm have moved along. (O.K., so right away you're saying it sounds like I'm going to give you a progress report, but I can assure you this definitely is NOT a progress report.)

In the Summer 2001 issue of *Augusta Country* I wrote a column about some valuable animals down on the farm. I was referring to three purebred shorthorn heifers and one red angus-shorthorn cross heifer which I had shipped in from Nebraska. In that column I referred to these as being "some of the most valuable" animals down on the farm because I had paid real money for them. Yeah, that's right, the green stuff the bank lets us use if we behave. I mentioned that these heifers were particularly valuable because I paid real money for them as opposed to heifers which we raise and keep for replacement that we don't acknowledge as really costing us anything.

I'm not going to hold you in suspense on this one. The update on the valuable shorthorn heifers is that they are doing fine. All four delivered calves in the spring and the calves are thriving. Now for the backdrop to fill in the one-year gap.

I purchased the heifers as open or unbred. They arrived at the farm on June 15, 2000 and were put out to pasture the same day and exposed to a black angus bull. On Labor Day, a vet checked the heifers to determine whether they were bred.

A word about pregnancy checks — they're only reliable to a certain degree. The last time a vet was here doing pregnancy checks, I asked how she determined how far along a gestation a bred cow was. I got a lengthy description of a cow's reproductive tract and its various parts and how they feel when palpated during different times throughout gestation. I was hoping for something simple akin to counting rings on a tree stump to determine a tree's age. Well, folks, it just ain't that simple with cows and pregnancy.

On one occasion, I had a vet checking a cow which I knew should have been bred but which I really could not tell just by looking at her if she was bred. Here's another thing that just ain't that simple. I don't know how to tell you how to determine a cow is bred just by looking at her, most farmers can just tell if a cow is bred once she's gotten far enough along in the pregnancy. You might hear this referred to at cow sales as "springing up." This can be a little misleading too. I've known some cows I thought were "springing up" which turned out to be overweight and pot-bellied and not likely to produce a calf anytime soon. So the science of "springing up" is not exactly, ummm, exact. That's why we get vets to palpate cows and heifers to determine pregnancy.



Surprise!!! Surprise!!! One of the "unbred" heifers purchased out of Nebraska last summer gave birth to a healthy angus-cross(?) heifer. Not hardly. The purebred shorthorn calf was born March 2.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

Anyway, back to the cow I was having the vet check. I knew the cow should be bred. In fact, I knew that if she was bred, she should be close to her time to calve. But just looking at the cow, I could not really be sure she was bred at all. To my eye, she wasn't "springing up" at all. I was a little embarrassed when the vet said the cow was eight-months-bred which meant the calf should be born within a month's time. I told the vet of my

embarrassment but she agreed the cow wasn't showing much sign of being that close to calving. I was less embarrassed when the cow delivered her calf the next day.

So when a vet checked the shorthorn heifers on Labor Day, I was happy to learn all four were bred but didn't get too exercised over

delivered her calf on March 2, 2002. Now THAT is as close to timing the nail on the head as I ever expect to see from a pregnancy check.

Another heifer he said was 65 days along which meant she would have been bred about June 28. She delivered her calf on April 17. He was only 11 days off of the actual due date on that one.

However, the two other heifers he called 85 and 90 days bred. The heifer he called 85 days bred had her calf 30 days later than the heifer he called 90 days bred. Also, anything bred more than 90 days would have been bred in Nebraska but these heifers didn't deliver their calves until March 25 and April 5, so I'm about 99.99 percent positive they were bred after they arrived on the farm.

I didn't really give the vet's September pregnancy checks a great deal of thought other than to think they were probably wrong, at least from a day-count perspective. However, when I saw the heifers again in December, the vet's prediction looked closer than I thought it could be. I could tell then by

## DOWN ON THE FARM

BY

BETTY JO  
HAMILTON

looking at the heifers that at least one of them would probably be calving before the first of March. You see, by December I could see the heifer was "springing up." So I guess if we want to try to quantify the condition of "springing up" we would say it's what a cow looks like in her seventh month of pregnancy. Still, it just ain't all that exact, ummm, exactly.

By February I wasn't really being my nails over the impending shorthorn births, but I was looking at the heifers on a frequent basis. By early in the month, they were all "springing up" nicely and I was beginning to see changes in their udders.

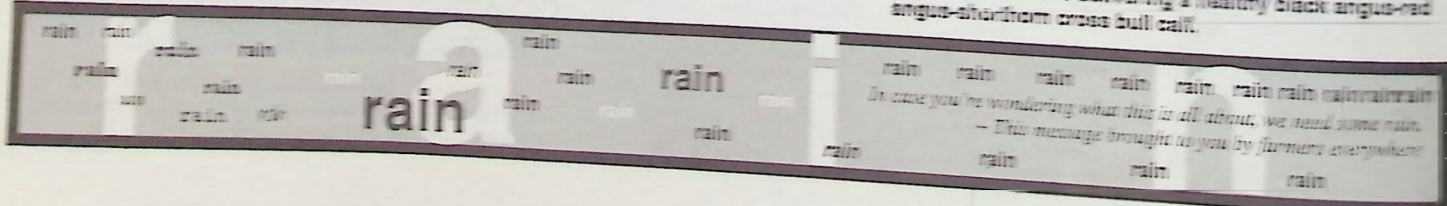
It's odd how my mind works. I can be consumed with an animal's condition and think about it often then suddenly other things distract me and I completely forget they're on the farm altogether. When lambs began arriving the last week in February, my mind was focused completely on the sheep and the shorthorns were the furthest things from my mind.

While I was feeding the sheep early one morning I glanced out to the pasture and saw a red speck far in the distance, three fields away from the farm. It registered in my brain that it had to be one of the shorthorn heifers because all our other cattle show up as black specks on the hillside. The next time I glanced in that direction, I saw a red speck and a tiny white speck nearby and still gave it not much thought believing the white speck must be one of the four guardian dogs which roam the pasture.

See HEIFERS, page 11



The red angus-shorthorn cross heifer calved, with assistance, on March 25 delivering a healthy black angus-red angus-shorthorn cross bull calf.





## •Heifers

Continued from page 10

ture. The next time I glanced toward the pasture, the tiny white speck was a lot closer to the red speck than I knew a heifer would tolerate one of the dogs. Then the gears started clanging and grating in my mind. I paused long enough from my work with newborn lambs to let my mind grapple with the phenomena of the red speck and the white speck and then, "ka-BING," my mind coughed up the conclusion, "Hey, I bet one of the shorthorns had a calf and that's not an angus-cross calf, that white speck is a purebred shorthorn calf."

Well, THEN I got excited. Not REALLY excited, mind you. But excited enough to finish up my lambing chores and get out to the pasture to see what was what. And sure enough, there was the first of the purebred shorthorn heifers to calve and her calf was not an angus

horn heifers to deliver their calves.

Fortunately, other cows in the herd were having calves during this time, so trips to the pasture weren't wasted just looking to see what the shorthorn heifers were doing. And the frustrating thing about watching heifers getting ready to calf is that very often I evaluate one that I'm sure is "right ready" to have her calf and she ends up being the last one to have her calf. One of the three remaining shorthorns did this very thing. I was so sure she was going to be the next one to calve that I almost completely overlooked the one that really did calve next.

As I said earlier, all the shorthorns had their calves and all the calves were healthy. We did assist two of the heifers with their deliveries. Someone once quoted a rule to me about how long to wait before assisting first-calf heifers with delivery. I can't remember what the rule is. All I know is that when I

might have presented a poor outcome if we had not assisted the heifers in delivering the calves.

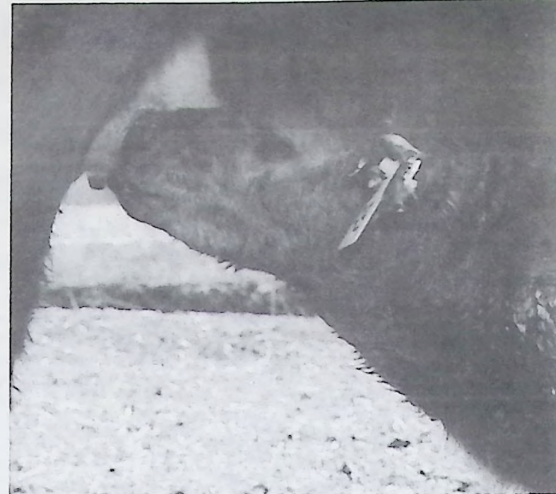
And I'll tell you one thing — it is a happy sight to see a bright-eyed newborn calf stand up and nurse mama. And it is a happy sight to see mama take one look at her newborn calf and beginning licking and nuzzling it.

In fact, this year's calving season is probably one of the best we've had in recent memory. We culled two non-productive cows and one aged cow early in the spring. Other than those three, every cow on the place delivered a calf and three cows delivered twin calves. We lost one two-week-old calf of undetermined causes. We battled a week-long pneumonia threat, treating five calves — all of which recovered quickly.

From the three sets of twin calves, two of them I had to feed on bottles. (Grrrrrrrr!!! — which didn't particularly charm me.) One cow had the initiative to raise her twins on her own. In one set of twins, the cow gave birth to Baby No. 1 in one corner of the field, left it, then went to another corner of the field to deliver Baby No. 2, then never went back to collect Baby No. 1. By the time we figured out what happened, the cow would not claim the first calf she delivered. In one set of twins, one of the calves front legs were slightly out of kilter at birth and it couldn't keep up with the cow. Again, by the time we figured out what happened, the cow would not claim the calf. The calf's legs righted themselves within a few days and it did fine on the bottle. I said grrrrrrrr!!! about bottle feeding the calves not because I mind the extra calves but because I mind the inconvenience of twice daily bottles. With numerous lambs on bottles, two more calves to bottle feed made an already complicated feeding regimen more so.

Even having lost one baby calf, we ended up with exactly 100 calves this year. Now if it will just rain so we will have pasture and water through the summer for mamas and their babies, then we'll be in good shape.

I was impressed enough with



It is a happy sight to see a newborn calf begin nursing shortly after its birth.

the shorthorns I bought last June to take the plunge on five more in the fall. This time around these heifers DEFINITELY were not bred when they arrived on the farm. Four of these are purebred shorthorns and one is a shorthorn-angus cross. Next spring I'll be going through the same drills with them that I went through with their kin this spring.

Since I published the original column about purchasing the shorthorn heifers, a number of people have expressed their surprise that I would venture into shorthorn territory. "Why shorthorns?" they ask, to which I usually respond, "Why not shorthorns?" I guess most people see shorthorns as an old-fashioned breed of cattle. They used to be old-fashioned. Shorthorns have come a long way in the last two decades, breeding for frame and muscling to catch up with the rest of the beef crowd.

There are two characteristics I hope don't change for the breed — disposition and maternal abilities. I've never met a shorthorn I didn't like and I've never come across one that didn't know exactly how to take care of her calf. They are even-

tempered, mild mannered, easy handling cattle that know how to raise calves. If they lack some muscling and if they lack some frame (although you'd have to prove to me they lack either) then I will make up for that by crossing them with angus and breed in a little muscling and frame. This is an ongoing project, so perhaps there will be another update in the future on the performance of the shorthorn-angus crosses in the feedlot.

Another brief update on the machine shed that was built in the fall... you may recall this was the shed we had been meaning to build for 20 years and didn't get around to it until last fall. The shed being built was precipitated by the threat that the sheep shearers wasn't going to come back again until we had an adequate place to shear all the sheep inside.

Well folks, I am here to tell you that the machine shed is about the best thing to have happened to us in 20 years. If you've ever wanted to put up a shed, then do it now.

We've been able to keep all kinds of machinery in the shed — trucks, tractors, equipment, wagons, even a gooseneck trailer. If we can just learn how to back things into the shed and pull things out without running into something in the process we'll be in good shape.

We used the shed for shearing sheep and we've never had a smoother day of sheep shearing. Having the shed to use for shearing almost completely eliminated my job for the day which is to worry about how we would get them all done. We sheared 211 sheep in one day — yes, it still required a workforce of 16 people but it sure seemed to go smoothly with the whole operation under cover. There was still considerable moaning in the ranks, but the moaning seemed less rancorous than in previous years.

We've also used the shed this spring to store wagons loaded with hay until they can be unloaded.

See *SHED*, page 13

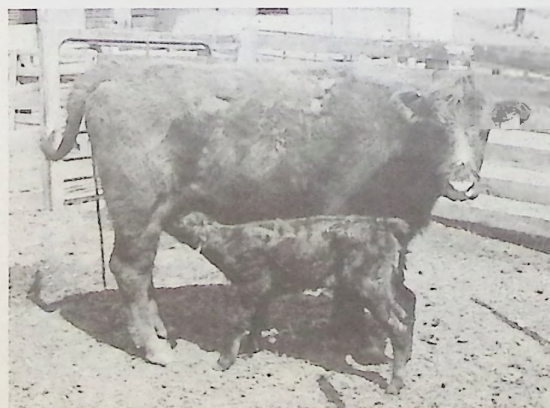


The third shorthorn heifer delivered her calf April 5. This one is a black angus-shorthorn cross heifer calf.

cross but a purebred shorthorn heifer calf which weighed 65 pounds — a nice little calf for a heifer to have by any standards. Both heifer and calf were doing fine.

According to the vet's September pregnancy checks, I was then expecting two more of the shorthorn heifers to deliver their calves within a matter of days. In fact it would be three more weeks — 23 days to be exact — before the next shorthorn would deliver a calf. Twenty-three days... 23 days... checking in the morning, checking in the afternoon, checking sometimes the middle of the day, checking sometimes late in the evening... 23 days of checking for the short-

see a heifer calving, if she hasn't produced a calf pretty soon, then it's time to help. For one thing, I don't always know how long a heifer has been trying to have her calf when I find her trying to have the calf. And for another thing, I don't know how big the calf is she's trying to have. It doesn't hurt to help them. I'd like leave them to their own devices and let them have their calves on their own. But I wouldn't like them to lose their calves when left to their own devices. The two heifers we assisted with their deliveries bonded nicely with their calves and the calves knew who mama was pretty quick. We agreed the size of both calves



Last, but not least, the fourth shorthorn delivered her calf with assistance on April 17 — another black angus-shorthorn cross heifer calf.

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FOR THE NEXT GENERATION



# Yarrow easy on the purse; pleasing to the eye

The first James Madison University Arboretum Herb and Garden festival was held on June 1 and my whole family went. The girls and Eric spent most of the time traveling the paths in the surrounding hills while I looked over the herbs and other plants.

I really enjoyed the orchids — they look so "alive" to me, as though at any moment they might speak or move. I did not buy one even though the polite gentlemen behind the table assured me that they are not poisonous. Still, they are expensive and I would hate to see all that money wasted if Tess decided to taste one or two.

So I did not buy an orchid. But I did buy some herbs, of course, one of which was a beautiful fuchsia yarrow. They say that yarrow holds its color well when drying. In fact the folks that had the yarrow — a new nursery in Grottoes — specializes in flowers that dry well. Maybe this year I will try to dry some yarrow.

Funny how you can be charmed by one or two of your plants each garden year. This

year for me it is yarrow and so I did some research on it and found that it has an ancient history dating back 60,000 years. Archeologists have found it fossilized in Neanderthal burial caves.

Also, yarrow was popular in divination and used in fortune telling. It was sewn into a cloth and put under a pillow with these words:

Thou pretty herb of Venus tree,  
Thy true name is yarrow  
Now who be by bosom friend must be  
Pray tell thou me tomorrow.  
(Halliwell's Popular Rhymes)

Supposedly, a leaf of yarrow held against the eyes would give "second sight." If hung up on St. John's Eve, it would keep away sickness for another year. If it were eaten by the bridal couple, they would love each other for seven years. The Chinese used it for their I Ching, an ancient method of answering questions about the future which involves 50 dried yarrow stalks. And yarrow figured into the Trojan war when Achil-

les packed it on his comrades wounds to stop the bleeding. Some botanist say yarrow's scientific name Achillea, came from the story. But others attribute the name to the discoverer of the plant, who also happened to be named Achilles.

Throughout history yarrow had a reputation for wound healing and was part of the battle paraphernalia right up through the American Civil War. Among native American tribes at least 46 used yarrow and they found 28 ailments that responded to the herb.

One of my favorite groups of people, the Shakers, also used yarrow for a variety of complaints from hemorrhages to stomach aches.

Along with its medicinal claims, yarrow can also be used for cosmetic purposes. It is a good astringent and cleanser.

I have also read that yarrow increases the essential oils of other herbs when planted among them. Research has not confirmed this, though. Yarrow does help the garden

## Down to Earth

By  
Mollie Bryan



by attracting wasps and lady bugs.

It is pretty cool to know some of this history and the uses of yarrow as well as so many other plants. It's also good to know that it is not poisonous (though some folks are allergic to it.) One added benefit to buying yarrow is that it is cheap and if your baby eats it, well, you can pretty much shrug your shoulders and think, "Thank goodness I didn't buy the \$30 orchid." —

## Tulips

Continued from page 7

Lunch was taken in the handsome Alpen Rose restaurant with beautiful carved ceilings, very much in the Dutch manner. Threatened rain caused the postponement of the 2 p.m. Kinderparade when 7,000 area schoolchildren would march in costume.

Instead, we saw older children perform Klompen dancing in the streets.

We walked along 8th Street to the Area Arts Council to enjoy posters from previous festivals and this year's winner, a modern oil painting by James Brandess called "Tulips in a Vase." We viewed the 56th Garden Club Annual Flower Show "Treasures of the World." What talent. Both exhibits were show stoppers.

Next, it was time for more history at the Holland Museum located opposite a green, shady park beside the post office with its tulip-filled beds.

We followed the time-line from past to present with Dutch artifacts,



Youth demonstrate klompen dancing.

some dating back four centuries. Many items came from The Netherlands (Europe). Furniture, musical clocks, a huge dolls' house, farm implements, and a room from a Dutch Fisherman's cottage brought the past to life.

Our ticket included entry to the Cappon House, a few blocks from the museum. This home was built for Holland's first mayor, Isaac Cappon, a Dutch immigrant. The house was built in 1874 in the Italianate and Victorian styles.

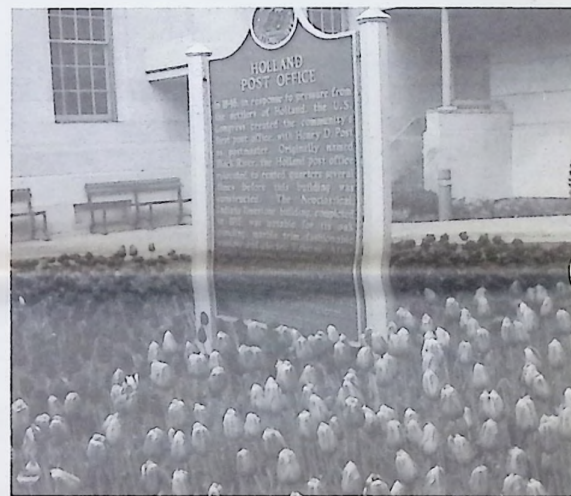
Fortunately the last resident, a female descendant, left the property to the city in its original condition, fully furnished, on the condition it be opened to the public as a museum. What a wonderful period home. Adult and school-aged costumed docents described each room. The tiny Settlers House

stood on the grounds. Both are on the National Register.

All too soon our time in Holland was up as our coach pulled away from the carnival site and drove us for a final tour of the tulip lanes and the brilliant massed borders and headed out of town. The modern-day residents do their Dutch ancestors proud as they continue to celebrate tulip time in Holland. —

The sign at the Holland Post Office is surrounded by blooming tulips. At the peak of tulip time, over 500,000 tulips are in full bloom in the city of 35,000 residents -- that represents 14.3 tulips per capita.

Photos by Jennifer Bradford



## Religions

Continued from page 9

tian Mary that was very unusual — she was smiling a big, happy smile while holding baby Jesus. I don't think I have ever seen Mary depicted smiling like that.

By far the most spectacular thing was another shrine that sits high up on the surrounding mountain. It was the Shiva Shrine. Shiva is the Hindu God, known as the Dancer of the Universe. He is the God often pictured with a circle around him with one leg lifted and crossed over, his arms extended out over

his head. The tour guide also told us that he represented balance between masculine and feminine. He has to be about ten feet tall and he actually turns every hour on the hour. He is enclosed in a glass case and it is aweing and inspiring. But the most magnificent thing was the view from where he was situated. We looked out over the whole Lotus property and could see the James River curling around it and trees and grass gently folding around and above it.

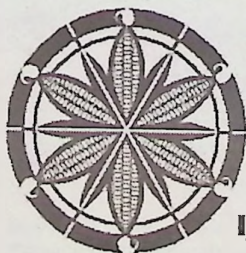
I can see why people want to live there. Evidently some live in dormitory-style rooms, some live in

small houses, others live in mobile homes. The Swami himself lives in a large house built on top of the mountain — he does not own the house, but he lives there, enjoying a million-dollar view and a staff to attend to his needs. Evidently his followers built it for him — they hold him in such high regard.

I know that I am not one of those people who could give up all of my worldly goods and follow a Swami as a teacher (or anybody else) as the monks who live at Yogaville do. I have way too much invested in my life with my family. In truth, I have way too much attachment to my meager

worldly goods, especially those handed down through the generations. But I do admire those who can overcome the obstacles of ego and materialism and I definitely think there is a lesson in that for everybody.

Yogaville is located in Buckingham, Va. Lotus is open Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to noon and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Friday evening, 7:30-9:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Lotus is closed weekday mornings January to mid-March. There are two gift shops. For information call 804/969-4052 or check the website at [www.moonstar.com/~yoga](http://www.moonstar.com/~yoga). —



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# Container gardens bring summer pleasure

Some of the prettiest and most colorful summer gardens are not large, are not planted in the ground, and are not permanent fixtures. They are container gardens, which take many forms and adapt to many sites.

If you have a plain house exterior, perhaps all white, with few architectural details, what better way to add impact than to install windowboxes (either the traditional wood or metal-framed hayracks — which don't rot or rust).

If you have a gazebo, summerhouse, or potting shed, why not enjoy a mass of flowers attached to the outbuildings?

If you have a deck or patio, use planters, large terra cotta pots, urns, troughs, kettles, or half barrels to support a mass planting of summer annuals and trailing greens.

Important facts to remember are to keep

## Suggestions for container gardening

### Early Spring

Tulips  
Pansies  
Grape Hyacinth  
Ferns  
English Ivy

### Red, white & blue

Tall red snapdragons  
White daisies  
Red/white petunias  
Red/white impatiens  
Blue abelia

### Mixed bouquet

Assorted white daisies  
Yellow coreopsis  
Mixed nasturtiums  
Petunias  
Blue Abelia  
Spider plants  
Mini ivy

### Green garden

Mini azalea or boxwood  
Asparagus fern  
Emerald fern  
Grape ivy

### Cottage garden

Pink upright geraniums  
Helichrysum  
Asparagus fern  
Sweet potato vine

### Herb garden

Lavender  
Scented geranium  
Mini roses  
Rosemary  
Lemon grass  
Thyme

## In the Garden

By Jenifer Bradford



and is replanted three times during the year.

The rack needs a liner (often made of coco fibers) to hold the potting soil. Tuck green moss between the liner and the bars to give a natural appearance.

I prefer to use large matching green plastic pots faced with moss. Five pots fit in my hayrack. I can then turn the plants for even growth and interchange them.

Plants are positioned according to how they are to be viewed. Wall planters need the tallest flowers at the back and the shortest in the front. Round pots and urns have the tallest flowers in the center and the shortest around the edges.

Small rock garden plants, succulents, and cacti grow well in low troughs with special gritty soils. Bonsai trees have their own small containers. Several bonsai specimens can be displayed together on an outdoor table.

In recent years the Maymont Flower Show in Richmond (in February) has featured "Boxes in Bloom." The many combinations of flowers, ferns, and foliage have been outstanding as presented in windowboxes and standing containers.

You can mix and match, try for shades of one color, a style, or a plant theme. Container gardening can be enjoyed by anyone all season long, the choices are all yours. Have a colorful summer. —

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Container gardens provide a splash of color to break up architectural features. This garden "hayrack" features a number of varieties of flowers with colorful blooms including coreopsis, petunias, cockscomb, and daisies.

Photo by Jenifer Bradford

container plants well-watered, provide good drainage, fertilize every two weeks, place in a sunny site, use masses of blooms and lots of trailing foliage or cascading flowers, keep the plants groomed, and interchange the contents as the season progresses.

Windowboxes and planters are first filled with crocks (broken pots) and then a light potting medium, watered well to let the soil settle, and then filled with more soil to the top of the liner. Because windowboxes can get very heavy, fasten securely to a wall and add brackets underneath for extra support. All containers should have drainage holes. Windowboxes (wooden) can first be painted or stained to add contrast to a plain wall.

Hayracks originated in England hundreds of years ago and were filled with hay and used in barns to feed the farm animals. The hay was pulled down through the metal bars.

I ordered my hayrack (36 inches long with a metal frame covered in green plastic) in 1998 from Earthmade Products of Jasper, Ind. It looks as good as new. Remember that bigger is better but the hayrack should fit the space or window frame. I installed it on the front of my screened gazebo. It draws the eye from inside and out across the lawn

## ~~ Garden tips for July ~~

I just received one of my favorite catalogs, *Garden Talk*, published twice a year by the Walter Nicke Company of Topsfield, Mass. This catalog is filled with quality products, many from the United Kingdom.

The spring issue features an article on weeds by Peter Loewer, a nationally-known garden writer and illustrator of 30 books. He quotes: "A weed is no more than a flower in disguise," and "A weed is but an unloved flower," but also "Great weeds do grow apace."

He reminds us that in the U.S.

most noxious weeds are exotics and foreign invasives, not native plants. These exotics were brought here accidentally or for a purpose that backfired when the weeds spread like wildfire. Today we are invaded by kudzu, tree of heaven, leafy spurge, Japanese honeysuckle, multiflora rose, and purple loosestrife to name but a few of the worst predators. Do your part and rip, dig, or chemically treat these invasives. Weeds are in high season now.

To learn more, order a copy of Loewer's handbook *Solving Weed Problems*, \$14.95, from the cata-

log. Call 978/887-3388 weekdays or check the internet at [www.gardentalk.com](http://www.gardentalk.com)

Other tips for the month include:

— Deadhead all flowers to keep the garden tidy and to keep annuals reblooming. — Keep a bucket handy in your front and back gardens (plus clippers) so that you can snip as you take your daily walk.

— Inspect all growing things and be alert for insects, diseases, and other problems such as bagworms, caterpillars, and red spider mites.

— Water well. Plants need at least 1 inch of water each week.

— Water hanging baskets and containers once, even twice a day, during hot weather (a.m. and p.m.).

— Cut lawns high in midsummer

and early or late in the day.

— Let lawns go dormant if there is little rainfall. They will revive in the fall.

— Pinch mums and tall perennials (such as asters) until mid-July. Then stop to let develop and bloom.

— Fertilize water lilies and lotus monthly.

— Fertilize roses monthly and apply fungicide.

— Use a liquid fertilizer on annuals and new plantings every two weeks.

— Stake tall plants before they fall over.

— Cut back leggy annuals and perennials to encourage regrowth.

— Keep vines trimmed each month.

— Trim herbs, pick for drying or freezing, and deadhead flowers of culinary


herbs. Cut lavender stems and dry upside down for later use.

— Fill birdbaths daily and clean weekly.

— Feed hummingbirds.

— Practice xeriscaping. Use native plants and plants that love hot conditions (prairie flowers, succulents, and grasses) to conserve water.

— Enjoy the sights and sounds in your garden such as colorful flowers, cool evergreens, a fountain, birds singing, and spend some time outdoors each day walking, working, sitting, reading, or eating. It's summertime and the livin' is easy! ---



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## •Shed

Continued from page 11

Although it hasn't been a problem recently, rainy spells in the early spring threatened to water down wagonloads of hay we brought in from the field. We were able to get the hay wagons under cover just before the rain

came down. It was nice to have a place to put the hay and keep it dry once we got it on the wagons.

Another great convenience the shed has offered us is a dry and/or shaded place to work on machinery. We have plenty of room to pull a baler and tractor under cover for routine maintenance or lengthy re-

pairs. We had a neighbor who said, when machinery broke down the first rule is, "Pull it into the shade." Having to work on machinery in the boiling hot sun gets old fast. It's pleasant to have a place to work on machinery out of the weather — rain, wind, sun, whatever.

See *WORK*, page 16



# Schoolhouse News

## Party provides safe graduation celebration



Unique Class of 2002 gifts were given to each Riverheads High School graduate. Senior Erin Finnegan, left, shows off her artwork used on the back of the t-shirt while junior Stephanie Rathburn displays her design featured on the front.

Photo courtesy RHS Chemical People

## Draft Middle FFA hosts parents, members

**STUARTS DRAFT** — The Stuarts Draft Middle School FFA chapter recognized its members recently with a parent-member cook-out and end-of-year celebration.

Members and advisers honored chapter members Sarah Heizer, Mark McCune, and Ashley Balsley for achievements with FFA projects. Heizer was named AgriScience Student of the Year. Proficiency awards for beef pro-

duction were presented to Heizer and McCune. Balsley was recognized for sheep production proficiency.

Heizer, Kaitlyn Ambler and Emily Long re-



HEIZER

See FFA, page 15



Stuarts Draft Middle School FFA members Josh Lockridge and Brandy Moomau pursue a shoat in the chapter's annual pig chase.

Photo by Betty Jo Hamilton

**GREENVILLE** — The seniors of Riverheads High School were treated to a night to remember at their After-Graduation Party June 5. Following the ceremony to graduate an impressive Class of 2002, the celebrants headed to the YMCA in Staunton for the 18th annual event. There they had enough games and activities, entertainment, and food to make anyone happy. The main excitement this year came from Richmond in the form of inflatable games like Sumo wrestling and bungee football. The place was hoppin'.

The Virginia Department of Education conducted a workshop in January — Operation Prom/Gradu-

ation — designed to assist parent, teacher, and community sponsors with their efforts to provide alternative celebrations during the high-risk social seasons of prom and graduation. These sponsored events give teens a way to celebrate special nights without the use of alcohol or other drugs. The Riverheads Chemical People, a parent group organized in the '80s in cooperation with Nancy Reagan's "Task Force for Youth," sponsors the after-graduation event each year. Not only is the party fun for everyone, but also it assures that everyone has a party to attend on graduation night. It allows all graduates to be together and celebrate as a class,

perhaps for the last time ever.

Although varied groups may donate their time to carry out these events for schools across Virginia, they all have a common goal — to help teens "celebrate life" safely. None of this would be possible, however, without the concerned and caring support of the community's civic and service clubs, churches, health care providers and medical professionals, businesses, retailers, restaurants, artists, screenprinters, government agencies, entertainers, individuals, and families. They generously donate money, goods and services, food, and prizes to make the event happen for the young people. —

## RHS FCCLA holds banquet

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

Highlights of the year were given by Katey Handley, RHS alum and 2002 Virginia FCCLA first vice president.

Members earning gold medals and state trophies in competition recently included Jessica Roadcap, Leslie Truxell, Sarah Bernier, Rachel Bernier, Maggie Gilstrap, Lauren McGehee, Heather Higgins, Lauren Davis and Carla Snow. State winners advance to competition at the national conference to be held July 6-12 in Minneapolis, Minn.

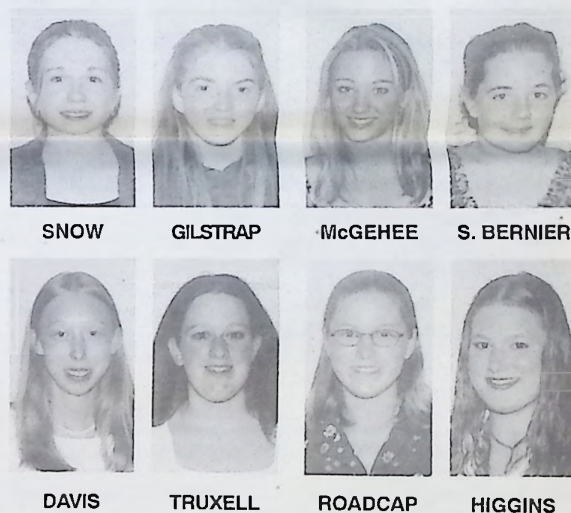
Other gold medal winners included Casey Cash, Samantha Anderson, Aaron Rose, Gloria Eakin, Meghan Bowling and Farren Hennigan.

Seventeen seniors were recognized for active involvement in the chapter during the past four years.

Students recognized for achievement in classes included Kim Slough, individual development; Rebecca Wolfe and Stephanie Riddle, nutrition and wellness; Carla Reece, leadership; Jamie Smith, family relations; Jonathan McMillan, life planning; and Nicki Selmon, early childhood education.

The chapter presented certificates of appreciation to various community and school friends. Steve Barnett, RHS principal, was presented an honorary membership in the chapter.

Installed as officers for the 2002-



SNOW

GILSTRAP

McGEEHEE

S. BERNIER

DAVIS

TRUXELL

ROADCAP

HIGGINS

2003 school year were Carla Snow, president; Leslie Truxell, first vice president; Emily Glenn, membership vice president; Casey Cash, national programs vice president; Lauren McGehee, STAR events vice president; Michelle Poole, community service vice president; Maggie Gilstrap, secretary; Lauren Davis, treasurer; Crista Grimm,

reporter; Farren Hennigan, photographer; and Jessica Sprouse, chaplain. Kathleen Buchanan and Kelly Thompson are RHS faculty advisers for FCCLA.

FCCLA's purpose is to call attention to personal growth, leadership development, and acquiring skills needed for the home, community, and workplace. —

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# The pay-off... or time to stop and smell the roses of success

Often I'm super busy, and maybe a little frantic at the end of the school year. I need to find time to calculate grades, determine and write certificates, collect books, chase down students who owe fines, prepare for my summer course, finalize permanent records, clean up the lab, store materials for the summer, tear down and clean up my room, AND continue teaching core SOL material right up to the end. Because of the fervor of activity, I sometimes forget to stop and reflect on the rewards of what I do. Fortunately every year, some reminders come my way. They make me stop and smell the roses of success.

This year, one big payoff was notification in mid-May that we had five state winners in the River of Words environmental poetry contest. This is the fourth year that my students have entered, and the fourth year that one of my students has won first place! (It's also the fourth year the contest has been held!) This year we had first, second, third places, and two honorable men-

tions! The awards ceremony in Richmond was on the last day of school, so I couldn't go, but our first place winner, Michelle Johnson, went and was treated royally. This was such sweet success for us all. Her winning poem is printed here. You can visit all the award-winning poems at <http://www.deq.state.va.us/education/rowwinners.html#7>.

These winning poems were the hard work of our Directions enrichment class and a few days later the

## The ruby-throated hummingbird

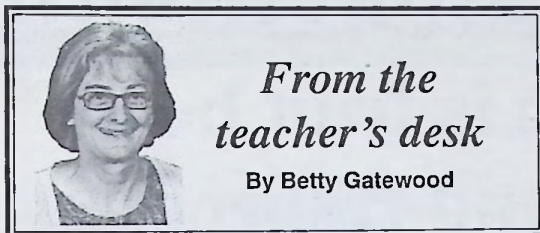
By SARAH RANKIN

It flutters its wings  
In the air so still  
As it sips the nectar  
Out of the honeysuckle field

With a long beak  
And a ruby-colored throat  
It flies through the air  
With a buzz and stroke

So if you get the chance  
To look outside  
See if you see

The ruby-throated hummingbird flying by!



## From the teacher's desk

By Betty Gatewood

class showed its brilliance again. When I got the Spring 2002 issue of *Classroom Birdscope*, the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's Classroom FeederWatch student newsletter, I found three entries that were from our students! One entry was this wonderful picture puzzle of matching birds with their nests and eggs, by Jessica Martin. Another winning entry was Michelle Johnson's blue jay drawing, and another was Sarah Rankin's hummingbird poem.

We peaked again when these same students presented Augusta Bird Club board members Crista Cabe and YuLee Lerner with the final project and materials of our owl pellet dissection project that had been our focus in March. We also made an original artwork bird quilt wall-hanging for YuLee to show our appreciation for all her expertise, support and encouragement. View the whole story

and see more pictures on the Augusta Bird Club's website <http://academic.mbc.edu/abc/photos.html>.

But the personal "one-on-one" rewards top my list. A former student called to invite me to her graduation and graduation party! I followed her activities from across the county and we kept in touch over these five years since she was in my class. Her public school education began in my class and homeroom after several years of home-schooling. She was very apprehensive upon entering middle school five years ago, but really began to find her niche that year. She and I have always had a connection. It was such a great reward for me to hear from her. Another star of my classroom five years ago was lieutenant governor at the Mock General Assembly in May and graduated as valedictorian of her class this June. Two other former students have frequently been on the dean's list at Stuart Hall and now are off to prestigious colleges next fall. I always knew these girls would go far and keep in

touch. I hope they always will keep in touch somehow.

On the Friday of eighth grade finals, a former student who had been in my sixth grade science class and would soon be a high school freshman, came into my class to chat with me and ask me to sign his yearbook. When any eighth grader comes back to his or her sixth or seventh grade teacher for a visit, it presents a warm, fuzzy moment for the teacher. And then there was Andrew — crazy, loveable, charming, almost a high school freshman, Andrew. He came in to chat with me several times during the last weeks of school, and on the last day stayed and gave me a hug right in front of other students! I melted... and I cherished the moment.

On the last day of school, two of my "this year" students, gave me letters acknowledging their learning and fondness for being in my class this year. Wow. And at the end of our award program of handing out student certificates on the last day of school, the students gave the teachers certificates of appreciation for teaching them this year! Those unsolicited thoughts and memories certainly go into my "smile file."

So as I wave "good-bye" to these students in a variety of ways, I can say that we have tasted success, and I've taken some time to smell the roses that they have tossed to me these past few weeks.

It's been a great year. —

## •FFA

Continued from page 14

presented the chapter in livestock judging at the state FFA convention held in June.

The FFA middle schoolers opened their celebration of the conclusion of their chapter year with games which began at the close of their school day. While chapter members entertained themselves, Garland King, chapter adviser, and parent supporters got a bed of charcoal ready for cooking. Barbecue chicken halves and T-bone steaks were cooked on the open grill and were ready to eat when guests arrived for dinner.

Entertainment for the event continued after the meal with chapter members participating in a pig chase. Three 40-pound shoats were released on the high school football field with about 30 chapter members in pursuit. Within about 15 minutes' time, the shoats were nabbed and each member who caught a pig got to keep it. —

## Grade 7

### First place -- Virginia River of Words contest A raindrop

By MICHELLE JOHNSON

A raindrop travels, travels far  
From a cloud to a stream it flows on  
With many others it goes down a mountain  
Through creeks and rivers it keeps on flowing.  
To a raindrop the oceans the limit,  
Ponds and lakes are but hotels to it  
Rivers and streams are the busy highways,  
Trash and erosion are the dangers on it.  
But these dangers can be prevented,  
The trash and the mud  
Just recycle and don't litter,  
Don't let the water get stuck in the mud!  
These highways and hotels are most useful,  
To animals and plants life it brings  
But with these dangers it carries  
It can also bring sickness and death.  
What is this web of wet highways and hotels,  
Well, the watershed of course;  
what else would it be?  
This is the story that each raindrop tells,  
It's beginning the sky, destination good old Chesapeake.



Artwork and poetry created by Stewart Middle School students Michelle Johnson, Sarah Rankin, and Jessica Martin was published in Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's Classroom FeederWatch *Birdscope* newsletter for Spring 2002. With the students are Crista Cabe, far left, and YuLee Lerner, far right, members of the Augusta Bird Club.

Photo by Betty Gatewood

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July 18 — Shalin & Sepohr  
July 25 — Bort Carlson Band  
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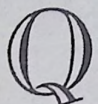
Aug. 8 — Jeff Decker Quartet  
Aug. 15 — Robbie Sinclair Group  
Aug. 22 — The Army Blues  
Aug. 29 — Howard Curtis Group

Concessions available. Bring a lawn chair or blanket (optional).  
For information call call Lew or Lisa at 540/885-5854.



# The Hitching Post

## Affection is fruit born of trust and respect



**I have a 10-year-old mare that has had some mishandling in her past. She was not exactly abused, but she does not trust people very much anymore. How can I build her trust back up so that she can be more affectionate?**

Trust is very important to have in any relationship. With horses the lack of trust creates a defensive nature which makes training and learning difficult. Horses that do not trust are not always easy to work with. Developing trust is one of the main foundations of the training process. Respect is also an important key. You are asking for affection and you are correct in assuming that with the building of trust you will also build an affectionate relationship.

Trust takes time to develop. Another problem to overcome is the memory your horse has of past mishandling. There will be situations which might trigger her memory and cause reactions which you will have to deal with patiently. Try to stay objective and have understanding while working with your mare. If she is defensive it is

because of previous mishandling. How YOU handle the situation can reteach her to accept a more compassionate approach.

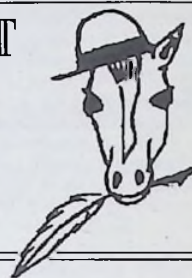
Most horses have a fear of pain. They fear injury. Injury to a horse can mean death. This survival instinct is part of their make up. Experiencing pain through mishandling or abuse causes the horse to develop a lack of trust. In proper discipline the horse learns to have control over punishment through its own behavior. A trainer teaches the horse that if it behaves a certain way it is rewarded. If it misbehaves it receives punishment. This procedure allows the horse to choose which behavior to adopt. In mishandling the horse does not make the associations necessary for behavior control. If the trainer punishes the horse because of mood changes or emotional outbursts, then the horse

no longer has control over its punishment. Punishment has nothing to do with the horse's behavior. The horse learns to have fear and mistrust of the trainer. And many times the trainer represents people in general. If you understand the process of proper discipline, you will be able to undo some of the damage done to the mare.

First, you will have to be sensitive to her temperament. Mares often have a more sensitive nature than geldings and stallions. Sometimes voice variations can carry the message of approval or disapproval. Never resort to a crop or hitting a horse if the voice will do. Always use the most effective means with the least amount of force.

Second, you will have to begin stretching her boundaries to encourage more trust. If she reacts negatively to affection you will have to approach her gently and build trust over time. This might mean making the approach, but then backing off as she gets nervous. Backing off shows respect. It is asking, watching her reaction, and then backing off that starts to build trust. Respect

**I.B. HOOFINIT**  
From  
the  
**Horse's Mouth**



her feelings as you ask for what you want. Each time you approach her you will find that it is in backing off that you are allowed to go further. It is this stretching of boundaries of affection that allow you to do more with her but also allow her to feel safe around you. If you are too demanding you will probably lose more than you gain.

Third, you have to consider that she may never really ever become as affectionate as you would like. She might have a "professional" side which can seem cold or indifferent. If she was a competitive horse it is possible she experienced life in a way that did not allow for

a great deal of affection as would a backyard horse. This professional life can also contribute to her lack of affection. This might mean that she will be affectionate in her own way, but it might not be as obvious or unrestrained as other horses.

If you take the time to build her trust with respect it is most likely that you will find her affectionate nature coming through. Take it from the horse's mouth, affection is always part of a good relationship. It expresses a liking for one another and is one of the fruits born of trust and respect. —

*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.*

### •Work

*Continued from page 13*

Although we had not intended it for this purpose at all, the shed served as a temporary corral for a cow and newborn calf during calving season. The barn was full of sheep and lambs and there was no space for the cow and her calf. So a couple gates in the corner of the machine shed made a neat spot for the cow and her calf through a day and overnight. But you know what? That cow didn't like the new shed at all. She stayed put,

but she was right out of sorts about the whole prospect of being penned up in the shed. Must have been that "new shed" smell that set her off. Guess we'll have to get a little Eau de Manure and spritz it around the new shed.

If I seem content with the matters I have reported in this update, then you have interpreted my mood correctly. As updates go, this one is better than some we have reported. Now if we can just get rain, things really will be outstanding down on the farm. —

### Middlebrook Ruritan Horse Show

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See page 2 for additional Augusta Country retail locations.



# All about Greenville... Utah, that is

By NANCY SORRELLS

GREENVILLE, Utah — I saw the sign last summer when we were zipping along through Beaver County, Utah. This sparsely populated county in southwestern Utah has a population of just 5,383 people spread out over 2,586 square miles. That's a lot of land and a paucity of people. Of that land, 93 percent is owned by the federal or state government and only 7 percent is privately owned.

The sign I saw as we were speeding through the middle of nowhere said "Greenville," and pointed in the direction of a side road. Naturally the sign caught my eye since I live in Greenville, Va. The next day, after we returned from a day of observing wild mustangs high up in the mountains of Beaver County, we decided to turn down that side road and check out the Greenville of the West.

Were in Virginia, the written history of Augusta County starts in the 1720s with the county being officially established in 1738. Beaver County's first appearance in the written records is in 1776 when two Franciscan priests named Father Escalante and Father Dominguez stopped in the area and recorded their impressions in a diary. "We found everything convenient, it being necessary to go to the arroyo for water or to its meadow for pasture."

It is the Mormons, however, who are credited with the permanent

settlement of Beaver County in 1856. The Beaver County Courthouse was established in 1877.

My Greenville, in Augusta County, was settled in the 1730s and was officially laid off as a town in 1794. It was named for Nathaniel Greene, the Revolutionary War general who had led many Augusta County men in battle.

Beaver County's Greenville was settled in 1860 by Mormons who erected crude log and adobe cabins in a frontier settlement. Those pioneers probably didn't know much, if anything, about Gen. Greene. They called their community Greenville because of the lush fields and meadows that surrounded their homes.

It didn't take us long to drive through Greenville, Utah (zip code 84731), even though we stopped to take a few pictures. The town consists of a small cluster of houses and farms and is, even today, surrounded by green fields.

I knocked on a few doors but got no answer so after we got back to Virginia I decided to try and find out more about Utah's Greenville counterpart. A few phone calls eventually led me to Bessie Edwards, the retired postmaster of Greenville and the village's unofficial historian.



There is another "Greenville" — this one in southwestern Utah's Beaver County. The county's 5,383 residents are spread

out over 2,586 square miles. Federal and state government own 93 percent of the land in Beaver County.

Photos by Nancy Sorrells

She explained that the first settlers from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon) who settled in Greenville were Samuel J. Edwards, David Miller, George Horton and William Richards. Those were the first families to try and live on the land while farming there. Previously the uninhabited land was used only for grazing. By 1861 the first cabins were finished and by 1862 a Mormon meeting house had been erected.

The village was established on a flat tract about a quarter of a mile north of Beaver Creek. It is five miles west of Beaver City, the county seat, and 27 miles southwest of Milford, the nearest railroad station. It is 257

miles from Salt Lake City.

It was Ann Edwards, the wife of one of the original settlers, who suggested the name of Greenville. "They settled there because of the tall, lush grass and plenty of water which could take care of their needs and the cattle. Here they could plant crops and gardens to supply their families during the cold winters and raise enough to keep them fed until the next year's harvest," said Bessie.

"They found many natural springs in the area... These springs located at different parts of the town flooded freely for many years until the deep wells were drilled, then the springs dried up. The ditches, which carried the water to

the fields, were all cleaned each spring so there was not any waste of water. Today, the younger generation do not depend on those ditches so much as they use the sprinkling systems, and the ditches are not cleaned as they used to be."

From its earliest settlement to the middle of the 20th century, dairy and beef cattle were raised in large numbers and every house had a patch of land for a garden and a place to raise cattle, pigs, chickens and turkeys. In past years, a large section of the area meadows were devoted to the cultivation of soybeans, so much so that it was called the Bean Patch. Then a hard freeze came and now the trend is toward growing alfalfa.

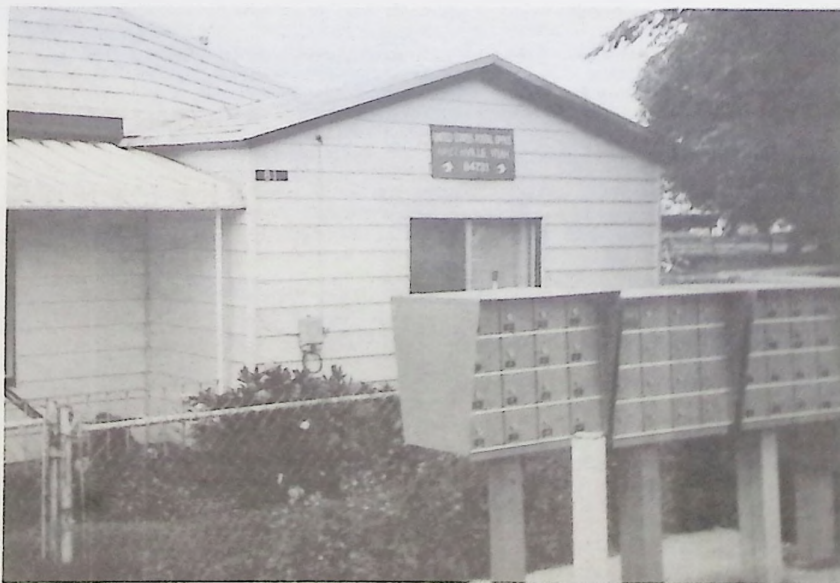
Greenville definitely experiences all four seasons. In the summer the cottonwood trees become a bright green and spread their cotton. In the autumn their beautiful golden color makes them a landmark.

"We have cold winters and usually lots of snow, but the summers are a delight. We don't use air conditioners because when the sun goes down, a cool breeze comes in from the pastures and meadows and makes sleeping pleasant," explained Bessie.

Although the community has dwindled in size recently, it still remains tight-knit. Patriotism runs high there. Almost every young man and many of the young women have served in the National Guard or the regular army. The Fourth of July and Christmas are still reasons for community celebrations.

In earlier years the community had Apple and General Dances, Gravel Dances and Wood Dances. The latter two were held after the men had spent the day hauling gravel to improve the washed road for the winter heating needs. The post office was located in Bessie's house before she retired, but now

See BESSIE, page 20



Bessie Edwards served as postmaster of Greenville, Utah, for 42 years. During that time the post office was located in her house. When she retired in 1933 the

post office closed, but Bessie has kept the sign on her house. Greenville residents' mailboxes are now served along the street in front of Bessie's house.

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# Country Crossroads

## Reflecting pool reflections

June 2002

Dear Maude,

Things are busy here in our Nation's capitol, though not as busy as it will get before the year is over. All of us will be glad to have off the week of July 4th, but what really keeps us going is knowing that the long five-week break Congress takes in August will soon be here. I'm really looking forward to a nice visit at home during that time!!

Until the time when Congress leaves and we can relax just a little, we still manage to find things to keep us from going crazy here in the city. The band concerts have started up again. The military bands all give free concerts on the Lower East Terrace of the Capitol each week. When one of us has had to go on an errand to the hill, and gets caught waiting to see someone, we can always go for a cup of coffee while we wait. But then there often can be another wait before that person actually gets away from the committee meeting or wherever they were. Finally, after you meet with them and get the answers to those questions the boss absolutely had to have, the afternoon is shot, it is well past dinner time and the sun is beginning to fade. That kind of thing does not put one in the best of moods! But then, here come the strains of one of those bands playing. It is fun to be able to walk down the hill and listen and realize that summer does not have to be such a bad time for late day appointments on the hill!! The first Monday in July the Navy Band will be there with the Navy Sea Band Chanters. I'm going to see if the boss doesn't need me to go for something so I can go hear them sing a few sea chanteys.

A couple of weeks ago the boss was out of town for a

few days, so I decided to take an afternoon off to have lunch with my friend Jimmy and do some shopping. (Now you know there is no way I can get through an entire month without at least going out and looking at what might be on sale!!) Anyway, Jimmy wanted to go to a new restaurant he had read about, so off we headed to Hyattsville, Md., to Franklins. What a fun time we had! The restaurant has only been open three or four months and is right on Route 1 north of Washington. Mike Franklin, the owner, took the old Hyattsville Hardware (which had been in business for 80 years) and turned it into a wonderful general store. Then he added a new building next door — the hardware store was at the end of a block — and made it into a restaurant and brewery. They make their own beer and ale on the premises. There were five big vats upstairs where the brewing was taking place. The restaurant is very open and cheerful. The pipes and railings are painted a wonderful purple color and the walls are a soft gold color, which is a perfect background for the paintings hanging on them. The restaurant also serves as an art gallery for the Hyattsville Community Artists Alliance and the exhibits are changed 4 to 6 times a year. Jimmy was telling me that the area is becoming a haven for many young artists who are setting up studios in the old buildings. We could see renovation going on in several places. We had such a good time, and the food and ale were so good that we sat and ate and talked for the longest time, and then walked around and looked at all of the paintings, until the afternoon was gone and there was no time left for me to go shop! Now I will have to take more time off to go see what is on sale.

By Roberta Hamlin



For the Fourth of July, several friends who live near me are planning an outdoor cookout, then we plan to drive into the city to watch the fireworks. We are hoping for good weather. After that, there will be only another three or so weeks before I can begin to get things together for a nice long visit at home. Oh how excited I become when I think about that!

It will be wonderful to see a real garden again. My flower pots just aren't the same. AnnaLee and I went to the Baltimore Herb Festival the end of last month. It is held in Leakin Park with lots of exhibits and foods, places for the kids to run and play, a miniature steam train in operation, and best of all, lots and lots of vendors selling everything you can imagine for the herb garden. It is so hard not to want to take home more than I can use. Even knowing that there is only space for a few pots outside my door, I still bought all sorts of wonderful and interesting things. I have one pot filled with thyme, and so far it is not dead. There is another pot with a nice big rosemary. (It was big when I bought it, and it also has not died yet.) Then there is a final pot with a single hot pepper plant. That poor thing is trying but somehow nothing seems to be happening. It is still the same size it was when I planted it but it did manage one bloom and now has one pitiful little pepper up at the top. It looks as if it is on hold. Surely I will get more than one pepper! Why I try this every year is a puzzle. I guess I just have to have something growing, or trying to, around me.

Say hello to everyone and tell them I'll be home soon.  
Love, LuLu



This hiker is properly equipped for the 21st century trail.

Photo by Mark Gatewood

## Use of walking sticks may be gender specific

It must be a guy thing. On a hike to Furnace Mountain in Shenandoah National Park, 50 percent of the group — the male 50 percent — carried some type of walking stick. This observation led to some light-hearted banter — mostly not very kind to the male ego — as we started down the trail. Then we came to Madison Run.

Getting across Madison Run is usually not much of a project, except after heavy rains. The trail crosses on a ledge of bedrock and thoughtful persons have placed stepping stones in the water. This helps, but the stones are a bit more than one step apart — at least for me — and they are a bit tippy if you don't step on them just right. Stacey Baker and I tripped lightly across with the help of our walking sticks. Climbing the far bank, we noticed that the ladies were not behind us. We looked back to see My Wife the Biology Teacher and Beth Hodge still on the other side of the creek, somewhat at a loss as to how to get across. Gallants that we are, we tossed our sticks back to them and they confidently tripped their way across. Not much was said after that about silly male preoccupations with walking sticks.

The best walking sticks have good stories behind them. My current stick was a sapling in a sugar maple woods where we collected sap to make maple syrup. It had been damaged early in its life and had a crook in the base of its trunk. It would never grow to become a healthy, productive tree. I was clearing undergrowth and I snipped this little maple off at ground level and took it home. I peeled the bark off the crook and shaped

and sanded it and it was a perfect fit for my hand. Fifteen or so years of sweat have worn it even smoother and it still rides in my car, ready for use.

Two more sticks lean by the back door, ready for walks up the hill. One is a wand of sassafras from a vista clearing project on the hill, the other a choke-cherry from Red Creek Campground near Dolly Sods in West Virginia (which I will quickly note that I found already cut!) The most unusual walking stick we've encountered was carried by a man we met on a trail in a park in Northeastern Ohio. There was something very unusual in the appearance of that stick and it took some explanation. He had a farm bordering the park where he raised Highland cattle and his walking stick was made from the baculum of one of his bulls (if you're under 18 or didn't grow up on a farm, you probably don't want to look that word up).

Wooden walking sticks take many other forms. Stacey's stick on this walk was more of a staff, literally of biblical proportions, reaching to his shoulder. The Biology Teacher's good friend and former teaching colleague, George Savage, fashions walking sticks with a few extra details: he finishes his with a durable coat of varnish, and adds a leather wrist thong at the grip and a rubber crutch tip for safety. The Biology Teacher has two of George's sticks in her collection. And I was thoroughly fascinated by the article in the November *Virginia Wildlife* about the gentleman in Pennsylvania County who carves sticks with snakes twining up their length. These beautiful pieces are folk art, unlikely to show up on a trail, and they show what lengths we'll go to in creating a memorable walking stick.

But now technology comes along and tells us that none of this is good enough anymore. Now you must have a pair of trekking poles, made of aluminum, carbide-tipped, adjustable in length, with molded anatomical grips. I resisted this for a long time, but things

Getting  
out  
By  
Mark  
Gatewood



are changing. I occasionally — just occasionally — have a little trouble picking my feet up and putting them where they need to go. The thing that really put me over the edge was hiking with bifocals. In order to clearly see the trail, I have to bow my head and look through the top half of the lens. If I hold my head up in a normal position, I see the terrain underfoot through the lower half of the lens and it's like looking through a layer of Vaseline. There are probably a few of you out there know what I'm talking about.

So the happy convergence of an *Augusta Country* paycheck with the fall sale at Rockfish Gap Outfitters has made me the happy owner of a pair of Leki 1000 Healthtrek poles. The store owner told me how to adjust the poles for length and how many miles to expect out of the replaceable tips (at least 800: I hope I last that long) and that some people use trekking poles to add an upper body workout to fitness walking. I didn't tell him about the bifocal thing; he could probably tell I had

See WALKING, page 19



# Whistle dreaming

By JEAN H. BRYDGE

The train's whistle drew one into its lonesome sound as it approached, passed and faded into the distance. Miss Macie sat on her front porch recalling the distant past as the cry of the diesel locomotive echoed through the valley. The rumble of the wheels reminded one that sometimes trips which began with high hopes end with broken hearts.

While in high school, Macie walked a mile to the school bus on a road which meandered around the lower part of a wooded mountain with the smell of decaying leaves and damp earth stirring one's nostrils. In the spring, the added aroma of honeysuckle and violets provided a different journey each morning. Occasionally, she saw a deer or rabbit. Once she saw a mother skunk with two little ones. The valley below had a train track ending at the station so the train then backed out of the station to return to a city 30 miles away.

In the early morning, when the world was awakening and birds were singing, Macie's walks coincided with a train chugging into the station, whistle blasting, then moaning, and finally dying away, lonesome and sad. Macie loved the different sounds and promised herself someday she would board that train and see the world. But the plan for her life was a little different than that.

Toward the end of her junior year, she attended the senior play and watched Jules Hanshaw in the role of a doctor. Sitting in the third row from the front, Macie fell in love. She was enraptured with this handsome young man who she assumed didn't know she existed. In their small high

school, it wasn't long before word reached Jules that a pretty junior was quite interested in him. She was slender with long wavy black hair, olive skin and teeth so white, they looked like an advertisement for toothpaste. Jules couldn't believe she would go out with him but decided to call her one evening to go for pineapple sherbet at the local drugstore.

Her Father immediately said, "No."

Macie begged her mother to intercede and after some discussion, Mr. May said she could go "this one time."

Jules borrowed his father's car and arrived at the Mays' at exactly seven o'clock.

When Mr. May met him at the door, he said, "Young man, I want you to bring my daughter home by nine o'clock."

He looked severely at Jules who replied nervously, "Yes sir. I promise we won't be late." Jules couldn't seem to find a place to put his hands and little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He breathed a sigh of relief as Macie came down the stairs.

Once they were in the car, Jules said, "I don't think your Father likes me."

Macie laughed. "Oh, he doesn't dislike you, he doesn't think anyone is good enough for his daughter. He's a wonderful father. He just wants to be sure I don't get mixed up with someone who will break my heart."

Jules looked at her seriously. "I know you won't believe this but I have been watching you ever since we were in grade school. I never said anything because you were so pretty, I didn't think you would pay any attention to me. When I saw you in fifth grade, I said to myself, 'There's the girl I'm going to marry.'"

Macie threw back her head and laughed uproariously. "I don't believe a word of it, but it certainly sounds impressive."

Jules reached over and took her hand and little shivers of excitement ran through her. Maybe he knew something she didn't.

After that night they started dating steadily and by July, Jules had graduated and gotten a job. They planned to get married as soon as Macie graduated. Then Dec. 7, 1941 brought the beginning of World War II and Jules was drafted.

For 18 months, letters came regularly and he continued to tell her he loved her and they would get married as soon as he got home. Macie's moods were jubilant when she received a letter but became despondent when days went by and she didn't hear from Jules.

One day she heard a soft knock at the front door and Mrs. Hanshaw was standing there with tears streaming down her face. Macie immediately knew what had happened and ran screaming to her room. For two days she didn't come downstairs and when she did, she said at the breakfast table, "Please don't ever talk to me about Jules. I just knew this would happen. Just tell me how he was killed."

Her father got up, walked around the table, and said, "The Hanshaws didn't get any details but Jules was a fine young man. I'm so sorry, Macie."

After Jules' death, she helped her dad with the farm work and although, there were a number of young men who wanted to date her, she wasn't interested. She was pretty much a loner and after a number of years, the young men gradually disappeared and Macie was considered an "old maid."

She assisted her mother in the

kitchen and became a marvelous cook. She was known far and wide for her chocolate cake and whenever the church was having a meal of any sort, they requested a cake.

She was so proficient at running the farm and handling the machinery and cattle that as her father aged, she took over more and more of the duties.

After the deaths of her parents, she managed the farm alone until she broke an ankle which didn't mend properly. Presently most of the fields were rented out but at 78 years old, Macie had slowed very little. Of course, she still baked for the church get-togethers and had, in fact, just baked a cake today. They were having a supper tonight and George Milford had asked her to go with him. Macie, or "Miss Macie" as she was now known, chuckled to herself. She was positive George had invited her to be sure to get a piece of chocolate cake!

George arrived to pick her up dressed in a new sport shirt

looking like a young man going out on a date. She was wearing a new dress and laughed when she told him that they would be the talk of the church supper.

He brushed his hand through his gray hair, which was thick and wavy, and said, "I can't think of a better subject than you and me. Can you?"

Macie looked him square in the eye and replied, "George, I am a cantankerous old maid and don't intend to change, so don't get any ideas! You understand?"

He laughed and responded, "I just wanted to be sure I got a piece of that wonderful chocolate cake you made. So don't you get any ideas."

She thought a moment and realized it was rather nice to have a gentleman take her out for a change. She looked at George and smiled.

The evening turned out to be a most enjoyable one with George especially happy when he

captured a second piece of cake. And he and Macie were correct when they said they would be the talk of the supper crowd. But they really didn't care. They had fun.

When they arrived at Macie's, she invited George in for coffee and ice cream. They discussed farming and church activities. George explained he had been one of Jules' best friends and was crushed when Jules was killed. George had been drafted into service because he was classified 4-F. When he was a child he had rheumatic fever which left him with a weak heart. He married and spent 25 happy years until his wife died of pneumonia.

Over their second cup of coffee he asked her plans for the next day. Macie explained, "I have four rows of fresh peas ready to pick and I want to do that tomorrow. They are exactly right for freezing."

George grinned, "I know this sounds like a lie but I love to pick and shell peas. Could I come over and help you?"

"Well, as Tennessee Ernie Ford used to say, 'Bless your lil ole pea-pickin' heart.'" Miss Macie replied. "Of course, you may come and help! I love to eat peas but hate the work that goes into preparing them. Who knows, I might even whip up another chocolate cake in the morning."

After George left, Macie sat down on the porch to listen to the music of the night creatures. There was all sorts of chirping and bird calling but the sound she loved the most softly entered the velvet of night — the train wending its way up the valley. In all her life, she had never tired of hearing the lonesome moan of the whistle but it didn't tug at her heart any more. She had found a lifetime of contentment here. She smiled when she thought of George. Who knew what might happen? He was fun and he was kind and even though they weren't teenagers, there might be a lot of happiness ahead. —

## •Walking

Continued from page 18

a problem from the way I tilted my head back to read the price tag. The instruction manual — in three languages — greets me as "Lieber Bergfreund" and moves on to offer "Conseils D'utilisation" and explain "Die Hartmetallspitze." Fortunately, English was in there, too. By the time I finished reading the instructions, I realized that I hadn't just made a purchase; I'd made a commitment to a new and more fulfilling way of life.

The two-pole idea is quite familiar, from years of cross country skiing, so I had it all figured out. When

I'm on moderate terrain, I can transfer the same opposite hand-foot poling motion to hiking. On the rough stuff, I'll use the poles more deliberately for balance and stability. Now all I needed was a day and a trail, for my maiden voyage.

The day was a chilly, sunny day early in November and the trail was Austin Mountain in Shenandoah National Park. Austin Mountain has it all: it starts with a steep, rocky climb and crosses several talus slopes with unstable, tippy rocks underfoot. Once the climb is over, the trail goes up and down on hillsides and ridges through deciduous woods until it ends, after about three miles, at the intersection with the Rockytop Trail.

I slipped into the wrist straps as soon as the steep stuff started. The first thing I noticed was the sound: instead of the familiar thunk! of maple on the trail, there was a hollow, techie-sounding tchik-tchik with every step. I got used to that and soon I was humming the theme music to the I-max film *Everest*.

I put on a good eight miles on this inaugural trek. On balance — no pun, there — I'd say the poles were pretty worthwhile. They did help with balance and stability where footing was sketchy, though I found that in addition to deciding where to set my two feet, I now had to figure out where to plant each pole.

That made me go a little slower over the rocky parts, which probably helped. Is it worth carrying them for the amount of help they give? Well, yes. Maybe. That is, I think so.

There were no stream crossings on the Austin Mountain trek. That had to wait for a late December walk up Ramsey's Draft with plenty of crossings on scattered boulders. Here's where trekking poles really proved their worth, giving me two firm outriggers to lean on while choosing my step from one stone to the next.

The next step — no pun here, either — is to offer the Biology Teacher a chance to try them. She's not as enamored of this techie stuff as I am, so she'll give a good unbiased opinion. Meanwhile, my old sweat-polished maple stick — the one with a story — stays in the back of the car, waiting for this love affair with hi-tech to end. —

Time to renew?  
See page 2

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Appearing Nightly



# Windtalkers: Lots of action, not much 'fact-tion'

It seems like a year ago that I saw a preview for *Windtalkers*, director John Woo's (*Face/Off*, *Mission Impossible II*) movie about the Navajo code talkers of World War II fame. I've had an interest in these unsung heroes who foiled the Japanese effort to break the American code ever since I stumbled upon an excellent exhibit about them at the Keyenta, Ariz., Burger King, of all places. I anxiously awaited the movie.

Unfortunately, it was less than satisfying.

The story isn't particularly complicated. Joe Enders (Nicholas Cage; *Captain Corelli's Mandolin*; *Leaving Las Vegas*; *Face/Off*) is a marine's marine wounded in a Pacific island firefight that claims the lives of all his men. Suffering from the effects of his wound, he manag-

tion. Although it is not clear why he doesn't want to take advantage of his "million-dollar" wound (described by Stephen Ambrose in *Citizen Soldier* as a one not bad enough to kill but bad enough to get you sent home). Enders just wants to kill "Japs." He learns that his new duty involves the Navajo code talkers. Specifically, his orders are to "guard the code, not the man." Enders understands that should one of the code talkers fall into enemy hands, he must kill the soldier.

Entrusted to Enders care is Ben Yahzee (Adam Beach; *Smoke Signals*, *Mystery, Alaska*), a young, eager marine anxious to do his bit. Ben is of course eager for action and eager for friendship. He finds he must face not only the enemy but racism within the ranks. He naturally turns to the man who

shadows his every move — Enders.

Enders struggles to keep the code talker alive in the heat of battle, but to distance himself from someone he may have to kill.

It's crystal clear that one of them is going to die.

The McGuffin in the movie is the Navajo code, about which not nearly enough is said. During the most of the movie, the code talkers communicate the enemy position in code, and little else, something a military friend of mine assures me does not have to be encoded. The Marine Corps disavows it had any covert plan to assassinate code talkers who were in danger of falling into enemy hands.

So, having dispensed with historical accuracy, *Windtalkers* attempts to recreate and surpass the first 25 minutes of *Saving Private Ryan* for the

nearly two-hour duration of the movie. This it achieves. The result is a very intense movie. The battle scenes are incredibly realistic — bloody, loud, sudden — enough to leave the viewer wondering how it is men can will themselves to walk into such hellish chaos. You'll find no John Wayne romanticism in this movie.

The cast does a decent job. Cage does an average job as the tormented Enders. Cage is far too old and far too edgy to play a marine on the front lines in Saipan. Tom Hanks pulled it off in *Saving Private Ryan* but Cage just doesn't manage to evoke the same sympathy. Beach does a credible job as the young Navajo, trying to do the right thing under impossible circumstances.

If war movies are not your thing, stay away from *Windtalkers*. If you



don't mind a war movie a bit short on 'fact-tion' but long on action, give *Windtalkers* a look.

Hannah's mom gives *Windtalkers* two-and-a-half bananas. The film is rated R for pervasive graphic war violence and some language. —

## Whoops!! We goofed

In the June 2002 issue of *Augusta Country* in an article about the Middlebrook Livestock 4-H Club, the following statement appeared:

"Prior to... 1995, Middlebrook had not had a 4-H club since 1970 when Greenville, Middlebrook and Spotswood elementary schools consolidated as Riverheads Elementary School."

This is incorrect.

During the late '70s and into the '80s the Clever Clover 4-H Club met monthly at the Middlebrook Community Center under the leadership of Mrs. Gene Spitzer. Junior and senior members pursued project work related to citizenship, home arts, electricity, and community service.

*Augusta Country* apologizes for this oversight in recounting the recent history of 4-H clubs in Middlebrook. —

## •Bessie

Continued from page 17

there is no active postmaster in the village. The sign with the zip code is still posted on her house and free-standing postal boxes for the residents are in front of her home.

"I retired about 1988 and the post office closed shortly thereafter, but I just left the sign up on the house," Bessie explained. She had served as postmaster for 42 years.

Bessie grew up in Greenville and says she has many fond memories from those earlier days.

"Greenville had its own school up to and including the eighth grade — Four grades to a room; a principal and a teacher for the four younger students. Many programs and activities were held in the main room with the

parents supporting any and all activities. As the students graduated from the eighth grade, they stayed in Beaver to attend Beaver High School," she said.

One of the most important events that occurred in the Greenville community came in the early 1940s — the arrival of electricity. "What a glorious celebration we had. Now our homes are all modern and life is easier... We used to carry water from the springs. Now we turn on the tap."

Life in Greenville, Utah is good, according to Bessie, who has spent her whole life there.

"I feel secure here. You don't have to lock your doors and when people need help, we're there to help. I guess that's because we know everybody's business," she said with a chuckle. —

## Staunton Church of the Brethren to host Archbold

Staunton Church of the Brethren and Evangelist Phill Carlos Archbold will be holding a revival Sept. 29 through Oct. 2. Services begin on Sunday, Sept. 29, at the 11 a.m. service and continue that evening and each evening at 7 p.m. through Oct. 2.

A native of Panama, Archbold was educated in the canal zone, Jamaica, and the United States. He became a Christian at age 9 during a mission revival and was licensed to the youth ministry at age 17. After graduating from Clarksville Seminary in Tennessee, Archbold became a United States citizen and served his country in Vietnam as a staff secretary to General William Westmoreland.

The Evangelist first visited the First Church of the Brethren Brooklyn in 1967 where he observed Love Feast and made an instant decision to join that church.

Archbold became that church's associate pastor in 1970 and continues to serve in that capacity. He

has been recognized by Group Magazine as Youth Leader of the Year for his work addressing the needs of youth living in poverty in the area surrounding the church.

A Brooklyn youth noted, "He was a leader not by words but by action. He literally became my spiritual father."

He served as the moderator of the Church of the Brethren's Annual Conference in 2001.

A strong advocate of evangelism, Archbold calls on Christians to make a commitment to a life of radical discipleship. "Faith Under Construction" will be theme he develops during his week at Staunton Church of the Brethren.

The public is invited to attend these services. On Oct. 2, a Love Feast will be held at 6 p.m. and the church service will begin at 7:30. Anyone wishing to participate or attend Love Feast is invited. Call Staunton Church of the Brethren at 886-8655 for information. —

## Yesterday's weather

Most newspapers include a weather forecast in each edition. But we try to be a little different at *Augusta Country*. We may not know what the weather will be like tomorrow, but we sure know what it was like yesterday. July 5, 1989 — Moisture from what once was Tropical Storm Allison triggered thunderstorms over the Middle Atlantic Coast Region, which deluged Wilmington, Del., with a record 6.83 inches of rain in 24 hours, including 6.37 inches in just six hours. Up to 10 inches of rain was reported at Claymont, northeast of Wilmington. July 1989 was thus the wettest month in 70 years for Wilmington, with

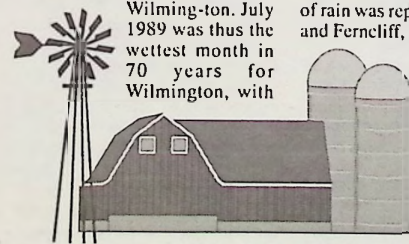
a total of 12.63 inches of rain. July 10, 1988 — Thunderstorms brought welcome rains to parts of the central U.S., but produced severe weather along the New England coast, in the Great Lakes Region, in North Carolina, and in the Southern Plateau Region. Strong thunderstorm winds gusting to 80 mph at Bullfrog, Utah, sank three boats on Lake Powell.

July 16, 1989 — Showers and thunderstorms developing along a stationary front drenched the Middle Atlantic Coast States with heavy rain, causing flooding in some areas. More than five inches of rain was reported near Madison and Ferneliff, Va.

July 20, 1989 — Showers and thunderstorms in the Middle Atlantic Coast Region soaked Wilmington, Del., with 2.28 inches of rain, pushing its

total for the period May through July past the previous record of 22.43 inches. Heavy rain over that three-month period virtually wiped out a 16.82-inch deficit which had been building since drought conditions began in 1985. Thunderstorms in central Indiana deluged Lebanon with 6.5 inches of rain in 12 hours.

July 31, 1989 — Overnight thunderstorms soaked eastern Kansas and western Missouri with heavy rain. Four and a half inches of rain was reported at Nevada, Mo. Evening thunderstorms in Oklahoma produced wind gusts to 75 mph at Covington. —



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

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