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VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

The Ingalls Family, with their introduction of a train line to Hot Springs in 1895 and expansion of The Homestead, were the creators of Virginia Hot Springs. Their goal was a community built on an appreciation of the world-class amenities of the resort within the unique mountain valley of thermal springs and uncompromising beauty all protected by 200 square miles of National Forest. Virginia Hot Springs became the birthplace of great family memories for generations. Memories of snowy New Year's Eves, a wild trout on a fly, a first dance with a daughter, a black bear on a hike. Those traditions live on in the preservation of the past and the creation of new experiences all centered on the sense of well-being so easily felt in this peaceful mountain enclave. The old and the new united in families who have found that Virginia Hot Springs is the one place they can't live without. Come and explore the valley that Indian tribes shared in peace and 'take the waters' in the spring that Thomas Jefferson visited as his therapeutic retreat. Today Virginia Hot Springs has it all.



BOXWOOD FARM - This historic Bath County Estate, located between Hot Springs and Warm Springs, dates back to the 1790's. Completely renovated and meticulously maintained, the main home features three bedrooms, three baths as well as a two bedroom guest house and five-room apartment over the stable. Surrounded by 63 acres, the grounds feature established perennial gardens and mature landscaping. Old dry stacked stone walls follow the historic carriage road shaded by sugar maple trees. Forty acres of meadow extend to the National Forest.



TOWER VIEW - Built in 1989 by the fourth family member to preside over The Homestead, Dan Ingalls had his choice of almost any location in The Homestead's 15,000 acre holding. He chose this plateau at 3000' overlooking the hotel and Hot Springs. The main floor centers around a huge stone fireplace, huge yellow pine timbers and glass walls aimed at a view that extends west for over 40 miles. The home has three bedrooms, three and a half baths, and a third floor great room with views in every direction.



MILL CREEK CABIN - One of the most unique offerings in all of Bath County, numerous parcels were combined to create this 342 acre preserve with over two miles of Mill Creek. Built on a bluff overlooking the trout stream as it meanders through the broad meadow below, the home incorporates beams and remilled heart pine in the flooring and cabinetry, salvaged from a 19th century factory in southside Virginia. Local stone was used in five fireplaces and patio where a small stream flows by the house. The property is located in a private setting at the end of a state-maintained road with extensive trail system. There is a barn, equipment shed, and garage with apartment above.



RIVER BEND FARM - Two farms dating from the early 1800's dominated the upper portion of the Cowpasture River Valley in Bath County: Fort Lewis and River Bend. This beautifully designed four bedroom home is shaded today by the same ancient oaks that encircled the original dwelling two hundred years ago. The site was chosen for its 360° views and rich river bottom soils. The farm has 165 acres of hayfields and pasture with 4000' of river frontage, several barns, and a renovated two-bedroom guest cottage. A covered porch opens the home to a large stone patio looking south over the river and lower pastures. Extensive perennial gardens extend the yard to a secluded gazebo with long valley views. The dining room opens onto a second stone patio shaded by a large oak.



OVERLOOK MANOR - Located in the Sheep Meadow neighborhood of Homestead Preserve, this historic estate has been completely renovated and is a luxurious turn-key home. On 5.31 acres, the home offers five bedroom suites, living room and family room with gas fireplaces, gourmet kitchen, dining room, sun porch, patios and stacked front porches. The home is being offered fully furnished and has an established vacation rental history under current management of Natural Retreats - Virginia Hot Springs. The home overlooks old garden terraces now maintained by Homestead Preserve.



FAIR PROMISE - Two exceptional homes offered together. Fair Promise is a beautifully restored three bedroom, two and a half bath home with three fireplaces, large kitchen, living room, dining room and extensive porches that take in the view of the Jackson River to the top of Switzerland Trail. Fair Cottage is located higher on the ridge and is a complete guest house with full kitchen, living and dining room, bedroom, full bath and loft for extra sleeping or office space. The property is located between two farms protected by conservation easements that extend for three miles to the north and south securing this property's views and the adjacent farmland.



BEAR COVE - Located on Little Mountain, the home overlooks a small spring fed pond and a view that takes in the expanse of Warm Springs Mountain almost all of which is under conservation easement or is part of The Nature Conservancy's Warm Springs Mountain Preserve. The log home has heart pine floors and lots of windows in its cathedral ceiling living room with stone fireplace and dining area. There are two bedrooms and a full bath on the main level, a third bedroom and bath upstairs behind the open office area overlooking the living room. The 1200 sq. ft. basement is fully insulated and ready to be finished for additional living space.



DUNN'S GAP - 235 acres on Cowardin Run in Dunn's Gap has tremendous western views over a large adjoining tract of National Forest. Dunn's Gap is two miles from Hot Springs but feels like a separate world once you pass beside the creek and climb up onto the level promontories next to the National Forest. Cowardin Run is a native trout stream born from the Dunn's Springs less than a mile above this property; a wonderful offering for someone who wants a section of private trout water, seclusion with big views and close proximity to the resort amenities.



VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS REALTY LLC
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LAKE ALBEMARLE

Enjoy rolling pasture enhanced by lovely Blue Ridge Mts. views creating a wonderful backdrop for the ideal building sites on this 21 acre parcel. The property has long state road frontage, two division

rights beginning 2014, board fencing and a small pond. In land use taxation. **\$575,000.**



CRESTED RIDGE

A wonderful family home, between Crozet & White Hall, with expansive views of mountains and rolling countryside. You will appreciate the spacious 6034/1074 SF of well thought out spaces for family and entertaining. The home includes 2 water heaters, 2 decks, a screened porch, 2 laundry rooms, vaulted ceilings, large Pella widows, Velux skylights, hickory

floors, built-in Bose speaker system, CAT5 wiring, hot tub and a gourmet kitchen opening to dining, family and breakfast rooms. So much to enjoy on over 9 acres. **\$995,000**



HIGHLAND FARM

A remarkable redesigning, enlargement and restoration of this c.1850 farm house is complete. The home is on a spectacular 200+ acre site 3,000' above sea level overlooking the Blue Grass Valley. Features of the main house include vaulted ceilings with exposed beams, 4 sets of French doors to access the wraparound porch, 2 lime-

stone FP and recovered yellow heart pine flooring. Also included are a studio/guest house, barn, corn crib, and 2 spring-fed ponds. **\$2,400,000**



ESTATE PROPERTY

Beautiful 40+ acres in one of Albemarle County's most prestigious locations. Property is in the heart of Keswick hunt, across from the east entry of Keswick Hall. This park-like setting enjoys privacy, pastoral and mountain views, along with an opportunity to acquire land not offered in over four decades. **\$1,050,000**



www.stevensandcompany.net



Situated on almost 10 acres, this exquisite property is surrounded by 330 acres protected by easement and Jefferson Vineyards. The 11,000+ sf manor was originally the home of William Phillips, Thomas Jefferson's principal builder, and displays brickwork and detailing of the Jeffersonian style. The home features a pool, guest house, 3 bay garage, tennis court and landscaped grounds.

Sunnyfields received the Commendation Award for Private Restoration and is on the National Register of Historic Places and the Virginia Landmarks Register.

Sunnyfields

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Luxury lake front home on 5 acres. 5 BR suites. Pool. Horses allowed. \$1,298,000



COKER SPRING

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BUCKLEIGH TRAINING CENTER

42 acres, 3 barns, race track, covered arena, polo field, cottage, apartments. \$1,890,000



HOPELAND FARMS

12+ acre farm in a community with trails. 3-BR residence, 2-BR cottage, 2-BR apt, and barn. \$698,000



WHISTLE CREEK

15-acre horse farm, modern 2-bedroom home, 4-stall center-aisle barn. \$525,000



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Country Living in Virginia



Eagle Hill - C. 1969 the French Colonial plantation home has 5 bedrooms, 6 1/2 baths, 7500 sq. ft. with over 2900 sq. ft. of covered porches encircling the house. 202-acre with spectacular views west to the Blue Ridge Mountains. Farm improvements includes a 7bdrm guest house, 60 ft. oval pool and pool house with fitness room and full kitchen and bar, riding arena, stables, barns, office and extensive tenant housing and apartments. 7 miles from Charlottesville and University of Virginia, one of Albemarle County's most spectacular country estates. MLS 500523



Dancing Creek - Over 200 acres! This mountain retreat is located 20 minutes south of Charlottesville in North Garden with a newly constructed 3-bed/2-bath home (2000) using 200 year old materials in timber frame construction with 9.5 ft. ceilings, wrap around porch, copper and slate roofing and magnificent views. Several building sites and additional development rights exist with stunning vistas. Streams and jeep trails, abundant with wildlife. Private and secluded but extremely easy to access 20 minutes south of Charlottesville and UVA.



Chateau Charmarolles III - A 5 bedroom French Provincial located at the center of a private 55-acre tract in the Historic Greenwood district of W. Albemarle Co., ideal for a horse enthusiast or someone seeking privacy and strolls along miles of trails on Stockton Mill Creek. A spacious home with high ceilings, beautiful moldings, gourmet kitchen, 5-bay detached garage, scenic views and privacy 20 minutes west of Charlottesville and UVA. MLS 497049

Murdoch Matheson (434) 981 - 7439
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HISTORIC PINE GROVE

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RYEFIELDS

Historic home on 3 acres in Aiken's Horse District. 3815 sq. ft. main house, pool, cottage, stables, & garage. \$1,950,000. Deirdre Vaillancourt 803-640-4591



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Cover Photo: The Range Rover Evoque

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The Elegance of Carriage Driving

Story and Photos by Carol Lueder



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burgess of Bridgewater, Virginia, and friend drawn by Freisan horses.

Reminiscent of the Gilded Age of Victorian elegance and extravagance, this horse-and-carriage driving event is unlike any other. The Walnut Hill Farms Pleasure Driving Show is held every August for five days at Walnut Hill Farm in Pittsford, New York. It is like watching Currier & Ives come to life. Quaint by today's standards, driving horses and carriages was a way of life not so long ago. This event captures the romance of the

Victorian Age, recreating an 1890s Sunday drive through Central Park. Horses are groomed to gleaming perfection, carriages are spit-and-polish clean and the drivers, called whips, are elegantly dressed.

But it wasn't always that way. When this event was conceived there were few entries – farm wagons and plow horses and a few pleasure drivers. Today you can see everything from miniature horses pulling small gigs and runabouts to road

coaches being pulled by four large horses and the tootler blowing the three-foot-long coaching horn.

When Bill and Sue Remley purchased Walnut Hill Farm, Sue was an accomplished horsewoman; Bill was not. His interest was history and the rest is history. He had a friend and mentor in John Burkholder, who taught him the logistics of horse-show management. Robert Heinold's background was a perfect complement



Gathering in the Walnut Hill Oval for the Sunday drive

Raymond Tuckwiller sounding the horn on *Old Times*, an original English road coach with Harvey and Mary Waller, Stockbridge, Massachusetts.



Winner of the Concours D'Elegance Michelle Werry of Edwards, Illinois, and her stunning park drag pulled by four hackneys



since he had shown hunters and jumpers, was a show photographer and also ran horse shows. These three men shared a dream of reviving carriage driving.

Forty-one years ago, the show's first winner of turnout (the equivalent of best-dressed) was a donkey! It was October 1972 when the first informal marathon drive took place through Mendon Ponds Park. There were 14 participants who braved a snowy and windy day. Today a large number of green-striped tents house more than 300 horses and ponies, along with a king's ransom of restored carriages. The participants come from 12 states and two countries.

In 1976 one competitor drove his American Saddlebred 125 miles from his home in Owego, New York to the Pittsford competition. Four horses have been retired at Walnut Hill, each receiving a special cooler to commemorate the event. There are several memorials on the grounds. Robert Belluscio is remembered with a special gate. A grove of maple trees has been planted to remember important contributors to Walnut Hill's success, including John Burkholder and David Ross. Bill Remley is memorialized with a bronze bust and a garden next to the organ gazebo overlooking the show ring. The Remleys' dream continues to grow and



Views of the Walnut Hill cross-country course



attract wonderful horses, owners, vendors and volunteer staff.

The whips and horses compete in turnout, cross-country and various obstacle classes along with reinsmanship. Part family reunion, part shopping boutique, and viewer-friendly, this unique event is all wrapped up in understated elegance, history and tradition topped off by the fabulous horses and carriages.

You don't need large amounts of equine knowledge to enjoy watching the performances. While there are subtle nuances in the turnout and reinsmanship events (which are subject to the judges' interpretation), the cross-country and obstacle

events are timed, fun to watch and easy to understand. Bob Heinold created a cross-country course that simulates a drive to town. Horses pass through a covered bridge, go over a railroad crossing, drive through a simulated town, make sharp turns and encounter dogs, livestock and people.

The obstacle class, sometimes called *cones*, challenges a whip's ability to steer a horse and carriage through a pattern of highway cones with tennis balls on top. A fallen tennis ball results in added points, and the lowest score along with best time wins.

Friday night is Ascot Night. You can picnic in the park or tailgate. If you

don't want to make your own picnic, delicious dinners are available from the Walnut Hill caterers. Dress up if you like – wear your derby hat, seersucker suit, straw boater – anything goes. The Patrons Tent provides refreshment and buffet daily and passes can be purchased on the grounds. The Whip & Horn serves everything from breakfast, lunch, snacks and milkshakes. Whimsical classes showcase trade and commercial wagons, carriage dogs, fancy dress and costume class and the elegant bonneted phaetons in evening dress. All in all, a night to remember!

If you like to shop, Walnut Hill has very select boutiques. Some, of course, are



The organist and an overview of the Walnut Hill Oval (show ring)



The Bill Remley Memorial Garden with bronze bust of Bill Remley with Sue Remley in the foreground.

practical, offering carriages, harness, bits and other necessary items for driving. The Pittsford Carriage Association has a lovely boutique offering logo merchandise, sportswear, barware, annual collectible pins and the lovely book that chronicles the 40 years of romantic carriage driving at Walnut Hill. You can shop for hand-painted antique furniture, stunning driving hats (similar to derby hats) and other clothing including bespoke, artists, jewelry, books and equestrian antiques.

Sunday morning is special; the Presentation Pleasure Drive begins in the Walnut Hill Oval where each carriage is introduced. The whips proceed out of the grounds, down the road, which is lined with spectators, to Mendon Ponds Park and back to Walnut Hill to simulate a Sunday drive through Central Park.

So sit back, enjoy the romance of yesteryear, go to the stabling area to watch horses being hitched to all kinds of antique carriages, wander through the carriage museum and listen to the concert. Live organ music by Tim Schramm plays all day in keeping with the era and in cadence with the performing horses. You'll come home with a whole new vocabulary – unicorn hitch, trap, gig, phaeton, reinsmanship and more. Best of all, you'll have a new appreciation of how our forefathers lived their daily lives alongside their beloved horses.

Carol Lueder worked in Chicago advertising agencies as a writer until she founded her own company, Fair Chase,

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Awards:

Best Junior Driver: Stephanie Zimicki of Lockport, New York, driving a Dutch Harness gelding.

Best Lady's Turnout: Kelly Cassella from Agawam, Massachusetts, with a bay Carisma gelding.

Best Gentleman's Turnout: Tristan Aldrich driving Sachsen warmblood geldings.

Concours D'Elegance: Michelle Werry, of Glenmore Farm, Edwards, Illinois, showing bay hackney geldings.

Pittsford Carriage Association Inc. is a non-profit educational organization that hosts this international carriage competition for the purpose of advancing the art and traditions of driving for the promotion of public interest in the contributions made by the horse and carriage to our country's cultural, social and economic history.

Walnut Hill Pleasure Driving Competition

397 W Bloomfield Rd.
Pittsford, NY 14534
(585) 746-1080

Next show: August 14-18, 2013

which specializes in hunting, shooting and equestrian books and sporting antiques. Leuder has been published in *Shooting Sportsman* as well as various Midwestern magazines.



2013

VIRGINIA RACING CALENDAR

VIRGINIA Spring STEEPLECHASE CIRCUIT

		<p>Sunday, February 24 12:00 pm. CASANOVA HUNT HUNTER PACE Winfall Farm Catlett (540) 788-4806</p>		<p>Saturday, March 2 12:00 Noon THORNTON HILL FORT VALLEY HOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT Thornton Hill Farm Sperryville (540) 987-8338 HUNTER PACE March 3, 1.00 pm</p>
<p>Sunday, March 24 12:30 pm. BULL RUN HUNT POINT-TO-POINT Brandywine Park Culpeper (540) 531-2443 HUNTER PACE April 13, 10:00 am</p>	<p>Sunday, March 31 1:00 p.m. ORANGE COUNTY HOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT Locust Hill Farm Middleburg (540) 687-5552 HUNTER PACE March 30, 9.00 am</p>	<p>Saturday, March 9 12:00 p.m. BLUE RIDGE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT Woodley Farm Berryville (540) 837-2077, (540) 247-6123 HUNTER PACE March 10, 12.00 pm</p>	<p>Saturday, March 16 12:30 p.m. WARRENTON HUNT POINT-TO-POINT Airlie Race Course Warrenton (540) 270-1730 HUNTER PACE March 17, 1:00 pm</p>	<p>Sunday, March 23 1:00 pm. PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT Salem Course Upperville (540) 687-3455, (540) 592-7100 HUNTER PACE March 23 9.30 am</p>
<p>Saturday, April 20 9:00 a.m. MIDDLEBURG SPRING RACE MEET Glenwood Park Middleburg (540) 687-6545 (540) 687-6595</p>	<p>Sunday, April 21 9:00 a. m. RAPPAHANNOCK HUNT HUNTER PACE (540) 547-2810 (540) 229-7752</p>	<p>Sunday, April 6 1:00 p.m. DOGWOOD CLASSIC RACES MEET Colonial Downs New Kent County (804) 966-7223 ext. 1073 www.dogwoodclassic.com</p>	<p>Saturday, April 6 12:00 p.m. OLD DOMINION HOUNDS POINT-TO-POINT Ben Venue Farm Ben Venue (540) 364-4573, (540) 636-1507 HUNTER PACE April 7, 1.00 pm</p>	<p>Saturday, April 14 12:30 p.m. LOUDOUN HUNT POINT-TO-POINT Oatlands Leesburg (540) 338-4031</p>
<p>Saturday, May 4 1:00 p. m. VIRGINIA GOLD CUP RACE MEET Great Meadow Course The Plains (540) 347-2612 www.vagoldcup.com</p>	<p>VIRGINIA Fall STEEPLECHASE CIRCUIT</p>	<p>Sunday, April 27 10:00 a. m. LOUDOUN FAIRFAX HUNT HUNTER PACE Rolling Meadow Farm Philomont (540) 687-0611 www.fairfaxhuntraces.org</p>	<p>Saturday, April 27 1:00 p. m. FOXFIELD SPRING RACE MEET Foxfield Race Course Charlottesville (434) 293-9501 www.foxfieldraces.com</p>	<p>Sunday, April 28 1:00 p. m. MIDDLEBURG HUNT POINT-TO-POINT Glenwood Park Middleburg (540) 454-2991 (540) 687-6069</p>
<p>Saturday October 19 1:30 p.m. INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP RACE MEET Great Meadow Course The Plains (540) 347-2612 www.vagoldcup.com</p>	<p>Saturday November 2 12:30 p.m. MONTPELIER RACE MEET Montpelier Montpelier Station (540) 672-0027 www.montpelieraces.com</p>	<p>Saturday, September 21 1:00 p. m. BLUE RIDGE FALL RACES Woodley Farm Berryville (540) 539-1577 (540) 722-6403</p>	<p>Sunday, September 29 1:30 p. m. FOXFIELD FALL RACE MEET Foxfield Race Course Charlottesville (434) 293-9501 www.foxfieldraces.com</p>	<p>Saturday & Sunday October 5 & 6 2.00 p.m. VIRGINIA FALL RACE MEET Glenwood Park Middleburg (540) 687-5662</p>

Young Guns on the Hill

The Clay Target Team at
Hampden-Sydney College

Story and Photos
by
John Shtogren

It was on a late September afternoon when I first stopped by to watch the young guns. There was a hint of fall in the air which sharpened the smell of burnt gunpowder. They, the newly formed Hampden-Sydney College Clay Target Team, practice twice a week at a makeshift five-stand course six miles from campus in rural Southside Virginia. Much of their time that afternoon was spent helping each other improve their shooting: one teammate standing behind each gunner and looking over his shoulder to help him mark his shot—high, low, wide or on target.

Toward the end of practice, five of the most seasoned team members took side-by-side positions for some friendly competition. On “Pull!” a clay target would fly in any one of a number of directions and would be broken by the shooter who was quickest to take aim and fire, a contest of keen vision and quick reflexes. The first target was in the air for only an instant when a shot broke it in pieces—and then two more shots rang out. At first I didn’t understand. Why the extra shots at a clearly “dead bird”? When it happened again, I got it: They were shooting any leftover fragments larger than



Club president Braxton Elliot (right foreground) spots for Jay Easley with Daniel Adams (center) and Zach Dodson (right) on deck.

a quarter! After the last shot was fired, there was only dust in the air. And they did it again and again. The shooting was, in a word, awesome.

The Clay Target Club has two sides, a recreational side for students who simply want to learn safe gun handling and how to shoot clay targets, and a competition side for serious shooters who want to go up against the best guns from other campuses. Club president Braxton Elliot ’13 supports both sides. “Having the recreation side is great, because we have a lot of guys who come down to grill some burgers and hot dogs, then shoot and have a good time. A lot of times I’ll just go down to watch, and if I see a guy who’s just blowing them away I’ll invite him to shoot with the team.”

And there are a number of shooters on the team who really can blow away clay targets, including Elliot himself. He started shooting clays when he was 13. Two years later he was shooting in the Scholastic Clay Target Program. “Our little team from Appomattox, Virginia, won the

national title that year.” Tucker Bulleit ’15 from Kentucky shot with the University of Kentucky team while in high school before coming to Hampden-Sydney. Cody Bailey ’15 from Keysville, Virginia, made the Junior All-American team while in high school and competes in National Sporting Clays Association events. He also appears on the Outdoor Channel’s *Hunting the World, Southern Style*.

Last year the Clay Target Team attended its first competitive event, the Hokie Invitational at Virginia Tech. Over two days the team shot sporting clays, five-stand and trap and did remarkably well for its first time out. Bailey and Bulleit were in the top ten individual shooters. Bailey was first in clays and five-stand, second in trap and top gun overall. The team placed fourth overall and was only a few targets behind second-place Virginia Tech. It’s worth noting that the Virginia Tech team has been racking up national titles for more than a decade and has a team four times the size of Hampden-Sydney’s.

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Richard Foley takes the shot while Braxton Elliot (left) and Tucker Bulleit (right) wait their turns.

Berkeley Leonard '07 (senior assistant dean of admissions), Evan Pinekenstein 15, 'Cody Bailey '15, Daniel Adams '14, Casey Grimes '14, Richard Foley '15, Tucker Bulleit '15, President Christopher Howard, Ben Gillis '15, Holton Walker '15, and Braxton Elliott '13.



The Hampden-Sydney campus in rural south-central Virginia



The clay target team will wind up this year's competition in the spring at the Association of College Unions International (ACUI) Collegiate Clay Target Championship in San Antonio. That's the big one for college-level shooters. Last year 537 students from 57 schools competed. From what I saw on a September afternoon, the team will put Hampden-Sydney in the top ranks.

Sporting Tradition and Personal Honor

If you were not familiar with Hampden-Sydney and its traditions and culture, the idea of guns on the Hill, as the center of campus is called, might make you a bit uneasy. Too many bad things have been happening to good people on college campuses these days. Even if you knew the basics about the college—founded in 1775, 1,110 male students, one of three all-male colleges in the country, ranked by *Forbes* as 6th Best College in the South and 54th Best College or University in the Country—and even if you knew all firearms are kept in a gun locker by the campus police, you might still feel shotguns and higher education simply don't mix very well.

However, it is a good mix at Hampden-Sydney when you consider its traditions and culture. The sporting life has been central to the college since its founding two and a half centuries ago. Today, the college's Outdoor Experience includes activities such as hunting, fishing, hiking, biking, canoeing and a variety of academic courses embracing the outdoors such as marine science and nature writing. Few campuses can boast of regular Ducks Unlimited-sponsored hunting trips or fly-tying and casting clinics offered by world renowned fly-fishing instructor Harry Robertson. It is little wonder that *Outdoor Life* magazine named Hampden-Sydney one of "The Country's Top Ten Colleges for Students who Live to Hunt and Fish."

The chairman of the college's Board of Trustees, Tom Allen '60, sees the



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 March 2, 2013
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The Southwest Double Gun Expo (SWDGE) is a unique sporting clays shooting tournament that benefits the Phoenix Art Museum. Organized by the Men's Arts Council, SWDGE features a full day of challenging stations and the camaraderie of fellow double gun enthusiast.

The cost to take part is \$160 per individual shooter or \$600 for a foursome. Participants receives a practice round of 25 targets and one competition round with 50 targets as well as an invitation to the Kick-Off Reception, breakfast, lunch and a post-shoot happy hour.

SWDGE features double barrel, break action shotguns of which may be either over/under or side-by-side, with or without hammers. Trophies will be awarded in the categories of side-by-side and over/under in large (12 and 16) and small (20 and under) guage classes.

With 7 challenging stations -- including a Driven Clays Flurry and a High Pheasant, the course will challenge even the most seasoned shooter. In addition a chance shot at the Long Shot Station. Shooter buy chances to hit this long shot with net proceeds being split between the winning shooter and Phoenix Art Museum.

Phoenix Art Museum is the Southwest's premier destination for world-class visual arts, featuring artists such as Rembrandt, Norman Rockwell, Annie Leibowitz and Monet, along side with the Museum's outstanding collection of more than 18,000 works of American, Asian, European, Latin American, Western American, modern and contemporary art, and fashion design.

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clay target team as part and parcel of the traditional sporting life at the school:

"Hampden-Sydney has always been a place where after classes young men were comfortable putting on some hunting togs, pulling out their favorite shotgun and driving not so very far for turkey, ducks or any other legal critter that would look good on a grill. The clays team is just an extension of that long-held mentality."

Hampton-Sydney President Christopher Howard also supports the clays team and all that goes with it because of another tradition that is bedrock to the college's culture: its Code of Conduct. It is based on two key principles, one of which is common to other institutions with honor codes: students "will not lie, cheat or tolerate others who do." The other is this: "The Hampden-Sydney student will behave as a gentleman at all times and in all places." Being a gentleman simply means taking personal responsibility to do the right thing wherever you are—in the class-

room, behind the wheel or on the clay target firing line. When personal honor is practiced by everyone, it brings civility and safety to campus life. Howard says that taking personal responsibility as a gentleman is summed up in the school's motto, "Man Up!" It's a fine motto and ethical compass for all of us who aspire to be Virginia gentlemen and sportsmen.

John Shtogren is the senior editor for *Virginia Sportsman*. He is an outdoorsman, farmer and international management consultant whose travels often take him to the far edges and borderlands. He welcomes comments at jashstogren@yahoo.com.

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Sailors tackling the winds and waves during St. Mary's College of Maryland's annual Governor's Cup Yacht Race

The 39th Annual Governor's Cup Yacht Race

The Race Down the Chesapeake Bay

by

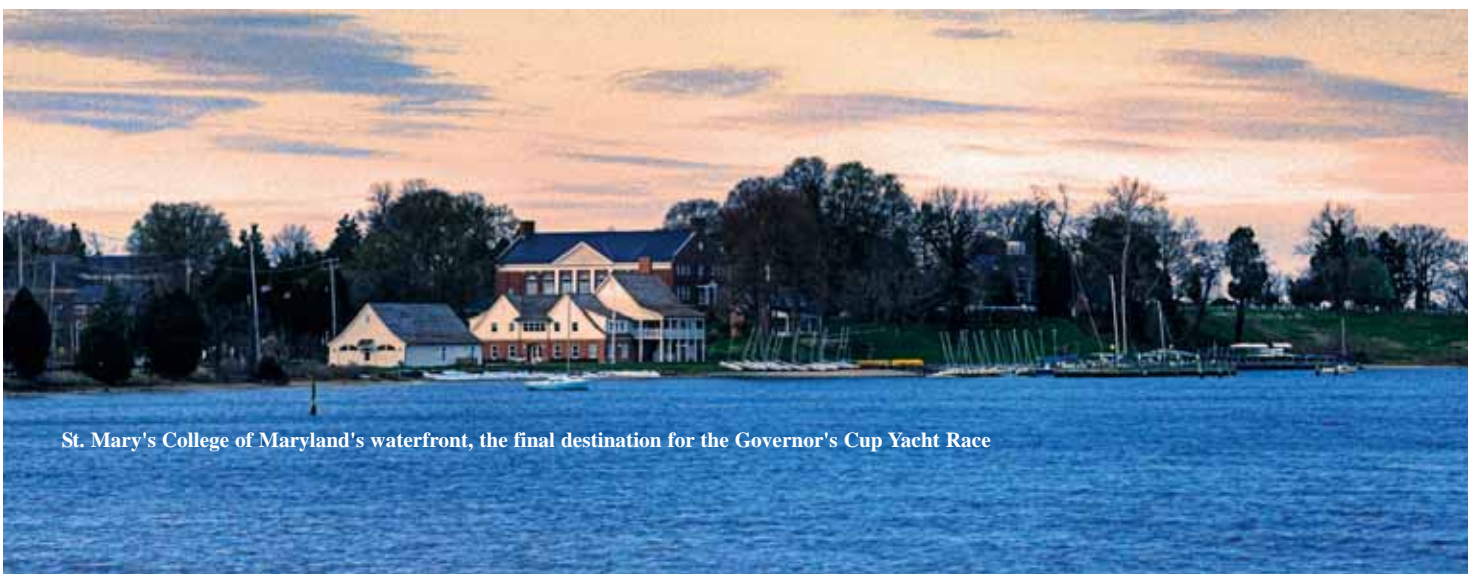
Arminta Stanfield and Hannah Brown

This past August, competitors from up and down the East Coast set sail for St. Mary's College of Maryland's 39th annual Governor's Cup Yacht Race. The Gov' Cup is the oldest and longest overnight race on the Chesapeake Bay, starting from Annapolis, Maryland,

and ending at the cross at Church Point, St. Mary's City—the state's current and founding capital cities.

Gov' Cup was envisioned by St. Mary's College students in 1973. That year, Pete Sarelas '75 and Russell Baker '75 joined Dale Rausch '71 to present their idea

to college President Renwick Jackson, who shared their enthusiasm. The race, sanctioned by the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Racing Association, became a reality in 1974 with 47 boats. Since then it has become a fixture of the St. Mary's College culture, attracting hundreds of boating



St. Mary's College of Maryland's waterfront, the final destination for the Governor's Cup Yacht Race



Smooth sailing for Gov' Cup competitors as they race to the finish line

enthusiasts to race the nearly 70-mile course.

This year, St. Mary's College Waterfront Director and Principal Race Officer Adam Werblow authorized the addition of a Potomac Leg from Dahlgren,

Virginia, to St. Mary's City. The addition was organized by Assistant Director of the Waterfront Rick Loheed in response to a proposal put forth concurrently by several groups of Potomac sailors—some of whom had been sailing as much as 300 nautical

miles round-trip to participate in the start from Annapolis. To accommodate these sailors, the new Potomac Leg was added, bringing a more relaxed new twist to the longstanding racing tradition.

Over 150 boats sailed the course in several different divisions, including PHRF A0, A1, A2, B, CD, N, Cruiser, as well as Chesapeake Multihull Association fleets A & B. The Potomac Leg sailed as two simple PHRF corrected classes, spinnaker or non-spinnaker. All competitors embarked during the afternoon of Friday, August 3, on a beat to windward in a good southerly breeze under a moonlit night. Winds kept steady and competitor Paul Parks' SeaCart 30 Trimaran, *Sundog*, sailed the course with an average speed just under 12 knots, arriving in St. Mary's City at 12:18 a.m.—placing *Sundog* first in its division.

"I have raced in the Governor's Cup many times and it is always a treat," said Parks. "Adam, his staff and even Mike Ironmonger before him have always done a great job. The conditions may change, but the work they and their crews have done is

Sails taking the winds





Sailor taking in the sunset during the Race.
(Photo by Red Hamer)

a constant. This year had a forecast of very light winds, but luckily there was a good, steady breeze for the entire race. This race is one of the best races on the Chesapeake Bay—winning is a bonus!”

Second-place winner Gary Schoolden, who along with his brother Greg owns the cruiser *Caribbean Magic*, also enjoyed the race down the Bay. “Wind, waves, warm temps and fish traps—what a fantastic sail in the 2012 Gov’s Cup. We loved the early start,” he said. For this year’s race, the *Caribbean Magic* crew consisted of Ed Rodier, Doug and Rosemary Freeman and Rick Mayers.


Arriving at St. Mary’s City Saturday morning, competitors were welcomed with a day-long celebration on the waterfront. Race spectators and competitors enjoyed family fun activities that included live musical performances by Deanna Dove, Caribbean Calypso Trio Ewabo, and local alumni band Byzantine Top 40. Spectators this year were also able to track progress of the race in real time through live GPS linked from the Gov’ Cup website.

As Rick Loheed explains, “People from miles around come to join in the post-race festivities, take a look at the boats, and generally be part of what is now considered a historic tradition. The shoreside activities have been broadened to appeal a bit more to families.” Werblow and Loheed hope that the new Potomac Leg will pave the way for even more starting points in future races, allowing the beloved tradition to grow in size and appeal.

Photos courtesy of St. Mary’s College.

Arminta Stanfield is a staff member in the office of external relations at St. Mary’s College of Maryland. She is currently a resident of Prince George’s County, Maryland.

Hannah Brown is a senior at St. Mary’s College of Maryland, where she is majoring in English and educational studies. She is from Clarksville, Maryland.



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Winners

Paul Parks (Multihull A, *Sundog*), Gary Schoolden (Cruiser, *Caribbean Magic*), Russell Wesdyk (Multihull B, *Lola3 The Wild Child*), Charles Engh (A0, *Stray Dog*), Othmar Blumencron (A1, *Dame Blanche*), Christian Smith (A2, *Integrity*), Ed Tracey (B, *Incommunicado*), Stovy Brown (CD, *Age of Reason*) and Frederick Mertes (N, *Blinding Fury*).

Blumencron and his *Dame Blanche* were awarded the Waldschmidt Trophy for best in fleet, an award granted to the winner of the most competitive class.

The Bickel Trophy for the most-improved boat was awarded to James Chen and his crew on board the *Chaotic Flux*.

The Alumni Trophy was awarded to Andrew Eyring and the “Hero Squad,” and the The Patuxent Partnership Trophy was awarded to Lt. Col. Scott Ward onboard the *Crocodile*.

Potomac Leg winners included Woody Morris (Non-Spinnaker, *What Boat*) and Martin Howell (Spinnaker, *Truculent Turtle*).



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Painting by Michael Simon

We were working with Joe Seman on his *Salmon in Ireland* article when he passed away in 2011. As you'll see in the following note from his wife Karen, he was a fine fisherman and father. While Joe left us all too soon, Karen tells us his days on the water are not yet over.

The Editors

Joe graduated from the University of Pittsburgh with a bachelor's degree in 1986 and a master's degree in 1988 in political science. He joined the Foreign Service in May 1989 and worked for the State Department until his death on November 29, 2011. He served in Frankfurt, Germany from July 2007-July 2010.

Joe was born and raised in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. He grew up fishing with his father on the Youghiogheny and, later, more far-flung rivers, such as the Yellow Breeches in central Pennsylvania. After moving to the Washington, D.C., area, Joe often fished the Gunpowder and Monocacy in Maryland and the Rapidan in Virginia. Joe and our son, Matt, took a fishing trip in the summer of 2011 to Yellowstone and made some wonderful memories. They also did saltwater fishing (surf and charter) on the Outer Banks of North Carolina and Cape May, New Jersey.

Joe was active in Trout Unlimited's water conservation efforts and also performed stream maintenance and upgrades with his German fishing group, the Heartlanders. He was an avid flytier and had demonstrated his tying skills at various events. Joe was developing this hobby into what he hoped would become a second career after he'd retire from the State Department—between his writing, speaking, fly-tying demonstrations, and some informal guiding.

We plan to scatter Joe's ashes near one of his favorite fishing spots and the group in Germany will do the same. After Joe's father's death, Joe carried a small vial of his father's ashes in his fishing vest. Our son, Matt, plans to do the same along with one from Joe.

Salmon in Ireland

Story and Photos
by
Joe Seman



Joe Spey-casting

“Would you like to go Atlantic salmon fishing in Ireland?” That was a question I never expected to hear, least of all from my German friend and fishing colleague Peter. “Gig has a cottage in Kerry,” he continued. “We can fly there on Ryan Air from Hahn airport. Gig will give us a good price on the cottage, the flights are cheap, plus he’ll take us around to the good beats. What do you think?”

This really was an offer I couldn’t refuse. Peter, our friend Markus, and I got together with Gig to work out the details. My schedule was more flexible, so I would have a couple of extra days on either side of Markus’s and Peter’s best dates. I booked flights, made arrangements to ship my gear ahead, and ordered an eight-weight, two-handed salmon rod. I also ordered a couple of books and some Spey-casting DVDs, as well as the stuff I would need to tie a few salmon flies for the trip.

Throughout the summer I practiced

with the two-hander and tied flies. Spey-casting is a little scary, as the long rods generate a lot of line speed. Eventually, I had the basics and could put out a line without too much fear of embedding a heavy double salmon hook in my ear. I filled a fly box with Gary Dogs, Hairy Marys, Allie’s Shrimp and a number of other flies.

Gig is an Englishman who splits time between Ireland and Germany. He retired when the U.S. military closed the facility where he worked and spends most of his time fishing. He takes the ferry or the Channel Tunnel back to the U.K. each spring, visits his family, then drives to Kerry for the salmon and sea trout fishing on the Laune, Caragh and other rivers in southwest Ireland. He lives in one side of Green Peter’s Cottage and rents the other to tenants he knows.

During an earlier trip to Dublin one July, the temperature was in the 50s or low 60s with light rain most of the time. I was stunned when I stepped off the plane in



Kerry in mid-September to near 80-degree temperatures and bright sunshine – weather that persisted throughout the trip. Given the heat, Gig and I decided that a Guinness at the airport pub was a must before we made the half-hour drive to Killarney to buy my fishing license.

By the time we got the license (about \$70), ate some fish and chips and picked up groceries for the week, it was getting too late to fish. Gig showed me around the Ring of Kerry, making stops to view the rivers and enjoy the breathtaking scenery including the Macgillycuddy's Reeks mountain range, home to Ireland's tallest peak.

We started fishing the next morning on the Caragh. Salmon water in Ireland is divided into beats, most of which are controlled by various landholders, hotels or angling clubs. Gig and I waded into the river below the Caragh Bridge, and he filled me in on how we would fish. I would lead down the beat, make a cast or two, take two steps downriver, then cast again. Once I moved downstream sufficiently, Gig would fish through behind me. Cast,

The Macgillycuddy's Reeks mountain range and the river Laune

Markus lands a sea trout.



Joe fishing the Johns River



swing and move down – this is the drill for salmon fishing throughout Ireland and the UK.

On my third cast, I felt the fly stop, then the unmistakable pulsing of a fish on the line. I lifted the rod and told Gig I was on. *This salmon fishing isn't as hard as everyone says*, I thought to myself. It became clear pretty quickly, however, that if it was a salmon, it was a small grilse. When Gig netted the fish, we saw that it was a small sea trout. We both fished the rest of the beat without a bump – so much for easy.

We moved on to the Laune, and fished the Farmer's Beat. While some beats in the area cost from \$30 to \$70 dollars per day (the best beats, at the best times, on Scottish rivers cost several hundred to more than \$1,000 per day), the Farmer's is \$10, or less if one fishes only in the evening. After knocking on the farmhouse door with no answer, Gig put our fees in an envelope and slipped it through the mail slot.

The river was running a little high, and I was feeling a bit unsure with my Spey casting. I let Gig fish through the beat first, and about halfway down, he hooked up. I waded out to net the fish, and we landed a nice 24-inch salmon. It had a slight purple cast, which the fish develop after a couple of days in the fresh water. We fished until sunset and headed back to the cottage for dinner and a good night's sleep.

On the way back to the cottage, I noticed that Gig took a different route. I was still getting used to being on the "wrong" side of the road, compounded by traveling in a left-hand drive vehicle on right-hand drive roads. When I asked Gig about the routing, he explained that the locals have an informal network of one-way roads, taking one route when heading toward Killorglin, and another when heading back.

We fished a small river near the Kerry Airport the next morning, where I took a couple of brown trout, then we met Peter and Markus's plane that afternoon.



Gig and Joe

After a minor quest for licenses (the shop in Killarney where I had gotten mine had run out) we all fished the Farmer's Beat. We hooked a few par and a couple of perch, but didn't move any salmon.

Throughout the remainder of the week, we fished several beats on the Laune, as well as the tidal estuary below the bridge in Killorglin for sea trout. We all had takes there and Peter landed a nice sea trout. Markus had special memories of the estuary, as he had failed to notice the change in tide on an earlier trip and spent several hours in the lone tree on an island in the middle of the estuary until the channel was shallow enough to cross again.

Neither Markus, Peter nor I hooked a salmon on the trip. Gig landed two more nice fish. While grilse are generally released, anglers in Ireland usually keep mature salmon to enjoy fresh or smoked. Gig's fish provided a couple of wonderful fresh salmon dinners for the four of us.

Peter, Markus and another friend from Germany fished with Gig again this past September, this time with more success. I thought of them, fishing on the Farmer's Beat, or on John's or the Mukross Beat, while I was working in the Northern Virginia grind. September will always

make me think of salmon in Ireland and of the good friends I fished with there. Though I fished long and hard on my trip without landing a salmon, the pull to return remains with me still.

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Up in the Allegheny Highlands of Virginia bordering West Virginia is Bath County. With an elevation of 2,700 feet above sea level, nearly the entire county – 91 percent – is protected natural environment: 85 percent is the George Washington National Forest; six percent is Douthat State Park. In addition, the Nature Conservancy owns more than 11,500 acres of critical forest habitat, the Virginia Outdoors Foundation owns 2,100 acres and Lake Moomaw occupies 2,530 acres. The county has only about 4,700 residents and has no incorporated towns or traffic lights. Yet it also is home to one of the nation’s most luxurious resorts, The Homestead Resort and Spa, and the nationally recognized Garth Newel Music Center. In addition, Bath is home to many historic estates such as Boxwood as well as new multi-million dollar homes. The county’s small population is diverse, with local residents and newcomers from all over the world.

In recent years, new energy has flowed into Bath County, an “awakening” in the words of longtime resident Ryan Hodges. Maggie Anderson, director of tourism, is part of this new energy. Anderson moved from Los Angeles where she was vice-president and executive director of the National Association of Theatre Owners. As a newcomer, she could see the myriad charms of Bath County that locals take for granted. She understands what appeals to people from the outside world, and she promotes the natural beauty of Bath County with her boundless enthusiasm. Natural Retreats, a U.K.-based firm, also saw the potential, and established its presence in Bath in 2011. KSL Resorts, owners of The Homestead Resort, decided to spend \$25 million to renovate it in 2011. The Community Hospital, which serves county residents and Homestead guests, is planning an \$18





Bath County Virginia

Story and Photos
by
Hay Hardy



A rendering of the the pool at the adults-only spa area to be opened in the spring
(Photo courtesy of The Homestead)

View of the water slides leading down to the the Lazy River, waterfalls and island
(Photo courtesy of The Homestead)



million renovation which includes an on-site helipad. It is no accident that there is a sense of excitement and renewal around Warm Springs and Hot Springs, the two best-known villages of the county.

Established in 1790, Bath is named after the city of Bath in England because of the county's abundance of natural springs, including the largest hot springs in the state. The historic Warm Springs Pools (now operated as the Jefferson Pools in tribute to the former president's taking the waters there in 1818) continue in operation today. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the Men's Bath House was built in 1761 and is considered to be the oldest spa structure in America. A lodge built by Thomas Bullitt in 1766 is widely considered the founding of what is now The Homestead, which has been frequented by many presidents and luminaries.

The Homestead is investing in new family-friendly amenities and an expansive spa and wellness facility. The swimming pool has been transformed into a two-acre water attraction with a heated pool, two 100-foot water slides that link to the lazy river, complete with an island and

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Lake Moomaw

a waterfall. For adults, there is the Jefferson Springs spa garden, with a geothermal spring and heated decks, Finnish sauna, whirlpool, and river reflexology bed – a stone walkway designed to stimulate pressure points of the foot. Private cabanas provide a serene environment for personal relaxation.

Inside the hotel, a new lobby bar serves beer from local breweries, Virginia wine, and bourbon and gin from a regional artisan distillery. Executive Chef Sean O'Connell and his team have enhanced the menus in all of the resort's dining outlets. Perhaps most exciting is the partnership with Canyon Ranch of Tucson, Arizona, to create Canyon Ranch SpaClub at The Homestead. This new spa and wellness facility will combine Southern hospitality with a touch of Canyon Ranch.

Along with The Homestead, bringing a level of sophistication unmatched in most other areas of the state is the Garth Newel Music Center. Founded in 1973, the 114-acre center is home to the Garth Newel Piano Quartet – classical

Flat Rock Overlook (Photo courtesy of Bath County Tourism)



musicians who have performed on the world stage. The center provides a series of concerts all through the year as well as a summer program for talented young musicians who receive high-level coaching

and unique performing opportunities. Student musicians from all over the country and around the world compete for the summer program. Garth Newel also brings comprehensive string-instrument education



Fly fishing on the Jackson at Meadow Lane Lodge (Photo courtesy of Natural Retreats)

The main lodge at Meadow Lane (Photo courtesy of Natural Retreats)



to local children with the Allegheny Mountain Strings Project which has resulted in the Allegheny Mountain String Orchestra. Many concerts at Garth Newel are accompanied by gourmet dinners prepared by Chef Josh Elliott. For Music

Center concert patrons, accommodations are available in the Manor House, a three-story building reminiscent of a European hunting lodge built in 1924 by William Sergeant and Christine Herter Kendall.

Bath also boasts substantial

natural attractions. One of Virginia's oldest parks, Douthat State Park opened in 1936. The 4,546-acre park has many hiking trails and most are also open for mountain biking. A few trails on the western side of the park are available for horseback riding. The 50-acre lake is stocked with trout, and fishing is permitted with a license. Non-gasoline-powered boating of all sorts including electric power crafts are allowed. A beach area, a restaurant and hunting (by permit) round out the park's attractions. For hunters and others who don't own real estate but wish to spend time in Bath, there are lodges, cabins and campgrounds.

Bath's recreational assets also include Lake Moomaw. In the 1980s, area businessman Benjamin Moomaw pushed forward a dam project in a canyon once called Kincaid Gorge. Moomaw wanted flood control, recreational opportunities and improvement of downstream water quality. The idea had been first broached during World War II. Gathright Dam was completed in the early 1980s, backing up the Jackson River for more than 12 miles and flooding acres of bottomland once



Golfing is one of the main attractions at The Homestead. (Photo courtesy of Bath County Tourism Dept.)

owned by Thomas Gathright to form Lake Moomaw. The lake, 152 feet deep, offers what biologists call a two-story sport fishery. It supports both warm-water fish such as bass, catfish, sunfish and crappie as well as cold-water fish such as trout. Brook trout, rainbow and browns thrive 15 feet below the surface.

The Jackson River and the Cowpasture River are Bath County's two main rivers and both have excellent fishing. Guided and unguided fishing are but a few of the many outdoor opportunities capitalized on by Natural Retreats which is able to secure permission from landowners to access these otherwise inaccessible waters. Founded by Mathew Spence in 2006, Natural Retreats started in the United Kingdom with a collection of environmentally friendly cottages in Yorkshire Dales National Park, Yorkshire Dales being one of the most celebrated family resort destinations in England. It introduced such features as living roofs, natural spring water and lambs-wool insulation. The basic concept is to give families an opportunity to

A performance at Garth Newel with a gourmet dinner to follow



experience the outdoors with all the comforts of home. Spence calls it a "staycation;" Chad Rowe, the U.S. sales director of Natural Retreats, calls it sustainable tourism. It supports the local

community and small businesses that provide amenities for the guests. Natural Retreats has on lease 23 private homes, lodges and cottages, from multi-million dollar homes to intimate cabins within

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A trail on the Warm Springs Mountains

The Homestead Preserve and the Meadow Lane Lodge on the Jackson River. All these lodging choices come with a first-class concierge service.

The Natural Retreats office in Hot Springs features an outfitter shop, the only Starbucks in the county and offers guides for fishing, kayaking, hiking, horseback riding and mountain biking. Natural Retreats has guided access to trails

which are not open to the public in the 9,250 acres of the Warm Springs Mountain Preserve owned by the Nature Conservancy and in a 1,000-acres property own by the Virginia Outdoors Foundation. According to Rowe, wildlife sightings in the Warm Springs Mountains area have included black bear, bobcat, deer, grouse, turkey, red-tail hawks, bald eagles, and even (by some accounts) mountain lions.



The Inn at Gristmill Square in Warm Springs offers an intimate setting. Innkeepers John and Kate Loeffler both hail from neighboring West Virginia. The mill building was erected in 1900 and operated as a gristmill until 1971.

Ryan and Mary Hodges have resided in Bath County since 1985. Ryan Hodges' family have called Warm Springs home since the 60s and Bath County was the natural choice when they decided to raise their children in a more rural environment. Hodges is the owner of Clarkson & Wallace Realty, which is also the agent for The Homestead Preserve, founded in 2005. Hodges points to Bath's unique geological features. The valley between the Warm Springs Mountains and a ridge of smaller mountains has six gaps, each with a spring – Chimney Run, Warm Springs, Dunn's Gap, Hot Springs, Cascade Gorge and Falling Springs. Three of these springs are cold-water trout streams and three are hot thermal springs. They alternate down the valley: Chimney Run, Dunn's Gap and Cascade Gorge are cold springs and Warm Springs, Hot Springs and Falling Springs are thermal springs.

"I have been told that historically, warring Indian tribes in the area agreed that this valley would always be a neutral zone so everybody could access the healing

EVENTS

April 7-12

50-mile Endurance Ride

April 13

Bluegrass Jamboree

June 1

Bath County Farmers Market opens till Sept 21

June 14-16

Virginia Blues & Jazz Festival

June 22

Moomaw Madness Sprint Triathlon

July 21-27

Bath County Art Show

Aug 3

Wings and Wheels Air and Car Show

Sept 21

Harvest Moon Festival

Oct 4-6

The Old Dairy Heritage Festival

Oct 6-9

30-mile Endurance Ride

Additional information:

(540) 839-7202 or visit www.discover-bath.com

waters of these thermal springs,” says Hodges. The Nature Conservancy’s director for the Allegheny Highlands, Marek Smith, confirms that rare flora and fauna make their homes in these mountains. The mountain harbors at least three rare plants, including the montane pine barren, and eight rare invertebrates.

Many Bath residents, full time or part-time, come from far away. Pat Haynes of Bacova Realty was previously a tennis pro in Princeton, New Jersey. David Judah, a Level III NSCA instructor at the Homestead Club along with his wife Eileen, the marketing manager for The Homestead, and his brother Peter, a lawyer in Bath County, all hail from Jamaica. County Tourism Coordinator Celine Finel was born in Bath but her father, the executive pastry chef at The Homestead, is from France.

“It takes a certain kind of people to move to Bath County,” says Hodges “You either love it or you don’t. There’s not a lot

of in-between. Wherever people may have come from, they always find it calming and healing here. It’s always an easy decision to come to Bath and a difficult one to leave.”

The Inn at Gristmill Square
Warm Springs, VA



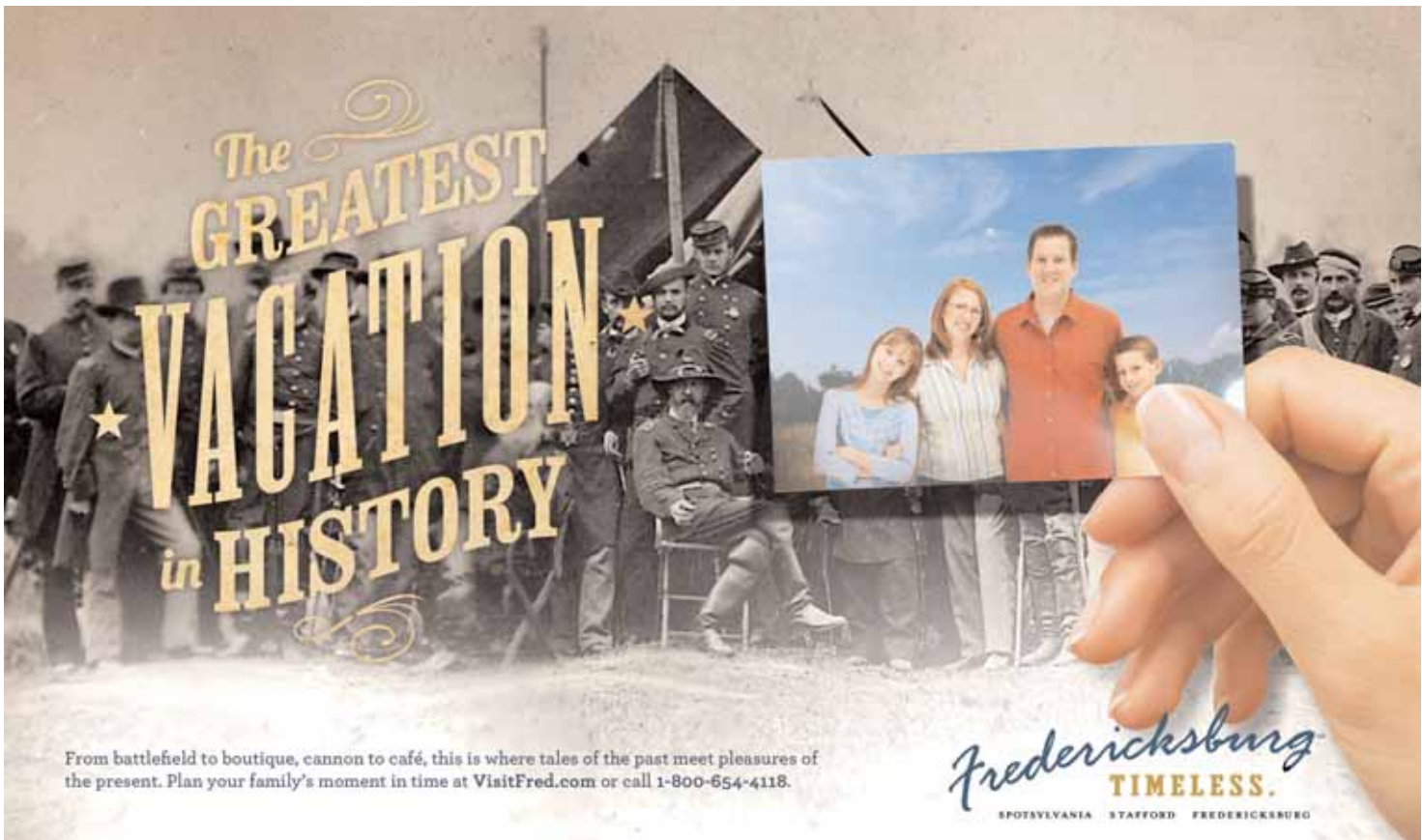
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Protecting America's Backyard
National Forest Foundation
Restores Iconic Outdoor Destinations

by
Hannah Ettema

A longleaf pine forest in the Ocala National Forest in Florida (Photo courtesy of U.S. Forest Service)

Thanks to thoughtful leaders like Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and countless others, Americans today can enjoy the same majestic mountains, spacious skies and towering forests revered by generations before us. American sportsmen and sportswomen – hunters, anglers and outdoor adventurers – are, and always have been integral to America's legacy of public lands.

Our 193-million-acre National Forest System harbors world-class fisheries,

millions of acres of wild turkey habitat and 80 percent of all the elk, mountain goat and bighorn sheep habitat in the lower 48 states. These are just a few reasons why the National Forest Foundation (NFF) works to improve America's public lands for the wildlife and wild places that millions of outdoors enthusiasts enjoy each year.

Forests in Need

From Alaska to Florida, millions of people visit America's national forests

each year and with two-thirds of Americans living within 100 miles of a national forest, these lands truly are America's backyard. Unfortunately, due to damage from wild-fire, insects, disease and natural disasters, more than one-third of our National Forests and Grasslands urgently needs restoration.

"Our nation's public lands face unprecedented challenges to their health, diversity and vitality," said Bill Possiel, president of the NFF. "The health of America's national forest system



Tahoe National Forest (Photo by O. Carmel)

contributes to everyone's quality of life – from the millions who rely on drinking water from the national forests to the clean air that the forests produce.”

To maintain and strengthen these vital natural resources, the NFF has launched a national conservation campaign to build support for America's national forests from coast and coast. The NFF's Treasured Landscapes campaign, which has a goal of raising \$100 million, includes large-scale restoration projects at 14 ecologically significant and iconic locations while supporting hundreds of community-based conservation efforts at national forests and grasslands across the country.

From Wild Turkeys to Spawning Salmon

In Central Florida, the Ocala National Forest's diverse ecosystems are crucial to not only the health of the land-

scape but to wildlife as well. The longleaf pine ecosystem once covered 90 million acres in the southern United States. By the early 20th century, 97 percent of this ecosystem had been lost due to timber harvest, development, agriculture and alteration of fire regimes. Despite its dwindling extent, longleaf pine remains a critical habitat; what is left supports 60 percent of the reptiles and amphibians in the Southeast.

Not the most glamorous of landscapes, the big scrub of the Ocala is the largest remaining contiguous sand pine scrub forest, providing necessary habitat for an array of animals including migratory birds, woodpeckers, and raptors. Gentle and slow-moving manatees also seek refuge in the springs throughout the forest. It would not be unusual to spot alligators, white-tailed deer, wild boar, squirrels, bats, coyotes, foxes, raccoons, bobcats or

armadillos, and of course the Florida black bear.

Working closely with the Forest Service and other partners on the Ocala, the NFF is helping to restore two globally impaired ecosystems – the longleaf pine and sand scrub – and will facilitate the recovery of the federally endangered red-cockaded woodpecker, the Florida scrub jay and a host of other rare and endemic species.

Amidst the rugged hills and river bottoms of northern Arkansas, the Ozark National Forest is home to cascading waterfalls, mysterious caves, expansive views and a variety of wildlife. Here the NFF's Treasured Landscapes restoration work focuses on increasing habitat for wildlife such as deer, wild turkeys, elk and quail as well as improving ponds and streams for fish and amphibians.

In northern Idaho, Lightning



Deschutes National Forest in Oregon
(Photo by John Hutmacher)



A deer at Coconino National Forest in northern Arizona
(Photo courtesy of U.S. Forest Service)

Creek lives up to its name with annual dramatic thunderstorms and flooding on the Idaho Panhandle National Forest. In recent years, flooding has wreaked havoc on the creek and the surrounding area, damaging fish habitat for rainbow, brook and brown trout. In the coming years, the NFF will work with local partners to help repair and restore Lightning Creek to ensure the waters remain healthy for current and future fish populations.

Two wild and scenic rivers are receiving some much-needed attention on Oregon's Deschutes National Forest. For the past three years the NFF has worked with the local community and partners to

help bring back historic populations of native salmon and steelhead to the Metolius River and Whychus Creek. In 2010, a new fish passage system on the downstream dam allowed steelhead and Chinook salmon to return upstream in the Deschutes for the first time in years. With the tangential effort of releasing fry in Whychus Creek and other tributaries, eventually these fish will once again populate these streams.

A United Effort

The NFF's Treasured Landscapes campaign offers multiple opportunities for individuals and families to get involved in

the enjoyment and restoration of "America's Backyard" by lending support, volunteering time or just signing up to follow campaign updates. The campaign targets America's National Forest System which:

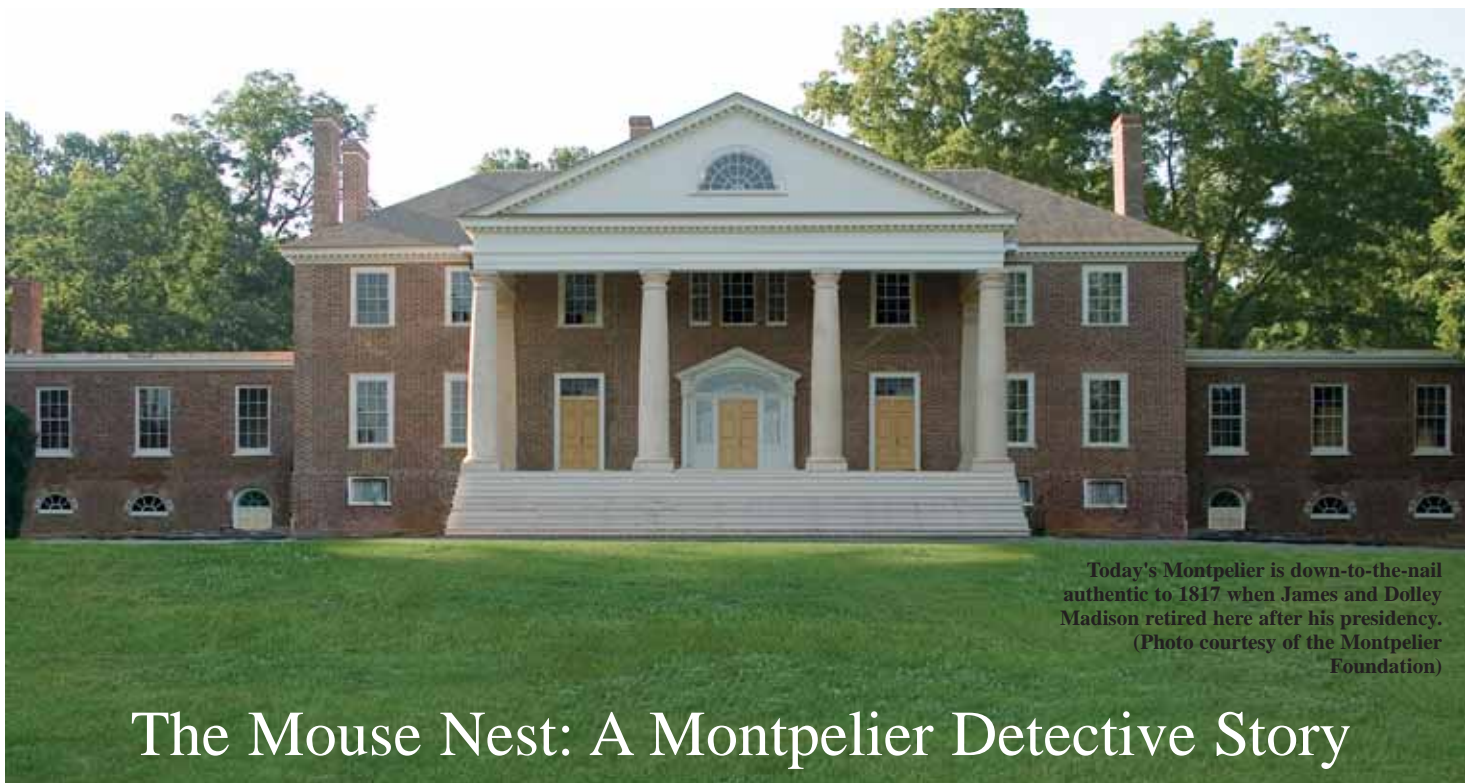
- includes 155 national forests and 20 national grasslands in 44 states;
- hosts more than 200 million visitors annually;
- generates fresh water supplies for 123 million Americans;
- provides more than 143,000 miles of trails;
- creates a positive economic impact on surrounding communities, including 223,000 jobs.

Our national forests are exactly that: *ours*. Ours to enjoy. Ours to restore. Only together—involving agencies, organizations, communities, citizens—can these treasured landscapes endure for all who depend on them.

To learn more about the National Forest Foundation and become a Friend of the Forest, explore the NFF's websites at www.friendsoftheforest.org or www.nationalforests.org. Friends receive updates and communications with photos and stories about our national forests and grasslands as well as opportunities to take part in hands-on volunteer projects restoring popular forest areas.

You can also stay connected by following the National Forest Foundation on Facebook at www.facebook.com/NationalForestFoundation, on Twitter at www.twitter.com/nationalforests and on YouTube at www.youtube.com/natlforests.

Originally from Michigan and now living in Missoula, Montana, Ettema is a staff writer for the National Forest Foundation. A graduate of Michigan State University, she shares the stories of the NFF and our national forests online and elsewhere through various communication channels.



Today's Montpelier is down-to-the-nail authentic to 1817 when James and Dolley Madison retired here after his presidency. (Photo courtesy of the Montpelier Foundation)

The Mouse Nest: A Montpelier Detective Story

by Phil Audibert

Of the many stories James Madison's Montpelier has to tell, the one about the mouse nest may be the most compelling.

During the massive five-year, \$25 million restoration of the fourth president's home, they found, stuffed in the wall, evidence of a rodent's home. But rather than toss it in the dustbin, they carefully took it apart and examined it. For the restorers and archaeologists it could only be called an *Oh! Wow!* moment. The nest yielded a torn newspaper clipping, which dated the find; a piece of red damask material, which told them how the furniture in the drawing room was upholstered; and a scrap of paper with the clearly legible word *mother* written in Madison's distinctive hand.

This find is just one chapter in an ongoing multi-volume detective story that led restorers to find the original 10,600-square-foot presidential home lying within the 36,000-square-foot early 20th-century DuPont mansion. Today, Montpelier is down-to-the-nail authentic to 1817 – thanks in part to a mouse nest.

"We didn't throw anything away," says one of the sleuths in this forensics thriller, Director of Restoration John Jeanes. They pored over eyewitness diary accounts by visitors of the time. They compared watercolors, lithographs and drawings. They matched up nail holes and pock marks in the plaster and grooves in the brick. They looked at old paint through a microscope. They found the south yard slave quarters from an old insurance map gathering dust in Richmond.

From the only five 1880s-era interior photographs known to exist, they discovered the room where Madison died. It had a door just to the left of the fireplace that no one knew about. In another photo they could see a reflection of a door in a mantelpiece mirror, literally looking back into history. It told them which way it opened.

William DuPont, who purchased Montpelier in 1901, used Madison-era sheathing from the basement to panel his bowling alley. Outlined on these planks can be seen the ghosts of the tread and rise

of the cellar stair. Similar ghosts determined the shape of a cornice from the profile it left on a brick wall. Restorers found 38 of the original 51 Madison-era doors. Down in the basement, they removed the DuPont-era cement floor, to find the perfect impressions of herringbone brick in the red clay. Dolley's kitchen floor!

Today Jeanes' job has become more maintenance-oriented. He doesn't miss the days when the mansion was wrapped in eight-millimeter plastic and a windstorm was bearing down on him. That plastic actually blew off twice, prompting him to comment, "What hair that remains is gray." But he can rest assured that the project could not have been done any better. He's grateful for having "the luxury of choosing people who are really, really good at what they do."

Although the restoration of the mansion is complete, work continues on the 100 or so other buildings on the property. Sleuthing is ongoing, as researchers try to find original or comparable furnishings for the Madison home. This is a tough task

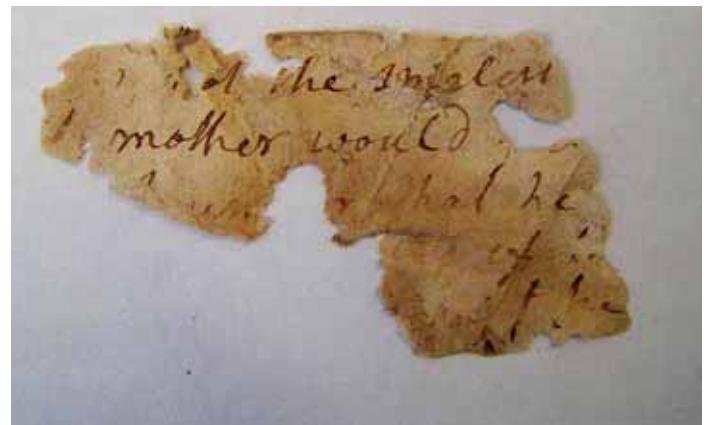


The discovery and restoration of the original Montpelier took five years and \$25 million. (Photo by Phil Audibert)

Archaeological digs will continue to produce artifacts for decades to come. (Photo by Phil Audibert)



In a mouse nest in the wall, restorers found a scrap of a letter written in James Madison's hand. (Photo courtesy of the Montpelier Foundation)



considering the fact that Dolley's ne'er-do-well son by a previous marriage racked up a fortune in gambling debts. She had to sell everything to pay them off. Tracking those items down has become a detective story of its own.

Progress is being made.

Montpelier's Beth Morrill says a tiny scrap of wallpaper smaller than this "o" when put under a microscope, told them that it was crimson (Dolley's favorite color) and flocked. They took wood samples from two chairs covered in the red damask material found in the mouse nest "and determined

they are both Madison's, but one is a French set and one is an American set made to match." From this and visitors' descriptions, inventories, letters and diaries, they knew how to furnish the drawing room downstairs.

In that drawing room sits a



William DuPont purchased Montpelier in 1901 and tripled its size to 36,000 square feet. But he threw away nothing, which helped restorers find the original 10,600-square-foot mansion within these walls. (Photo courtesy of the Montpelier Foundation)

reproduction of an “electrical machine.” Apparently, the Madisons and their guests would hold hands and turn the crank on this device to experience mild electrical shocks. “This was a kind of parlor game. It was a form of entertainment,” says Morrill. “These are some of the cool finds, when you start thinking of them as people and knowing who they are and what their interests were.”

The detective story has also gone underground, quite literally. In the pastures below the Visitor’s Center a small village of tents and tarps has sprouted, protecting what Assistant Director of Archaeology Mark Trickett believes are three structures, possibly Madison-era dwellings of enslaved families. “It’s fascinatingly tantalizing,” he says eyes bright with excitement. “We get these little hints; it’s unique. We take down a layer at a time going down through history.”

He points to marbles found at a south yard fireplace. Children played here. Then he cites an account by the Marquis de Lafayette who visited a 104-year-old woman in this very same place. “You have *just life*,” he says passionately. “I love it.”

A remarkable advantage is that the DuPonts did not till the land; they didn’t need to. And so it has lain undisturbed since

1901. Much of what the archaeologists are finding was deposited in reverse order, a perfect timeline. Ironically, the trash heap yields many highly-valued stories. From the empty bottles and shells, it seems the Madisons had a fondness for champagne and oysters.

Many more mouse nests, literal and figurative, remain to be discovered at Montpelier. “Where is that final moment when we pronounce it done?” asks Morrill rhetorically. “Is there ever a final moment when we pronounce it done?”

Trickett and Archaeology Director Matt Reeves, with a staff of six plus 100 or more volunteers, have a lifetime of mouse nests here yet to unearth. When they die, Morrill jokes, they’ll “probably leave us a ‘to do’ list.”

Phil Audibert has been writing and shooting photographs since he was 16. He has won numerous writing awards from the Virginia Press Association. You are welcome to visit him at AudibertPhoto.com.

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The North Vista looking towards the house. Original design by Farrand with later modifications by other designers.

On the Rock of Dumbarton

A Historic Garden in the Nation's Capital

Story and Photos by Ian Robertson



Pebble Garden, designed in 1959 by Ruth Havey using Mexican pebbles with creeping thyme and sedum providing contrast

Founded in 1751, the Georgetown area of Washington, D.C., rises quite rapidly from the Potomac River through the historic residential streets offering many fine homes, often fronted by their theaters of small, intriguing plantings. Colonel Ninian Beall (1625-1717), a Scotsman, patented a tract of the higher part of the area and named it The Rock of Georgetown, this being a nostalgic reference to his homeland where a fortification of the early Britons, Dumbarton, overlooked the surrounding countryside. Today the house and garden of Dumbarton Oaks sit quietly within the area of the Rock of Georgetown, comprehensively shielded from the surrounding bustle and noise of greater Washington.

The early 1800s house was purchased by Robert and Mildred Bliss in 1920. Bliss was a Harvard-educated Foreign Service officer, ambassador, art historian and art collector – all experiences that helped map out the future path of the couple’s new home. This path proved a fascinating journey that has today culminated in an academic center, a much visited museum and triumphant garden.

Mildred Bliss quickly found a kindred spirit in the landscape architect Beatrix Farrand, who helped her to visualize her dream out of this steeply sloping, wooded property. The ensuing design partnership lasted from 1922 through 1940. Together they created a splendid American adaptation of the classical Mediterranean- garden style that had become popular with the prosperous Americans of the period and had been well illustrated by Farrand’s aunt, the socialite



Wrought-iron fountain terrace gate recently reconstructed from the original Farrand pattern



Horseshoe fountain and stair

and popular author, Edith Wharton, in her 1904 book *Italian Villas and Their Gardens*.

The Bliss’ working life took them away for long periods to Europe and

South America, so for many years the Dumbarton garden development was continued through mailed drawings and descriptive letters. Throughout, there was complete professional respect, trust and



Part of the kitchen garden now known as the Growing Garden. Potted chrysanthemums for display backed by two pavilions reflective of a similar design from Traquair House in Scotland.

honesty between client and designer that allowed the garden installation to move forward in all its intimate detail with the end result seen today giving full credence to that special relationship.

Dumbarton Oaks sits on defiantly

steep topography, a challenge to a designer whose early mentor, director of Harvard's Arnold Arboretum Charles Sprague Sargent, stressed the importance of designing to a space, not changing topography to fit the design. Sargent's

abiding interest was plants and the art of gardening, which Farrand heartily endorsed while also adding her strong artistic eye. These talents, along with both client and designer's world travels and observations, guided the development of the gardens at

Farrand designed many of the garden seats. This one from 1933 is in the Fountain Garden being constructed from oak and aluminum.



An intimate pool decorated with ferns and cyperus





The Box Walk shows mature English boxwood lining the brick walk patterned after one at Barrington Court in Somerset, England.

Dumbarton Oaks.

Among the many examples of European influences are two delightful garden pavilions set against a wall of the Growing Garden. Their magnificent tiled, ogee roof design was inspired by Farrand's visit to the gardens of ancient Traquair House in southern Scotland. Trained against walls are the southern magnolia; hillsides with rows of fruit trees; and the aerial hedges of flower and fruiting trees are further examples of European landscape ideas being used in this design.

A pattern was constructed of enclosed garden rooms contrasting with each other and offering the tranquility of greens leading to dramatic color, from shade passing through evergreen hedges to bright sunlight, from small intimacies to broad swaths and open views. These rooms are connected via brick walks, sloping paths and sometimes grand or often intimate steps. As one is lured on from garden to garden, from open view to hidden paths, the senses are excited and relaxed as one is

enveloped by the space. Places to rest are offered by so many classic seats, some charmingly tucked away in retreats, others standing importantly as befits their grand designs. All give the visitor opportunity to gather thoughts of what has been experienced and surely what excitement there is still to be found.

For sure there is much to find and admire, such as the vista from the open terrace adjacent to the house that leads to the Beech Terrace, where a mature overarching specimen of beech offers grand elegance and quiet shade. This in turn leads to the view of a multitude of roses formally displayed on a lower terrace. If you wish, go to the overlook of the impressive, classical styled Pebble Garden and fountains. A long patterned brick walk lined with ancient English boxwood leads down to the Ellipse Garden. Here the double aerial hedge of American hornbeam surrounds a lawn which in turn is centered by a large fountain and pool. Again a feeling of elegance and space contrasts so well with the shaded boxwood path leading down to this garden room. Both Ellipse Garden by Alden Hopkins and Pebble Garden by Ruth Havey were more recent additions.

When passing down the box walk to the right, the formal herbaceous cutting and growing gardens lie dramatically below, seasonally filled with thousands of colored blooms. Farrand's use of color was influenced to a large extent by the writings of famous English garden designer Gertrude Jekyll, whom she met once and read many times. It is this classical use of plant material to paint and soften the magnificent brick and stone-work structures that allows this hillside garden to become so intriguing. Similar techniques have been successful in many other gardens such as Vita Sackville-West's much-visited Sissinghurst in southeast England.

When Harvard University became trustee of Dumbarton Oaks in 1940, thanks

to their old alumnus, they took on quite a responsibility. John Thacher, the first director, understood this well, turning quickly to Farrand for guidance. This request resulted in Farrand's *Plant Book*, a comprehensive analysis of all parts of the garden and plantings extant at the time. She was always insistent on detailed maintenance of all plantings and structures, so well she understood what was involved. To her lasting credit, the book is still referenced after 60 years by garden history fellows and garden staff. The garden staff and Garden and Grounds Director Gail Griffin, a lady of infinite knowledge and grace, have proved equal to the task, showing wisdom and understanding of the processes of the garden. Each part of the garden has a staff member responsible for that area, whether it be glasshouses, trees, roses, cut flowers and vegetables, herbaceous borders, water or grass. This system ensures Farrand's meticulous maintenance directions are, as far as possible, respected. She would be highly pleased by this.

Dumbarton Oaks is also home to international fellowship studies in Byzantine, Pre-Colombian and garden and landscape subjects. There is also a research library, museum and museum shop with the latter two being open to the public as are the 10 acres of gardens. Gardens open: March 15-Oct. 31 2:00-6:00 pm; Nov. 1-March 14 2:00-5:00 pm. Closed Mondays and holidays. There is an entrance fee in the summer period. For more information see www.doaks.org.

Ian Robertson is a regular lecturer and author of the book *Six Thousand Years Up the Garden Path*. His articles appear in *Fine Gardening* and *Central Virginia Gardener*. Robertson can be reached at (434) 978-1714.

Ask people who are familiar with the work of John James Audubon to describe his work and you will often hear a rich silence as they organize their thoughts. Then, they can't stop talking. *Strikingly vivid. . . . Interesting;. . . . Romantic. . . . Most famous American painter of birds. . . .* What Carl Faberge did for jewelry, Audubon did for painting and birds – in a kaleidoscope of colors and detail, based on years of observation and hunting as he trekked through the woods and boated the waterways of the American landscape. He not only changed the way artists painted wildlife, but also how we look at nature and what we know about ornithology. Audubon was more than just a painter; he was a scientist-artist. And self-taught. Everyone from Hudson River School artists like Frederic Church and Martin Johnson Heade to contemporary artists like James Prosek and Alexis Rockman owes him great thanks.

His life was as colorful as his art and he had a flair for tall tales. He claimed to have been born to the aristocracy, the son of a French admiral and a noble Creole from Louisiana; after his mother's death, he was taken to France where he was raised by his father's second wife. At one time his family had been imprisoned in the Bastille. Because of their connections, with a son interested in painting, his parents arranged for him to study under master painter Jacques-Louis David.

This biography was far from the truth. Audubon was born Jean Rabin in Les Cayes, Saint-Domingue (Haiti), the illegitimate son of a French Navy captain and a chambermaid. When his mother died, he was raised by his father and

Meadow Lark, 1832
From *Birds of North America*, ca. 1827-1851
Hand water colored engraving
with etching and aquatint on rag paper
38½" H x 25½" W

James John Audubon

A Painter Lives Large

by Tyler Scott





Brown Pelican, 1835
 From *Birds of North America*, 1827-1839
 Hand water colored engraving, etching and
 aquatint on rag paper
 38¾"H x 25 7/16"W

American Robin, 1832
 From *Birds of North America*, ca. 1827-1851
 Hand water colored engraving with etching and
 aquatint on rag paper
 38"H x 25"W



another mistress/housekeeper along with their other children; never mind Capt. Audubon had a legal wife in France. Because of slave rebellions and unrest as Saint-Domingue struggled for independence, the young Jean was eventually evacuated to France with a half-sister. In 1803 his father and stepmother sent him to America, to avoid conscription in Napoleon's army. He

lived at Mill Grove, a family property near Philadelphia. His parents asked him to never reveal the truth of his birth, a request he seems to have honored.

Time passed. He married Miss Lucy Bakewell, fathered children and eventually opened a dry goods store in Henderson, Kentucky – all the while hunting, collecting birds and drawing, often leaving

his family for long periods. The art, it seems, took precedence over earning a living and dandling small children.

Where there is a story of great artistic achievement, there is also pain and tragedy and Audubon had his share of both. Two daughters died in infancy. A business went under. He served time in jail for not paying off loans. A healthy share of critics



Blue Jay, ca. 1830
 From *Birds of North America*, 1827-1851
 Hand water colored engraving, etching and
 aquatint on rag paper
 38½"H x 25¼"W

Carolina Parrot, c. 1828
 From *Birds of North America*, 1827-1839
 Hand water colored engraving,
 etching and aquatint on rag paper
 38"H x 25¼"W

in the art and science world felt threatened by his swashbuckling style and insider's view of nature which they mocked. For years he was blackballed by the likes of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

There were artistic setbacks as well. According to William Souder's Pulitzer-nominated biography *Under A*

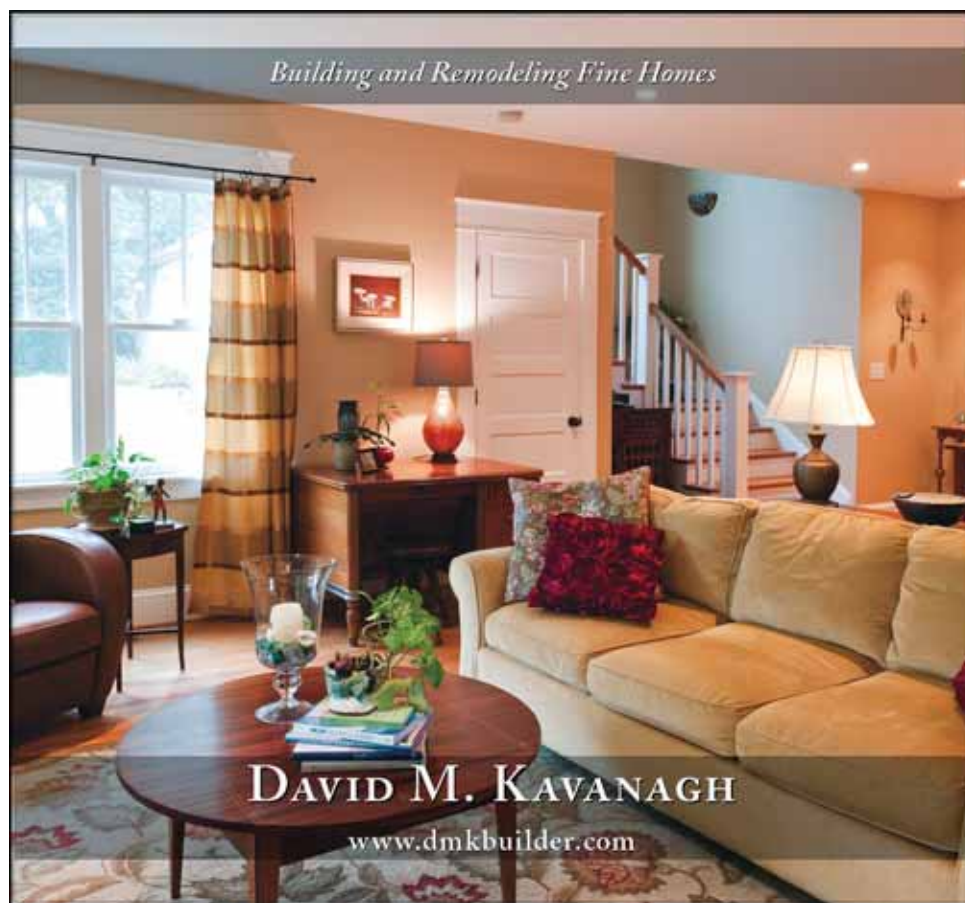
Wild Sky, the family returned to Henderson after a long voyage, only to find a pair of Norwegian rats raising their young in the same trunk where Audubon had stored more than 200 drawings; the illustrations were a urine-soaked loss. But this proved fortuitous. By then, Audubon realized he might be able to make a living from his watercolors – there was a market for

wildlife paintings – and he was ready to change. He had begun experimenting with his watercolors, pencil, chalk and gouache. According to Souder, he used a technique to skin birds by removing their innards and then stuffing them with straw or cotton (this method still exists and some of his specimens survive); he would wire the skins to give them lifelike poses. He added

flora and fauna, males, females, and juveniles which nested, hunted and fed together. Action and narrative. There could be a family of cooing mourning doves or two black vultures devouring a deer's head. It was a combination of art and science, a technique he was often criticized for, but over time this appealed to a wide audience.

With his wife's encouragement, Audubon was convinced he could find a publisher for his portfolio, yet no one in America was interested. The project of publishing several hundred sheets of life-size bird portraits was too expensive, so Audubon sailed to England with the goal of finding a printer and selling subscriptions to *Birds of America*. Audubon knew how to play up the American backwoodsman, buckskins and all. He knew how to market himself, and the English were more appreciative of a dashing adventurer who could paint. He eventually found a printer, Robert Havell, Jr., who saw the merits of *Birds of America* and agreed to print it in life-sized sheets on copperplate followed by handcoloring. There were 435 images. Eighteen years of work. Today there are 175 to 200 surviving sets of the original *Birds of America*, mostly owned by institutions. One original sold for \$11.5 million in 2010 to a London art dealer after a four-minute telephone-bidding battle at Sotheby's – setting a record.

How did a hunter who killed thousands of birds so he could paint them become the father of conservation and have an ornithological society named after him? There was a family connection. Lucy Audubon, who worked as a tutor and governess over the years, had a student named George Bird Grinnell, one of the founders of the early Audubon Society in the late 19th century. Grinnell thought it befitting to name the society for the painter. Further, Audubon, a hunter who considered it a good day if he could kill one hundred birds, was also a great naturalist and began writing about the decline in bird numbers and habitat. To wit, he had seen the demise



of the Carolina parrot and the passenger pigeon.

More than he could have imagined, Audubon has left his mark. When asked about the artist's popularity, Carlotta Owens, the associate curator of modern prints and drawings at the National Gallery of Art, said visitors from all over the world request Whistler, Cassatt and Audubon more than any others in the collection she supervises. "He showed people things they didn't see," she explained one day on the phone, noting that he brought bird life to the people when he began selling the octavo, smaller edition of *Birds of America*. In an email, Sylvia Yount, chief curator at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, wrote that Audubon remains a great favorite "for the animal subject matter, technical skill of the work, and fascinating life story" and is still so appreciated as the father of nature conservancy.

I'm proud to say I own an Audubon. Thirty years ago, during my

salad days, I paid \$75 for an old lithograph I found in a Beaufort, South Carolina, gallery. My *Mealy Redpoll Linnet*, so serene, still hangs in my bedroom.

Senile, with failing eyesight, Audubon died on January 27, 1851. He rests at Trinity Church Cemetery in Manhattan, the Hudson River flowing in the distance, the bird life watching from above.

All images were taken by Travis Fullerton from gifts of Alma and Harry H. Coon, courtesy of Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Virginia,

Tyler Scott has been writing for newspapers and magazines for the past 30 years. She lives in Richmond, Virginia.

Ten-year-old Juilliard-trained violinist Elli Choi and pianist Daniel Fung



Juilliard in Aiken

by
J. Michael Welton

Emmanuel Williams is an 18-year-old freshman studying music education at the University of South Carolina Aiken. He's a percussionist. He identified that talent as his strength and his destiny years ago in middle school. And he stuck with it all the way through high school. But with help from Juilliard in Aiken, Williams has developed a wide, knowledge-based foundation upon which he can build a lifelong career out of drums, xylophone and tympani.

"They give you so much information," he says. "I'd still be a percussionist, but they gave me a new passion for what I do - they showed me different points of view and different genre, in jazz, Latin,

funk and pop."

Juilliard in Aiken is a weeklong festival of performing arts presented every March through a partnership between the nation's premier conservatory and a sophisticated Southern city known for its equestrian sports and its refined, late-19th century architecture. Williams first encountered a Juilliard in Aiken performance two years ago at his church, Second Baptist. "It was a jazz band and it was awesome," he says.

Before he knew it, he'd signed up for a weeklong Juilliard Summer Jazz Camp in Atlanta to study with some of the



Juilliard's Apple Trio (Yuri Bakker, piano; Charles Yang, violin; and Eru Matsumoto, cello) on stage during the festival with percussionist Samuel Budish.

best musicians in the nation, if not the world. About 300 students, some as young as 13, were joined by eight instructors and a host of Juilliard performing artists who assisted them. “You go for yourself – not for college or someone else – but for your own personal gain,” he says.

Juilliard in Aiken held its first festival in 2009. Its budget was \$70,000. That number has grown to \$225,000 for this year's festival. The funds are used for transporting artists and faculty to Aiken, for production and venue costs, for outreach programs and for nominal artists' honoraria. Local families generously open up their homes to performers for the week.

The festival was inspired by a pair of writers who first penned a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of painter Jackson Pollock, then created the Best Lawyers in America franchise, and moved from Manhattan to Aiken in 1989.

They were drawn to the city by a brochure that advertised Joye Cottage for sale there.

The residence was substantial but run-down. A 60-room manse with 15 baths, it offered a full-sized ballroom, squash courts and stables for 30 horses. Designed in part by Carrere & Hastings of New York, the architecture firm responsible for the New York City Public Library as well as Richmond's Jefferson Hotel and Commonwealth Club, Joye Cottage is an iconic symbol of Aiken's legacy during the Gilded Age.

In the late 1800s, the city was discovered - along with Newport, Rhoad Island - by New York's wealthiest families, among them the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Whitneys. “It had one of the first rail lines in South Carolina,” says Janice Jennings, one of 200 Aiken-based volunteers with the festival who is also a member of the Juilliard in Aiken Board of Trustees and chair of the advertising, publicity and promotions committee. “They brought their polo ponies in by rail and built big mansions to live in for the winter.”



New York-based cabaret star and Juilliard alumna Jennifer Sheehan headlined the 2012 festival. She will return to Aiken for two fundraising shows in January.

The Juilliard Jazz Artist Diploma Ensemble onstage at a Kidz Bop concert, part of Juilliard in Aiken's extensive outreach program for area students



In 1897, William C. Whitney bought Joye Cottage, a former boarding house, and began adding on to it. Enrico Caruso and Fred Astaire would be among those who performed in its ballroom.

Once authors Steve Naifeh and Greg Smith saw the home's brochure, they sold their apartment in New York and set about restoring it to Whitney's vision. “They've been renovating it ever since,” she says. “Now it's gorgeous.”

she says. “Now it's gorgeous.”

Their time in Aiken has not been without its difficulties. Diagnosed with a vascular brain tumor in 1996, Smith has faced a number of surgeries. He and Naifeh turned tragedy into triumph, though, when they established a legacy bequeathing Joye Cottage to Juilliard in 2008. The festival followed.

“Juilliard sends students, faculty and alumni each spring,” Jennings says.



“After Hours at the Willcox,” a popular evening jazz performance in one of Aiken’s iconic Gilded-Age hotels.

Joye Cottage, a former Winter Colony mansion now serving as the only out-of-town retreat for The Juilliard School



“This year, from March 9-15, 40 students will have a full schedule. When they’re not performing, they’re out in the schools teaching.” Those schools are primarily underserved by the arts in Aiken and include a number that are federally funded, Title I schools in lower economic areas. Many of their students come from families well below the poverty level. To assure that public performances are available to all, the festival makes many free, while others are ticketed. Jennings estimates that about 4,000 residents of the city experience it annually.

“It’s a tremendous success, with “remarkable talent,” says Sandra Field, president of Juilliard in Aiken. “People are exposed to a level of quality performances that you don’t find unless you go to New York.” Juilliard in Aiken, she says, is now one of the crown jewels in the state of South Carolina, along with Charleston’s Spoleto Festival. It gives students the opportunity to work with world-class artists in theater, dance and music, and nurtures their overall understanding of the arts.

The festival pays off in the classroom as well. “Students involved



Juilliard in Aiken co-founders Greg Smith (center left) and Steven Naifeh (center right) make a presentation to Dr. Joseph Polisi, President of The Juilliard School, while state and local dignitaries look on.

in the arts are much more successful,” Field says. “You see improvement in discipline and motivation – they’re more engaged in the learning process and in staying on task.” Those engaged in the arts learn to think critically and creatively, and it shows. “When you walk into one of these schools, you feel this high energy level,” she says. “You don’t feel like they’re being policed – it’s a wonderful day of learning, and the kids are excited about learning.”

For Williams, who plans to teach music when he graduates from the University of South Carolina at Aiken, it’s also about reaching out to others. “It won’t be that interesting to me unless I can show other kids how it’s supposed to be,” he says.

And if there’s a word for how it’s supposed to be, that word would have to be awesome.

For more information, visit www.juilliardinnaiken.com.

J. Michael Welton writes about architecture, art and design for a number of national and international publications, including *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Dwell*. He also edits and publishes an online design magazine at www.architectsandartisans.com.

Snapshots for Straight Shooting

Overhead Targets

Henry Baskerville

For overhead targets, elevate the shotgun with your forearm. Don't buckle your back!



Overhead Shot Figure A:

Shooter Catherine Godin severely bends her back in an effort to accommodate a clay bird flying above her. This rigorous bending of her spine slows down her actions while limiting her mobility and her flexibility. It can also make her back hurt.



Overhead Shot Figure B:

Improving her shooting style, Godin attains the next overhead clay by elevating the shotgun with her forearm while striving to keep her back straighter. This is much more efficient than bending her back because it is easier for her to raise the forend of the shotgun with her forearm than by flexing her spinal cord.

Henry Baskerville is a NSCA- and NRA-certified shooting instructor and life member of the International Professional Hunters' Association. He is the director of Cavalier Sporting Clays near Richmond, Virginia. He can be reached at H.Baskerville@Comcast.net or (804) 370-7565.

Outdoors With Jim Brewer

A Hunting & Fishing Forecast

February/March

Though February and March come near the front of the year as far as the calendar is concerned, the two months are really at the end of each hunting season. Frankly, there's not a whole lot of hunting to be done in these oft-dismal months, but what there is can be pretty good.

For the past few years, the late season for Canada geese has extended until mid-February, and with just as many birds around as ever, we assume the season will continue well into the month with the fewest days. This can be dynamite hunting for those willing to do a little scouting and able to toss out a few decoys in a cut-over grain field sometime before sunrise.

By February, there will be a limited number of fields with grain remaining. Find one, and you'll find geese – often huge flocks of up to 200 birds. Decoys, by the way, can be fashioned from black trash bags stuck on stakes with a dab of white spray paint here and there. The rough decoys only have to draw birds in close enough for a shot.

Grouse are also legal game until about mid-February, and often the most exciting shooting of the year occurs at the tail end of the season. I once jumped seven grouse from a single thicket on a snow-covered February morning. The birds tend to congregate a little more at the end of the season due to limited food sources as well as the anticipation of the mating season in

March/April. It's worth a trip to the woods for an opportunity at one of America's most regal game birds. The rabbit season has also been extended into February in recent years – an ideal time to get those beagle packs into a few exciting, late-season chases.

For those with access to a bean field somewhere along Virginia's coast, snow geese are a possibility into mid-March. The past season's limits have been generous – 15 birds daily. If you go, bring lots of shells.

Fishermen have limited possibilities in February. In saltwater, cold weather generally drives the stripers out into ocean waters. There is often, however, a good speckled trout bite at the Hot Ditch. Tautogs also bite in February, as do sea bass off the wrecks at Virginia Beach. Boston mackerel pass along the Virginia coast – sometimes within range of charter boats out of Rudee or Lynnhaven – but that bite is more likely in March than February.

In freshwater, trout fishermen who don't mind chipping ice from their rod guides can take advantage of the early stocking program already under way by the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries. But with water temperatures generally in the upper 30s and lower 40s, it can be slow going.

In the lakes, crappie can be had on sunny afternoons and bass fishing for lunkers begins to heat up at places like

Lake Anna and the Chickahominy Lake. And there are always suckers migrating up smaller creeks and rivers for those who truly get desperate. But for my money, yellow perch fishing is an angler's best bet in freshwater during February.

March, however, is a different story on the fishing scene. This is the month when things really start to happen. Big female bass move in close to shore as do crappie schools. Trout streams begin to come alive with insect hatches including the Quill Gordon and Blue Quill mayflies.

March is also an excellent month to wrestle with a trophy blue catfish at hotspots like Buggs Island Lake and the James River near Hopewell. Speaking of Buggs Island, don't forget the crappie bite, which peaks on Virginia's largest lake in mid-March.

So there is really plenty to do for the Virginia sportsman willing to bundle up a little and go hunting or fishing during February and March.

Jim Brewer is a longtime Virginia outdoor writer who has been writing outdoor columns for the Charlottesville *Daily Progress* and other Virginia papers for more than 20 years. He was co-founder of *Virginia Sportsman* and is a regular contributor.



Although the Range Rover Evoque is tilted toward urban and suburban drivers, it is fully capable of going off-road. (Photo courtesy Land Rover)

OFF THE TOPIC

The Range Rover Evoque

An English Bulldog

by
Phil Audibert

The first time I saw a Range Rover Evoque, I was hauling a horse trailer in the pouring rain around the Baltimore Beltway. I never saw him coming. He blew by me like a bat out of hell, a vaporous comet seemingly going twice my speed, his taillights rapidly shrinking in the mist. I blinked and rubbed my eyes. “What *was* that thing?” I muttered.

The answer: an English bulldog.

“Are you really comparing a car to a dog?” you ask.

Well—yeah. Just look at the Evoque, and yes, it does evoke a response, and to me, that response is pure English bulldog. Okay, it doesn’t slobber, but—that low, wide aggressive stance; that slightly protruding lower lip formed by the skid plate and the grill; those scowling eyes; the big chest that tapers back to an almost delicate rear end; this is an automotive Uga.

Its personality is like a bull dog’s too: tenacious, determined, power-packed into a small package. Winston Churchill should be at the wheel. More importantly, it stems from a long and distinguished line of canines – er cars, that were born and bred in Britain.

Never mind that Tata, India’s automotive giant, now owns Land Rover; the

important thing is these vehicles are still made in the U.K. In fact, Matt Bigelow, the general manager of Land Rover Richmond, says, “Tata has energized the brand. They have stayed true to our history, heritage and tradition.” And he adds that Tata has infused Land Rover with cash “and that has done nothing but help our design, our reliability and sustainability.”

Recently, Bigelow and I took a spanking new Evoque Prestige for a spin. This is the top of the line. The silky leather seats with their twin-needle stitching, the rearview camera, the interior illumination puddles—they all reek of luxury. Yet, Bigelow says, “In terms of recycled pieces and parts, this is probably the most sustainable vehicle that Land Rover has ever built.” It weighs less, it emits less, and at 19 city/28 highway, it guzzles less.

It is also the most technologically advanced, with a keyless ignition system and redesigned consumer-friendly navigation, Bluetooth, and entertainment touchscreen/SoftKey center console. Even the gearshift is different, a knob that you turn instead of a stick that you push or pull. The emergency brake is a finger lever on the dash. The Evoque’s power plant is cutting-edge as well, a two-liter four-banger with a six-speed automatic transmission.



The wide, aggressive stance, scowling eyes and protruding lower lip skid plate may evoke the image of a bulldog on the exterior, but the Evoque is all about eco-friendly luxury and high-tech gadgetry on the interior. From left to right below-- the navigation, Bluetooth and entertainment console, the knob gear shift, and the optional back seat DVD player. (Photos courtesy Land Rover)



“Must be a dog,” you say, referring not to breed but speed.

“Go ahead and get on it,” challenges Bigelow. I do. And while it is not the kind of acceleration that sets your hair on fire, I’m impressed. This 240-horsepower engine with an astounding 250 foot pounds of torque at 1750 rpm, can do naught to 60 in a respectable 7.1 seconds. And it does it with virtually no turbo lag. Translation for us non-gearheads; this dawg can run.

And Land Rover has put paddle shifters where they belong, on the under-

side of the steering wheel, right where your fingers are. “Go ahead and get on it,” repeats Bigelow.

Oh my! Just listen to that magnificent engine note: music to my ears. We’re on a backcountry road, lots of twists and turns, lumps and bumps. But the sporty tight suspension sticks to it like glue; none of that old squishy, swaying, top-heavy *heeeerrrrreee we go* feeling. My right hand squeezes up through the gears; we crest a hill and descend into some S-curves, my left hand downshifting. We accelerate out of one turn and into another and—Yikes!

There’s a stopped school bus, lights flashing, disgorging kids.

Oh my; what brakes! Later, as we merge effortlessly onto an interstate, I glance at the speedometer and note that I’m doing 75. “I’ve never had a ticket on a test drive. You’d be the first,” says Bigelow. No, I won’t. I ease off.

So what makes the Evoque a Land Rover? Most of the photos in the promotional literature show this vehicle prowling city streets, not crossing the Transvaal. “If you’re looking for an off-road machine where you need a lot of clearance and more

versatility, a true four-by-four with a low range transfer box, this probably wouldn't be your choice," admits Bigelow. "But if you need something for everyday capability, sensibility and the ability to go off-road on demand as needed, this is a great car. Fire roads? Eats'em up. Beaches? Eats'em up."

The Evoque has almost 8.5 inches of clearance, can drive through 19 inches of water, and is all-wheel drive all of the time. "That's part of our DNA," says Bigelow as he points to some buttons on the center console. Four choices: 1) general driving; 2) grass, gravel and snow mode; 3) mud and ruts; and 4) sand. Going from one to the other "changes the entire dynamics of the car, and when you think about it, if you are truly driving in mud and ruts, you really want to limit wheel spin. So, it will start you off in second rather than first gear. You take your foot off the gas and immediately the engine starts braking. Whereas in sand, you don't want that; sand you want to keep moving."

So what qualifies the Evoque to be a member of Land Rover's premium brand family, the Range Rover? Bigelow likes this question. "Our designers were able to build a Range Rover, and make no mistake about it, that is a true Range Rover; they did it with the environment in mind, they did it with fuel economy in mind; they did it with technology in mind. And that car is true to our history and heritage and tradition of how Land Rover has always approached car building. It's not a little Range Rover; it's not a baby Range Rover. That car stands all on its own."

Kind of like that English bulldog we were talking about.

Phil Audibert has been writing and shooting photographs since he was 16. He has won numerous writing awards from the Virginia Press Association. You are welcome to visit him at AudibertPhoto.com.



The Evoque can do just about anything the Range Rover can do, but at 19 city/28 highway, it can do it by emitting less and guzzling less, making it ideal for the environment and urban driving. (Top photo by Susie Audibert. Bottom photo courtesy Land Rover)



BOOK REVIEW

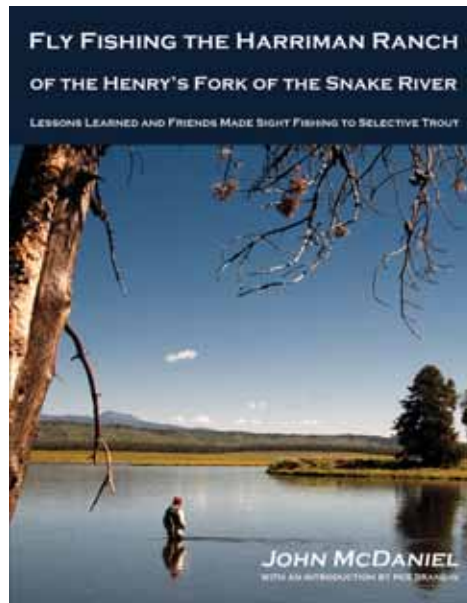
Fly Fishing the Harriman Ranch of the Henry's Fork of the Snake River
By John McDaniel

Richard K. Priebe

In the best literature or film about any sport, the sport itself is tied to the people who participate and by extension the lives we all live. Anyone who has seen the film *Moneyball* knows that while it is about baseball, it is also a story of human relationships, of generosity and modesty, of the pitfalls of selfishness and arrogance, and of the need always for a good sense of humor. John McDaniel's book is about fly fishing for large trout, but it is also about people and their sub-culture in a very special place.

The special place is called The Ranch, an eight-mile stretch of the Henry's Fork, a tributary of the Snake River in southeastern Idaho. Anglers come here from around the world to test their skill. The Henry's Fork was named their favorite river by members of Trout Unlimited. It runs through a 16,000-acre tract bequeathed to the state of Idaho by the Harriman family, known for their ties to the Union Pacific Railroad in the West and for their social and political position in New York and Washington, D.C. The Ranch is part of the largest spring-fed river in the world, a river that meanders through a plateau filled with waterfowl, wildlife and breathtaking views of green forests and the distant, high and jagged Grand Tetons. Once the private playground of Harriman's wealthy friends (there is even a spot called the Millionaire's Pool) the river and thousands of acres of land are now open to the public.

For 29 summers McDaniel fished and guided on the Ranch. During that time



he took meticulous notes on 10,500 hours of fishing when 1,500 fish were brought to the net, a third of which were more than 20 inches. His notes became the basis for the book's encyclopedic information on techniques of observation, matching the hatch, choosing the best-tied flies, casting and numerous other aspects of fly fishing. It is the most richly detailed book ever written on dry-fly fishing the world's most challenging river. Connected to such detail, and making it interesting to even the most general reader, is a loving reflection on his years of experience on one of the most beautiful places in the world. Read this book, and you will know there is no comparable river anywhere.

Woven into narratives of his experiences on the river are details on how to catch very shy, large fish. While looking

over McDaniel's shoulder we learn to see *heads* (large trout) and avoid *dinks* (small fish) just by the rise. We learn why Harrop flies work when no others will, even those of the same pattern. He tells a fine story about "the beetle on steroids," a black beetle pattern that was by accident tied way too large to catch fish. Only it did quite well—sometimes one has to break the rule of matching the hatch. And much of what he tells us is useful on other rivers, such as his techniques in sight-casting to trout with a nymph – he rarely fishes blindly for trout.

For all its beauty and richness, the Ranch can be a cruel mistress. Even the most experienced fisherman must come prepared for fishless days. Nevertheless, it simply is worth being there, worth courting her even on the days when she will best you. You may have a bad day of catching trout, but you will never have a bad day of fishing the Ranch so long as you are patient, observant and persistent.

While McDaniel's astute personal observations cover this unique place and its history, offering abundant details on fishing the river, of equal interest are his reflections on the people who come each summer to fish. McDaniel was a professor of anthropology at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, and thus he is able to bring both scientific and humanistic perspectives to trout fishing. There's the old curmudgeon who keeps people from fishing a pool with a large trout, telling them that the fish has been hooked too many times and he is protecting

it. There's the positive attitude and dogged persistence of the Japanese fisherman who also shows reverence for the fish he stalks, taking as much pleasure from the fish he loses as from the one he lands, and always showing concern that the fish is not hurt. From these very different eyes we learn not about *my fish* but about *our fish*.

No one has written with the skill of Thoreau about a river as McDaniel to the extent that has about the Ranch. Even the most wonkish fly fishermen will learn something new about angling with a fly that he can take to other waters: distinguishing a large fish from small without seeing a tell-tale rise, being persistent in casting to a large fish without spooking it, and more – a metaphysical more. In McDaniel's own words:

Serenity is conferred by the Ranch. The water is calm, and comforting. I suspect very few of us fully appreciate how much we derive psychologically from the pervasive tranquility.

Many Ranch regulars have gained solace and support from the Ranch after suffering difficult problems. It is sustaining for those of us who love it. For me, and others, it is more sacred than any religious place, structure, or shrine in the world.

The book's photos and illustrations attest to a carefully crafted work that belongs on the coffee table of anyone who has even a passing interest in the West's most beautiful places. Moreover, the book is a must-have for the library of those who yearn to go west to the Ranch, if only in their minds. Finally, for those who will actually make the trip to the fabled waters, there are full lists of lodges, restaurants and outfitters in the appendices.

You can find the book on Amazon.com. John Mc Daniel, *Fly Fishing the Harriman Ranch of the Henry's Fork of the Snake River* (Cincinnati, OH: Whitefish Press, 2012), 192 pp.

For more information about the Ranch and

Finding The Right Vehicle For Your Next Hunt Doesn't Have To Be A Wild Goose Chase.



Virginia has a great hunting tradition. And Rosner Automotive Group has a great tradition of providing the perfect transportation to get you to the hunt and get your trophies home. From SUVs to pickups. Wagons to crossovers. Great brands: Mercedes. Nissan. Toyota. Scion and Volvo. And a massive selection of pre-owned cars and trucks at our Used Car Supercenter. Start your next hunting or fishing trip at Rosner.



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the tackle you need there, see www.trouthunt.com You can also find out about hiring McDaniel as a guide at Trothunter in Last Chance, Idaho.

a devout fly fisher and avid cook, the latter passion occasionally conflicting with the former. He fishes many places and spends a month each summer aboard his GradyWhite, the *LucyC*, fishing for salmon in British Columbia. He welcomes comments at rpriebe@vcu.edu.

Richard K. Priebe is Professor Emeritus at Virginia Commonwealth University. He is

A Country Gent's Note

Resting in the Country

Barclay Rives

I like country graveyards for the same reason I like the country. Both are less crowded. I can be acquainted with a greater percentage of my living neighbors in the country than I could in the city. At this point I remember a good percentage of the occupants of my local Grace Church cemetery.

I recently spent an afternoon gathering firewood from a dead oak that had been carefully taken down in the cemetery by a professional arborist. I had to split some of the large sections into six or more pieces before I could lift them. I took frequent breaks and wandered among the nearby gravestones.

Most of the stones just have names and dates. Only a few have epitaphs. In 2009, while delivering a lecture at the University of Virginia, filmmaker John Waters (*Pink Flamingos*, *Hairspray*) said he had left instructions that his gravestone include name and date only. He owns a burial plot in a Baltimore cemetery next to graves of Divine, Mink Stole, and other actors from his films. Waters tried for years to compose a humorous epitaph for himself, but finally decided he could not think of a joke that would stay funny over the long term.

A Rives relative purchased land adjacent to Grace Church and donated it for use as a cemetery in 1883. Previously, people in the neighborhood were laid to rest in family cemeteries located on nearby farms. During the 18th and 19th centuries the farms stayed in the same family for



generations. Some of the dead were re-interred at the church when the farms were sold. I have been told that some of the old stone or brick-walled farm cemeteries did not have stones marking every grave because families kept written and oral burial records.

An unusual family cemetery arrangement is described near the beginning of *Edie: An American Tragedy*, a biography of Edie Sedgwick, who modeled for *Vogue*, acted in Andy Warhol films, was a '60s trendsetter, and died young. Edie was descended from an 18th-century Massachusetts Judge Sedgwick whose grave is at the center of the so-called Sedgwick Pie. The judge's descendants have been buried around him in ever-larger concentric circles so that on the Day of Judgment they will all rise and gaze only upon other Sedgewicks. Family-

only for eternity.

Another Massachusetts burial place, Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, was designed to be an attractive park where the living could stroll and enjoy the scenery. Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science, was buried there in 1910. I have read and been told that she left instructions that a working phone be placed in her coffin so that if she revived herself by Christian Science she could place a call to have herself disinterred. Disappointingly, this turns out to have been a myth, much disseminated, but never actual fact.

My ancestor Henry Barclay (1712-1764) is buried in one of the least pastoral settings possible: Manhattan's Trinity Churchyard, which accumulated much debris when the nearby World Trade Center was destroyed. Henry preached to

the Mohawks upstate before becoming rector of Trinity. Writing on Henry's stone has been completely eroded by urban pollution. After a yellow-fever epidemic of 1822, New York City banned burials on the lower part of the island. The area of the ban moved north over the years, which caused Queens to become Manhattan's burial yard. When flying in or out of LaGuardia Airport, I have looked down on the vast, monotonous rows of stones I would not want to visit, much less become a permanent occupant.

I consider my country church graveyard more attractive. Much of it is shaded by old oak trees, and most everyone there once lived in the neighborhood. Grace Church has witnessed internal strife over the generations. One fierce argument concerned a proposal to build an attached parish hall. One lady speaking for the opposition claimed the addition would block the view of the mountain from her ancestors buried in the cemetery. Another lady countered that if the ancestors were in heaven as alleged, their view would be unobstructed.

The graves nearest my pile of firewood belong to a couple named Franz and Hannah Grashl. My grandmother was born in Vienna and lived in modest circumstances until she met my wealthy American grandfather. The Grashls were also from Vienna and volunteered to come to America and work for my grandparents in hopes that their children could have a better life here. Their children moved away, and as far as I know, the Grashls' American dream for their descendants has been realized.

A few more steps bring me to the grave of Thomas Dabney Rhodes, a Confederate veteran who served in Captain James McDowell Carrington's Light Artillery. This company, also known as the Charlottesville Artillery, was organized in March of 1862. The company served with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg and other battles. Civil War artillery generally required 12 horses and a

crew of as many men assigned to each cannon. The roar of the guns rendered most artillerymen deaf after a few months. Three-quarters of Carrington's company, including Rhodes and Carrington himself, were captured at Spotsylvania in 1864. Conditions were frightful in POW camps on both sides of the conflict. Rhodes survived and built himself a hilltop home in the neighborhood after the war. One of his grandsons told me about seeing him in his old uniform on his way to a veterans' reunion.

Two spaces over lies his daughter-in-law Eva Smith Rhodes, a lady whom I do remember. She wore metal-rimmed glasses (called "granny glasses" before John Lennon popularized them for a new generation) and her white hair was pulled back in a bun. She lived in a little wooden frame house, kept a milk cow and chickens, and churned her own butter. She was a wonderful seamstress. As a child I was

fascinated by the precision with which she operated her foot-powered Singer sewing machine.

I walk by the graves of other neighbors and old friends, arranging memories of them in my thoughts. These are pleasant interludes between my strenuous log splitting and lifting. The setting is pretty and peaceful. However, I've instructed my wife and children that when I die I would like to be cremated and have my ashes scattered on the ground anywhere. The churchyard is getting a little crowded.

Barclay Rives lives on a small portion of his grandfather's estate in Keswick, Virginia, and foxhunts with the Keswick Hunt Club.



All you need is a free spirit
and a love of the open road.



Oakencroft

Grape Juice and More

Hay Hardy

Living not five minutes outside Charlottesville is the 250-acre Oakencroft Farm. If the name sounds familiar, it is because it has been a successful vineyard for many years, and may have been one of the first to be planted in the state.

In 1982, Felicia Rogan, then owner of Oakencroft, hired Phil Ponton to oversee her farm and help her to establish a vineyard. Ponton is a native Virginian, born and raised not far from the well-known Barboursville Vineyard. His family has resided at Rural Retreat Farm for the last 100 years and in the mid-'70s, after seeking his fortune outside Virginia, he decided to go back and tend the family farm. He became good friends with Gabriele Rausse, who was the wine master at Barboursville at the time, and soon became interested in wine making.

In 2009 Rogan sold the property to John and Amy Griffin. The Griffins are both UVA graduates. They reside in New York City but love Charlottesville. They had already acquired a second home in the area. When they learned Oakencroft was going to be available, the first thought they had was that they didn't want the property to be subdivided into a residential neighborhood. Being so close to town, it was a premium tract for that purpose. The Griffins wanted to preserve Oakencroft's green space. They also thought the property would be an ideal place to live if they decided to move to Charlottesville permanently.

In an effort to preserve Rogan's



The vineyard produces red and white grape juices.



legacy, they decided to keep the vineyard. The Griffins' vision is to create a sustainable farm. It is important to the Griffins that they use this land in a manner that is friendly to the environment, friendly to the land and friendly to the native creatures of the land. Part of the plan is to bring back native

grasses and establish habitats for birds and native animals. The farm's 250 acres is also a major watershed for the Rivanna River. It is estimated that 20 percent of the flow passes through Oakencroft into Ivy Creek and then the Rivanna River. It is the Griffins' intent to keep this flow as

uncontaminated as possible. For that reason, they decided to use the grape varieties that require less chemical spraying treatment. Grape juice also appeals to the entire family. Soon after they purchased the farm, a bio-blitz was conducted at the farm by scientists from the State University of New York. They recorded existing activities and conditions and plan to come back to check on the results of the practices Oakencroft is establishing.

The setup formerly used for the production of wine is now used for producing high-quality grape juice. There are three varieties grown at Oakencroft; Seyval and Traminette are white grapes and Chamboucin is the red. The grapes are harvested and crushed as they are in the winemaking process. The resulting juice is then filtered, pasteurized and bottled with no additives except for a little citric acid to the white grape juice to cut down on the sweetness. The juices are available in local stores and have proven very popular online. A carbon-dioxide injector is on its way to the farm, and soon a sparkling juice will be added to the inventory.

This past fall, Ponton was busy making winter hay for the cows. Oakencroft has started a cow-calf operation, and the Griffins hope to produce grass-fed beef by spring. Fifteen calves were born to the herd last fall.

Ideas Oakencroft is considering for the future include a vegetable garden, and raising free-range poultry. The existing tasting room could be transformed into a farm store where all the farm's products could be made available to the public. There is even space in the tasting room to host weddings and other events.

For additional information, visit www.oakencroft.com.

Hay Hardy is a staff writer and designer for *The Virginia Sportsman*.



Fifteen calves were born to the herd last fall.

Ponton examining the grapes loaded on the crusher



The tasting room may re-open as the farm store.



FOOD

Eat Your Kale

Claiborne Williams Milde

You know something has transcended mere health food status when there's a clamor among Parisian foodies to increase its presence on the city's tables. Such is the trajectory of kale, which until a few years ago was the province of Scottish grannies and macrobiotic eaters. Now, with the movement toward wholesome, seasonal cuisine in full swing, kale answers the call for a burst of local-grown vitality in the coldest months. This sturdy green with a deep, rich taste, pleasantly chewy texture and impressive nutritional profile can now be found gracing the plates of hip restaurants and bursting the bins of markets.

When I first came to know kale, as a health nut in college, there weren't many imaginative serving ideas being tossed around — and chances were good that what you saw on shelves had outlived its palatability. Now, thanks to creative chefs embracing the vegetable, inspiration abounds, as do varieties offered in local farmers markets and stores. You'll find, depending on where you shop, a color spectrum ranging from dusky blue-gray to shamrock green to purply-red to nearly black — the latter a variety known alternately as Lacinato kale, dinosaur kale or *Nero di Toscana*. This particular type of kale is my personal favorite for its deep flavor, versatility and gorgeous plume-like leaves. Though it possesses a subtle sweetness and can be eaten raw in a salad (which is *not* the case with all types of kale), its color, flavor and texture also stand up to long, slow



cooking — becoming tender and silken in the process. Lacinato kale is the ideal variety to simmer slowly in a white-bean soup, and I've even scattered the leaves, chopped, atop homemade pizzas with ricotta cheese, olive oil and a sprinkling of red pepper flakes.

Kale's robust green brings cheer to the bleak winter landscape and is often one of the first vegetables to appear in spring — in temperate climates hanging on in the garden through the winter months. In fact, its flavor improves with exposure to frost. Especially concentrated in antioxidant vitamins A, C, and K and high in fiber — plus calcium and beta carotene — kale has been found to help lower cholesterol and the risk of heart disease. So eat in good conscience and enjoy its versatility and charac-

ter. Below are some serving suggestions:

For a tasty, basic preparation, sauté onions or garlic in olive oil. Add chopped, rinsed kale (I leave some water clinging to it), sprinkle with salt, and cover pan with a lid until leaves are wilted. Cook over low heat to desired tenderness and add a splash of vinegar at the end.

- Serve kale with wild game dishes — they're perfect mates.
- Kale chips: season chopped leaves and bake in a 275° oven for about 20 minutes, or until crisp.
- Soups: kale pairs beautifully with beans, pork, and most vegetables.
- Pesto: blend raw kale with nuts, garlic, parmesan, herbs, and olive oil and use the sauce for dressing pastas and swirling

into soups.

- Raw kale salads – use baby leaves or mature Lacinato kale leaves cut ribbon-thin and tossed with your favorite dressing. A creamy, Caesar-like dressing works especially well.
- Juices and smoothies: raw kale adds a vitamin blast to your morning fruit shake.

And then there are all the breakfast options. Yes, kale for breakfast! I like to throw kale into scrambles, frittatas, and omelets, but perhaps one of the easiest dishes for a crowd is a baked breakfast casserole. This one is savory and satisfying on a chilly morning, kale's virtuous leafiness balancing out the decadence of sausage and cheese. Experiment with your own additions, including mushrooms, peppers, and other herbs and spices.

Kale, Sausage, and Potato Breakfast Casserole

Serves 8-10

Ingredients

You'll need a casserole dish of approximately 3 quarts, or 9"x13", greased with butter.

- 4 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed into approx. 1-inch pieces
- 1 ½ lb. sausage – any type (venison, chicken, spicy Italian are just a few suggestions), sliced or crumbled
- 1 medium onion, chopped into small pieces
- 1 bunch kale, any variety, central ribs removed and discarded, leaves chopped or torn in small pieces
- Cooking oil (optional)
- 2 cups grated cheddar (or another favorite) cheese
- 10 eggs
- 2 cups half and half
- Salt and pepper

Instructions

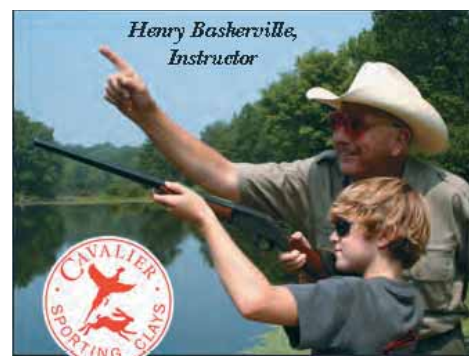
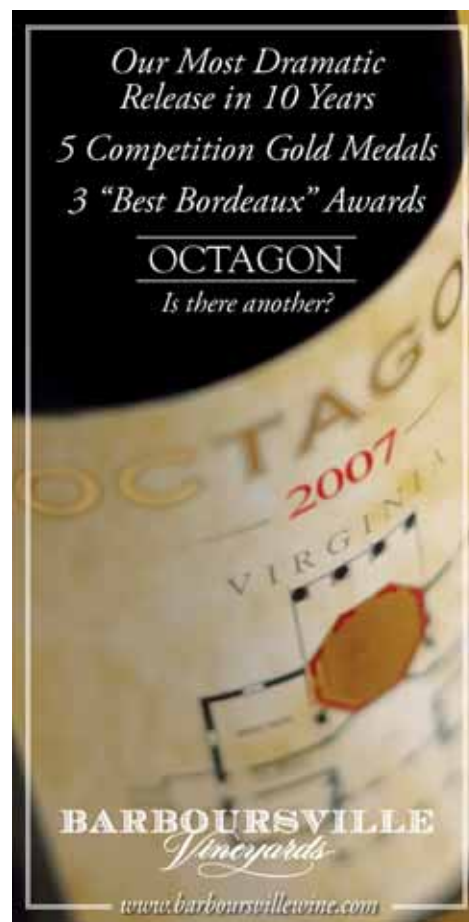
Preheat oven to 350°. Simmer potatoes in salted water until easily pierced by a sharp knife, but still firm. Drain.

1. In a large skillet, brown sausage, using a spatula to break it into smaller pieces, and then put aside on a plate. Pour off most of the grease in the pan. Brown potatoes for a few minutes in the same skillet, then remove and put aside. Add onions and kale and sauté until tender, sprinkling with a bit of salt and adding a few tablespoons of water to prevent sticking.

2. Put vegetables and sausage in pre-greased casserole dish and distribute them evenly over the bottom.

3. In a bowl, whisk together eggs, half-and-half, 1 heaping teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. Stir in grated cheese. Pour this mixture over the vegetables and sausage. Cover with foil and bake for about 30-40 minutes. Uncover, raise temperature to 375° and bake until set in the middle and lightly browned on top – about 20 minutes longer. (Watch closely, as ovens vary!)

Claiborne Williams Milde is a Virginian and a graduate of UVA. She lives in New York and works as a writer and cook. She studied cooking in New York and Paris. Read her blog at www.butteredbreadblog.com.



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HUMOR

A Good Fishing Dog

Jim Brewer

There are bird dogs, rabbit dogs, deer hounds, fox hounds, turkey dogs and squirrel dogs. You can find a dog to retrieve ducks, lead the blind across streets, detect rising blood sugar levels and sniff out a bag of drugs. But it's hard to find a good fishing dog these days. They are few and far between.

I once had an excellent fishing dog – her name was Copper, an English setter. Copper was a very good bird dog – she would hold a point on quail till the cows came home – but she would also point fish. As a pup, she accompanied me on most every fishing trip. Quietly, she sat at my side along the edge of the bank, waiting for me to haul in a fish, which she promptly licked and mouthed till she was assured the fish was – well, clean, I guess. I never licked a fish, so I don't really know.

Copper would often spot fish swimming along the shore and point them – especially bass and bluegills. She was never much on crappie, though, or carp. My young setter knew just how close to get so the fish wouldn't spook.

Copper was at her best, however, on a trout stream.

Several years ago, I took her on a fishing trip with a couple of my old buddies, Glenn Busch and Dave Gladwell. At least I thought they were my buddies. The guys had clearly stated, "No dogs!" But I assumed they meant ordinary dogs, not actual fishing dogs. Glenn and Dave grumbled mightily when they found out Copper would be accompanying us on our fly-fishing excursion to Back Creek below



Jerry King

the Virginia Power pump station in Bath County.

Still bitching as they laced up their wading shoes and headed upstream, I felt sorry for my two comrades and instructed Copper to accompany my friends and help them find and catch a few trout.

I had a great afternoon. I ended up with a couple dozen fish including a handsome 15-inch brown.

At length, Dave, Glenn and Copper returned to the truck with gloomy faces – except for Copper. She was quite happy. Gladwell said my fish dog had ruined their day. Copper, he whined, jumped into each pool before they arrived and spooked all the trout.

Rubbish, I thought to myself. Copper – as all good fish dogs do – was simply trying to stir up the bottom, dislodge some insects and create a feeding frenzy of trout such that even Glenn and Dave would be able to catch a few. All they had to do

was wait an hour or so till the water cleared again.

Glenn added that he had accidentally hooked Copper in her fur with a size-14 Gold Ribbed Hare's Ear Nymph and had to chase her about 400 yards to retrieve his fly and release the dog. At that point, I had to reprimand my friend because he obviously needed to get his backcasts higher and also, you have to be careful about making a fish dog hook-shy; otherwise, it could be ruined. Good fish dogs don't grow on trees, you know.

The following week I was on the sofa, ready to take my Sunday nap, when Copper approached, licked me on the face as if I were a largemouth bass and said in dog talk, "Let's go fishing."

So we did.

The skies were crisp blue and a gentle wind lapped at the pond. Copper was in rare form. After chasing a pair of irritable Canada geese to the far side of the pond, she found and pointed a nice school of bluegills. I took six big ones from that bed, then picked up a couple decent bass to round out a productive day.

A lovely spring day, a good pond, a fly rod and a fishing dog: What else could a fellow ask for?

Jim Brewer is a longtime Virginia outdoor writer who has been writing outdoor columns for the Charlottesville *Daily Progress* and other Virginia papers for more than 20 years. He was co-founder of *Virginia Sportsman* and is a regular contributor.

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