

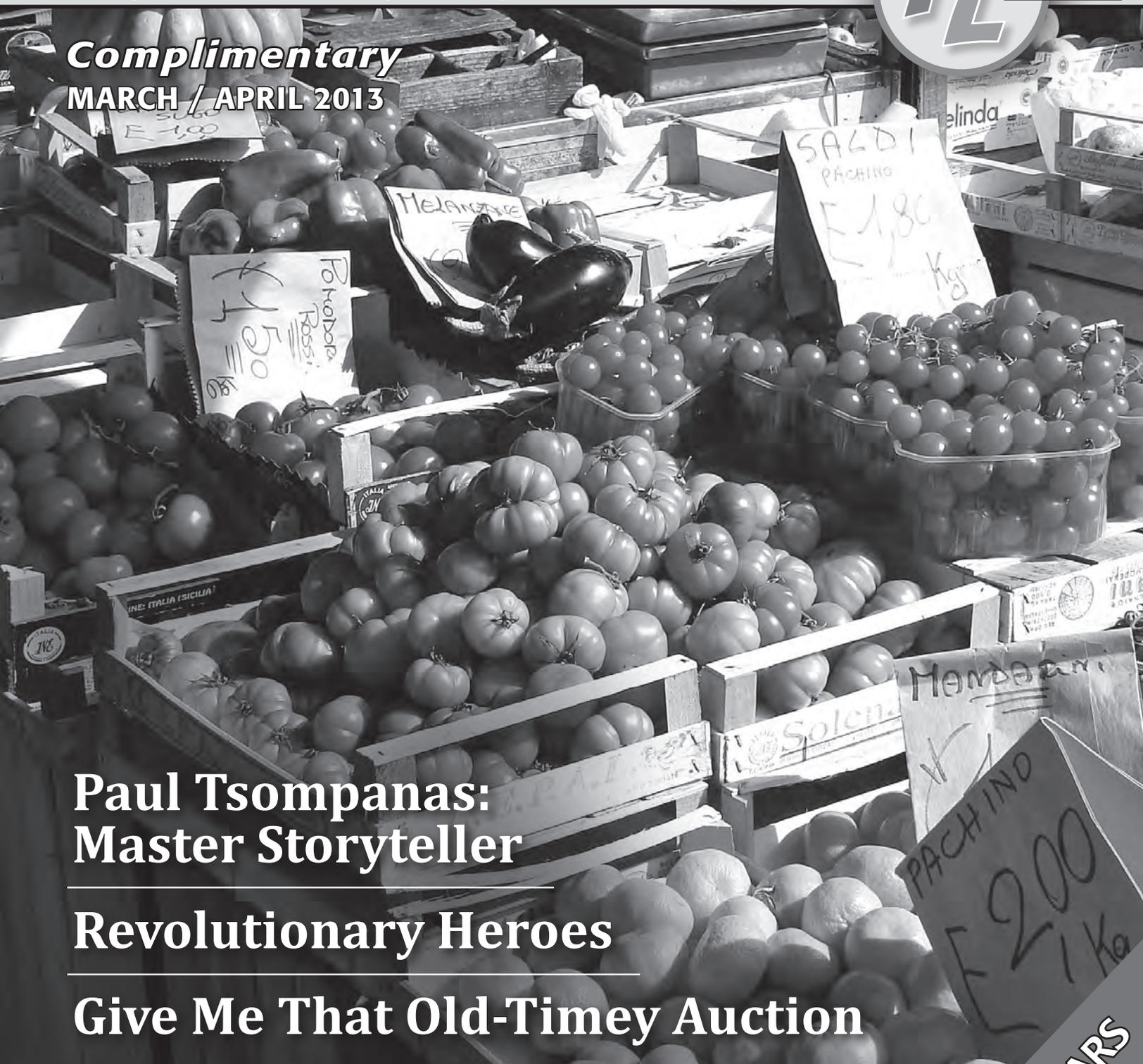
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A Magazine for the Chesapeake Bay and River Country



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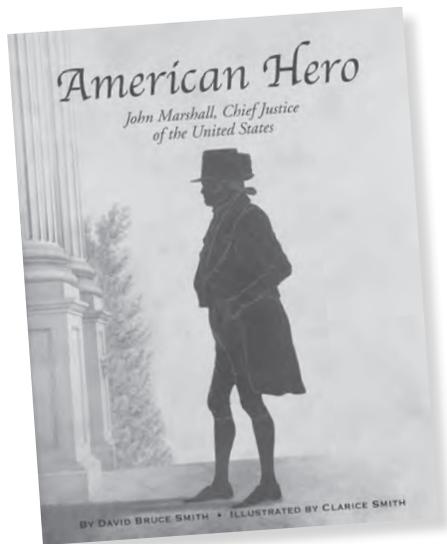
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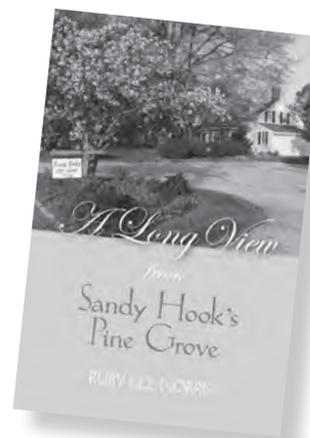
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Volume 27, Number 2

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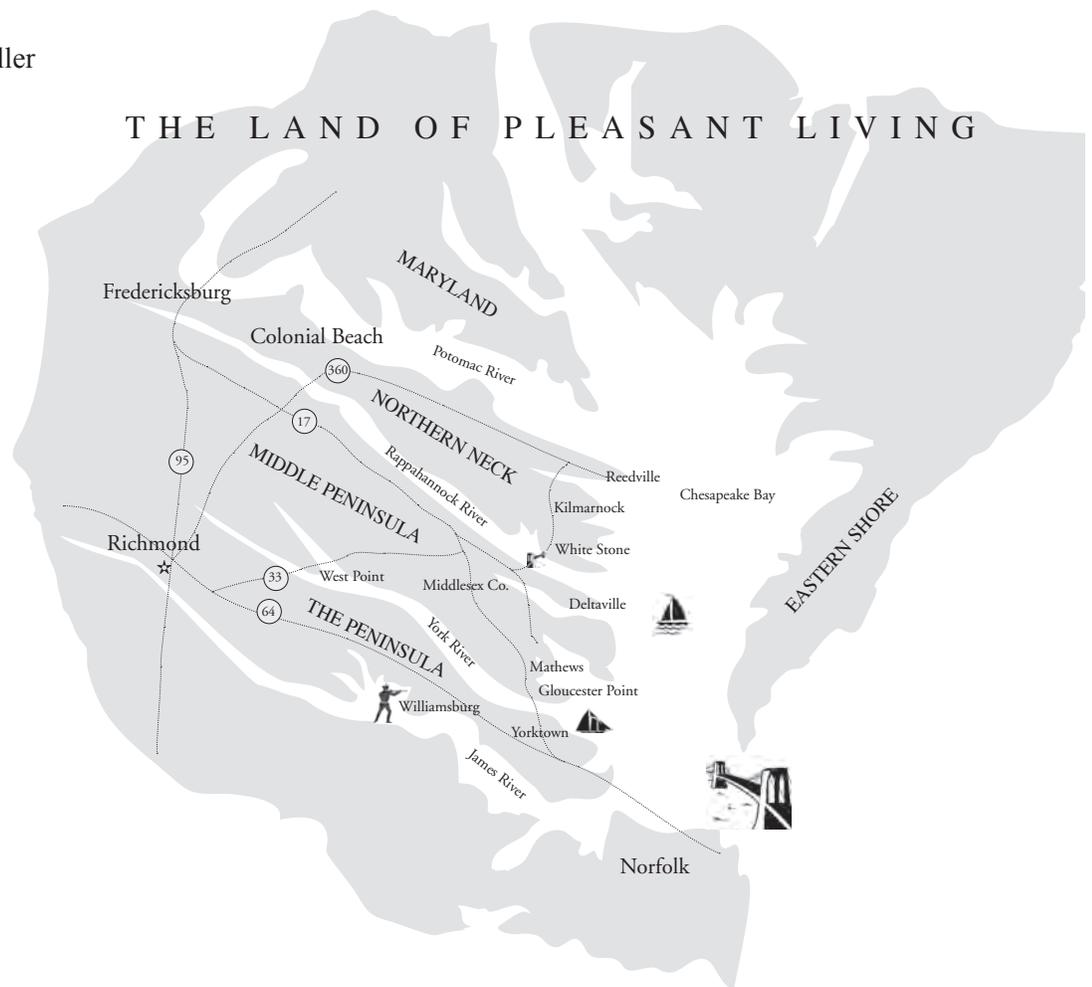
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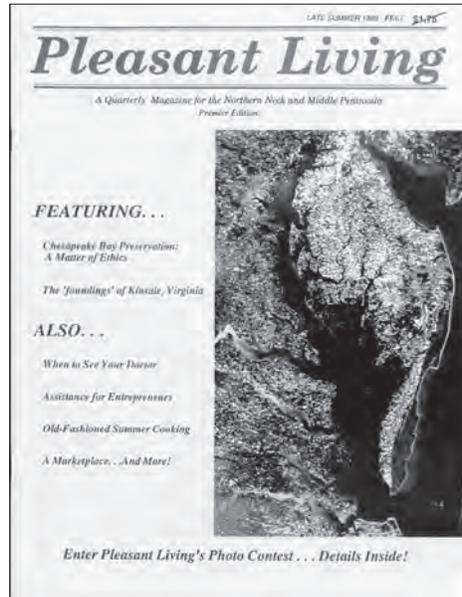
EDITOR'S JOURNAL

Looking Back

Twenty-four years ago this summer, I had the wild notion to publish this magazine. As a high school and college English teacher, I had worked on academic publications and learned a good deal about writing and readers, but I'd never published a commercial magazine in a rural community. A colleague at the university where I was teaching had the same dream, but said she couldn't do it because she didn't have the capital. Without so much as a blink, I boldly said I could do it without capital, and somehow, by a combination of miraculous intervention, sweat, blood and good help, it came to pass.

Although still rural by urban standards, back in those days, the Northern Neck and Middle Peninsula were considerably more rural than they are now, and I loved it. As a suburban and city boy, it was a revolutionary life change for me to suddenly find myself living on five acres with a wheat field on one side, corn on the other, and a forest behind. The beauty and the people were captivating, and I knew I wanted to write about them. But more than that, I wanted to celebrate, document and preserve this way of life that, even then, I knew was disappearing.

In our first issue in summer 1989, I wrote the following journal (on a portable manual Smith Corona typewriter) to capture the magazine's mission. Reading it now, in some respects, I think it still speaks to what *PL* is about and the vision I imagined, but in some ways we've slipped. But before I draw any conclusions, I'm interested to hear your opinions and ideas. Write and let us know if *PL* still speaks the same language I spoke in 1989. If we don't, how can we return—or should we stop looking back, and just move forward? I'd love to hear from you. Write me at editor@pleasantlivingmagazine.com or at *PL*, 5 S. 1st St., Richmond, VA 23219.



Late Summer 1989

Pleasant Living is a name we feel best captures the true essence of this region. We realize the name suggests a model place where all is well, but don't let this association deceive you. Part of our purpose here is to promote the preservation of rural life, a way of life that in many respects is disappearing here and in other rural areas all over the country. Many country traditions, skills, and values are fading with the older generations, and we feel that preservation must become one of our active pursuits, or we will lose this precious legacy.

"Rural" calls up different images for different people. For us, it's open space and country carnivals, arts, self-sufficiency, a way of doing things, a set of values. It's independence and entrepreneurship, storytelling, feasts, family farms, and a rich heritage and folklore. Among so many other things, rural also means a clean environment—drinkable water, abundant wildlife, a place where living on the land is treated as a sacred privilege, an attitude we see disappearing all too quickly.

It's essentially an attitude and the spirit of a place that make rural life preferable to the urban, and in *Pleasant Living*, we will try to capture some of that spirit that makes this life the most pleasant one. We will also write about attitudes and changes that threaten its survival—not necessarily in a controversial way, but in a way we hope will inform and promote a new point of view.

We don't expect *Pleasant Living* to become an instant success. We do hope that over time, we'll gain your trust and readership by giving you readable, interesting, and useful material. These alone are challenges we hope we can meet. But we need your help. Send us your ideas, thoughts, and your photos, and join us in preserving rural life in the Northern Neck and Middle Peninsula.

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Dan Gill owns and operates Something Different Country Store and Deli in downtown Pinetree. In addition to being a master of barbeque, he's a writer and food historian.

Kelly H. Johnson is an attorney, writer, and the mother/stepmother of five sons and one daughter. She holds a BBA from the University of Notre Dame and a law degree from the College of William and Mary, Marshall-Wythe School of Law. Her book, *A Better Man*, was published in 2009. Ms. Johnson lives in Richmond, Virginia with her husband, Fred, and their children who outnumber them three to one.

Ruby Lee Norris, a retired educator, was a charter member of the Chesapeake Writer's Club and an active member of the Garden Club of the Middle Peninsula. The garden at her pre-Civil War planter's home is designated a National Wildlife Habitat. She passed away in March 2012.

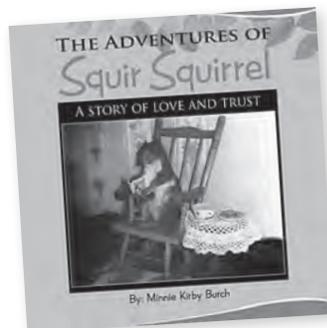
Steve Scala has spent his entire life in Southern Maryland and the Northern Neck, where his family roots go back to the 1600s. Along with his family, Steve spends much of his time on the waters, and in the fields and woods of the lower Northern Neck.

Meredith Spencer is a former intern at Brandylane Publishers, Inc and *Pleasant Living*.

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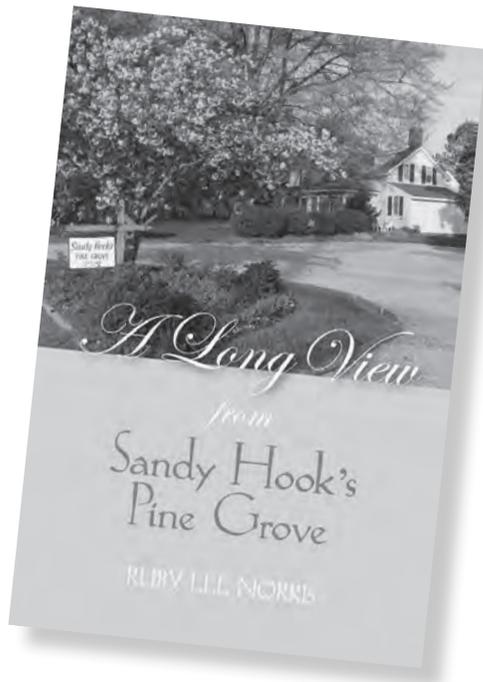
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PAUL TSOMPANAS

Reporter, Congressional Staff Member, Master Storyteller

By Meredith Spencer



After ten years as a newspaper reporter and then many more years as a senior congressional staff member, writer Paul Tsompanas has written a biography of Juan Patrón, a man often neglected in American history books but who could have become New Mexico's first congressman had he not died prematurely at the hands of a Texas cowboy, who outdrew him in a dramatic showdown. Tsompanas' book, *Juan Patrón: A Fallen Star in the Days of Billy the Kid*, was just published by Belle Isle Books, and has already been selected as an "official project" of the New Mexico Centennial Foundation. The keen, well researched skill with which Tsompanas has written this historical account can clearly be attributed to his experience as a professional journalist.

As a news reporter for various Pennsylvania, New Mexico, and California newspapers, Tsompanas sharpened his skills over decades. His career officially began when he was nineteen years old and had his first front page byline published in *The Herald* in Sharon, Pennsylvania. He went on to receive a degree in journalism at Penn State University, then moved to New Mexico as a reporter for the *Clovis News-Journal*. While working in New Mexico, he covered a powerful story about a young woman and her infant baby who were sent to jail because the woman was unable to pay a fine for driving with an expired license, which

won him a New Mexico Press Association award.

When asked about one of his most memorable experiences as a reporter, he tells the story of how he interviewed President Ronald Reagan before he was elected president. He says Reagan

admitted his fear of flying, unless his wife, Nancy, was with him. Though Tsompanas may not have known it at the time, this interview was one of the most significant of his life, and demonstrated his ability to gain peoples' confidence so they would openly share their stories.

Later, in 1962, Tsompanas began working for the San Diego *Evening Tribune*, a Copley newspaper. He moved up the ladder, was assigned to Washington D.C. as a congressional correspondent for Copley News Service, and soon received a Copley Journalism Award because of his exhaustive coverage of a longstanding dispute over water rights between upper and lower Colorado River basin states. After a few years of working as a Washington correspondent, Tsompanas was inspired to work in politics. He served as chief of staff to a congressman in California for eight years until he was appointed to the staff of the House Armed Services Committee.

Tsompanas' career history does not end there. He went on to join the Navy and served two tours in the Western Pacific as a shipboard communications officer. In 1980, he graduated from the

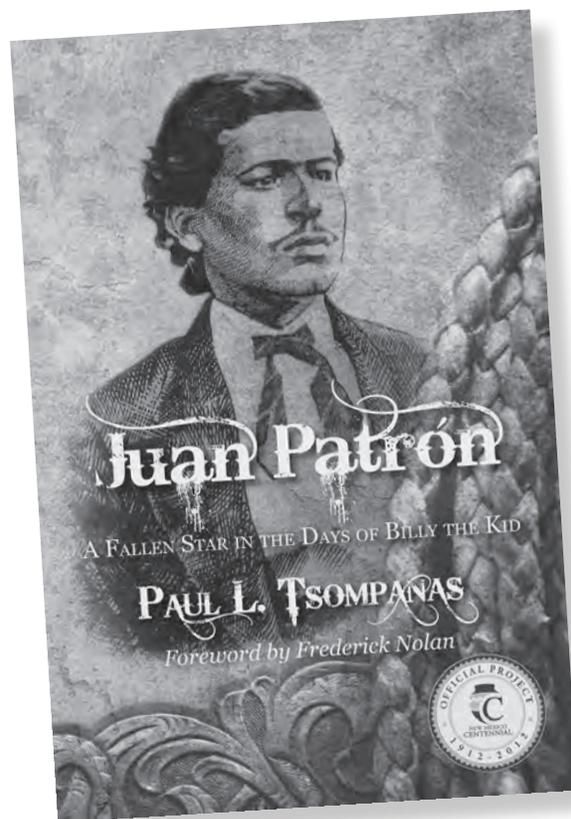
“This story is not just for New Mexicans, but for anyone who has an interest in understanding how brave and hardy frontiersmen endured violence and numerous deprivations in the Old West.”

National War College, making him the very first congressional staff member to do so.

After a distinguished career in journalism, Tsompanas was inspired to write his biography of Juan Patrón, who was the grandfather of his ex-wife. He carefully garnered information from published histories recounting the Lincoln County War in which Patrón was deeply involved, from old government and church records, newspapers from the 1870s and 80s, and from personal papers from individual collections. He says that the research, “while tedious and challenging, was personally rewarding, for it enabled me to resurrect Patrón’s remarkable, but short, violent life and stage it on the pages of my book for others to witness.” He also says that one of his favorite parts of the writing process was developing the scenes in which gun battles took place. He says the pure action and passion came easily to him and helped to energize his writing.

Tsompanas’ experience writing this book, and certainly his previous career choices, has taught him a lot about discipline. His only regret in producing this biography was that the five years it took for him to finish the project swallowed up all of his time for pleasure reading. However, he was dedicated to telling this story that he genuinely felt deserved and needed to be told. For him, the purpose of this work is to preserve Patrón’s rightful place in history and prevent him from being forgotten in the shadow of others. “This story is not just for New Mexicans, but for anyone who has an interest in understanding how brave and hardy frontiersmen endured violence and numerous deprivations in the Old West.”

Tsompanas’ broad and varied career has taken him to all seven continents and seventy countries. He and his wife Mary Ann split their time between their residence in Tarpon Springs, Florida, and their summer retreat in Colonial Beach, Virginia, where he served on its town council for eight years. The couple is currently in the process of writing a unique cookbook centered on Virginia’s colonial churches, which they plan on titling *Food for the Soul. pl*



Juan Patrón: A Fallen Star in the Days of Billy the Kid (paperback, \$16.95) can be ordered online at www.belleislebooks.com or by calling 804.644.3090. It’s also available from amazon.com, bn.com and will soon be available in ebook formats.

Little-Known Heroes of the Revolution

By Dan Gill, Ethno-Gastronomist

The year was 1781 and things were not going well for American Patriots fighting for their independence. Conditions would get much worse for Virginia over the next few months before culminating in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown on October 19th. A number of circumstances, happenstances and heroic feats led to this unlikely end to the war – notably the actions of two little-known heroes who helped make ultimate victory possible: One was a young man from Charlottesville and the other a slave from New Kent County.

The year began with the newly commissioned British General, Benedict Arnold entering the Bay with twenty-seven ships loaded with soldiers, mostly Huguenot mercenaries and American Tories. Notable among the troops were the notorious Queen's Rangers, composed of American Loyalists, including some Virginians. Arnold's orders only authorized him to establish a base around Portsmouth and Norfolk and recruit or otherwise support and encourage loyalists in the area. Arnold had other ambitions and quickly launched a full-scale invasion.

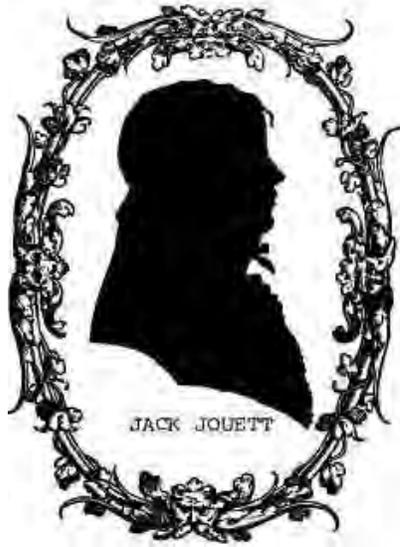
Only months before, Arnold, the American general in charge of the key fort at West Point on the Hudson River, had entertained General George Washington and the Marquee de Lafayette while conspiring to surrender the fort to the British and simultaneously arranging for the capture of Washington and Lafayette. Arnold was to receive £20,000 and the rank of Brigadier General for his treachery. The plot was discovered and Arnold escaped to join General Clinton in New York. He was awarded his commission, but only £6,000 in blood money, and sent south to Virginia with an occupation force. Within the first two weeks of January, Arnold and his army had sailed up the James and ravaged, pillaged and plundered Richmond, encountering



Benedict Arnold

little resistance from the ill-equipped, poorly trained and grossly undermanned Virginia Militia. His primary objective was the capture of Governor Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and Virginia legislators, some of whom were signers, but Jefferson escaped and watched the destruction from nearby plantations.

Several months later, Lord Cornwallis moved his massive army up from the Carolinas and Arnold sailed back to New York. Jefferson and the General Assembly retreated to Charlottesville and Jefferson's nearby estate of Monticello, considered to be relatively safe from British capture. Cornwallis sent Colonel Banastre (the Butcher) Tarleton and his regiment of dragoons to capture Jefferson so that he could be sent to England, imprisoned, and possibly hung for treason. Also targeted were Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Edmund Randolph and many other leaders of the Revolution in Virginia. With Tarleton at the head of the column, the mounted regiment moved swiftly, intending to catch their prey by surprise. On June 3rd they passed Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County, disturbing the slumber of one Jack Jouett, a captain in the militia, who was reportedly asleep on the tavern lawn. Jouett was a large muscular man of twenty-seven years, standing six-feet four and weighing 220 pounds. His father acted as a commissary for the Continental Army, supplying meat and provisions, and he also operated the Swan Tavern in Charlottesville, where the legislature met and some members stayed. Young Jack was probably in Louisa attending to the cattle on one of their farms. History does not speculate as to why Captain Jouett was asleep on the lawn. He waited for Tarleton to pass, saddled his thoroughbred mare, Sallie, and set out across country to warn Jefferson and the legislators, some forty miles away, that Tarleton was coming. Certain that British sentries had been posted along the road, Jack took off through familiar woods and trails of the countryside. He arrived at Monticello before dawn, severely slashed



James Armistead Lafayette

and bruised by brambles and tree limbs, resulting in scars that he would carry for the rest of his life. Jefferson calmly ordered breakfast served and, according to legend, offered Jouett a glass of Madeira before he left for Charlottesville to rouse the assemblymen. The Governor sent his wife and daughters south in a carriage while he leisurely wandered about putting affairs in order. In spite of the warning, Jefferson barely escaped. He watched dragoons enter Charlottesville then advance on Monticello, and he was still on the grounds when enemy soldiers entered his main house.

Everyone is familiar with the midnight ride of Paul Revere because of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, but few are aware of the greater significance of Jack Jouett's ride. Revere only rode fifteen miles on good roads to alert the militia, an event which is notable because it marked the beginning of open hostilities, but had no bearing on the outcome of the war. Jouett, on the other hand, rode forty miles cross-country and altered the course of history.

Against the advice of Arnold, Cornwallis positioned his forces on the coast and fortified Yorktown. Lafayette, commanding a much smaller army, took up positions nearby and awaited the arrival of General Washington and the French fleet so that the British could be contained on the land and could not escape by sea. Enter our second unlikely hero, a thirty-two-year-old slave from New Kent County. James and his master, William Armistead, joined Lafayette to act as commissaries, supplying the needs of the army. James requested that he be allowed to pretend to seek refuge

with the British so that he could pass messages to Lafayette from spies already in place. As a "forager"—one who was sent out to find food and supplies—James could move freely through the lines of both armies. James was also a gifted observer with an excellent memory. He somehow gained the confidence of Cornwallis and was assigned as a waiter at the General's table. Officers spoke freely and discussed plans in his presence so he was more effective in obtaining useful intelligence than any of the other spies. James then proposed to Cornwallis that he could spy on the patriots and thus became the first African-American double agent. On several occasions, misinformation provided by Lafayette through James altered British tactics and the intelligence that he provided allowed Lafayette and then Washington to out-manuever the British, resulting in surrender. A few days after the surrender, Lafayette entertained Cornwallis at dinner. When a uniformed James walked into the room, Cornwallis suddenly understood how the Americans had anticipated and thwarted his maneuvers.

After the war, James moved back to New Kent as a slave. He was not eligible for freedom under the Manumission Act of 1782, as he had been a spy, not a soldier. On hearing of this, Lafayette wrote a letter of commendation and William, now a legislator, petitioned the General Assembly for his freedom. James then took the name of Armistead as his middle name and Lafayette as his surname. He settled as a farmer near New Kent and had three slaves of his own, which was not an

uncommon practice for free black men at that time. When Lafayette returned to the area in 1824, he spied his old friend in the crowd, stopped his carriage and embraced him warmly. James Armistead Lafayette died a few years later, leaving a legacy of unparalleled service to his country. *pl*

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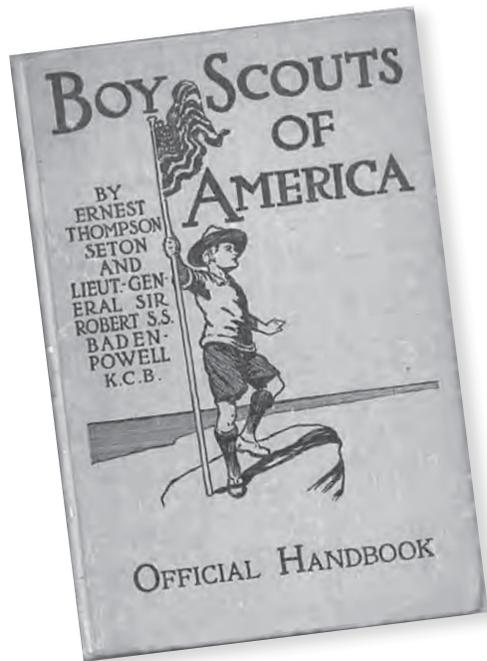
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SCOUTING

Living the Good Life

By Scott Duprey

Congratulations to those young men who recently earned their Eagle badge, scouting's highest honor, awarded to only a few who dare to endure. And congratulations to their parents who placed these fine young men early in their youth on the scouting path. A greeting of gratitude goes out to all adult scout leaders who blaze the scouting trail, from Tigers to Eagles. Your dedication to training the children of our community in character and life skills provides them the knowledge to face their futures with confidence and courage. Your sacrifice helps ensure their understanding of how to live a life filled with purpose and service towards mankind.

I remember when I was a scout. Camping trips were definitely the most fun. I remember that I enjoyed and became quite proficient at making fire. I was always the first one back to the campsite after a long day of hiking in the woods just so I could gather the wood and start the fire. The Scout Master would always scold me for making the fire too big. Of all the merit badges I earned, the Fire Safety badge wasn't one of them.

I remember spending all day in the woods hiking for miles through hill and dale, sportin' a coonskin cap, walking stick, and pocketknife. We were expected to identify a variety of flora and fauna (something that can still be accomplished while throwing pinecones at the troops). I spent most of my time stalking and catching snakes and lizards. Only now—some forty years later—do I admit that it was I who put the lizards into the sleeping bags of the unsuspecting victims. Lying in my sack, hand on head, I waited patiently for the show. I was always suspected

as the culprit for always laughing myself to sleep, but I never 'fessed-up. Most of my buddies got to checking their sleeping bags before they jumped in, which is a good habit. Reptiles like warm, dark places.

I never took to map reading much. I took more pleasure in getting lost. I remember that during one camp out, we spent most of the day building a rope bridge across a fairly good-sized creek. When it was completed, I took more delight in jumping off the bridge, than crossing it.

Scouting was the first time I had ever put together the series of words, "helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent" in one phrase. The most challenging part was saying, "I promise to be" in front of them all. Like beacons from a lighthouse, the scout pledge, a lifelong gift to oneself, guides the scout through and around life's thorny path.

Scouting taught me that, together, we can do anything; that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link; that we are stewards of nature; that God dwells in my heart; that I should treat others as I want to be treated; that poison ivy and athlete's foot get worse when you scratch them; that vinegar will soothe a bee sting; that leaves are no substitute for toilet paper; that if you find one tick on you, you've probably got more; and that being prepared helps to prevent "Charlie Foxtrot."

I didn't get too far in scouting—maybe to 2nd class—but I sure had fun. As a Cub Scout Master and Boy Scout instructor and advisor, I am fortunate to have had the opportunity to re-walk my scouting path and that of my son Ian, who is, and will always be, a Life Scout.

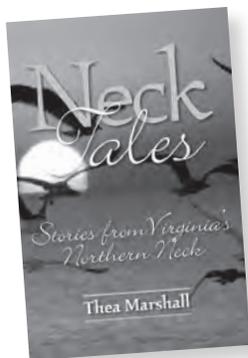
I think that we need more scout leaders and other youth leaders now, especially in these days when culture is decaying our youth's morals while encouraging a "get it all while you can" culture and a lifestyle that values consumption over frugality, irreverence over reverence, and greed over gratitude. We need to teach more youth to value those virtues and that the current unbridled "tech frenzy" will eventually strip away our humanity towards each other and will ultimately leave us looking for identity in the lens of a web cam.

We have a critical shortage of scout and other youth leaders in our community. The Cub Scouts is a great way to start teaching our children what they're not getting on TV, with video games, iPods, or cell phones. Without leadership, our youth will continue to walk a path provided by the mass media of pop culture that more often than not glorifies glamor and celebrity, rather than the skills of kindness and self-reliance. Since fewer of our national leaders no longer serve as fit examples of those virtues, since too many of our professional athletes cheat to enhance their skills, and since too many pop music celebrities still sing songs containing lyrics that glorify violence, we have no choice now but to look to adults within our own community who still dare to take a stake in our community's future.

Volunteering our time for the youth in our community by scouting, Little League, our recreation department, and the many mentoring opportunities, is investing positive energy towards making our world—and even more relevant, our community—a better place to live. Realizing the dividends, a caring community helps bridge the gap between the folly of youth and responsible adulthood. Previous generations realized that if they didn't take an active and personal interest in their youth, the time would come when things would just go "Ga-Ga." Sure enough, that time has come, and sure enough, she's a star.

Getting our kids involved in community youth programs and leading the way—all part of living the good life. *pl*

"Scouting taught me that, together,
we can do anything;
that a chain is only as strong
as its weakest link;"



Neck Tales: Stories from Virginia's Northern Neck is a collection of essays by Thea Marshall, a talented storyteller and renowned radio commentator on National Public Radio. First broadcast on NPR, these stories paint a vivid portrait of this part of Virginia that's a world apart.

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A Countryside Tour through the Centuries

Historic Garden Week

By Sue Wood Walter; Photos by John and Kathy Nowell

Every spring for the last eighty years, Historic Garden Week has come to Virginia. During this special time, visitors are invited to tour homes both old and new and gardens of all shapes and sizes. A fascinating combination of historic homes, waterfront estates, unique architectural design, and historic churches are part of the Lower King and Queen Tour, which will take place Friday, April 26 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

“A Countryside Tour through the Centuries,” will take visitors through the winding roads of the lower King and Queen area, past forests, rivers, and streams that are little changed since colonial times.

The five homes and one church listed are open as part of the tour. Two churches and one museum will also be open on the day of the tour.



Trevillian Home

Trevillian Home

Facing the York River and situated near the site of historic Dudley Ferry, this home commands a grand view of both the river and the town of West Point beyond. Standing upon the site of the original Sutton cottage, the present house started as a quaint A-frame built in the 1990s. In 2003, additions were added, resulting in the current 7,000 square foot home. The home is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Barton P. Trevillian.

Complimentary refreshments will be served here from 2-4 p.m.



Belle Vue

Belle Vue

Beautifully situated overlooking the mouth of Hockley Creek and the north shore of the York River, Belle Vue has its foundations on one of the earliest settlements in King and Queen. This was the site of one of the large villages of the Chiskiak Indian tribe before they were conquered by the Powhatan Indians. It is thought that the present house was built in the early 1700s.

Owners Suzanne Woodward, Betsy Guy, and Charles Wagoner are descendants of Beverley Anderson, who purchased the property in 1835.

Shackelfords Chapel United Methodist Church

An active Methodist congregation of the Gloucester Circuit in 1788, Shackelfords Chapel's first building was a wooden structure located across Rt. 14 from the present church. The sanctuary, in use today, was completed in 1857 and built of brick made at a nearby kiln.



Shackelfords Chapel United Methodist Church

A fascinating combination of historic homes and churches, waterfront estates and unique architectural design. . .

Francis Asbury, "the Horseback Bishop of America," returns.

On the day of the tour, experience a portrayal of Francis Asbury, who delivered a sermon here in 1797. He and the current historian of the church will offer a commentary on the history of the church as well as the Bishop's role as a circuit rider delivering sermons to those living on the frontier.

Homeview at Cologne

Sitting on sixty acres of verdant fields and forest, this charming low country style home was designed and custom built of white stone by the owners in 2005. Approaching the home down the tree-lined drive, visitors arrive at a main entrance flanked by French doors. A gazebo screened porch and an attached greenhouse in the rear overlook border and informal cottage gardens. The owners are Mr. and Mrs. David V. Lacy.



Homeview at Cologne

Aspen Grove

Standing among towering trees on a slight rise, Aspen Grove is surrounded by 104 acres of farm and timberland. This beautiful Greek Revival house with its two story porch was originally built around 1780 as a bungalow with a single room and side hall atop an English basement. Additions were made in 1831 and 1859. Significant restoration was completed in the 1970s and a great room/kitchen was added in 2009.

Outbuildings include the original kitchen, smokehouse, and dairy barn. The owner is Ms. Katherine Carlton Beamer.



Aspen Grove



Kempsville

Kempsville

Kempsville is nestled among 200 acres of pastureland surrounded by white fences. A fine example of colonial vernacular architecture, the house has sophisticated exterior detailing, Flemish bond brick walls, and chimneys with T-shaped stacks.

A Virginia and National Historic Landmark, the home is open by owners Cecil and Cyndy Moore.

Other Places of Interest

King and Queen Courthouse Tavern Museum

A Virginia and National Historic Landmark, this historic tavern was a rare survivor of the fires set in the courthouse area during the Civil War. Furnished with period furniture and artifacts from King and Queen County, it has an ongoing exhibit of the history of the area. The museum also prepares special exhibits on a regular basis. It will be open from 10 until 5 the day of the tour.

Old Church United Methodist Church

A very early colonial church affiliated with the Church of England until the Revolution, it was later purchased by the Methodists. It is located on Rt. 14.

Christ Church Parish

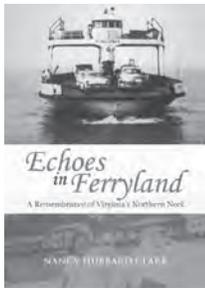
Founded in 1666, this church is listed on the Virginia Historic Landmarks Register and the National Register of Historic Places. It is located on Rt. 33, three miles from Saluda, next to Christchurch School.

Tickets

\$30 block; \$15 single. Advance tickets are \$25 per person by mail until April 17. Mail check payable to Garden Club of the Middle Peninsula to: Jody Anglin, P.O. Box 452, Urbanna, VA 23175. Please include a self-addressed, stamped legal-sized envelope. For questions, call (804) 758-1620. Tickets are also available at www.vagardenweek.org.

Lunches

Box lunches are available for \$12.00 at Shackelfords Chapel United Methodist Church from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. They must be preordered by April 19. Send check made out to the church and specify your choice of either chicken or tuna salad. Mail to Sybil Bradsher, 873 Lewis B Puller Mem. Hwy., Saluda, VA 23149. For information, call (804) 785-6900.



Echoes in Ferryland

by Nancy Hubbard Clark is one woman's account of growing up on the Northern Neck of Virginia in the 1930s and 40s,

when "born-heres" got around by steamboat, young people hung out at the soda shop, and innocence reigned true. Readers are sure to feel nostalgia at Clark's treasure chest of vivid memories.

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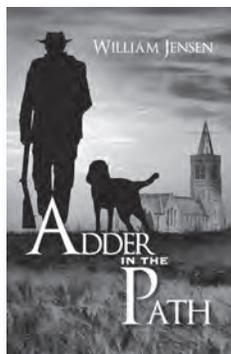
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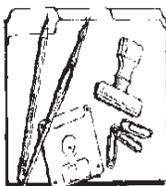
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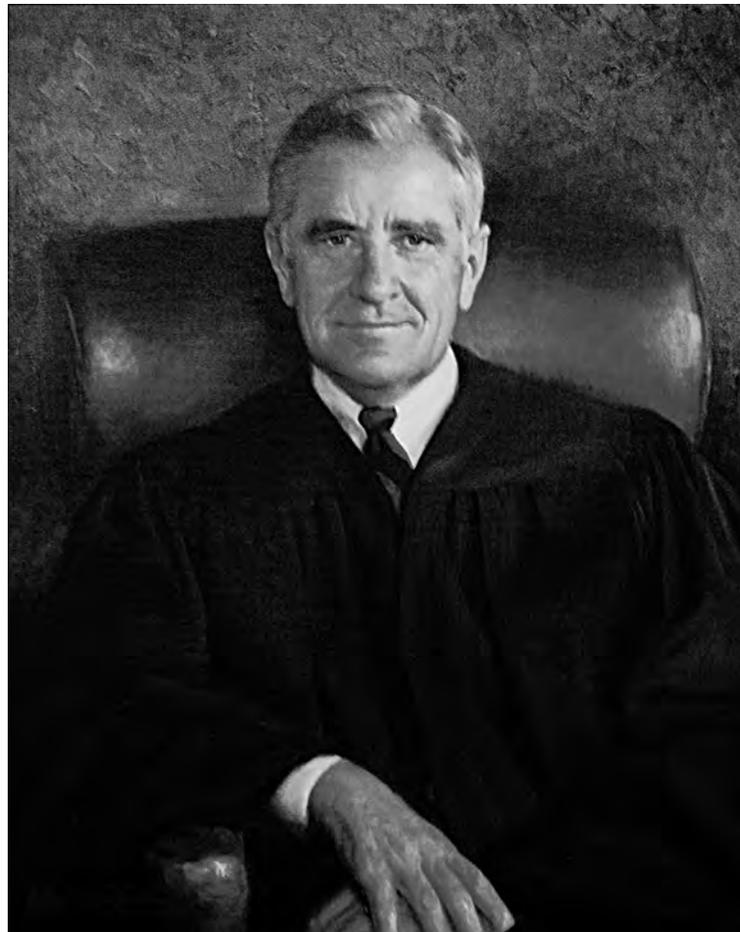
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Civility

By Harry L. Carrico

The following essay appeared in *A Better Man: True American Heroes Speak to Young Men On Love, Power, Pride and What It Really Means to Be a Man*. Edited by Kelly H. Johnson, and published by Brandyane Publishers in 2009. We're saddened that Justice Carrico passed away January 28th.

Harry L. Carrico is the former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Virginia and the longest serving Supreme Court Justice in the state's history. His well-reasoned opinions and the unparalleled dedication he brought to his work earned him the respect and admiration of the national legal community, a respect that is reflected in the numerous awards bearing his name, including the Harry L. Carrico Outstanding Career Service Award given by Judicial Council of Virginia, the Harry L. Carrico Award for Judicial Innovation given by the National Center for State Courts, and the Virginia State Bar's Harry L. Carrico Professionalism Award. Justice Carrico has received honorary degrees from the College of William and Mary, the George Washington University, the University of Richmond and Shenandoah University. He is also the recipient of countless individual awards including Order of the Coif, the Outstanding Virginian Award, the National 4-H Alumni Award, and the VMI Public Service Award.



In 1987, the Virginia State Bar instituted the Harry L. Carrico Professionalism Course, a mandatory course for all new Virginia attorneys, which focuses on the Virginia Rules of Professional Conduct and the general ethical obligations an attorney owes to a client, the courts and society at large. The University of Richmond holds its annual Harry L. Carrico Moot Court Competition in his honor.

The Honorable Harry L. Carrico currently serves both as Senior Justice on the Virginia Supreme Court and as the Visiting Professor of Law and Civic Engagement at the University of Richmond.

Editor's Note:

I had the pleasure of clerking for Harry Carrico for two years following my graduation from law school. He was the Chief Justice of the Virginia Supreme Court at that time and I felt alternately honored and overwhelmed by the opportunity to serve as his law clerk. At age twenty-five, I marveled at his

extraordinary abilities, not the least of which, in my mind, was his strict adherence to a daunting workday routine.

Every morning he got up at 5:00 a.m., rode his bike ten to fifteen miles for exercise and arrived at work by 7:15. He never closed up shop before 6:30, unless he was traveling. Speaking of which, I am convinced the man has driven every highway, by-way and back road across the state of Virginia. He rarely took an entire weekend off, though he did take up rollerblading at my invitation.

Did I mention he was seventy-five years old at the time?

Above every other quality he possessed – and there are many – what stands out most in my mind is his decency. He was and is the most decent person I've ever met. As Chief Justice, he obviously was in a position of considerable authority and responsibility. When mistakes happened, as they inevitably do, it would have been easy – understandable even – for him to have become upset. After all, the buck ultimately stopped with him, regardless

of who was actually at fault, and the consequence of errors at this level of jurisprudence could be serious. But he always, always, remained calm. He never yelled or raised his voice in anger; he never excoriated whoever was to blame. He simply acknowledged the problem and then went about finding solutions. It was, I believe, his way of holding fast to "civility." According to Justice Carrico, this "all but forgotten" term, as he calls it, is the cornerstone of a good and just society. It is the thing without which we descend into an abyss of vulgarity and self-satisfaction. Civility, which combines both grace and good manners, is an outward manifestation of the notion that, regardless of circumstance, we must continue to treat one another with respect.

Now in his 90s, Justice Carrico continues to work part-time at the Virginia Supreme Court, in addition to taking on a professorship at the University of Richmond. Suffice to say that even now we see no signs of him slowing down. Lucky for me, he did slow down long enough to

write the following essay on—what else—civility.

I'm honored to introduce the man who will forever be Chief Justice to me, the Honorable Harry L. Carrico.

Civility

What ever happened to civility? "Civility" is one of the gentlest words in the English language, yet it and its synonym "courtesy" have been all but forgotten in the hurry-up world we live in today.

In trying to find an answer to the question, "What ever happened to civility?" I came across a delightful little book. It is entitled *Rules of Civility*, and it contains 110 wonderful precepts that George Washington copied into a notebook while still a teenager and kept with him all his life, guiding him in war and peace.

Several of the precepts are pertinent to the points I want to make in this discussion. They read as follows:



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Since then, praise be, dueling has been outlawed, but character assassination has not.

Every action done in company ought to be done with some sign of respect to those that are present.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Utter not base and frivolous things among grave and learn'd men, nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, or things hard to be believed.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Be not [obstinate] but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear, and answer. Be not pensive when it's time to converse.

Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly, distinctly.

While George Washington thought it necessary to have the precepts to guide one's conduct more than 250 years ago, they are even more necessary today because incivility has invaded every phase of our daily lives. We encounter it at every turn, from a visit to the corner grocery to a debate between candidates for public office.

Every day, we see motorists running red lights, refusing to give turn signals, and failing to yield the right-of-way to pedestrians in marked crosswalks. They are violating the law, of course, but they are also violating the basic rules of common courtesy.

Furthermore, it is most distressing to hear politicians berating one another so harshly in an election campaign. Virginia has experienced bitter political campaigns where it seemed commonplace for one

candidate to berate the other rather than debate the substantive issues. Unfortunately, we see this same lack of political civility in our presidential campaigns where too often *ad hominem* attacks substitute for thoughtful dialogue.

But this is not something of recent origin in American politics. In fact, the most tragic instance occurred more than two hundred years ago and resulted in the killing of a prominent American by an equally well-known adversary. In 1804, Aaron Burr was a candidate for the office of Governor of New York, and Alexander Hamilton was bitterly opposed to Burr's candidacy. A newspaper reported that at a dinner party in Albany, Hamilton had said that Burr was "a dangerous man" and expressed "a still more despicable opinion" of Burr. When Burr read the newspaper article, he asked Hamilton for an explanation of his remarks, indicating a willingness to resolve the matter peacefully by Hamilton retracting his words, disavowing them, or apologizing for them.

A little civility on Hamilton's part might have gone a long way and saved his life, but Burr found Hamilton's replies evasive and threw down the gauntlet. Hamilton accepted the challenge, and on July 11, 1804, the two met in a duel with pistols on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson River. Hamilton's shot went askew, but Burr's hit its mark and severely injured Hamilton. He succumbed the next day. The one shot not only terminated Hamilton's life but also ended Burr's political career; he would be tried later for treason.

Since then, praise be, dueling has been outlawed, but character assassination has not. Indeed, it seems to be the source today of great financial reward. We hear of media commentators who are paid million-dollar salaries just for reporting slanderous stories about innocent people. However, one radio commentator spouted something about the

Rutgers University women's basketball team that was too disgusting for even his network to swallow, and it fired him. Even so, there are those who defend him, who think his punishment was too harsh. But one can be a staunch supporter of the First Amendment right to free speech yet applaud the network's action in this case.

I am especially concerned about the decline of civility in my own profession – the legal profession. We are told in a report prepared for the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals that attorneys are now more than ever developing and employing rude, disrespectful, and generally ill mannered tactics in dealing with opposing counsel as well as litigants, witnesses, judges, and court personnel.

While I do not think the problem is as severe in Virginia as it might be elsewhere, I have seen enough here to be convinced that the Virginia bar needs to experience a rebirth of civility, a return to courtesy. Indeed, the Supreme Court of Virginia considered the problem serious enough to require that the oath to be taken by every attorney admitted to practice in Virginia shall include a pledge obligating the admittee to conduct himself courteously in the practice of law.

So, now, lawyer courtesy is more than an inspirational goal in Virginia; it is a solemn obligation that lawyers in Virginia act with civility toward one another, toward the courts, and toward everyone else with whom they have professional contact.

But the need for civility is not limited to the legal profession – not by a long shot! Civility is the duty of every person, as demonstrated in the following magnificent quotation from remarks of Associate Justice Anthony Kennedy of the Supreme Court of the United States:

Civility is the mark of an accomplished and superb professional, but it is even more than this. It is an end in itself. Civility

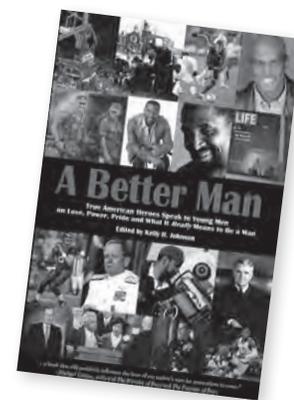
Civility is the mark of an accomplished and superb professional, but it is even more than this. It is an end in itself.

has deep roots in the idea of respect for the individual. We are civil to each other because we respect one another's human aspirations and equal standing in a democratic society. We must restore civility to every part of our legal system and public discourse. Civility defines our common cause in advancing the rule of law. Freedom may be born in protest, but it survives in civility.

In the effort to restore civility to all of society, the focus should be upon you, the young people of America, for you are our

best hope for the future. And if the Rules of Civility that George Washington copied into a notebook as a teenager are what helped make him the great man he became, they can be a wonderful guide for you also. And so I close with George Washington's 110th and final precept -- the polestar of a return to civility. It is the most challenging precept of all:

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.



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Daffodil Tradition Still Alive

By Ruby Lee Norris

Since this article by Ruby Lee Norris appeared in the February/March 1994 issue of PL, some of the information is out of date. This essay appears along with dozens of other stories by Ruby Lee in her new book, A Long View from Sandy Hook's Pine Grove, available for purchase from www.pleasantlivingmagazine.com or by calling 804.644.3090. Ruby Lee passed away in March 2012.



Anyone who is a native of the Middle Peninsula knows about the daffodils that bloomed during the '20s and '30s in Gloucester County. Old-timers recall drives along Route 17 and the secondary roads leading to small farms and large plantations where acres of yellow blossoms announced springtime. At the time, between 200 and 300 properties grew daffodils for marketing in Northern cities, particularly Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. In fact, M&G (Mathews and Gloucester) Transportation, still in operation, got its start hauling these yellow harbingers of spring.

Proud to be inheritors of the daffodil tradition, at least two families, for the third generation, continue to successfully cultivate and distribute bulbs and cut flowers. Brent and Becky Heath, trading as Daffodil Mart, propagate, cultivate, grow and distribute bulbs from their Gloucester farm on Back Creek off North River. Across the river, in nearby Mathews County, Route 620 leads the visitor to roads where raised beds signal the blooms to come. Here on North River, across from Toddsbury, Richard and Patricia Hicks live on part of Richard's family farm, where they cultivate and sell cut flowers.

If you need bulbs, they can be found at Daffodil Mart, at the entrance of which a forged steel daffodil in yellow and green as big as an eight-foot tree greets you. (The artist, Jeff Fetty, of Charleston, West Virginia, was commissioned by the Heaths after they saw smaller ones he had done for a children's hospital.) It came to Heath Trail at the cost of 8,000 daffodils, Brent volunteered. He also said that another of these stunning sculptures might be seen at Goshen in Gloucester.

Now widely known for their Daffodil Mart, Brent and Becky in fifteen years have seen their business expand from growing and distributing a limited number of bulbs from their Gloucester farm to its present capacity of about 3,000,000 bulbs last year.

Today their catalogs feature bulbs grown by over one hundred specialty bulb growers, not only in the USA, but also in England, Holland and Israel. Bulbs other than daffodils may be had. The catalogs list about four hundred cultivators of tulips, and two hundred others, such as crocuses, anemones, hyacinths, lilies, amaryllis, etc. Their flowers can be seen in many public gardens all over the U.S. In Virginia they are at Colonial Williamsburg, Monticello, Mt. Vernon, Stratford Hall, Virginia Museum, Lewis Ginter Botanical Gardens, and the University of Richmond. Their private customers include Steven Spielberg, Tasha Tudor and Charles Kuralt.

Brent says that the most popular daffodil since its development is still the King Alfred-type yellow flower. Belonging to this type, Carlton is still the world's most numerous, while Pink Paradise, a pink daffodil, is one of the most expensive. That is because there hasn't been time since its development to grow more bulbs. (It takes between twenty and thirty years to produce a new cultivar in marketable numbers.)

Climate controls the successful blooming of these flowers. In general, white flowers, like Paper Whites, grow best in warm climates and the yellow King Alfred-type grows best in cool climates. Always the Heaths cultivate for a strong, long-lasting flower. Among the most unusual cultivars, Brent thinks, is Bravoure, with its white petals and delicate yellow trumpet; Ceylon, which is long-lasting yellow with an orange trumpet; Camelot, with its long-lasting yellow petals; and Coquille, with its rich pink trumpet and white petals.

The two Heaths agree that their involvement in bulbs continues because Brent "loves to talk" and is best at sales and marketing, while Becky "runs the business." Brent gives talks and slide presentations; the titles of some are: "Bulbs for All Seasons," "A Walk on the Wild Side," and "Heirloom Bulbs on the Landscape."

Becky walks or rides her bike to work. Their warehouse/



office is within sight of their home. They both cherish the opportunity their livelihood affords them to live in beautiful surroundings with a pond and a creek off North River to reflect some of their daffodil blooms and the natural pines that are indigenous to the area.

They also agree that each came to the business by a circuitous route. Brent escaped the dirt, sweat and digging of life on a daffodil farm when he went to college and became director of Nature Camp, the Virginia Federation of Garden Clubs project. Becky is a music major who taught in the Richmond area before coming to Ware Academy in Gloucester. Now they find themselves supervising the part-time employees who clean, grade and sort the many ten-bulb packs; adapting to a computerized office; visiting specialty growers in Holland and England where their bulbs are grown; and donating thousands of bulbs to Gloucester County to beautify common areas, like the Historic Courthouse.

Another third-generation family, Richard and Patricia Hicks, combines the old tradition of shipping cut flowers in wholesale lots by truck with today's UPS Next Day Air service to serve their retail customers all over the United States. They almost never dig their bulbs because they cultivate them for hardy, lovely, long-

lasting cut flowers. Patricia said that she was reared in Southside Virginia, where peanuts are the main crop. When she married Richard and discovered that they could make a living selling flowers, she thought she had found paradise. In spite of the long days of tractor work and picking stems when they are at their prime, she cannot hide her joy in and love for her "babies." Her intent is always to deliver a perfect flower. She added that they have the farmer's mentality—always thinking of next year's crop and hoping for a good growing season.

Their location, at about ten feet above sea level, requires an unusual method of cultivation. Patricia says that Richard is the engineer who designs special equipment for cultivating the raised and furrowed beds necessary for healthy, strong, long-lasting blooms and drainage. They capitalize on the growing cycle of the wild tick coreopsis, which grows six feet tall and produces profuse clusters of yellow blooms, by allowing it to grow all summer over the dormant daffodil bulbs. After it has reseeded itself in the fall, Patricia bush hogs, then plows and tills the organic matter into mulch with Richard's specially designed equipment.

Using pelleted, slow-release fertilizer (3-9-18), they strengthen the bulbs, which in turn produce long-stemmed, long-lasting

flowers. In this way, their fields are covered most of the year with yellow blossoms.

As with the Heaths, this couple credits their success to their varying job talents. Although Richard has a job as an engineer, he is also the business manager and designer of their special equipment, and "I am the grower," Patricia says.

As if she were predicting the future, Patricia's grandmother started her flat silver pattern, when she was a little girl, with the daffodil pattern. Early on, she says, she loved flowers and digging in the earth. Like Becky Heath, she is a musician, an organist at St. James Anglican Church in Mathews. She welcomes inquiries about "Fresh Cut Flowers from the Field, Delivered to Your Door." Call (804) 725-7390.

Likewise, the Heaths will be happy to furnish information about their bulbs, which are shipped in the fall. In 1994, guided tours on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at \$5 per person are available. Call (804) 693-3966. In conjunction with the Daffodil Festival, the Heaths have bus tours with high school student guides, scripts written by the Heaths in hand.

The Daffodil Festival in 1994 will be held April 2 and 3, sponsored by Gloucester Parks and Recreations. The Daffodil Show, sponsored by the Garden Club of Gloucester, runs concurrently on the same days. *pl*

Give Me that Old-Timey Auction

By Scott Duprey



I'll be the first to admit that I'm old fashioned. My wife says I should have been born a hundred years ago. It's true. What others consider "progress," I regard as an attempt to dehumanize and boil down my unique individuality to a unique login and password.

Online banking and other commerce, for instance, hasn't changed the face of how we conduct all facets of business today; it has replaced the face. E-trade is a solitary path—no passengers please—unless within the confines of an online chat box where emotions are revealed with capital letters. It all makes me wonder if this relatively new means of commerce, accessible to everyone now 24/7, isn't stripping us of those essential elements that define us as human.

Public auctions have been reduced to bits and bytes as well. Albeit, a sensory-deprived and sterile means of "attending" an auction, you can bid online, anywhere, at any time this minute—from Abu Dhabi to Zurich—and without so much as even standing on your feet. Just point and click to place the bid. When the bid has been raised, simply point and click again. Pointing and clicking again and again for hours seems a solitary and sterile path—one devoid of human emotion. No humanity.

A friend of mine who was dying took a walk barefoot in the woods the day before he died. While I walked in boots, he walked barefoot over the leaves, sticks, and briers until he stopped and stuck his feet in a brook. When I asked him why he was barefoot, he said he wanted to "feel the humanity," to feel, once more, the discomfort and even the pain of this physical life. It occurred to me then that our senses combined with our emotions make us different from every other living creature, and make us distinctively human.

So compared to online auctions, give me that old-timey auction any day. A Chautauqua of sorts, offering a chance for fun and entertainment, as well as respite from the daily grind. Old-timey auctions with their small, unpretentious crowds, standing, sitting, mingling, murmuring with the aroma of hot coffee swirling around, fills the senses and warms the heart.

One of the biggest drawbacks to an online auction is the food it serves. There isn't any. There's nothing to eat unless you're holding a candy bar you've brought from the kitchen to the

"session." I've never been to an old-timey auction where there wasn't food. Hot dogs on the wheel, barbecue, homemade pies, cakes, and cookies all beckon one to linger longer. For sure, you'll never see a guy bidding online with his hot dog instead of his bidding card.

Unless your computer screen goes blank and you're fussin' while you're waiting for it to reboot, there's no drama online. Never a misunderstanding, never a squabble, not even a dirty look. Silence, except for the chirps of pointing and clicking. In real time, in more human terms, in flesh and blood, the auctioneer starts the bidding low and slow. Then the bidding and rhythm of the auctioneer's chant picks up. Bids tumble out of the auctioneer's mouth with the speed of talking in tongues. The tumult suddenly ends with a resounding "SOLD!" A short, stout woman with a handbag with floral print sits on the edge of her seat. Her bangles jangle as she wags her finger and admonishes the auctioneer for not taking her bid. The auctioneer apologizes profusely for being too quick to drop the hammer. The crowd rustles. The bidding begins again.

Then, there are those "Chatty Cathys" who insist on engaging in a conversation on a cell phone during the bidding. I've experienced one of those, sitting right in front of me on the second row. At one point, I was competing with her in volume. The louder I got, the louder she got. I finally got fed up and every time she said "yes" on the phone, I took it to mean that she just raised the bid. She was annoyed when she checked out and found she had bought some Noritake china. I didn't hold her to it, but she got the point.

The biggest difference between online and onsite auctions, is the process of checking out. I take pleasure and great satisfaction in seeing my customers walk out with smiles on their faces, stomachs full, and clutching small treasures. The cashier smiles and congratulates them on their purchases and tries to persuade them to buy that last hot dog, donut, or piece of cake.

When checking out online, all you get is an e-mail notifying you that your purchases have been duly posted to your account, that they should arrive sometime in your lifetime, along with instructions in case they don't, which will require a lot more pointing and clicking. Where's the humanity in that? *pl*

It Went for What?

The 37th Country Store and Advertising Auction by Daniel Auction in Georgia offered 950 lots to a packed auction house of over 500 bidders and visitors.

A 72-inch round double-sided porcelain sign for Rebel Gas rang up a final bid of \$13,050. A stained hanging light fixture advertising National Cigar lit up the bidding board at \$6,050.

A prototype and transitional George Luger New Model 1904/06 9mm carbine sold for \$86,250, and a factory-engraved deluxe Model 1894 Winchester rifle sold for \$115,000.

Featured at a Charles A. Whitaker Auction, a Fortuny Delphos gown from the 1930s, made in a pale pink pleated silk, accented with Murano glass beads and labeled Fabrique en Italie. Fortuny Depos, made in Italy sold for \$9,000 to FountainHead Antique Auto Museum in Fairbanks, Alaska. Hooded parkas went for a lot less.

At a Victorian Auctions sale, an Amos-n-Andy wind-up tin taxi, a pair of bronze bookends showing Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and 1945 tin wind-up Li' Abner and his Dogpatch Band toy all fetched the same price of \$325.

At a Hewlett auction, a 50-cent Mills slot machine fashioned into a figure of a Native American Indian 74-inches tall brought \$4,400.

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EARLY SPRING TIDAL TRAVELS

By Steve Scala; Photo by Gil Briggs



The worst of winter is over for Virginia's Tidewater region, and with it, much of the indoor activities the cold wet weather influenced. It's a great time to go outside and observe the changes that have taken place in the streams and rivers that feed the Chesapeake Bay. Even though the overall total rainfall remains behind several previous decade-long trends, the creeks and river junctions they feed into one another are on the rise. Soon to follow early spring's transition time, will be the upstream movement of species, including striped bass. Once big mature stripers complete their spawning runs to the fall line headwaters of rivers that include the James, Rappahannock and Potomac, they will head back down through fresh and brackish waters towards the Bay. Waiting for them on their return to the deep channel waters of larger saltwater tributaries and the bay's confluence will be schools of menhaden, their favored food source.

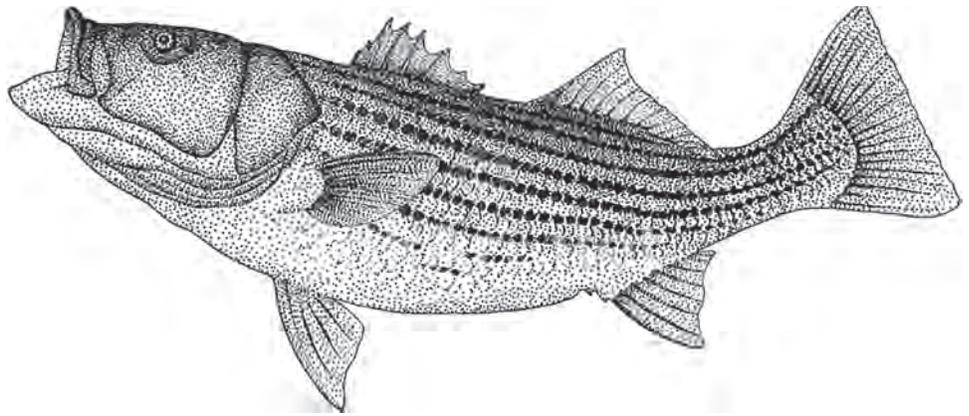
There is a routine seasonal excitement and anticipation among anglers who by March are frantically getting their fishing tackle and boats ready for the upcoming recreational

striper seasons in Maryland and Virginia during April and May. A week of warmer than normal ambient temperatures can raise water temperatures enough to spur the spawning movements of striped bass, if upstream influences don't interfere. Thus, throughout late March, striper anglers in the know will be watching two variables: the outside thermometer and the amount of rain and cooler water runoff from upstream sources. A higher influx of cool waters can offset the effects of an increase in air ambient temperatures in raising water temperatures and slow down the movement of spawning striper.

Those with an interest in following and observing the travels of spawning stripers have to know how to safely and legally access the upper tidal reach fall lines of the James, Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers. This is where the upstream travels of these big fish come to a halt, the spawning takes place and their about face movements take them back downstream. These fresh-laden waterways are off limits to striper fishing during their spring spawning runs, and for good reason. Catching them can diminish the

overall potential for pre-spawn fish to release and fertilize future biomasses of striped bass. Even catch and release activities in the upper reaches of striped bass spawning rivers can stress fish that are expending lots of energy getting to the spawning grounds and completing their annual task to replenish their numbers.

Once the adult stripers that are usually in the 28-inch plus-size range, spawn and head back downstream, they feed and recuperate from their upriver work. By the time they reach the wider, more salty waters of the lower Chesapeake Bay tributaries where spring striper seasons are open, anglers are ready and waiting. *pl*



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The Chief and I

By Karen Tootelian

The following is a selection from *The Chief and I* by Karen Tootelian, published in 2007.

In the summer of 2002, life presented me with a rare gift. I began a friendship with the eighty-nine-year-old Chief of the Mattaponi Tribe. As I had done for many years, I kept a journal—this one about the time the Chief and I spent together.

January 1, 2002 *Shooting star*

I saw the most wonderful shooting star tonight. I glanced outside the bedroom window and saw a light flashing through the sky. I watched, and the tail exploded and broke apart. Happy New Year.

March 7, 2002 *Touching everything*

I love being still and quiet and watching, warm sun on skin, the river. God, it is so incredible, the simplicity, the layers of the earth. It moves inside of me like breathing and blood. When I am alone at this river, I sit on the ground and touch everything—the small new plants, autumn’s dead leaves, spirals of running cedar, the bark of trees. I smell the cool scent of winter leaving the earth.

April 13, 2002 *Mattaponi River*

What were you a hundred years ago? Two-hundred, four? Who walked along your banks, at the water’s edge? Who swam and laughed in your waters? I come to sit in the forest, to look out from this high bank, to listen, to lose myself from the world. Yearning for a world untouched by man’s need to order, to control, to erase the rhythms of nature. Geese are calling.

August 20, 2002 *My first day with Little Eagle*

My first day with Chief Webster Little Eagle Custalow of the Mattaponi Tribe, born November 14, 1912. I am staying with him a few hours on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Staying with the Chief came about by chance. I am friends with his son, Carl Lone Eagle, and he spoke several times of needing someone he could trust to help with his father. I offered, and Carl accepted. He and his father both live on the Mattaponi Reservation, and Carl is the primary caretaker for his dad. He is also the acting Chief, and this entails tremendous



responsibility. Carl and his son Todd have been fighting the Newport News reservoir proposal since 1996, and that takes an enormous amount of time and energy. It was Chief Webster who initiated this phase of the battle in 1996, some say breaking the Tribe’s centuries of silence against political actions affecting them.

I stopped at Carl’s house first, and he said that he had told his dad the night before that someone was coming to help with his care. His father did not want anyone. Carl was warning me, and he seemed a little worried. We both drove to the Chief’s house, and Mr. Custalow came from his bedroom, making his way carefully with his cane. I was happy to see him and hoped our first meeting would go well. We all sat at the kitchen table. He looked at me, was polite but quiet. Then he gave me a sweet, shy smile. I liked his eyes. He was clean shaved—a task the Chief likes Carl to do. We talked in snippets about his two dogs, Gomer and Queenie, and about his medicine. He devotes himself to his dogs. The older Queenie is a cocker and a little high strung. Gomer looks to be part cocker mixed with something else, and younger. He is a sweet, friendly dog with shiny, black eyes.

Carl stayed. I asked the Chief what he had done for a living. He told me he had had a logging business, how back then, there was no fancy equipment to move the logs. The labor had been hard and much more dangerous. He went on to talk about the German workers who had once been prisoners during WWII. As he became more involved in talking, Carl said he would be going. The Chief continued and spoke highly of the German workers. He cried about how dear they were, how he cared for them so much, and they cared about him. He said that if you

treat people kindly, they will do the same to you, and these men were grateful to be treated so generously. He said they loved Marlboro cigarettes and chocolate, and he gave them these things. He said they would do anything for him.

The Chief's daughter, Shirley Little Dove, came over. She is the oral historian, designated as such by her grandfather when she was four years old. She travels to schools in Virginia and to Williamsburg and Jamestown teaching about the Mattaponi history and their traditional way of life—"We are the people of the river," is the message Shirley Little Dove speaks. She has the most beautiful blue-green eyes. I met her about twenty-five years ago, and I was struck then by her beauty, and she is still a beauty. We talked, and she spoke softly. She asked me if I sang, and I said yes. She liked that and was hoping I would sing while I was there with her dad. I had thought of that, too. She left, and I fixed some lunch.

The Chief told me that Shirley worked really hard traveling around Virginia and caring for her grandchildren at times. The Chief talked of his love for Carl, their strong connection, and how Carl was a

part of him. He teared up again. Carl had told me the same thing. Caring for his aging father was not always easy, but the bond and commitment were of the utmost importance and a matter Carl met on his own terms. I understood this clearly.

I was touched by the Chief's gentleness and kindness to me. He told me he was there to make me happy. He told me "to eat darlin," to take whatever I wanted in the house. When we met Carl last summer, he gave us fresh vegetables from his garden and fish he had caught, a whole cooler full. He displayed an unusual generosity all along, and when I mentioned it to him, he said that was their way. The Chief talked about how blessed his life had been, and my thought was of all that had been taken from them. When I left, Mr. Custalow said he had enjoyed having me, and later on, Carl told me that his dad spoke highly of me and so had his sister.



The Chief and I (\$15.95, plus shipping) is available from the publisher at www.brandylanepublishers.com, as well as from amazon.com, bn.com and from your favorite bookseller.



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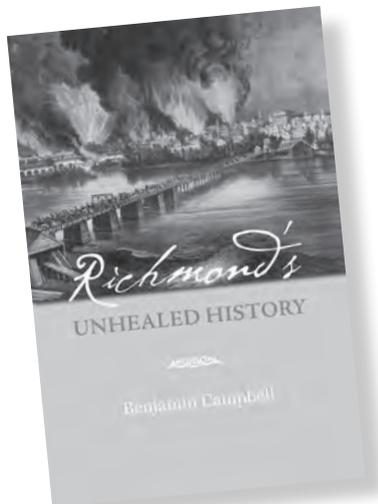
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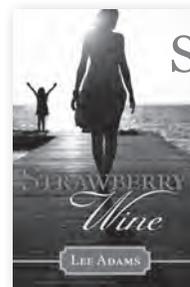


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About the Author

A native of Arlington, Virginia, the Rev. Benjamin P. Campbell studied political science and political economy at Williams College in Massachusetts, and studied theology as a Rhodes Scholar at the Queen's College in Oxford. He received a Master's in Divinity and an honorary Doctorate in Divinity from the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria. He has ministered to three Episcopal churches, and served as Communications Director and subsequently Program Director of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia. In 1987, he became Pastoral Director of Richmond Hill, an ecumenical Christian community and retreat center on Church Hill in Richmond.



STRAWBERRY WINE

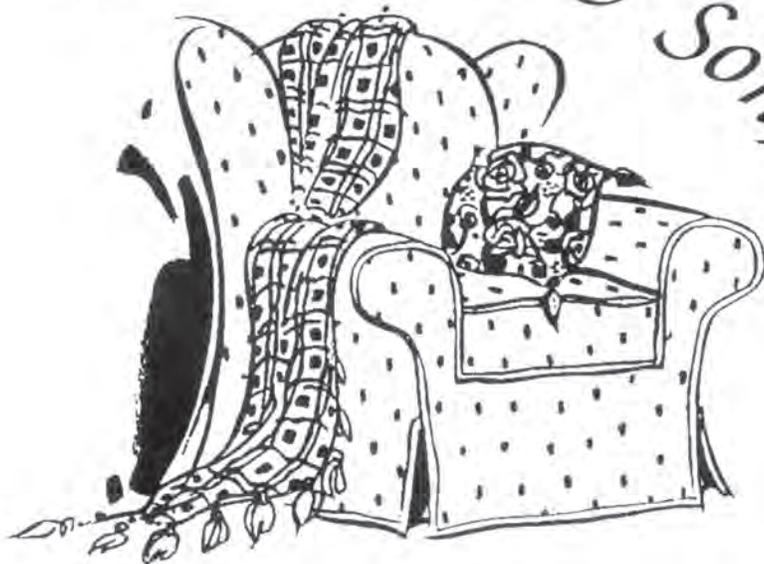
Lee Adams

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