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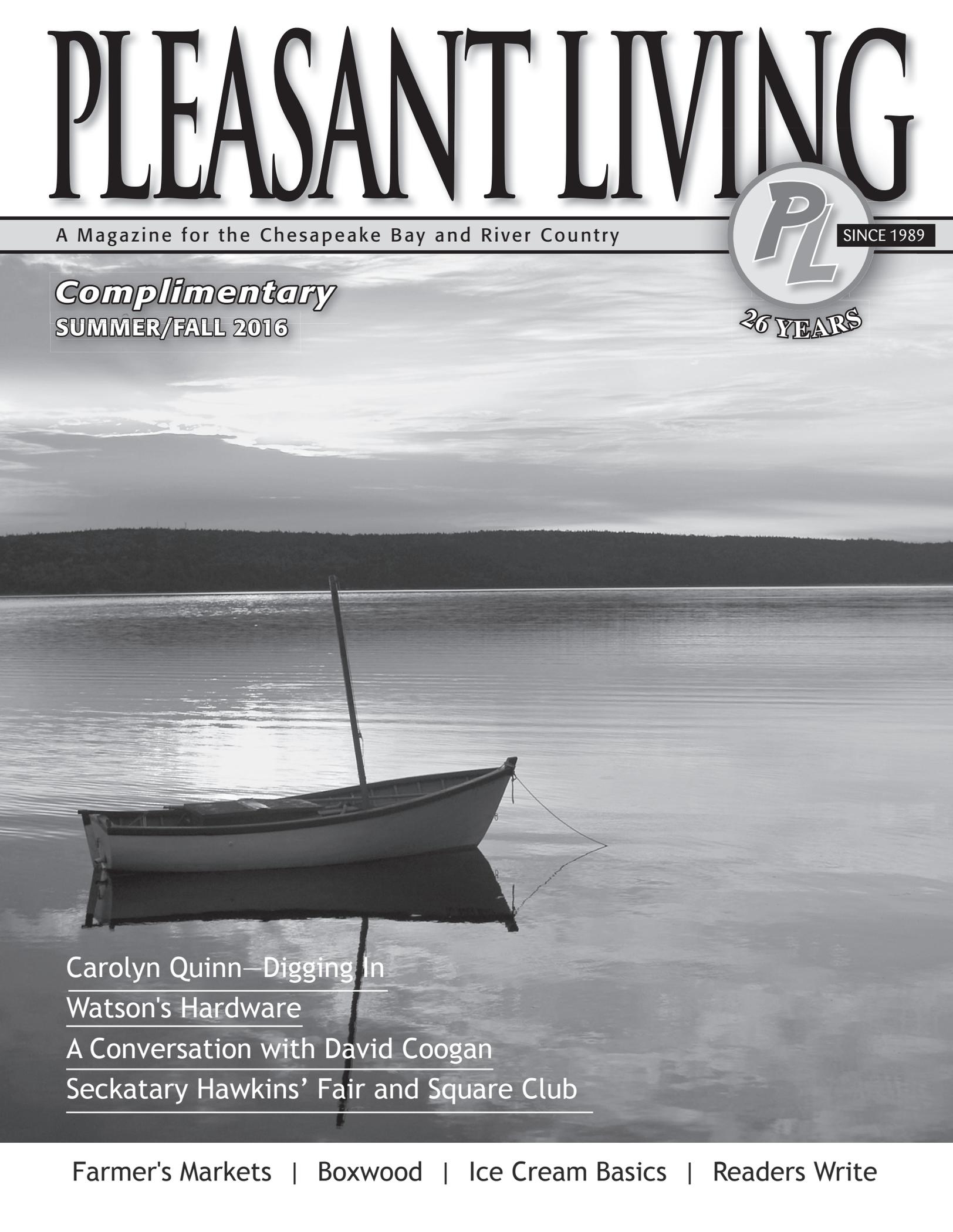


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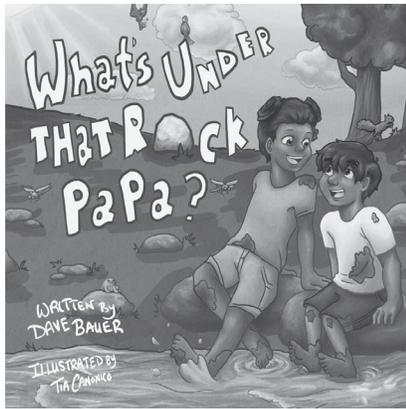
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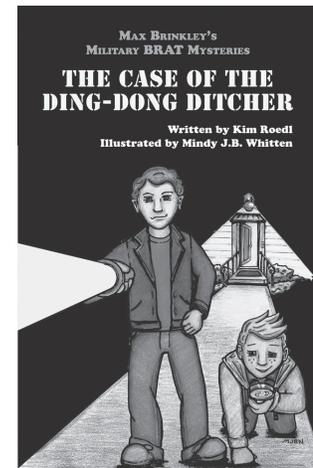


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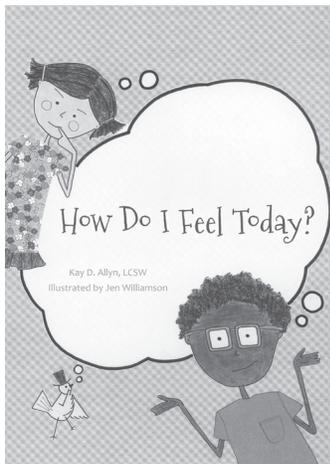


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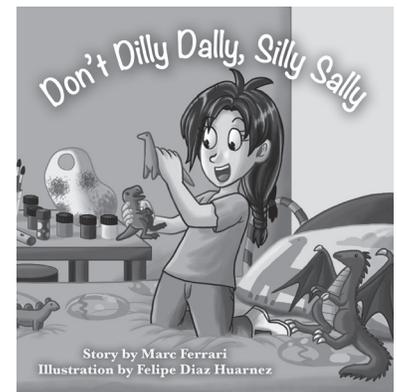
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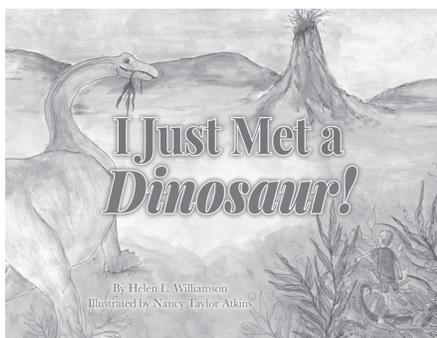


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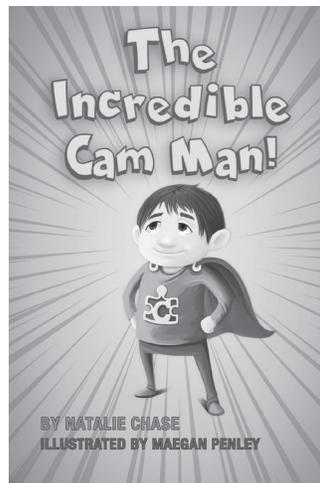
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A Magazine for the Chesapeake Bay and River Country



SINCE 1989

Volume 30, Number 2

SUMMER / FALL 2016

C O N T E N T S

FEATURE

- 5 Seckatary Hawkins' Fair and Square Club
By Ben White

READERS WRITE

- 26 An Island Teenager's Summer Job
By John "Sonny" Robinson
- 27 May Musings
By Rev. Robert Byrd Dawson

CULTURE

- 12 Watson's Hardware Store
By Patricia Parsons

GARDENING

- 16 Dr. Boxwood Tells All
By Stephen Southhall

COMMUNITY

- 24 Local Food, Local Commerce
By Maddie Baxter

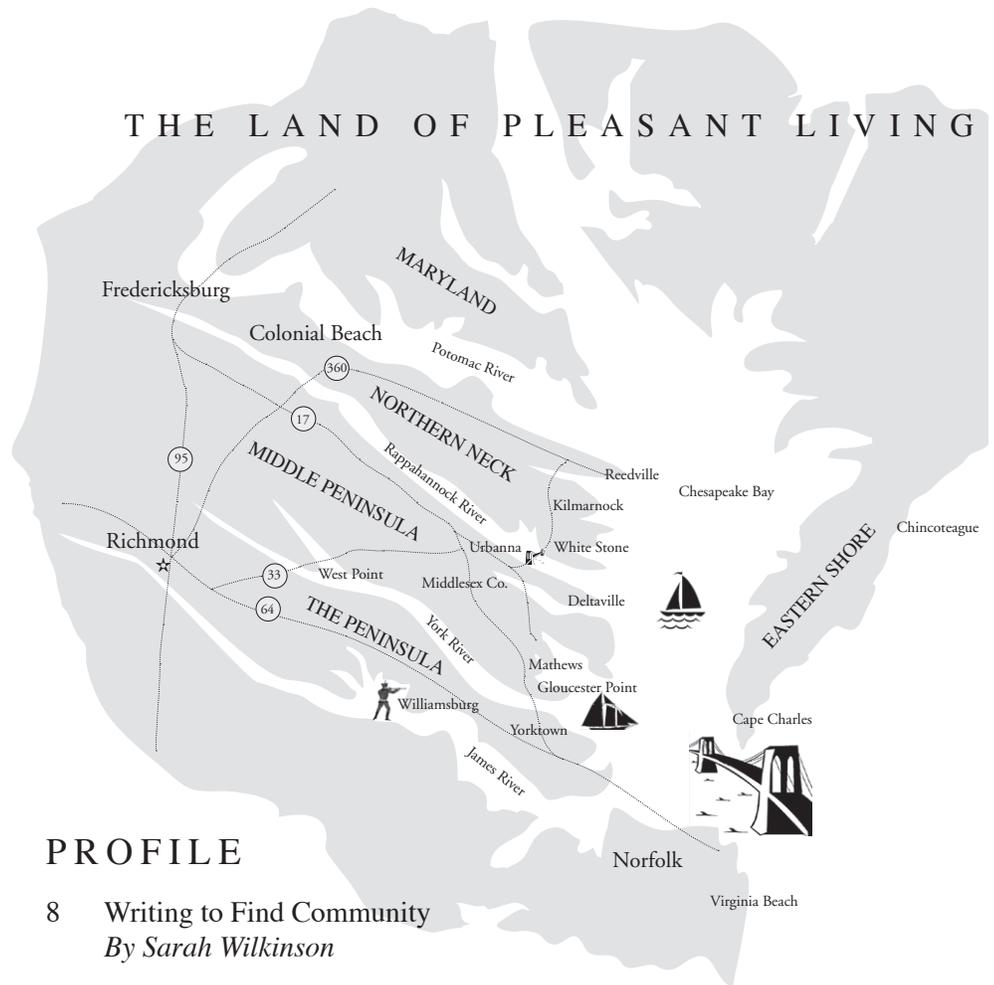
FOOD

- 20 Ice Cream Basics
By Dan Gill, Ethno-Gastronomist

ON THE COVER

Rappahannock River
Photo by Tom Trenz

Pleasant Living Summer / Fall 2016



PROFILE

- 8 Writing to Find Community
By Sarah Wilkinson
- 10 Carolyn Quinn
By Cheryl Smith

OUTDOORS

- 22 Shallow Water Fishing, Kayaks and Skiffs
By Steve Scala

DEPARTMENTS

- 3 Editor's Journal
28 Advertisers' Directory

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EDITOR'S JOURNAL



Ninety-Two and Still Laughing

My favorite aunt, Donna Jean Patin, celebrated ninety-two years on August 11th. My wife and I arrived in Atlanta for a visit just sixteen days too late to witness the landmark birthday, but when she met us at the door with that ageless smile, we knew the celebration wasn't over. Even after open-heart surgery six years ago, she's still the picture of health, is living on her own, still driving and working one day a week. The wide-eyed curiosity and the infectious, easy laugh that I remember from almost five decades ago are still there.

Donna is my late mother's younger sister, and I have always thought of her as my second mother, or as my wife refers to a close and very special older friend, as my *mother of the heart*. She was more hip and spirited than my mother, always tuned in to life, love and people, and curious about the world. She loved to dance, and in her younger days, tap-danced in skates on top of a wooden drum for a school performance. Although her legs aren't quite as stable as they used to be—and in spite of her age—that same dancing spirit lives in her still.

During my days as a sailor stationed at Cheatham Annex, Williamsburg, we got off work at noon on Fridays, and I struck out on the highway, hitchhiking to Atlanta in twelve hours to spend the weekend with her, Uncle Smitty and my cousins. I typically arrived around midnight, called from a pay phone, and she or my uncle would pick me up—and although I was road weary, Donna and I would sit up at the kitchen table talking until the wee hours. Looking back, I'm

sure she heard more from her twenty-something nephew than any aunt wanted to hear, but she always seemed on the edge of her seat, curious to hear about the military world, my latest girlfriend or my dreams of big city life. Sunday afternoon, the family would put me out on the shoulder of I-85 in my navy uniform and wait in the car until I thumbed a ride, Donna's teary-eyed face looking through the windshield.

For me, those weekend visits were like a balm to my spirit, one of those steadfast memories that will always be there, and Donna is right at the center. She was and still is the embodiment of a life well lived—independent, wise, good spirited, loved and respected by her family, and graceful in her later years.

During the three days of our visit, we were treated to the classic breakfast she cooks for herself every morning—scrambled eggs (with a touch of garlic and sour cream), crispy bacon, grits, the most incredible toast you've ever crunched, and strawberries. And then she shared a secret: she always has frozen yogurt after breakfast. And so, to help keep the tradition alive, we sat on her back porch in the morning sun and had butter pecan frozen yogurt in a sugar cone. Happy birthday, Aunt Donna! *pl*

Top photo (left)—Aunt Donna and yours truly in 1949. Birthday girl (center); Donna, myself and my wife, Tanya (right).

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FEATURE



Seckatary Hawkins' Fair and Square Club

Rediscovering Honesty, Equality and Good Clean Fun

By Ben White

This piece previously appeared in our January/February 2011 edition.

Down by the old riverbank in a clean and modest shack is where you'll find Seckatary Hawkins and the other members of the Fair and Square Club, a group of young boys dedicated to fun, adventure, and fair dealing. Of course, that river winds its way through the printed page; the boys and their club make their home in books both vintage and crisply new, on yellowed sheets of comics, on fondly preserved membership badges, and perhaps in the distant echoes of radio waves long since passed. Seck Hawkins and his friends also reside in the minds and imaginations of real-life Fair and Square Club members and Seckatary fans. They are today as ardent in their appreciation of a fine story, well told, as was anyone in 1918, when Robert F. Schulkers first introduced Seckatary Hawkins in the pages of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

So who the heck is Seck? Nine-year-old Seckatary Hawkins is the somewhat portly secretary and unofficial leader of the Fair and Square Club, and the book series of

the same name are the chronicles of his exploits. As a boy of unflagging strength of character, he's a natural fit for the Fair and Square Club. With its ideals of equality and honesty, and rules requiring that members never lie, always try their hardest, and always tell their mothers where they are, the Fair and Square club may seem like a breeding ground for Mr. Milquetoasts to be. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Seckatary Hawkins series proves that a story needn't be rife with sex and violence to be exciting. Cuban treasure, dog-stealing rivals, canoe sabotage, and complex martial maneuvering brought to bear on snowball fights are but a few of the high-energy endeavors to be found in the Hawkins stories.

On a dare from his editor at the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Robert F. Schulkers published a Hawkins story in the *Enquirer* and many more newspapers every single week between 1918 and 1935. He was also one of the first entertainers to take advantage of the then cutting edge medium of radio, broadcasting his Seckatary and other stories, and at some points performing entire stories by himself, enacting as many as seventeen



Randy Schulkers of Powhatan, Virginia

characters' voices. A Seckatary comic series ran in the 20s and 30s. As Fair and Square Clubs were made a reality and boys, girls and adults from around the country and even the world enrolled in droves, counting among their number film stars such as Richard Egan and Jackie Coogan of "The Kid" fame, the popularity of Seck and his gang was undeniable. The epitome of clean fun at a time when pulp fiction and the lurid themes it entailed were spreading among readers both old and young, the Seckatary Hawkins series never faltered, and remained both upstanding and entertaining.

Information about Seck and his creator are now freely available, as are reprinted books of the Fair and Square clubs adventures, thanks to another Schulkers. Randy Schulkers, a resident of Powhatan County, is grandson to Robert F. Schulkers, and a lifelong devotee of his grandfather's work. Randy maintains the website www.seckatary.com, a repository of information about the book series, the radio broadcasts and assorted Seckatary paraphernalia. There is information about the Fair and Square Club rules, motto, philosophy, and how to join it, an RFS (as Schulkers the webmaster fondly refers to Schulkers the author) biography, and a special

section on one very famous Fair and Square Club member. Schulkers says that the Seckatary Hawkins tales are so appealing because they are simply "boy's adventure stories." These yarns aren't the end result of market surveys, focus groups, or psychological testing.

"He asked his children what they liked, and that's kind of the thing the stories are based on," says Schulkers.

Evidently other children across the country liked those things as well, because they not only bought the books, the games, and the comics, but more than a million worldwide flocked to becoming upstanding members of the Fair and Square Club, the principles of which are as much the backbone of the Seckatary stories as the Seckatary himself. Indeed, one of the biggest advantages of having the www.seckatary.com website as a base of all things Seck has been in facilitating participation in the Fair and Square Club on a nationwide level.

"There are now several hundred very active members. Fair and Square Clubs are trying to make unpublished stories available by finding rare material," often in their own collection, according to Randy Schulkers. The high quality and lasting appeal of the Seckatary Hawkins toys, games, books, and more have caused many people to hold them tight and keep

them safe over the years, Schulkers says. A quick perusal of websites such as ebay or Amazon confirms that the books have an appeal that continues to this day. In seconds, one can find original edition copies of many Seckatary books being sold for \$1,000, \$1,500, or more.

"People who appreciate good clean fun appreciate it very much... some have sold for as much as \$2,400," says Schulkers, who is proud that is grandfather's work continues to be so thoroughly appreciated today. However, while dropping big bucks on a mint-condition, original edition Seckatary Hawkins book will certainly net the bidder a nice prize, those looking to enjoy a simple and appealing story don't need to hit their pocketbook so hard. For starters, the website has the very first Hawkins story, "Johnny's Snow Fortress," available to anyone with an Internet connection. Scans of the newspaper pages, illustrations and all, are also included.

However, if that tale of the fair-fighting Seckatary and his friends against the nefarious gang across the river simply wets your appetite for childhood adventure, Schulkers offers high-quality reprints of the Seckatary books through the website. Schulkers has been frustrated to see unauthorized copies of some Seckatary books, essentially poor photocopies, and therefore hard to read. The books available through the website, however, are of high quality. As a testament to that fact, even some of the more recent printings have already begun to sell for \$150 are more, several times Schulker's asking price. "If they join the club they could buy them for \$40, so I don't know why they don't want to do that," Schulkers says with a laugh. Schulkers prints the books in small batches. If a particular book's printing is sold out, one need only send Schulkers an email to be placed on a waiting list, and therefore given priority once enough demand is in place for another printing.

Reprinting isn't all Schulkers has done with his grandfather's work, either: "Grandpa published eleven books. I started to publish the uncollected newspaper stories as books. Now there are twenty-four books, as many new

books as old." In addition to the new prints and reprints, affordable later-edition books from Seck's heyday are available (many having never left their original storage container), along with Fair and Square Club pins and banners, bookends, and other goodies.

Ultimately, the Seckatary Hawkins books are as much about setting an example as they are entertaining. They are about showing that kids can play fair, respect their parents, and stay honest while still having a ton of fun. They're about treating others as equals, about not making assumptions, about giving everyone else their fair shake. The Seckatary himself is a pudgy child, which would have been much less common in his day than in ours. Schulkers comments with a laugh that, "Grandfather was never fat, although he got a little more portly in his old age. He looked more like Seckatary Hawkins when he was seventeen than he did when he was seventy... But really, the point is that it proves it doesn't matter what you look like, you can still be a good person and accomplish things." Whether Boo Radley or the Gray Ghost, it's what one does, such as telling the truth, looking upon mistakes as learning experiences, being a good citizen, and fulfilling all the other virtues of a Fair and Square Club member, that really matters. And if it takes a strong throwing arm and a pile of snowballs to get there, well, all the better. In that same spirit, perhaps Randy Schulkers should have the last word on the club and character that are a part of his grandfather's legacy:

"Anyone can join the club, it's free. We welcome anyone who's fair and square." *pl*



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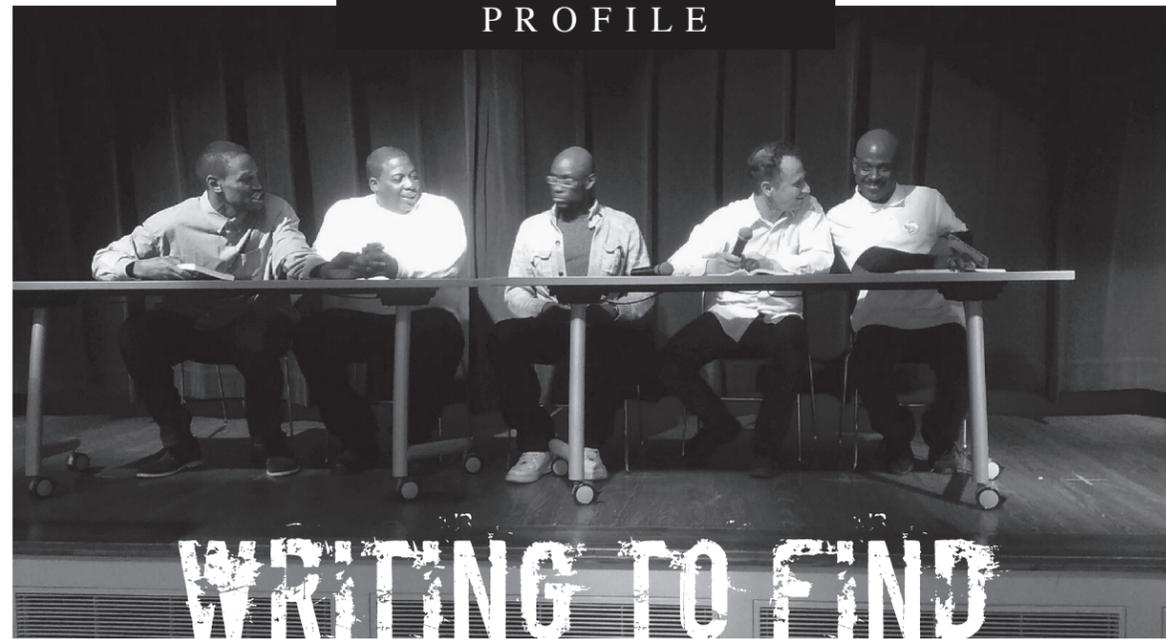
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WRITING TO FIND COMMUNITY

A Conversation with Dr. David Coogan

By Sarah Wilkinson / Photos Provided Courtesy of Dave Coogan

When I ask Dr. David Coogan to describe the experience of working on his book *Writing Our Way Out*, he smiles at me and says, “I’m not good at just a few words.” It is impossible to talk with Coogan about his time spent teaching writing to incarcerated men in Virginia’s prison system and not feel something take root in your chest, a budding hope that true humanity exists if you know where to look for it.

“This project has changed my life,” he says as we sit in his office at Virginia Commonwealth University. He turns his chair to face the room’s one large window, and I watch as his eyes light up, the sun finding its shine from somewhere deep within him. “Nobody expected prisoners to do anything like this. Nobody expected a professor to do anything like this.”

One July Saturday in 2006, Dr. Coogan walked into Richmond City Jail

with a goal in mind: to help incarcerated men reclaim their lives through writing. He asked them questions like, “Tell me about the world you used to live in. Did you make this world, or did it make you?” With that, his students—changing every week as some were transferred to other facilities or released, while new recruits joined the ranks—began to pinpoint the circumstances and decisions that led them to prison. In essence, they were writing to answer one prevailing question. “Can you write your way out of one life and into another?”

From his time spent taking university students to volunteer with Offender Aid & Restoration (OAR), an organization focused on aiding ex-offenders as they re-enter society, Coogan knew he wanted to combine the resulting stories into a collection that would further OAR’s mission. What began as a small stapled-together ‘zine full of writing would grow

over the next ten years into a book with ten co-authors.

As the first 12-week course progressed, Coogan slowly realized that he was no longer simply teaching a writing class to incarcerated men; he was building a writer’s collective, a community of writers who, together, were building something larger than any single person ever could. “Writing gives people the distance they need to evaluate their experience,” Coogan says, looking from the window back to me, “and the way we did it, writing also gives people the community they need to cultivate a vision of a better life, not just for you, but for everyone.”

As we talk, I notice pictures tacked up on the wall behind him. These are photos of his students smiling into the sunshine of a free day, or into the fluorescent light of a prison visiting room. Their presence fills Coogan’s office along with the day’s heat, and I imagine them sitting in the same chair

I am sitting in now, looking at their smiling faces on the wall with pride. “The guys you see here were already primed to do something positive in their lives,” Coogan says. “They’d been through the system before, and they’d already reckoned with God or their families and figured out that something had to change.”

The seeds for this book were sowed for Coogan more than twenty years ago, when he asked his grandmother to write her memoir of growing up poor in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town. He typed her drafts up and shared them among the family. “I could see something happening,” he says, his face full of love and admiration for his grandmother. “People were really starting to engage with her stories.” Through her words, he saw how writing could bring people together, and it was then he decided he wanted to make a life of it.

Now, Coogan is surrounded by writing every day. He opens the bottom drawer of his filing cabinet to show me all the work his students have written since the project’s beginning. Inside rests every single letter received from every single man, even those who stopped writing before the book was published, or passed away before their time. “There is no us and them,” he tells me, pulling out a letter from Bradley Greene, one of his ten co-authors, so I can see the neat handwriting against the thick yellow envelope. “There is only one.”

Once the first twelve weeks of the original course were up, Coogan realized he had to keep going. Through a program he developed and co-directs called Open Minds, he has continued teaching writing in Richmond City Jail, bringing incarcerated people and VCU students together to write. He has kept in touch with the men he met along the way, strengthening bonds by sending letters and story drafts through the mail and taking Saturdays to drive to different penitentiaries across Virginia just in time for visiting hours. “It wasn’t a hard thing to give up my Saturdays,” Coogan says. “It’s like a boomerang: if you throw it, it’s going to come back.”

He is right: everything he put into the project has been returned ten-fold. As one of his co-authors, Ronald, told Coogan’s family, “Thank you for sharing him. He’s

really helped me in my life and I know I’m not the only one.” Since *Writing Our Way Out* was published in November 2015, Coogan and his co-authors have hosted more than twenty events—talks, book signings, readings, writing collectives—to engaged audiences who have wanted to talk about racism, drug addiction, and spirituality in prison. In other words, issues that matter to men like Kelvin Belton, Karl Black, Stanley Craddock, Ronald Fountain, Bradley Greene, Tony Martin, Naji Mujahid, Terence Scruggs, Andre Simpson, and Dean Turner.

One of these men, Stan, came over to Dr. Coogan’s house for a barbecue shortly after he was released from prison. On the porch, Coogan introduced Stan to his thirteen-year-old daughter, Lucy. In that exact spot eleven years before, at the project’s beginning, Lucy had heard her father talking about Stan and tried to spell his name with the stream of a garden hose. “You know what your dad is, Lucy?” Stan asked her, bridging the distance of time. “Your dad is a safe cracker. I bet you didn’t know that. They go to the right, they spin the dial to the left, and they wait for the click. And that’s what your dad did. He spun my dial and then when it clicked, he opened up the vault of all my hidden treasures, everything I didn’t know I could do in life.”

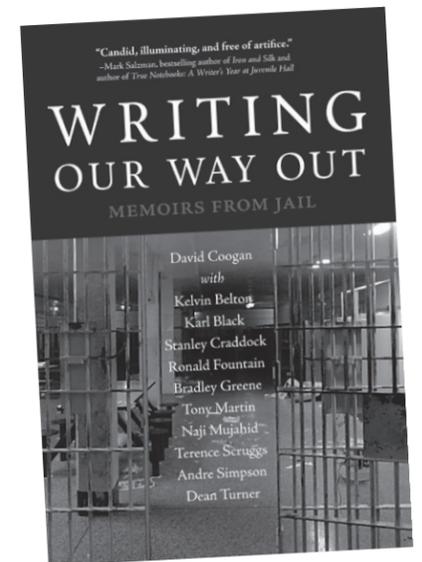
Coogan set out with “the hope of helping ordinary people participate in public life,” but he didn’t realize just how much his students would impact his own, giving him new eyes to see the world. Since the project began, many of his students have recidivated, falling into the same traps of drug addiction and crime that they had tried to write their way out of. Writing is a powerful tool for rehabilitation, but it’s not always enough to start a new life, especially when having a felony attached to their names makes it so hard to find a job or new opportunities.

Coogan never believed that *Writing Our Way Out* would fix the broken prison system or persuade lawmakers to see drug addiction as a health issue rather than a criminal one. But their book has started a conversation in his community, and it continues to empower those who read it.

“If people leave a reading or finish the book and they’re energized to want to do something about this,” Coogan says, “I think we’re doing the right thing.” *pl*



David Coogan

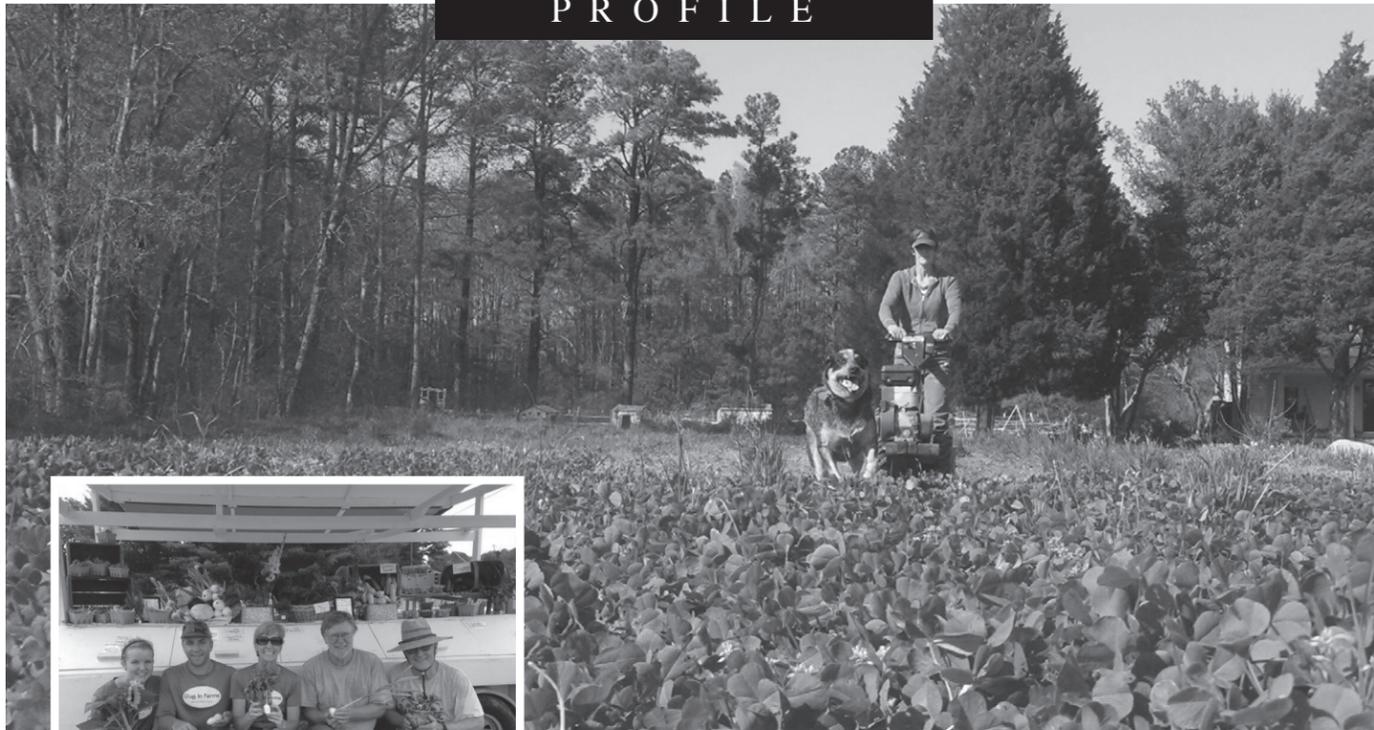


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\$16.95, 6 x 9", paperback, 256 pages
ISBN: 978-1-9399305-9-0



Carolyn Quinn

Digging in and Sharing the Bounty

By Cheryl Smith / Photos provided courtesy of Dug In Farms

Around three years ago driving down Fleets Bay Road in Kilmarnock I saw the cutest chicken houses I have ever seen! The colors the chicken houses were painted were so happy that I thought, who wouldn't want to be a chicken living in that house?

Last year I was heading towards White Stone and saw signs advertising fresh eggs, vegetables and flowers, and the signs were pointing to Fleets Bay Road. I hadn't been down Fleets Bay for a year or so, so I turned my truck around. There was a picnic table with vegetables on it, so I immediately turned in and parked. I remembered seeing the brightly colored chicken houses and thought, this was the farm I saw three years ago! Then, I remembered the sign, Dug In Farm. I met Carolyn Quinn and her dog Doug and bought some vegetables and sunflowers, and

we've been friends for about a year now.

As an agriculture/horticulture teacher from an era when there were very few women in the farming industry, I am fascinated when I meet women in farming. Nowadays it isn't as unusual as it was twenty years ago, but you still do a double-take when you see a woman on a tractor cultivating a field.

Carolyn Quinn found the Northern Neck in 2001. It was a great place for her to spend some quiet time away from her job in Washington where she worked on Senator John Warner's armed service committee overseeing the defense research and development budget. As many of us do, Carolyn fell in love with the area and its strong sense of community. She phased out her consulting business, decided it was time to buy some land, bought property

and decided to call it Dug In Farms. Why, you might ask, did she choose this name?

"I was dug in and not going anywhere," says Carolyn. In 2013 she moved into her semi-renovated house, got some honeybees, a few chickens and started raising a big garden. She worked at the Northern Neck Food Bank and met several local growers who inspired her to start her own growing business. And so she did.

Last year, Carolyn had a picnic table for a farm stand and started her small farm business selling eggs, flowers and produce. This year a friend built an incredible stand that not only has electric but also air conditioning to keep the produce cool and fresh! Carolyn's business has definitely evolved, attributed to her progressive thinking, compelling advertising, neighborhood connections and her

pay it forward attitude. At her stand, people can pay for their eggs, flowers and produce on the honor system.

At the start, Carolyn thought she would have some honeybees and a few chickens. Now, five beehives and eighty chickens live at Dug In Farms, and more and more crops are being planted. Luckily, this year she has a young grad from Virginia Tech, "Scott A." interning, to help her with the chickens, tilling, planting and other tasks.

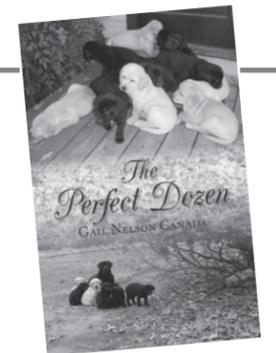
Carolyn is an inspiration to me and to many who would like to have a farm and who are starting small. It's a blessing that I saw the brightly painted chicken houses, the old white farm house and the barren farm land off Fleet's Bay Road three years ago. I remember thinking then, what will this house and land become someday?

Now three years later I have seen

the growth of this farm from the chickens to the crops and hope that Carolyn and Doug will continue to paint more chicken houses together. I'm sure they will, because remember, they aren't going anywhere because they're *dug-in*.

Carolyn writes a weekly blog that offers news about the farm as well as great recipes. Her goals for the future are to grow all that she sells and to be able to share the bounty. *pl*

Dug In Farms is open Thursday through Sunday 8-6. Visit them online at www.duginfarms.com

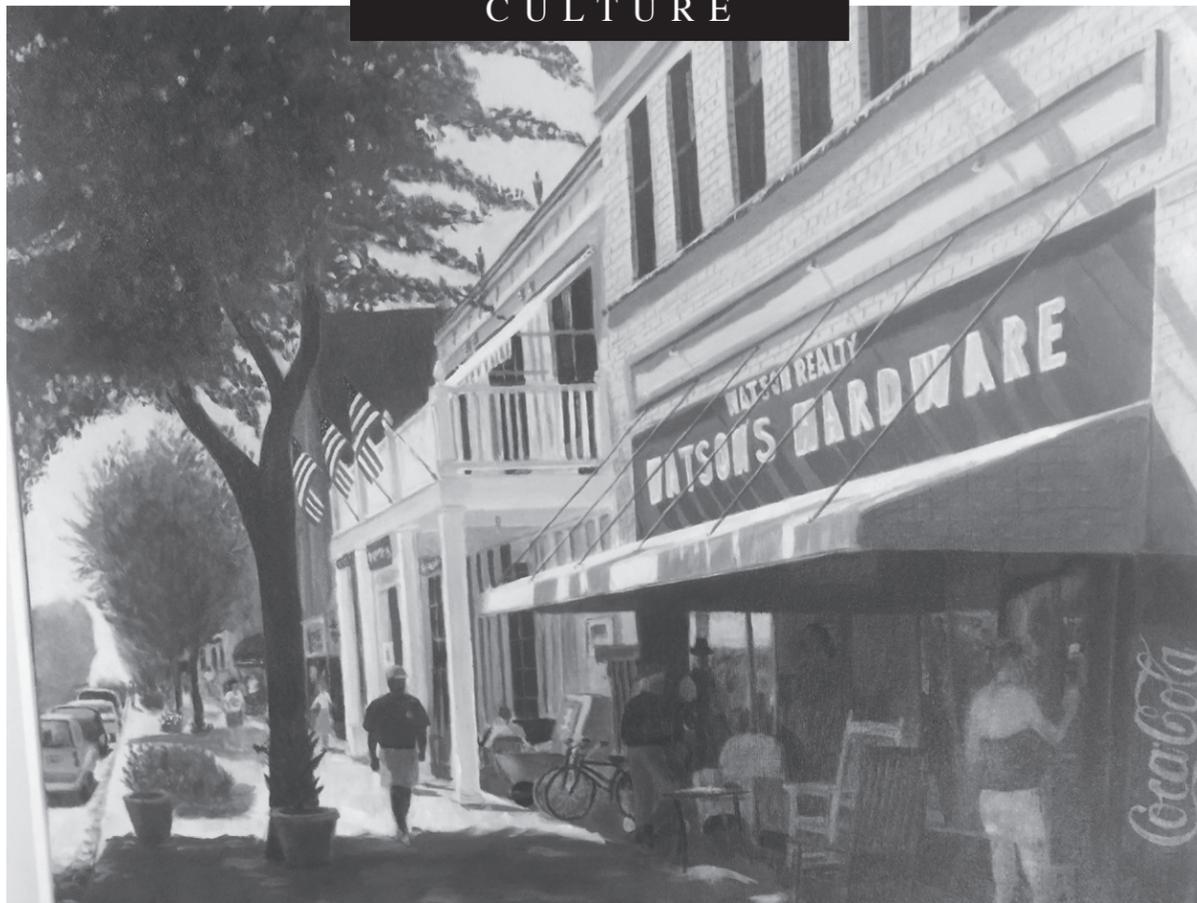


The Perfect Dozen

GAIL NELSON CANADA

In 1997, Gail Canada encountered an abandoned black Lab puppy running along the country road near her house. She took him in and named him Jake, having no idea of the journey she'd begun. Eight years later, she and her husband Randy would bring home a yellow Lab puppy named Hannah, and Hannah and Jake would become the parents to a litter of twelve tiny Labradors: six yellow, six black; six male, six female. A perfect dozen.

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A painting of Watson's done in 2000. Artist is deceased (Courtesy of Watson's Hardware)

Watson's Hardware Store

An Icon of Eastern Shore Americana

By Patricia Parsons

The scene might have come from a painting by Norman Rockwell. Family members and I were spending the week of the Fourth of July in Cape Charles on the Eastern Shore of Virginia—and a real old fashioned Fourth it turned out to be. As we stood across from the town's harbor, we were treated to a down-home Fourth of July parade.

Fire departments from Cape

Charles and nearby communities projected an air of "spit and polish" with their gleaming modern equipment as they slowly rolled along Mason Avenue, the town's main shopping strip. Their water tankers reminded us that these firefighters could be called to quench blazes at remote places in this rural county. An impressively long line of golf carts, gaily festooned

by their owners in red, white and blue, presented a vigorous display of hometown patriotism as passengers called back and forth to friends on the sidelines. Uncle Sams and Statues of Liberty of various ages waved from decorated cabin cruisers as they passed by the 19th and early 20th century buildings along the parade route. What a fine example of community involvement!



That evening, after a covered dish block party on a neighbor's patio in Bay Creek Resort, we came back to town to watch from the deck of a restaurant called The Shanty, as fireworks were set aloft and reflected in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay.

I felt that I would never again experience a greater melding of past and present than I did that day—until, a few days later; I approached Watson's Hardware Store on the main street. Colorful sand buckets and other vacation supplies were displayed in profusion along the sidewalk in front of Watson's, tempting passersby to come inside.

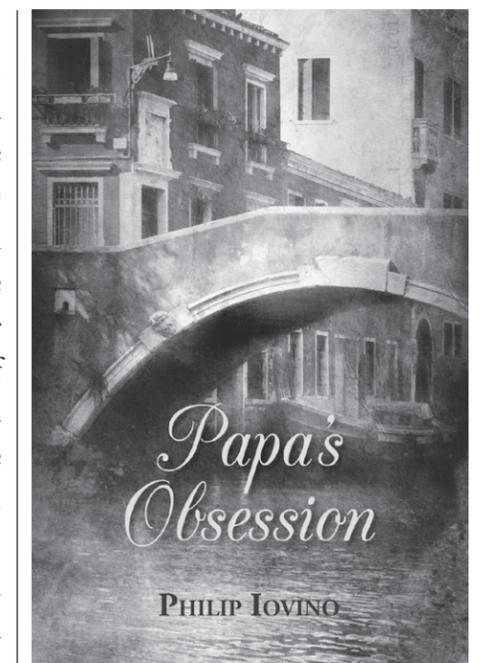
I entered a building that has housed a hardware store for 104 years. At first glance, the scene looks like a tangle of randomly stacked goods, which seem to have overwhelmed the counters and spilled onto the floor, leaving several aisles almost too

narrow for customers to navigate. As if the store cannot contain it all, merchandise appears to have crossed the doorway and tumbled onto the sidewalk. But in reality, this 8,000 square foot combination of general store and hardware store fills the requirement of two distinct customer bases; the local residents, many of whom are restoring the grand old houses, and vacationers who come to Cape Charles to enjoy the beach, fishing off the town's pier, or boating.

When I was a girl growing up in Cape Charles during the 1940s and 50s, Collins Hardware, as it was then called, was one of the community's favorite gathering places, especially on Saturdays when farm families came to town to do their weekly shopping. Having made their purchases, the men congregated around a wood stove in the middle of the store while they waited for

their wives to finish their shopping. If I happened in on a summer's afternoon, I would hear the anxious buzz of the farmers' conversations as they speculated on the prices the Eastern Shore crops might bring in the big produce markets of New York or Philadelphia.

The store has been owned and operated by brothers Bill and Chip (Paul) Watson since 1970, and it's still a daily gathering place. In cold weather, at 4 o'clock, a group of ten to twelve retired men assemble around the wood stove that stands in



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Chip Watson, co-owner of Watson's Hardware

the center of the store, the same spot as it stood when the store opened as Cape Charles Hardware Company, Inc. in 1910. In warm weather, these old friends, surrounded by a display of beach toys and bicycles, observe the passing scene from a row of rocking chairs and canvas folding chairs that line both sides of the pavement in front of the store. Ordinary pedestrians are welcome to occupy the chairs, as long as no one sits in the roped-off rocker that bears the sign, "Chip's Chair," which one of the owners reserves for himself since undergoing back surgery.

I had a most enjoyable visit with Chip Watson and asked if he would give me a tour of the building. He

graciously agreed. Impressed by the sheer volume of stock I saw as we moved through several departments, I couldn't resist the question, "How are you able to lay your hands on the articles your customers ask for?" He told me that he knows where to look because "everything is in the same place as it was in the original store."

I admired the pressed tin ceiling that is original to the building, as are the old wood display cases, and the wood bead board walls. We crossed the worn linoleum tile floor and climbed the stairway to the mezzanine at the rear of the original sales room. Dips in the noses of the stairs betray over 100 years of daily use.

The desk of a previous owner

still remains on the mezzanine. An RCA Victor sign, darkened with time, stands behind the desk. It depicts Nipper the Jack Russell terrier listening to "his master's voice." In one corner a refrigerator abuts a wall of shelves crammed with a variety of alcoholic beverages, most of very good quality. Mr. Watson unlocked a file cabinet next to the desk and showed me an additional collection of whisky bottles his regulars contribute for "happy hour"—a reminder of the old liquor locker days.

Another file cabinet in the mezzanine contains all the completed forms that gun buyers must fill out before they can purchase a gun. The Watsons' files date from 1970. This

hardware store has always carried guns—mostly hunting rifles in the past. Now they provide all kinds of guns, as well as hunting licenses and equipment. (You can get a fishing license there, too.)

The old wooden freight elevator shimmied its way up to the attic-like second floor. As we stepped out, Mr. Watson greeted two men who were busy cutting pipe at one of the three workbenches that run down the center of the room. Bins of wood for the stove and old pieces of furniture were scattered here and there. Among them was a cast iron safe the Watsons acquired when they bought the Radium Theatre. Excited to see what the safe contained, they used a drill to break the lock. Sadly the safe held no money, only old movie tickets. Chip gave me a strip showing admission to be twenty cents. He went on to explain that, in 1973, he and Paul purchased the adjacent Radium movie theatre to make room for extra sales space. The ceiling had fallen in, and because it had been a theatre, the floor sloped towards the stage. They corrected the floor, restored the ceiling, and opened up the wall between the two buildings.

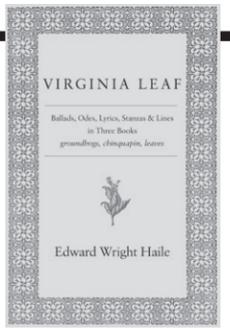
Back downstairs, we walked into the old Radium Theatre annex. It was just as full of merchandise as the original hardware store. At the rear of the 4,000 sq. ft. room, Chip opened two huge doors to reveal the mounting for the movie screen, three stories high and just as wide.

Though the brothers deny that they are, in some sense, custodians of the town's history, next to his desk, Bill

Watson keeps a stack of old yearbooks from the long-closed Cape Charles High School. Photos displayed on the walls show Cape Charles's main street as it appeared at various times over the years. A picture of one of the old ferries that used to run between Cape Charles and Norfolk is displayed in Chip's office. It looks as if some of the merchandise might also date from an earlier era. If it does, the older hardware must be a blessing to those who are trying to restore the antique buildings of the town, which is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Chip gave me a postcard that refers to the business as, "An old fashioned hardware store since 1910, with a whole lot of stuff." He reminded me that from the store, he and his wife, Lynn, operate Watson's Realty. "Pat, I can sell you number one 'penny' nails or a one million dollar property, either one," he quipped.

Along a street of art galleries, jewelry stores, souvenir shops, and some of the best restaurants on the Eastern Shore, Watson's Hardware stands out as a unique time capsule, blending the new with the old. It's well worth a visit. *pl*

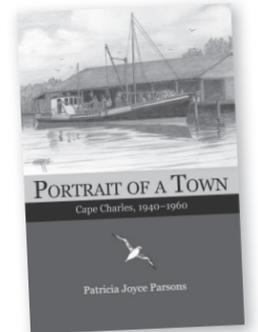


VIRGINIA LEAF
By Edward Wright Haile

The poet's foreword says he began all this on one fine day. It must have been finer than morning in an adjacent state by the looks of the result. What a sweep! What a breadth! What a memory! Who's left out here? Nobody I know. Virginia is 475 miles long but averages half that, which means here we have about one page per mile of her right across. He cautions that a reading voice with the proper pronunciation of "Hanover" and "Henrico" is advisable.

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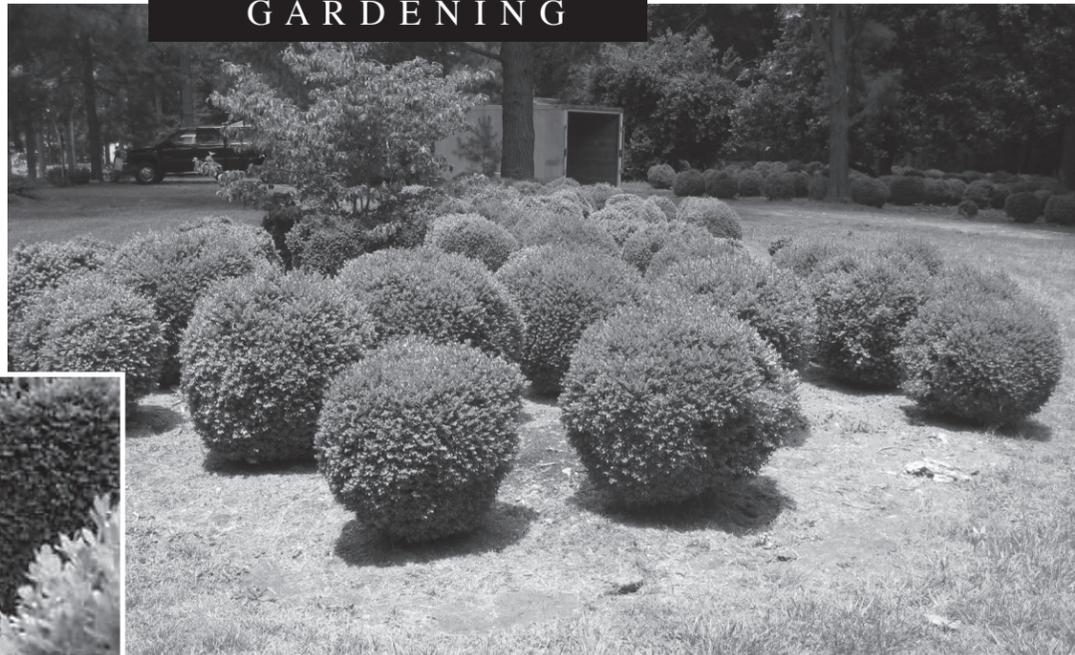
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Dr. Boxwood Tells All

Summer Care and Fall Planting Preparation

Story and Photos by Stephen Southall

Here's another segment from the boxwood doctor to help you nurture your boxwood in late summer, and prepare for upcoming fall preparations and planting.

Happy planting this fall!

Watering Needs

The needs of older established plants vs. newly planted ones are very different during the summer. Older plants generally do not need special care unless the heat and drought are very severe. The primary way to figure out whether a plant needs water is to get on your hands and knees and lightly dig around the drip line of the plant to assess the level of moisture. If it is hard and dry, then the plant probably will benefit from a long slow soaking—not a shallow superficial watering.

Newly planted boxwood need more careful attention since the root development is not yet fully established. For this reason, more frequent watering is suggested. Perhaps a deep watering twice a week is warranted, but always assess the soil moisture level by the tried and true “hands and knees” method. Get on your hands and knees and feel the soil.

Depending on where they are located, newly planted boxwood may benefit from some sort of shading especially if they are in intense sun in the afternoon. Design a simple frame on which you can staple burlap and place it in a manner which shades the plant.

Too much watering is very detrimental to the health of plants. A root fungus (phytophthora) that thrives under wet and hot conditions is deadly to boxwood and has probably killed more plants than drought. Automatic irrigation systems that water both the lawn

Summer is a great time to prepare for fall planting by doing a soil test.

and boxwood are often the cause of boxwood staying too wet, and in the heat of summer this leads to the growth of this fungus. Lawn irrigation should always be separate from boxwood irrigation. Because the fungus eats away at the roots very slowly, the plant may not show signs of stress until the following summer when the leaves turn a strange gray color and have a very crispy newspaper feel before turning brown. This discoloration often appears in sections of the plant and not the entire plant. Phytophthora can be diagnosed on the fine hair roots by gently pulling on the outer layer of the root. If the fungus is present, the outer layer will slide off of the root much like a peach or tomato skin slides off the fruit after being blanched.

Plants in Stress

At the first sign of stress in plants it may be too late to help them. The newspaper crispy feel and the grayish tint to the leaves is a sure sign that the plant is dehydrated. Immediate watering is called for. Long deep watering with a soaker hose or slow drip hose is suggested since it can be left unattended. Shading may also help protect the plant.

Mulch

Regardless of age of the plant, mulch serves a number of beneficial purposes. It insulates the soil from the heat of the sun and keeps the

soil cooler. Mulch also preserves the moisture in the soil. It is very beneficial to preserving the health of the small hair roots located near the top of the soil and the availability of moisture to them. Many people extol the virtues of a weed barrier put down first before the mulch is applied. There is a major fallacy in the thinking that a weed barrier will prevent weeds. It may in the first few months, but birds, the wind and other sources will contribute to weed seeds in the mulch and germination on top of the weed barrier.

The second problem with the weed barrier is that it creates two environments, one on top and one below the barrier. So much for the benefits of a weed barrier. One of the major benefits of mulch is that it deteriorates and adds humus to the soil and encourages growth of micro-organisms which benefit both the soil and the plant. These organisms, including earth worms, cannot penetrate a weed barrier, thus preventing mixing the humus from the mulch with the soil below.

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Preparing for fall

Summer is a great time to prepare for fall planting by doing a soil test. A test will indicate any nutrient deficiency and also measure the pH, which is very important. If the pH is too acidic, the boxwood cannot take up any nutrients regardless of the availability in the soil. Optimal pH range for boxwood is 6.5 to 7.2. Levels below this will result in poor color and the typical bronzing often seen on boxwood. I will be glad to provide the paperwork and soil box for a VA Tech soil test at no charge. Simply contact me via my email address below. Adding any fertilizer to the soil without first doing a test is like taking medicine before going to your doctor and determining what is wrong with you. Also, never use any fertilizer

on boxwood like Holly Tone since it is designed for acid loving plants like hollies and azaleas. If the soil test indicates that lime is called for, summer is a great time to apply it. Lime works its way down through the soil very slowly, so it is better to apply and mix into the soil before planting. If you are dealing with already established plants, do NOT work the lime into the soil as it will disturb and destroy the many hair roots close to the surface of the soil.

Fall planting

Fall is the absolute best time to plant since the roots have a longer time to mature and establish themselves in the soil prior to the heat of the following July and August. Even though the top of the plants will not show any growth during the fall, the

roots are growing anytime the soil is above freezing temperatures. Once we are into September and past the 90+ degree days for extended periods of time with no rain, then it is a fine time to plant.

Questions and Correspondence

For more detailed information on various boxwood topics, visit www.englishboxwoods.com. Please feel free to contact me with questions about your individual boxwood needs at southall@englishboxwoods.com pl



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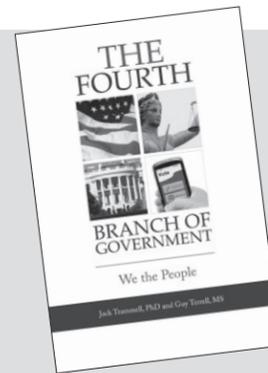
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WINTER

SPRING

SUMMER

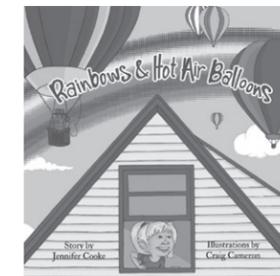
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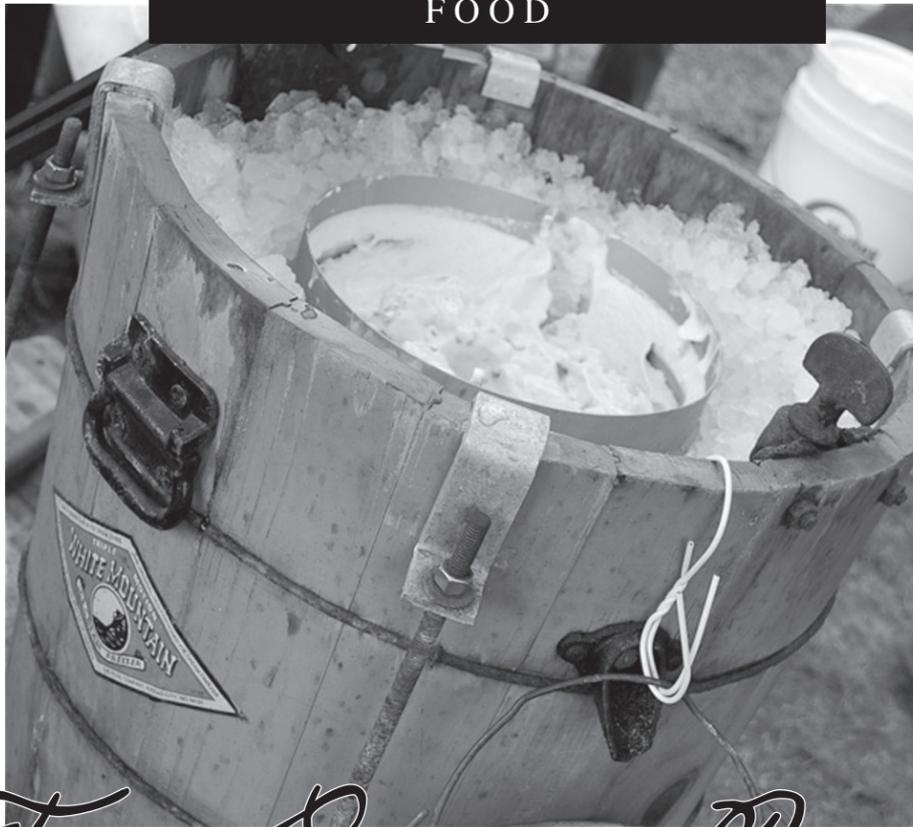
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Ice Cream Basics

By Dan Gill, Ethno-Gastronomist

This article appeared in our May/June 2010 issue. Dan Gill Dan Gill, renaissance farmer and owner of Something Different in Urbanna, wrote his column for PL for ten years, contributing his homespun, knowledgeable commentary on food, history and life. He passed away in October 2014.

When I was growing up on the farm, we always had a milk cow and plenty of fresh milk, cream and butter. A special summer treat was homemade ice cream, hand-churned at first, and then later made in an electric White Mountain ice cream freezer chilled by a slurry of ice, salt and water. It was good. In fact it was so good that it is now illegal, at least for trade. Our mix was simply raw milk, cream, raw eggs, sugar and flavoring – usually chocolate. It was not overly sweet, but it was so rich

that it would coat the roof of your mouth. Since the only stabilizers and emulsifiers were components of egg yolks, it melted quickly, lightly and completely on the tongue and therefore seemed much colder than the more complex and slower melting ice creams of today. When we decided to make ice cream at Something Different, I wanted to make our old-fashioned version (with pasteurized eggs and milk, of course), but quickly discovered that, by law, any dairy mix used to make ice cream has to be pasteurized and homogenized beforehand. Therefore, at least in the Commonwealth of Virginia, virtually any ice cream sold to the public starts with a mix made in a dairy plant. Even so, there are significant differences in quality based on the components of the mix, additional ingredients and flavorings and the way it is frozen and handled.

Independent ice cream shops that

make their own premium and super-premium specialty ice creams in batches will often have their mixes custom-made. High quality all-natural custom mixes use milk from hormone- and antibiotic-free cows, small amounts of natural emulsifiers and stabilizers and no High Fructose Corn Syrup.

Ice cream is a strained and tenuous alliance of things that do not ordinarily play well together: water (ice crystals), cream (butterfat) and air, each of which tries to seek out its own kind and separate into icy clumps. Agitation and cold result in a smooth matrix of small ice crystals coated with sugar and interspersed with cream, conditions that result in cold, smooth, sweet and creamy sensations when eaten. Tiny air bubbles are incorporated naturally by the action of beaters in batch ice cream freezers, which work just like an old hand-crank model laid on its side and chilled

by refrigerant. In industrial continuous-flow machines, air is injected into the mix during the freezing process. Air makes ice cream soft so that it can be scooped. Emulsifiers help keep the butterfat in suspension and stabilizers slow the formation of larger ice crystals, which grow when ice cream is subjected to fluctuations in temperature during transportation and storage, especially when kept in frost-free freezers.

Ice cream is judged, classified and priced primarily by the percentage of cream in the mix and the amount of air incorporated into the final product. In order for a frozen dessert to legally be called “ice cream” it must contain at least 10% butterfat and less than 50% air. “Overrun” is a measurement of the volume of air relative to the initial volume of mix. Therefore, an ice cream that is half air by volume is said to have 100% overrun, the legal maximum. Since ice cream is sold by volume and not by weight, overrun is a reliable indicator of value. Regular store-bought ice cream will be close to the minimum requirements. Premium ice cream contains about 14% to 16% butterfat and less overrun than standard brands. You can actually feel the difference by picking up a gallon of each grade and comparing the heft. Super premium is generally available only in specialty shops that make their own in small batches. It typically contains more than 16% butterfat and less than 50% overrun (25% air by volume) for a rich, creamy mouth feel. It is expensive to make and usually contains high quality natural ingredients, such as real vanilla, fruits and nuts, and fewer artificial flavorings.

It is safe to say that all ice cream is flavored and most contains commercial flavorings and colorants. There is a vast industry that creates, manufactures and markets flavorings and colorants for the food industry in general and the ice cream industry specifically. Most are composed of concentrated natural and/or artificial flavors and colors dissolved in propylene glycol. Commercial flavorings are designed to stand on their own or to intensify the taste and color of natural ingredients, such as peaches or pecans, for added consumer appeal.

Vanilla is the benchmark and the basis of all other flavors. If you can make a good vanilla ice cream, then you can make anything. Vanilla is also the most popular flavor by far, followed by chocolate and butter pecan. Better quality ice creams use real vanilla extract, rather than a flavoring based on artificial vanillin. At Something Different, we use pure Madagascar Bourbon, the best there is, to make our super-premium, all-natural ice creams.

In fact, we don't use any manufactured flavorings or colorants at all. To make our Buttered Pecan, we caramelize pecans in butter and organic sugar. We make a trip to the mountains of Virginia in the summer and bring back bushels of the little White Lady peaches for our White Peach ice cream and enhance the natural flavor of peaches and strawberries with a little balsamic vinegar and kelp powder.

Last Christmas, we made some eggnog ice cream as an experiment. Not the normal variety made with eggnog flavoring, but a real adult version using my mother's recipe. Mother didn't make wimpy eggnog. It was so popular that

customers actually got angry when they found out that we weren't going to make it except during the holidays. We then came up with Grasshopper made with Crème de Menthe and Crème de Cacao and topped with chopped Oreo cookies. We plan to try some other adult flavors this summer, such as Piña Colada or Margarita. Fortunately, we are licensed as a “Gourmet Shop” by ABC so that we can legally use alcohol in our recipes, but we serve and sell our adult ice creams only to verified adults and there is an alcohol warning on the label. There are also some technical difficulties to be overcome when incorporating alcohol into ice cream as it lowers the freezing point and reduces overrun so that the ice cream is more expensive to make and it remains relatively soft at normal serving temperatures.

There are a few other shops in the River Country that serve premium ice creams or make their own on site. Enjoy the rest of summer! *pl*

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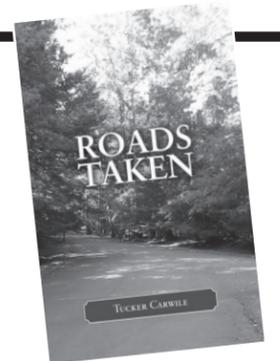
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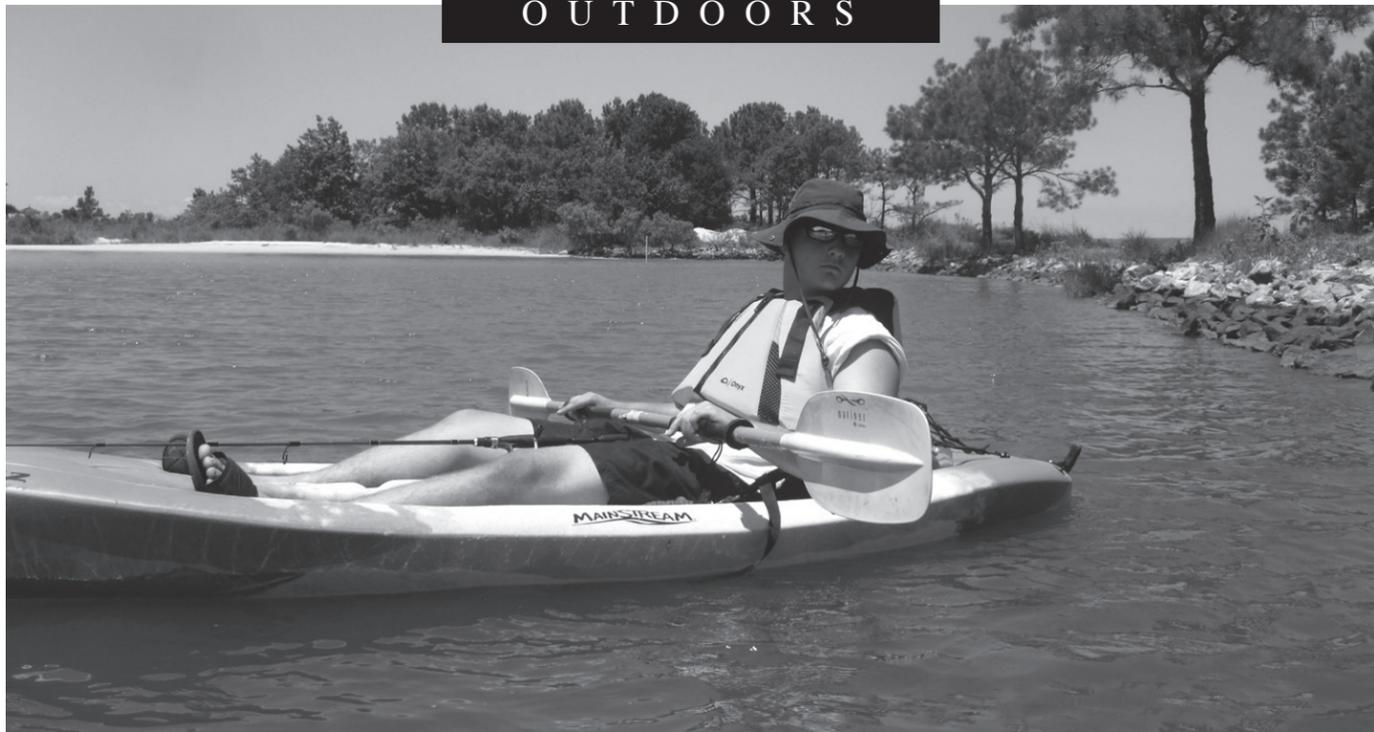
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BY TUCKER CARWILE

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SHALLOW WATER FISHING, KAYAKS AND SKIFFS

Story and Photo by Steve Scala

There is something to be said for having access to a boat small portable enough that it will go almost anywhere you want, including to some of the most pristine, quiet and secluded waters in the Chesapeake Bay tidewater. Granted, larger more seaworthy craft are the vessels of choice for open waters with the potential for challenging waves and weather, and that type of fishing has its place and priority. The tail end of summer and early fall is a great time to go on an informal and opened-ended sojourn in the narrow tidal creeks and backwaters that you've only viewed from a distance.

This is shallow water fishing, and kayaks or small flat bottom skiffs rule the roost when it comes to a choice of vessel. Quiet, peaceful solitude is often a desired goal when going about in small boats, and when it comes to fishing, a necessary strategy. A stout PVC or wooden pole is among the best ways to get around in shallow waters in a flat bottom skiff. Within reason, their hull design may even accommodate standing upright as you pole along,

watching the waters and shoreline ahead of you. A small flat-bottomed boat is one of my favorites to explore inshore shallow tidal waters for the first time, but kayaks offer other options.

"Portability" takes on new meaning, depending on the tidal flow and depth of water in the smaller creeks you can explore. Kayaks require just inches of water to float them and the single seat models can be easily transported across land areas between narrow tidal waterways. Some kayaks come fitted with rod holders and other attachments that support or enhance fishing, and these craft allow you to quietly glide into casting distance of some of the best shallow water tidal marsh fishing around. Because larger boats cannot get into these more secluded areas, there can be an abundance of fish that include spot, puppy (red) drum, striped bass and speckled trout.

Given that space is limited in smaller boats, packing supplies and tackle requires some forethought. Small spinner baits and jigs with twistertails in bright colors are favorites. For the experienced fly fishing angler, dry fly tackle is often just as effective as the wet

flies that will sink. In shallow water, the traditional hook n' bobber rig is something you can bring along. For the hook and bobber rigs, look for baits that are similar to the food chain in the waters being fished. These include small minnows (tow the live pail behind the kayak or skiff), peeler or soft crab and grass shrimp.

Planning a fishing trip with a small boat or kayak requires knowledge of high and low tide schedules. Optimum strategies include quietly moving into a tidal backwater with the incoming current before high tide, and then heading back out with it, once it starts to go the other way. Some of the same narrow channels that you never could quite see the end of while motoring by in a larger boat can be accessed with a kayak or small skiff. Pack some bug spray, wear a life jacket and explore the Chesapeake Bay tidewater from a new point of view! *pl*

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 Illustrations by Dennis Auth

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 By Anna Burger
 Illustrations by Laura Craig

When his mother tells him they're having pea soup for dinner, Jack wonders how he'll survive. Then he comes up with a plan: he'll catch his own seafood feast instead! Relying on skills learned from his grandfather, the resourceful boy embarks on a seaside adventure, casting for fish, digging for clams, and setting traps for blue crabs. In the process he learns that the only thing better than a basket full of crabs or a bucket full of clams is a heart full of appreciation for the natural wonders of the bay.

"Anna Burger captures that sweet moment in life when we, like Jack, recognize our kinship to other creatures."
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Local Food, Local Commerce

Farmers and consumers working towards a healthier community

Story and Photos by Maddie Baxter

It's an early Saturday morning and it takes fifteen minutes to park the car, five to cross the street, one to maneuver the crowds, but only a couple of seconds to register the enticing aroma wafting from the food trucks and stalls. A vendor grins and beckons a shopper to try a free sample, and a man with an acoustic guitar sings songs about the girl he loves. There's commerce here, and a communal feeling among these shoppers and sellers. They all share one goal: to sell and to shop local. Farmers markets like these have become a staple in countless communities across the United States, from major cities to small villages. Farmers and artisans come from all over to sell their products, and do so with an air of confidence. They know their consumers.

I spent the last two Saturday mornings doing something I have never done: getting up early and driving out to Eastern Virginia and the Williamsburg Farmers Markets. The Williamsburg market features 40 different vendors each week who sell produce, prepared food, or farm-related products. In operation since 2002, the Williamsburg market serves between 1,000 to 1,500 consumers each Saturday. A proud "Virginia Grown"

market, it only offers produce and goods that are grown, baked, fished, or made in Virginia.

Immediately after getting off I-64, I found myself in a considerable amount of traffic, evidence of the popularity of the Williamsburg market. As I approached the town square, the sidewalks were filled with families hustling with grocery bags, dogs, and strollers paving their way through the crowds. I knew this market was bound to be a hit, and I couldn't wait to strike up a conversation.

The people at Pleasant Living know that the best stories come from the mouths of others, so that's exactly what I was looking for. I had the opportunity and pleasure to speak with Karen Doyle of White Stone. Proud owner of Georgiatown Farm, Karen talked enthusiastically about raising endangered livestock, such as the Red Waddlehog and Bourbon Red Turkey. Karen has been selling at farmers markets since 2011, alongside selling to her local farms and at home. I was curious about the benefits of setting up as a vendor at farmers markets. Karen was passionate. "You support a local community first of all...most products you buy in store we know are laced with antibiotics, drugs...not humanely treated.

That's a big issue for me."

Karen wasn't the only one who spoke with me about the importance of natural and non-processed foods. At Richmond's South of the James market on Forest Hill, Joel Slezak of Free Union Grass Farms shared that, while they're not organic, they are a pastured and non-GMO farm—qualities they find to be "more important than an organic certification." I asked Joel what drives him to set up as a vendor on Saturdays. He says having cash in hand each week, being able to set your own prices, and the connection to their customers are the primary benefits. "People that take the time to fight traffic, find parking, fight strollers, heat, and the dogs are way more passionate about getting the best food."

There was no way I was going to be able to interview every single farmer that was selling at these two markets, but I tried to get at least a handful. There was Will Apperson, of Mill Farm in Williamsburg, who specifically sells berries and Christmas trees. On the other side of the Williamsburg market was Suzanne Bates of Mount View Farm in Tappahannock. They told me they appreciate the direct feedback they get from selling directly to their consumers, but they still sell wholesale to grocery markets.

Direct talk from farmers was what I wanted to hear. I discovered that these markets are home to self-sufficiency and making a living. Not only this, but they are the gathering ground for their communities. At the South of the James market, there was a popular, albeit tiny, petting zoo with kids huddled around baby goats. Right next to it was a line of vendors selling freshly cooked barbeque where

shoppers could get lunch before heading home, and farther down, handcrafted jewelry and soap tables. It was rare to see a vendor's table empty that Saturday morning in Richmond, but common to see buyer and seller engaged in conversation; ones filled with gracious nods, thank yous, and smiles.

I also managed to interview some of the consumers at these markets. While waiting in line, a shopper told me she comes out every Saturday for the expansive variety in foods. "It's a bit pricey, but the ambience makes it all worth it." It's an ambience that comes from a truly organic and natural exchange of goods. Farmers market goes to know where their food comes from; they want to shop and eat local. To put their money directly into their local farmers' hands means more than just supporting their community. It's an

investment in the continuation of quality food production, a healthy community, healthy individuals and healthier land.

Shopping local goes beyond supporting a local community. These markets all across the country, across the world, promote healthier eating and organic diets. Not only does the food taste better, but it promotes good health. If you're interested in getting involved with your local farmers markets, or want a comprehensive list of all of Virginia's markets, be sure to visit www.virginia.org/farmersmarkets for more information. *pl*



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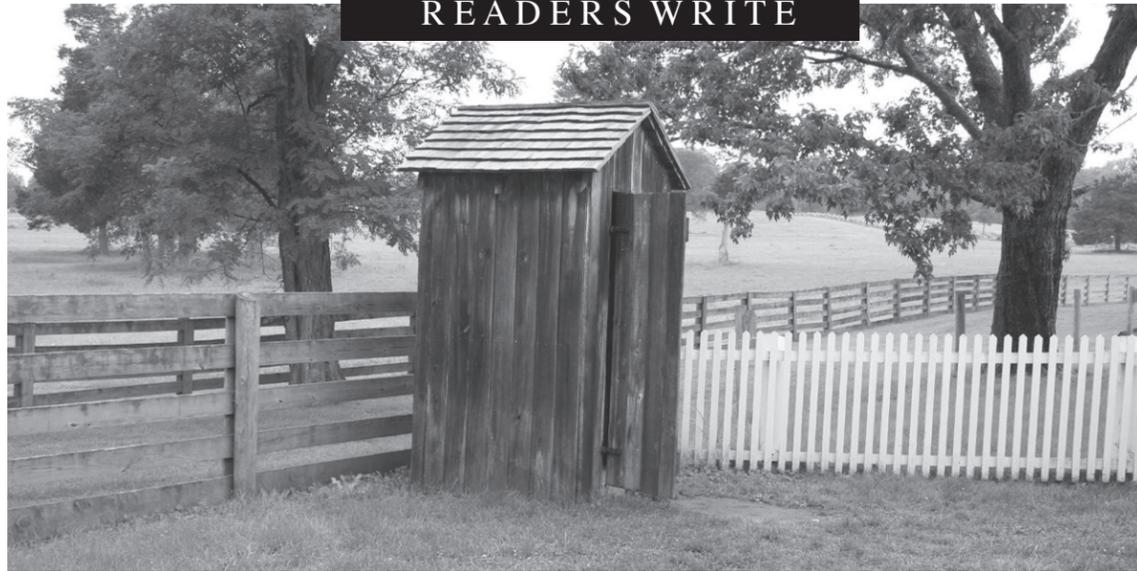
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An Island Teenager's Summer Job

By John "Sonny" Robinson

Growing up on a small idyllic piece of land called Solomons Island may seem to most people as a laid-back lifestyle. In many ways it was, but living on any heavily populated island has its own set of unique situations, as I was to find out.

City or large town inhabitants take for granted many of life's everyday amenities. The one amenity I grew up without was indoor plumbing. We could not turn on a spigot and get hot water. First, you filled a kettle, placed it on the stove and then you waited—a simple solution unless you were in a hurry, such as being late for school. Hot water paled in comparison to tracking outside to the "john" on a cold winter morning, sometimes through several inches of snow, not to mention the cold pages of the Montgomery Wards catalog always present for use as necessary.

It was a total surprise then in 1950 when my father told me he was going to take part of my small bedroom to add a bathroom in the house, including a hot water tank. I was fourteen years old and couldn't believe we were going to have a bathtub with hot and cold running water. There was no such thing as a local contractor, and even if there was, we couldn't afford to hire out the work. With the help of his three brothers, the first thing my father did was add a six-foot extension to the back of the house. This addition added a small screened-in back porch to one side of the house and extended my bedroom to make space for the new bathroom in the center of the house. Little did I realize how much work would be involved for me to do. My being out of school for the summer worked well into my father's plan.

My first task was to dig a footing trench across the rear of the house, following a string line dad had set up for me to follow. Not quite the summer vacation I had looked forward to.

While my father and his brothers worked on the sub-flooring and new walls, I was introduced to something called a *septic tank*. I had to dig a round hole four feet in diameter and ten feet deep and hope I didn't hit water. When you are five-foot-eight, a ten-foot hole can be very scary. Mother was always on watch. Dad took over as the depth increased and I pulled each pail of dirt out with a homemade winch. With the hole completed, the bottom two feet was filled with oyster shells, lugged by wheelbarrow from Lore's Oyster packing plant. Next came a steel fifty-gallon drum my father had procured from somewhere and cut the top and bottom out with cold chisel and hammer. Once set in place, the outside of the drum was also packed with oyster shells. This drum was followed with a second drum with only the bottom cut out and a four-inch diameter hole cut just under the top edge to accommodate the drainpipe from the house. This drum was also packed around the outside to the top edge with shells and covered with fill dirt to ground level. Our new bathroom was now ready for use.

But my job still was not finished. Next came removal of the "johnny house" and filling the space beneath. The hole was easily filled with the excess dirt from the new hole, some thirty feet away.

It was a summer I will never forget. I looked forward to the many benefits of our labor--because school starts tomorrow. *pl*



May Musings

At this moment, I'm enjoying a stormy, almost tropical-like, early May evening... rain, thunder and lightning are rolling in from the southern, spring sky... and, looking southward in the direction of the James River, I'm mesmerized by God's creative prowess and meteorological compositions.

I'm perched under the narrow overhang that covers a slice of the lovely patio fronting 5808 Grove Avenue—Boyer's Ice Cream and Coffee—a fun oasis that my sister and brother-in-law founded nine years ago.

Whether it's due to some primordial bent or an acquired taste, I love to sit outside in the evening at this time of the year...until the abhorred mosquitos find me! When the moon is full, and the spring breeze is delightful, who does not want to enjoy the eventide regardless of the encroaching midnight hour? Indeed, just yesterday I heard the late Patsy Cline's timeless soulful classic... "I go out walking, after midnight, in the moonlight...". Yes, evenings in springtime (barring hail or tornados) were meant to be enjoyed outdoors!

As dusk begins now to overtake the fading daylight, I recall similar evenings of long ago spent with my late paternal grandfather, "Pop", down at Henry Davis' Texaco station at the "gateway"

to the fishing village of Reedville (as far east as Virginia state highway 360 will take you). These were the summer nights belonging to weeks I would spend annually with my grandparents in the good 'ol summertime... evenings of summertime, like vespers, that chased supertime, when I would accompany my grandfather as he gathered with some of the local farmers and fishermen at the service station.

Sitting on worn, imperfect but seasoned pine benches, not unlike church pews of another day...the incense consisting of an eternally memorable fragrance of Camels, Chesterfields, Marlboros, and cheap cigars, wafting collectively into the salt-laden Northern Neck air that inhales much of its spirit from the Chesapeake Bay...there sat a ten-year old Richmond boy among grizzled, weather-beaten patriarchs who, now in session, were not about to withhold personal testimony about their respective lives, to date, ... and the accompanying, myriad of common mysteries that comprise this life. I suspect David would have been very much at home, for as he wrote in the 23rd Psalm (v. 3) in the original Hebrew: "He leads me in *roundabout* ways for His Name's sake" ... mysteries!

There, sandwiched comfortably between the gas pumps and the front door, in view of the two-lane 360, men

would gather any number of evenings during the week, thus living out a time-honored ritual that surely dates back to the Garden. A liturgical exercise of sorts that has witnessed men huddling around a campfire or sitting about an ice water-filled Coca-Cola chest in a country store...or rubbing elbows while seated atop worn-out, padded bar stools in an urban pub...or shucking oysters in unison in a church fellowship hall... an ancient rite.

Well, nearly a half-century has passed, now, since those blessed occasions at Mr. Davis' station... since that Providential "summer school" was in session that plugged the gaps in my classical studies...yes, it has been a long time since I last sat on that 'ol bench among seeming giants, with my patriarch... and although I'll readily agree with you that precious memories are a gift from God, what I'd really, really like to do on this mid-spring evening in May, as evidenced by the sudden, spontaneous tears that are brimming, would be to sit on that bench with Pop, and with my 86-year old bedridden Dad just one more time... just one last time!

May your rites of spring, and your liturgies of summer, whatever they be, bring you joy in the evenings to come!
pl

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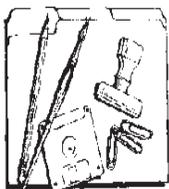


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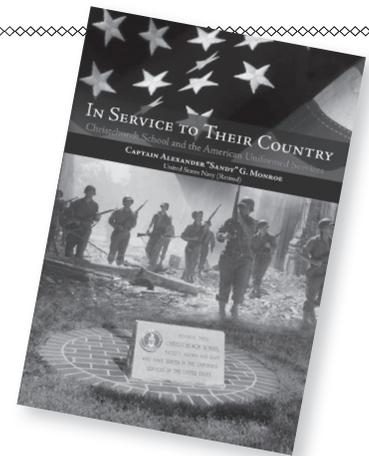
A Memoir

By Sylvia Prince

One Leaf in Time chronicles the life of Sylvia Churchill Prince, born in Tientsin, China, where her father was a successful businessman. For the first eight years of Sylvia's life, the Churchills enjoyed a life of luxury among a community of foreign businessmen and dignitaries. The outbreak of the Second World War brought that life to a sudden stop, as the Churchills were rounded up by Japanese occupiers and transported to an internment camp in Weih sien. Prince offers a warts-and-all description of camp life, describing the harsh treatment imposed by Japanese officials but also the resilience of internees from countries across Europe and North America.

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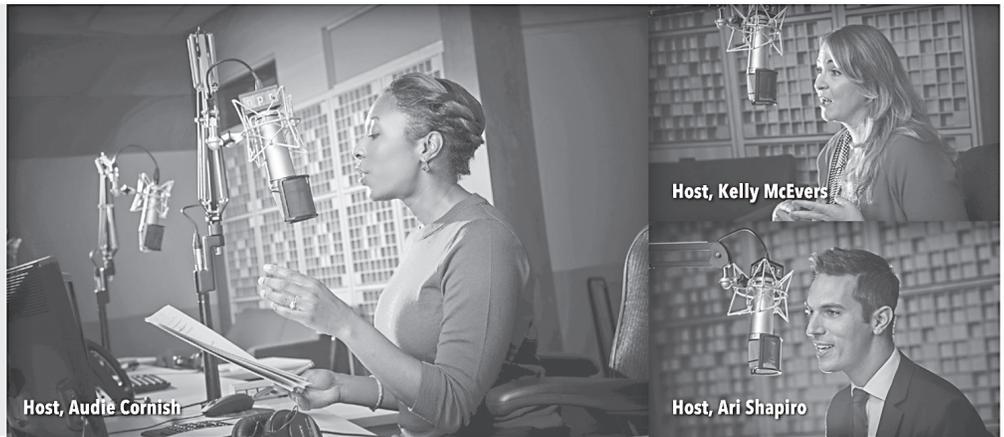
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