

Fall 2016



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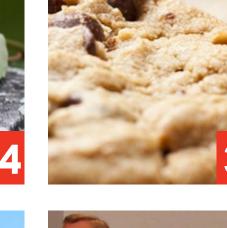
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From The Publisher

As we head into the cooler seasons, there's still plenty to see and do at Smith Mountain Lake in our 50th Anniversary year.

Go big game hunting with Dave Lortscher... meet the new Deacon at Resurrection Catholic Church... learn about the life and times of one of the area's most famous historical figures... and take a glimpse into the fascinating world of Barbershop Harmony.

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Dr. Dave Lortscher gives his insights and perspectives on responsible big game hunting all over the world.



The**TEAM**

EDITOR Tim Ernandes

SALES Joan Griffith Frank Frnandes

GRAPHIC DESIGN Next Generation Designs

CONTRIBUTORS Charles Alexander Kate Hofstetter Bob King Bob Siren

DISTRIBUTION

Eric Hill

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fric Hill Dave Duncan Joan Griffith

PUBLISHER

Discover Smith Mountain Lake, LLC 540-719-7880

sales@discoversmithmountainlake.com www.discoversmithmountainlake.com

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Editor's Note

When my parents turned 60 years old (they are six weeks apart in age), my brothers and I decided to throw them a big surprise party in a banquet hall.

It was a great party. Everyone had an awesome time. My parents never forgave us.

They didn't like the idea of us going to such lengths to give them a big party when we all had bills to pay and children to support. They felt badly about us spending so much money on them. We did it to say "thank you" for being such great parents.

So, when their 50th anniversary came around, they told us well in advance that there would be dire consequences if we did not immediately scrap whatever plans were in the works. True to form, they knew. It was only a week or two after the initial round of emails was exchanged that they called me on the carpet. Instead of a party, they insisted on a family vacation to the Outer Banks, for which they paid the full freight. It was a lovely time for all of us.

For many of us, 50 years of marriage sounds like the impossible dream. I'm about to turn 60 next year... which means that Mom and Dad have been married for 60 years now. Few of us will ever be able to make that claim.

As I write this, I am looking out over the balcony of my stateroom on one of the largest cruise ships in the world. Mom and Dad decided to do the 60th Anniversary in grand style, and once again, we benefit. We are enjoying 7 days in the Eastern Caribbean aboard Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines' Oasis of the Seas. If you scan the Discovery channel listings, you may eventually catch a documentary on how she was built.

If you have never been on a cruise ship, no doubt you have friends and/or relatives who rave about the experience. First, let me say that the stories that you've heard about the food on board are all unequivocally true. I'd come back for the mashed potatoes alone, to say nothing of the rest of the cuisine. These folks know how to put on a spread, and it's all there for the asking at virtually any time, including room service, all included in the price of your sailing pass.

The first time I saw the ocean down this way, I marveled at how

brilliantly deep blue the Deep Blue Sea actually is. It slips silently past the ship, which remains remarkably stable. For my part, I don't really care where we are going or when we get there; I love being on board this ship. Did I mention that there's no cell phone service here? Oh, dear... that means that nobody can call me... or even find me. Blather on all you wish about shore excursions; I'm happy to stay on the ship.

This attitude had served me well on our previous cruise, 5 years ago, on board the Oasis's sister vessel, Allure of the Seas. Mom and Dad had taken us on that cruise as well, on the recommendation of their friends, who had done similarly with their children and grandchildren. Mom's one regret was that we had not been able to attend a Catholic Mass while on that previous cruise, and she was determined not to repeat the mistake.

She insisted on finding a way to attend Mass this week, and as God would surely have it, we learned of a Catholic Church that was just a few minutes away from our first port of call, in Nassau, where we made port at 7 AM on Sunday.

We received assurances that the church, St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, was a mere ten minutes from the ship, and that taxi cabs would be available. Dad explained that there would be an 11:00 AM Mass, and that we had plenty of time to attend and be back to the pier before the 1:30 PM last call to board.

It sounded reasonable enough: get off the ship around 10AM, get to the Cathedral by 11:00, and get back to the ship a little after Noon.

So at around 10:00, we headed to the lower gangway to disembark on the pier. We were cautioned to have our sailing passes handy, along with a photo ID or a passport. As they checked us out, ship's personnel verified IDs, and we ran into a problem: Dad's sailing pass was invalid. This was only mildly surprising, since he had not been able to use it to access his stateroom only minutes prior.

After holding up the line for several minutes, and insisting that they re-check and double check the validity of the sailing pass, a sharp eyed security officer pointed out that Dad's sailing pass was from Allure of the Seas. He had been trying to use his sailing pass from five years earlier. In the midst of all this, Mom had already gone through, and was waiting on the pier... without her passport. As they whisked Dad away to resolve his problem, he handed me Mom's passport, and having had the good sense not to bring my 5 year old sailing pass with me on this trip, I made it through and gave it to her.

Dad eventually located his current sailing pass, and joined us a few minutes later. It took more than ten minutes just to get clear of the pier and out onto the street, but we still had plenty of time. We engaged the services of a taxi, and Michael, our driver, made good on his promise to deliver us right to the front door of the church. As we needed a return ride, we asked him to come back after Mass. He approached one of the congregation to ask how long the Mass would be, and was told that it would be about 90 minutes.

That would mean that we'd be getting out at around 12:30, and we needed to be back on board by 1:30... certainly do-able, but with little margin for error. Dad offered to pay him, but he told us we could pay after we got back to the pier.

"This way," Michael exclaimed with a grin, "you know I'm coming back for you!"

We got out of church at about 12:15, and noticed that there were a number of taxi cabs milling about, hoping for a fare. Time being as tight as it was, we might have taken any one of them, but we still hadn't paid Michael for getting us there. Fortunately, Michael showed up early, and whisked us promptly back to the pier.

The walk back from the cab to the pier was slow going for Dad, who was getting tired. When we arrived, we had to go through security screening prior to boarding. We all knew the drill: empty your pockets, take off watches and belt buckles, etc.

Dad didn't care; he marched right through the metal detector, which he immediately set off. Out came the wands, and we extracted a cell phone, a pair of metal rimmed glasses, a watch, a camera, and several other items from his pockets. We made it back on the ship with about a half hour to spare.

Next time I am bringing a priest.





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Lortscher's favorite picture of himself with his namesake, a Pere David deer.



From the Arctic Circle to Argentina, from Scotland to South Africa, Moneta's Dr. Dave Lortscher travels the world in search of trophy animals.



Lortscher's Africa trophy room, one of four rooms filled with his memories.

Four Continents By Tim Ernandes & Counting

Dave Lortscher opened his eyes in Carilion Memorial Hospital's recovery room and met the gaze of the heart surgeon looking down at him. Tubes, gauges, and all manner of other medical equipment covered all parts of his body. It was 2002, and he had just undergone emergency open heart surgery. His first barely audible question for the surgeon: "Will I be able to hunt again?"

Obviously, he got the answer that he wanted. Since then, Dave has hunted in 13 US states, 4 Canadian provinces, and also in Europe, Africa and South America. He has placed five animals in the World Record Book. Nine more await certified measurement, and are expected to qualify for the record book as well.

Lortscher identifies with TV outdoor star Jim Shockey, with whom he has shared time in hunting camp. "When I'm not hunting," Shockey says, "I'm thinking about hunting. It's on my mind, because it's in my soul."

Joyce Lortscher, Dave's wife of 52 years, says "I encourage Dave to hunt, because his preparation includes a lot of exercise and healthy eating, which in turn keeps his heart in good condition."

Staying in shape is an important component of his preparation. A few years ago, as part of his pre-hunt training, Lortscher had walked 75 miles in one day as a one-man fundraiser for the YMCA. His efforts garnered sufficient funds to build a "tween room" at the Westlake facility.

Hunting is not for everyone, and it certainly has its detractors. Dave

explains his perspective on hunting in a way that educates and informs those who may not understand what he does.

"Whenever possible, I hunt for older male animals that have been supplanted as breeding stock by younger, stronger male animals. This is a great conservation practice and benefits the herd tremendously, because I'm removing a redundant animal that would otherwise be competing for food and water, and that would ultimately be killed by another male in the herd, by predators, or by old age and starvation."

Lortscher is highly respectful of the animals he harvests. Before field dressing his trophies, he prays over them in the European tradition,



monster Manitoba elk was 91/2 years-old and weighed over 1,000 pounds. Below: This Greater African Kudu is one of Lortscher's Record Book trophies



long as a year or two. Small wonder, then, that Lortscher already has a "bucket list" that extends two years into the future... for now, at least.

Many months of careful preparation follow. Dave creates a detailed list of everything that he will need to take with him on the hunt, including a very comprehensive first aid kit.

thanking them for their lives, commending their spirits to the afterlife, and promising to use their meat and hides to benefit others. He often thinks of St. Hubert, patron saint and role model for all hunters.

In keeping with this spiritual respect, Dr. Dave insists that every bit of meat be carefully preserved and then used to benefit the community. In addition to providing meat to eight families in Franklin County, he recently donated over 600 pounds of venison to Lake Christian Ministries for distribution. In Argentina, he donated over 1,000 pounds to a local Christian food pantry, and in Africa he provided over a ton of freshly harvested meat to a Christian mission serving some very poor, starving villagers.

Naturally, there is more to the attraction of hunting than merely harvesting an animal. The entire adventure of long-distance travel stimulates him immensely. He begins the process by carefully screening the kind of animal(s) to be sought, the potential travel destinations, and most importantly, the outfitter(s) with whom he intends to hunt. This pre-hunt investigation can take as

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Above: A favorite moment: leaving the Roanoke airport for a distant destination. Below: Floatplane travel to remote wilderness areas adds to the adventure



"When you're flown into the Arctic Circle region by float plane and left there for several days, you'd better be sure you have all of the medicine and medical supplies you might possibly need." Indeed, Lortscher's first aid kit has been the salvation of numerous other less-prepared camp-mates.

Clothing, footwear, ammunition, and firearm(s) must be chosen carefully to suit the expedition. Guns must be cleaned, lubricated, and sighted in at the shooting range. As part of his preparations, Dave also selects gifts to bring along for his outfitter, guides, cooks, camp staff, and hunting mates. His thoughtfulness is often returned, and he still maintains contact with guides and hunting companions with whom he has formed special bonds over the years.

Dr. Dave enjoys experiencing the cultures of new places and meeting the people. He has hunted on the 80,000-acre ranch of a wealthy Argentinian family, and was the first outsider to hunt on the 25,000-acre private preserve of a retired Christian minister and his wife in SouthAfrica. His accommodations have run the gamut, from the luxury of a

Sitting alone in a gentle rain is a welcome and necessary respite from the otherwise hectic and disturbing nature of modernday life, and encourages a different, more holistic and welcome perspective. Without a significant time in nature, I think my outlook on life would be significantly less healthy"

~ Dr. Dave Lortscher

12-bedroom, 16-fireplace hunting lodge of a wealthy Laird in the remote wilds of the Western Highlands of Scotland, to the cramped tiny cabin in Newfoundland's wilderness, which he shared with another hunter, two guides, and the outfitter.

Framed pictures and mounted taxidermy adorn the walls in both Lortscher's home and his hunting lodge near Gretna. Many of the photos are of sunsets or breath-taking countryside vistas. "Every picture and every mounted animal revives memories of the experiences for me, as if they happened yesterday," he notes.

Perhaps the biggest attraction for Dave is the natural beauty that he encounters in the wilderness. "Every breath-taking vista reminds me of God, and God's goodness. I meditate and pray a lot when I'm out in nature, and despite the long, solitary hours of sitting quietly in the woods, I never get bored. In fact, I'm constantly intrigued by the workings of nature around me. Despite my advancing years (he is 77 years young), I'll never get tired of hunting. It's my passion and my mistress."

Dave Lortcher expects his bucket list to take him to Quebec, South Africa, Oregon and Arizona. By the time those four hunts are completed, he fully intends to add several more destinations to that list.

He credits his passion with helping to engender a degree of introspection. "It provides me with the solitude and silence to continually discover new dimensions of myself, and to gain useful and otherwise unavailable insights on how I should proceed with my life."

"It keeps me young and enthused," he says, "and I'm not going to stop anytime soon."

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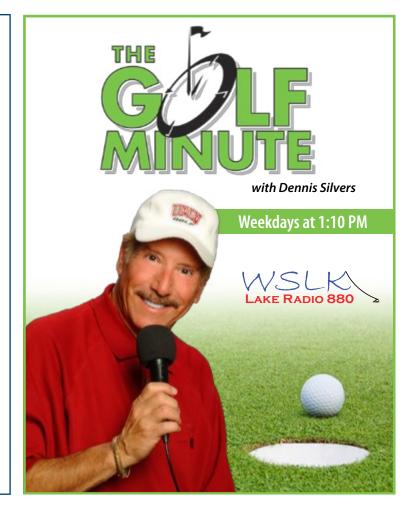
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Our Changing

By Kate Hofstetter

in this country alone.

cities.

their own dead.

"Typically it was women who undertook death care in our culture," says Chris Tharp, a third generation mortician and owner of Tharp's Funeral Home and Crematory in the town of Bedford. "In rural America, it was usually the mother and daughters who prepared the body for burial, which was most likely in a private cemetery on the family's property."

Many times, pure necessity would dictate the type of burial. It is believed that some 20,000 to 30,000 people died and were buried along the Oregon Trail on their way to the western frontier. In some of our most northern states with two to three feet frost lines, the deceased had to be held by the family until spring, when the ground softened enough so that a grave could be hand dug.

Tharp's Funeral Home is a rambling, historic building that has graced the town of Bedford since 1848. Our original interest in the building's history was shelved, in favor of the fascinating story behind the profession of undertaking, and how it has evolved over the years, as explained by Chris.



Every person on this planet has one thing in common - we all eventually die and leave behind a body. It is estimated that globally 55.3 million people expire each year, some 2.5 million

In our culture, the care of a human body after death has evolved over the years, from rituals as simple as placing a rock on an earthen grave in the old West, to the elaborate crypts and tombstones on prime real estate in all of our major

Until the mid 1800s, American families were responsible for and took care of

The first "undertakers", he says, were actually cabinetmakers "who made caskets on the side." They came to be called undertakers because they "undertook" the death care that formerly only family members had performed. Once these "cabinet makers" began selling and delivering caskets, it was only a matter of time before they also started transporting bodies from the home to the cemetery, and then making and selling markers for graves.

It was shortly before the Civil War broke out that Thomas Holmes, a medical surgeon, invented a satisfactory and safe embalming fluid. Prior to his research and development, several medical students had died as the result of routine dissections of cadavers that had been preserved with poisonous chemicals, which was the only effective embalming fluid available prior to Holmes' discovery.

"Embalming took off during the Civil War," Chris says. "Wealthy (Confederate) families made arrangements with battlefield embalmers to keep track of their sons. If they were killed, their body was embalmed right in the field and sent back home to the family for burial in the family cemetery."

These freelance undertakers were given safe passage between the lines, thus allowing them to ply their trades in Richmond as well as DC.

It was a standard rule, at least several months into the war, that all Union troops were to be embalmed, and their remains sent home on trains in caskets that were sometimes lined with zinc. The deceased's name was on the lid, along with the home address of the spouse or parents. Personal effects and papers were placed in the box along with the body.

Within days after the war ended, President Lincoln was shot and killed. His embalmed body was put on display in 20 or more cities, and viewed by hundreds of thousands as it was moved by train from DC to Springfield, Illinois over a twoweek period. Seeing how well his body was preserved helped to make the embalming process acceptable to the American public. It also became a practical way to give relatives time to travel and gather for a funeral. Without embalming, it is necessary to bury a person's remains within two days, due to the rapid decomposition of a human body. Demand for Holmes' embalming fluid soon became widespread, being sold to surgeons, anatomists and undertakers.

Instructors who represented chemical companies began offering courses and awarding diplomas in embalming. In time, many of these companies established mortuary schools. As embalming became more popular, so did funeral homes. By 1920, there were 24,469 funeral homes in the US.

Chris remembers his grandfather, who joined the Bedford business in 1931, telling about "bathtub embalming" for "home funerals". In most other cases, the body would be removed from the private home within a two-day period, and taken to the funeral home where there were facilities for embalming. From the funeral home, it was either taken back to the family home or to the cemetery, first in a horsedrawn hearse, and later in a motorized hearse.

With the advent of the automobile, it was only a matter of time until the local funeral home's hearse doubled as an ambulance. Hearses were, after all, the only enclosed vehicles that were large enough and comfortable enough to transport bodies that were too sick or injured to sit upright. Many of us today remember seeing the local hearse with a portable flashing red light on its roof, doubling it as an ambulance.

"By 1960, people were becoming more secular, and less involved with a particular church," Chris says, so his grandfather added a large chapel to the family-owned structure. Now, every detail of death care could be provided, even a place for final prayers.

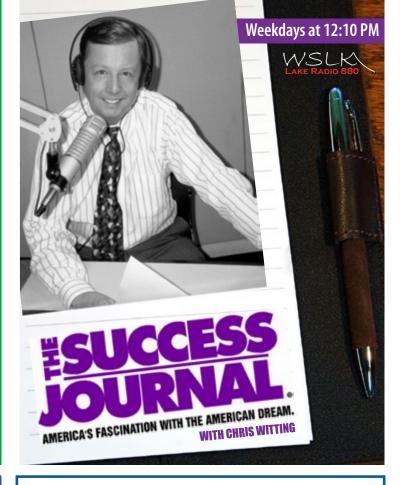
The 20th Century mortician thus had become a funeral director in every sense. The burden of death care had been completely lifted from grieving loved ones, and was performed by the mortician or a staff member at the funeral home. Chris's grandfather added the chapel in response to changing customs and, for the same reason, Chris's father installed a crematorium in 1983.

"He got hate mail," Chris recalls. In those early days not many chose cremation. Some churches even forbade the practice. Today, he says, 56 percent of his clientele, which includes the Bedford area and about half of Smith Mountain Lake, favor cremation.

"Many people are having cremation performed immediately



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For more information, call 540-721-1203 or www.VisitSmithMountainLake.com after death, skipping a viewing, even for family members," Chris says, adding that he thinks this is a mistake, as it doesn't give the closure that is necessary to fully process a loved one's death. "People are missing the important work of grief," he believes.

"At the very least", he recommends, "a time of spiritual reflection" among family and friends, which "doesn't cost a penny", and might include a ceremony commemorating the deceased's life. He believes that something permanent, even if it's just on paper, or a crude wooden cross, or something homemade, should be done in the deceased person's name and as a remembrance.

"We (Tharp's staff) stay in touch (with clientele) for up to two years after the death of a loved one," Chris says. "We've learned that six months to a year later, the grief is worse for families that skip this grief work."

He also recommends that along with a Will, and Health Care Power of Attorney, everyone should have a funeral plan for family members to follow. Tharp Funeral Home's website offers a funeral plan workbook that people can download.

Some families today are turning back the clock, and holding home funerals, which were typical in rural areas not so many years ago. Many of us today can still remember grandma being "laid out" in the family parlor or her bedroom before being moved to the funeral home or cemetery.

In early America, home funerals were commonplace, and each community had a group of women who came in and helped to prepare the dead. Visitation was held in the front parlor, followed by a procession to the church and cemetery. Besides such a front parlor, Colonial homes frequently had a special door leading to the outside, through which a casket could be passed. There were no steps from this door to the ground. It was considered bad luck or in poor taste to move the casket through an area in the house where others walked. Also, either out of respect or due to superstition, the deceased was always moved head first out of the house.

Before you consider a home funeral, you should check the laws of your state. In Virginia, death laws are quite liberal, according to Chris. Embalming is not required, but if the body is not being embalmed, it must be buried within 48 hours or else it should be refrigerated, which replaces embalming. There is no law requiring a casket, but the cemetery may require some type of container for burial.

If the deceased is being cremated, you do not have to buy a casket; any box can be used, including cardboard. You may even be able to bury your deceased loved one on your own property, but you should check with the local health department and the town and/or county clerks' office first, for approval and related requirements.

There are no laws in Virginia regarding the scattering of ashes on your own property. If you wish to scatter ashes at sea, however, you must be at least three nautical miles from land. Notification of various agencies is also required. Before scattering ashes here on the Lake or any other public areas, you should first check with local authorities. Some cemeteries offer special gardens, where ashes can be scattered. Of course, you should always respect other people's property when it comes to scattering ashes.

Chris left a career in education to join his father in the family funeral business in 2001.

This career change represented a return to the place where he had worked as a teenager. In those days, he had been in charge of keeping the building and vehicles clean, as well as "working" visitations. He still remembers his grandfather's stories of the days of the "on call" ambulance drivers, who played cards in the front room at night to pass the time between calls for their service.

No matter how much our funeral rituals have changed over the years, or will change in the years to come, these grand old funeral homes, such as Tharp's, and the men and women who own and manage them, deserve our deepest respect. With compassion, dignity and elegance they have, for generations, faithfully performed a valued and necessary service that many of us would find nearly impossible to perform ourselves, especially when we are most vulnerable.



A Fisherman's

What Is A Rockfish?

by Bob King

A Rockfish is called a Rock, Striper. or Striped Bass depending on where you live or fish. On the Atlantic coast it is called a Rock or Rockfish. In the inland waters, such as Smith Mountain Lake and others, it is identified as a Striped Bass, or a Striper.

The Striped Bass (Morone saxatilis), also called Atlantic Striped Bass, Striper, Linesider, Pimpfish, Rock, or Rockfish, is an anadromous Perciforme fish. This type is defined as a perch-like fish that is born in fresh water and then spends most of its life in the sea. It returns to fresh water to spawn. Salmon, Smelt. Striped Bass, and Sturgeon are common examples. A catadromous fish does just the opposite: it lives in fresh water, and enters the sea to spawn. Striped Bass are members of the Moronidae (temperate basses) family, which is found primarily along the Atlantic coast of North America, from Florida and the Gulf to Canada, especially in some main inlets such as the Chesapeake Bay in Virginia and Maryland. On average, adult Striped Bass typically grow to be 2 or 3 feet in length, weighing between 10 and 30 pounds, although they can get much larger. Their elongated bodies vary in color from light or olive green to blue, brown, or black, and their metallic sides are striped with seven or eight dark, continuous lines. Their bellies are white. They have a dark, forked tail fin, with three spines on their anal fins. Their dorsal fins feature a deep notch, and the forward portion has several spines.

Striped Bass is a mellow, sweet, white meat fish, and it was very much in demand at markets and restaurants until overharvesting became a problem. This caused several states to enact a moratorium on commercial fishing of this species. Sportsmen can still fish for them in each area, but with limitations. This fish has also been introduced in the Pacific Coast area with success.

When Santee-Cooper was built in Tennessee, the Striped Bass had gone up the river to spawn in this area. When it came time to close the dam and fill the lake, some of the Striped Bass were still up the river. Engineers waited as long as was possible to fill the lake, hoping that all the Striped Bass would have gone back to the sea, but this was not the case. It was generally assumed that these fish would die, but the Striped Bass is a euryhaline fish. That is, a fish that can adapt to fresh water, even though it is normally a saltwater dweller. After the Striped Bass demonstrated that they could thrive in fresh water, plans to stock in other lakes began.

The spawn occurs from April through early June, depending on the water temperature and the full moon, most likely in May on Smith Mountain Lake. The spawn on Smith Mountain Lake is called a "false spawn". If a lake is fed by a river, in which Striped Bass could go up stream far enough to spawn, and the eggs could float and tumble for at least 72 hours before reaching the lake, the fish could have a successful spawn.

However, if the Striped Bass can not reach the distance needed for the eggs to float and tumble for at least 72 hours, the spawn will not be effective, resulting in no offspring, and thus a "false spawn". Such a lake is termed a "Put & Take" lake. In other words, it must be stocked in order to maintain the Striped Bass population.

After a number of dead Striped Bass began showing up in the Chesapeake Bay, the state of Maryland made a long intensive study to determine the cause. It was determined that because of the fight that an adult Striped Bass will give an angler in the summer months, the fish produces a large amount of lactic acid in its system, and this becomes a big problem. The lactic acid can cause the fish to die after it is returned to the water.

I'm sure you are aware of athletes getting muscle cramps that are severe enough to cause knots in the muscles, and cause a lot of pain. As with most creatures, fish require a consistent intake of oxygen in order to survive. Their gills absorb oxygen from water molecules as the water passes through the gill membranes. Excessive lactic acid can cause a problem for Striped Bass, resulting in their not being able to pull water thru their gills, effectively "drowning" the fish. The mortality rate for these fish in the summer is very high. In the cold water months, this is not so much of a problem.

MOON PHASES FOR 2016

December 11th - New Moon December 25th - Full Moon January 9 th - New Moon January 23rd - Full Moon February 8th - New Moon February 22nd - Full Moon March 8th - New Moon March 23rd - Full Moon April 7th - New Moon **April 22nd - Full Moon** May 6th - New Moon May 21st - Full Moon June 4th - New Moon June 20th - Full Moon July 4th - New Moon July 19th - Full Moon August 2nd - New Moon August 18th - Full Moon September 1st - New Moon September 16th - Full Moon September 30th - New Moon **October 16th - Full Moon October 30th - New Moon November 14th - Full Moon November 29th - New Moon December 13th - Full Moon December 29th - New Moon**

Striped Bass feed on Shad, alewives and invertebrates, including worms, squid, menhaden, anchovies, eels, and crustaceans. The Striped Bass is Maryland's State Fish. The Chesapeake Bay is the largest Striped Bass nursery on the Atlantic coast. Seventy to 90 percent of the Atlantic Striped Bass population uses the Bay to spawn. The largest recorded Striped Bass was caught in 1995 off Bloody Point, just south of Kent Island, Maryland. It weighed 67.5 pounds.

Striped Bass have been hybridized with White Bass to produce a hybrid Striped Bass, also known as Wiper, Whiterock Bass, Sunshine Bass, and Cherokee Bass. These hybrids have been stocked in many freshwater areas across the U.S. The hybrid does not get as big as a Striped Bass, but it will have a lot of girth and a wider larger tail, which makes this fish a very strong swimmer, and thus a very good fight for the angler.

When I was president of the Striper Club, we worked with the state of Virginia, posting notices asking anglers to catch their limit and then quit fishing. We asked them not to catch and release large Striped Bass (fish over 20") in the warm water months, so as to help protect the resource. Some lakes in the mid Atlantic area have "barred" some anglers from their lake in order to prevent "catch & release" of Striped Bass in warm water months.(Fish can drown if here is not enough oxygen in the water.

Regardless of what you call this fish, I would hope that you would respect and help protect it as a resource. In order for a Striped Bass to become a "trophy" fish, it must live for a good while. If an angler does "catch & release" on this fish and it dies, it can not get to be a BIG fish. Striped Bass can live as long as 30 years; they have been known to grow to as much as 6 feet in length, and weigh up to 125 pounds. The oldest recorded Striped Bass was 31 years old; the largest recorded Striped Bass was 125 pounds, caught on the North Carolina coast in 1891.

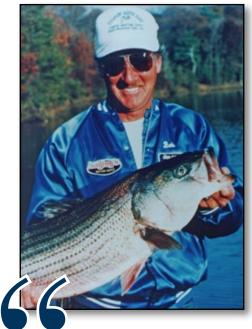
Striped Bass are often seen as the greatest success story of the Chesapeake Bay. Not only is the Striper a great fish for eating, it is also a great sport fish. It is very elusive, and a very strong fighter. Populations of the this iconic sport fish plummeted in the 1970s and early 1980s, but then rebounded because of tightened catch restrictions in a dozen states from 1985 to 1990, including a moratorium on catching them in Maryland, Virginia and other states. The fish population was at a peak in 2004 and since has been in a slight decline. In 2015, the Atlantic states lowered the creel limit, and continue to warn against releasing adult fish in warm water months.

Usually on or about September 1st, the Striped Bass begin to move to the center of the channel in the lake, where the deeper water and warmer water is. This makes it a very good time to troll for these giants... Pulling jigs and spoons seems to work best. Run long lines, very slowly. Lead core line allows you to troll at a depth that is easy to measure by paying attention to the color of the line. Watch for fish on graph and troll just over the fish; pull the lines up when trees appear on screen.

Beginning about November 1st, the water temperature should reach 50 degrees, and the fish will be in the coves where you'll catch them on top water minnows (Redfins, Long As, Rebels, etc----about 6 or 7 inch lures). Remember to retrieve your casts very slowly on the surface before the sun comes up. After the sun comes up, the fish will return to the channels, and trolling or jigging will be the rule.

Pay attention to the moon phases for daytime fishing ...7 days before to 7 days after a full moon, skip the first 3 hours of the day and fish the next 3 hours, repeating the cycle. From 7 day before to 7 days after a new moon, fish the first 3 hours of the day and skip the next 3 (go to lunch or breakfast) and again, repeat the cycle.

Listen Every Dayl



Good Luck & Take a kid fishin'! **BOB KING**

Questions? Send me an e-mail! fishing@discoversmithmountainlake.com





LAST ISSUE'S BRAIN TEASER: **PROBLEM:**

The SML Express pulled out of the new Bedford station late one night, and began its winding journey up the East coast toward Washington and New York under heavy darkness. Owing to the late hour, there were only a handful of passengers aboard the small train. At the stroke of midnight, the lights illuminating the interiors of the two cars were suddenly extinguished. When they came back on a few moments later, the passengers were alarmed to see one of their number lying on the ground motionless.

The conductor phoned the local police department at the next station, and though it was very late, the dispatcher assured the worried conductor that they were sending their very best detective, K.C. Jones, who had an usual methodology when it came to solving crimes. Knowing witnesses to be often be mistaken and contradictory, Jones made a habit of asking his witnesses to state to him only one fact they remembered clearly and with absolute certainty from the moment the crime took place.

K.C. Jones wasted no time upon arriving and, after taking a quick overview of the scene, asked each of the ten remaining passengers in turn to state one absolute fact from the moment right before lights went out in the two train cars. His interview notes are as follows:

Ms. Saunders: I was dining with Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Gill: There were the same number of men and women in my car.

Mr. Johnson: Mr. Keefer was not in the dining car.

Ms. Lyme: Mr. Quimby had just entered my car.

Mr. Fralin: Ms. Witcher and Ms. Pitt were talking to one another in hushed tones.

Mr. Rucker: Mr. Gill was not in the passenger car.

Mr. Quimby: There were fewer women in my car than the other.

Ms. Pitt: Ms. Lyme was not in the same car as me.

Mr. Keefer: Ms. Pitt was in the passenger car.

Ms. Witcher: Mr. Fralin was avoiding Mr. Rucker and hiding behind a newspaper in the opposite car.

The bewildered conductor watched as Jones completed his interviews, scribbled a few more lines in his notes, and turned to announce he had solved the case.

"But surely you can't have figured out the identity of a murderer simply from a list of seating arrangements?" the conductor protested. "You haven't even been told in which car the victim was seated!"

"To the contrary, my good man," the detective answered placidly. "It is the curse of a criminal that he must answer any question regarding the crime he has committed with a lie. The innocent tell only truths, but the lone murderer has been betrayed by his testimony."

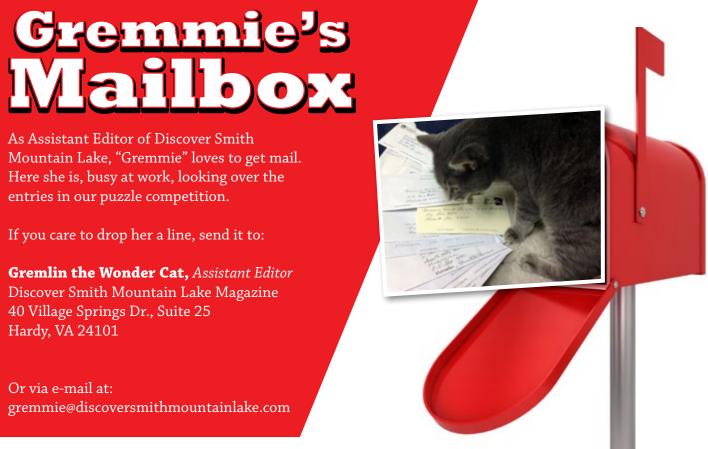
Whom did Detective K.C. Jones arrest?

SOLUTION:

Jones began by assuming everyone was telling the truth about each other's location and came up with the following arrangement: Saunders, Johnson, Lyme, Quimby, Gill, Rucker (4 men, 2 women) in the dining car and Keefer, Pitt, Witcher, Fralin (2 men, 2 women) in the passenger car. (Rucker and Fralin are interchangeable in this scenario, but as both are men, the precise position of each is irrelevant to this point.) This contradicted both Gill 's statement that there were an equal number of men and women in his (the dining) car and Mr. Quimby 's claim that fewer women were in one car than the other.

Thus, the detective concluded that both Gill and Quimby were telling the truth, and someone was lying about the occupancy. Jones reasoned that only one possible configuration could make both men's testimonies true: Gill, 2 other men, and 3 women in one car and Quimby, 2 other men, and 1 woman in the other.

Because Gill and Quimby had to have been in opposite cars, Jones worked back up his witness list to find the lie that had placed Quimby in the wrong car. He first examined Lyme's statement that she and Quimby shared the same car. If this alone was the lie, it would leave Saunders, Johnson, Lyme, Gill, Rucker (3 men, 2 women) in the dining car and put Keefer, Pitt, Quimby, Witcher, Fralin (3 men, 2 women) in the passenger car, meaning Gill's and Quimby's statements still would be inaccurate.



Ms. Lyme must be telling the truth then, and Jones instead turned to Pitt's claim, which had placed Lyme (and Quimby by extension) in the other car. If Pitt was lying, it would mean only Saunders, Johnson, Gill, Rucker (3 men, 1 woman) were in the dining car and Keefer, Pitt, Lyme, Quimby, Witcher, Fralin (3 men, 3 women) were in the passenger car. Again, neither Gill's or Quimby 's statements are met.

K.C. Jones, now certain Mr. Gill, Mr. Quimby, Ms. Lyme, and Ms. Pitt were all telling the truth, backtracked to Mr. Keefer next, who had established Pitt 's position. Assuming Keefer a liar, Jones was able to place Saunders, Johnson, Pitt, Gill, Witcher, Rucker (3 men, 3 women) in the dining car and Keefer, Lyme, Quimby, Fralin (3 men, 1 woman) in the passenger car.

A prudent man, Jones double checked his work by running each remaining statement against his reasoning and stiffened his resolve upon finding Keefer to be the only possible person whose lone lie could make every other witness statement truthful.

Mr. Keefer was arrested and led away to the relief (albeit, slight puzzlement) of the conductor and his passengers.



Which is the word in English that has nine letters, and remains a word at each step even when you remove one letter from it, right up to a single letter remaining?

List each letter as you remove them, along with the resulting word at each step.

Please remember to explain your answer and how you arrived at it. The first correct answer with an explanation will be recognized in the next issue as our winner.

Submit your answers to:

Discover Smith Mountain Lake Magazine 40 Village Springs Dr., Suite 25, Hardy, VA 24101

Or via e-mail to: editor@discoversmithmountainlake.com







You may not enjoy the sudden stop at the end...



It pays to know another language...

VIOLATORS WILL BE TOWED AND FIND \$50.



You have been warned...



Now THAT's my kind of turkey bacon...



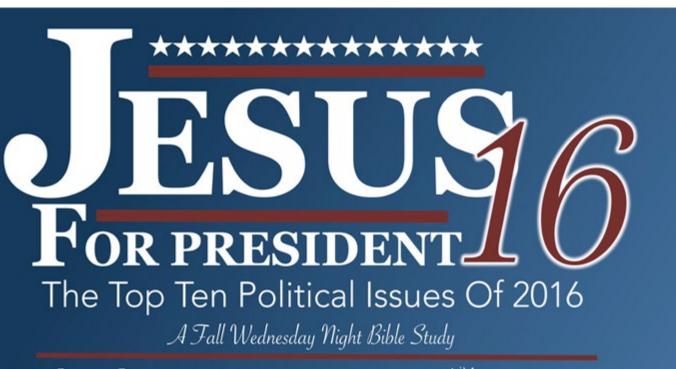


Fill in the blank squares in the grid, making sure that every row, column and 3-by-3 box includes all digits 1 through 9

CROSSWORD THEME: BACK TO SCHOOL

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Wednesdays at 6:30pm Begins August 31



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Parenting With Unbaked Cookies

What parent hasn't had the horrifying experience of a child telling you late at night that they need three dozen homemade cookies to take to school in the morning?

With five kids, I can tell you it has happened to me more than once. Fortunately, I had the recipe for unbaked cookies early on in my career as a mother. Those tasty, easy to make little gems were perhaps the best parenting tip I ever got.

In those days, I was the first mother in our neighborhood to discover unbaked cookies, thanks to a savvy out-of-state friend who passed the recipe along. They were the perfect solution to the Midnight Call For Next Day Cookies. Although they looked like something your dog would want to roll in, the kids loved them, at least the kids who liked fudge. Plus, they were homemade, and I could whip them up in no time. They also have both oatmeal and peanut butter in them, so they must be nutritious. Right? If only there had been such a satisfactory solution for other child-rearing nightmares, like Projects Due The Next Day, or Halloween costumes for the school parade. I blame my mother for my obsession with trying to make the most creative Halloween costume in the parade. When I was a kid, every year I'd ask her what costume I should wear treat-or-treating, and after acting like she was searching the depths of her imagination, she'd always give me the same answer: "Why don't you go as 'Hard Times'?"

The "hard times" look in those days was a lot like what fashionable kids today wear: Baggy jeans with holes in the knees, a plaid flannel shirt with an elbow exposed, a dirty cap, and a few smudges on the face with shoe polish or burnt cork. The finishing touch (if we got fancy) was a big red handkerchief filled with rags and tied to the end of a stick.

We could find the entire costume within minutes by rummaging

through Dad's or an older brother's old work clothes and Mom's ragbag. Mom didn't need to drag out the sewing machine or spray paint anything. She never touched the scissors except to cut the trouser legs to the proper length. She didn't spend a penny on a mask or a wig. Plenty of kids I knew went trick-or-treating in Hard Times costumes, which was second in popularity only to the paper grocery bag-over-the-head mask. Actually, some parents back then did amazingly creative things with those old grocery sacks. In that neighborhood of hard working, blue collar parents with multiple children, Halloween costumes were an after-thought. If you had a store-bought costume, it was assumed that either your dad was in management at the paper mill, or you had a doting, childless aunt.

One Halloween after I had outgrown trick-or-treating, I was invited to a costume party and was stumped as to what to wear. Once again, Mom acted like she was giving it serious thought. She hummed and hawed and scratched her head. Finally, as though divinely inspired, she said, "I know! Why don't you go as Hard Times."

I shook my head. "I want something really different for this party," I told her. "You know, something that requires a imagination."

"Go as a ghost," was her answer.

I should have followed my mother's lead when my kids came along. Instead, I poured all my energy and a lot of time into making my oldest child's first Halloween costume. He was in Kindergarten. There would be a parade, and prizes for the best costumes. We were on an Army base in Japan, but I managed to find material for a beautiful black satin cape lined in red. He would go as a vampire.

Artificial nails were glued on gloves for his hands. White makeup, eye shadow, and an eyebrow pencil gave him as ghoulish a look as possible for a sturdy five year old with cheeks like a pocket gopher. Store-bought plastic fangs were his teeth. During a dress rehearsal at home we decided the costume needed a hat: a top hat. I'd have to make one. It took until 3 AM the night before the parade, but after the third failed attempt, the hat finally turned out splendid. It was, however, fragile, being made from cardboard and construction paper. I figured that he could wear his costume to school, and I would carry the hat and put it on him just as the parade began. I was bursting with pride!

There is no doubt in my mind that he would have won first place that day... if he had worn the gloves with long nails, instead of stuffing them in his hip pocket along with the plastic fangs. As for that beautiful top hat that I'd spent hours making, he took it off as soon as my back was turned. By the time he marched pass me and the other onlookers, it had been squashed under his arm like an old baseball mitt. It took all of my powers of self-control to keep from yelping with pain. He is an artist and teacher of art today.

31

For my daughter's first school parade, I decided to turn her into a pumpkin. Not an easy task when you're starting with a skinny kid, a ball of wire, and only a vague idea of what you're doing. In hindsight, I should have left the spaces open between the vertical wires, which I'd wrapped with orange crepe paper... Or I should have used more pieces of vertical wire in shaping the body of the pumpkin. I also should have taken calculus and physics in school. I had made a "pumpkin shell" out of silky orange fabric. The problem was that the wires had been spaced too far apart, so the material drooped, giving the costume the look of a rotting pumpkin falling in on itself.

To remedy the problem, I stuffed it with every roll of toilet paper we had in the house, including a box or two of Kleenex. She was adorable! I made a little green felt hat that looked like a pumpkin stem to put on her head. The opening for her legs was just big enough to allow her to take nice little steps, the opening for her head was roomy but not so big that the costume would slip off her narrow shoulders. Everything was perfect... until the parade started.

She'd gone about 50 steps when the toilet paper started slipping out the bottom of the pumpkin. She wasn't aware of what was happening, until a couple of boys behind her started pointing and laughing. I pushed my way through the audience of parents, some of whom were pretending that they didn't know me, and rushed to help her. By the time I reached her she'd lost about half a roll of toilet paper on the ground and 2 inches in circumference. The more paper she lost, the faster it came out. I finally gave up on trying to stuff it back up inside the pumpkin shell. I pulled her out of the parade, and over to a trash bin, where I threw the remaining stuffing.

"If anyone asks what you are, tell them you're a summer squash," I said as I pushed her back into the parade.

Needless to say, we both went home deflated. She soon forgot about the whole incident, but I would have cried... if there had been even one piece of tissue left in the house with which to wipe my eyes or blow my nose. She is a nurse of oncology today.

With all this experience, I would surely be successful with my third child's costume. He would be a robot. What could go wrong there? After asking at every retail store in town, I found all the right shaped cardboard boxes for his head and body, including four sturdy cylinder-shaped containers that would slip over his arms and legs. Two ends cut off an empty paper towel roll and glued over eye holes in the head allowed him to see just fine. It took two cans of silver spray paint and a blister on my right index finger, but the costume was great. To make it perfect, I inserted a light bulb in the top of the box that went over his head. We were delighted with the results. I skipped the parade anyway. When he came home that afternoon in tears, the two older kids explained what happened.

Oh yes, his costume had been a hit. So much so that he was swarmed by the other students, even those in higher grades. They wanted to know how it was put together and where he got it. While asking such questions their favorite thing was to try and get the bulb to light up by slapping it with their open hand. If they weren't banging his scalp with the metal screw-in tip of the light bulb they were poking their fingers through the paper towel roll "eyes" to verify he was actually looking through those two holes. Finally, in a defensive move, he ripped off the cardboard "arms" so he could punch the next person who put a finger in his eye or jammed the bulb into his head.

We had tested the costume at home for size and comfort, but didn't take into consideration how much more difficult it would be walking stiff-legged the entire distance around the school track, as opposed to simply walking around the dining room table. Being unable to turn his head was also a problem. He became terrified that he would be trampled during the parade by the numerous kids streaming passed him as he hobbled along on those unbendable legs. Finally, he got a sympathetic classmate in a store-bought Superman costume to help him take the "legs" off about a third of the way around the parade field. The next thing to go was the head, so kids would stop hitting the light bulb and jamming it into his head. Today he is an international businessman.

By the time my fourth and then my fifth kids' Halloween parades came around, I had a handle on things. I was able to calmly looked both of them straight in the eye and said "Hum, let me think. What would be a good costume...ahhh I know! You can go as a hobo!"

I let that sink in for a minute or two then added, "Or we can go to the Newberry Five and Dime and buy a real scary mask and I'll make you unbaked cookies to take to the class party."

They opted for Newberry's and those unbaked cookies every time. Today, he (number 4) owns his own HVAC company and she (number 5) is the health benefits manager for a large private business.

There is little doubt in my mind that the primary reason I escaped motherhood with my sanity intact, and my children survived my parenting, is because I stopped trying to out-think my mother, and I made good use of the recipe for unbaked cookies during my kids' formative years.



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Listen in to Garden Gab every Wednesday from 9am - 10am on WSLK Radio



Remember, it never hurts to seek professional advice. You can reach Bob Siren at Diamond Hill Garden Center at 540-297-7009 or email GardenGab@wslk880.com



Working in a retail environment affords me constant reminders that the next person who walks into the garden center may not be learned about the terminology that we use in the gardening industry. The last thing that I want is for people to feel intimidated by bloviated hyperbole when they might be just getting started in the wonderful world of plants.

As the late great Felix Unger once pointed out, quoting Oscar Wilde: "When you assume..." (Break down the word, and you will get the picture.)

Assuming that someone knows the difference between an annual and a perennial is a good way to get off to a bad start. In the greater scheme of things, bedding plants are not very expensive, but it's important to know upon the purchase of that plant whether it will either come back next year or that it is a "one season wonder".

Spring time at most Garden Centers explodes with annuals in a wide spectrum of colors. Annuals are those plants that are defined as living for one season, in which they grow, flower all season, set seed, and then die, fulfilling their life cycle. Some can self seed, providing free plants that will sprout the following spring. They can be good, but rarely are they of the same quality or color as the hybridized version that you initially purchased.

Some annuals can be tagged as a perennial, which is defined as a plant that comes back year after year. One pitfall is the growing zone, or temperature lows that a plant can withstand. On average, our region is designated as Zone 7, meaning that typically our temperature lows are between 0 to10 degrees Fahrenheit. If you plant a zone 8 perennial, which would survive lows from 10 to 20 degrees on average; it would die in a typical zone 7 winter, and therefore is considered to be an annual if planted locally. However, there are no promises or guarantees. Year by year winters can have fluctuating conditions, and our topography lends itself to vastly different growing conditions as well.

One disadvantage to annuals is that you have to either grow them from seed or repurchase them each year. Also, you may have to regularly deadhead them by removing spent flowers and provide extra water to keep them thriving. The bonus flip side is that they generally bloom all season, and you can change the look of your garden or containers year after year by experimenting with new colors and the ever changing new varieties hitting the market.



Perennials provide the gardener a long term pay off, as they come back season after season. Most are herbaceous, meaning that after a frost, they die back to the ground to emerge again the following spring. For the most part, perennials have a short bloom period, perhaps 2 to 3 weeks, so choosing plants with different bloom times will extend the color in your garden. Woody perennials, such as caryopteris, lose their leaves, but their stems remain throughout winter. They need to be cut back hard in spring so as to strengthen their base, to prevent them from flopping over by late summer when they begin to bloom.

I can remember as a kid, my mother would take me with her to our local garden center every several weeks throughout the growing season, and she would pick out those perennials that were in bloom at the time. I would later learn that this process created a garden that always had something going in and out of bloom, creating a garden that always had something providing color and interest. By intermixing annuals and perennials, your garden will always be alive.

The process of organizing a garden bed can be daunting at first glance, but the secret is in learning to anchor the bed with larger growing plants in the backdrop, with medium to lower growers in the foreground. Perennials are easy to move, and most will benefit from division after 3 to 4 years anyway, but at least start with the premise of positioning them in drifts and clumps.

Drifts of plants are elongated groupings of like plants that flow through the garden. Planting them in irregular patterns draws interest throughout the bed. Clumps are either more circular groupings, or a lone larger anchoring type plant, providing a bold statement. Foliage, or the leaves of the plant, is an equally important consideration when designing a garden; the short bloom times of some perennials makes this key to a bed design.

The choice of colors in your design is really a matter of personal taste. While I do not think any colors clash in nature, the use of color can be used as a tool for effect. Reds, oranges, and yellows are considered warm colors; they can dominate to the point where they will visually shrink the appearance of a small bed. Cool colors like blue, white, and violet can create a feel of airiness. All that aside, it really is hard to go wrong if you liked what you saw when you bought it.

As long as you follow some basic guidelines, you will do fine. First and most important to any purchase is the location; I can not stress this enough. The amount of sun or shade, early or late, dappled or full strength, is your starting point. After that, consider height and width, bloom time, and finally color. You will not be chastised for your preferences, at least not by me, and there will not be a test. Light conditions must guide your selections: 2 hours of afternoon sun can equal 4 or more hours of morning sun. In general, a location that gets 3 to 4 hours of afternoon sun should be considered a full sun site. Partial shade translates roughly as up to 3 to 4 hours of full morning sun with shade in the afternoon, or dappled shade all day long. Shade loving plants prefer a site that is dappled all morning and shaded all afternoon. Failure to plant accordingly can lead to a lack of blooming, legginess, stunted growth, or leaf scorch. There is a difference between living and thriving.

Finally, there are plants characterized as biennials, which are plants that complete their life cycle over a 2 year span. If growing from seed: when sown in summer, the plant develops by fall, goes dormant over winter, and then grows the following season, providing blooms, and then dies. If you do not dead head them, they will produce seed and continue the process. Popular biennials include Hollyhocks and Foxglove.

I am not going to tell you that building the perfect garden is easy, or any one method is perfect, but it surely is fun. Let's get growing!





The difference between death and taxes is that death doesn't get worse

For many of us, the decision to move to Smith Mountain Lake was a relatively easy one. The lake is an escape – from big cities, traffic, noise, long commutes, and high taxes. But settling here to escape high taxes is hardly a new idea. In fact, long before there was a lake – and long before there was even a 'rat race' – people were drawn to the area we now know as Smith Mountain Lake by the promise of lower taxes.

In 1720, two new counties were formed in the Virginia Colony: Spotsylvania in the north, and Brunswick in the south. Brunswick County was eventually divided into smaller counties, which eventually were further divided and reapportioned until the three counties that now define the lake were formed. Settlers quickly embraced Spotsylvania County, but development in Brunswick County was slow to take off. The reason for this was that most settlements in Virginia had followed existing natural waterways which were necessary as trade routes. The rivers that define this area all eventually flow into North Carolina, rather than to ports within Virginia. Thus, in order to send goods to Virginia ports, roads would have to be built, and this was no small task.

"Send for the Smith Brothers!"

By 1738, the colonial government had seen enough, and took decisive action. It was decreed that "any person who within ten years shall settle upon the Roanoke River, on the south branch (Dan) above the fork; and on the north branch above the mouth of Little Roanoke and all lands lying between shall be exempt from all levies (taxes) for ten years ... and that letters of naturalization be granted to any alien settling there, upon taking the oath of parliament."

These "aliens" included Quakers from Pennsylvania, who had fled persecution in England to settle in the New World. Among these intrepid souls were Daniel and Gideon Smith, brothers for whom the Mountain, and eventually by extension, the Lake were named. Just like many of us, they were from 'out of state', and they came here to escape high taxes. In 1740, the Smith brothers laid claim to thousands of acres, and made their homes here.

Other early settlers were Scotch-Irish and German, again coming by way of Pennsylvania, and many of those family names are still common here. But many who came for the tax break were from Eastern Virginia. One name that stands out is that of John Pigg, of Amelia County, who, in 1741, settled on the south fork of the Staunton river, opposite Snow Creek. Since this south fork had yet to be named, we now know it as the Pigg River.

Although the 10-year tax-free period is long-since expired, newcomers to Smith Mountain Lake still enjoy the benefit of relatively low taxes, even when compared to places as close as Roanoke and Lynchburg.

Pittsylvania County, which includes lands originally settled by the Smith brothers, owns the dubious distinction of being the area's real estate tax rate leader, with a stated 2016 rate of \$0.59 per \$100 of assessed value. This rate is announced on June 30 of each year, and recent trends show the rate skewing upward.

Where the moon shines brightly

Franklin County, formed in 1785 from parts of Bedford and Henry Counties, was named after Benjamin Franklin, one of the few Counties in Virginia named for someone other than a figure prominent in Virginian or British history.

During Prohibition, Franklin County earned the dubious distinction of "Moonshine Capital of the World", and rumors persist as to when or if that particular mantle of leadership was ever truly shed. Suffice it to say that the County's Chamber of Commerce still proudly broadcasts the title as part of its PR campaigns.

Up From Slavery

You may have noticed that in Franklin County, Rte 122 carries the more prosaic moniker of "Booker T. Washington Highway", a mouthful to say, and possible contributor to carpal tunnel syndrome for those who address envelopes. Just a stone's throw from the Westlake Business District on Rte 122, you'll find Booker T. Washington National Monument. It is the birthplace of one of the most dominant figures in the history of race relations. Washington was the son of a white slave owner father and a black slave mother, who was freed at the age of 9 following President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Visitors may tour preserved portions of the 224 acre tobacco farm where Booker T. Washington was born, just minutes by car from Hales Ford Bridge.

To Kill A Chicken-bird

Franklin County is also home to a somewhat lessdistinguished, albeit popular character: The Smith Mountain Lake Chicken. To be more precise, an 8-foot tall fiberglass statue of a rooster that was originally installed in the parking lot of Lake Plaza shopping center as an advertising gimmick. The center's owner, Joe Altadonna, had placed The Chicken there as a means of promoting his "Safari Mini-Golf" course, which features similar statues of beasts of various descriptions.

Altadonna's use of The Chicken was declared a violation of local sign ordinances, and a veritable brouhaha ensued; The Chicken's supporters rallied, and its opponents were left with egg on their faces.

Franklin County ranks second of the three counties in terms of real estate taxes, with a 2016 rate of \$0.55 per \$100 of assessed value.

Mountain Lake, the Jewel of the Blue Ridge.

Their finest hour

While rich in history dating back to colonial days, Bedford County is especially remembered for contributions it made during the D-Day invasion. In all, 23 Bedford soldiers lost their lives in the Normandy campaign. The total Bedford County population in 1944 was around 3200; thus, proportionally, Bedford suffered the greatest D-Day losses of any county in the United States. This led to the act of Congress that established the location of the National D-Day Memorial in Bedford County, Less than a half hour's drive on 122 from Hales Ford Bridge.

A bit further away, but well worth the trip, is Thomas Jefferson's Poplar Forest. This site was a favorite retreat of Mr. Jefferson, with its octagonal house and bountiful, roaming lands. Visitors today can see what life was like in Jefferson's time, thanks to painstaking restorations that are still on-going. Events of note include scheduled visits from a Colonial Williamsburg Foundation actor in the guise of Thomas Jefferson on a given date in history. Performances conclude with audience participation question-and-answer sessions that are quite memorable.

Of auspicious note is Bedford County's tax rate, which is the lowest of the three counties, weighing in at \$0.52 per \$100 of assessed value. It is worth mentioning here that all three counties assess at 100% of actual value, and that even at 59 cents, Pittsylvania's tax rate is a lot more attractive than those of the nearest surrounding cities.

Announcements of property tax reassessment usually cause a bit of confusion. Generally, counties in Virginia are required by law to reassess real property values every four years. As property values increase, this normally results in a corresponding drop in the rate, and vice versa. Therefore, your actual property taxes due will not necessarily increase proportionally.

For example, in most cases, a reassessment must include an adjustment of the tax rate so that the projected revenues will not exceed 101% of the previous year's budget. This is to ensure that the county cannot reassess real property for the purpose of producing a windfall at taxpayer's expense.

On that happy note, we conclude this tour of our historic region, and encourage you to enrich yourselves by exploring, reading, and visiting the many points of interest that surround Smith



The Third Path to **Greatness**

By Charles Alexander

No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. ~ Booker T. Washington

It is said that some are born to greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them. One of the greatest men ever to call himself an American fits neither description. It is ridiculous to assert that one born into slavery is likewise born to greatness; and it isn't as though Booker T. Washington found himself in the right place at the right time. He literally created a pathway of his own to greatness.

Booker Talafierro, who later adopted the surname "Washington", was born a slave on the James Burroughs plantation in what was then known as Hales Ford, in Franklin County, on or about the 5th of April in 1856. Like so many others, he had hopes and dreams of a life free of the shackles of servitude, but like very few others, he harnessed a belief in himself and an enduring faith in God, achieving a degree of success that was well beyond anything that he dared imagine.

Although born a slave, he was reportedly the son of a nearby white plantation owner, whose identity remains a mystery. Since his mother was black and a slave, that pedigree defined him also in those terms. His good fortune, if he had any, was that he was still a child when the civil war ended and he was granted his freedom. What followed was one of the most remarkable stories of courage, perseverance, and personal strength in the history of this country.



Perhaps his greatest strength was his boundless determination to succeed. From an early age, he displayed an intense desire to get an education. What separated him from most of his peers was that he recognized both the value and the dignity of hard work. This was applied not only to his studies, but by necessity, to the other aspects of his life.

After spending his childhood days working at the plantation, in the salt furnaces of West Virginia, and in the coal mines, he managed to scrape together enough money (or so he thought) to travel to Hampton, Virginia. There he planned to study at the Hampton Institute, a school whose mission it was to train black teachers. He was attracted there in part due to the school's policy of allowing students of little or no means to work their way through school.

Unfortunately, Washington underestimated the cost of the journey,

and found himself in dire financial straits by the time he reached Richmond. Fiercely determined to complete his journey, he worked by day unloading cargo at the docks, and slept by night under a wooden sidewalk rather than spend any of his wages on lodging. Eventually, he succeeded in reaching the school, arriving once again without a penny to his name.

The school's headmistress was a little skeptical of this ragtag youth who presented himself at her office, asking not only to be admitted as a student but for a job as well. She told him that she could take him on as a janitor, if he could prove his worth with a simple test. She asked him to sweep and dust in a nearby room. So determined was he to make a good impression that he swept the floor three times, and likewise dusted until every corner of the room was dirt free, and all surfaces were spotless. When he announced that he was finished, the headmistress literally applied the white glove test, and was astonished that she could not find a trace of dust or dirt anywhere in the room. Needless to say, Washington was both hired and admitted on the spot.

Thus began a lifelong pursuit of education and hard physical labor, neither of which he ever shied away from. In fact, it was his belief that no education could be truly complete or valuable without learning the value and meaning of hard physical work. He attributed his unique attitude toward his experience as a slave, which taught him some important life lessons.

He had watched as the white plantation owners, who believed that manual labor was beneath their dignity, lapsed into a state of increasing helplessness as they left all physical work to their slaves. The slaves, never having received proper training in the trades, did the best that they could, but the net result was that the plantations fell into disrepair. The unfortunate result of this was that after emancipation, blacks were not properly prepared for making their way in the world, and whites were similarly unprepared to assume the duties that had once been performed by their slaves.

This was compounded by the attitude, now held by both races, that manual labor was beneath their dignity. Washington resolved that he would embrace both hard physical labor and his academic studies with equal enthusiasm, and this turned out to be the key to his success. In his autobiography, Up From Slavery, he explains:

The individual who can do something that the world wants done will, in the end, make his way regardless of race. One man may go into a community prepared to supply the people there with an analysis of Greek sentences. The community may not at the time be prepared for, or feel the need of, Greek analysis, but it may feel its need of bricks and houses and wagons. If the man can supply the need for those, then, it will lead eventually to a demand for the first product, and with the demand will come the ability to appreciate it and to profit by it.

Washington exemplified this work ethic throughout his academic career, and soon after graduation, he found great pleasure in the service of his fellow man. As a young teacher, he never refused or discouraged any student, regardless of ability to pay or his workload.

He was soon recognized, and rewarded with the challenge of establishing a school in Tuskegee, Alabama, that would share the mission of the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Applying his unparalleled determination to the project, he succeeded in securing funds to purchase the land of an old plantation, and together with his students, over a period of many years, he cleared land, erected buildings, and established agricultural and industrial enterprises on the school's grounds. These enterprises helped to subsidize the cost of boarding the school's growing population, as well as affording students the opportunity to earn their own way.

This served the purpose of giving the students the satisfaction of having built their own school, as well as teaching them the value of hard physical labor, in addition to the pursuits of book learning. The students were thus prepared for whatever challenges lay ahead of them, and at the same time, they learned that there was no shame in any kind of work.

It was not long before the school's reputation was well-established, and Washington found himself spending a great deal of his time traveling to cities in the north, in pursuit of funding for expansion of the school, as well as scholarship money to an increasing number of needy students. Eventually, this led to an honorary degree from Harvard, and a nationwide reputation as a forceful and effective public speaker. True to his character, he declined many invitations to tour the country as an orator, since he was exclusively committed to two things: the ongoing success of Tuskegee Institute, and the continued advancement of his people. He adamantly stuck to his personal pledge that he would never become a public speaker to enrich himself, but rather, to advance the causes that he so dearly espoused.

His ethic also included a belief in being consistent in his message; he resolved never to say anything to a northern audience that he would not say to a southern audience, and never to say anything to a white audience that he would not say to a black or mixed audience. His tried-and-true character notwithstanding, Booker T. Washington often found himself and his words at the center of controversy.

Some blacks resented his contention that true justice could only result from a civilized and respectful interaction





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Rocky Mount • Smith Mountain Lake (540) 483-3835 • www.florafuneralservice.com between the races. He viewed racism as a despicable, but inevitable obstacle to overcome, and he chose to conquer it by going to whatever lengths necessary to prove his worth. He was therefore criticized as being too conciliatory, and his detractors faulted him for not being more politically active or militant in the cause of civil rights.

Washington's vision was that if the members of his race were to demonstrate not only competence but true value and worth to society, eventually they would not only be tolerated, but warmly accepted by their white brethren. He likewise feared that political agitating and/or militant demands for civil rights would produce resentment and fear. He argued that by making themselves truly valuable, members of his race could give their white neighbors a basis not only for tolerating them, but for accepting them and appreciating their presence, to the extent that eventually, they would become necessary and desired members of the nation's social fabric. In Up

From Slavery, He quotes himself from one of his many speeches on this topic:

In this address I said that the whole future of the Negro rested largely upon the question as to whether or not he should make himself, through his skill, intelligence, and character, of such undeniable value to the community in which he lived that the community could

not dispense with his presence. I said that any individual who learned to do something better than anybody else--learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner--had solved his problem, regardless of the colour of his skin, and that in proportion as the Negro learned to produce what other people wanted and must have, in the same proportion would he be respected.

extraordinary accomplishments to see that there was more than a little method to his alleged madness. A visit to Tuskegee itself, and observation of the wonderful relationship that the school had with its white and black neighbors, would doubtless illustrate Washington's theories well beyond any simple words that he could muster.

Today, Booker T. Washington

is remembered and honored here, at the place of his birth, with a national monument to his memory. Situated on the site of the old Burroughs Plantation, where he was born, the Booker T. Washington National Monument features a Plantation Trail, with a recreation of the log cabin where he spent his early years, a nature trail, picnic facilities, and a visitor center with exhibits chronicling his rise from slavery to educator, and ultimately, a national leader.

The park is located on Rt 122 just East of Westlake Corner, and is open seven days a week, year-round, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. (Closed Thanksgiving Day,

December 25, and January 1.)

Tourists and school groups are encouraged to prepare with a visit to the park's website: http://www.nps. gov/archive/bowa/home.htm

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offering clarification of his meaning. One had only to look at the man's Discover Smith Mountain Lake FALL 2016



mentions that sometimes his words were

received poorly, and/or misinterpreted

by some people. This, he reports, was

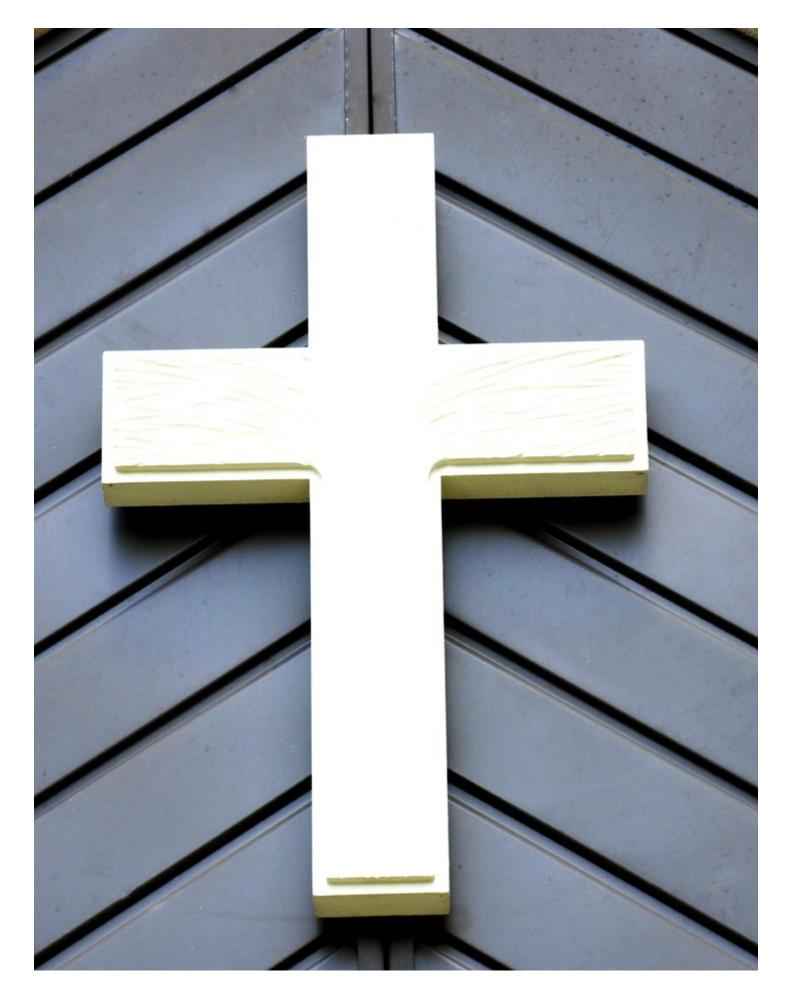
often resolved by putting his words

into proper context, and in some cases,



The Barn Cat **Buddies**







On July 11, Resurrection Catholic Church welcomed Deacon Barry Welch as associate pastor. The position was vacated when Deacon Chris Barrett left after 13 years of service in the Moneta church, in order to pursue a teaching position at Holy Cross Catholic School in Lynchburg.

We caught up with Deacon Barry while he was still unpacking boxes in his newly acquired office, and trying to decide which pictures he could hang on the hooks that remained in place from the former occupant. Despite the inconvenience of our intrusion, he gave us a warm welcome and an hour of his undivided attention. He patiently walked us through what it means to serve as a deacon in today's church, along with a well needed history lesson.

Kesurrection Catholic Church Welcomes A New Deacon

By Kate Hofstetter

The office of deacon is as old as the church, itself, we learned. At one time, some women had been ordained as deacons as well as men. It is believed that the first deacons were seven men chosen by the apostles to assist with the charitable work of the early church, administering to widows, the poor and orphans. Beginning around the Fifth Century, there was a gradual decline in the number of deacons in service. It continued over the years, until the office completely disappeared from the western church. The office was Typically, deacons hold secular jobs in order to support their families, since serving as a deacon is a voluntary position. Along with being a deacon, Barry is also the Pastoral Associate, which is a paid position at Resurrection, so work outside the church will not be necessary for him. A deacon assists his local pastor by visiting the sick, providing grief counseling, working on parish committees and councils, and performing other typical pastoral duties.

Weekly Masses are held at Resurrection every Saturday at 5 pm and Sundays at 4 pm. Pastor is Rev Salvador Anonuevo (Father Sal).

reinstated during Vatican II, which ran from 1962 until 1965.

Today, there are two classifications of deacons in the Roman Catholic Church: transitional and permanent. Transitional deacons are seminary students who are in the last phase of their training to become priests. They serve as deacons for one year prior to being ordained into the priesthood.

Permanent deacons, such as Barry, are ordained men who have no plans of becoming priests. They may be married with families, or single. If they are single, they take vows to remain single. If one is married, the vows include the promise not to remarry should his wife die before him. Deacons may perform certain rites such as: baptisms; funeral and burial services (outside of Mass); distribution of communion; preaching the homily (the sermon given after the Gospel at Mass); and witnessing marriages.

Barry's favorite service to the community, he says, is bringing communion to the sick. His friendly face, warm smile and kind eyes make him a natural "people person". He had just returned from spending time with residents at Runk and Pratt Retirement Village at Westlake when we interrupted his day. Certainly his warm friendly demeanor, comforting prayers and encouraging words would be welcomed by any shut-in. Although he loves people, it was his love of Christ and the Church, says Barry, that called him to become a deacon.

Imagine our surprise when, about halfway through the interview, we learned that it was actually Barry's wife, Allison, who was the lifelong, devout Catholic. He had not been baptized into the faith until 2005. Before that, he says, he was "nothing". His two sons, Samuel and Casey, are both believers, having grown up in the Church. It was because of them that Barry decided to delve deeper into the teachings of the Church. Once he did, he became a believer, and entered the process to become a Catholic Christian: (RCIA) the Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults. It was during a mission to Haiti that the beginnings of his call to a life service first began to stir.

Prior to coming to Resurrection, Barry and Allison, along with their two sons, had lived first in Christiansburg, and then in Roanoke. Three years ago, they bought a "little condo" on Smith Mountain Lake, so they are not truly new comers to this community. Their custom since buying here has been to summer at Smith Mountain Lake and winter in Roanoke, where Allison is a teacher of theology at Roanoke Catholic School and Casey is a high school student. Samuel, following in his father's footsteps, is a student at the University of Virginia. Both sons have summer jobs at the Lake.

Barry recognizes the fact that in replacing Chris Barrett he has large shoes to fill.

"Chris was greatly loved in this

community, and rightly so," he says. He knows that he's following a tough act. He adds, however, how impressed he has been by the warm reception that he and his family have received from members of the parish. He finds members of Resurrection to be "amazing". He praises their love and dedication to their church, and the fact that they are so involved. "We have so many volunteers. Even the entire grounds (around the church) are taken care of by volunteers", he said. "The people here are wonderful."

A self-proclaimed computer geek, Barry started his own internet software business in 1999, which he "operated from the kitchen table" for years, finally selling it in 2013 while completing five years of deaconate training. He was ordained on October 17, 2015.

Prior to joining the Resurrection community, Deacon Barry performed his cleric duties at Saint Andrew Catholic Church in Roanoke.

A beautiful small, framed icon of Saint Stephen is perched on a file cabinet near his desk at Resurrection, a gift to Barry from Allison. She had sat through all of his training classes as he was studying to become a deacon. She had been the lone woman in a class with 14 men, which she attended to receive her Master of Theology, he reports with pride. Saint Stephen is the patron saint of deacons, and was among the original deacons who were selected by the apostles. He was also the first Christian martyr.

Next to Saint Stephen is a picture of the Welch family, which had been taken when the boys were still young children.

"I haven't taken time to find a more recent one," Deacon Barry says. One gets the feeling that he probably never will.

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Fun & Fellowship in **Four Part Harmony**



By Tim Ernandes

I'm thrilled at each rehearsal when I come into a room of men from all walks of life and musical backgrounds, chatting about every thing under the sun, and the pitch pipe blows. Suddenly, the chaos ceases and a pitch is taken. A song begins, and the voices blend with a synergistic relationship to form that sound we so affectionately call Barbershop.

~ Gary Bennett, SML Harmeneers

What do a retired AirTraffic Controller, an attorney, a decorated veteran Navy pilot, a diplomat, and a Sunday school teacher all have in common? Aside from being retired, they all share a love of singing in barbershop harmony. They could be your friends, neighbors, fishing buddies, and maybe even your pastor.

If ever there was evidence of music being a universal language, you'll find it when you get to know The Smith Mountain Lake Harmeneers. These are men from varied backgrounds, who join together one evening a week for fellowship, rehearsal, and the pure joy of singing.

For these gentlemen, The Harmeneers is a delightful blend of fun, camaraderie, community service, and dedication to the craft of Barbershop Harmony. There is one trait that binds all these men together: they derive great satisfaction from blending their individual voices into chords and creating that unique sound.

Barbershop singing has its roots in 19th Century America. It is considered to be a "melting pot" product of immigrant influences, with a particularly strong African influence. Many of the early quartets that practiced what would be called the "barbershop" style were black southern quartets, who often sang in barbershops. In some places, it seemed that every barbershop had its own quartet. The term appeared for the first time in print in 1910, with the publication of the song, "Play That Barbershop Chord".

Ask the average individual about their musical tastes, and it's not all that often



that someone will include barbershop on the list. Yet, if you spend a little time with any of the various quartets that are subsets of The Harmeneers Chorus, you might be surprised at the attention that they can draw. I have had the privilege of being a part of several of their performances, as an actor in skits that tie the songs together. I recall driving home after one such engagement in Lynchburg. Having gone straight from the office to the theater, I had skipped dinner, and was ravenous.

There are chapters across the society that set very high standards of musical skill for acceptance to membership and to hear them preform is a delight. But the society is inclusive enough for there to be chapters whose first goal is for the members to experience the joy of singing to the best of their ability. Such is my chapter. Our audiences come away from our performances uplifted because they see the members' pure joy of singing and entertaining.

~ Gary Bennett

The Harmeneers put on an annual show in November, in which they perform several choral numbers, and also break out into individual quartets.

So, I decided to make a pit stop at McDonald's for a late night meal.

Just as I was sitting down to eat, one of

the quartets walked in the door. They spotted me immediately, and I invited them to join me. As we sat and ate, it was clear that these fellows really enjoyed one another's company, as they guffawed while trading insults and regaling me with stories.

After we finished, one of them stood up, and asked, "Well, boys – what do you think? Should we sing?" None hesitated as they stood up together in the crowded restaurant.

I remember thinking to myself that this might not be the best choice of venues for an impromptu barbershop recital. The place was full of mostly young people, representing a wide swath of cultures and interests. I found myself hoping that they would not be rude or discourteous to these guys as they laid their talents on the line amid the clamor of the crowd.

Someone blew a pitch pipe, and after just a few notes, the dining room fell silent, except for the glorious four part harmony of my friends, singing songs that were older than the grandparents of most of those present. Not only did they enjoy the performance, they applauded enthusiastically, and asked for more. I have rarely seen young people display such a show of respect for their elders, but it was more than that: they enjoyed it.

This scene has been repeated on several occasions on which I had found myself in the company of one or the other of The Harmeneers' quartets. Music is indeed the universal language, and The Harmeneers are among its most capable ambassadors.

From the outside, The Harmeneers might appear to be a very exclusive club, with strict criteria for membership. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. They gladly welcome anyone who can carry a tune and would like to improve their skills. For the most part, none of the members are professional musicians, but they are associated with a national organization, and they have a qualified director who works with them to achieve a very polished sound.

The group has placed well in some regional and national competitions, and it's all the result of their dedication and love for what they do. As soon as they finish performing their annual show, they go right to work on the next year's show. They practice a repertoire of tunes regularly, and every year they try to learn a few new songs in keeping with the theme for the upcoming show.

The funds raised from their shows are used to provide scholarships for local youth who may be interested in pursuing musical education. They earn supplemental revenue by offering singing Valentines in February. For a relatively modest fee, they will send a quartet on site to the object of your affection. They'll travel to the job, school, hospital, or anywhere else in the area. After singing two songs, they will present a card and a silk rose to your intended.

Sometimes, they'll be asked to sing at an event that is raising money for a worthy cause, and they always try to accommodate. In addition to their passion for music, they all seem to share a strong sense of patriotism:

I know the membership consists of people from all





political persuasions, but when we are called to do an event honoring our country, the military or otherwise, patriotic affair, the turnout is very nearly 100%.

~ Gary Bennett

If you are a man who likes to sing, The Harmeneers would love to meet you and have you sit in on one of their practices. They meet at 7:00 PM on Monday evenings at Bethlehem United Methodist Church.

For more information about The Harmeneers, visit them online: www.smlharmeneers.com

There are chapters across the society that set very high standards of musical skill for acceptance to membership and to hear them preform is a delight. But the society is inclusive enough for there to be chapters whose first goal is for the members to experience the joy of singing to the best of their ability. Such is my chapter."I love singing barbershop harmony because it is a pure, uniquely American musical art form. It is pure "a'capella" singing without the "contamination" or "aide" of musical instruments and allows me to infuse my own emotions and expressions thru the sound. Barbershop style singing incorporates four (4) uniquely individual parts, which when properly blended together produces musical "overtones" which make the music sound like there are five (5) or perhaps six (6) singers...instead of only 4. There is no other musical art form like it!! I love to make those chords "ring" !!"

~ Jim Wilson, Baritone (High Cotton Quartet)



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NCFLX by Nic Barta

With the summer winding down, it's time to relax a little bit from the spectacle and explosions of the Blockbuster season, and focus on the more dramatic and serious movies of the fall season. This time of yearm Hollywood likes to pull at our heartstrings, or chill our bones with fear, and this season will be no different. With Dramas, Biographies, and a little bit of Horror for Halloween, the fall is ready to bring the emotions, thrills, and scares for audiences to enjoy.



ASMINGTON PRATT NAWER

Chris Pratt, Ethan Hawke, and Vincent D'Onofrio. While this film has a lot of excellent talent and potential, it will be hard not to compare this interpretation to the original. Only a handful of remakes have been able to be successful both financially and critically, and *The Magnificent* **Seven** will have to face this challenge. In addition, it will need to establish its own style to set it apart from other Westerns, as well as pay respect to the original to please the older generation of moviegoers.

Hopefully, seven will be this movie's lucky number.

On September 9th, *Sully* lands in theaters. This is a biographical film about Captain Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger, who saved the lives of all 155 of his passengers and crew by landing his disabled plane in the Hudson River. Most of us have all heard of, read about, or seen the incredible landing by Captain Sully in the news, but this film seeks to delve deeper not only into the landing, but into the aftermath of his heroics. Tom Hanks stars in the lead role as Captain Sully, and from the trailer it already looks like another powerful performance from the acclaimed actor. With Clint Eastwood in the director's chair, **Sully** is shaping up to be a moving and emotional film, with some performances that may be Oscar-worthy.

On September 16th, horror fans get their first taste of terror this season, with **Blair Witch**. This is the sequel to the original Blair Witch Project film. In this latest installment a group of young adults seek to uncover the legend of the Blair Witch, and subsequently become the victims of an ominous presence stalking them. The **Blair Witch Project** was a trendsetter in terms of its style, so it'll be tricky for **Blair Witch** to recapture the mystery and fear of the first film. This version aims to go all out on the scares and gruesome imagery, so **Blair Witch** will definitely not be for the faint of heart, but brave horror fans may get a kick out of it.

On September 23rd, we head out to the old West with The Magnificent Seven. This remake of the classic 1960 film starring Steve McQueen is backed up by a great cast that includes Denzel Washington,

Moving on to October 7th, The Girl on the Train arrives in theaters. This thriller is based on the novel by Paula Hawkins, and stars Emily Blunt, who plays a woman suspected of a murder that she does not recall committing. The book this movie is based on has been hailed as the next Gone Girl, and the film aims to be as mysterious and heart-pounding as its source material. It looks like mystery and psychological thriller fans will get their money's worth with *The Girl on the Train*, in terms of suspense as well as twists and turns throughout. Grab your train ticket, and get ready for a wild ride.





October 21st sees the return of Jack Reacher with Jack Reacher: Never Go **Back**. The first **Jack Reacher** film was a fairly straightforward but fun action movie, with Tom Cruise being praised for his charismatic performance. With new characters joining in, including Cobie Smulders in the leading lady role, Jack Reacher: Never Go Back aims continue the trend of mindless entertainment, and take the action and one-liners to the next level.

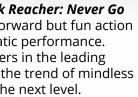


TRANG

On October 28th, Inferno makes its way to theaters. Inferno is the third installment of the Robert Langdon series, based on the books by Dan Brown. Tom Hanks returns once again as Professor Robert Langdon who must use clues based on **Dante's Inferno** in order to stop a deadly virus from spreading across the world. The Robert Langdon series is quite a popular series, and the tale of **Dante's Divine Comedy** is always interesting. Two compelling series coming together in one film sounds like a recipe for success, and Tom Hanks looks to be in top acting form once again. With Felicity Jones and Irrfan Khan included in the cast, Inferno appears to have the tools to be a powerhouse mystery tale.



Overall, the 2016 summer movie season has plenty of variety when it comes to its films. There will be a lot of choices this year and a good amount of competition at the box office to be #1 each weekend. It's shaping up to be an exciting summer so when you're finished being baked in the sun, grab your popcorn and soda and head to an air-conditioned theater for some fun at the movies!



On November 18th. the magic of J.K. Rowling brings us *Fantastic* Beasts and Where to Find *Them*. This is a prequel to the original *Harry Potter* series, and follows Newt Scamander as he tries to round up several magical creatures that have been set loose in New York City. Needless to say, Harry **Potter** is hugely popular, and Fantastic Beasts will take



us to never-before-seen places in the Wizarding World. With stars such as Eddie Redmayne and Colin Firth leading the charge, expect fans around the world to don their robes, grab their wands, and pack theaters to experience J.K. Rowling's magical world once again.



Going On s

Bethlehem UMC Preschoolers Learn about Smith Mountain Lake

Ten preschoolers from the Bethlehem UMC Preschool in Moneta will forever remember facts about how Smith Mountain Lake was formed. These four year olds were assigned a "project" called "5 Going on 50" SML Project, which entailed interviewing a fifty plus year old adult in the community who could tell them about life before the lake.

The April focus for lessons was transportation, with weekly emphasis on railroads, cars/trucks, boats/ships, and airplanes. This allowed their 50+ friend to share pictures of old (vintage) cars, trucks, and boats that were taken before and during the construction of the lake. Children reported about various bits of local history that their older generation friend thought was important to celebrate about the lake.

One child spoke of the goat who the construction workers could not relocate. Another child shared how the home of his (50+) friend's house was flooded and left at the bottom of the lake. One child's great grandparent had a dairy farm before the lake, and now has beef cattle and chickens on a hill above the lake. One child's grandfather helped build Smith Mountain Lake State Park, and one child visited the spot where his parents were married on the lake. One child shared a picture of a wooden bridge and said it was now under water, but this bridge (pointing to Halesford Bridge) "is the bridge I cross on my way to school everyday". Each child came with a different story and reported what they had learned. They created posters, took pictures, brought

photo albums, and one child had newspapers of the 25th anniversary of the lake.

"As an educator, no matter what age, our goal is to find a fun and exciting way for children to learn and then remember what they learned. The impacts were way beyond my wildest dreams", said Billie Jean Elmer, teacher of the 4 year old class. "I had them bring in their projects and share their story during class one day, and the next Preschool day we had a family picnic at Smith Mountain Lake Community Park in Franklin County, where they again shared their findings in front of their families and guests."

These children displayed tremendous poise and confidence as they shared the stories. "We enjoyed counting to 50, laughing at the old cars and trucks, looking at clothes 50 years ago, and learning what a dam actually does with the water", Ms Elmer said.

She also loved the intergenerational bonding, which allowed the children a special day for lunch for their interview, or a special sleepover with "granddaddy", or a fun night with just granny. Many of the children have enjoyed the lake for recreational use, but now have a greater appreciation for the lake and its impact on their families and senior citizen friends when it was formed 50 years ago. "5 Going on 50" is just another joy that SML has brought to many of residents in Bedford and Franklin counties!

Good news! Every issue of Discover SML is available online!

- Would you rather read DISCOVER SML on your computer?
- Did you miss an issue?
- Would you like to show Discover SML to someone who is out of the area?

We'd love to hear from you!

It's always great to hear from our readers. We enjoy receiving your comments, suggestions, puzzle solutions, and any photos and articles that you care to submit to us.

Please understand that it is not always possible to answer everyone, but we do read everything that we get.

If you would like to submit a photograph or article for consideration, please observe the following guidelines:

- We cannot return the items that you submit; please do not send originals
- For best quality, digital photos must be high resolution (300 dpi)

• Images taken from websites are generally of lower resolution and therefore unusable

• Articles should be relevant to SML or the immediate area, including:

o History of the area

- o Interesting personalities in the community o Adventures, life experiences, etc. of people with strong ties to the lake o SML clubs, organizations, churches o Culture and the Arts at the lake
- o Fiction and humor from local writers.

While we encourage everyone to submit anything of his or her choosing, we cannot guarantee that we will use your submission(s). Anything that is used may appear in any subsequent issue of the magazine. We discourage readers from submitting the following types of content:

- News stories, political opinion and other topical pieces that "age" quickly.
- Book reviews, restaurant and theater reviews
- Event driven stories, although we may print a photo or two from time to time
- Articles designed to promote or advertise a specific business

Please send submissions to: **Discover SML Magazine** 40 Village Springs Dr., Suite 25, Hardy, VA 24101

Or via e-mail to: editor@discoversmithmountainlake.com

Read us online at: DiscoverSmithMountainLake.com

From Our Readers

Dear Mr. Ernandes.

Every issue of Discover has been good in all these recent years, and this year's Winter issue is superb!

Tears accompanied my reading of the Christmas story, The Most **Precious Gift**. My laughter went along on your road trip, Road Wearier. The calendar photos, as always, are just right for each month.

You certainly can be proud of your first Alex Ernandes Scholarship Awardee. I read the fish articles because my husband. Tom. zeroed in on them. I checked out the Brain Teaser and even the poem, In the Bleak Midwinter, struck a chord for me.

All in all, the Discover Winter issue 2015-16 was a pleasure to read, and I wanted to tell you. Tim, your Editor's Note left me counting my blessings. Thank you.

Sincerely, Nancy Rae Brown



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Carilion Clinic Community Events, register @ 800-422-8482

American Red Cross

Here is a chance to break out of the routine. Go from ordinary to Extraordinary in 60 mins...Donate blood!

isten to WSLK Lake Radio 880 for details and other events. www.WSLK880.com



need to feel good about a major accomplishment, why not help save a life this summer?

All it takes is about an hour to take a simple act of caring by an ordinary person and make it an Extraordinary gift to someone in need.

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		7p SML Pilots Club Meets; Public Invited (Moneta Community Room)			'6:30p Breast Cancer Support Group (Discovery Shop)	
		6:30p Moneta Lions Club Meeting (Resurrection Catholic Church)		'10:30a GFWC Women's Club Meeting (Waterfront Country Club)	8:30a Breakfast Fellowship (Oyler's UMC)	
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SML Harmeneers 50th Anniversary Concert (Trinity Ecumenical Parish)	'SML Harmenees 50th Anniversary Concert (Trinity Ecumenical Parish)	77:30a SML Rotary Club Meeting (Westlake Country Club)		7p American Legion Post #62 meets at 7 PM (1126-A Hendricks Store Rd, Moneta)	8:30a Breakfast Fellowship (Oyler's UMC) 3p Alzheiner's/Dementia Caregiver support group meeting (Trinity Ecumenical Parish)	
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⁵ SML Chili and Craft Festival (Bridgewater Plaza) ⁷ a Breakfast at Epworth UMC (Free will donation)	`	6:30p Moneta Lions Club Meeting (Resurrection Catholic Church) 7:30p Bedford Masonic Lodge #244 monthly meeting (13006 Old Moneta Rd)		'10:30a SML Republican Women Meeting (Westlake Country Club)		
SATURDAY	FRIDAY	THURSDAY	WEDNESDAY	TUESDAY	MONDAY	SUNDAY

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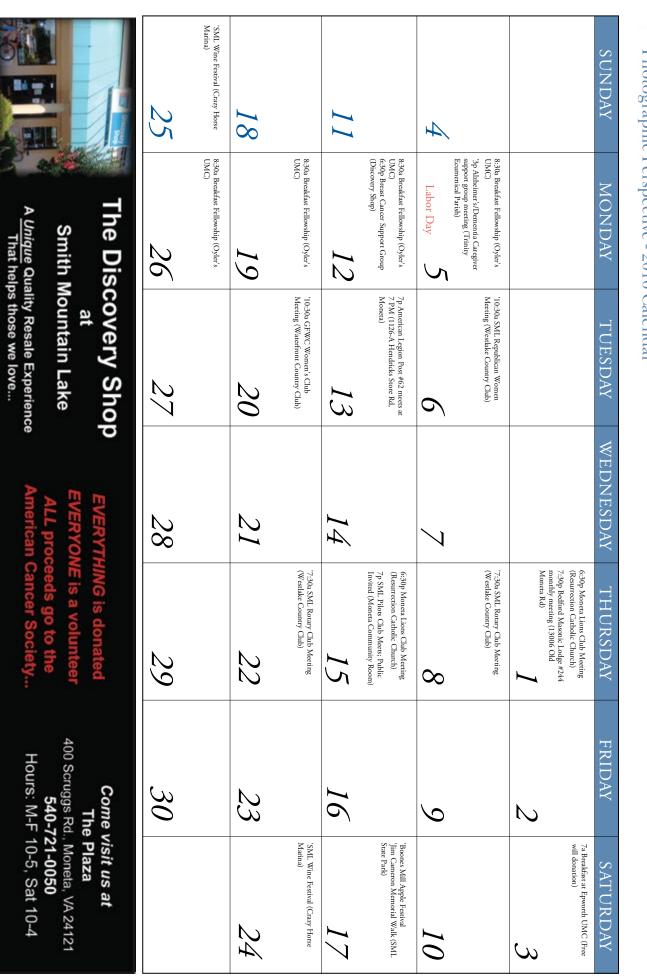
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Courtesy of Next Generation De





Caitlin and Corbett Hazlett visited SML in July for a family reunion, and were captivated by Gremmie's stunning persona in our Summer Issue.

They very thoughtfully did some shopping, and sent Gremmie a little gift package, appropriately addressed to "Gremlin the Wonder Cat".

Here is her response:

"While I have millions of loyal minions the world over, it's always nice to receive presents! I'll instruct "whatshisname" to give you a special mention in the next issue.

Meow."

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD

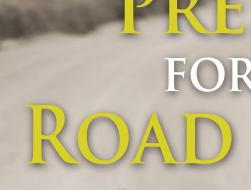
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Schyler Sitton was afraid her scoliosis would keep her from playing soccer and competing with her friends. Our doctors thought differently. To see how our team worked together to help Schyler reach her goal, visit CarilionClinic.org/Goals.

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