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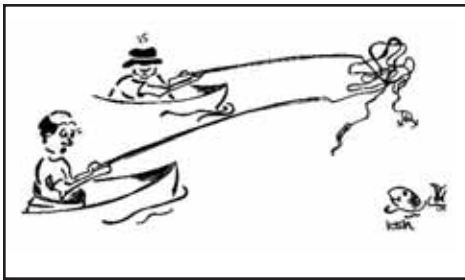
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# CROSSED LINES

## Virginia's Rep. Wittman and VDGIF's Norris Honored by Ducks Unlimited

Ducks Unlimited announced the winners of the 2015 Wetland Conservation Achievement Awards during the 80th North American Wildlife and Natural Resources Conference held in Omaha, Nebraska. This year's recipient in the Federal Official category is Rep. Rob Wittman of Virginia and the recipient in the State/Provincial Agency Employee category is David Norris of the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries (VDGIF).



David Norris of VDGIF (R) accepts award from DU Chief Conservation Officer Paul Schmidt.

“David exemplifies the qualities that make for a successful career in wildlife management,” said DU Chief of Conservation Paul Schmidt. “He demonstrates a passion for the wildlife resource and develops excellent partnerships with landowners and other partners. He is leaving a real and tangible legacy as a result of decades of wetlands conservation work in Virginia.”

Norris has been the Wetlands Project Leader for the VDGIF for nearly 20 years. In addition to his impressive on-the-ground conservation project accomplish-

ments, he has served as vice-chair and chair of the Atlantic Coast Joint Venture (ACJV) Technical Section and served on the North American Wetlands Conservation Act review committee for the ACJV. Norris also led a first-of-its-kind effort to develop a master management plan for Virginia's wildlife management areas based on surveys and focus group feedback from Virginia's user public.

Schmidt said of Rep. Wittman, “The congressman has been a tireless supporter of legislation designed to protect, enhance, restore and/or make the best use of our environment and its natural resources. In past sessions and the 113th congressional session – this past year — he has sponsored and co-sponsored numerous bills affecting wetland habitat and the values that so many of our sportsmen and women hold dear, as well as the tenets of the North American Model of Wildlife Management.”



Rep. Wittman (left) of Virginia accepts Ducks Unlimited's Wetland Conservation Achievement Award from DU Chief Conservation Officer Paul Schmidt.

Serving Virginia's 1st congressional district since 2007, Wittman spent 26 years working in state government and many years as an environmental health specialist. As a member of the House Committee on Natural Resources, he brings professional

expertise in water quality, fisheries and other natural resources to the table and is a longtime champion of the Chesapeake Bay. He serves as co-chair of the Chesapeake Bay Watershed Caucus, which brings Bay issues into focus for members of Congress. Wittman also serves on the First Congressional District Environmental Advisory Council, which is a group of citizens and officials involved in promoting a healthy Chesapeake Bay and clean environment. In 2009 Wittman was appointed to the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission, which oversees the distribution of project funding under the North American Wetlands Conservation Act and the Migratory Bird Conservation Fund. He is also co-chair of the Congressional Sportsman's Foundation and a lifelong hunter and angler.

Ducks Unlimited's Wetland Conservation Achievement Awards are presented annually in six categories to recognize individuals who have made outstanding contributions to the conservation and restoration of North America's wetlands and waterfowl. To view a complete list of the 2015 Wetland Conservation Achievement Award winners, please visit [www.ducks.org/wetlandawards](http://www.ducks.org/wetlandawards).

Ducks Unlimited Inc. is the world's largest non-profit organization dedicated to conserving North America's continually disappearing waterfowl habitats. Established in 1937, Ducks Unlimited has conserved more than 13 million acres, thanks to contributions from more than a million supporters across the continent. Guided by science and dedicated to program efficiency, DU works toward the vision of wetlands sufficient to fill the

skies with waterfowl today, tomorrow and forever. For more information, visit [www.ducks.org](http://www.ducks.org).

**Andi Cooper**  
acooper@ducks.org  
Ducks Unlimited

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### NSSA's 2015 World Vintage Skeet Championships

The 15th Annual Vintage Skeet Championships was held March 12-15 at the Gator Skeet and Trap Club in sunny Gainesville, Florida. It proved to be a weather-safe, snow-proof venue for many visiting from northern states. The vintage skeet game is shot using rules from the 1930s: basic skeet as you know it, but with a delayed target release and a low-gun starting position. Competitors were limited to either a pump gun or side-by-side shotgun which could be of any vintage. No automatics or over-and-under shotguns were permitted.

The host club chose to use Canadian Lowery targets, and target performance was perfect on all ranges during the tournament.

Skeet events were offered in the four recognized skeet gauges as well as doubles at all stations. Also, 16-gauge-only events were offered for hardcore 16-gauge fans and only true 16-gauge guns were permitted for this event. Side game competition was also offered in Bunker Trap, D-T-L Trap, and 5 Stand Sporting for each of the gauges. Special concurrent skeet handicap events were offered for both light game guns and hammer guns. This special handicap event ran throughout the entire tournament.

This shoot was a NSSA Event 6th tournament, and shooters of all skill levels had a chance to win awards thanks to the Lewis Class system, which leveled the playing field for all competitors in this non-registered competition. Targets will be counted towards NSSA members' lifetime target counts, but will not affect their current averages or classifications.

*The Virginia Sportsman* 20-gauge All-around Title went to Michigan's Neil Wilkinson. This was a special 20-gauge


HOA event that required participants to compete in three of the four 20-gauge events. A rank scoring system was used to determine the winner rather than the actual target count. This allowed even weighting between dissimilar clay target games. Wilkinson nudged out Joe Dixon and Jim Bowers with his consistent 20-gauge shooting performance.

Supporters and sponsors included the Connecticut Shotgun Manufacturing Company which provided catalog gift certificates, Claybuster wads which offered a great selection of door prizes, Randolph Foods which gave daily snacks and Lowery Targets which donated Canadian loonies for perfect 25-straight awards. Aerostar Outdoors, *Shotgun Sports* and *The Virginia Sportsman* also provided support.

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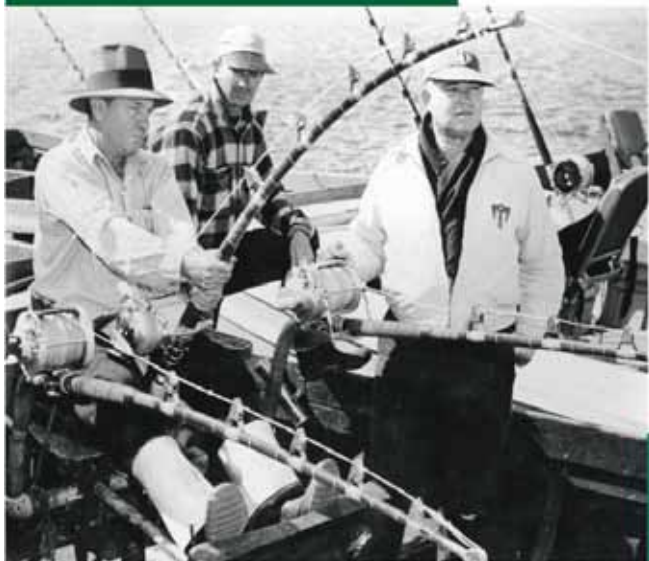
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**Cover Photo:** John Arnold prepares his daughter, Pyper, for the headline class at the Menlo Charity Horse Show. Photo by Alden Corrigan.

**STAFF:** Publisher *Virginia Outdoor Media, LLC*, Editor *John Shtogren*, Copy Editor *Dail Willis*, Equine Advisor *Jane Porter Fogleman*, Public Relations *Jane Maddux*, Advertising *Anne W. Coles*, *Wendy Jensen*, *Anita Vere-Nicoll*, *Michelle Scott*, *Jill Kavanagh*, *Darin Strickland*, *Mary Tinsley*, Copy Reader *Dail Willis*, Design *Hay Hardy*, Cartoonist *Jerry King*,




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Kristin Hardin of Cuyama, California on Bert

# Menlo Charity Horse Show

Story by Hay Hardy  
 Photos by Alden Corrigan

In 1920, a group of young girls in Atherton, California, who enjoyed riding decided to form a club and give a circus performance to their parents, friends and neighbors. That summer, the first circus performance was held on the Weir property at Middlefield Road and Glenwood Avenue. Besides performing on their horses and ponies, the girls brought their pet cats and dogs to perform tricks. Mrs. W. B. Weir, the mother of one of the girls, suggested that the proceeds be given



The first circus performance (Photo courtesy of Menlo Circus Club)

to the Stanford Convalescent Home, now Lucille Packard Children's Hospital at Stanford University. In that first year, the circus raised \$500.

In the following years, the circus grew and the adults promoted the circus into a social event, drawing people from San Francisco to San Jose. The event outgrew the Weirs' backyard, and in 1922 land was purchased and the Menlo Circus Club was founded in Atherton.

Atherton lies 30 miles south of





The Menlo Charity Horse Show was named Best Show in the Southwest by the equestrians who compete on that circuit.

San Francisco in the Silicon Valley and the five square-mile town is considered part of the San Francisco metropolitan area. In 2013, *Forbes* magazine listed Atherton as the wealthiest town in America. Atherton has a population of 7,000, and was originally

part of the area known as Menlo Park.

Over the years, the Menlo Circus Club became the scene of outstanding horse shows, polo matches, swimming events, tennis tournaments and gala parties. Today, the club has a large stable with 12-by-12

stalls, tack rooms in each aisle and grooming and wash stalls. Two blacksmith bays and a veterinary bay are included as well. It offers full boarding facilities and a resident trainer. The Menlo Polo Club plays most weekends from mid-April to

Menlo Circus Club barn (Photo by Judy Soden)



mid-October and the Menlo Charity Horse Show has taken place there every August since 1970.

In 1970, the Menlo Circus Club was at a crossroad. The 50-year-old barn needed an expensive new roof and members were debating if there was still enough enthusiasm to justify its replacement or if the money would be better spent on a nine-hole golf course. Betsy Glikbarg, a backyard horse owner who had never competed in a horse show, decided to stage a family horse show to demonstrate that a viable interest in equestrian activities remained. She and six of her good friends (five of whom are still active participants 45 years later) formed a committee and organized a non-rated half-day event which was well attended by 50 families and friends of the competitors.

In subsequent years, the show grew into a two-day C-rated event, then a three-day event, later a five-day A competition, and finally to the current six-day format with an AA ranking, the highest possible classification. The original six-member committee has grown to more than 150



Maron Leslie, 18 months old , in the leadline division

Corinne Miller of Willowbrook Farm, Flintridge, California, on Carmina





Peter Lombardo of Frontier Farms, Moorpark, California, on Black Ivory

Five members of the original committee formed 45 years ago and still active participants: (L-R) Nan Chapman, Betsy Glikbarg, Nancy Parke, Jane Yates and Nancy Robinson)



volunteers today. The show, which features 540 of the West Coast's top hunters and jumpers, has been so popular that there is a waiting list for entries only hours after the entry form is placed on the show's website.

In 2012, Menlo was honored with the coveted Heritage Horse Show status by the U.S. Equestrian Federation, the governing body for all sanctioned horse shows. At that time, only 14 of the more

than 2,600 shows held in the U.S. each year were granted this designation. The federation had decided the Menlo show had significant involvement and support from the community, had shown significant contribution to equestrian sports and was a regional competition that is unique within the sport. The event also recently won a People's Choice Award and was named Best Show in the Southwest (Zone 10, which includes California, Arizona and Nevada) by the equestrians who compete on that circuit.

Staged on the polo field once slated for demolition, the Menlo Charity Horse Show boasts three arenas for all six days, a vendors' gallery of more than 40 merchants offering art, clothing, jewelry and items for the home, garden and stable.



Members of the junior committee running errands for the horse show office and awards committee

Trophies from such prestigious retailers as Neiman-Marcus, Tiffany and Nordstrom are awarded during the competition. A \$40,000 Grand Prix is the highlight of the event and a gala Sponsors' Dinner is held to thank sponsors for their generous support. Last year, more than 11,000 spectators attended the event. The Vista Center for the Blind & Visually Impaired, a longtime recipient of the charity money raised, has received more than \$6 million over the years.

The show organizers also make a special effort to encourage young riders. About 30 percent of the participants are 18 or younger. Last year, a junior committee was formed to create activities for the young riders away from the ring. The 15 young ladies, ages 8 to 15, put in a total of 343 hours during the show. They baked cookies for the sponsors, helped out with the lead line class, put up and took down banners, acted as runners for the horse show office and awards committee and staged a "people jumping contest," which raised an additional \$300 for Vista Center. Young riders, along with their trainers, also have the opportunity to participate in the Ariat Fashion Show during the Saturday night barbecue dinner when the USHJA World Championship Hunter Rider Program zone awards are presented.

Any question about the level of interest in equestrian sports on the San Francisco Peninsula has been answered. Glikberg has proved interest is alive and flourishing. The 2015 event will take place Tuesday, August 4, through Sunday, August 9, and will have some exciting new classes in the Amateur Hunter Divisions. For more information, visit [www.menlocharityhorseshow.org](http://www.menlocharityhorseshow.org).

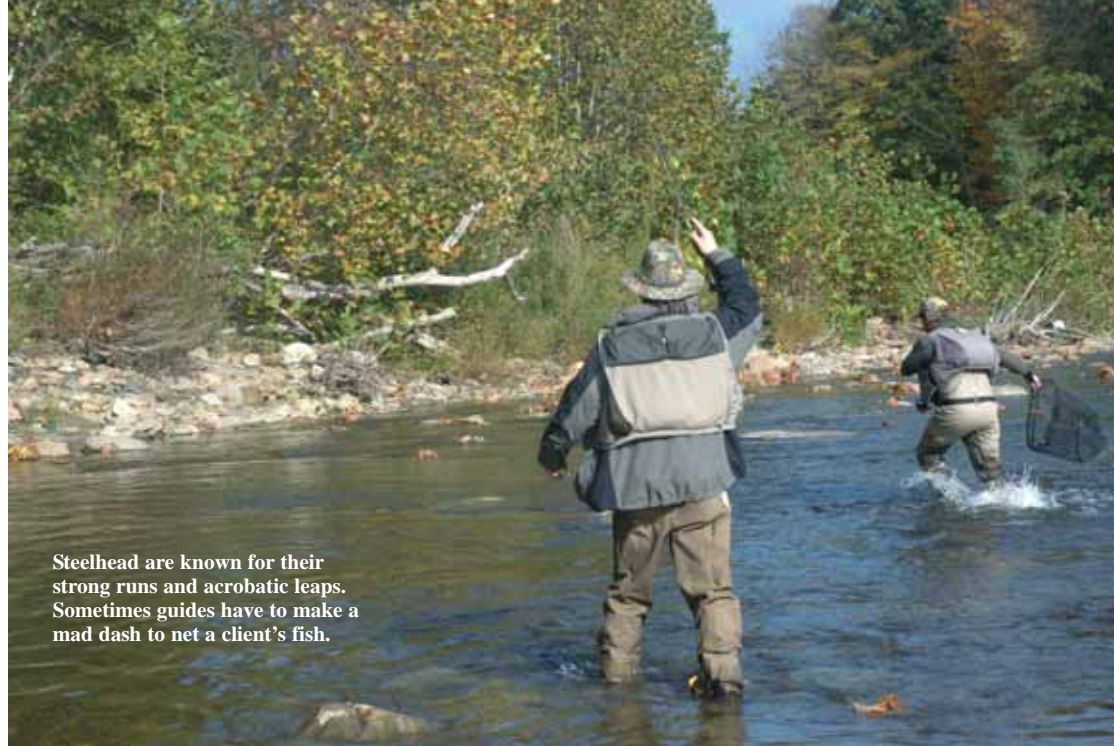
Hay Hardy is a staff writer for *The Virginia Sportsman*.

A red-themed advertisement for the Deep Run Horse Show. At the top, it says "DEEP RUN HORSE SHOW" with a small horse head icon. Below this is a central image of a horse's head wearing a blue ribbon. To the right of the horse image, text reads: "\$5,000 USHJA NATIONAL HUNTER DERBY PRESENTED BY MARKEL" with the Markel logo. Below that is "2014 MEMBERS CHOICE AWARD WINNER" with a logo, and "HERITAGE COMPETITION" with a logo. At the bottom, it says "JUNE 17-21, 2015" and "ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 30". On the left, a circular badge says "2014 VHSA HORSE SHOW OF THE YEAR". In the center, it says "FOR INFORMATION, SCHEDULE &amp; SPONSOR OPPORTUNITIES VISIT DEEPRUNHORSESHOW.COM". At the very bottom, it says "DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB • 1540 MANAKIN ROAD • MANAKIN SABOT • VIRGINIA • 23103".

The strike was surprising and vicious, and it felt as though I were trying to hold on to a lightning rod rather than a fly rod. “There he goes!” shouted fishing guide Karl Weixlmann as the fish leapt from the river’s surface, shaking his head violently, attempting to jettison the hook buried deep into his jaw. “He’s a chromer, Beau—fresh out of Lake Erie so he’s gonna have a lot of fight in him. Be prepared,” Weixlmann counseled. The fish ran downstream for 10 yards and somersaulted twice before racing upstream again, repeatedly breaking the surface of the river. I followed the charging fish upstream and down and might not have gained the upper hand had it not been for my fishing partner, Steve Vorkapich, and his superior netting skills. After a few quick high fives and a quick photo, I eased my very first steelhead back into the river.

Each year thousands of anglers from around the country pursue steelhead in the rivers near Erie, Pennsylvania. Steve, a diehard steelheader from neighboring Ohio, had suggested that I meet him in Erie to explore the steelhead fishing options while doing research for my book *Fly Fishing the Mid-Atlantic*. It wasn’t easy to find a date that fit both of our schedules and promised favorable weather conditions. In fact, once Steve called to cancel one hour before I was to leave home in northern Virginia for Erie; he told me the area’s rivers were running high after recent storms and looked like “coffee with cream.”

We finally hit on a date that worked for both of us and for our guide Karl Weixlmann, author of *Great Lakes Steelhead, Salmon & Trout*. Weixlmann has developed a reputation as a first-rate guide who possesses what he likes to call “carnal knowledge” of the region’s waters. “A lot of guys think you can just throw any kind of steelhead pattern in the water here and drift it through a good run and hook up,” says Weixlmann. “At times you might get lucky, but the truth is these fish move up and down the river all the time. Knowing good



Steelhead are known for their strong runs and acrobatic leaps. Sometimes guides have to make a mad dash to net a client’s fish.

## Steelhead Dreams

### Erie, Pennsylvania

Story and Photos by Beau Beasley

holding water is crucial to success, and even then you have to tempt them to bite.”

And once you’ve hooked your steelhead, the fun really begins: landing these hard-fighting fish is no small task for even the most experienced angler.

Steelhead patterns abound, but generally speaking anglers prefer to go after them in two ways. First up is nymphing: The angler fishes a pattern below the surface, generally with split shot to ensure a quick sink rate and an indicator—think tiny bobber—attached to the leader. When the angler thinks he’s found a likely fish lounge, he drifts his pattern through what he believes to be the strike zone. He’ll use his indicator to track the direction and speed of his pattern. Steve invented Float Master Strike Indicators for this very purpose—and they are highly effective. “My indicators allow anglers to easily and

quickly change the depth of their patterns,” Steve says. “And because Float Master indicators use soft plastic tubing to secure them to the leader, they’ll never leave a kink in the line.” These indicators are so effective and easy to use; they are the only indicators I fish with when nymphing.

Weixlmann uses a nymphing variation called the dry-dropper technique: He fishes a dry fly like a stimulator (a bushy, high-floating pattern) as his topwater pattern, and then ties on a small nymph below. His quarry may strike either the top or—more likely—the smaller bottom pattern, which is fished deeper in the water column. The dry fly actually doubles as a surface pattern and an indicator while Weixlmann floats it through the strike zone. If you’re fishing the dry-dropper technique, remember to cast your pattern well upstream so that your subsurface pattern



**Streamers that mimic local baitfish should be in every angler's fly box.**

**The author (L) was all smiles once he landed his steelhead with the help of his guide Karl Weixlmann . (Photo by Steve Vorkapich)**

can sink appropriately and drift through the strike zone.

Weixlmann excels in a second and lesser known steelheading method: He drifts various streamers past fish waiting to make their way upstream. Although you can certainly fish with steamers for steelhead already in the tributaries that feed the Great Lakes, Weixlmann has pioneered the use of this technique to catch fish before they move into the flow. "Steelhead will stack up at the mouths of the tributaries just off the shoreline and wait for a good time to surge upstream." Generally the fish will be in only a few feet of water, and more often than not they're at the angler's feet. "I don't

know a lot guys who fish this way," concedes Weixlmann, "but I do." He says that he finds "much less pressure on the beach, and the fish have much more room to run. Once you hook a fish, hang on—you're likely to see your backing." While I fished with him, Weixlmann hooked and landed two steelhead off the beach. There's no denying the efficacy of Weixlmann's "carnal knowledge:" He hooked both fish in less than a foot of water where they were staging. They smacked Weixlmann's streamer pattern and bolted for open water.

Hopeful steelhead anglers will want to bring along a 6- to 7-weight, 9- to 10-foot rod; those intending to hit the beach

with streamers will need something larger, like an 8- to 9-weight. Effective patterns include Egg-Sucking Leech 4-10, Pink Lady 10-16, Woolly Bugger 6-10, Sucker Spawn 8-12, and olive-colored streamers tied to look like local shiners.

Great Lakes weather is notoriously unpredictable; the "lake effect" can whip up pulverizing winds, sudden rain showers and late-season blizzards. On my last trip, winds had so stirred up the mouths of the tributaries that it was nearly impossible to fish the mouth of Elk Creek. To increase your chances of success—and decrease the odds that lake-effect weather shuts you out completely—consider booking a guide like Weixlmann and spending more than one day fishing.

Anglers flock to Erie in the fall, and November and December are prime time. But the fishing can be quite good at other times of the year, especially if you're willing to fish off the still-underutilized beach. Be aware, however, that a great deal of Elk Creek is public water, and as such gets a fair amount of pressure. Be prepared to get on the water early or at least to walk a ways to find good water. Of course, respect the rights of private property owners when you come across private sections of water.

Though not for the faint of heart or the easily discouraged—three to four fish in an outing is considered a very good catch—steelheading can be a blast. The hard-won experience derived from much trial and error—the carnal knowledge of which Weixlmann speaks—seems to be the key to finding the right water, pattern and technique on any given day. Don't be discouraged if you have to reschedule a trip because of weather. Be flexible, ready to try different patterns and different water. And when your dream fish finally strikes—and then leaps high enough to look you in the eye—for heaven's sake, don't let go.

### **If You Go**

While diehard anglers can fish all



**With the right technique, anglers can target steelhead along Lake Erie's shoreline.**

day every day, families might enjoy visiting Presque Isle State Park, which has free parking and free admission. Other activities include visiting local wineries or checking out the Erie Playhouse, Erie Children's Museum or the popular Maritime Museum. To learn more about Erie family vacations or fishing options, visit [www.visiteriepa.com](http://www.visiteriepa.com)

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Beau Beasley is an award-winning outdoors writer and the author of *Fly Fishing Virginia* and *Fly Fishing the Mid-Atlantic*. He is the director of the Virginia Fly Fishing and Wine Festival.

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*Rambler 88*

# RORC Caribbean 600

## The Finest Yacht Race in the Caribbean

Story and Photos by Louay Habib

**A**rguably the best fleet of offshore racing yachts ever gathered in the Caribbean took part in the seventh edition of the Royal Ocean Racing Club (RORC) Caribbean 600. Starting on February 23, 66 of the world's most competitive offshore racing yachts entered the 600-nautical-mile nonstop race.

The RORC Caribbean 600 is the premier offshore race in the Caribbean. The course passes 11 Caribbean islands, starting and finishing at a famous rock formation,

The Pillars of Hercules, outside English Harbour, Antigua. The marathon yacht race goes north as far as St Martin and south to Guadeloupe, taking in Barbuda, Nevis, St Kitts, Saba, St Barth's and many smaller islands along the way before returning to Antigua for the finish. The fastest yachts take less than two days to complete the course; smaller yachts can take up to five days to complete the challenge.

The central Caribbean offers spectacular sailing conditions in February;

warm trade winds energize a big sea state, providing thrilling surfing conditions in tropical heat, and the scenery is as awesome as the sailing. Ranging from the latest high-tech performance record-breakers to classic yachts from the past, the variety of yachts and sailors taking part shows that the RORC Caribbean 600 has a wide appeal and its growth in popularity, year after year, indicates a very healthy future for the event.

Numerous Olympic and world champions, America's Cup and Volvo



Ocean Race sailors take part alongside passionate amateurs, many of whom are members of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. Founded in 1925, the RORC promotes and organizes many offshore races around the world, including the club's flagship event, the infamous Rolex Fastnet Race, which has been run by the club for the last 80 years.

The magnificent fleet for the RORC Caribbean 600 enjoyed a classic trade-winds start. However, the wind shifted south and decreased on the second day, which added gravitas to the tactical decision-making for many yachts as they approached the wind shadow of Guadeloupe. By day three, the trade winds were back to provide exhilarating racing for the fleet. By day four, the wind had built to more than 20 knots, with gusts in excess of 30 knots. The beat to finish from the eerie limestone stack, Redonda, became a real test for the smaller yachts and their exhausted crews.

### Three is the Magic Number

A native of New Mexico, Lloyd Thornburg steered his MOD 70 *Phaedo3* across the finish line in Antigua in an elapsed time of 36 hours, 35 minutes and 30 seconds, obliterating the multihull race



*Phaedo3*

record that has lasted since the very first edition of the race. *Phaedo3* broke the record set in 2009 by 6 hours, 35 minutes and 35 seconds.

“Fast, really fast,” commented a shattered-looking Thornburg as *Phaedo3* tied up in Falmouth Harbour. “Sailing with legends like Michel Desjoyeaux and Brian Thompson has been an incredible experience. When I was driving, Michel

pushed me out of my comfort zone and then got the guys to wind on the sails even more and the speed just kept climbing and my confidence and experience with it. Surfing at over 30 knots for hours is just an unbelievable rush. A big thank you to Brian Thompson for putting this all together in such a short period of time. This is right up there; a totally awesome experience!”



*Bella Mente*



Adela

### Rambler 88 takes Monohull Line Honors

New York Yacht Club's George David won monohull line honors in his brand new carbon flyer, *Rambler 88*, but missed out on beating his own monohull record set in *Rambler 100* in 2012. David said at the dock, "*Rambler 88* was ahead of the monohull race record for some time, but the wind angle on the long leg to Guadeloupe was tighter than our record

run. *Rambler 88* is probably faster on every point of sail than the previous *Rambler 100*, but the weather really didn't work for us this year. *Rambler 88* is an exciting boat to race, powerful and really wet on deck. We have moved a step closer to harnessing that power and the wet conditions are easily managed with good foul weather gear! A special course and a very well organized race. The RORC should be congratulated

once again for producing a great event."

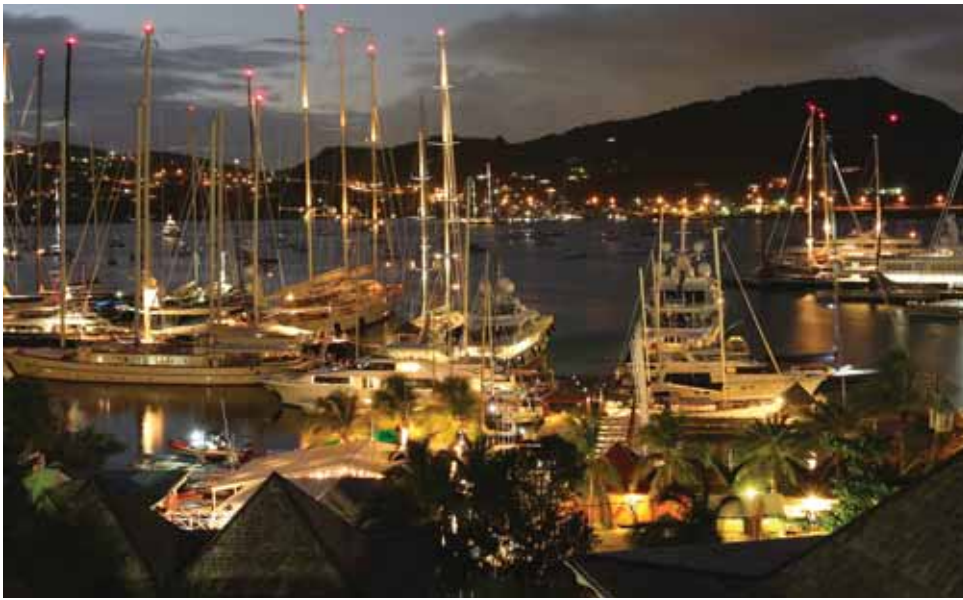
### Third Time Lucky for Happy Hap

American success continued in the RORC Caribbean 600 with Hap Fauth's Rhode Island-based Maxi 72 *Bella Mente* completing a hat trick of wins in the race for the U.S. Using the RORC's globally recognised IRC time-correction rule, *Bella Mente* was declared the overall winner of the 2015 RORC Caribbean 600.

It was third time lucky for *Bella Mente* as the Maxi 72 has finished second overall for the past two years. *Bella Mente* has a stellar crew, including 2015 Rolex USA Yachtsman of the Year Terry Hutchinson. *Bella Mente* was also the winner of the highly competitive IRC Zero Class and retained the *Bella Mente* Trophy as the first IRC Yacht to finish that is wholly manually powered, without either variable or movable ballast. A delighted Fauth spoke about the achievement and was full of praise for the entire *Bella Mente* team.

"This is the third go at winning this race and three is the beauty!" he said. "The majority of this team have been with





Falmouth harbour at night

me for at least five years — it is an outstanding group of guys. They like each other, we have a good time together — they are all mates. Everybody puts safety first, that’s the way it should be offshore, but after that we push to the limit. This race is a series of sprints and every leg is different, you are trying to get out of the blocks at the start of each segment and as soon as you get going, you are looking to get to top speed without increasing the distance sailed in that quest for boat speed. We try to make a couple of minutes up at every corner — with 12 corners, if you save three minutes a corner then that makes a real difference to your finish time. Everybody works together. It is our big strength; the crew did a phenomenal job.”

### 300-Ton IRC Weapon

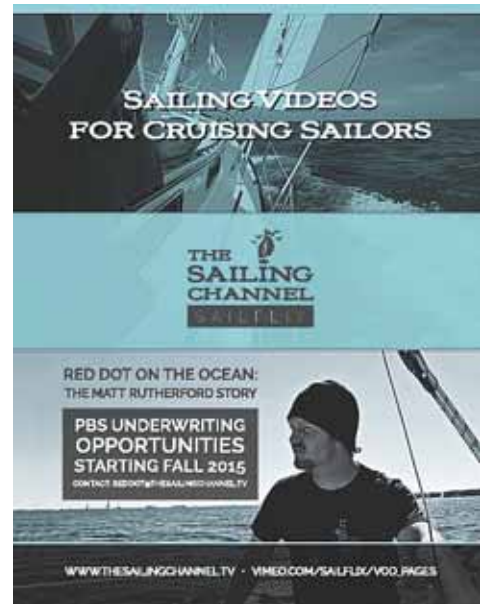
The American-owned, 182-foot twin-mast schooner *Adela*, dating back to 1903, won the Superyacht and Spirit of Tradition Classes, placing fifth in IRC overall, an incredible performance of which skipper Greg Norwood-Perkins was rightly proud. “An IRC weapon!” he said with a laugh. “*Adela* competes in numerous bucket-style short course racing and it is there that we hone our boat-handling — this course demands impeccable maneuvers from the

crew. The owner is really thrilled with the performance of *Adela* and is full of encouragement, even though we put *Adela* through enormous stress loads. I am so proud of the crew, most of whom have been racing *Adela* now for many seasons. It takes every sinew of muscle and brain-power to sail her to the maximum, everyone has to be at the very top of their game.”

### Otra Vez wins IRC One — ‘We will be back’

William Coates’ *Otra Vez*, a Texan Ker 43, was the runaway winner of IRC 1. Even starting half an hour late with a mainsail problem didn’t stop a determined team from claiming victory. “The conditions definitely suited our type of boat compared to the heavy displacement opposition.” Coates said “This is the first race for us but we are definitely coming back, the course is just awesome and the event is the best organized regatta in the Caribbean. We are delighted with the win; it is a great start to our season.”

For news, pictures and video of the 2015 RORC Caribbean 600, visit: [www.caribbean600.rorc.org](http://www.caribbean600.rorc.org). The eighth edition of the RORC Caribbean 600 will start on Feb. 22, 2016.



Louay Habib is a freelance journalist and broadcaster based in the United Kingdom who specializes in maritime topics and lifestyle features. He attends grand prix sailing events all over the world as a reporter for leading yacht clubs.



# South Dakota

Still the Pheasant-Hunting Gold Standard

by  
Benjamin H. Schleider III

(Photo by David Sartwell)

For more than a decade, I have loaded up the Explorer with dogs, guns and ammunition, made the hard two-day annual drive from Virginia to the wilds of South Dakota to hunt pheasants. Many Virginians (one consistently sees Virginia license plates at hotels, restaurants and gas stations in South Dakota) make similar pilgrimages to the South Dakota prairie to hunt pheasants and sharp-tailed grouse.

I made my first trip just after the turn of the century with very young and very raw field-bred English springer spaniel. I was both a newcomer to South Dakota and to dog training and handling. These were the golden, halcyon days of South Dakota pheasant hunting when significant acreage was enrolled in the Department of Agriculture Conservation Reserve Program (CRP). Those acres provided significant habitat for pheasants and other wildlife. I vividly recall hunting a large, dry lakebed with blown-down cattails and seeing a rise of 200 to 300 pheasants. There were so many pheasants and so close together that I didn't shoot for fear of hitting a hen pheasant. Truth be told, I was so awestruck that I just enjoyed the show. The next year I recall getting my three-bird limit of roosters – we only shot singles to make it last longer – in under 10 minutes. Often, folks would limit out on their first walk.

Today, there are far fewer CRP acres due to a variety of reasons — the price of corn, expiration of enrollment terms and today's ethanol push. Pheasant populations have declined and some folks fear for South Dakota pheasant-hunting's future. The state needs to keep a close eye on the trends in the pheasant population and to enact strong conservation measures to keep it from joining the ranks of those Midwestern states that have lost their pheasant populations. However, despite the hunting pressure in South Dakota, even in its tough years it has such an eye-watering abundance of pheasants as to make most other states extremely jealous.

Late last October, I once again loaded up my venerable Explorer and headed west. This year, my group hunted the area around Murdo in some of the most unbelievable expanses of sunflowers, corn and milo that I have ever seen. Our group was small, about six hunters with a mixture of pointers, setters, spaniels and retrievers. My oldest son, Christian, joined our group. He is a career Army officer and an AH-64 helicopter pilot with many deployments in his rearview mirror and not much available time for pheasant hunting. I was very much looking forward to hunting with him.

The hunt was also going to give my field-bred English cocker, Jessie, a chance to prove herself in the field. I had been training the formerly gun-shy and bird-shy Jessie, the subject of two articles last year in *The Virginia Sportsman*, intensively for a couple of years. South Dakota was to be her final exam – and I was really looking forward to seeing her in action.

There are many ways to hunt pheasants in South Dakota. Large groups of 20 or so hunters move through the corn and sunflower fields in military-style formations. Blockers stationed at the end of fields keep birds from running by as the long line of walkers drives birds forward until the birds have no choice but to flush. The main use of dogs in these immense fields is to help drive the birds and retrieve shot birds. Smaller groups, such as ours, tend to concentrate more on pond edges and draws that can contain a good number of pheasants. South Dakota draws can be very deep with steep slopes that can challenge both man and dog.

Draws also enable gun dogs to either flush or point birds. Birds tend to concentrate in draws given that there is more cover than in the fields. However, if the crops are still on the field, they can be a challenge to hunt, as birds often fly from the draws to the fields when spooked or to feed. Early season pheasant hunting in the draws can make for some long days to get the coveted three-bird limit.



**A good retrieve and a perfect delivery**





A good day's work

The Murdo area we hunted is a little more than 200 miles west of Sioux Falls, and a straight shot from there on I-90. It is about an hour or so from the state capitol of Pierre. The entire middle part of the state is pheasant heaven with a multitude of outfitters that cater to a variety of tastes and pocketbooks. We have hunted around Murdo and Presho for many years and have a genuine affection for this area. However, the eastern parts of the state close to Aberdeen and Clark are renowned for their wild pheasant numbers, and there outfitters also abound.

Although the bird numbers were down last season compared to years gone by, the hunting was still quite amazing with many roosters flushing within shooting range. Our group hit their limits on most days; some came up a little short, but the hunting was superb. One newcomer to our group summed it up nicely when he remarked that the worst day hunting pheasants in South Dakota beat the best day he ever had in any other state where he had hunted the bird.

The last full day of our hunt, Christian and I hunted alone with Jessie. It

was a clear, mild and windy day, so we hunted the smaller draws and pond edges in shirt sleeves. Toward the end of the day, a rooster flushed wild and Christian winged the bird. We were in knee-high grass about 400 yards apart, and Jessie was working closer to me. The dog was not in a position to see Christian's shot as I had just downed a rooster and she was retrieving it. Christian could not get to his bird before it ran, and we thought we had lost the rooster.

We were lamenting the lost bird and admiring my rooster when suddenly, about 20 yards away from us, a rooster jumped into the air and quickly fluttered back down. In the meantime, I had lost sight of Jessie. It jumped again into the air and fluttered back down, then immediately jumped again. This time I saw a pair of small jaws reach up from the knee-high grass and snatch the rooster out of the air. Jessie had chased the bird some two hundred yards to make a stunning retrieve. My erstwhile gun-shy and bird-shy dog had arrived.

Although Christian and I were each one bird shy of a limit, it was a wonderful ending to a memorable hunt.

Henry Baskerville,  
Instructor

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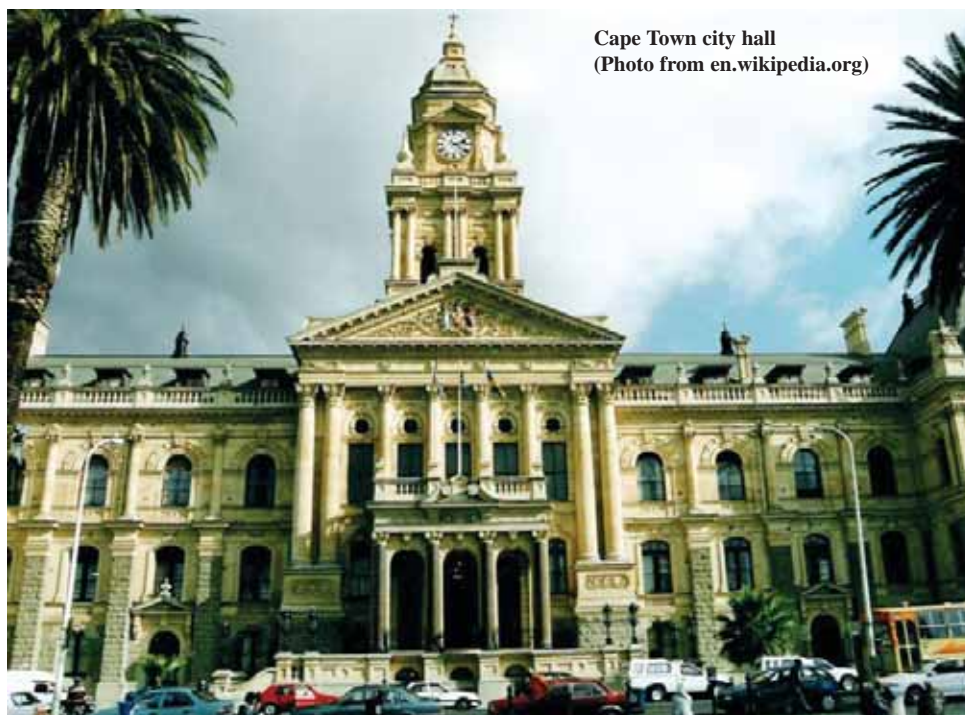
South Dakota's bird population may be down but it is still the gold standard by which I judge every other state when it comes to pheasant hunting. Many Virginians, I am sure, would share that assessment.

Chip Schleider is an avid amateur spaniel trainer and upland game hunter. He is the co-author with Tony Roettger of *Urban Gun Dogs: Training Flushing Dogs for Home and Field* and *A Field Guide to Retriever Drills*. He also writes frequently for journals catering to gundog training. He lives with his wife Door and his two gun dogs, Jazz and Jessie, in Middlebrook, Virginia.

**T**he Five Southernmost Capes refers to the five southern mainland points on the globe. Round-the-world sailors often use these five points to plot their routes. Only one of these landmarks, the Western Cape, or Cape Agulhas, is within a reasonable distance of a major international airport. The southernmost point of continental Africa and the separation point for the Atlantic and Indian oceans is 105 miles southeast of Cape Town, South Africa.

The Western Cape has a spectacular rugged coastline. The South Atlantic Ocean brings the Cape Doctor, the local name for the strong, persistent and dry southeasterly wind that blows in from the Antarctic. For millions of years, these strong winds have sculpted the coast line into dramatic cliffs and formed spectacular bays with beaches to die for. The sea is teeming with aquatic life, providing a rich bounty of seafood for Cape Town's superb restaurants.

The Western Cape has a Mediterranean climate, with four distinct seasons. The air temperature in Cape Town rarely rises above 90 degrees Fahrenheit and cold weather is extremely rare. The best time to visit is from November to March. The geography has much in common with Southern California; a stunning coastline, rugged mountains, coastal plains and inland valleys. Table



Cape Town city hall  
(Photo from en.wikipedia.org)

## Exploring the Western Cape

by  
Louay Habib



Hout Bay  
(Photo from en.wikipedia.org)



Cape Town harbor against Table Mountain  
(Photo by Julien Carnot)

Mountain dominates the Cape Town skyline, rising steeply to more than 3,000 feet. The flat-topped summit gives the mountain its name. As the cool South Atlantic air rises, it warms, forming a tablecloth of cloud at the mountain's summit. South of the city, the mountains stretch for 25 miles, forming a dramatic spine along the Western Cape and behind them, verdant, fertile plains are perfect for agriculture.

The region produces superb wine

University of Cape Town (Photo by Adrian Frith)



and more than four million tons of fruit each year. Probably the best indication of the amazing food production is in Cape Town's trendy food cafes, where you can choose your variety of avocado! The Western Cape is one of the world's most biodiverse areas and is protected as a World Heritage site. More than 2,000 species of plants are on Table Mountain alone and many of them are not found anywhere else.

### V&A, Cape Town, South Africa

The best place to start exploring is Cape Town itself. The Victoria & Alfred Waterfront (yes – they got the Victorian prince's name wrong!) is the tourist hub of Cape Town and offers expensive shops with high-end brands of clothing. The Market on the Wharf is absolutely fabulous. It is full of food stalls selling ready-to-eat local delicacies, including fish, meat, salads, vegetables, salad, wraps and sandwiches. It is a great place to taste the bounty of Cape Town. Local beer, wine, juices, coffee, tea, preserves, pickles – you name it, the Market on the Wharf has it. Picnic tables are provided outside to enjoy the fare and discuss plans for your stay.

The Watershed is located right next to the market and is full of artisan stalls selling clothing, household items, rugs and *objets d'art* of the region. You may be tempted not to purchase these sorts of items in the major tourist zone; however, having scoured the area for a long time, it was the best spot in my opinion.

There are numerous dining options at the V&A Waterfront and the majority are of a very high standard. They are extremely expensive by South African standards but extremely good value to people from other cities around the world.



If you love sushi, then head for Willoughby & Co. The restaurant is located right in the heart of the shopping center, not exactly the most romantic or scenic location but this is a local favourite and there is a real buzz to the establishment. Enjoy freshly made sushi, tempura dishes, soups and salads from a full Japanese kitchen. If members of your party don't like sushi or Asian food, I would highly recommend the fish and chips, served in the copper pan that it was cooked in!

For steak, including game such as Kudu, try the award winning Belthazar Restaurant, which has views across the harbor. You will find succulent aged Karan beef, as well as shellfish and fresh seafood. The only better steak I have had was in Argentina. There is also a superb wine cellar. With beef, try the locally produced Tokara wines which are site-specific to the Simonsberg Mountain in the Stellenbosch region of the Western Cape.

### Outside the City

The Western Cape has some of the world's most spectacular beaches but be

warned – the sea is freezing cold! If, like me, you find it hard to sit on a beach for long periods, taking a windy walk along the sandy shores is a far better option. Head for Camps Bay, just south of Cape Town. The scenery is superb with views inland of the Twelve Apostles and Lion's Head. Camps Bay is one of the trendiest beach locations and the main drag is full of surfer pubs and colorful cafes.

### Hout Bay & Chapman's Peak Drive

For a day out, rent a car for an amazing day trip. Driving in the city can be a bit stressful but GPS navigation works well in South Africa and should be a definite add-on to the rental. Head for Hout Bay, which is just a short drive south of the city and one of the most expensive residential locations in the region. The town itself has little to offer but the harbor is a great spot to start a road trip that will literally blow you away. Hout Bay is the center of the crayfish industry in South Africa and is very much a working fishing harbour. The Mariner's Wharf is steeped in local Hout Bay fishing history and a great



Simonstown Borisgorelik (Photo by Boris Gorelik)

Bo-Kaap (Photo from en.wikipedia.org)



spot for breakfast or brunch. The beach has white sand and is ideal for working up an appetite. From Hout Bay, head for Chapman's Peak Drive, which climbs steeply around the bay. There are plenty of spots to pull over and take amazing



Chapman's Peak Drive winds its way between Noordhoek and Hout Bay on the Atlantic Coast. (Photo by Louay Habib)



Misty Cliffs, Western Cape South Africa (Photo by Louay Habib)

photographs. After a mile or two there is a toll booth for the journey onwards. It is a small fee of a few dollars. The road cuts right into the cliffs, it is extremely safe and

the view is astounding. There are spots along the way which are ideal for picnics. The road traverses 114 curves before finishing in Noordhoek.

#### **Safety and Friendship**

South Africa has had a troubled past and an uncertain future. Like any urban area, Cape Town has crime and violence. It

**Hutton-Squires Apple Farm in Elgin Valley**  
(Photo by Louay Habib)





Satellite image of Cape peninsula by NASA

is the safest city in South Africa and incredibly inexpensive by world standards but visitors should use caution when traveling outside the main tourist areas. However, if you really want to experience the real Western Cape, head out of the city. Crime is at a very low level outside the city. Many tourists head for the wine regions of Stellenbosch, which is a fascinating experience.

I was lucky enough to visit the Hutton-Squires' Apple Farm in Elgin Valley and get a real taste of life on the Western Cape. Phillippa Hutton-Squire is a round-the-world yachtswoman who now lives in my home town in the United Kingdom. She invited me to meet her parents and brothers during my stay in Cape Town. The apple farm stretches throughout the valley, producing thousands of tons of fruit which is shipped all over the world. Homemade quiche and farm produce was served for

lunch in the Hutton-Squires' beautiful farmhouse. A tour of the apple farm followed, which showed the huge investment and hard work required for commercial success. The family built the business from scratch and the friendly, passionate and informative discussion was the highlight of the whole trip. As stunningly beautiful as the Western Cape is, it is the pioneering people who live here which create the most fascination and a yearning to find out more.

Situated at the foot of Table Mountain, within a stone's throw of the Cape Town Stadium and in the heart of Cape Town's working harbour, the V&A Waterfront offers the visitor an abundance of unforgettable experiences. Indoor shopping and entertainment venues seamlessly merge with ocean vistas and mountain views and the fresh sea breeze and warm African sun add zest to a

cosmopolitan, vibrant atmosphere. More than 80 restaurants bring a fusion of international food, from rustic al fresco fish and chips to starched table-cloth cuisine.

**For additional information:**

Victoria and Alfred Waterfront  
[www.waterfront.co.za](http://www.waterfront.co.za)

**Chapman's Peak Drive**

[www.chapmanspeakdrive.co.za](http://www.chapmanspeakdrive.co.za)

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As a specialist maritime writer, Louay Habib is fortunate enough to travel to some of the most spectacular sailing locations all over the world. The Western Cape of South Africa is one of his favorites.

I first visited the George Washington and Jefferson National Forests (GWJ) while in college. My girlfriend's family owned a rustic cabin in the mountains and we celebrated the turning of the millennium surrounded by the hardwood forests, rolling hills and amazing views. It was the most peaceful New Year's celebration I can recall.

This incredible network of public lands provides top-notch recreation opportunities for residents of the sprawling cities that line the mid-Atlantic. Less than four hours by car from Washington, D.C., the GWJ cover roughly 1.8 million acres, making them among the largest tracts of public lands in the East. From the deepest gorge east of the Mississippi River to the tallest peak in Virginia, the GWJ possess fascinating topography, including 138,000 acres of federally designated wilderness where old-growth forests provide shade and solitude and silence are constant companions.

The forests run along the spine of the Appalachian Mountains, primarily in western Virginia, although small portions of the forests lie in northeastern Kentucky and southern West Virginia. These dense mountains showcase the splendor of the central Appalachians.

A sportsperson's dream, the forests host lumbering black bears, white-tailed deer, wild turkeys and cold-water fish such as rainbow, brook, and brown trout. Bobcats lurk in the shadows, river otters play in local waterways and a small herd of wild ponies roams. Bald eagles soar from rocky promontories and towering old-growth trees in the forests' one million acres of land classified as "remote and undeveloped." This official Forest Service classification covers more than 55 percent of the GWJ's lands and belies their industrial history.

The area was first explored by pioneer legends such as Daniel Boone. Settlers soon followed, clearing the forests for fields and homesteads. By the mid-1800s, much of the landscape's timber was



The Virginia Creeper Trail near Abingdon

## George Washington and Jefferson National Forests

Story by Greg M. Peters  
Photos Courtesy of National Forest Foundation



Sherando Lake

Waterfalls off Virginia Creeper Trail



completely cleared, cut as fuel for iron furnaces, mining towns and homestead hearths.

Deforestation caused significant problems for downstream communities. Sediment fouled water supplies. Once-abundant fisheries declined. Forest fires ran rampant across the cleared lands, causing

even more sediment to foul waterways and sending choking smoke into hollers and valleys. Flooding followed the fires, exacerbating the problems experienced by downstream communities. Miners, loggers, homesteaders and settlers hunted game populations, relentlessly wiping out the elk and buffalo herds that had sustained the

early pioneers. Turkey, deer and fish populations struggled to survive the dual pressures of hunting and habitat destruction.

For decades, industrial-scale resource extraction continued virtually unabated throughout the region, despite a growing realization that improved forest management was critical to neighboring communities. In 1911, after a decade-long battle, Congress passed the Weeks Act, which allowed the federal government to purchase lands east of the Mississippi for watershed protection. Six years later, the government had purchased the first few units of the Shenandoah National Forest. In 1932, it was renamed the George Washington National Forest in part to avoid confusion with the nearby Shenandoah National Park.

In the decades following the Weeks Act, the government continued to purchase sections of cut-over lands and created several small national forests. In 1936, the Roosevelt administration redrew the boundaries and created the Jefferson National Forest. In 1995, the forests were combined for administrative purposes, although they remain distinct geographically with the James River forming a rough boundary between them. The George Washington sits north of the Jefferson and is bordered to the west by the Monongahela National Forest in West Virginia.

The forests' now abundant game populations are a direct result of an historic, first-of-its-kind partnership between the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries and the National Forests in Virginia. In 1938, the two agencies agreed to formally collaborate on restoring decimated game populations. This cooperation has succeeded and now, 77 years later, hunters and anglers flock to the folds and hills of the GWJ to stalk healthy populations of black bear, white-tailed deer and ruffed grouse, and fish beautiful trout streams. The forests comprise approximately 80 percent of the publicly owned hunting lands in Virginia.



Wild ponies at Mt. Rogers

Beach at Cave Mountain Lake



More than 2,300 miles of perennial streams, including more than 1,000 miles of trout streams, wind their way through the forests' eight major river basins. The forests have 82 reservoirs providing flood control and abundant recreational opportunities. Many of these reservoirs also provide municipal water supplies to 16 communities that border the forests. The forests' aquatic habitats support more than 100 species of freshwater fish and mussels and host more than 350,000 recreational visits each year.

The forests boast more than 200

developed recreation sites, all within a half-day's drive of cities in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and West Virginia. Many of the forests' best recreational facilities also have historic significance. The Civilian Conservation Corps, or CCC, was a New Deal program of the Roosevelt administration that put unemployed men to work building roads, trails, cabins, bridges, lookout towers, dams and other infrastructure still in use today. The first CCC camp in the nation, Camp Roosevelt, was in the George Washington National Forest and ultimately

14 of these camps were opened in the forest. Employing 9,200 Virginians during its nine years of existence, the CCC provided hope and opportunity during a dark period of American history.

Hikers and equestrians can access nearly 2,100 miles of trails that crisscross the forests, including 325 miles of the Appalachian National Scenic Trail. Twelve other national recreation trails provide 43 miles of additional trekking opportunities.

The forests host nearly three million recreational visits each year including one million to the 200,000-acre Mount Rogers National Recreation Area in the George Washington National Forest. With four federally designated wilderness areas, 11 campgrounds, three rental cabins, 500 miles of trails including 60 miles of the Appalachian Trail, 67 miles of the Virginia Highlands Horse Trail, and 18 miles of the Virginia Creeper Trail, two lakes and more than 50 miles of streams, this spectacular resource is well deserving of a long weekend of exploration. Peak baggers will relish the chance to scale Virginia's highest peak, 5,700-foot Mount Rogers, while trout anglers can catch rainbows, brookies and browns in the cold mountain streams. Those less interested in hiking or fishing can enjoy the Mount Rogers Scenic Byway, a 50-mile drive that provides incredible views of the surrounding countryside.

Looking for a quieter corner of the GWJ? You would do well to explore Hidden Valley. This secluded section of the forest, bisected by the Jackson River, is dotted with wildflower-filled meadows and colorful butterflies. Visitors wanting to spend a few nights can stay at the 31-site Hidden Valley campground or opt for much fancier accommodations at the Hidden Valley Bed and Breakfast, an historic Civil War-era mansion.

Families and those seeking quiet, non-motorized water sports flock to Sherando Lake Recreation Area in the George Washington. Historic structures and 1930s-era recreational facilities built by the



A view from Buzzard Rock in the George Washington National Forest

CCC lie between 25-acre Sherando Lake and its smaller sibling, Upper Sherando Lake. Considered a jewel of the Blue Ridge Mountains, this special area offers developed campsites, flush toilets and even bathhouses complete with hot showers – yes, facilities have been updated since they were originally built! Sandy beaches, shaded picnic areas and grassy lawns create the perfect setting for a relaxing afternoon or a weekend of restful immersion in nature.

Cave Mountain Lake Recreation Area is another exceptional spot for those interested in quiet recreation. A CCC project, seven-acre Cave Mountain Lake was created in the 1930s using existing natural rock formations bolstered with additional materials. Easy access from I-81 and close proximity to Virginia's famous Natural Bridge, ensures Cave Mountain Lake's continued popularity. Hiking trails lead to ridge-top views and the area provides access to the Appalachian Trail and the James River Face and Thunder Ridge Wilderness areas, making it the perfect staging ground for backpackers and day hikers.

Lake Moomaw is the area's

special treasure. Not far from Warm Springs and The Homestead, Lake Moomaw covers 2,500 acres and offers almost every type of recreational opportunity a visitor could want. The lake boasts four Forest Service campgrounds, three boat launches, more than a dozen trailheads, mountain biking trails and 43 miles of shoreline. Those looking to get away from the crowds should book a site at Greenwood Point Campground. This secluded spot on the western shore of the lake is accessible via a three-mile hike or an easy paddle across the lake. With only five campsites, you're almost guaranteed to have solitude and seclusion during your stay.

Thrill-seekers can sign up for a guided whitewater-rafting trip along the Jackson River from a number of area outfitters. In October, releases from the Gathright Dam, which forms Lake Moomaw, turn the Jackson River into a world-class whitewater destination. Class III and even Class IV waters make this one of the most popular whitewater challenges in the East.

Because the waters of Lake Moomaw are deep and cold, the Jackson

River supports an excellent cold water trout fishery as well, luring thousands of anglers to its pools and riffles.

Other campgrounds, trailheads, and historic sites are scattered throughout the GWJ, providing unparalleled recreation opportunities. Few places on the East Coast compare in size, diversity, history or grandeur. Hike trails Daniel Boone once did. Feel the cold spray of whitewater on a guided rafting trip. Put your lawn chair next to a quiet mountain lake. Watch bald eagles soar above fall foliage. Whatever adventure you're seeking, the GWJ delivers.

Learn more about the GWJ at the Forest Service's website. [www.fs.usda.gov/gwj](http://www.fs.usda.gov/gwj).

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Greg Peters is the National Forest Foundation's communication director. He lives in Missoula, Montana. An avid outdoorsman, he spends his free time skiing, paddling, hiking, and exploring Montana's front and backcountry. His writing has appeared in *High Country News*, *The Whitefish Review*, *Adventure-Journal*, and *Outside Bozeman*.



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# Music and Art in a Sportsman's Paradise

## Bath County, Virginia

Story by Gwen Woolf  
Photos Courtesy of County of Bath

**T**he first time Shawn Puller drove over Warm Springs Mountain and surveyed the breathtaking vista of the County of Bath in Western Virginia's Alleghany Highlands, he thought he was in Shangri-la. He came to know that beyond the wild, largely rural landscape—a sportsman's paradise—was an enchanting cultural oasis that fed his soul.

"I am in love with this place," says Puller. "It's almost like the world falls away."

Puller is the executive director of Garth Newel Music Center located midway between the villages of Warm Springs and Hot Springs. The center, now in its 42nd season, attracts world-class musicians and a dedicated following to its concert hall—an estate's converted horse barn.

With 60 concerts a year, the center is best known for classical music but is embracing a broader definition of chamber music in its "infinite variety," as Puller puts it. The idea is to make music more accessible to everyone. Thus, country, bluegrass, blues and jazz also fit into the center's repertoire, as well as edgy, adventurous music, pub concerts and tea concerts. Last year, the center held a "Hollywood night" fundraiser, complete with a red carpet, glammed-up guests posing for photographs and chocolate Oscars.

At Garth Newel, which means "new home" in Welsh, sublime music is performed in a relaxed, intimate setting. The center's wooden walls contrast with the elegantly appointed tables, where patrons



A performance at the Garth Newel Music Center

enjoy wine and gourmet meals following concerts. Interacting with each other and the musicians makes for a lively evening. Overnight stays are also available in the 1920s manor house.

The center has its own artists in residence, the Garth Newel Piano Quartet, as well as guest artists who have performed around the country and internationally. The Bath venue is a hit with musicians who enjoy the respite from urban areas.

"I love coming to Garth Newel because the setting could not be more perfect for great music making," says cellist Andres Diaz. "Everyone is so warm and welcoming," raves violinist Juliette Kang. "The awesome cuisine is an added bonus!" Jazz singer René Marie, a Grammy nominee this year, says she feels right at home when she performs there. Pianist Lura Johnson also gives the center high

praise: "Garth Newel really feels to me like music camp for grownups, in all the best ways. I call it 'Garth Renewal.' I end my stays there feeling rested, refreshed, fulfilled, excited and happy."

As for the patrons, "they come for the totality of the experience, the *gestalt* of it," says Puller.

Perhaps *gestalt* also explains the overall attraction of the County of Bath. Visitors who come for the golfing, boating, hunting, fishing, hiking, mountain biking, horseback riding, camping and birding often are surprised to also find cultural opportunities, fine dining, unique shops and unusual accommodations.

### Artistic Adventures

The community arts scene is flourishing, especially in the Warm Springs Arts District. The Gallery at Seven Oaks



Artists working at Nimrod Hall (L) and Plein Air (R)

has one-of-a-kind furniture, pottery, sculpture, rugs and decorative items. Unique jewelry is crafted by hand from fine gemstones at McGraw Minerals. The Warm Springs Gallery, which offers high-quality fine art, opens a 20-artist special exhibition, “The Art of the Landscape,” on May 23 for its 20th anniversary. The gallery will sponsor a *Plein Air* Festival September 28 to October 4 where visitors can watch as 30 artists from Virginia and the mid-Atlantic work outdoors, incorporating natural light, color and movement in their art. Another annual event is the Bath County Arts Association’s show the third week of July. Last year’s event drew up to 800 artists from around the state.

While you’re in Warm Springs, check out the county historical society’s museum to see local and military items or to research genealogy.

Two new galleries have sprung up recently in Hot Springs. Sparrows Nest is in the Omni Homestead’s historic Cottage

Row next to an Orvis fly-fishing shop. Works by 40 local artisans include Ron Shifflett’s custom furniture. You’ll also find fine art, stained glass, photography, pottery, jewelry, leather items, scarves, ornaments and soaps. Sweaters, socks and gloves made from alpaca wool are especially popular with hunters.

Artist Donna Ramsey Nevers established Hot Springs Gallery, which represents several local artists. One of them is Kay Sutherland, known for painting scenes live during wedding ceremonies. The gallery also sells painted furniture, jewelry, antiques and Mud Pie gifts. “When the guys come for golf, the women head for our corner,” Nevers jokes. The gallery is located in Hot Springs directly across the street from the Omni Homestead and adjacent to Laura’s Boutique, which features high-fashion resort wear.

Antiques lovers and shoppers can explore three unusual venues: Old Ashwood School Antiques is housed in a

1908 schoolhouse, Springhouse Antiques is in a former country store and Ashwood Station sells collectibles in a former gas station. The Warm Springs Market has homegrown and made-in-Virginia items.

Artists and writers have their own summer enclave. Nimrod Hall, established in 1783 as a stagecoach stop, is an artists’ retreat. Participants stay in a rambling old house or in cottages on the 100-acre grounds beside the Cowpasture River. They can attend workshops, collaborate or work in solitude. The summer-camp atmosphere (no TV or air conditioning) fuels creativity; artists find it appealing to escape from the daily grind and focus on their work.

### **Relax, Explore, Enjoy**

People began traveling to Bath 250 years ago to “take the waters” in the local mineral springs, thought to have healing powers. Today, those weary of city stresses and traffic gridlock still find this

# Garth Newel music center

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- JULY 5 The American Heritage Trio with Bert Carlson
- JULY 11-12 Quintessential Quintets & Classic Impulses
- JULY 18 Young Artist Fellows perform Baroque Inspirations
- JULY 19 Quixotic Quartets
- JULY 25-26 Music and Literature with the Daedalus Quartet
- AUGUST 1-2 Evening in Paris & Romantic Russians
- AUGUST 8 Home Is Where the Heart Is
- AUGUST 9 Emerging Artists Fellowship Showcase Performance
- AUGUST 15-16 The Soulful Clarinet & A Must-Read
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Jumping Rocks Photography

**The Garth Newel Piano Quartet**  
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Hikers at Fort Lewis Lodge

county—200 miles from Washington, D.C.—a place to rejuvenate. Just driving on Bath’s winding, tree-lined roads amid the mountains and meadows is a pleasure, especially for motorcyclists and car clubs. No stoplights or streetlights mar the dark skies for stargazers and many couples hold their weddings in the picturesque surroundings. Only 4,700 people reside here and their friendliness to visitors leaves a lasting impression.

Bath’s rugged wilderness calls sportsmen in all seasons. More than half of the 540-square-mile county is protected by national and state forests and the Nature Conservancy. Migratory songbirds, deer, foxes, bobcats, raccoons, wild turkeys and black bears are among the wildlife that roam freely. “The early explorers saw endless mountains and we can come here today and have that exact same view,” says Marek Smith, who oversees the conservancy’s 9,000-acre Warm Springs Mountain Reserve. Stop at Dan Ingalls Overlook for a particularly scenic vista.

Major recreational attractions include Lake Moomaw, which has a marina with boat rentals, a beach, hiking trails, fishing and camping. Douthat State Park has a large lake, boat ramp, fishing pier, beach, amphitheater, wildlife interpretation center and renovated Civilian Conservation

Corps cabins available for rent. And, don’t forget to visit the Diamond Triple C Alpaca Ranch in Millboro where you can meet an alpaca up close and personal! And if you visit during shearing season, learn how that beautiful alpaca fur becomes thread and yarn.

### Where to Stay

You won’t find the usual chain motels in Bath, but you will find diverse accommodations ranging from a luxury resort to a vacation home rental from Natural Retreats where outfitters and fishing guides can supply gear and knowledge. Or if you prefer, you can pitch a tent under clear, dark skies.

The luxurious Omni Homestead Resort is the county’s jewel and one of the Old Dominion’s treasures. With its beginnings in the 18th century around the mineral springs, the hotel has hosted 22 presidents. Guests still take afternoon tea in the Grand Hall, dress for dinner, and enjoy the numerous amenities. There are 483 guest rooms, conference facilities, a state-of-the-art spa with an aqua-thermal suite and a spring-fed water park. The resort offers everything from skiing and golf to falconry and sporting clays.

Personable innkeepers are a great source of local information. The Inn at Gristmill Square in the village of Warm Springs is a cluster of elegantly renovated 19th-century shops and residences. Picnic-basket breakfasts are delivered to guest rooms and gourmet cuisine is served in an old mill. Proprietors John and Kate Loeffler have backgrounds in upscale hospitality.

At Fort Lewis Lodge in the village of Millboro, John Cowden turned his family’s cattle farm into a 3,200-acre mountain playground for outdoor enthusiasts. A range of lodgings includes log cabins, and a country bell summons guests to the 1850s mill, where Cowden’s wife, Caryl, serves creative breakfast and dinner buffets using produce from their garden when in season. Staying at the Vine Cottage Inn in Hot

The Inn at Gristmill

(Photo courtesy of Jumping Rocks Photography)





The Omni Homestead Resort

Springs is “like coming to Grandma’s,” says innkeeper Jonah Windham, who runs the B&B with his wife, Jo, in a pre-1900 house. Guest rooms feature vintage bathtubs and Jo’s hand-picked collectibles. Similar comfort can be found at the 1899 King’s Victorian Inn B&B, also in Hot Springs, run by Liz and Richard King, and at the Hidden Valley Bed and Breakfast in Warm Springs, an 1848 Greek Revival mansion restored by proprietors Pam and Ron Stidham that was the location for the movie *Sommersby*. The property adjoins the Hidden Valley Dispersed Recreational area.

For the youngsters, there are summer camps such as Camp Mont Shenandoah at Millboro Springs where girls ages seven to 16 acquire skills and self-confidence.

A range of dining options includes Les Cochons d’Or, a new French-American restaurant which serves brunch on both Saturday and Sunday features the culinary skills of Chef Kyle Krieger. Sam Snead’s Tavern, which showcases memorabilia of the famous golfer for whom it is named,

offers fine wines, beer and the finest Certified Angus Beef in the County. Both are located in downtown Hot Springs. Just a mile up the road from the Omni Homestead is the Country Café; if you are looking for good home cooking at a fair price, visit this local favorite where you will find good, freshly prepared fare like grits, fried chicken and a freshly stocked salad bar.

For additional relaxation, soak in the mineral springs-fed pools inside centuries-old wooden bathhouses at Jefferson Pools located in the village of Warm Springs. It has been a siren call for weary visitors since 1750. Indulge in a hot stone massage at Warm Spirit Spa located in nearby Warm Springs Village or pet the alpacas at the Diamond Triple C Ranch. The fuzzy animals are diverse in personality—much like the people who come to enjoy the county where they live. A four season destination comprised of several small villages without a single stoplight, Bath County is the ultimate playground for the sportsman, outdoor enthusiast, artist, writer

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Gwen Woolf received numerous state and national journalism awards during her 42-year career as a reporter and magazine editor with *The Free Lance-Star*, a daily newspaper in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Currently, she writes freelance arts and travel stories for the Baltimore-based *Recreation News*. She also has written for *Annapolis Lifestyle* magazine, *Valley Times* magazine, *Boating Times*, *Chesapeake Bay Magazine*, and *Civil War News*. The past president of Virginia Press Women, she currently serves on the board of the National Federation of Press Women.



## Seeing the Light

Through the Lens  
of  
Cathy Summers

by  
Beth Sutton

When you first look at a Cathy Summers photograph, there is an enhanced dimension that holds your gaze. A tree ablaze with brilliant fall color reflected in a pool of water, a diamond droplet of water suspended against the dark gray of a river rock, a rim of light framing the crown of a velvet hunt cap or an iconic building with its marble dome blushed pink in the predawn light — colors and details that your eye did not register at first glance. The familiar is seen

quite literally in a new light, and your experience of a decisive moment changes and is captured forever. The art of her photography allows you to connect with an image. And that is her goal. “Even if it is just one person, one time, then I have succeeded,” she says.

Summers’ work is well known

among the diverse and sophisticated community of outdoorsmen and sports enthusiasts who live around Charlottesville, Virginia, where she was raised and her professional life as a photographer took root. She grew up on a farm not far from the university where her grandfather, William Faulkner, was writer in residence. Her



mother was a dedicated foxhunter, horse breeder, animal lover and avid gardener; her father was an enthusiastic bird hunter; her brothers fishermen.

Anyone at a hunt with the Farmington Hunt Club anytime in the last 30 years might have seen Summers running beside or ahead of the horses and riders and taking shots along the way, or standing among the pack of leaping and baying foxhounds to get a tight shot of a hound. Or seen her crossing a swift running stream, toting heavy cameras with long lenses held against her athletic frame, or moving with speed and confidence along familiar rivers, paths and fields. She works hard to be in just the right spot, in the right light, at the right time to catch in a split second the leap of a fox scampering ahead of hounds in full cry, or to capture a candid image of a rider splashing through a stream in hot pursuit.

Summers' artistic sensibilities were nurtured from early childhood. She learned about color and art through painting with her grandmother. She said, "My grandmother's palette was very muted – probably influenced by her experience living in China. I realized very early





artist Georgia O’Keeffe. Her great-uncle, Burks Summers, shared travelogues of his many fishing and hunting trips illustrated with black-and-white photos.

Summers’ first photos were taken with an old 35-millimeter Rangefinder. “A Leica knockoff,” she recalls. “At that time, color processing was way too expensive so we did black-and-white.” With an allowance for one roll of film a month, Summers started her journey in photography. She experimented with light. “I loved the magical light of a storm. I would try to capture the various shades of gray in the sky.” In the early days, she did her printing in a darkroom used by local professionals, including a few National Geographic photographers. “I met Bill (Allard) and Sam (Abell) when they were developing their film there,” she remembered.

Traveling west for outdoor training programs such as the National Outdoor Leadership School and Outward Bound introduced her to the dramatic mountain scenery of the west, and led her to explore differences in light and landscape. After two years at the University of Colorado in

on I wanted to get my own space. The desire to be creative and to participate was there. But I knew I wasn’t going to paint and I wasn’t going to write it.” Her curiosity in photography was cultivated at home; she still owns the family copy of *The Decisive*

*Moment* by master photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson, published in 1952. Among his images of the major writers of the time included his portrait of her grandfather. She was also inspired by images of legendary photographer Ansel Adams and



Boulder, Summers returned to Charlottesville to attend the University of Virginia. She also returned to train for the doubles canoe competition in the 1981 Whitewater World Championships to be held that year in Wales. Summers did not get to compete, but she went to Wales with her paddling friends, documenting their adventures with the camera, and worked alongside photojournalists covering the competition.

Summers' first foray into commercial work came in 1981 selling photos taken in the Farmington Hunt field at the club's end-of-year celebration. After moving to Washington, D.C., to work full-time for a Department of Defense contractor in computer science, Summers continued to pursue photography in her spare time, studying monuments, landscapes and memorials, and continuing her self-

education as the advent of digital photography replaced film and the use of computers expanded exponentially the range and possibilities for color photography. With her expertise in equations, experimenting with the complexities of Adobe Photoshop was second nature.

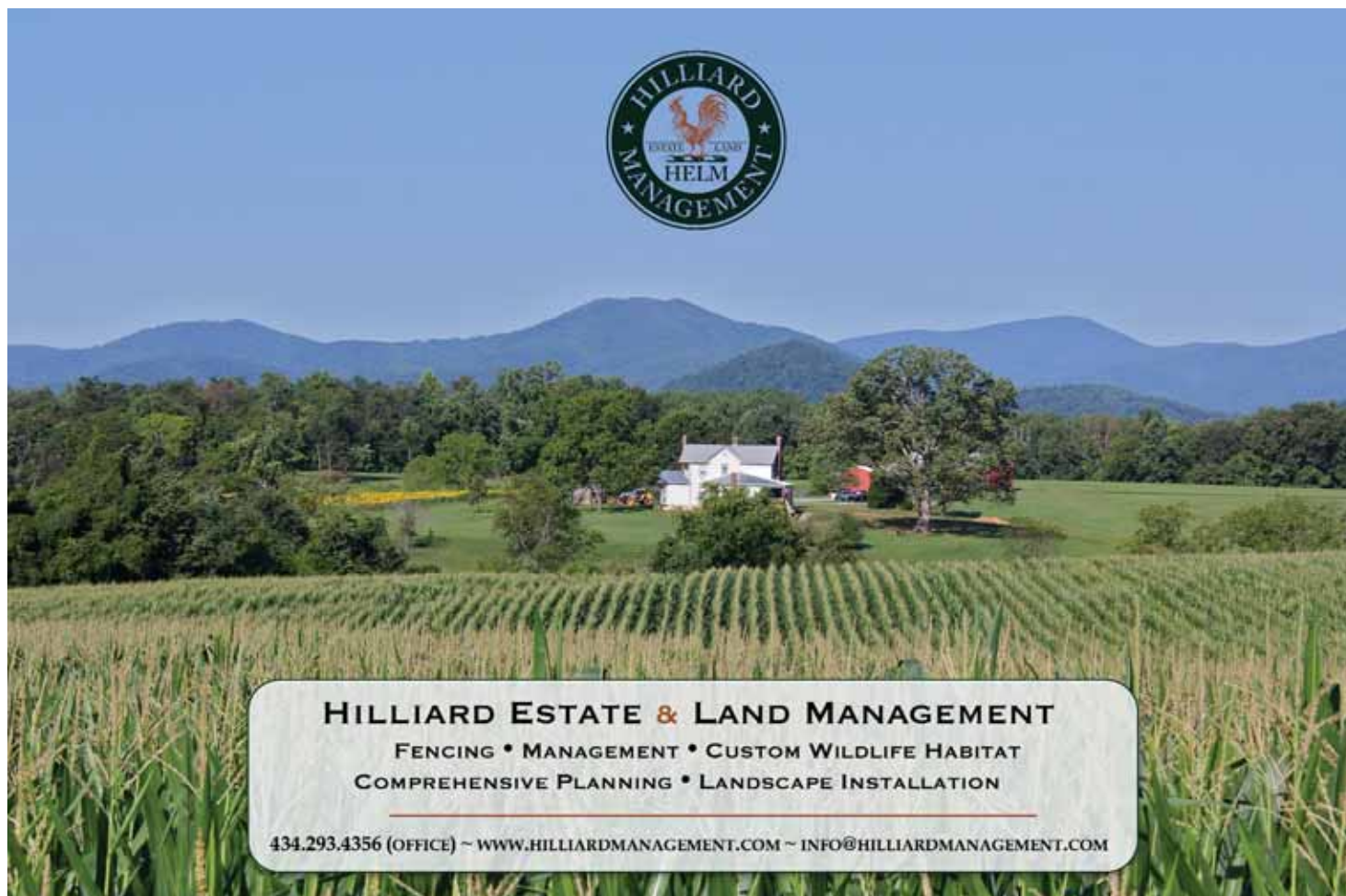
Now retired, Summers is free to photograph subjects that interest her. While maintaining a clientele of private and corporate portrait clients and doing sports coverage for various magazines, she pursues her art using the digital darkroom. She continues to diligently search for the perfect light and to capture lasting images. Most recently she has documented the antics of a family of foxes living in her backyard. She still travels home to Albemarle County to photograph her friends and family in the hunt field, and maintain her affinity for the outdoors in the same

landscape where she first learned to look at life a little differently, through the lens of her camera.

Catherine F. Summers' photos have been published in *The Chronicle of the Horse*, *The Virginia Sportsman*, *Covertside* and *Equus*. To see more of Summers' photography, please visit her website, [www.cathysummers.com](http://www.cathysummers.com).

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Beth Sutton is a freelance writer who lives near Free Union, Virginia. She can be reached at [bethhsutton@gmail.com](mailto:bethhsutton@gmail.com) or through the Farmington Hunt Club website, [www.farmingtonhunt.org](http://www.farmingtonhunt.org).





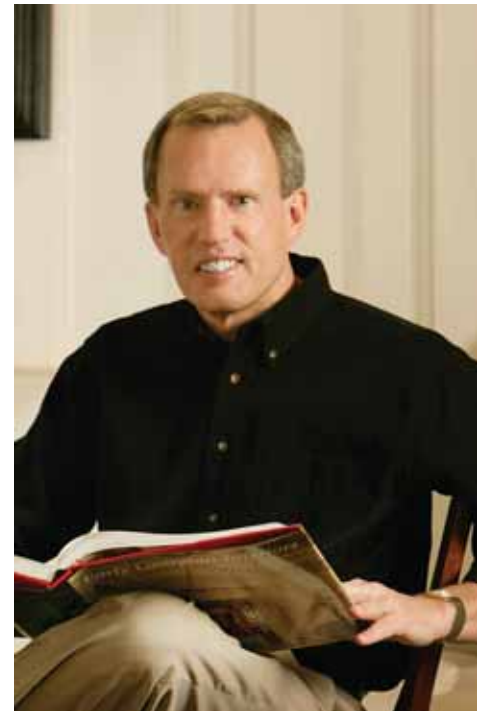
The popular Anderson & Roe Piano Duo will be both performers and emcees for the Showcase Concert. (Photo by Brent Cline)

**H**is was a mind that was destined, as Scott Fitzgerald once wrote, to romp like the mind of God. In his 62 years, Greg Smith distinguished himself as writer, musician, attorney, architect, businessman, art collector and preservationist.

With his partner, Steve Naifeh, Smith was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for a meticulously crafted biography of Jackson Pollock, published in 1990. A biography of Vincent Van Gogh would follow in 2011. By the end of Smith's life, in April 2014,

the pair had written a total of 18 books between them.

All this would be accomplished under the shadow of Smith's diagnosis of brain cancer at age 22. From 1975 until 2014, he would undergo five chemotherapies, 13 surgeries, five radiation treatments, and five more nuclear treatments. "He lived in constant pain, with massive medical interventions," Naifeh says. "Most people would have been satisfied just to get through their lives."



Greg Smith was a writer, musician, attorney, architect, businessman, art collector and preservationist.

## Greg Smith

A Talented, Spirited Journey

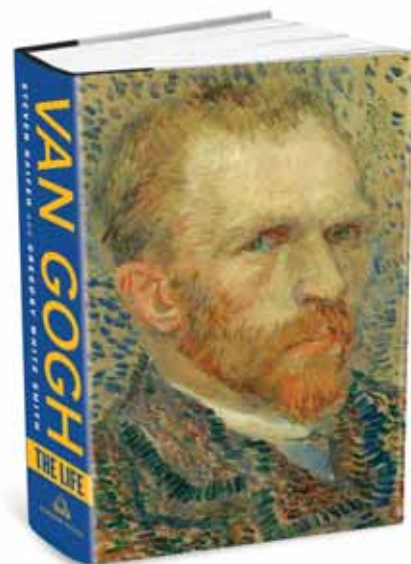
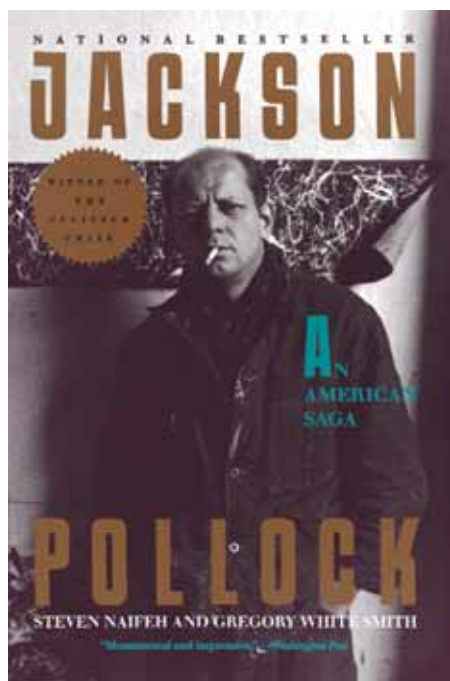
Story by J. Michael Welton  
Photos courtesy of  
Julliard of Aikens

Not Smith. He seemed determined to triumph over life's adversities – and take advantage of every opportunity presented to him. "Early on, he'd heard a commencement address at Colby College on the importance of serendipity in life," Naifeh says. That was in undergraduate school. By the time the two met at Harvard Law School, Smith was assistant conductor of the university's Glee Club, arranging music for the piano and singing in productions by Rostropovich, Bernstein and Sarah

Caldwell. “He said if he’d had a choice of careers, it would have been as a professional musician,” Naifeh says.

More musical opportunities would arrive later in his life, and in a big way. But first would come the publication of “Best Lawyers in America” in 1984, then “Best Doctors in America” in 1994. Before that, there was a love of architecture. In 1981, the two perused a Sotheby’s catalog, noting an obscure, century-old mansion in Aiken, S.C. Built by New York robber baron William C. Whitney, it was designed by McKim Mead & White and Carrere and Hastings, two of the leading late 19th-century American architecture firms.

It was known as Joye Cottage and Whitney had built it as a winter retreat in the heart of South Carolina horse country. The founder of the New York Metropolitan Opera, he imported some of its brightest lights, including Enrico Caruso and Nellie Melba, to his Aiken retreat. “If Caruso was the great tenor of the times, Melba was the great soprano,” Naifeh says. “It was a platform and venue for great music.”



Smith and his partner Steve Naifeh were awarded the Pulitzer Prize for their biography of Jackson Pollock, published in 1990. A biography of Vincent Van Gogh would follow in 2011.

Smith and Naifeh restored Joye Cottage in Aiken, South Carolina, once an early 20th-century retreat for William C. Whitney.





**Thanks to Smith and Naifeh, thousands of Aiken-area schoolchildren have been exposed to musicians from New York's Julliard School**

For almost a decade, Smith and Naifeh watched the house drop in price and fall further into disrepair, until they bought it in 1989. They set out to restore it, to expand it and to find a new purpose for its existence – a journey that took 25 years.

An amateur architect, Smith wanted to add more space for a gym, a pool, a library and an art gallery. But with a listing on the National Register of Historic Places, altering the existing structure was out of the question. So, he reasoned, there was only one place else to go: “He dug under the house and added 5,000 square feet to it,” Naifeh says. “He applied a Mies van der Rohe interior to it.”

Eventually, they’d write a book about its rebirth, titled *On a Street Called Easy, In a Cottage Called Joye: A Restoration Comedy*. Friends and visitors would arrive in Aiken and be amazed at the renovated house and what they found inside. “There’s a magnificent life portrait of a woman of the late 19th century that I said was by John Singer Sargent,” recalls one visitor, Dr. Joseph Polisi, president of the Julliard School in New York. “They said: ‘Very good, but that’s Sargent’s teacher.’ That spoke volumes about their values.”

Polisi was not visiting Joye Cottage on a whim. As Naifeh and Smith restored the house to its former glory, they were also rethinking its mission. Their solution was to make it a retreat for visiting musicians, along the lines of what Whitney had intended in the late 19th century – but with an altruistic, educational twist. That’s where Julliard and Polisi entered the picture. “We wanted to provide an outreach for musicians to go into schools and get kids to see how exciting and serious music is – and what a little industry can do to make a happy life,” Naifeh says. “We wanted to bring music to this community – and to establish a bond between music and this house before he and I died.”

By 1996, they had bequeathed Joye Cottage to Julliard. Then they began to look around for a way to build a stronger link between the two. The first person Smith called was Sandra Field, choir and chorale conductor at the University of South Carolina. She suggested a music festival featuring Julliard students – and with Smith and Naifeh’s approval, set about organizing a board of directors. The result was the 2009 establishment of Julliard in Aiken, a weeklong event with public

performances, chamber concerts and outreach to area schools. Joye Cottage was used as a retreat for students and faculty.

In the past six years, more than 22,000 Aiken schoolchildren have been exposed to world-class music – and to successful students working hard to make the most of their gifts. “That’s powerful for all of them,” Naifeh says. “They don’t regularly see people taking education and transforming it into a fulfilling life.” The festival has more than doubled in size in just a few years. “In 2009, we had 23 artists and five performances for the week,” Field says. “Last year we had 67 artists.”

Its success spurred Smith to recalibrate his sights, setting them even higher. One of his dreams was to produce Johann Sebastian Bach’s Christ story, *The St. Matthew’s Passion*. With Julliard in Aiken, he was able to pursue it – with vigor. “It took a huge amount of coordination between Julliard and us,” Field says. “We were in the planning stages for three years.” It’s known as Bach’s masterpiece – a three-and-a-half-hour performance requiring several vocal soloists, two orchestras and a full chorus. It was performed last year in Aiken, to an audience that by all accounts was profoundly moved. “Every ticket was sold, with a waiting list of 200 people – and no one left the performance,” Field says. Though Smith was hospitalized at the time, Naifeh would later play a recording of the performance for him. The production later moved to Atlanta and New York, with a rave review from *The New York Times*.

Today, the spirit of Smith’s energetic, restless mind is as much his legacy as the books, buildings and music he left behind. Luckily, it’s a spirit recognized and rewarded by the board of directors at Julliard in Aiken. Just ask Anderson, S.C., native Brandon Hall, a 21-year-old senior studying acting at Julliard now. A generous check from the board helped him put his best foot forward for his initial auditions and interviews at the world-famous conservatory.

It seems that the board saw parallels between Smith and Hall: “He had a constant wanting to push forward and move past what he’d done and break barriers,” Hall says. “I think that’s the correlation that they found between us – he had a childlike curiosity and a need to tell stories, and my curiosity is my foot forward to understand theater and acting.”

Hall is scheduled to graduate from Julliard in May, with a future he describes as “bright and lovely.” More than likely, Greg Smith would agree.

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J. Michael Welton writes about architecture, art and design for national and international publications. He also edits and publishes a digital design magazine at [www.architectsandartisans.com](http://www.architectsandartisans.com), and is the author of *Drawing from Practice: Architects and the Meaning of Freehand*, soon to be published by Routledge Press.

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Gates Antiques, one of the 45 dealers at the Washington Winter Show

America's Cup (Photo courtesy of Sportography.tv)



# The Washington Winter Show

Story by Ronya Misleh  
Photos courtesy of WWS

The Washington Winter Show (WWS), formerly known as the Washington Antiques Show, has been said by some to kick off the Washington social calendar. The event, which includes four days of exhibits, lectures, and parties, has raised more than \$8 million for charity since its inception 60 years ago.

The 2015 Washington Winter Show, presented by PNC Bank and held at the Katzen Arts Center at American University, had a nautical theme. *Ports of Call* featured 45 premier dealers from the United States and Europe offering a wide range of period furnishings, vintage jewelry, porcelains, ceramics, silver and architectural garden accents. The show's loan exhibition, *Vessels of Victory*, presented a selection of silver trophies awarded for victories in naval battles and in competitive sailing—a chronological assemblage of presentation pieces given to the heroes of naval battles

and the victors of races and regattas. Oracle Team USA, winner of the 2013 America's Cup race, graciously loaned its America's Cup trophy to the exhibition.

A highlight of every WWS is the luncheon on Friday. This year's speaker was Amy Herman, a former attorney and museum professional. Her talk, "The Art of Perception," offered attendees a unique perspective into the art of looking at—and truly seeing—artwork. This is a perspective she has shared not only with art lovers and collectors, but with security forces and police departments across the country who rely, more than most, on keen observation. Historian and sailor Gary Jobson headlined the Saturday lecture program with "How to Win the America's Cup." He was joined by members of the Oracle sailing and design team. Other events of the weekend included an appraisal session, themed walkthroughs of the exhibits, dealer talks and a Saturday soiree with live calypso music.

Three charities benefited from this year's show's proceeds. The first was the Bishop John T. Walker School (BWS), a tuition-free private school for low-income boys of all faiths whose families live in southeast Washington. The school opened in 2008 with a class of 13 four-year-olds, one administrator, and three teachers. In just seven years, it has grown to 86 students in pre-kindergarten through grade five. The school will have 160 students in pre-K through eight by the fall of 2017. At BWS, the boys receive a structured educational experience that will help them build the academic and social foundations needed to succeed in high school and beyond. The school uses the grant from the show to help pay for tuition, salaries for teachers, teaching materials, meal programs, educational field trips and support services such as counseling for students and their families.

The second charity supported by the WWS is THEARC Theater, which is the cornerstone of THEARC (the Town Hall Arts, Education, and Recreation Center) arts complex located in southeast



The Bishop Walker School Chorus performs at evensong at the Washington National Cathedral.

Youth enjoy a colorful, community art project led by ArtReach at THEARC.



Washington. The facility offers diverse cultural activities to district residents east of the Anacostia River. The intention is that providing such opportunities and access will strengthen community development. It is the only resource of its kind in Washington, hosting rehearsals, recitals, graduations and performances of local school children (including shows, dance

and music recitals and concerts), community gatherings, job fairs, health care symposia and other town hall gatherings. Tickets to events and theater rental fees—two primary sources of revenue—provide less than a quarter of the theater's operating costs. Proceeds received from the WWS allow the theater to continue as a much-appreciated cultural outlet for its community.



**Michael N. Harrell,** regional vice president of PNC, presenter of the Washington Winter Show, and board of director member and past president Hannah Cox

The third show beneficiary was the Founders' Board of St. John Community Services. STJCS works to support children and young adults with disabilities, between the ages of three and 22, so they can enjoy the benefits of an education alongside their non-disabled peers in classrooms throughout the public schools of the district. The Founders' Board is the single largest donor to STJCS; it uses

the grant from the WWS to provide inclusive and integrated educational and clinical services to students with autism and other developmental disabilities. The grant also allows STJCS to purchase materials and equipment for creative play centers and sensory stations, as well as computers and software for classroom use.

As the 2015 show wrapped up, plans were already under way for 2016.

Built around the theme *Through the Eyes of a Child*, next year's event will emphasize the importance of passing down the tradition of collecting and its place in preserving history. The show will bring a fresh view on antiques, how they are presented and their role in our living history. A loan exhibition will be centered around George Mason's Virginia plantation, Gunston Hall, where he raised nine children. As with every Washington Winter Show, the exhibits, speakers and associated events will promote a multi-generational appreciation for historical items, antiques and the value of our heritage. Co-chairs Patricia Montague and Frances Talley bring exuberance and enthusiasm to the event. The 2016 show is certain to entertain and leave each participant with a deeper appreciation of not only antiques in America, but also of personal and family histories.

**For additional information:**

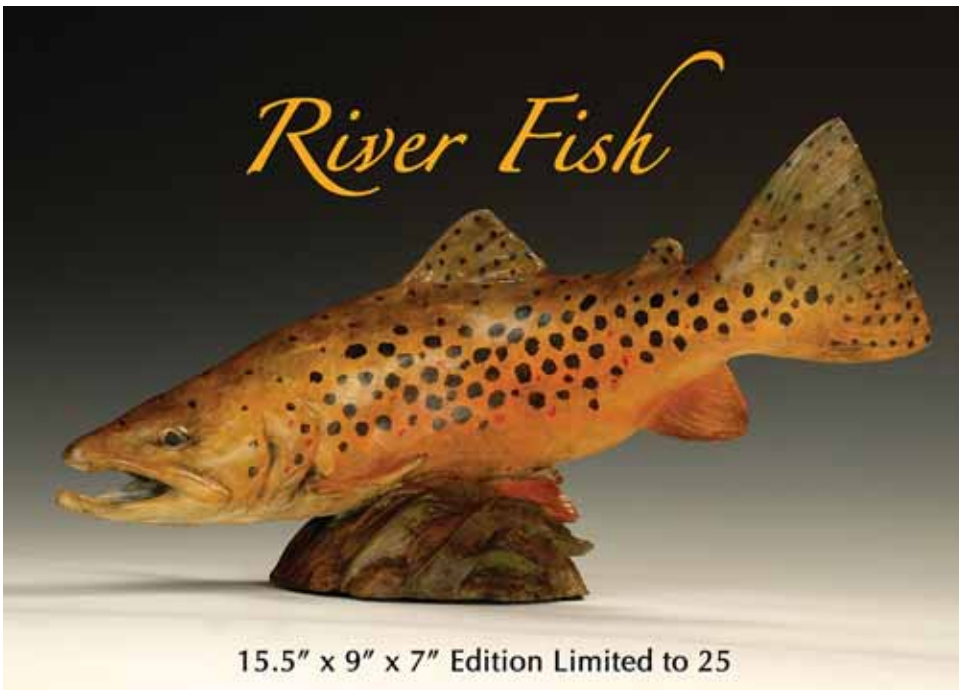
Washington Winter Show  
[washingtonwintershow.com](http://washingtonwintershow.com)

St. John's Community Services  
 2201 Wisconsin Ave. NW  
 Suite C-150  
 Washington, DC 20007  
 (800) 869-3393  
[sfrazier@sjcs.org](mailto:sfrazier@sjcs.org)

THEARC Theater  
[www.thearcdc.org](http://www.thearcdc.org)  
 1901 Mississippi Ave. SE  
 Washington, DC 20020  
 (202) 889-5901

The Bishop John T. Walker School  
[www.bishopwalkerschool.org](http://www.bishopwalkerschool.org)  
 3640 Martin Luther King Jr Ave. SE  
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Ronya Misleh is a freelance writer who has always called Virginia her home. She can be reached at [rmisleh@gmail.com](mailto:rmisleh@gmail.com).



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# Snapshots for Straight Shooting

Avoid Lazy Arm

Henry Baskerville

**Maintain energy in your forward arm because it does most of the work.**



Preparing to shoot, Diane Stairs has correctly aligned her sight plane (green line) to be parallel with her gun barrel (red line).



**INCORRECT:** A millisecond before she pulls the trigger, Stairs relaxes her forward arm a very small amount. This causes her barrel to drop (blue arrow) very slightly. Notice that her sight plane (green line) no longer parallels the barrel (red line). Consequently, she would shoot below the target.



**CORRECT:** Conscious of her tendency to prematurely relax her forward arm, Stairs restores lifting energy to her forward arm. Her sight plane (green) and the barrel (red) quickly resume a parallel configuration. The shotgun now shoots exactly at the spot at which she is looking. She crushes the clay pigeon.

**Safety glasses removed for educational clarity.**

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

# Nezahat Botanical Garden Istanbul

Story and Photos by Keith P. Tomlinson

The Catalanian Parliament was beautifully lit from every side, and the ancient cobblestone streets at the entrance glistened after a brief April shower. Inside the grand hall, a festive social gathering of garden professionals

from around the world was in progress. Multiple languages could be heard: Arabic, Russian, English, Spanish, Korean, French and more. A delegation from Turkey came with an English interpreter, and I joined a conversation about a new garden

being built on the Asian side of Istanbul. Someone mentioned it would be developed in the cloverleaf of a major highway. I must have looked incredulous. An elderly man handed me his card as he gently held my arm and in halting English told



The founders

**Aerial view of Nezahat's development with the expanse of Asian Istanbul and the Sea of Marmara in the background**





**Broad paved trails lead through early flowering bulbs and trees**



**Delicate early spring bulbs in the raised gravel beds**



me to “plan a visit someday, it will be very beautiful.” That was in 2004. The seed was planted.

Nearly a decade later, I stepped off a ferry onto the furthest western edge of Asia in Kadikoy, Turkey, a bustling suburb across the Bosphorus from downtown

Istanbul. I pulled a crumpled map from my pocket and hailed a cab. The language barrier was complete, but as soon as the driver looked over the map we were off on the eight-mile drive.

The expansion of Istanbul into Asia is stunning. As far as the eye could

see, high-rise buildings filled the skyline with highways weaving pathways of seemingly endless traffic. As I marveled at a particularly opulent highrise, we made a sudden turn and stopped. As I emerged from the cab, with the driver’s cigarette smoke following me, an intimate landscape beckoned. What was once an urban wasteland is now a flourishing botanical garden, Nezahat.

As one enters Nezahat, traffic noise lessens. Vast collections of Mediterranean flora expand through a shallow bowl, neatly landscaped for public access. The seminal tree of the region, *Olea europea*, the culinary olive, displays its coveted status as a horticultural and cultural icon of the entire region. No other plant has a more important agricultural role than this long-lived species. Nowadays, much of the Turkish olive crop heads to China, where the ancient flavor has gained a vast following. Near the culinary olive tree, another member of the olive family grows in a linear mulched bed: the American ash, one of Virginia’s most common forest trees. I always love seeing a Virginia native plant exhibited in a foreign garden.

Walking up a steep hill, one comes to a high point in the garden. A vast view spreads west toward old Istanbul, where the Golden Horn enters the Bosphorus. This exposed knoll is surely one of the botanical highlights of Nezahat. Several rectangular, graveled raised beds reach waist height. Randomly displayed are the true treasures of Turkey’s exceptional native flora: bulbs. Many, perhaps most, of the world’s bulbs come from Turkey’s undulating, porous limestone landscape, a place where geology and climate coalesce to harbor one of the world’s most diverse selections of bulbs.

Since Biblical times, royalty, traders and early naturalists have sought to collect and grow the bulbs. They can be stunningly intricate, colorful and bold. In addition, these gems travel well and are easy to collect. Over time, the number of wild bulbs has declined due to



One of the four exhibit tunnels featuring botanical art and ethnobotany. The lights are motion-activated and illuminate as one walks forward.

#### North American desert species growing happily in the Mediterranean sun



over-collection. This remains a problem today for Turkey's natural-resource managers. The majority of bulbs grown in Holland are derived from Turkish species.

Since its inception, Nezahat has focused as much on conservation as beauty. Among the delicate bulbs on display, *Fritularia*, tulips and *Romulea* yield dainty flowers compared to commercial hybridized plants found at commercial

nurseries. Generally, these plants prefer sharp drainage where water passes rapidly and never stays too long. The soothing Mediterranean sun and cool nights play an equally important ecological role in fostering bulb life cycles. The raised beds are carefully built to mimic the natural habitat. Conservation of rare plants in botanical-garden collections plays an increasingly important role in reintroducing

endangered species back into the wild. Nezahat is well suited to such a role, and the need in Turkey is great.

Descending the knoll, one passes by the rock garden exhibiting numerous alpine plants native to eastern Turkey, including the dormant stratovolcano Mt. Ararat. A fine collection of European alpine plants are also found here, many from the Carpathian Alps in neighboring Romania. Near the rock garden is a meticulously maintained propagation and holding area for plants being prepared for exhibit.

Once at the base of the hill, a curious question arises; how does one get to the next "lobe" of the garden in the highway cloverleaf? Like many aspects of Nezahat, this has been given special attention. A discreet pedestrian tunnel crosses beneath the highway between each lobe. Engineered for foot travel, electrical needs and water drainage, the tunnel is also an exhibit space. When a visitor enters the tunnel, lights turn on to illuminate marvelous collections of educational exhibits ranging from flower anatomy to herbal medicines. A special section depicts ethnobotany, the use of plants by humans. Here, ancient paintings document the gift of pomegranates for the Sultan Mehmet to celebrate the circumcision of a son.

Emerging from the tunnel, one finds an entirely different space. The westernmost lobe sports a colorful children's garden, picnic area and shady conifers providing respite from the sun. Nearby, a water garden contains many species of aquatic lilies and giant Koi fish. Visitors of all ages are mesmerized by the colorful combination of fish and plants.

Returning to the parking lot adjacent to the busy highway, I'm struck that an urban wasteland could be so usefully converted into a public space devoted to the understanding and appreciation of plants. On the way out, I pass the busts of the founder and his wife, to whom the garden is dedicated. On closer inspection, I realize the founder, Nezahat Gokyigit, was the

elderly man who invited me to visit a decade earlier in Barcelona. He said it would be beautiful. It certainly is, and remarkably innovative as well.

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Keith P. Tomlinson has managed Meadowlark Botanical Gardens in Vienna, Virginia, since 1998. A naturalist who specializes in plant diversity, conservation and public garden interpretation, he has traveled to Asia, Africa, the Pacific, Europe and the Americas visiting gardens and wilderness areas.

The aerial view of the entrance lobe where the rock garden, propagation area and educational facilities are located.



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# Outdoors with Jim Brewer

## A Hunting & Fishing Forecast

### June/July

June is one of the most enjoyable months of the year for a Virginia sportsman. The weather is usually most agreeable; like the baby bear's porridge – not too hot and not too cold. Just right. For a fisherman, just right means topwater action.

If you have a fly rod of some description and a few small popping bugs with rubber legs, June is the month when bluegills do their spawning and if there is something more enjoyable than catching a bull bream on a topwater bug, well, I haven't discovered it yet.

The great thing about catching bluegills in a lake or farm pond is that you're doing the resources a favor by weeding out some of the prolific panfish. In fact, I have one pond I fish where the landowner says that if anyone throws a bluegill back in the water, he'll revoke their fishing privileges. There are some serious-size bluegills in that pond and I keep every one I catch. Deep fried bluegills with a side of coleslaw? What a feast!

But you don't have to have a fly rod to catch bluegills. The feisty panfish will hit almost anything that comes near their washtub-size beds. Live bait, like mealworms or crickets, will work, as will small spinners and lures. The advantage of a fly rod is the spook factor. No matter how aggressive a bluegill is, if you spook him, forget it. He'll zip out to deep water and is not likely to hit again for quite a while. A fly rod can settle a small bug on or near the bed without disturbing the fish and it's just plain fun to hook up with a half-pound bluegill hell-bent on busting up your tackle. They say that if a bluegill

grew as big as a bass, you'd never be able to land one. So whatever you do in June and into early July, try catching a few bluegills on topwater gear when the big males go on their beds.

June and July also present an ideal opportunity to hook up a Senko worm and float the New River or the James River for smallmouth. Under normal conditions, the smallmouth are through their spawn by early summer and are hungry and aggressive. As a matter of fact, when is it that smallmouth are not hungry and aggressive? Other good rivers for smallmouth include the Rappahannock, the Shenandoah, the upper Potomac and South Anna. Smaller streams like the Maury, Craig Creek, the lower Tye and the lower Rapidan are also good choices.

Freshwater anglers can find crappie ready, willing and able to snatch a small shiner. Beaver huts and bridge pilings are top crappie haunts. Largemouth move into shallow water early on summer mornings, then drop back to 12 or 14 feet during midday. Catfish action on the James, Potomac and Rappahannock rivers is generally excellent in the early part of summer. To hook up with one of those bruiser-size blue or flathead cats, learn how to use a throw net, catch some fresh shad and experiment with either cut bait or the whole fish. Playing cat and mouse with the finicky catfish is almost as much fun as catching bluegills on a fly rod. Catfish rarely take a bait and gulp it down. Most often, they'll toy with it, trying to decide if that particular baitfish is worthy of swallowing. Meanwhile, in the boat, the

rod is twitching and nerves get frazzled. An ultimate hookup with a 50-pounder is well worth the wait.

Here's a catfish suggestion for June: Try Lake Gaston in the three-mile stretch immediately below Kerr Dam. There are lots of catfish in that water, plus bass, walleye, garfish and stripers. Bring a heavy anchor, though, and wear your life jacket. There is lots of current below the dam.

Saltwater anglers are truly in their element in early summer. Almost every game fish that swims is in the Chesapeake Bay at this point, including cobia, red and black drum, flounder, speckled trout, grey trout, Spanish mackerel, tailor blues, spot, croakers and striped bass. The Cell and the humps over the Bridge Tunnel are top choices for stripers.

In the ocean, yellowfin tuna make a significant run off the Virginia coast with some bluefins mixed in as well. The blue-water boats frequently have limits of tuna in the live wells and are heading home by 10 a.m. Cobia, king mackerel and wahoo are also likely candidates — and here's another tip. Try amberjack fishing off the wrecks and structure out of Virginia Beach. A 50-pound amberjack is easily the toughest, most ornery fish that swims. I once caught one on a fly rod in the 40-pound class and thought I'd never get him in. What warriors!

Whether saltwater or freshwater, there are lots of fish to be caught in June and July.

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Jim Brewer is a longtime Virginia outdoor writer. Visit him at [www.CvilleBuzz.com](http://www.CvilleBuzz.com).



Al fresco dining, Oro Restaurant at the Hotel Cipriani, Venice

# OFF THE TOPIC

## My Dinner at **Oro** Hotel Cipriani, Venice

It all started like a scene from Neil Simon's *The Out of Towners*.

First there was the late spring storm ravaging the Eastern Seaboard. It delayed our Delta flight out of Raleigh into Venice for five hours, then forced us onto another into Rome – and from there to Venice via Alitalia.

Next up: the luggage – or lack of it. We may have arrived safely in Venice,

but as a wan Alitalia clerk shrugged in the classic Italian deadpan, my suitcase was still in Rome. I gave him the address for our bed-and-breakfast in the *sestiere di Cannaregio*, bought a pair of tickets for the water taxi and began that long, purgatorial trudge from airport to taxi stand.

Once we were entering the Grand Canal, things looked a little brighter. At least the architecture did – especially Peggy



The Grand Canal, Venice (Bigfoto.com)

Story by J. Michael Welton  
Photos courtesy of Belmond



A dinner to remember at Oro  
(Above and below)



Guggenheim's sleek palazzo – even if the gray skies didn't. So we began to believe, like Nick Carraway crossing the Queensboro Bridge into New York with Jay Gatsby on a bright summer morning in 1922, that "anything could happen ... anything at all." But, just as Carraway would later learn, it was a short-lived moment of naive optimism.

Dropped off at the bed-and-breakfast, we knocked on its door, rang its bell and knocked some more, to no avail. We called Davide, the owner, but instead got his father, who said that someone would



The dining room at Oro, designed by Adam Tihany

be along in a half-hour. Then the heavens opened up, with thunder, lightning and huge, Venice-sized dollops of rain. My umbrella of course, was in my suitcase – languishing hundreds of kilometers away, safe and dry in Rome. Davide actually did arrive in a half-hour, as promised. So we checked in, went out in search of new clothes, a bite to eat and a glass of wine, then came back to wipe that late May day off the books.

The following morning – sunnier and far more pleasant – was spent in crowded *vaporettos*, water buses, wandering the streets of the much-anticipated Biennale and wondering about our evening reservations at Oro, their confirmation also in my missing luggage. Davide had promised to pursue the ambivalent clerks at Alitalia with vigor, saying that if he didn't, we'd never see that suitcase again.

At six, we hopped off a *vaporetto* at the Piazza San Marcos and walked on cobblestone paths past crowds of cruise-ship tourists and rows of empty gondolas until we came upon the waterborne object

of our desire: a motor launch tied to a private dock, its large gold letters clearly identifying it as property of the Hotel Cipriani. We ducked into the cabin and watched the tower of St. Mark's fade into the distance. Along the way, I fretted over our reservations.

Five minutes later, we pulled up to the dock at the island of Giudecca, where in the late 1950s Commendatore Giuseppe Cipriani, founder of Hemingway's favorite Venetian haunt, Harry's Bar, opened the Hotel Cipriani. Here more recently, New York designer Adam Tihany had completed a new vision for Oro, complete with a gold-painted, domed ceiling. And here, George Clooney and friends would frolic during the run-up to his much-publicized September wedding to Amal Alamuddin.

We stepped up to the maitre d's stand and looked into the eyes of Carlo Tofani, the restaurant manager. He could hardly contain himself. He was *so* pleased to see us, he said. But I needed a jacket. The lost luggage, I explained.

Piffle, he said, it's no matter – and



produced a navy blue blazer in my size, one worthy of Brooks Brothers itself. He then escorted us to an outdoor dining table for two, overlooking the lagoon where a tangerine-tinted sun was descending slowly over the Lido, the beach of choice for Venetians of all ages.

Carlo introduced us to a long line of wait staff queued up to greet us, ending with sommelier Marianna Cappotto, who poured two flutes of Prosecco. It trumpeted the opening act of what can only be called one of the most remarkable meals ever served in the whole history of the planet, all at the hands of Davide Bisetto, Oro's two-Michelin-stars chef.

There were the red prawns and spider crab, in pink grapefruit aspic, with essence of citrus, cucumber sherbet and Bloody Mary water; the marinated duck *foie gras*, the extract seasoned with Bronte pistachios, the artichokes flavored with anchovies' juice, and creamed burrata cheese; the thin noodles, garlic, oil and sweet chili peppers, the local lobster, and the mullet bottarga; the tortellini filled with braised veal shank, with Barolo wine, Ubriaco cheese fondue, and balsamic vinegar from Modena aged 50 years, and

the cacao; the seafood soup of squills flavored with melissa, squids, baby shrimps, and purple potato dumplings in tangerine oil; the duck caramelized with honey and citrus fruits, the chard flavored with Port, and spicy sauce; and finally, the four chocolate cakes with grappa and cherries.

Each course was paired impeccably with a wine chosen by Cappotto, and poured by our steward.

The spectacle of the sunset long gone and the meal now a memory, we accompanied Carlo on a tour of the restaurant's new bar and dining room, wondering all the while why anyone would prefer to spend time eating inside, when the views of Venice and the Lido beckon outside. Weather, of course, Carlo said, plays a role in that.

So we trudged back to the launch and in five minutes, we were strolling St. Mark's Square. Mistakenly believing that we'd mastered the vast and complex *vaporetto* system of color-coded routes, we hopped onto one of the empty water buses – only to discover we were headed out to the Venetian suburbs, the city far behind us. Slipping off at the first stop, I waved 50 euros at a water-taxi driver and after 10

quick minutes, we were back at the bed-and-breakfast, slowly climbing the stairs and reflecting on the wonders of Oro, the Hotel Cipriani and the sunset over the Lido. And lo and behold – there it was, at the top of the stairs in the living room, glowing in the watery light like a shining beacon. My suitcase was adorned with large, white, checked-baggage tags from Raleigh, Miami, New York, Toronto, Rome, Milan and, finally, Venice. But it had arrived.

And not a moment too soon. In the morning we'd be off to more brave and intrepid adventures – in Cortona, Vicenza, Siena, Montepulciano and all the golden splendors of Tuscany.

This time, though, we'd be driving.

J. Michael Welton writes about architecture, art and design for national and international publications, and publishes a digital design magazine at [www.architectsandartisans.com](http://www.architectsandartisans.com). He is also the author of *Drawing from Practice: Architecture and the Meaning of Freehand*, soon to be released by Routledge Press.

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### Continued from Page 66

remained in camp. Big Blue was in top form and led several chases, two of which resulted in big bucks hauled into camp.

The somewhat soiled pile of hunting clothes was more than even Rufus could bear to put on, so he stayed in all day, clad in long johns. That night, we burned the clothes and hosed down the anointed bedroom.

I have never returned to the Good Ol' Boys Hunt Club. Once was sufficient. But I have an open invitation. Rufus no longer uses his homemade cover scent, so for that, many are grateful. He has also passed the cooking duties on to Bill Nelson. For that, the entire club is thankful. As for Big Blue, as best I know, he has never been invited back inside the cabin.

Dinner at sunset, overlooking the Lido



# American Wild Life

## Baby Boomers

Charlotte Reather  
Illustrations by Olivia Doull

I have always been an elderly magnet – it’s a sort of gift, I suppose. Older people gravitate towards me and I enjoy talking to them, even dating them. In my 20s I suffered a serious case of gerontophilia, rescuing many 50-something divorcees down on their luck. I called it the “advanced relationship course;” my mother called it “care in the community.”

So it came as quite a shock when I married High Tower (HT) who, at only seven years my senior, was in stark contrast to my grave-robbing days. And, thanks to HT’s uniquely older soul, people of advancing years utterly adore him, too. So together on our American adventure we have befriended many snow geese and silver surfers. And thank goodness we have. I mean our generation is fun but most are weighed down with serious careers, children and keeping up with the Joneses to really let loose; and besides they don’t have *half* the toys the baby-boomer generation has. Like cannons.

It was at one of HT’s eccentric historical-costume events we first met wiry Vietnam vet Ted and his elegant wife Jessica. They were our parents’ age (late 60s) so not elderly, just cross-generational. We all liked the same things – horses, shotguns and fishing tackle. Trapped in suburban life in Vienna, VA, HT and I relished escaping to their house in rural Maryland. We went to point-to-points, enjoyed lavish dinner parties and a bird shoot on their farm.

One particular weekend, we accompanied Ted and Jessica to a special



viewing of Ladew Gardens, enjoying a champagne reception, which was completely wasted on me given I was six months pregnant. Afterwards we walked to the car to drive back to their house for dinner. Parked a few bays up was Ted’s mode of transport: a 1940s Ural motorbike, complete with sidecar. HT was like a broody hen clucking around it. Ted started her up and revved the engine – he winked at me and I attempted to jump in the sidecar, which was not easy with my massive belly. I wedged myself in and smiled at HT. He pretended to be happy for me but inside was raging. Ted took off driving swiftly down the country roads. It was a real buzz given



that my habitual kicks of horses and Hemingways (a Champagne and absinthe cocktail created by Ernest, which he called Death in the Afternoon) — were now firmly out of the question.

We skidded to a halt in the driveway and I removed my helmet. HT and Jessica pulled up in the Highlander. Ted, noticing my husband’s forlorn face, told him to jump in. HT yanked me out and the men took off in a cloud of dust.

When the boys finally returned for supper, they were full of excitement and ideas. Ted asked HT if he’d seen his cannon. He shook his head. “Show me,” he said. Ted pushed a drawing room chair aside to reveal a modest-sized cannon with a wooden carriage. “Can we fire it?” asked HT. “Certainly,” said Ted.

As we ate supper, all the men could think about was firing the cannon. Finally, the moment came. Ted wheeled out the cannon and then lifted it outside onto the deck; even though it was small, it weighed half a hundredweight. HT shined a flashlight as Ted set it up. Jessica passed him a plastic case containing all the ammunition and charge accoutrements. She then passed round the ear plugs like canapés.

Dangling a small charge bag in the air, Ted told us, “They’re handcrafted with black powder and paper towel, wrapped together with sticky tape.” He stuffed a couple of the charges into the cannon and rammed them down with a broom handle. Next he produced a golf ball and rammed that in as well. He connected a firework



fuse into the back of the barrel and declared, "Now we're ready to light."

I crouched down behind the canon filming the whole event with my Iphone. "Ready?" Ted said eyeballing everyone. "Ready," we replied.

As the fuse burned down I suddenly realised I hadn't put my earplugs in. I put a finger in one ear and carried on filming with the other hand, shouting frantically to HT to stick his finger in my other ear. EXPLOSION! HT's finger dislodged from

my ear as I was blown backwards. He and Ted looked at one another guiltily. "Oops, that's what happens in the back-blast area – forgot about that bit, darling," said HT. "Don't worry, the baby took the full force," I replied. (I spent the next three months wondering if my baby would be profoundly deaf and YouTubed a bit of sign language just in case. Mainly, 'I'm sorry you are deaf, baby, it's all your daddy's fault.')

Cladding my bump with several cushions, sporting proper ear defenders and

observing from a safe distance, I watched the naughty boys launch four or five more golf balls into the night sky. "Each ball will travel over two miles," said Ted as the next disappeared over a hill into woodland he owned. Inside the phone started to ring. Ted's mobile jingled frantically. He answered it. The voice from the other end boomed, "It's that damn cannon again, isn't it?" Ted replied calmly, "Hi, Hank, slow down. I don't know what you're talking about. ... No, not me. We are just having a quiet drink with a pregnant friend and her husband. We'd hardly be firing a cannon with them at this time of night, now would we?"

Charlotte Reather writes "Charlie's Challenges" for *Countryside* magazine, and is the former "Wild Life" columnist for *The Field*. She is the co-author of actor and angler Robson Green's book *Extreme Fishing*. Visit her at [www.charlottereather.com](http://www.charlottereather.com).

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# A Country Gent's Note

Brush Up

Barclay Rives

I paint my house every four or five years, using paint with a “lifetime” warranty. Maybe that refers to the lifetime of an insect or some other short-lived creature. An older painter explained to me why I should never use cheap paint. “That’s like putting cheap clothes on an expensive woman.” I follow his advice, although all paint seems expensive these days, and even the priciest doesn’t last as long as hoped. The coating performs better on shaded parts of the house. Areas baked by hours of sun every day begin to flake in a few years. If I took the time and a magnifying glass to read the



fine print on the paint can, I’m sure it would blame any problem on my preparation and technique.

Painting is tedious, messy, ache-inducing and too frequently necessary. On the other hand, doing my own painting saves me money, necessitates hands-on inspection and repair, and protects from the rain. It also gives me time to think and day-dream, which is how my first big house painting effort helped me decide to stay in the country.

I was in my early 20s when I was hired to paint Castle Hill, a large old house in my neighborhood. Graduate school or a business career still seemed possible for me. I spent that summer perched on a ladder, looking at the Southwest Mountains and listening to the different calls of crows, who were watching me from nearby cedars.

I concluded that staying in this area was most important to me. I would rather take up house painting or whatever I could fit into my lifestyle here than pursue a more lucrative career elsewhere. I have been happy with that decision.

Castle Hill was open to the public for tours and special events in the ’70s and ’80s. Its history included five generations of my family, who lived there before the money ran out and new owners in the late 1940s rescued the place from collapse. One day I was painting the back porch as tour guide Bernice Brassfield was telling a group about 18th-century explorer and patriot Dr. Thomas Walker, who built the original section. Someone in the group asked if there were any of Walker’s descendants in the neighborhood. Bernice pointed to me in my paint-spattered attire

and said, “Yeah. He’s one.” I had a faithful dog that usually curled up at the bottom of the ladder, and Bernice started pointing him out to puzzled tourists and saying, “That dog is a Walker descendant.” Jackie Onassis once toured the place and asked Bernice if she could pick up and examine the dining room china. Bernice replied, “No, ma’am. Nobody is allowed to touch them plates.”

I did my first painting at an early age. I remember getting more paint on myself than the farm building that was

the intended target. My father expected his four sons to help around the place, and he put sickles, pitchforks, shovels, rakes and paint brushes in our hands as soon as we were big enough to hold them. In his last years, slowed by poor health, my father would pull up a chair, sit and watch me paint. He frequently pointed and said, “You missed a spot.” I used to dread my father’s order: “Time to clean the gutters.” The gutters were full of rotted leaves and pollen from two enormous white oaks, black water and slivers of rust that cut my fingers. Although gutters and downspouts would help protect the siding on my house, I won’t install them because of horrible gutter memories.

I used to paint my house with oil-based paint, which seemed to penetrate and protect the old wood. However oil paint

was mostly phased out 10 years ago to protect the environment. Oil paints emit volatile organic compounds (VOCs) as they dry, which contribute to ground-level ozone pollution and also deplete the ozone layer in the atmosphere. These compounds, such as formaldehyde, toluene, styrene and acetone, are hazardous to the painter and inhabitants as well as the environment. Paint before the 1970s contained lead, which was highly toxic. An older neighbor told me oil paint hasn't been any good since they took the lead out. I would rather deal with rotten boards than with lead-induced brain damage. Latex paint dries more quickly and less fragrantly. Latex also supposedly has the advantage of "breathing," not trapping moisture but allowing it to escape.

I never painted enough to become highly skilled. A builder friend described to me how the professional he hires does not use a drop cloth, even when repainting fancy furnished interiors. The man has amazing speed and accuracy. A few

professionals have given me useful tips. First of all, instead of scraping or "cutting" both sides of the brush on the rim after dipping into the paint, you just tap the brush against the side of the can as you bring it up. This sheds excess dripping paint in a brief efficient motion.

Latex paint has the advantage of soap and water cleanup, but wrapping oil paint brushes in newspaper and soaking them in thinner can make for speedy everyday maintenance. Raising and lowering a long ladder requires securely footing the base against an unyielding foundation and paying attention to the laws of geometry and physics while grabbing successive rungs. Surface preparation is crucial. Siding must be dry, free of dust, mildew, and peeling paint. Holes and cracks should be filled. My pockets hold a scraper, pieces of sandpaper, and a dry brush to whisk away cobwebs and debris. I stick a blob of putty on the side of the can for filling small holes.

Harriet Johnson was born a slave, overcame great obstacles, purchased land

and built the original portion of my house. I think of her as I paint. Using mostly salvaged materials, I enlarged the house to accommodate my wife and children. I relive some of my building episodes as I paint over my rough carpentry. The freshly painted house is a source of satisfaction, until time passes and it starts looking like it needs to be painted again.

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Barclay Rives' biography of his 19th-century ancestor, *William Cabell Rives: A Country to Serve*, has been published by Atelerix Press and is available from Amazon.com. He lives on a small farm near Cismont, Virginia.



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# WINE

Listening to the Market: At Chatham Hill Winery

J. Michael Welton

**A**rmed with a Ph.D. in chemistry, a finely honed business sense and a finger on the pulse of North Carolina's wine drinkers, vintner Marek Wojciechowski set up Chatham Hill Winery in the late 1990s.

At the time, his was the 14th winery in Carolina. Now there are about 130 producers statewide, many of them making excellent dry varietals – along with the sweeter wines that have been a tradition here for centuries.

As his business has grown – Wojciechowski has produced as many as 7,000 cases annually in a facility with a 9,000-case capacity – he's learned to adapt to the tastes of his clientele. "I put together a company to make dry varietal wines – I didn't intend to make sweet wines," the native of Warsaw, Poland, says. "But it became clear that without sweet wines, I could not maintain the business."

That's not to say that he's making the traditional Muscadines for which the state once was known. Instead, he's learned to infuse his very fine Chardonnay and Cabernet Franc wines with fruits such as peach, mango and blackberry. He calls the brand Sweet Carolina, and the wines sell very well – particularly the 95-percent Chardonnay infused with five percent blackberry – inside the winery and in supermarkets. "Sweet Carolina is my alternative to Muscadine," he says.

Sales from the Sweet Carolina brand help keep the lights on at his upscale Cary location, about three miles from Raleigh's Research Triangle Park. It's an



Chatham Hill tasting room



Winemaker  
Marek Wojciechowski

urban winery that imports some grapes from the Yadkin River Valley about two hours away, and others from Lodi, California. All his wines are made on site in stainless steel tanks, and most are aged in French and American oak barrels. "Every year, about 20 tons of fruit come in the back

doors," he says. "It's a gamble and a prediction, depending on how much I think I can sell."

He's developed a three-tier approach to his product line. There are 12 in the Sweet Carolina brand, including a Christmas Red infused with cherry and

cranberry. The Chatham Hill Diamond Label wines are made primarily from Lodi grapes for whites such as Riesling, Pinot Grigio and Chenin Blanc, and reds such as Malbec and Rubio. Moderately priced, they're distributed to restaurants and bistros for by-the-glass sales. The Pinot, which he describes as a "picnic wine," is a big seller.

The winery's crown jewels, though, are its dry varietals, priced between \$15 for the Pinot Grigio and \$23 for the Cabernet Franc, with many more in between. Most are sold in wine shops and fine restaurants, because Wojciechowski doesn't rush to bottle any of them. Instead, he allows them to mature over time – and to become serious wines.

At Chatham Hill, he knows he's not working with the Sonoma or Napa grapes that linger on vines through October or November, but with Yadkin Valley fruit that languishes in Carolina heat and humidity for a brief three months before it's picked in September. The result: sugars and tannins that don't develop at high levels like their West Coast counterparts. So he compensates. "I make it a little bit lighter to make sure the fruitiness is more compelling, more acidic and more food-friendly," he says.

At Chatham Hill, he produces some *very* likable dry varietal wines that would appeal even to a Napa, Sonoma or Charlottesville palate, including a Chardonnay that's citrusy, with apple flavors. His Merlot, its grapes harvested in September and now fermenting in stainless steel tanks, soon will be headed to French oak barrels for 18 months. Even at this stage though, it's a delightful wine, straight from the tank. His 2012 Cabernet Sauvignon has been aged in both American and French oak barrels, with a definite spiciness from the American oak.

His Rose is not bone dry, but features a little sugar to intensify the fruit flavor. It's a blend of Chardonnay, Seyval and Merlot. The Rubio is a fruity, light and dry red that he calls an "introductory" wine



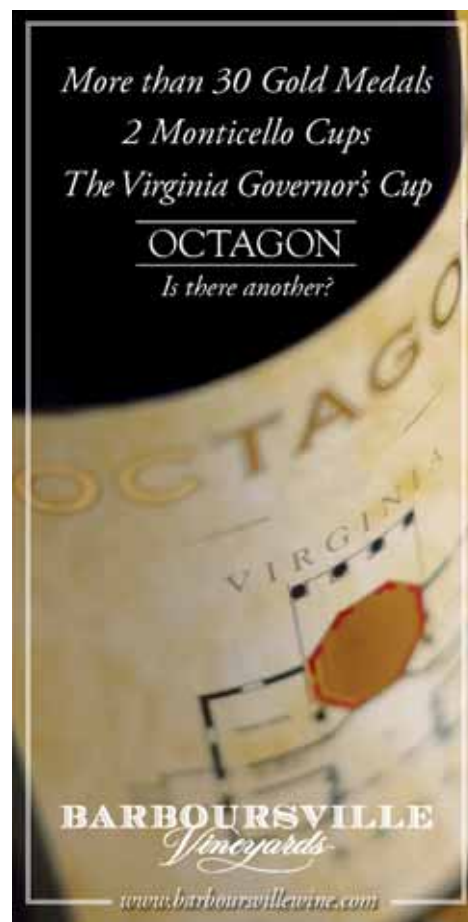
Trinity blend is the winery's signature blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc and Merlot.



that's approachable, with no oak and a raspberry nose. And his Trinity blend is the winery's signature blend of Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet France and Merlot.

Then there are the wines that could be the next Carolina natives. "The Viognier and the Cabernet France are what we believe that we'd like to be known for," he says. "They grow pretty well here in this climate, and they can become our signature wines for North Carolina."

Wojciechowski's been making wines for 40 years now, starting off in a very difficult Polish climate. Along the way, he's learned to respond to what his clientele wants, rather than what his vineyards produce. "Not having a vineyard



means I can make what will sell and what my customers appreciate – not what I *have* to make," he says.

Still, he manages to satisfy some very sophisticated palates – including his own.

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J. Michael Welton writes about architecture, art and design for national and international publications, and publishes a digital design magazine at [www.architectsandartisans.com](http://www.architectsandartisans.com). He is also the author of "Drawing from Practice: Architecture and the Meaning of Freehand," due out in the coming months from Routledge Press.

# FOOD

Sweet Corn, a Tender Memory

Claiborne Williams Milde

**D**uring temperate months of my childhood, “rival” season was marked by endless traffic jams on our weekend crawls toward the Piankatank. My sister and I spent these hours kicking each other in the back seat, belting out annoying songs at max volume and drawing sets of fictional families (the more disturbed-looking, the better) for each other to choose from, in the hypothetical event that our own family ditched us by the side of the road.

Those drives must have been absolute torture for our parents and I’m now, as a parent, paying the karmic price. But they were punctuated by a few ritual stops which made the whole endeavor bearable. Our midway break was at a restaurant and gift shop, where we played “count the flies” in the bathroom and sipped our allotted fountain Cokes while eying pecan logs and kitschy souvenirs on the shelves. On the evening drives back home, it was a barbecue joint that served vanilla milkshakes I still dream about sometimes.

Depending on the exact time of year, my mom would insist on stopping at one of her favorite farm stands along the way. In springtime, it was Snead’s for asparagus. Later, the Hanover tomatoes beckoned, heavy and juicy, sometimes forcing a diversion from our usual route (“So worth it,” she would proclaim). And deeper still into summer, the siren song of Silver Queen corn might bring the station



wagon to a screeching halt in front of stands bearing those two magical words. To my mom, nothing but Silver Queen would do — everything else, every “nasty yellow horse corn,” a crude insult to that most royal of ears.

Silver Queen was best enjoyed along with a bushel of crabs, which we picked on the big screen porch overlooking the river at our destination. I wish I had a stronger taste memory of Silver Queen, but other than recalling kernels pale, small, and with a delicate crunch, I can’t say their flavor is printed indelibly on my taste buds.

That’s because Silver Queen became more elusive as my young years went on. Fewer and fewer stands carried the variety, and my mom mourned the loss. The same qualities that made it so alluring to her — its ephemeral nature, and the fact that you can’t fake freshness with Silver Queen — made it less profitable for farmers and often disappointing to consumers. The pearly ears were replaced by sweeter and more shelf-stable hybrids that did not, as Silver Queen does, begin rapidly converting their sugar to starch as soon as they leave the field.



Some may argue that the newer varieties are too achingly sweet, their blast of sugar overriding the pleasing and distinctive corn taste. I have had a few ears that make me concur, but I have enjoyed many delicious ones in recent years, too (my mom may disagree). The freshest ones need little more than a quick dunk in boiling water and an immediate basting with good, salty butter.

But corn lends itself to so many great recipes in the summer; it's a shame to stop there. Some of its natural partners are bacon, lobster, summer vegetables and all manner of exotic spices. For those who like to keep it simple and easy, below is a recipe for a corn soup, with the addition of buttermilk to add a nice tang to the sweetness. You can serve this soup hot or cold, on its own or garnished with a little crabmeat, lobster or crumbled bacon.

### Sweet Corn and Buttermilk Soup

Serves 4

#### Ingredients

- 4 ears very fresh corn, uncooked
- 1 ½ Tablespoons unsalted butter  
1 large shallot or small mild onion, finely chopped
- 3 cups vegetable broth (unsalted or low-sodium, if possible)
- ½ cup whole or lowfat buttermilk (preferably whole)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Fresh chives, minced

Optional additions: cooked crabmeat or lobster, or fried crumbled bacon

#### Instructions

1. Remove kernels from corn by slicing them off the ear, then scraping the cob with the edge of a spoon to remove every bit of the remaining flesh and juice. This should yield between 2 ½ -3 cups. Reserve ¼ cup of corn.
2. In a sturdy pot, melt the butter and then gently sauté the shallots or onions with a little salt, until translucent. Add the corn

and juice (except for reserved kernels) and sauté for a minute, and then add the broth. Simmer until the corn kernels are just softening, about 5 minutes.

3. Puree soup in a blender until it is completely smooth. Then, strain it through a fine-mesh strainer (you may skip this step if you don't mind a "rustic" texture). Discard solid material.

4. Stir reserved kernels into the soup, along with the buttermilk. Taste and season with salt and pepper until flavor is to your liking. If you find the consistency too thick, you can thin it with a little broth or buttermilk. Serve hot or cold. Garnish with chives and any of the suggested additions.

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Claiborne Williams Milde is a Virginian who lives in New York and works as a writer and chef. She studied cooking in New York and Paris. Read her blog at [www.butteredbreadblog.com](http://www.butteredbreadblog.com).

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# HUMOR

## A Bad Day at Deer Camp

Jim Brewer

I don't know what kind of cover scent Rufus used, but it stank to high heaven. Rufus Jones was the senior member of the Good Ol' Boys Hunt Club, a group of knaves and ruffians who shared a 2,000-acre lease on some hunting land in Louisa. As the leader of the club, Rufus took it upon himself to instruct his fellow members on all things hunting, and an essential for Rufus was to soak himself in a homemade concoction of who-knows-what that was intended to mask his human odor and prevent the deer from ratting him out with their keen sense of smell. Rufus began his self-anointing about a week before the season. His presence could be detected by mere humans from 100 yards away, even more downwind. I expect a deer could smell Rufus' cover scent from as far away as the Eastern Shore.

I was not a member of the esteemed group, but Rufus had invited me to join in for the opening day of deer season, which included the privilege of staying in the dilapidated hunting camp for a pre-season celebration. He offered me a small vial of his prized cover scent, but I declined. If it meant I went deer-less, so be it. Maybe my human scent would chase the wary animals to another stand.

The evening prior to opening day, a dozen or so gathered to see who could eat the most deer stew and consume the most Kentucky bourbon. Rufus won, hands down. But there was a catch. Rufus also served as camp cook and whatever he made and called deer stew was food not quite fit to be served to hogs. It was as vile as what-



Jerry King

ever deer scent Rufus used on his person. In fact, some of us suspected that Rufus had added a few teaspoons of his homemade cover scent directly into the pot of stew. It was simply awful.

Some of the guys ate all their stew. I covered my bowl with a napkin and filled up with cornbread. Following dinner, none among us was fit to serve on dishwashing detail, so we put the stew and scraps aside and settled in for a spirited game of Texas Hold 'Em. One by one, as chips were passed back and forth across the table, and copious amounts of straight bourbon were consumed in honor of great hunts gone by, the poker players dissipated, some making it back to their bunks, while others fell in heaps along the way. I, somehow, remained upright along with Bill Nelson and Rufus. As the three of us cashed in our chips and prepared to call it a night, we heard a mournful howl in the dog lot.

Rufus could barely walk, so Bill and I ventured outside to check on the dogs.

Big Blue, a rugged hound of varied ancestry, was baying at the moon. We supposed that he had caught a whiff of Rufus' cover scent and knew opening day was at hand. So he howled and howled, and howled some more.

"Let the dog in or none of us will get any sleep," Rufus slurred. "He can sleep with me in my room."

Bill and I did as instructed. Big Blue eagerly entered the cabin and sniffed his way about the place. Next, we helped Rufus and Big Blue back to the bedroom and said goodnight.

Early the next morning, before first light, I caught wind of a dreadful odor coming from within the hunting lodge. It was worse than cover scent. In fact, it smelled a lot like what a dog would do if he ate too much and then relieved himself on multiple occasions. And it was. During the night, Big Blue had pushed the bedroom door open, helped himself to the remains of the stew and eaten it all. We figured about two gallons worth. Not long after, the hound had returned to the bedroom and, lacking in social graces, had simply relieved himself all over the room, concentrating on the pile of hunting clothes that Rufus intended to wear the next morning. I guess he figured that was the place to go. It certainly smelled like it. Rufus' hunting clothes would now have an extra layer of protection.

Some of us made it to our deer stands the next morning while others

**Continued, Page 57**

# event calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>June</b>	1	2	3	4 The Great Northeastern Side x Side Hausman Hollow, PA	5 The Great Northeastern Side x Side Hausman Hollow, PA	6 The Great Northeastern Side x Side Hausman Hollow, PA
7	8	9	10 Cover Bridge Celebration Elizabethton Carter County, TN	11 Cover Bridge Celebration Elizabethton Carter County, TN	12 Cover Bridge Celebration Elizabethton Carter County, TN	13 Wounded Heroes Family Friendly Fishing ForT Belvoir, VA
14	15	16	17 Deep Run Horse Show Richmond, VA	18 Deep Run Horse Show Richmond, VA	19 Deep Run Horse Show Richmond, VA	20 Deep Run Horse Show Richmond, VA
21 Deep Run Horse Show Richmond, VA	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	1 <b>JULY</b>	2	3 Scott Miller Duo & The Boxcars Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA	4 Scott Miller Duo & The Boxcars Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA
5 The American Heritage Trio with Bert Carlson Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA	6	7	8	9	10 My Fair Lady Paramount Theater Charlottesville, VA Leukemia Regatta Fishing Bay Yacht Club Deltaville, VA	11 Leukemia Regatta Fishing Bay Yacht Club Deltaville, VA Quintessential Quintets & Classic Impulses Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA
12 My Fair Lady Paramount Theater Charlottesville, VA Leukemia Regatta Fishing Bay Yacht Club Deltaville, VA	13	14	15	16 My Fair Lady Paramount Theater Charlottesville, VA	17	18 My Fair Lady Paramount Theater Charlottesville, VA Young Artist Fellows Baroque Inspirations Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA
19 Quixotic Quartets Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA	20	21	22	23	24	25 Music and Literature with the Daedalus Quartet Garth Newel Hot Springs, VA
26	27	28	29	30	31	

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