



The

Lodger

September 2013
Issue 1

NEWSLETTER FOR RESIDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE LODGE AT OLD TRAIL

RESIDENT FOCUS

History buffs can never seem to get enough history. Just ask Margaret Fowler, a former high school history teacher who to this day is reading accounts of Albemarle County history.



A native of Albemarle, Margaret still speaks with the delightful dialect of central Virginia and lives with a collection of history books in her apartment at The Lodge. She loves historical novels, but interspersed are writings on the natural world, reflecting her educator background that also included biology and chemistry. Margaret taught Virginia high school students for 34 years.

In addition to her academic credentials, Margaret is known for her athletic prowess. She says it started on the Moormans River near her childhood home in White Hall, north of Crozet, where she and her friends would swim and dive. At James Madison State Teachers College, where she received her bachelor of science degree, Margaret was a back-stroke champion swimmer and played right half-back on the school's field hockey team.

She has coached high school basketball and softball. She even volunteered to coach boys football when "not one man raised his hand" in response to a principal's request for a team organizer. "He threw me a whistle and said you start tomorrow at 11 a.m. Twenty two boys showed up to learn how to play," Margaret recalled.

Years later, when working on a master's degree at UVA., a "big, tall man" approached her at a lunch table. "He pulled me out of my chair and gave me a big hug," says Margaret. "You taught me how to play football," said the man. He was none other than the head football coach at William and Mary College!

Margaret took a breather from teaching to devote time to her husband and two daughters. By then, she had been on

WELCOME to the inaugural issue of *The Lodger*. It is a new source of information written and edited by a resident volunteer.

The Lodge management has encouraged this undertaking as well as its editorial freedom. They have graciously offered to produce the print version of *The Lodger* and are hoping to make it available on The Lodge Internet site and on in-house TV.

***The Lodger* is intended to provide a variety of interesting information about The Lodge, its residents, and the Crozet area. It will not replace but rather supplement the announcements of events and activities provided by The Lodge. Submissions of prose, poetry, or art for publication will always be welcome for consideration.**

Our plan is to publish every other month, to issue special editions if needed, and to be guided by the help of an advisory editorial committee.

We sincerely hope you find *The Lodger* to be an interesting and enjoyable source of information.

—Jim Clark, Editor

the faculty at Temperanceville High School in Accomack County on Virginia's Eastern Shore and Greenwood High School, one of nine high schools in Albemarle County before consolidation.

Her husband, Walter, traveled the high seas on cargo vessels throughout the world until he was 80 years old! Commissioned as a captain, he chose to be chief or second mate because their tours of duty were typically shorter, allowing him to be home with his family more often. He and daughter Carey are deceased; daughter Marge lives in New Jersey. (Cont'd on back pg.)



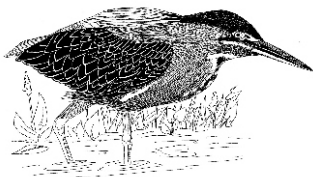
Margaret in 1956.

Winged Waders

In Our Backyard

Observant Lodgers living on the back-side of The Lodge are treated now and then by the sight of two avian visitors fishing in the largest pond. Except when slowly wading or probing for a meal, they can be missed because of mostly motionless activity.

The great blue heron and smaller green heron will stand at the pond's edge patiently watching for nearby underwater movements before striking with lightning-fast speed and pin-point accuracy. They feed with their long, pointed bills on



a number of marine organisms including the frogs that live in the pond. (Great blue herons have been known to choke to death in trying to swallow fish that are too large.)

Great blue herons can be up to four feet tall with wing spans up to seven feet. Wing span of the green heron is about two feet. They are usually solitary and both migrate south where they spend the winter.



If you are lucky enough to see one of these herons, remember that they are skittish and will fly with the slightest provocation. With gentle movements, you should be able to observe them, especially if using binoculars.

This and That

Many of us probably know the benefits of making lists, especially those lists that were so essential when shopping in a grocery store. At least one person at The Lodge is still captive to making shopping lists. Here is part of a list; can you think who's list this may be?

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Potatoes, 50 lbs | Cantaloupe, 8 ea |
| Strawberries, 5 qts | Onions, 25 lbs |
| Salmon, fresh, 22 lbs | Eggs, in shell, 15 dz |

If you guessed Jesse Kaylor, The Lodge Executive Chef, you would be right. Jesse says he makes a list about every four days.

The Lodger

Issued every other month for residents and friends of The Lodge at Old Trail.

Jim Clark, editor

Advisory Committee
Sue Clark
Gae Lach

Ideas for publication are welcome by contacting Sue, Gae, or Jim.

Everyone has a pet peeve. I have developed one since moving to The Lodge—letting those big heavy doors slam shut. Someone said her pet peeve was sending a return window envelope with the address not showing. Tell us your pet peeve. It is surprising

how many people share the same ones.

You may have seen the "Mine" column in the *Washington Post Magazine*. People say why they treasure small things. A reader treasures a "Rototray" turntable that his father used on his desk to hold pens, pencils, and etc. It sits empty on the reader's desk since his father passed away, waiting to be filled "with whatever the tools of my inspiration may be." One of my treasures is a gold-plated, paperweight in the shape of a mallard's head. It's use as a paperweight is over, but it is a great reminder of a friend who gave it to me. Tell us what you treasure.



We are told an avoidable problem has popped up at The Lodge. Having guests eat with us is one of our joys, but the kitchen when uninformed is surprised by the extra orders. As a result, some meals have been sold out before all residents have eaten.

But there is a solution. Make advance reservations for guests by calling the Concierge at extension 3160, even if only one guest is expected. Making reservations will make the kitchen better prepared.

Where's the Trail?

Memory of Pre-colonial 'Old Trail' Revived by Village Name

Is "Old Trail" merely an invented expression or does it have real meaning? As a matter of fact, an old trail was a significant precursor to our modern-day transportation network. Justin Beights and his family were aware of the existence of an old trail when they named Old Trail Village. The Beightses were the original developers of the community where The Lodge sits and also knew that remains of an old road skirted its western perimeter.

While they lack positive proof, historians agree that a trail north of Old Trail Village was used for many years by animals and American Indians. The path extended from the Tidewater area through western Albemarle County to the Shenandoah Valley where Staunton stands today.

In the 1730s, several Virginia counties started authorizing improvements to the trail for travel by wheeled vehicles, section by section from Richmond to the Valley.

At that time it was called the Mountain Road and was thought to mostly follow the route of the trail. The road passed through the area that later became Crozet and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountain at what became known as Jarman's Gap.

The name Mountain Road was replaced with the name Three Notch'd Road by 1743, perhaps to better differentiate the road from others with the same name. Three notches were regularly used as a blaze mark on trees along the road, seemingly accounting for the new name. Virginia Route 240 east of Crozet carries that name to this day. New signs changed the spelling of notch'd to notched.

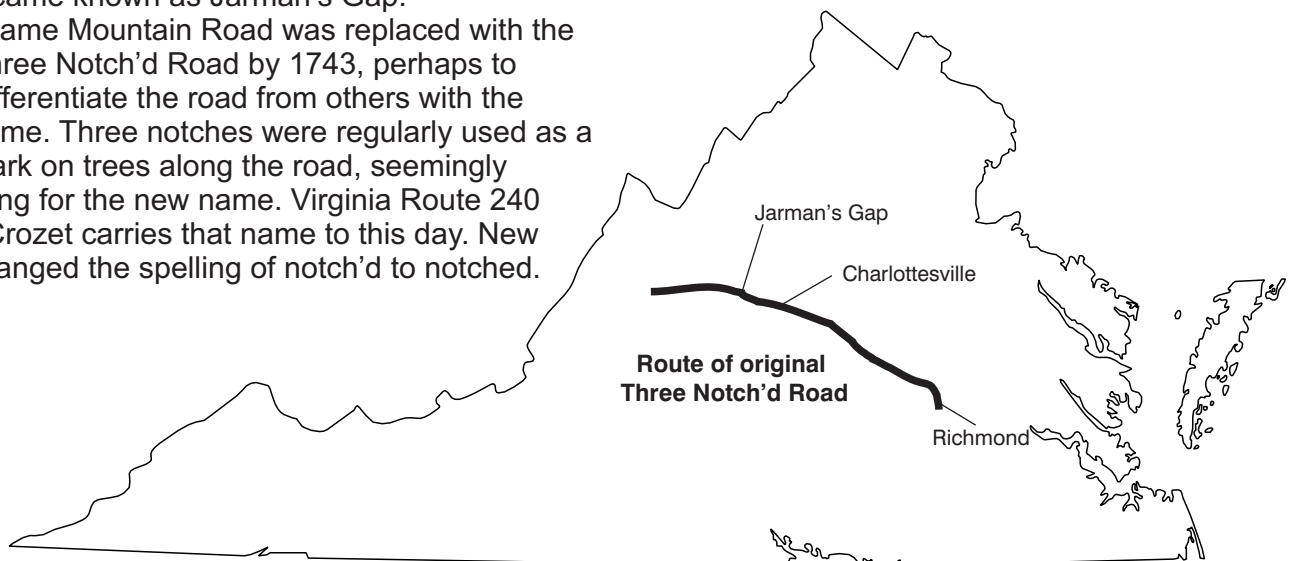
Historians agree that the original trail was used for many years by animals and American Indians.

The road became the principal east-west artery between the Piedmont and the Valley, providing a convenient location for the siting of Charlottesville and the University of Virginia.

Although many secondary roads still follow the route of the original trail, major changes began to unfold. A "turnpike" was built in the 1820s through Rockfish Gap, a more suitable crossing of the Blue Ridge Mountain and causing the abandonment of the road through Jarman's Gap. During the 1930s, U.S. Route 250 became the successor road, parts of which were relocated for better alignments. East of Crozet the new road forked to the south on the way to Rockfish Gap. In the 1960s, Interstate Highway 64 was constructed to parallel the "Old Trail" and now functions as the principal east-west artery in central Virginia.

The current Jarman's Gap Road on the north side of Old Trail Village approximates the location of the original trail and road. Most of the old road has been obliterated by land development, although remnants of a road remain on private property in the vicinity of the Old Trail Golf Course, perhaps a connecting link between the turnpike and Three Notch'd Road.

The old trail is now but a memory. Thanks to the name choice of the Beightses, however, this very old trail will be hard to forget.



The Lodge at Old Trail

330 Claremont Lane

Crozet, VA 22932

Resident Focus (cont'd from front pg.)

Margaret's return to teaching occurred rather abruptly. "I've got the perfect job. You've got to take this job," exclaimed the Albemarle County school superintendent who met her on the street as she was wheeling Carey in a stroller. Picking up Carey and the stroller, he beckoned Margaret to follow him to his office. He showed her a contract—which she signed. Twenty-eight years later, Margaret retired from the Albemarle school system.

Retirement for Margaret was anything but inactivity. Traveling in a VW camper, she and her husband would relish being on the road to distant places. Margaret has always had the wanderlust, often jumping into her car to meet her husband in Texas, or elsewhere, to travel somewhere else. She and daughter Marge visited the British Isles and Europe one whole summer, the result of writing a winning entry in a contest sponsored by the Rotary Club.

After her husband's death, she was lured to another activity which, interestingly, was an interest of her parents—hiking. Until five years ago, Margaret hiked with a club that she and her compatriots affectionately called the Virginia Creepers. Every Wednesday, summer and winter, they would venture out on day trips except when roads were closed due to weather conditions. Her 20-year tenure with the Creepers included

hiking trips to Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland.

Living by herself became more lonely when her condominium in Charlottesville would empty of its daytime workers. Interested in relocating to a senior living community and after reading about The Lodge, she thought returning to the mountains she knew so well would be the thing to do. She became one of the first residents at The Lodge in June 2012, and is glad she did.

Along with the comfort and security of her newest lodging, Margaret surrounds herself with wonderful family pictures. Above her sofa hangs the only seashore scene approved of by her sea-faring husband. The artist, he said, got the reflection on the water right.

Weather at The Lodge

If you want to know what the weather feels like outdoors, check the "feels like" reading. The "feels like" is given by the weather station at The Lodge. If you have not seen the station on your computer, there are two steps to follow.

1. Enter wunderground.com as the Internet address.
2. Enter Crozet, VA in the location box.