



The

Lodger

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NEWSLETTER FOR RESIDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE LODGE AT OLD TRAIL

The Bees Are Back



He has always been interested in bees, and loves honey. The offer of help from a beekeeper friend was all David Hilliard needed to become a beekeeper himself. They established two hives behind The Lodge. That was in March 2012. In late summer 2013, Hilliard extracted his first three and one-half gallons of pure honey from one of his hives.

He says a beekeeper must never extract all the honey. The bees consume the honey during winter to stay warm—in a cluster as much as 90 degrees warm no matter how cold it is outside.

Honey production would have been even higher if his other hive had survived. Sadly, the queen bee died before the harvest. The remaining worker bees were unable to survive without the presence of the queen.

Tragedy struck again in February when the remaining hive was found on the ground off its base without its bee colony. Hilliard speculates that wind could have dislodged the hive and that a skunk, known to decimate hives, may have eaten the bees.

Undaunted, Hilliard installed two replacement hives just days ago and hopes to harvest honey next year, making some available again in the Lodge Country Store.

The colony in each hive is occupied by a single queen bee. Her prime purpose is to reproduce and replenish the tens of thousands of short-lived, worker female bees that care for her and produce the honey. The several hundred male “drones” she produces in a colony have no useful purpose except to fertilize the queen early in the year, after which they die off.

The presence of nearby flowering plants is paramount to bee survival. The bees need the nectar from flowers to make honey and they use the pollen as food. In an urban area, home gardening has become especially important to the survival of bees.

All is not well, however, in the world of bees. Die offs known as colony collapses are increasing for unexplained reasons, an economic problem because many crops are pollinated by bees.

Most people think of being stung when they think of bees. David Hilliard thinks of the conversations he has with them. “You can talk to bees,” he says. “You can hear their attitudes when they talk to you.”

RESIDENT FOCUS

The relationship between John and Sue Trimble can be summed up in just a few words—a 70 year-old love affair. Everyone at The Lodge helped celebrate their togetherness in January when they were honored at their sapphire jubilee wedding anniversary. They have known each other since third grade.

Little did Sue know that she would wed her third grade classmate. “I didn’t think much of him,” says Sue. “He was a smart aleck.” So annoyed with John, she had the teacher move him from the desk in front of her. “His desk was attached to mine and he insisted on shaking my desk.”

John was persistent with his affections for Sue. His mementos include the cards he sent to her on Valentine’s Day and one at Christmas when he was just 12 years old.

John and Sue were raised in Bath County, Virginia, home of the Homestead Resort in Hot Springs. Sue’s father owned the only grocery store in Hot Springs, Lowman’s Market. John’s father was manager of the farm and dairy owned and operated by the Homestead. Being a girl, Sue was not permitted to work in the store, but John got his introduction to agriculture by working in the farm fields at the Homestead.

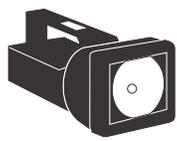
Both of them continued their education in college. Sue attended the Richmond Division of the College of William and Mary, forerunner of VCU, where she studied interior design.

John followed in the steps of his father by attending his alma mater, Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia, enrolled in the dairy science curriculum. His college days were cut short, however, when he was called up by the U.S.

Army at the end of his junior year for three and a half years of active duty. During that time, he completed Officer Candidate School training. He earned the privilege of serving directly under General Mark Clark

Cont’d on back page





STAFFER SPOTLIGHT

Sometimes the job requires wizardry. Like the time an elusive water leak had to be traced to find its source in an unlikely place. Or when fragile eyeglasses had to be carefully fished from the outlet of a toilet without damaging them. Maintaining and repairing the electrical and mechanical devices in The Lodge is the more routine part of the job held by James Morris. Throw in painting and patching, and James finds his work never ending.

With 21 years of prior experience as the maintenance supervisor of hotels and a restaurant, James was hired by The Lodge in 2013 as the assistant to the Environmental Services Director and was recently chosen to fill the position after it became vacant.

An essential prerequisite to the job is knowledge of how electrical, plumbing, and heating and air conditioning systems work. Except for major repairs requiring the attention of specialists, James tackles all equipment problems in-house. When outside contractors are required, he will summon them for their assistance and then oversee their work.

Certain of his tasks are common occurrences such as resetting programmable thermostats, unclogging stoppages, fixing leaks, and replacing lighting fixtures when more than a light bulb change is needed. Sometimes his job can entail the unusual; part of the garage door had to be dismantled and replaced after it was accidentally rammed by a contractor's truck.



His inventory of supplies and replacement parts reflects his organizational abilities. The assortment in his basement office is neatly stored on shelving that is cataloged into plumbing, painting, electrical, and lighting divisions. Quick access, says James, is essential to rapid resolution of resident complaints. His penchant for organization applies to record keeping as well. He developed the system that is used for registering work order requests and maintaining files of how and when problems are resolved.

Succeeding in maintenance is partly due to ingenuity, something he says was instilled in him by his father. The wall rack James uses to hang his tools was made by retrieving and using part of a discarded hospital bed. The hangers are made from the wire handles removed from empty paint buckets. Often it is his ingenuity that helps solve equipment failures.

Observing that housekeepers Indra Rai and Amber Baniya were quick learners, he voluntarily instructs them on the use of various tools to improve their personal skills and expand the capabilities of the staff.

A native of Albemarle County, James and his wife, Kelly, and two sons, Hugo, age 10, and Matthew, age 8, live in Keswick outside Charlottesville. He was born in Earlysville and played varsity football at Albemarle High School. His hobbies include fishing, restoring wooden furniture, and training with weights.

Whether by wizardry, ingenuity, or know how, James will find ways to keep The Lodge infrastructure functioning.

This and That

MARGARET FOWLER (Ridges) knew the fish was a large-mouthed bass when she saw it on a recent visit to the Sugar Hollow Dam. The man and another believe this seven pounder to be the largest ever caught there. The dam and reservoir are a popular fishing spot near White Hall and supply Charlottesville with its drinking water.



CONSTRUCTION WILL START SOON on the road and townhouses between the driveway to The Lodge garage and the roundabout on Claremont Lane. The plan below shows them and the proposed hotel and additional Village Center commercial development, neither of which is scheduled yet for construction.



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Area Storm One of Worst Natural Disasters

No one in either Nelson or Albemarle County went to bed on the night of August 19, 1969 realizing that Nelson was about to be walloped by a rain storm of unheard-of intensity. People in Albemarle remained unaware of it even after the storm had wrought its destruction. Communication into and out of Nelson had been cut off until word began trickling out from survivors. Then disbelief and grief set in.

As the 2014 hurricane season approaches, some area people are bound to think about the freak storm of 45 years ago. That storm was from the remains of Hurricane Camille. The category five hurricane had already devastated the Gulf Coast, but was downgraded to a tropical depression by the time it reached Kentucky.

Weather forecasters did not expect it to make a sharp turn to the east and head for the Blue Ridge Mountains on the night of the 19th, but that is what it did. The storm's remaining strong convection currents and the moist air over Nelson combined to create torrential rain. The effect was exacerbated by Nelson's mountainous terrain, causing flash flooding, avalanches, and mud slides.

The official amount of rain that fell that night in nine hours in Nelson is listed as 27.35 inches. Nearly everyone including weather people think it was more. Some believe it to be as much as 40 inches. With gages having been destroyed, no one can be sure. Because of the deluge over such a short time, the U.S. Weather Bureau stated at the time that the rain was probably the theoretical maximum that could fall at one time.

There were reports of birds drowning in trees and of survivors having to cup their hands over their mouth and nose to breathe.

As incredible as it sounds, only 30 miles away where The Lodge is now, rainfall was under four inches, at least two feet less than the total in Nelson.

As for the aftermath, the ruination was considered one of the worst natural disasters in central Virginia's recorded history. In Nelson County, roads were destroyed and 133 bridges were washed out including the Southern Railway main line crossing of the Tye River. Whole communities were underwater including Massies Mill and Woods Mill. In all of Virginia, 313 houses and 71 trailers were destroyed. With telephone service eliminated by the storm, local citizens turned to themselves until help arrived, organizing and volunteering to aid homeless people and search for survivors.

For eye-witness accounts of Camille in Virginia, read Stefan Bechtel's book Roar of the Heavens in The Lodge library. He details the storm from its beginning in the Caribbean Sea.

The death toll was even more shocking. People were buried alive. Whole families were wiped out. Some missing persons were never found. Others could not be identified. Nelson learned that one percent of its population was lost after the counting was finally completed; of the 125 victims, 33 were not found and eight were recovered but not identified.

There will never be another hurricane named Camille; that name was retired by the National Weather Service after the 1969 storm. Moreover, climatologists say it could be a thousand years before Nelson would see a storm of similar magnitude.

We are left with valuable lessons from the storm. It taught us that inland flooding can be as devastating as coastal flooding, and that there is no substitute for the warnings and evacuations we now get through more sophisticated long-range forecasting in advance of violent storms.



Victims are memorialized with a monument at the Nelson County courthouse in Lovingston, a roadside sign on VA Rt. 151 near Nellysford, and a memorial with cast bronze plaques in Massies Mill.



Oakland-The Nelson County Museum of Rural History outside Lovingston has displays, video presentations, and archives on the storm. Open on Saturdays and on Sunday afternoons. Group tours by prior arrangement. Call 434-277-5526 for information. Admission: \$5.

Resident Focus (from front page) who pinned him with his 1LT silver bar. After spending 28 years in the Army Reserve, he ended his military career as Lt. Colonel.

The Trimble's got married soon after John was inducted in 1944. They learned that a service man's wife was unable to become employed at that time, even though Sue had full-fledged interior decorator credentials to market. The Trimble's turned their attention to having children and Sue devoted her time to raising their two sons and a daughter. John returned to Virginia Tech after being discharged to complete his work for a degree in both dairy production and manufacturing.

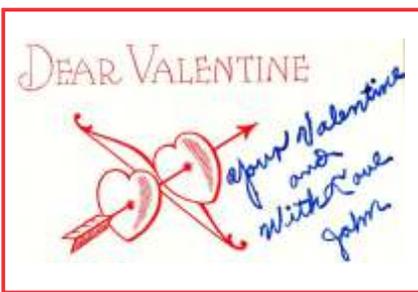
John worked for the Sealtest Corporation until his father died an early death in 1948 and the Homestead CEO appealed to him to fill his father's position as farm manager. A decision did not come easily. His mother objected, thinking that her son would be intimidated by the workers. John was concerned that the men he worked with as a boy would not respect him as their boss. But he accepted the job despite the challenges and remained with the Homestead for 25 years.

"I stuck it out," says John. "I didn't let them get me down." Applying himself to the demands of his new job, John oversaw the management of 23 employees and 1,500 acres of crop land, completed the transition from horse powered to tractor powered equipment, and supervised the 130 milk-cow dairy operation. He was later trained in the process of curing country ham and carried out the complete conversion of the Homestead dairy business into a commercial ham curing operation that produced 15,000 hams a year for wholesale.

When the Bath County Cooperative Extension Agent position became vacant, he jumped at the chance, especially since fellow county supervisors lauded his credentials. Although as a county employee he would have to resign from the county board of supervisors to which he was recently elected, John liked the idea of a better salary, good retirement benefits, and a job he knew he would enjoy. In appreciation for the years of service by him and his father, the Homestead upon John's departure renamed a principal conference room in their honor as Trimble Hall.

The new job opened up a window of opportunity for John to pursue. Knowing how "well-to-do" folks would fund

The newlyweds.



A high school flirtation to Sue (top), and John's headquarters while at the Homestead.

Their view from The Lodge.



scholarships for the youth of Bath, he sought financial aid from such a gentleman to send underprivileged kids to 4-H camp. Mr. Harold Mertz not only consented, but asked what else he could do for Bath County youth. A municipal swimming pool is needed, thought John, and when presented with the idea, Mr. Mertz contributed \$100,000 of seed money for John to use in developing the proposal, with more to come.

At about the same time, money for a vocation school became a priority when the county balked at funding the matching funds needed to build a vocational center. Would Mr. Mertz consider the school instead of the pool, questioned John. He did, and the Mertz Career and Technical Center is open to this day.

The pool proposal was delayed but not forgotten. Challenged by Mr. Mertz to seek recreation grant funds, John and an associate in the Extension Office prepared an application, were turned down, but later approved when grant funds became available from another county that would not abide by non-discrimination rules.

"These were some of the most satisfying things I've ever done," says John. The Extension Service was impressed with his activism. For his civic accomplishments, he was named the 1976 Extension Agent of the Year from among all agents in Virginia with less than five years in office. John held the Extension Agent position for over 14 years.

Sue and John's daughter and her husband live near Crozet. She is retired after serving as archivist at the UVA Law School Library and heading the local food bank. One son and his wife live in Williamsburg. He is a third generation Virginia Tech grad, a 23-year U.S. Army careerist, and at present a civilian employee of the Army. Their other son is an employee of Sentara Hospitals and lives with his wife and two daughters in Virginia Beach.

Enjoying life at The Lodge since February 2013, the Trimbles got everything they hoped for when they moved from Hot Springs: a close-by elevator, trash disposal, and laundry—and a fantastic view from their third floor Ridges apartment.

While Sue still spends time knitting and quilting, John says he follows sports on TV, rooting for UVA—except when they play the Hokies.

March Weather Madness

The Lodge weather station went on a roller coaster ride in March.



The temperature ranged from a frigid 2 degrees on the 4th to a balmy 75 degrees on the 11th.

The wind howled with a westerly gust of 46 mph on the 12th, and 51 mph on the 30th and 31st!

To top it off, we got an unusual 6 inch snow on St. Patrick's Day! And 4 inches more on the 25th!