Allow me to introduce ourselves

Congratulations, you have in your hands an inaugural issue of Curio. We hope the magazine will multiply in years to come and make at least an annual appearance on the JMU campus and in the Harrisonburg area.

Curio is a product of a Comm. 481 class in magazine feature writing in cooperation with The Breeze and the Department of Communication Arts. It attempts to integrate both the University and the community in its format. In that sense the magazine is a natural outgrowth of the growing inter-relationship between the two communities.

Perhaps the biggest story (if you’ll excuse the pun) to come out of the area, this year and next, is that of Ralph Sampson Jr.

After leading the Harrisonburg High School team to the State AA Championship, the 7' 1½" junior faces an exciting, possibly turbulent senior year when he will become available to college recruiters under NCAA regulations. Our story explores his feelings and those of his family and coach as the crucial year approaches.

In the profiles section, the focus is turned to the JMU campus. Susan Davis, a blind student attending the University discusses the adaptations she has made to function smoothly in campus life. Also featured is Pop Wenger, a retired phone company employee, who keeps in touch with his former Madison College friends across the country via a house full of phones and unlimited free use of long distance lines.

Add to those topics, stories concerning The Bluestone Inn and the Tuttle & Spice Museum and General Store and you can begin to appreciate the title of the magazine, which is taken from curiosity, meaning marvel or wonder. It is certainly a wonder that this project ever made it to the printers considering that no one on the staff had any previous experience in magazine production.

Our thanks to the many individuals who helped us overcome the technical difficulties along the way. Gary Fullerton, who is probably the only man on campus who can talk to The Breeze computers, was of particular help. On the business end, Mike Lee and Mike Mathisen were responsible for coaxing our advertisers into buying space in a new and untired publication. Gina Gareri and members of The Breeze graphics staff designed those ads to complement a magazine format, as well as doing graphics work for the articles.

The end product of this joint effort is hopefully a magazine which offers something of interest to students and area residents alike. If, however, there is nothing in this first issue which appeals to your particular tastes, don’t give up on us; there is bound to be something that will satisfy you in the issues to come.

-K.T.

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by Kent Booty
What has an 1869 Soda Fountain, a 1914 Nickelodeon, plug tobacco from the 1880s and a pair of jeans with a 50-inch waistline?

The answer: the Tuttle & Spice General Store.

Located off Interstate 81 (exit 68) near New Market, the Tuttle & Spice General Store is a gift shop, late 19th-century General Store and "Old Village Museum" all rolled into a single building. It attempts -- interestingly and successfully -- to recreate the quaint, small-town atmosphere of America in the late 1800s.

"I was afraid our grandchildren would grow up and never know what life used to be like," says Ed Heberlein, the informal, gregarious owner of the store. "This is the accomplishment of what my wife and I have worked for the past 25 years."

The laid-back atmosphere of this unique establishment is apparent as soon as the visitor drives up the gravel path to the store. Rather than the garish placards which usually accompany such a place, there is only one relatively small sign as advertisement. It announces the identity of the sprawling, L-shaped building and proclaims it as an "Old Village Museum" that sells "Gifts, Candy and Souvenirs" from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The visitor is further enticed when he sees the cluttered front porch of the store. Half a dozen country hams hang there, along with clay pots, a two-foot long thermometer advising us to "Chew Mail Pouch Tobacco" and a rusty sign telling us, on the other hand, to "Chew Copenhagen Snuff." Vying for space on the porch are a couple of wooden wagons, sturdy cracker barrels, a pair of Texas Longhorns and an old cradle. But there's also a curious blend of the new with the old -- one sees two soft-drink machines and a modern ice-maker.

As if a further invitation were needed, a blackboard slate on the porch reads, "Sure -- We're Open. Come On In." How could I resist?

Upon entering the one-story wooden building, the visitor finds himself in the gift shop. This is a huge room, probably as large as 4-6 average classrooms. Except for the various gifts and souvenirs sold here, the rest of the place is strictly 19th century.

The wall along the left side of the gift shop has been meticulously designed as the "General Store." "We have close to 1,700 tins, bottles, and boxes here," says Heberlein proudly, referring to the authentic set-up behind the counter. Included among the items here and scattered around the spacious room are an "80-year old icebox," a 1911 air conditioner (two fans attached to a bulb-like object), an antique popcorn machine still in use and an antique music box from 1889. Old poster ads extol the assorted virtues of the "Sells-Floto Circus," "Dr. Miles' Laxative Cold Cure" and "Dr. A. C. Daniels' Horse and Dog Medicines."

A Nickelodeon with a worn-looking wood finish stands on the opposite side of the room. "This is a 1914 Nickelodeon that we got from a chocolate shop in Ithaca, New York," Heberlein explains. "Until last year, it had the original motor." A sign on the machines promises that it "will set you back 60 years and 10 cents." It provides, the sign also says, "a blast from yesteryear."

No general store, however, would be complete without two things -- crackers and pickles. The Tuttle & Spice General Store has an ample

Tuttle & Spice owner Ed Heberlein behind the candy counter in the old General Store
A rusty sign near the door claims, “Let Taylor tailor you and Taylor will tailor you right.”

The other side of the hall has display case filled with mementoes from the nationwide tour of Chief Strong Fox, a Cayuga Indian, in 1928. Indian costumes (including the dresses of his wife and daughter), headdresses, tomahawks, beads, stones and buffalo horns are featured. Also on display is the poster bill of Chief Strong Fox’s tour, with a photo of the sour-faced Chief that proclaims him as a “Nationally known Indian chief lecturer.”

A Tobacco Shop -- filled with enough of the brown leaf to give the Surgeon General fits -- is next on this imaginary Main Street. “There are tobacco items from 40 states in there, most of which have never been used,” says Heberlein. A wide range of tobacco -- domestic and foreign, pipe and chewing tobacco, plug and snuff -- is on display. Most of this “Joviall Weed” (as it was known in colonial Virginia) is stored in antique decanters. Some of the plug chewing tobacco dates from as far back as the 1880s, he says. A wooden Indian, which Heberlein picked up from a general store in Iowa, stands silent watch in the corner. The pleasing aroma of all this tobacco makes me reflect on how it’s been exactly 11 months since I quit my nearly two-pack a day habit...

The doll of a chubby smiling boy dressed as a railroad engineer catches my eye. The lad is faithfully attired in denim overalls, a blue work shirt and blue cap, and his pose beckons prospective travelers.

A former jeweler, Heberlein has been involved in the antique museum business nearly 14 years. For 12 of those years he operated a similar museum in Salamanca, New York, a town in the western part of that state 55 miles south of Buffalo. His present venture, situated on three acres of land virtually next door to Stonewall Jackson High School, was opened almost two years ago.

“My wife and I had been planning this a long time,” he explains. “We figured it would just be cheaper to market all this stuff than to keep paying insurance on storing it.”

Heberlein still has to pay a hefty insurance rate on his extensive antique collection, and its security remains a constant concern. “But I’m a damn good shot with a shotgun and I’m not afraid to use it,” he boasts. Heberlein and his wife live in the building and “never leave the place unattended.”

“We make a living,” replies Heberlein when asked about the financial success of his undertaking. "Yep, we make a living." He adds that he owns absolutely everything in the store: “nothing was bought on loan.”

Heberlein and his wife, who work seven days a week, “don’t do much else but work.” His son built the museum addition and worked in the store, he said, but later moved to a high-paying carpenter’s job in Bethesda, Maryland.

The store is “geared less for tourism” than most such places, and it does a fairly good local business, he says. Bus tours have brought people from as far away as Minnesota and Canada. There are also a good amount of regular customers, claims Heberlein. “We’re just glad to have people come,” he says jovially. “One lady has been here 14 times and has never bought a thing. But that’s all right with us.

“This is a lot more fun than a jewelry store,” according to Heberlein. “There’s no pressures and nobody gets mad if no one buys something. That’s for the birds.”
The battle for the ‘Stick’: a prelude

At 7'1¼", Ralph Sampson Jr. is a big target for college recruiters

by Ken Terrell

Reaching a height of 7'1¼" at 17 years of age has caused Ralph Sampson Jr. certain practical difficulties. His clothes, for example, including his well-worn, everyday jeans, are fitted by a neighborhood friend. His high school basketball uniform must be ordered individually and is likely to be retired—only because no one else could fill it. His playing shoes are shipped directly from Boston, and Ralph is careful to bring an extra pair on road trips. As coach Roger Bergey explains, "if he has a blow out, I think we might have some problems finding another pair of seventeens." And on those odd nights away from home, Ralph must certainly miss his custom made, eight-foot bed.

Still, such inconveniences are tolerable considering the compensating advantages of being the tallest high school basketball player in the country. As a 190-pound junior this season, Ralph led a well-rounded Harrisonburg Blue Streaks team to its first state AA basketball title in more than 20 years. He averaged 19 points and a remarkable 18.5 rebounds and 7.5 blocked shots during the Streaks' 25-2 season. This, despite Harrisonburg's team-oriented style of play and Ralph's own, sometimes tentative posture during a game.

Bergey, a low key, soft spoken man, explains that Ralph went through a period of learning his responsibilities on the court. "We kept telling him, your game's at the rim...and we worked on keeping him moving, he moves real well—not just a seven-foot guy standing out there...he's learning, and he's getting better and better."

By the time the Streaks moved into the state playoffs, Ralph had certainly mastered his lessons, as he tells it, "at the end of the season we had learned our plays and we were into it." In Sampson's case, the statistics proved it. In seven tournament games, Ralph poured in an average of 25.2 points and rejected an average of 20.5 of the opposition's shots. The playoffs provided a preview of a Sampson style which Ralph thinks will be more in evidence next season.

Instead of passively dominating a game by his mere height advantage, in the title drive Sampson became aggressive under the boards, actively seeking the blocked shots, challenging players to attempt a basket over his towering arms. Ralph's self-described role as "just part of the team" may have inhibited him somewhat this season, but next season "there'll be some younger guys coming up...I'll be looking to score more points, be more of a leader." When Ralph has it in mind to take charge in a game, the effect on the other team is devastating. Players have often launched ridiculous sky-balls from the top of the key in an effort to clear Sampson's awesome reach. He can dominate the boards from the free-throw line or take an in-bounds pass for a hook shot over a wall of five defenders.

Sampson can dominate the boards from the free-throw line.
Bergey relates how a college coach approached him after watching Ralph play. "He put Ralph—oh, way up there—with a guy named Walton, and a guy named Jabbar (in their high school days). He said he might even like Ralph’s moves better in the pivot."

With such favorable comparisons, not to mention his obvious physical gifts, Ralph Sampson is certain to be among the primary targets when the college recruiting season opens next year. Conceivably, the young giant could be the most sought after high school player in the country. At least one organization which ranks talent nation-wide for college coaches has placed Sampson among their top-five big men. The Washington Post headlined an article on Ralph, "All Recruiting Roads Lead to Harrisonburg." And although, according to NCAA regulations, recruiters may not approach him in person until his senior year, the inviting brochures mailed to the Sampson home or to the high school total more than fifty—a number that is steadily growing, Bergey affirms. "That's from major universities," he commented. "We're not really bothering with the smaller schools."

To date, Pepperdine (in California) is the most distant school to have sent its salutations. At a time when most of his peers have only begun to consider college in terms of their own academic and financial limitations, Sampson, an average student who is dreading next year’s foreign language requirement, should have representatives from some of the finest schools in the country panting at his doorstep.

But, as in most instances where an individual gains a certain celebrity status, there is a price to pay. In the case of highly talented high school athletes, the toll can sometimes be a heavy one. All too frequently naive, young people are hounded and manipulated by coaches whose jobs depend on their ability to attract gifted players. Tom McMillen, a former number one high school prospect now playing for the Atlanta Hawks said he would be willing to advise Sampson. "I could tell him a lot about sneaking out windows and through back doors—things he'll want to know about," McMillen offered. When Bob Morgan, sports editor for the Harrisonburg Daily News-Record, was asked his assessment of the Sampson situation, he quoted another former high school recruit. "If Ralph doesn't sign early, he won't be able to go to the bathroom without a recruiter going with him."

One case in particular which has been mentioned as a parallel to Sampson's is that of Moses Malone. As the top high school talent in the country in his '74 senior year, the 6'11" Petersburg, Va. teenager endured perhaps the most intense and corrupt campaign in recruiting history.

In a tactic which amazed even his fellow coaches, an assistant from the University of New Mexico moved into a Petersburg motel room for three months in hopes of establishing that all-important personal relationship with Malone. The president and the general manager of the Utah Stars, the pro team which eventually snatched Malone from the college ranks with a contract worth $3 million, maintained an outpost on a hill overlooking the Malone residence. After surveying the area for competing recruiters, the two would move in themselves. Malone's uncle was twice given $1000 in cash to exercise his influence over his nephew. Normally shy, Malone became so reclusive that a friend once found him hiding in his own home from recruiters at the front door.

Fortunately, Ralph has a shield, which Malone lacked, between himself and the increasing number of people demanding his time. Bergey, Harrisonburg High School Athletic Director Brownie Cummins
and Principal H.C. Bowers all will set picks for Ralph next year in order to guard him against the expected deluge of intruders. "This man has to be able to go to math class...and English class," Bergey says in his quiet, thoughtful manner. "I owe him that."

In order to handle constant interview requests "we're going to meet with his parents," Bergey says, "and set up guidelines" for contacting Ralph. (Presently, a simple search through the Harrisonburg phone directory will eventually lead one to the Sampson household.) Form letters are currently in the workings in response to the mounting flow of letters piling up in the coach's mailbox and at Ralph's home address. Bergey, a native of the valley who has never faced a situation of this type, acknowledges, "I get quite a few calls from the press--the television and the radio stations...reading the literature (from the various colleges)...it takes up a lot of Ralph's time and a lot of my time too. But I'm more than willing to do it." Always mindful of overstepping his boundaries, the coach adds that all his efforts are subject to the approval of Ralph and his parents.

Despite such rumblings of an upcoming recruiting struggle, neither Ralph nor Bergey seem to anticipate any bad experiences. When questioned about the Malone-Sampson comparisons, the coach at first considers the two only in terms of their playing abilities. "One other guy in the press asked me about that and I don't know if it's fair to Ralph, or to the other guy to compare them." Only as an after thought does he add, "unless of course you're talking about them both being outstanding high school prospects," and then suddenly laughs at his own understatement.

Ralph himself, who tends to stare down on the world with an expression of detached amusement, is quietly anxious that the race for his

The Sampsons at home:

If houses could talk, the modest, two-story brick at 442 Myrtle Street in Harrisonburg would probably have innumerable "tall" tales to spin. This is the residence of Ralph Sampson Sr., his wife Sarah, their two daughters Valerie and Joyce, and their son Ralph Jr., Harrisonburg High's skyscraper basketball center.

Both elder Sampsons are originally from McGaheysville, spending most of their lives in the Harrisonburg area, doing little traveling. "About the only place we've ever been is to Pennsylvania to visit relatives," said Mrs. Sampson, an extremely cheerful, young-looking woman. "They tell me I'll be doing a lot of traveling next year. I'm looking forward to visiting the different campuses."

Where Ralph will spend his collegiate years is totally undecided, but Mrs. Sampson insisted that the decision will ultimately be Ralph's. "He hasn't eliminated anyplace yet," she said. "But we never thought anything like this would happen. I've been jokingly telling him to go to a school far away from home so I don't have to sit through these games anymore, but we really haven't thought about it. If it's close fine, if it's not, that's fine too, I guess."

How did they view the possibility that Ralph might attempt the jump from high school to professional basketball, a la Moses Malone and Darryl Dawkins?

"I'd rather see him go to college," replied Mr. Sampson, whose quiet, thoughtful manner verified that Ralph Jr. is indeed a "chip off the old block." "He'll be a lot more secure and sure of himself if he gets his degree and then goes into the pros. He'll be in a lot better position to get what he wants."

Once in college Ralph will probably exercise his two-year option of being an undecided major. "Right now, all he's really interested in is basketball," explained Mrs. Sampson.

A sports enthusiast, Mrs. Samp-
services begin. “I think it’ll be good, you know, something to do—I’m looking forward to it,” he admits. Ralph has joked that after listening to other former high school recruits “you kinda feel obligated to visit the University of Hawaii—or the University of Florida—in the winter.” Meanwhile, Ralph finds local fame to his liking. “It’s all right,” he confides with an embarrassed grin. “People are always coming up and saying ‘don’t I know you?’ Nah—it doesn’t bother me.” He too at first misunderstood the comparison between himself and Malone. “I’ve only seen him play once,” Ralph replies. But when asked his opinion of Malone’s recruiting traumas Ralph says, “I haven’t heard anything about that, so I wouldn’t know.”

Perhaps the coach and his gifted charge are justified in their surprisingly blase attitude towards the possibility of recruiting troubles next season. After all, unlike some of his predecessors in the high school limelight, Ralph’s junior year has passed in relative tranquillity. The Streaks’ games and sometimes practices have taken place under the trained eyes of a sizeable number of college scouts, but according to Bergey, no one has “really tried to push” the NCAA ban on personal contact. Ralph has come to accept the constant scrutiny by the various representatives as routine. “I don’t really think about them, they’re just part of the crowd,” he says.

However, Bergey agrees that the presence of the scouts may help other members of the team in their chances of attracting college offers.

So is Ralph apparently. “I hope it’s over,” laughed Mrs. Sampson. “For some reason Ralph never grows in the winter. But last summer he grew almost three inches. He also gained 15 pounds, but you’d never know it, because of the three inches.”

Ralph currently weighs 190, but would like to add “another 15 or 20 pounds.” Listening to Mrs. Sampson expound on his eating habits, it’s not hard to visualize. “Would you like to know the average breakfast?” she challenged, drawing a laugh from Ralph. “If I have time to fix it, he’ll eat 10 pancakes, ½-pound of bacon, three eggs and a bowl of cereal. Really, he just eats. He has a meal before a game, and then spends...what is it, $2.10 on food after the game. He has to eat after every game. Every night he mixes up a milkshake, using ½-gallon of ice cream, and takes it to bed with him.”

Returning to the subject of basketball, Mr. Sampson called it “one of my happiest moments when Harrisonburg High won the State Double-A basketball championship in early March. “They worked so hard and devoted their time and effort to working as a team. I think everybody in Harrisonburg is proud of them.”

Although Mr. Sampson isn’t able to attend as many of Ralph’s games as he’d like to, he’s definitely noticed improvement in Ralph’s performance. He wouldn’t flatly state that Ralph will make the pros, but noted that, “it’s his ambition to be a pro basketball player, and the way he’s going now, we’re hoping that he’ll make it. We’re real proud of him. He’s not a hard child to get along with. We’ve had no trouble raising him.”

Talking to the Sampson family, it’s impossible not to notice the optimistic togetherness that pervades their conversation. This is a group of people who know that their future is ahead of them, and are thoroughly enjoying the vortex of adulation they’ve been caught in.
principals, is without the NCAA's formal regulations. The television, newspaper, and magazine interviews (yes, including this one) that Ralph has already consented to, are only the beginning. With his senior year still to come, the media's appetite has just been whetted.

Morgan's latest Sampson article was picked up by the Associated Press and received national play. He is hopeful of contracting for a half-dozen more in the coming year. The young editor is also trying to persuade Bergey and Sampson to keep diaries of their experiences next year for a possible lengthy feature article. "Just week-by-week would be great," Morgan says in anticipation of the pair's possible trials and triumphs to come. "Daily accounts would be fantastic."

Another potential source of conflict are the annual post-season high school all-star games. As a Virginia resident, Sampson stands an excellent chance of being chosen to play in the McDonald's Capital Classic, as a member of either the D.C. Metro Area or the U.S. All Stars. From there, the door would probably open for Sampson to skip around the country from one "Classic" to the next--expense paid. A mighty temptation for a young man who has never travelled far from Harrisonburg. In similar situations, players have sometimes been absent from the classroom for weeks at a time--enough to prevent their graduation from high school.

However, in talking to Ralph and the people who are close to him, one senses that in this case such gross mishandling of a marvelous opportunity will not occur. "My number one concern in all of this is Ralph Sampson," Bergey says. "I hope that he looks on me as friend and that he feels he can walk through that door (indicating the door to his office) anytime he needs advice."

Ralph, for his part, appears willing to accept advice as he approaches this golden and possibly tumultuous time in his life and career. Although school work is difficult for him, Ralph says "I'm going to try and get both," strong academics as well as a well-known athletic program in his choice of college. His ambition, not surprisingly, is to play pro ball.

But if he is enticed to jump from college after two years, Ralph thinks he would heed the urgings of his coach and his father. "No, I would probably go straight through the four years, you know, I wouldn't jump or anything like that."

One of the few people who can weigh 190 pounds and have the nickname "Stick," Ralph lifts in the offseason to build strength for his senior year and college ball.

His ambition, not surprisingly, is to play pro ball.

through the annual recruiting blitz.

Together, Sampson and Bergey would seem easy prey for the hordes of shrewd, talent hunters who will descend on them next season.

But behind the coach's simple, polite manner, there is an individual who is certain of his principles, and who will not tolerate the exploitation of his highly vulnerable charge. And as Bergey tells it, Sampson's own wisdom concerning the subtleties of dealing with recruiters, should expand at a rate matching his physical growth. "When all those coaches are watching him play, talking to him, and asking him questions," Bergey says, "at the same time, Ralph is going to be asking his own questions, watching them, and sizing them up too."
Who would have thought that a chubby New Jersey kid nicknamed “Spanky” who played football with the neighborhood gang would someday be president of the Spanky Corporation?

Well, it happened to Roland “Spanky” Macher, Jr. He and his family lived in New Jersey, his parents subsisting on a steady diet of gourmet food and the kids on a daily hour of “The Little Rascals” television program. Putting that combination together you come up with Spanky’s, a gourmet food restaurant, delicatessen, store and catering service located on Water Street in Harrisonburg and in Lexington near Washington & Lee University.

The joint family venture opened in the old Foley building in Harrisonburg in September 1974. Accustomed to New Jersey gourmet food, the Machers missed that cuisine when they moved to this area. “We wished so much (to get gourmet food) we decided to do it ourselves,” said Richard Macher, Spanky’s brother and corporation vice president. “We thought that other people must want the same type of thing.”

They were right. A customer commented, “I’ve been coming here since they started. We needed a deli badly.” Spanky’s has grown slowly and steadily since 1974. At first able to serve only 20 people, the restaurant has now grown to accommodate 91.

We have “no competition here,” said Richard. New fast food joints compete with each other because “they’re all alike” but we’re different. We’re not just fast food, he said, referring to the deli we’re “fast food with sophistication.”

The restaurant provides a more leisurely atmosphere for those who want it. Amid the Rascals’ pictures on the wall, the napkins with Spanky preparing a sandwich out of the last “s” in “Spanky’s,” and the employees dressed reminiscent of “Our Gang,” it doesn’t surprise you when your menu choices read Our Gang Specials-Alfalfa (roast beef sandwich), Spanky (white turkey breast with ham and cheese) and a sandwich named after every other member of the Rascals gang.

In the gourmet food shop the shelves are filled with wines, crackers, cheeses, and meats for those who want to make their own sandwiches at home. At the cash register candy sits on the counter just within reach for Spanky, the TV character, to fill his pockets if he walked in. The atmosphere is not complete without the assortment of sauces, spices, tea, nuts, marmalade and olives on the shelves. Wooden barrels just around the corner are filled with French Decaffeinated Mocha Java, Tip of the Andes and Colombia coffee beans.

Another part of the business is Spanky’s Catering Service, said Wally Cymanski, corporation vice president. We have catered gatherings “from five to 500 people” so far. “We make suggestions” to fit the customer’s needs but we “let the customer have the final decision.” Although a catering job for Polynesian Ham and Chicken Kiev may be unusual, Spanky’s Catering Service does have steady customers, among them the Virginia National Bank for its monthly Board of Directors meeting.

Not only do VNB bankers patronize Spanky’s, but students, lawyers—quite a variety of people. In fact, said Wally, “we have our bums” who buy their daily booze, but “we also have our celebrities,” speaking of Elizabeth Taylor and husband John Warner who frequent the Lexington branch. Maybe Spanky’s fame is due to the “neat and different atmosphere” as one customer described it.

However neat and different the atmosphere is, there is a decidedly different aspect to Spanky’s. Collectively, the Machers claim a wealth of business knowledge. Roland Macher, Sr., Spanky Corporation president, teaches marketing and advertising at Blue Ridge Community College and James Madison University. Spanky, now holding an advisory position, is a Madison College Business Administration graduate and Richard is a Virginia Tech Marketing graduate. Mrs. Macher is the corporation’s secretary-treasurer. Yet this business has met “success in satisfying customers” and not in “using complicated statistical formulas” learned in business classes, said Richard. Customer interest is important.

Because of this, the Item Request System was formed. Located throughout the store are Item Request Cards for customers to fill out if they want a gourmet item Spanky’s does not carry. It will be ordered from Spanky’s New Jersey distributors along with the next gourmet order. If the item sells, it will be reordered.

Such originality in merchandizing and marketing is a key factor in business success, said Wally. Even more important is “consistency in product quality that people depend on.” That’s Spanky’s secret, he said.
Harrisonburg
1984
by Theresa Beale
A SHIFT IN SHOPPING, 
AN INNOVATION IN BANKING 
AND A CHANGE OF DIRECTION...

"The need for additional land is the key to growth in the city of Harrisonburg."
Robert Sterrett
Chamber of Commerce

Harrisonburg in 1984.
Computers could invade industry and home, eliminating the need for human response. A beltway could provide local residents with split-second access to all parts of the city.

Harrisonburg's major shopping district may be centered around a large modern mall on U.S. 33 East rather than the downtown area. City residents may have no housing alternative except for townhouses and apartments. Bank tellers may be replaced by automated machines.

The year 1984 brings thoughts of computer technology, test-tube babies and a repressive government to mind. Progress seems uncertain.

The next six years may propagate growth in any or every part of the Harrisonburg periphery. In an effort to visualize the future development of Harrisonburg, I asked county and city planners, a Chamber of Commerce director, and businessmen what the area will look like in six years.

Lack of housing for the present population is a major problem in the Harrisonburg area, according to Francis Bell, president of Rockingham National Bank. He doesn't expect a population explosion by 1984, but Bell does predict an increase in residential development. With a 10 to 20 percent rate of growth in the city of Harrisonburg, housing may be limited to townhouse and apartment development by 1984, said Warren Denton, local businessman.

A 2.63 percent increase in population is expected within the next six or seven years. Last year's figures show an estimated population of 57,500 in Rockingham County and 19,300 in the city of Harrisonburg, for a total of 76,800. A total population of 93,000 is anticipated for the year 1985.

Problems in developing a future land use plan for the city lies in the fact that there isn't any land left to develop.

Of the six square miles that the city of Harrisonburg encompasses, 77 percent is fully developed. The remaining land will probably be commercial, according to Harrisonburg Planning Director Robert Sullivan. Some parcels of land off East Market Street may be rezoned from residential to commercial.

"The ifs of annexation" are the major deterrents to joint planning for the future by the county and the city, said Larry Jennings, Harrisonburg Planning Director.

Jennings said, "We would lose our tax base for the county."

According to Francis Bell, the city of Harrisonburg is moving east and south. On U.S. 33 East, one finds the center of future commercial development. The Valley Mall, to open in October, will house four major stores and 75 mall shops by 1984. With the mall's location across from Krogers, the central shopping area will change from downtown to the east side of the city, said Warren Denton.

"Anytime you have something new happening, it's just human nature to go shop there and see what it's like," Denton said.

The mall, covering a total of 550,000 square feet, will be similar to Regency Square in Richmond or Tanglewood Mall in Roanoke, according to Ned Hillyard, future mall manager. J.C. Penney's, Leggett's, and Watson's will open with the mall in October, with a fourth large store possibly opening next year, he said.

Small clothing shops, music stores, fast-food restaurants as well as formal dining establishments will be included within the mall. A twin theater and a drugstore also are planned to open. The stores will have a brick exterior with surrounding landscaping and parking for 3,000. Skylighting and greenery from the Everglades are to be placed inside the mall, according to Hillyard. Some type of prominent fountain or sculpture will be centered in the mall, but the fountain would not be large because of the noise factor, he said.

The mall will attract a large portion of Harrisonburg's shoppers. "Our downtown area, which used to hold a monopoly on business, is now facing a lot of competition," said Sullivan. Warren Denton, however, believes downtown "will be taking a nosedive at first and then coming back."

"Once the merchants and property owners realize what's happening downtown, they will have promotions to draw people back," said Denton, adding that specialty shops probably will open downtown.

Shots
as a result of the mall.

Within the next six years U.S. 11 will be “a five-lane ribbon of concrete,” from the Belle Meade Red Carpet Inn to Port Republic Road, according to Robert Sullivan, “solid commercial all the way in.” However, the city is concerned in “keeping the residential areas residential,” he said. “We don’t want Port Republic Road to turn into gasoline road.”

Lots on Port Republic Road near James Madison University are excellent locations for gas stations or restaurants and the city has had rezoning requests on this land, Sullivan said. Area residents have protested the rezoning requests so the land will probably remain residential, the Harrisonburg native said.

A complete housing development is expected to open in the Harris Gardens area on the north side of Harrisonburg. Also, subdivisions may be developed off Pleasant Hill Road on the far south end of the city. The city hopes to have a rezoning statute within the next six years which would allow apartments above downtown stores, Sullivan said.

By 1984 plans for a beltway to circle Harrisonburg could be approved. Proposals for a beltway have been presented to city council and the council drew up a map, but the highway department has rejected the plan. The state believes that Harrisonburg doesn’t need the proposed beltway which would begin at I-81 exit 65 in the north, circle around the city, turn west about two miles out, curve south toward Dayton and run into exit 61. With steady development taking place in the area, steady traffic flow has followed, according to Sullivan.

All traffic now runs through the city and then flows out,” he said. “With the beltway, people could use it to get to areas instead of going through the city.”

The city has maintained that Harrisonburg has a similar problem to Winchester. With a population of 20,000, Winchester recently had a segment of its beltway completed. According to Sullivan, the city of Harrisonburg, with a population of 19,000, is justified in its request for a beltway. There may be physical indications of a beltway being built around Harrisonburg by the year 2,000, he said.
An influx of industry will occur in the next six years, according to a local banker, because of the area's work ethic—"the willingness of citizens to work for a full day's pay plus the lack of labor unions." Harrisonburg's amenities—the three colleges and recreational facilities, such as Massanutten—also attract industry, said William Harris, president of United Virginia Bank-Spotswood and of the Chamber of Commerce. About six companies are considering locating their facilities here at present, he said. Arrival of the companies will bring a "domino effect" to the area; "as a company comes, it brings along all the things that go with it," such as employment of local citizens, he said.

"We've got a healthy business climate and a city council looking for controlled growth," Harris said. "We want to make sure we don't grow too quickly. We pride ourselves on a balanced economy. We're not dependent on one industry."

Full industrial development by way of warehouses and supply centers will take place on North Liberty Street in the Charles Street area, according to Robert Sullivan. The west side of the city, off Waterman Drive, will serve as a distributive-type industry base for small industries. Agriculture-related industries, such as feed companies and poultry processors, will locate in the rural areas of Rockingham County, said Larry Jennings.

Growth is on the horizon for Harrisonburg. With it, progress may bring a change of lifestyle—"from homes to apartment living—or a change of scenery—from the traditional shopping district on Main Street to a modern shopping mall on the outskirts of the city. By 1984 local citizens may find themselves in sections of the city and county which they had never considered entering. Industry and commercial business will be spreading out from the nucleus of the city as the area grows. To some, change is a threat to tradition; but to others, it is a way of life.

"There's an element in town who wants to stay the same," said William Harris. "That's fine but you have to grow or you'll die."

"You can stand still for a time, but over the long run, it's going to catch you."

"To some, change is a threat to tradition"

Automated banking may be a way of life for Harrisonburg residents by 1984. With electronic funds transfer operations, the consumer will find that a small plastic card can provide checking transfers, cash on request, and other services normally offered by his branch bank.

According to William Harris, president of United Virginia Bank-Spotswood, interest in electronic funds transfer began in the late 1960s and early 1970s as the banking industry started looking at ways of extending new services without the expense of brick and mortar.

With point of sale transfers, the consumer carries a plastic access card with a set of numbers on it which he would insert into a terminal in the store. The terminal, which is tied to a computer in the store, shows the consumer's checking account balance. Funds are then transferred from the consumer's checking account to the merchant's account on same day credit.

"I don't think it's coming as fast as some people do because of the cost," said Harris. "There will be cost sharing between banks and merchants."

At unmanned bank branches, the consumer inserts an access card into an automated teller machine. The card is assigned a limit. After the consumer punches the card number into the machine, he punches the cash figure he wants to withdraw from his account and receives it from the machine.

With full-service machines, the consumer can complete over 20 transactions. Banks are experimenting but large costs are involved. Harris said. Full-service machines cost about $50,000 while a branch runs about $400,000.

"Customer acceptance is slow. There's something about that face-to-face teller contact," said Harris. "If it is slow, it will be slower in smaller towns."

However, Harris said he expects a full-service machine will be installed by United Virginia by the year 1984.

THERESA BEALE
Pedestrian mall plan offers beauty

to downtown area

by Gary Reed

In the past five years Harrisonburg has witnessed a phenomenal increase in the growth rate of the city. The addition of over 4,000 students and employees to James Madison University has spurred a large economic growth, creating an expansion for new retail markets. The trend for Harrisonburg like other growing cities has been towards decentralization of urban development.

Shopping areas located outside of the downtown area cater to those living in the subdivisions. Harrisonburg now has five shopping areas outside of the downtown area competing for retail trade. The construction of a new shopping mall on Route 33 east of Harrisonburg will offer an alternative to downtown shopping. Some of the downtown stores have already decided to move to the mall. The parking convenience, the pleasant shopping atmosphere along with the variety of shops will attract many downtown shoppers.

Concept D most effectively achieves the pedestrian mall idea. It includes the reconstruction of the old spring house in Court Square and would create another feature such as a fountain or monument. The streets would be covered by a brick walk extended to renovated store fronts. Large trees and shrubs would be planted. Park benches, bike racks, drinking fountains and other public facilities could heighten the beauty of downtown. Other improvements around Court Square would be new lighting, new parking and the upgrading of private property.

The flow of traffic around Court Square would be limited to a single lane running from Water Street past the west side of the Court House to Graham Street. Main Street would be closed to traffic from Water to Elizabeth streets and the north side of Court Square would also be closed.

Long range plans developed by the architects include a major plan of redeveloping the section of city blocks north of Elizabeth Street to

Attempts to beautify downtown have begun with shrubbery and brick sidewalks on Water Street.

“Our downtown area, which used to hold a monopoly on business, is now facing a lot of competition.”

The Dinner Theatre
on the James Madison University campus

June 16-Aug. 8

This summer:

“Something’s Afoot”
A musical spoof of murder mysteries.

“Scapino!”
Young lovers, old fools, and crafty servants abound...

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Concept A allows traffic in the downtown area, although traffic flow will be diverted from Court Square.

the small triangle of land past Gay Street bordering Noll Street. The inner core of the blocks would be department stores, shops and office buildings encompassed by parking lots, much like the shopping malls arising on the outskirts of cities.

Rock Street would be closed off between North Main and Liberty making Gay Street the main west bound traffic route. The existing shops and businesses in that area would be relocated within the new pedestrian mall. The small triangle of land would be transformed into a small grassy park with trees, benches and perhaps a city monument.

As of yet, only Concept A has been approved. This concept is the easiest to accomplish. Sidewalks will be widened and trees planted but not restricting any traffic flow. Traffic will flow the same as it does now accept for an attempt to divert traffic from Rt. 33 away from Court Square. Cars traveling west on Rt. 33 will turn right on Mason then west on Wolfe to Liberty and pick up Rt. 33 west of downtown. Traffic going east on Rt. 33 will turn right on Liberty then east on Bruce to Mason, picking up Rt. 33 east of downtown. However, the downtown area around Court Square will still be accessible to automobiles.

Rockingham County owns Court Square and wants to retain the available parking spaces around the Court House. A pedestrian walkway from the parking deck to Court Square and other sidewalks in the area will be paved by bricks. The brick sidewalks will also cross streets open to traffic.

Concepts A through D are a progressive set of plans that builds upon each existing improvement. Plan A implements no pedestrian mall whereas Concepts B acnd C close off more and more of Main Street to traffic by extending brick sidewalks covering the street. So, it would be possible over an undetermined period of time to fulfill the idea of a pedestrian mall. But at the moment only slight beautification plans are beginning to spring up along Harrisonburg's streets.

Concept D allows Main Street to be closed to traffic, creating a partial mall.
A woodcarver returns to

After 25 years of "feeling out of place" in the suburban life of Northern Virginia, John Heatwole took an $8,000 cut in salary from his yearly earnings as a government employee and moved to the rural surroundings of Bridgewater, Va.

When John was a child, his parents were divorced. He lived with his mother and her bitterness. As a result, he never knew his father or his family background.

John was a grown man before curiosity led him to the Library of Congress to do some research on his family. There, he discovered that a large number of his father's ancestors were artisans of some kind based in the Shenandoah Valley.

After 15 years without contact, which satisfied John's curiosity about his family and spurred his dissatisfaction with his city living environment. John arranged for an apprenticeship with two wood-carvers in Clifton, Virginia and after a year of training accepted a position with Virginia Craftsman here in the Valley.

John was at first taken back by the huge cut in salary. However, his wife convinced him the move would be a satisfying one. Thus, in 1973, John moved his family to Bridgewater, where he now carves and teaches for a living in his own shop on Main Street.

John is now surrounded by history. His shop is the old Dinkle Inn, built in 1816, which Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson are said to have visited when Bridgewater was known as Dinkletown. Most of the tools he uses are at least 100 years old. It has taken him six years to collect them all and he thinks there is a spark of the original wood-carver's skill left in them. He uses no power tools in his work. He chops his own wood, shaves it and breaks it down to workable size.

John has no regrets about the move to the Valley or the craft he has chosen. "You're closer to an age down here," he says. "There are old guys you can talk to about the way it was. You stop and talk to people and you could be stopped for hours. That's pretty neat."

The age John is referring to is the one in which he would have liked to have lived. It's the age when Potter John escaped from the army and the tools he now owns were just being made.

John has gotten much closer to that age in the past six years and will probably continue his trip back for the rest of his life.

There's still a spark of the original woodcarver's skill left in him

by Chris Walsh
his Shenandoah Valley roots

100 YEAR-OLD TOOLS are found throughout John Heatwole's shop, located in the old 1816 Dinkel Inn. Heatwole chops, shaves, and breaks his own wood.
'We went with the blows'

The Bluestone Inn makes the necessary changes to remain in business for 29 years

by Lawrence Emerson

A single quarter plays "Rockytop," "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," "Luckenbach, Texas," and "Blue Eyes" or any four songs on that jukebox next to the front door. But the owner of this place says he's still in business because he has changed with the times.

"We went with the blows, ya see, and it's fortunate we're still in business," says Karl Olschofka, propping his forearms on the white linoleum counter.

Driving north from Harrisonburg on U.S. 11, one passes numerous motor courts and "beer joints" with peeling paint and weed-filled parking lots. About five miles up, Melrose Caverns sits idle to the left. Four miles further is Lacey Springs, a tiny Rockingham County community. On the left, there's a stone building with an overhang like a gas station would have, but no pumps. Ah, there's an electric sign in the side yard, "The Bluestone Inn-Restaurant-Motel." This is Olschofka's place. Six miles to the north, Endless Caverns, once a thriving tourist attraction, has been dormant for years, and the motels in between have also died since Interstate 81, which is parallel to U.S. 11, opened in September 1966.

But back at the Bluestone Inn, things are alive. Budweiser in hand. I'm perched on a familiar red barstool, waiting for Karl to stop and chat. I want to ask him about the "old days."

Soon he stops. We talk sports.
Karl's in a good mood. He won $50 on the Ali-Spinks fight.

The talk turns to business. After 29 years here, the stout, casually-dressed 50-year-old still speaks of his livelihood with vigor, heightened by his New York accent.

He leans closer, running his hand through a full head of graying hair combed back from a deeply lined forehead. His gestures intensify as he carefully explains the Bluestone Inn's history.

Karl's parents, German immigrants, bought the place in 1949 and moved from New York City. At the time the inn had Gulf gas pumps and a grease rack. With country-style cooking, overnight accommodations, and tourist attractions nearby, the Bluestone Inn was a traveler's one-stop oasis. But the inn is very close to the highway, and as restaurant business improved, more parking was needed. So the gas pumps, which had become a headache anyway, according to Olschofka, were removed in 1952.

Later in the decade, the inn began losing tourists to larger chain motels springing up in Harrisonburg. But the Olschofkas survived the decline by attracting local customers.

Karl started taking pictures of Bluestone regulars with a Brownie camera. Hanging those pictures, which still dominate the five booths opposite this counter, made customers feel "like part of the family," Karl explains.

Then pennants from every local high school appeared above the dark pine panelling. At the time, Rockingham County allowed only 3.2 (percent alcohol) beer to be sold. But 18-year-olds could buy it. Twenty-one was the legal drinking age in all other counties, which had only "high test" 6.4 beer. Naturally, high school seniors from Page and Shenandoah counties drove to the Bluestone, which is near the county line, to buy beer.

And Karl's involvement, beginning in 1957, as an officer in local baseball leagues made him many friends and customers. The
inn became a place to talk sports even when the big game wasn't on the tube at the counter's far end. Local business thus became the inn's mainstay.

In the 60's, Karl began putting regulars' names on their glasses with a label maker. Many customers kept special mugs on Karl's shelves. The intimacy was building.

"Hey, Shifflet! How ya doin'?" Karl shouts as he runs over to shake hands with the man who just entered. After that, he talks with a couple and their two young boys in matching black Oakland Raider jackets as they leave. "You're Montevideo (high school) and the wife, let's see, TA," Karl states, confident and obviously pleased that he can remember. He knows the name and pertinent history of everyone who comes through that door.

When Karl comes back, he emphasizes that old regulars from the '50s and '60s now bring their families here to eat dinner. The menu is more diverse than in the days when Karl pushed beer and short orders. After his father died in '66, Karl ran the whole show. He instituted "Karl's Krusty Pizza," which is acclaimed by a lighted sign over the kitchen door.

Since 1975, Mike, Karl's 25-year-old son, has leased the restaurant from his father. Mike, who's worked here since age 12, says he's trying to deemphasize beer and concentrate on food. The Bluestone's menu lists two-and-a-half pound steak for two with trimmings at $8.95 and deluxe 15-inch pizzas for $4.50. Everything I've eaten here is good. A "real" hamburger is 60 cents and huge french fries go for 50 cents. But regardless of Mike's emphasis, most folks come here to tip a cool one, which costs 60 cents.

Mike, the third generation Olschofka to run this place, seems to be a serious, low-key operator. He moves about with purpose, but not forcefully, and spends most of the evenings in the kitchen.

Out here Mike's girlfriend, Janet Seagle, smiles easily as she keeps the glasses full and shuffles plates. Karl is the entertainer. He knows everyone and everyone knows him. "No we don't have nodamn food," he jokes with a buddy at the counter who wants to order as Karl refills a pitcher of Michelob.

One thing is obvious: everyone works. If one of them is talking with a customer, whoever's not doing anything takes orders and gets refills. Often Mike takes plates directly from the kitchen to the table. Nobodybosses anyone else; they just work. It seems natural.

"Hey Janet, bring us two Blue Ribbons and a Miller when you get a chance," comes a call from a booth. "OK—just a minute, Fred." Karl strolls by. I ask for another

Dennis Sellers and his Broadway High School buddies used to watch Batman daily at the Bluestone. Sellers is still a regular, and his five-year-old son David often comes along.

The Fashion Look of Tomorrow

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CURIO
beer. When he returns, I inquire about the unusual decor. Fifteen mounted deer heads adorn the walls.

A bear growls noiselessly from either side of the fireplace. There’s a ring-necked pheasant, a few mounted largemouth bass, and, over the front door, a set of steer horns. An albino ground hog stands upright on the top shelf of beer glasses. It looks like a miniature polar bear.

Karl and many of the regulars are big hunters, I am told, so he decided to reflect that in the decor. He bought some of these trophies, and some were donated.

‘You gotta be a guy of all trades--electrician, plumber, painter, carpenter.’

‘Ya see those lights?’ Karl points to the eight overhead cubes with antlers attached to four sides. ‘It would have cost over $400 to buy ‘em. I couldn’t afford that. So I made ‘em, with dimmer controls for about a hundred bucks.’

Karl is a smart businessman. Practical experience and necessity have taught him. ‘You gotta be a guy of all trades--electrician, plumber, painter, carpenter.’

Still Olschofka’s business is not immune to the crippling disease that has killed most similar establishments along this part of U.S. 11. Before the interstate was finished, the motel, consisting of ten small cabins behind the restaurant, grossed about $10,000 annually. Now it grosses $2,000, Karl says quickly as he turns his calloused palms upward and looks me in the eye.

But dwindling tourism isn’t the only problem. ‘The health department thinks all that you have to do is clean up. The ABC man thinks all you have to do is police. The tax man thinks all you have to do is keep figures,’ Olschofka complains.

Karl’s disgust with bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo prompted him to run for the District 1 seat on Rockingham County’s board of supervisors in the last election. He finished second in a four-way race.

‘I don’t know exactly what I would have done had I won the election. But I know one thing, it’s time to put the brakes on bureaucracy.’

I ask Karl if, in light of all the problems, he ever thought of giving up the business, which he calls “one of the last mom and pop establishments.”

“Yes, sometimes I wanted out. In fact, at one time we had a realtor put it up for sale. But, ya get attached to the place, and ya have second thoughts.”

It shows.
The man in the white and grey CPO jacket and baggy green work pants is neither drooling nor noticeably excited. Although he could use a shave, the man is not dirty. His expression is calm, his manner unconcerned.

He is looking at naked women in a wide variety of physical contortions. The women are attired in everything from lingerie to leather corsets. Most have their legs spread just short of dislocation.

The man is not even breathing hard.

There are three independent magazine dealers in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Together with two of the state's main drug store franchises and a nationally known convenience store, these emporiums make up what could loosely be termed The Harrisonburg Skin Trade.

In other words, these places sell one heck of a lot of "entertainment" magazines, and I am not referring to crossword puzzle monthlies or Jack and Jill.

Surprisingly, however, neither the proprietors nor the customers of these stores fit the stereotypes sometimes associated with pornography. The people who work at Lang's Bookshelf, Novelty News and the C & C Newstand are not oily-faced cigar-chomping ex-dock workers of questionable origins and crude dispositions. Quite the opposite, as a matter of fact; one is a young college graduate, one a grandmotherly woman with snow white hair, and one an older man with a sense of humor that had me looking for the twinkle in his eyes.

Another notable aspect of the Harrisonburg Skin Trade is the fact that Harrisonburg is not exactly what one would term a burgeoning metropolis. A sizeable and somewhat conservative Mennonite population can be found here.

The demeanor of the town in general is more Biblical than Bohemian. There are no topless bars, x-rated movie theatres or adult bookstores per se in Harrisonburg, and those businesses which are located downtown all close at five p.m. Monday through Thursday, a little later on Friday and Saturday. Almost nothing is open on Sunday, thanks to the local Blue Laws.

One of the only things that doesn't fit in with Harrisonburg's overall Mayberry R.F.D. image is the fact that the three local magazine dealers each sell over 18 different pornographic magazine titles, the drug stores sell 10 between them, and the convenience store sells 19. All totalled, there are 31 different sexually-explicit magazines...
available at the town's major magazine outlets.

It should be noted that one problem in describing the Harrisonburg Skin Trade is that of definition. More than one dealer commented on the distinction between their magazines and what they personally thought comprised "hard-core" pornography. One dealer went so far as to say that the magazines discussed herein are "by legal terms not considered pornography (but)...'entertainment.'"

Although the subject matter of this article does not include publications photographically depicting human erection, ejaculation, and or penetration, it does include publications photographically depicting full frontal and rear nudity of both sexes, lesbian and heterosexual cunnilingus, bondage and sadomasochism, sexual mutilations, group sex, and bestiality, as well as written articles including all of the above plus incest, child seduction, gang rape, and, you guessed it, human erection, ejaculation, and penetration.

Who needs adult bookstores?

"I've got a lot of personal opinions about why they sell. I think they are an outlet for people. I really don't know why there are so many sold here--there shouldn't be any more demand here (and)...we just carry what there's a demand for," said one local dealer.

A random sampling during one week showed there was a "demand" at the time for 31 different pornographic magazines, not including several special edition Best of... Girls of... ...Yearbook and...Album collections put out by regularly-published titles such as Swank Gent or Oui.

Apparently, however, the supply-and-demand motive for selling everything from Beaverto Velvet is a genuine one. Every store surveyed reported selling enough copies of every title they offered for sale to keep all of the titles on order every month. Not that it really matters how many magazines are sold in the long run: magazines are guaranteed sales items, and, as such, may be returned to the magazine distributor for full credit at the end of a specified interval.

Although all of the managers and employees interviewed for this story were grateful that their comments would be reported anonymously, none seemed any more at ease with discussing what sort of person buys these magazines in spite of this anonymity. Every dealer eventually said the customers who bought sexually-explicit magazines were just "average joes," but the idea of talking about the customers seemed unethical or unnecessary.

"It's the same as beer--it doesn't matter to me who buys it," one dealer remarked. "It's up to anybody, same as drinking. Nobody's going to twist your arm. If they want to buy it, it don't bother me. "Even women."

Women and gay men both come out on the short end of the stick in Harrisonburg, so to speak.

Of the 31 sexually explicit magazines found during the sample week, exactly one was aimed at the women's market.

Playgirl magazine was available at four of the six stores, and was only unavailable at a fifth because it was sold out. All of the dealers who carry Playgirl noted that it remains a consistently good seller, although nowhere near as popular as the big three men's magazines Playboy, Penthouse and Hustler.

Then there is the strange case of Blueboy magazine. Blueboy claims to be the first nationally-distributed magazine aimed specifically at homosexual men.

Only one of the stores surveyed...
had ever carried the magazine, and others had reasons for purposely not carrying the title. One interesting response came from the dealer who at first said he personally decided not to sell Blueboy, then added that it was actually his wife who refused to sell it.

Another dealer made comments on the excessive endowments of the models in Blueboy, then allowed as to how they were probably no worse than the “spread-leg women” in the men’s magazines.

Yet the manager of the store which did carry Blueboy for two months in a row gave a surprising response when asked if he had intentionally stopped carrying the magazine. The distributor, it seems, had simply not delivered the current issue. There had been no action on the part of the store to keep it off the shelves.

Quite the contrary. Asked if the magazine had sold at all in such a conservative area as Harrisonburg, the manager gave me a you-won’t-believe-this-but-it’s-true look and said, “Sold out both months.”

Through an odd coincidence, the store in question is located on Gay Street.

The man in the CPO jacket is representative of everyman, although he is probably unaware of the symbolism. He holds one closed magazine in his right hand, seeming to imply that, since he will be making a purchase, he has the right to sample the rest of the merchandise as well.

Methodically and without haste, the man gradually thumbs through all of the skin magazines on the counter. He spends more time on the two-page spreads and centerfolds. He skips the articles entirely. He is oblivious to the other customers in the store and knows the proprietor won’t bother him.

After all, he is over 40 years old, and he is holding one magazine closed in his hand.

He takes his time.

The 7-11 store was the only place surveyed where the skin magazines are not easily accessible to anyone with an arm and a prurient interest. At 7-11, all of the adult magazines are kept behind the sales counter and must be specifically requested by the customers. The C & C Newstand had paper sleeves around most of the magazines, but it and the other stores displayed their wares openly and in full view of all customers. All of which raises the question of how children fit into the Harrisonburg skin trade.

Drug Fair and Peoples take care of the problem by putting magazine racks devoted solely to skin titles near the front cash registers, thereby deterring both children and loiterers of any age from leafing through the contents. At both stores, anyone trying to stand at the rack and peruse the merchandise is in the way of other customers trying to check out or leave the store.

Lang’s Bookshelf puts all their “entertainment” on the top two levels of a rather short display unit, and Novelty News puts some titles on the top level and some on lower level, with motorcycle and auto racing magazines in between, for some reason.

The personnel at all stores insisted that they never sold the magazines to kids under 18, but several dealers mentioned incidents of shoplifting by minors. The 7-11 manager, in fact, said the rate of shoplifting was the reason the magazines had been relegated to under-the-counter status, and that sales were no worse now than they were when the titles were on the stands.

The C + C Newstand, although it does utilize the paper-sleeve technique which both hides the magazine covers and prevents customers from flipping through the magazines, offsets this benefit in three ways.

First, the porn is on the bottom level of the shelf, closest to the floor. Second, most of the magazines are on the side of the shelves hidden from the sales clerks’ viewpoint.

Third, Harrisonburg’s biggest and most well-stocked comic book display rack is positioned directly beside the pornographic magazines.

No comment seems necessary. Even if the store personnel at all locations insist that those who buy “entertainment” magazines are no more perverted or deviant than you or I, it is interesting to note what the dealers themselves think of the material they sell every day to the people they call “average.”

“I don’t read that kind of stuff—it’s junk, really,” one cashier said. Emphatically closing the subject, the cashier snapped, “I work because I have to.”

“The price is hurting them, mostly; they’re just not worth it for a bunch of naked women and dirty talk,” said another dealer. Then, making a gesture towards the magazine rack of his own store, the dealer sermonized, “Once you take the Bible out of the school and put the sex education classes in, you open the door for all that.”

Any inherent irony the situation may have held completely escaped the dealer’s notice.

The man has finished examining every man’s “entertainment” magazine on the shelves. He looks no more excited or satisfied than he did when he first came in the store. He retains the same blank expression he brought in with him.

He has just seen the most private and intimate parts of dozens of attractive women laid bare before his eyes in clinically explicit detail.

He has also overheard the store manager responding to questions for this article.

The man unhesitatingly and unhurriedly places the magazine he had held while examining the others back in its place on the shelf.

Buttoning his jacket, he leaves the store.

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Women and gay men come out on the short end of the stick in Harrisonburg

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CURIO
Profiles

The faded white house rests peacefully on the corner of Harrisonburg’s South Avenue. Once inside the rather small interior, one doesn’t notice the telephone sitting on a mahogany end table.

It’s not until ringing sounds explode through the home that you’re aware of phones in the kitchen, front hallway, back hallway, dining room, upstairs hallway, front bedroom, side bedroom, back bedroom and gardening shed.

A mini-telephone company? No, just the unique past-time of 81 year-old Leonard (Jim) Wenger, retired assistant manager of the Harrisonburg Phone Company.

Since his retirement in 1960, when he received lifetime free phone service, Wenger has used the phone to develop and maintain high school and college friendships all over the country. These relationships were caused by chance meetings with “friends of friends who called or came over to see if there really was a Pop Wenger with 11 phones and a list a mile long of youngsters I call all over the country.”

Meeting Wenger (affectionately nicknamed “Pop” by students), it’s easy to see why students of all ages call, visit, and listen with captivated interest to the stories, one-liners, quips, and quick remarks he is known for.

His appearance isn’t unusual as he sits back in an overstuffed couch that seemingly swallows his 5’1” frame. And although clad in a faded flannel shirt and baggy khaki pants, there’s a spark in the sly smile and blue eyes behind wire rims that tells you the mind is alert and character exciting.

His memory is sharp as he leans back, scratches his head, smooths the hairs back in place, and begins to relate his phone company experiences.

“I started with the phone company back on Aug. 16, 1920—the Harrisonburg Phone Company.” “Diggin’ holes and settin’ poles,” Jim did “anything and everything no one else wanted to do” until he climbed every rung on the ladder.

Wenger caught on quickly to the
workings of the telephone, and in the 1920's put in the first switchboard at James Madison University (then Madison College Normal School for Women).

Pop worked in almost every phase of the phone business, except books and paperwork, which a stenographer handled since Wenger never learned to write.

Constantly working with people in and out of the company, Pop knew it would be lonesome after retiring--until extensions were installed throughout the South Avenue home.

Wenger has more college friends since his free phone service was installed. "Whenever I get lonesome, I just pick up the phone and call someone. Some weeks I'll make only a few calls, other weeks I'll make 20 or more...all depends on my visitors..."

The phone has presented its problems for Wenger, however. With the many people visiting, the opportunity was there to abuse the system, and a few students used the time to make long-distance calls free of charge. Wenger's family halted the problem, but it didn't keep Pop from his hobby.

Wenger has met college students through their boyfriends and girlfriends. He began sending homemade vegetable soup to some JMU students in the infirmary and word spread fast.

Born May 10, 1896 "so far in the foothills you had to paint the sunshine in," Wenger was the oldest of five children. At age seven, following the death of his father, he also found himself the main supporter, thinning corn (a system of planting three stalks, pulling one and letting two stand) for 10 cents a day. At age 10, realizing he "never was gonna have a lot of money but wanted to have a lot of fun," Wenger struck out by train for the hills of Montana. There he worked as a ranch-hand for two years before returning to the Shenandoah region where he's been ever since.

Today, he keeps busy doing light carpentry, gardening in the spring, and visiting with friends. Any immediate needs he has are taken care of by a daily housekeeper who "never lets me out of her sight if she can help it," although he's "hardly been sick a day in his life."

Wenger's stamina for conversation is amazing at times, and it is often the visitor who runs out of steam and calls it a day. But not before following a routine Wenger has for keeping in touch. On an end table sit two overstuffed address books with pages beginning to come unglued. "Now find the proper place and write down your name and number...the other book's for your college address," he instructs.

Another JMU student walks in the door, but not to visit. She is my transportation back to campus. Introductions are made and Pop gives out a friendly handshake. "Pass the books over to her too," he smiles. "I like to keep in touch."

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**CURIO**
Susan Davis

A typical student — almost
by Karen Hobbs

If the thought of going to J.M.U. and finding your way up and down the many stairways and hills on campus with only a cane for guidance fills you with fear or pity, stop and reconsider. Betty R. (Susan) Davis is 20 and has been blind from birth. Despite having never seen, she says, “Being blind gives me no more real frustration than anyone else would have.”

A sophomore psychology major living on campus, Susan’s life is a challenge. No facet of blindness seems to phase her, and she enjoys managing on her own in the face of obstacles sighted people never experience. In fact, she’s often accused of being too independent but explains, “Well, you’ve got to be. Too many blind kids think you have to have someone to help you. You don’t.”

After eleven years at a school for the deaf and blind in Staunton, Susan grew tired of the “blind world.” Against everyone’s advice, she left to enter a public high school near her home in Suffolk, Virginia.

“I wanted to be like other students,” she says. She had to work harder than most, but asked for no special favors. Having met the challenge of public school, she applied to JMU, because, “the competition was stiff.”

Rather than regarding the irregular terrain of Harrisonburg as an encumbrance, she considers it another challenge and good exercise. As for the ice and snow, Susan laughs, “It’s all right, but it doesn’t help traveling. It destroys my independence.”

Except during snow, she prefers self-sufficiency to dependence on others. With a cane she navigates around campus, judging her location from landmarks such as patches of grass, walls, and various openings between buildings. Sometimes she gets lost but then just asks someone for help.

“People don’t seem surprised, although sometimes they’re overprotective. They think it’s a burden. It doesn’t bother me at all.”

Getting around is no trouble; her biggest frustration by far is studying. Books take so long to read and are rarely available in braille. Some tape recordings of texts are provided, but chiefly she relies on special education majors and friends from the Baptist Student Union, to read and record books for her. Such volunteers also occasionally attend classes and labs with her.

Notetaking is an especially involved process. During class lectures she takes notes with a slate and stylus, a braille device with a movable metal form. She forms letters by punching holes with the stylus onto special heavyweight paper, using her own abbreviated braille shorthand. In addition, she tapes the lectures in case she misses anything. Later she goes over the abbreviated notes from class and retypes them. If anything seems confused, she refers to the tape. The process is time-consuming, and Susan often averages only four hours of sleep, staying up to type and replay the tapes.

When writing papers, she must make two copies, one for herself in braille and another, regularly typed, for the instructor. She usually arranges to take the tests earlier than the rest of the class. Someone, usually the professor or a graduate assistant, reads the test while she answers orally.

Susan is actively involved in the Baptist Student Union, and sings and plays the guitar with their folk team. She also jogs every day and likes to roller skate, but vows never to try skiing, because, “I tell you I’d break my neck.”

Eventually, she wants to counsel in higher education or work with alcoholics.

Susan says she really has nothing to be resentful about, but has always wanted to drive a car. She thinks she could find her way driving in an open field, if only someone would lend her a car.
Downtown shops specialize in the unique

by Theresa Beale

Mitzie of P.J.'s browses through hundreds of boutiques in New York City, searching for unique items which could never be found anywhere in Harrisonburg except in her shop.

Pat and her husband place orders with native artisans of Colombia and arrange to have the South American handicrafts shipped back to Harrisonburg where the couple's shop, Galeria International, is located.

Meanwhile, Mike's pickup truck may be seen scouting the east coast and Canada for antiques, used furniture, or "junk" to be sold in Mike's Antiques on West Market Street.

Three different markets and three different personalities, but Mitzie, Pat and Mike shared similar reasons for opening their respective businesses: a need for something to do, a way to make money, and a love for the valley.

Mike's Antiques

Mike's Antiques was opened six years ago because, as the owner explains with his heavy Greek accent, "it was the only business I thought I could make it with a small investment and my language."

Mike Savides moved from Salonica, Greece to Harrisonburg ten years ago on the advice of his brother-in-law, who also lives here.

The short, dark-skinned Greek worked in the Harrisonburg produce business during his first years in the area; then he worked in a local factory. In 1972 Mike became involved in the "junk market" because it was "something to do and an easy living." Mike also had been visiting local auctions and collecting antiques. When Mike opened his business on West Market Street, he had a "special price" for the college students who needed to furnish their apartments.

"My main business was from Madison College. It used to be that every evening, all of Madison College was down here at the store," Mike smiled. "I told the kids if they didn't like their stuff to bring it back. None did. Except for one. He brought back his sofa and I said, 'Be smart. Don't sell it to me, sell it somewhere else for three times as much.' And he did."

In 1975 Mike moved his business to a smaller building on South Liberty Street, requiring him to "narrow out some of the junk." Two months ago he moved back to a different location on West Market Street, beside the Ole Virginia Ham Cafe, where he now keeps a mixture of junk and antiques.

"You have to know who will buy what" when making trades with antique dealers, according to Mike. His business is 70 per cent wholesale to other dealers so Mike said he "learns who keeps what." The five foot tree with a stuffed owl, woodpecker, and eagle perched in its branches may not look like an antique, but Mike sold it immediately to the particular dealer he had in mind when he purchased the exhibit.

Mike goes on buying trips across the country when "I feel young, when I've got the time." The trips, which average 1,500 miles per month, take him into the New England area and often into Canada.

"You show me where there's bargains and I go. There's no limit," he laughed.

Local pottery, old guns, brassware, tiffany-type lamps, and...
“anything different” attract Mike’s eye when he travels the antique market.

“If I don’t buy something everyday like I like it, I’m sick,” he said. “It’s a living.”

Mike’s business philosophy is direct:

“People come in antique shops to make good buys. I do my best to be honest but I’m not saying I don’t make money. I make a profit because that’s a living.”

And his happiness with valley life also stems from simplicity:

“I like it here. I’ve got my best friends around me. That’s how I made it. I don’t think there’s any better place to live.”

Galeria International

The sweet aroma of Colombian coffee may be the first thing you notice when you walk into Galeria International at 60½ Elizabeth Street. Then you see the handmade baskets scattered on the floor, the earthen cookware on the shelves, and the handwoven wall hangings which complement the shop’s rustic interior.

All of Galeria’s items are handmade in Colombia. They find their way to Harrisonburg through the international dealings of Galeria’s owners, Brook and Pat Shaffer.

The Shaffers’ association with Colombian handicrafts began when Brook, now 30, traveled in South America after graduating from the University of South Carolina with a degree in international business and finance. During his travels, Brook established contacts with the local artisans and tribes of Indians who would later provide the merchandise for Galeria. After receiving a history degree from USC, Pat traveled with Brook “off and on” to South America from 1972-74.

They had lived in Harrisonburg while doing graduate independent studies, which they have never completed, and “liked the valley so much we had decided we would stay no matter what we did,” Pat said. The Shaffers returned to the area in fall 1975 to start work on setting up the store.

Exposed wood paneling and a range of earthy colors give Galeria its rustic look. Handwoven wall hangings and wool clothing as well as clay figurines and ceramic wares are displayed along the walls. A large display case on the back wall holds the pride of the Shaffers’ offerings—a private collection of Pre-Colombian jewelry. None of the jewelry, except for some small ceramic pieces, is for sale, according to Pat, a small-framed woman with long, thick, brown hair.
who calls herself a “semi-professional art collector.”

Galeria is now a wholesale as well as a retail business. Pat, 27, runs the Harrisonburg shop while her husband wholesales their Colombian imports to accounts in Richmond, Charlottesville, Virginia Beach, and cities in South Carolina.

Keeping an ample stock of Colombian handicrafts requires the Shaffers to make six buying trips each year. Brook usually does most of the traveling and brings home a typical shipment of about 1,900 pounds each trip.

Galeria is “the epitome of the one-man operation,” Pat said. “We have to follow it from the very beginning to the very end.”

Pat attributes Galeria’s success to the unique items it offers to area residents, although she said profits cannot be determined until the business has been operating three years.

“People don’t like mass-produced things anymore,” she said. “Our handicrafts are utilitarian: things that are useful as well as beautiful.”

P.J.’s

Charm and humor are found on the shelves of P.J.’s because owner Mitzie Preston says she “loves things with a sense of humor.”

An Adam and Eve doll, life-like stuffed animals and humorous stationery are all displayed in the gift shop Preston opened four years ago out of a need for “something to do.”

“I couldn’t sit at home and clean out the same damn closet I had just cleaned out,” said the attractive 41-year-old doctor’s wife and mother of three. She and her partners opened the shop in the Sheraton Hotel in 1974 under the name of P.J.’s, which really stands for nothing, according to Preston.

“We needed a name in a hurry to get our business license,” she said. “It was easy to remember so we stuck with it.” In August 1976, P.J.’s moved from the Sheraton to its present location at 78 East Market Street. Preston is now the sole owner and buyer for the business.

Although the shop appears dark behind its tinted windows beside the Body Shop, P.J.’s interior is light and airy. Glass shelves reflect the fine details of handmade ceramics. The shop’s light color scheme and baskets of flowers sitting under the windows provide a garden-type atmosphere.

When shopping for items to sell in Harrisonburg, “you have to be pretty conservative as well as useful,” according to Preston. She chooses gifts within a price range that will move off the shelves. P.J.’s offers vases at $4 as well as lamps running over $50.

When she makes her bimonthly buying trips to New York City, Preston tries “to find something I haven’t seen before, especially around here.”

“There’s a lot of things I have an opportunity to get, such as the ‘I wuv you’ statues that go well with the high school kids, and I guess I cut my own throat,” Preston laughed. “I know they would go, but I don’t want those kind of things in here. I don’t want that image.”

P.J.’s success in Harrisonburg may be attributed to the “diversification of what I have,” the owner smiled. Preston said she knows 70 per cent of her customers so she knows what people like to see.

“And there’s no hard sell here. All my life I’ve looked in gift shops and I hate to have everyone constantly asking me if I need help,” she said. “Gift shops are for looking. I just say hello to the customers and let them look, then maybe I help them if they look like they need it.”

Mitzie Preston of P.J.’"s

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Jackson’s
Battle of Port Republic

Port Republic, a small village of no more than 100 people in southeastern Rockingham County, is quiet and serene. In fact, local residents still call it “the village.” Once a thriving town which featured tanneries and flour mills, Port Republic now has only a handful of small frame homes, a post office, a country store and a Methodist church. The anxieties of an increasingly technological and crime-plagued society seem light years away in such a sleepy hamlet.

Unknown to the visitor to Port Republic, however, is the Civil War battle fought here 116 years ago that townspeople still recall with a touch of local pride.

“The Northern troops never did get across the North River and make it into town,” said Miss Mattie Meyerhoeffer, a 76-year old expert on Port Republic history. “‘Stonewall’ saw to it that they didn’t.”

The Battle of Port Republic, fought on the morning of June 9, 1862, was the final engagement of Stonewall Jackson’s famed Valley Campaign of 1862. It came as Union Generals John Fremont and James Shields were attempting to combine forces and crush Jackson’s small but effective Valley Army.

Jackson had chosen Port Republic, which is about 12 miles east of Harrisonburg between the North and South Rivers, as his battlesite. It was ideal—the location lay between the routes of Fremont and Shields, it had the only bridge in the area and afforded a route of retreat into the nearby Blue Ridge Mountains in case of disaster. His plan was to hold Fremont in check with General Richard Ewell’s division while he took care of Shields on the other side of the Shenandoah’s South Fork, and then fall on Fremont with his entire army.

The Confederate soldiers camped all over Port that night. The Confederate soldiers camped all over Port that night, but mostly they slept over there,” said Mattie, pointing to a cut cornfield off Va. Route 605 on the outskirts of town.

Stonewall spent the night at Madison Hall, which at that time was the home of a physician, one of Port Republic’s leading citizens, according to Mattie. Madison Hall was originally the home of John Madison, cousin of James Madison and once president of the College of William and Mary.

Another home stands on the other side of town—the house where Confederate General Turner Ashby’s body was taken after his death. Ashby, Jackson’s chivalrous and skillful cavalry leader, was killed three days before the Battle of Port Republic in a skirmish outside Harrisonburg. He was immediately taken to a two-story home on Port Republic Road and dressed for burial. “I have always heard that the women of Port placed a rose over the spot in his chest where he’d been shot,” Mattie said.

Aware that Shields was rapidly approaching Port Republic from Conrad’s Store (present-day Elkton) and operating behind him, Jackson resolved to fight Shields before he could join up with Fremont. Jackson moved the rest of Ewell’s troops near Port Republic and instructed his generals to burn the North River Bridge and retreat into town if Fremont followed.

The bridge at North River was of vital importance. The North and South Rivers flow in a north-south direction and meet at Port Republic. The result of this junction, the South Fork of the Shenandoah, also flows roughly north and south. There were no bridges across the South River and only one across the North River. In addition, three nearby
bridges across the South Fork had been burned recently by the Confederates. For Fremont to cross the water and join with Shields, therefore, his only route was via the North River Bridge.

“All the people in Port were evacuated the night before the battle,” offered Mattie. “They took their horses with them and stayed in the hills nearby.”

The battle began early on June 9 when Jackson’s legendary “Stonewall Brigade” attacked two of Shields’ brigades. These two Union brigades were composed largely of tough Ohio and West Virginia soldiers, and also some Irishmen. They stood firm. They commanded a six-gun battery strategically placed on a hill a mile from the South River. Jackson had crossed this river by placing the running gear of wagons in the water and laying planks across them—a laborious and time-consuming process.

The fight for possession of these guns was fierce. The Stonewall Brigade was driven back with unusually heavy losses, but General Richard Taylor’s brigade, having been brought across the South River, went after the destructive battery. Taylor’s reckless Louisianians—employing the spine-chilling “Rebel Yell”—eventually gained control of the guns after they had changed hands three times.

The area where the Union battery was located, about a hundred yards from U.S. Route 340, is still densely-wooded and hilly. It is now owned by a Harrisonburg attorney, whose frame house stands near the top of the hill, said Mattie. Two gold-

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The Methodist church near my house was used as a hospital after the battle," explained Mattie. "An officer who was in charge there was using rough language, and Stonewall came in one time and rebuked him. That Jackson, he was a religious man and a gentleman, you know."
'The idle mind
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