Dave Shirkey
Fixing Chicken

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At first glance, it may look like all our stories are unrelated. True, they cover a variety of subjects—from the family of a famous basketball player to the owners of a local funeral home—but there is a common thread.

The subjects we have chosen to present demonstrate a point: that family life is to Valley heritage what nutrients are to its soil. It is the enrichment that builds and strengthens the roots, traditions and culture of the area. It is the unique blend of loving, caring, understanding and helping which produces the warm, healthy and rewarding way of Valley life.

For example, through good “old-fashioned” love and understanding, the tightly-knit Sampson family of Harrisonburg has raised three healthy, normal kids—son Ralph, a nationally-famous college basketball player, and daughters Valerie and Joyce, who play ball for their high school. Although they have and will be subjects of college and professional recruiting blitzes and national media publicity, the Sampsons have remained a normal and happy small-town family, with such natural concerns as getting to work on time and getting the dishes done.

Similarly, the Valley’s renowned “chickenman,” Dave Shirkey, has made his barbecuing hobby a family one. He and Ruth, his wife of 53 years, have made the barbecues a mutual effort, sharing their love with friends and neighbors by cooking thousands of chickens for such service groups as the Ruritans and Dave’s Sunday School class, and often charging them for expenses alone.

And of course, the Community of Hope, Inc., or COHOPE! is a quintessential example of what a family’s love and understanding can contribute to a community. The parents of a cerebral-palsied son, Hubert and Mary Harris founded COHOPE! to serve as both a school and a home for son Paul and other severely handicapped but mentally alert youths. The home now has five resident and 10 day students, and although it has taken almost 20 years for the Harrises to fulfill their dream, they say the rewards have been worth all the costs.

The list could go on—from The Buckhorn Inn owned by two families, to Mole Hill owned by several. But the point is clear. The family is the core of the full and fruitful way of life in the Valley.

So gather up your family in front of a blazing fireplace this winter, and read our interesting stories about some Valley families—many of whom are your friends or neighbors. We hope you enjoy this fifth issue of CURIO, and that we become a regular part of your family.
About the cover:

CURIO's cover is a photograph of Dave Shirkey at one of his Saturday morning barbecues. It was taken by our photo editor, Mark Sutton.

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The Sampsons

Harrisonburg's 'first family' of basketball survives Ralph's recruitment, gears up for Valerie's and Joyce's, and still gets the dishes done

Article by Kris Carlson

The score is 51-51 with 10 seconds left as the hometown Turner Ashby crowd screams and pounds bleachers in its jam-packed gym to distract the archrival concentrating on the foul shot that will win the game. At the line, number 50 of the Harrisonburg High School Blue Streaks bounces the ball, checks the location of the hoop once more, and shoots.

The ball hits the rim and rebounds high in the air, causing 20 hands to strain skyward in a frantic fight for possession. With three seconds left, a Blue Streak seizes the ball and lays it up against the backboard for the basket that hushes the crowd and gives Harrisonburg its first victory in Knight territory in six years.

"I knew she wouldn't make it," Mrs. Sarah Sampson later says of her daughter Joyce's foul shot. "She was too nervous. I was just hoping she wouldn't throw an air ball."

The slender 6-foot center's nervousness wasn't unusual. In fact, all the Streaks felt the tension that night, including teammate and sister Valerie, because it was an away game with the cross-town rivals. But Joyce and Valerie did have an added pressure—their brother Ralph had come from college to see the game, thus reminding the crowd that the girls were Sampsons, and requiring them to play basketball worthy of that name.

Such pressure is expected for the basketball-playing sisters of Ralph Sampson, the hero of the Blue Streaks in high school, current star center for the University of Virginia Wahoos, and probably the next Wilt Chamberlain of the pros. It is even expected that the whole family feels pressured by all the recruitment, media scrutinization and fan adoration that have and will follow Ralph to fame.

But they don't.

The Sampsons are still a happy and well-adjusted family in the small town of Harrisonburg, Va., despite their newly-found national spotlight. The slender 6-foot-1-inch, soft-spoken 44-year-old Ralph, Sr. is an operator at the Kawneer Co., where he has worked for the past 10 years; and the slim, attractive and vivacious 43-year-old Sarah is assistant personnel manager at Metro Pants, her employer of 12 years. Their 20-year-old son Ralph is away at college, and daughters Valerie and Joyce attend high school, where 18-year-old Val is a senior, and 15-year-old Joyce a sophomore.

"They're the same—the whole family is the same as five years ago, and Ralph's the same old Ralph," the girls' coach Tim Meyers says. "The great thing about the whole family is

Photography by Gino Bell
how well they blend with each other, which I think is unusual in a lot of families today."

On an average day, Mr. Sampson gets home at 3:30 in the afternoon and either watches television or pursues his hobbies of drawing or singing. At 4:30 Mrs. Sampson gets home to start dinner, while the girls are working up an appetite at practice until 5:30. "We don't do anything different," Mrs. Sampson says of the family lifestyle since Ralph's rise to national recognition. "We still have to get the dishes done!"

If it's a Tuesday or Thursday, the Streaks have a game and the girls' Mom loyally attends, although their father usually doesn't. "They're very supportive, the whole community is," says the young father. "Right now it still doesn't seem like they'd say this himself, that he gets really involved in the girls' games, just like he does at Ralph's games. Mrs. Sampson is a great fan, too."

Mr. Sampson agrees with Meyers' assessment. "I get kind of involved and jump up and down and say the wrong things," he quietly says. "They win more when I'm not there—I might be the one that makes them nervous."

In contrast, the normally talkative Mrs. Sampson is relatively silent at games. "I'm nervous, but I beat the person's leg next to me, or push them out of their chair; but I'm not a hollerer," she says.

The Sampsons have been avid fans of the Blue Streaks since their 6-foot-8-inch freshman son Ralph moved up to the varsity team for post season play in 1976. They had no idea then that this was the beginning of a basketball career that would bring recruiters from colleges and universities all over the country to Ralph's door, as well as a multimillion-dollar offer last spring from the Boston Celtics for Ralph to quit school and turn pro.

"Right now it still doesn't seem real," Mrs. Sampson says. "When Ralph was a sophomore in high school, his coach Roger Bergey sat me down and tried to tell me it would happen, but I just laughed. I said 'Bergey has a sense of humor and was being funny.' He couldn't convince me—Ralph was growing and was uncoordinated—he tripped over his own feet.

"In fact, he worried me a little because he wouldn't stop growing. One time I took him to the doctor, and I joked and said that another kid had to take a shot to stop growing. But the doctor said Ralph didn't need any shot, that he was healthy, and all the while he was standing on a chair to see how tall Ralph was—so I said, 'okay, doctor, he'll stop growing!'"

Ralph's size has caused the family some practical problems over the years.

On previous page, Joyce prepares to block a shot as Valerie looks on from the left. Below, the Sampson family standing from left to right: Ralph, Sr.; Sarah; Valerie; and sitting at the piano, Joyce. Opposite, Ralph grabs a rebound as star center for the Streaks.
years. His mother must have his pants specially-made at the factory where she works, since few stores carry trousers with a 33-inch waist and 42-inch inseam as Ralph now wears at 7 feet 4 inches, 215 pounds. To solve the problem of finding size 17 shoes, Ralph is having a store in Charlottesville make a mold of his foot so he can buy all of his shoes locally.

Two other practical problems the family has dealt with are Ralph's sleeping and eating habits. As a teenager, his parents had an 8-foot bed made for him—it was the only way he could "stretch-out" and get a good night's sleep. When he went to Charlottesville as a freshman, he left his bed at home since U.Va. had a special one built for his dorm room. However, living this year in an apartment he must furnish himself, Ralph has had his bed shipped to school, along with most of the family's living room furniture. Mrs. Sampson says this really didn't bother her, since she wanted a new set of furniture anyway.

The eating problem is obvious—a big guy like Ralph eats a lot. In high school, Ralph would get up and cook his own breakfast, which is his main meal of the day. The usual menu read: a bowl of grits or oatmeal, three eggs, bacon, and nine to a dozen pancakes, according to Mrs. Sampson. At dinner, "he let us eat first, and then ate all the leftovers," she says.

Sprouting to 7 feet 3 inches by his senior year, Ralph finished his high school basketball career proving Bergey right and capturing virtually every record, title and accolade possible. His jersey, by coincidence the same number as Joyce's, was retired. As Bergey observes, "You don't get a Ralph Sampson every day. He was the number one high school player in the country that year."

Ralph's senior year was also the era of the big college recruiting blitz, but with the help of Bergey, the family survived the onslaught. All phone calls, visits and much of the mail was directed through Bergey at the high school. At home, the Sampsons had coaches visit after dinner as often as three nights a week. On the day Ralph announced U.Va. was his choice, Mrs. Sampson threw away eight boxes filled with recruiting mail.

"The recruitment went well, we all worked together," Bergey says.
"Some people are still amazed at how well it went—but we were very organized."

During this time, the Bergeys and Sampsons became close friends. "We probably saw more of him than Mrs. Bergey," Mrs. Sampson says. "He took most of the pressure off of us. He's a great kidder, he always has something crazy to say."

"I thought I owed it to Ralph, his parents, and the school's basketball program," the politely soft-spoken, fortyish Bergey says of his part in the recruiting process. "I wanted Ralph to remain a 'normal high school student,' so he could enjoy himself his senior year.

"The Sampsons are a shy and close-knit family—but we had a lot of laughs and they handled it well," he says. "They were always courteous to visiting coaches, and they did a great job of working with Ralph."

But although the time was rushed for them, the Sampsons say they didn't mind the recruiting or publicity. "It didn't bother me, in fact, it made me feel pretty good," Mr. Sampson says with a shy smile through his well-trimmed beard. "I enjoy talking to people, and it's your sons and daughters they're asking about—so I try to tell them what they want to know—then laugh, smile and forget it."

The most tangible effect Ralph's recruitment into college has had on the family is the halving of the grocery bill, according to Mrs. Sampson. "And I'm doing more work," she says. "He used to have meals on the table, clothes washed and ironed, and still help with the dishes."

When Ralph turns pro, it will probably have a little more effect on the family, but not much. Mrs. Sampson wants to remodel her home, and Valerie wants a car, but these might be the only changes.

"We can't get it out of him when he's going pro," Mrs. Sampson insists. "He's promised U.Va. he'll stay through his second year, and maybe a third. I'd like to see him finish, but his coach has told us that his drawing power won't be as good after he's graduated, since he'll have to take whatever's offered as a senior."

However, Ralph's current drawing power is tremendous. After his freshman year at U.Va., the Boston Celtics offered him a four- to six-year contract for $2.5 to $3.5 million to quit school and turn pro—but he turned it down to stay in college for at least another year.

"After the Celtics made their offer, the first thing that came to mind was 'money,' but we tried not to make it look like that's all we're concerned about. It's what we need, but not the most important thing to us," Mrs. Sampson says. "Valerie wanted most for Ralph to take it, because she wants a car, and he will probably buy it for her. We told him to make his own decision, although I probably would have taken it."

Both parents will probably continue to work despite Ralph's wealth; Mrs. Sampson because she likes to keep active, and Mr. Sampson because Mrs. Sampson tells him he will. "I decided that for him," she says. "No father can stay home and have his son support him if he can work—but he agrees with me that he couldn't stop working."

"Ralph tells me he will take me to Hawaii when he gets the money, but his father can't stand to be on a plane for that long, so we'll probably have to go somewhere by bus," Mrs. Sampson jokes. "It'll probably end
up that we'll just go to a couple of his professional games.'"

Although the pro recruitment of Ralph involves the family less than before since he is now "on his own" in Charlottesville, this doesn't mean that the family's recruitment problems are all behind them. In fact, they've just begun, since both Valerie and Joyce are recruitment material.

The 5-foot 10-inch Valerie, while an excellent basketball player who holds the school's rebounding record, will probably follow her first love and go to a college offering a track scholarship. She currently holds records in the 100-yard dash, the 440-yard relay, and the 880-yard relay.

Like everyone else in the family, Valerie is tall, slender, attractive, and basically shy. She was actually recruited in the eighth grade, when Coach Meyers, noting her brother was a 6-foot 11-inch sophomore, asked her if she'd like to play basketball in high school. "She's really played well for someone not that excited about it," Mrs. Sampson says.

Although she hasn't picked a school yet, Valerie wants to go away to college, like Ralph did. She often visits her brother in Charlottesville, usually to shop for clothes she likes.

"I think she's looking for other things, like checking out the new recruits," Mrs. Sampson jokes. However, Valerie just grins in answer.

In her senior year, Valerie lost her position as center to the new sophomore on the team—her sister Joyce, whom many say will go the way of her older brother.

"People compare Joyce and Ralph all the time," Mrs. Sampson says. "They expect her to improve every year and that recruits will come to look at her. I don't know if I'm ready. I don't mind the time it takes—but I know Joyce, and it's making her nervous, like at the Turner Ashby game. The pressure on her was even bothering Ralph that night."

However, Coach Meyers expects that the recruiting for Joyce might not be as pressured as it was for Ralph. "Colleges recruit differently for girls—they usually look at them in camps, and they rarely come to our section of the state. But I'm sure Joyce will have a tough decision to make."

However, Joyce good-naturedly says the pressure doesn't bother her, that "it probably makes me play better." As for college, she says it's too far in the future to worry about.

"Joyce is a homebody," Mrs. Sampson says. "Madison has a chance with her, she told me 'I'm just going to JMU and forget it.' But she's still young, and can change her mind."

The pressure doesn't seem to hurt the girls' basketball, either. According to Coach Meyers, "They all three don't show emotion on the floor. They're even-keeled, steady, and don't lose their temper," he says. "They're also team-oriented and like the association with the rest of the team members."

Playing on the same team has not caused any problems for the sisters, and both say they've enjoyed it, although Valerie did give Joyce a black eye in one game. "Valerie was doubled over and holding her stomach because she was hit by an opponent," Mrs. Sampson recounts. "Joyce came over to see what was the matter, and Valerie looked up as Joyce bent over. They bumped heads and Joyce got a nice shiner."

"The girls play well together," their coach says. "They're both unselfish, and they look after each other. There's no rivalry."

In fact, the only person who has had any trouble with the girls playing together is their coach, according to Mrs. Sampson. "Coach Meyers is a shy-type guy, and having two sisters on a team is sometimes hard on

continued on page 64

Opposite top, Ralph stretches out on his eight-foot bed as a high school junior: opposite bottom, Mrs. Sampson roots for her daughters from the stands. Below, Joyce studies the action from the bench.
Chicken prepared by Dave Shirkey

Article by Donna Sizemore  Photography by Mark Sutton
A hickory-smoked aroma tinges the air around Dayton, Va. Several miles away in the rolling countryside, 500 chicken halves are roasting over a charcoal-sparked fire. Behind the gray-colored mist, a man hovers over the coals like a hen over a nest of newly-hatched chicks.

The ritual now comes naturally to the chef and his neighbors—after 25 years of practice it should. And over the years, the chef's name has become synonymous with barbecued chicken in the Shenandoah Valley.

Dave Shirkey, a retired farmer and Valley native, has barbecued chicken to raise funds for local groups such as the Harrisonburg Band Boosters, the Ruritan Club and the Evelyn Myers Bible Class of the Montezuma Church of the Brethren. He still holds a barbecue for his Sunday School class several times a year, as a kind of homage to his barbecue's beginning.

Shirkey says he began barbecuing purely by chance. Originally, Don Whitmor, a Valley resident and friend of Shirkey's, held the Sunday School's barbecues with Dave's help. However, when Whitmor quit, Dave took over. Shirkey was approached by the president of the class. "He said to me: 'Dave it's up to you. You can do it.'" Shirkey remembers, "and that's how I got started."

At first, meals were prepared and served for $1, according to Evelyn Myers, teacher of the class for over 35 years. Myers says the ladies of the class would prepare cole slaw, baked potatoes, tea and coffee. Bread, fruit and cookies would be served and "of course Dave's barbecued chicken," she says. "One year we served over 1,200 people."

Little has changed from those early barbecues, Shirkey notes, flipping through his barbecue record book, "other than the price of chicken and slight alterations to the recipe." However, barbecues are now held every year in advance.
The juicy chicken is then wrapped in aluminum foil, making it easier to reheat, Ruth explains. "By 12 o'clock, it's gone," she says, "I can't believe people eat as much chicken as they do."

The barbecues are usually advertised in local papers and on radio stations. Whenever you try to sell chicken to someone in the Valley, "the first thing they wanna know is who did it," says Gene Houshen, a Bridgewater resident and a long-time barbecue attendant. "If you tell them Dave Shirkey, they'll buy it a lot quicker," he explains, glancing at Dave.

"That's what they tell me," Dave replies with a big grin. "I guess you'd call it a hobby," he says. "I do it because I enjoy it."

When not barbecuing chicken, Ruth and Dave relax in their two-story colonial brick home, which they renovated themselves. The land once belonged to the King of England, Shirkey explains. For years, the Shirkeys ran a dairy and raised poultry on their farm "Clear Spring," which contains one of the "clearest springs you've ever seen."

Local support for Shirkey is obvious. He has been honored with citations from the Woodmen of the World, the Future Farmers of America, the Ruritan Club and the Virginia Poultry Association, all for his Valley-famous barbecued chicken. And once when his "barbecuing radio" was stolen, the Band Boosters chipped in and bought him another one, Ruth says. "When you're doing it for local groups, you can depend on them," Dave adds.

Having this support makes the long hours worth the effort. For lunch barbecues, preparation begins around 7 a.m.

The chicken is placed on huge metal racks and Shirkey's special sauce, consisting of vinegar, oil, lemon juice and seasonings, is generously lathered on with a large brush.

Shirkey then carefully watches the chicken as it roasts, occasionally removing his well-worn cap to run his fingers through his sparse and graying hair. "You have to watch it so it won't overcook," he says.

When the chicken is ready to be turned, Shirkey calls for help from bystanders. Huge metal racks are locked on to the racks containing the chicken, and then turned over. Often more sauce is lathered on as the chicken begins to brown.

Shirkey restlessly paces the area around the pit, switching sides to avoid the clouds of smoke, and occasionally glancing at his watch. "It cooks two to two-and-a-half hours before the first one comes off," he explains as he removes a towel from his rear pocket to wipe his hands. "I can tell the chicken is done when it is brown and the wing breaks apart easily from the breast," he says.

Once the chicken is done, it is placed in big boxes, about 70 halves to a box, and is again lathered with sauce. The boxes are covered and the chicken is allowed to simmer for about 11 minutes. This process increases the juiciness, Shirkey says.

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more frequently. "It's grown and grown," Dave says, as he lifts his emerald-green eyes from his brown booklet that has become ragged through use. He attributes this growth to word of mouth and the support of his regular customers like the Bible Class, the Ruritans and the Band Boosters.

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Dave Shirkey's chicken recipe

A combination of oil, vinegar, lemon juice and a variety of spices provides the secret to the Shenandoah Valley's most popular barbecued chicken recipe. The recipe below mixes enough sauce for 10 chicken halves:

- 1/2 cup of oil
- 2 cups of vinegar
- 4 tablespoons of salt
- 1 teaspoon of pepper
- 2 teaspoons of poultry seasoning
- 1/3 cup of oil
- 4 tablespoons of salt
- 1 teaspoon of Accent
- 1 tablespoon of lemon juice

When the chicken is ready to roast, the sauce should be generously lathered on the halves, Shirkey says. When Shirkey barbecues, he generally lathers on extra sauce while the chicken is cooking.

The chicken is ready when it is brown and the "wings break apart easily from the breast," Shirkey says, adding that they are done when the wing breaks apart easily from the breast.

notes, also recommending that additional sauce be added and the chicken allowed to simmer to absorb moisture.

The unique aspect of Shirkey's recipe is that it contains no barbecue sauce, but rather a blend of "down-home" herbs and spices, that can also be used as an excellent salad dressing.

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Mole Hill, the remnant of an extinct volcanic system, sticks up amidst farms on Route 33 West near Dayton.

An ancient Valley volcano boils down to Mole Hill

Article by Kathy McLoughlin

It doesn't blend in with the Allegheny Mountains that silhouette its background. Its tree-covered surface, darker than the rest of the scenery, stands out like a sore thumb amidst the farms that line Route 33 West near Dayton. Sixty million years ago it contained the tube that fed molten rock to an active volcano. Today, Mole Hill is the remnant of an extinct volcanic system.

Richard Ulrich, a Dayton farmer who lives right off Route 33, owns a piece of Mole Hill, along with several other area residents. He bought it in the early 1950s from a retired mail carrier back when Route 33 was the mail route. “It was a steal,” the gray-haired, seventyish Ulrich says chuckling. Today, many tracts of land in that area are selling for as much as $114,000.

Ulrich spends his days tending farm at the base of Mole Hill. Answering the call of his wife Elva’s dinner bell, he walks to the porch slightly hunched over, wearing an old yellow sweatshirt and gray work pants. His hands, wrinkled and colored with the dirt of his land, add emphasis to his explanation of Mole Hill. “I don’t know much about the geological aspects of the hill,” he admits, “but I can tell ya that Mole Hill is a volcanic plug. I knew that when my brother Marvin and I bought it.”

What Ulrich doesn't know about Mole Hill's origin, James Madison University geology professor F.H. Campbell does. Campbell explains that Mole Hill itself wasn't actually the volcano, but its feeder tube, or conduit, which carried magma or molten rock, to the volcano’s surface. The original volcanic system can be compared to the plumbing of a two-story house, Campbell says: The volcano's mouth is the sink, and the feeder tube is the water pipe leading up from the basement. What can be
Ulrich relaxes on the front porch of his house with one of his four collies, already millions of years old, however they were much taller than what we know today.

Mole Hill is rich in minerals and may have been used as a source of lead for bullets during the 1800s. Grant Showalter, whose father owned Ulrich's portion over a century ago, says the hill is no longer much of a lead source. "I've seen places where people started digging for lead but soon realized there just isn't much lead on Mole Hill anymore."

Showalter, who lives in Harrisonburg with his wife Zadee, is a thin, yet towering man in his 80s. His eyes light up as he and his wife of over 50 years recall many stories from Mole Hill's history.

Zadee feels that the hill is suddenly becoming a topic of Valley conversation because of the Mount St. Helens eruptions this past summer. She immediately recalls a story about two rabbit hunters trying to smoke a rabbit out of a hollow tree on the top of Mole Hill. Not only did they smoke the rabbit out, but they also set the top of Mole Hill on fire. "You could see the flames for miles," Zadee says.

Another story comes from Nancy Hess' Valley history book, The Heartland. She writes about an ox roast held on top of Mole Hill right after the War of 1812. The unique part of this celebration was that the oxen climbed to the top of Mole Hill under their own power.

Stories that Mole Hill may have been named after a Mr. Mole or perhaps because little furry, beady-eyed animals once inhabited the area are probably false. "From a distance," Hess writes in her book, "Mole Hill looks like a giant mole mound humped up from the ground." Campbell adds that this mole mound is not even a mountain. "It's just a bump on the topography."

Another Mole Hill tale mentioned by Hess is about a man who strolls around the hill never realizing just how big it is. It takes him all day before he finally meets his friends coming around the other side. Mole Hill is 2,013 feet wide east-west, 1,204 feet wide north-south, and 485 feet high above the surrounding limestone.

The hill's land has been passed down through families or divided up and sold since the early 1800s. As time turns the country to suburbia and folks get too old to tend to their
property, they bequeath their land or sell it. Portions of the hill are now owned by such Dayton families as the Warren Showalters, the Lewis Goods, the Lowell Knicelys, the Howard Horsts, the Harry Showalters, and the Stanley Shanks and William Rhodes.

Two years ago a severe ice storm destroyed many of the trees on the top of Mole Hill. Ulrich did not have the manpower or the resources to clear these road-blocking trees, so he opened the hill for Valley residents to use as a source of firewood. “For $5 a load, you can come up and get some good timber,” Ulrich adds, “it’s a service to the community and it helps us too.”

Today the hill is used as a geological classroom for many area schools. James Madison University has been using the hill for many years, as have Eastern Mennonite and Bridgewater Colleges. During this time, researchers have discovered much about the original volcano and its formation. The hill is composed of dolomite and limestone, which are sedimentary rocks, and a large amount of chert, a quartz mineral. The plug of the volcano is made up of igneous rock, which is solidified molten material. Campbell also says that rock evidence shows that the volcano erupted during its activity, but when pressure stopped building from deep in the earth, the volcano became extinct and eroded away.

Ulrich has tried to preserve Mole Hill as a geological classroom and has no plans for any future development. He often receives calls from church or social groups who wish to study it. “I’ve put up ‘No Parking’ signs and a gate in front of the road that leads up the hill to discourage trespassing,” he adds. “I’m happy that Mole Hill serves an educational purpose.”

Campbell agrees, “Mole Hill offers a rare opportunity for students in the Shenandoah Valley to come and see the actual remnant of a volcanic system.”

KATHY McLOUGHLIN, a JMU senior from Annandale, Va., is majoring in communication arts and minoring in business administration and French. She plans a career in public relations or magazine work.

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The ancient volcano

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Feeder tube to volcano
A community of hope

Providing a living and learning experience for the handicapped

Article by Tim Hall

The ride from Harrisonburg to Keezletown is a short but lovely one. The mountains rise beautifully from the horizon. The most beautiful thing in Keezletown, however, is not the scenery; instead, the beauty lies just past the Keezletown school, in a building that looks no more special than a large country home.

That building houses the Community of Hope, Incorporated, or COHOPE!, as it is commonly called. It is the home of five resident students and is a day school for 10 other adults, all severely physically handicapped but mentally alert. However, COHOPE! is more than a school; it is an inspiration. It is filled with love, hope, faith, and genuine care.

The man most responsible for COHOPE! is a slightly balding, chubby 68-year-old marvel—Hubert Harris.

Harris and his wife Mary founded the Community of Hope, Incorporated in the mid-1960s. As they gathered enough money, they began constructing the foundations for the COHOPE! building on a vacant lot next to their home. Finally, in 1971, the first day students entered COHOPE!

The founder admits that it has been a struggle, but says he is not sorry for undertaking the project.

“It has been quite a trip, but we would not exchange it for any other kind of an experience. The people we have met, the people we have worked with, the many wonderful people that

At left, director Hubert Harris stands at the entrance to COHOPE!. At right, COHOPE! instructor Daryl Bontrager works with Harris’ son Paul.
started sending us money way back when, and still do, make it all worthwhile," Harris says.

What sparked the Harris' interest in a home for physically handicapped but mentally alert adults was their son Paul, who has been afflicted with cerebral palsy since birth. While living in Cincinnati, the Harrises formed a group with parents of other cerebral-palsied children. The group helped form a treatment center there, but Paul soon outgrew its age requirements, so the family moved to the Keezletown area and formed another group, eventually coming up with the idea behind COHOPE!.

With the aid of a former COHOPE! teacher and his mother, Paul finished a book last year which he had been dictating for 12 years. The book, entitled "One Day At A Time," consists of poetry and prose on topics ranging from his parents to Valentine's Day, all written with a distinct Christian flair:

One Day At A Time
Sometimes we hurry
And run from day to day.

But I don't.
I do everything
-one day at a time.

I wonder,
Why do we hurry?
Why?
It hurts me to see people running
Right here at COHOPE!
And in town.

I didn't know I'd meet the Lord
Right here!
And I didn't know that He'd be
My Lord.
But all my heart
Is burning to serve Him
-one day at a time.

I've stopped running
As I've given my life to the Lord.
But now that I'm on
This side,
He gives me my life
-one day at a time.

Last summer Paul was in the hospital for surgery. His father says that while Paul was being wheeled down the hall by his mother, he

Above, instructor Brenda Fairweather and a day student work at communicating with each other. Opposite, two students enjoy lunch together.

happened to look into another room and make eye contact with a Costa Rican woman who was also having surgery.

"Paul told his mother I want to go see that lady," Harris recalls. "Mary told him it could wait until the next morning but Paul just insisted that he see her that instant. So Mary took Paul down to the lady's room and she and Paul chatted for a while and when he left, Paul gave the woman a copy of his book. The next day she told Paul that she had read the entire book without putting it down and had had the best night's sleep she had ever gotten."

Paul is just one of the five residents at COHOPE!. Of the other four, three are female. All are special.

They are Melody, Bonnie, Sandy, and Keith. Each resident has his or her own room, and each has decorated it much like anyone would,
with televisions, stereos, posters, and stuffed animals.

For instance, in Melody’s room there are pictures, including one of fellow resident Keith, and tiny glass figurines. On Mel’s bed is a small stuffed bear sitting with legs straight out and arms wide open, asking to be hugged.

Sandy is the newest resident. She moved to COHOPE! in August from an Owensboro, Ky., center that was converted to a nursing home in order to receive more money from the federal government, according to Harris.

Unbelievably, there is no federal program to directly aid those who are severely physically handicapped but mentally alert.

“The government says ‘look what we are doing for the handicapped,’ but they aren’t doing a thing for those who can still contribute to society,” Harris says.

Providing a home atmosphere is the basis of COHOPE!

Without federal aid, the most difficult problem facing COHOPE! is money. The total cost of running COHOPE! is over $180,000 a year, or about $21 an hour. Of that $21, Harris says that he knows where $6 of it is coming from. The rest, he says, must be collected through fund raising and donations.

The most expensive items are pieces of equipment for the students. For example, Harris says that the center needs a hydraulic lift and a tilting-standing table, which enables the students to stand up. Both items will cost about $600 each and are desperately needed, according to Harris.

The surrounding communities offer a great deal of assistance to COHOPE! through donations of equipment and money. A few years ago the Dayton Town Hall donated an oven to COHOPE!, and the center was faced with the task of taking it apart, cleaning it, and getting it to Keezetown. Somehow, two men from Culpeper heard of the problem and drove down on a Saturday morning to help. They brought the oven over from Dayton, took it apart, cleaned it, put it back together, and then left for home, Harris says.

The equipment is necessary to help COHOPE! fulfill its three basic purposes. The first is to provide residents and students with basic physical care, including exercise. Second, COHOPE! provides mental stimulation through group teaching and individual instruction. All patients are of sound mind; their only handicap is their body. Third, it provides a Christian atmosphere in a home-like setting.

“A home atmosphere is the basis of the reason for COHOPE!,” Harris says. “We try to make it home, but we still must stay within the group living concept, or we could never schedule school, or meals, or work times, or exercises. Since we first became incorporated in 1960, the aim has been education and home living. We have not lost sight of this need.”

Harris says the residents, even his son, consider COHOPE! their home. “Sometimes we will bring Paul over to the house (the Harrises live next door to the facility) to watch television and have dinner. After a couple of hours he will say ‘take me home.’ The residents are like brothers and sisters. It is really healthy.”

There are few requirements to be a resident of COHOPE!. The toughest part is working to the top of the waiting list. Harris says the only requirements are that the person be of sound mind and severely physically handicapped, in a wheelchair, and not bedridden. The cost is scaled to the individual; a family pays what it can afford.

At the first of the year, Harris will be stepping down as director of COHOPE!, relinquishing the title to the current assistant director, George Rinick. Harris will remain chairman of the board of the corporation, and will concern himself mainly with raising enough money to keep their project alive. It is a never-ending search.

Harris admits that the constant quest for money is extremely frustrating at times. However, he says he has never given any thought to closing COHOPE!.

“You get frustrated,” Harris says, “but it all goes away when those five beautiful faces come in front of you with no other place to go.”

TIM HALL, a JMU senior communication arts major from Martinsville, Va., plans a career in newspaper or magazine work.
Melody Gibbs may be confined to a wheelchair and unable to speak, but she is still active. She has not let her handicap stop her from interacting with people, and by perfecting the skill of nonverbal communication, she has dictated her autobiography, The Real Me.

"Let me introduce myself, my name is Melody and this is my story. Often, people feel uncomfortable around me because of my handicap. Well, I want you to relax; for, you see, I'm actually a very normal person. It simply takes a while to get to know me. I can't talk, but if we both try, we can communicate. I'll take the first step; that is why I've written you my story.

"First of all let's consider my physical condition. I have cerebral palsy, a birth disorder that denies me voluntary control over most of my muscles. This causes me to be quite dependent on other people. I'm confined to a wheelchair, and activities that you would do without a thought (such as brushing your teeth) require much effort and outside assistance for me. I even have trouble expressing my thoughts because these stubborn muscles won't let me talk, and believe me, I have quite a few thoughts I'd like to express. Cerebral palsy has not affected my mental capabilities. I am not—I repeat AM NOT mentally retarded."

Melody dictated this from COHOPE!, which has been her home for three years. Previously, she lived in Arlington with her family. Mr. Hubert E. Harris, the director of COHOPE!, chose Melody over two other applicants.

"We select the person from the..."
standpoint of who has the greatest need," he says. "Mel's need was by far the most severe. She is an intelligent girl. She had been going to a school for the handicapped who are not mentally retarded. Then they transferred her, because she could not talk, to a school for the mentally retarded and that was no good. Plus, she lived with her mother and sister in a highrise apartment in Arlington. If she was there alone, which she had to be sometimes, there was no way she could do anything if an emergency came up. We felt that her need was the greatest.

"You just have to communicate with her by questions. She says 'yes' with blinking her eyes and 'no' by shaking her head. And, if it's an emphatic 'no,' her whole body shakes," Harris chuckles.

The 21-year-old's light brown curly hair highlights expressive blue eyes that won't give up if someone is not comprehending what she communicates. "She patiently waits until you pick the correct word," says Donna Haun, a teacher at COHOPE!. Haun explains it took months just to write a paragraph of Mel's autobiography.

Melody can initiate conversation herself by using the Communications Board invented by her teachers. The board consists of nine large boxes. Each box is further divided into nine smaller boxes containing pronouns, prepositions, verbs, adjectives, nouns, and names of employees and residents. "The student needs to indicate two numbers. The first number will locate the large box; the second will locate the smaller box with the word. Melody uses what we call Visual Scanning where she moves her head in exaggerated positions," Haun explains. Other students use their foot, hand, or click their tongue to indicate a word.

Another communicating instrument is the Cybertype, a special typewriter that allows one to type using a chin, hand, elbow, foot or even by blowing through a straw. An electric board containing the alphabet is hooked up to the machine. It takes three presses to locate a letter; first, to find the row of letters, second, to find the letter, and third, to type it. Using her chin, Melody types the lines her teachers have written. There is one line she types over and over: "'I have to be myself.'"

Melody's petite, delicate figure of 85 pounds appears tall when sitting in her wheelchair. Surprisingly, she stands only about 5 feet tall on the padded table. With straps holding her down, an orderly turns a handle causing Melody to stand up as the table rises vertically. Slowly stretching her muscles, she straightens her legs and torso. Melody and her co-residents, Paul, Sandy, Keith and Bonnie, all have a chance to stand up twice a day. They can also roll on the padded mat, lift weights, or walk around the hall using a harnessed frame that has rollers on the bottom.

After exercising, Melody relaxes in her bedroom, in which a floor length picture window allows her to see the farms and rolling hills of Keezletown. Beside the window is a communications board. But, talking to Melody without the board is not difficult. When asked whether she enjoys watching TV, her light brown curls will bounce as she nods "no."

"TV and radio do not thrill me, but I resort to them if there is nothing else," her autobiography explains. "Listening to albums is more to my taste, especially contemporary rock music. Every so often, I like to hear other forms of music to add variety. I absolutely love to be on the go. I like to sight-see (when I can take the time and take it all in). Visiting others is fun because I get to see how they live for a change. And, just as any other normal, red-blooded American female, I love to go shopping. Most of all, I want to learn; I want to expand my knowledge, my awareness and my perceptions so I can live my life to the fullest. You know, I used to worry about my future and what would happen to me. I was afraid of living in a 'home' where they take care of you but don't care about you. COHOPE! has calmed my fears because it is different that all those places I imagined. They not only care for me physically, but they care for me emotionally and urge me to develop mentally. I cannot begin to tell you how important that is to me!"

NANCY STONE, from Annandale, Va., is a JMU senior majoring in communication arts and plans a career in public relations.
Fred Showker:
The man

Article by Tom Arvis

From free-lancing graphics, to designing a "trucking" board game, to building his own house and setting up his own local company, Harrisonburg native Fred Showker has lived his philosophy that adversity breeds artistic creativity. And after years of struggling, the 30-year-old Showker is finally "on the upswing." This year he gave Harrisonburg a series of 80 lithograms he designed honoring the city's bicentennial.

Since 1978, Showker has been the founder and force behind Showker Inc., operating out of The Print Shop, about one mile south of the city on U.S. Route 42.

The company deals in graphic designs, illustrations and hand-letterings, and currently consists of Showker's wife, a few hired hands and himself. They have produced such logos, posters, and ads as the WQPO window stickers, the Massanutten Bank and Trust emblem, and the Blue Mountain Records logo.

"There's a lot of thinking involved. You don't just sit down and draw," Showker says of his work. Most finished products begin as a brief description by a client of what he wants, Showker says, and then he takes these ideas or images offered by the client and draws up rough pencil sketches on tracing paper.

Showker says that some projects are completed and run off after only one drawing; however, most ideas will see 30 to 40 tracings before being transferred to good stock paper in ink. Much time can be spent capturing the right proportions, flow, and feeling of a single project, he says.

One example Showker cites is the Massanutten Bank and Trust emblem. "I spent over an hour-and-a-half getting the slants in the 'M' at the pitch I wanted."

Once he is satisfied with a final rough, the design is transferred to quality-stock paper in ink and
In the winter of 1978, Showker decided to take a year off from the shop to build a self-designed geodesic dome-home in Weyers Cave, Va. Having never built anything before, Showker labored over the home eight to 14 hours a day because he couldn’t find any carpenters who could understand his blueprints. “I’ve been told it’s a carpenter’s nightmare,” Showker says of his dome.

The finished home, which has a 40-foot diameter, cost about $12 per square foot. Showker says his wife

behind the logos

Photography by Joe Schneckenburger

presented to the client for his approval. If the client is not satisfied, it’s back to the drawing board.

Showker’s appearance is that of an artist. His tall, thin frame usually sports a T-shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes, and his dark hair and beard are curly and uncombed, but clean. His wire-rimmed glasses accent his dark eyes, which gleam with a tinge of excitement when discussing his work.

Born and raised in Harrisonburg, Showker discovered as a boy that he possessed a natural talent for drawing, recalling that his first major interest was in drawing cars. “I was producing car designs in ’63, ’64, and ’65 that are very similar to cars that appeared in the mid ’70s,” he says. He had hopes of becoming a design engineer for the auto industry, but a slight deficiency in math made that goal impossible.

Instead, Showker attended Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, majoring in communication arts and design, where his interest in his art strengthened and developed. After graduation in 1972, he stayed there to free-lance. One of his first projects was commissioned by the national chapter of the In-house Media of the Presbyterian Church, which gave Showker and an instructor from VCU money to produce a series of animated public service films and slides for television.

Showker recalls that the studio for the animations was thrown together in a back room of the church, and that he worked mostly at home painting and inking over 11,000 pictures to be shot and filmed later in the studio. The animations were shown nation-wide and in Canada, as well as in Japan and Spain, where foreign languages were dubbed in.

Shortly after this, Showker decided to move back to Harrisonburg where he got a job as creative director for J.T. McNamara, a local ad agency. After a year-and-a-half with McNamara, Showker and his wife again decided to leave Harrisonburg. They intended to move to California, but ended up spending the next several months traveling all over the country.
Above, Showker enthusiastically discusses his work in his office.

In 1976 Showker invented a game called "That's Truckin'," which was to become the nucleus for Showker Inc. "That's Truckin'," a board game dealing with truckers and state troopers, invites a person to "drive the big rigs across America."

Having designed the game at home, Showker took its prototype to California where he and his wife tested it by playing it with different people along the way. Response was generally positive, he says.

In a few months, the high cost of California living drove the Showkers back to Harrisonburg where an intense year was spent preparing the game for marketing.

Showker created and did all the art for the game himself, assembling the boxes and boards in his print shop in Dayton. A small apartment was rented nearby where Showker's wife, his mother, and hired housewives counted cards, components, and play money for the games. "Those ladies sat for two days and counted about $1 billion of play money," Showker jokingly recalls.

Showker soon set up a corporation, and the game was marketed primarily through mail order and at many truck stops and local gift shops. At one time, Parker Brothers and Milton Bradley were thinking about marketing Showker's game under the title of NBC's now defunct television series "Movin' On."

However, Showker decided the big game industry was too far above him. "Nobody really cares. They don't care how or why the game was created; they only care if it sells and how much they're going to get out of it," he says. "A designer for a company like the Parker Brothers or Milton Bradley turns out a design for a game and never sees it again. I'm into seeing the results, on a level where you're not too far removed from the end product," Showker says.

Being opposed to contributing to a market he didn't believe in, Showker says he chose to market the game on his own. Having borrowed the money to put it on the market, he says that when the games are all bought, there will be no more made. He expects to break even on the entire endeavor.
In the winter of 1978, Showker decided to take a year off from the shop to build a self-designed geodesic dome-home in Weyers Cave, Va. Having never built anything before, Showker labored over the home eight to 14 hours a day because he couldn't find any carpenters who could understand his blueprints. “I’ve been told it’s a carpenter’s nightmare,” Showker says of his dome.

The finished home, which has a 40-foot diameter, cost about $12 per square foot. Showker says his wife took care of the business while he worked on the home, although he still tried to keep up with the major accounts.

Showker Inc. is doing better all the time, Showker says, adding that the company is still “walking a line between purchasing equipment and making a living.” Most of the money made at this time is put back into the company, but there is hope for expansion, he says. Eventually Showker hopes to set up a complete graphics fulfillment house, with facilities to produce T-shirts, signs, commercial prints, etc.

But at present, Showker is happy at what he is doing, saying that the long, often difficult times have been good for him. “Struggle is good for an artist,” he says, “it prevents stagnation.”

THOMAS J. ARVIS II is a senior communication arts major with a concentration in journalism at JMU. He is from Waynesboro, Va., and hopes to develop a career as a professional cartoonist.
Mark Thompson sits relaxed behind the wheel of his maroon BMW. Only moments before, however, he had been a study in concentration: carefully composing a shot in the viewfinder of his Nikon F2; bringing the 300mm lens into precise focus; squeezing off a frame.

For a time, Thompson just woodshedded, doing the usual freshman things until then—Breeze photo editor Walt Morgan took him onto his staff. This was the beginning of a long period of distinguished service for the campus student newspaper, which culminated in his spending a year-and-a-half as photo editor.

He left the post in December of 1978 to take a "part-time job" as a photographer for the News-Record. He attributes getting the job to luck; Allen Litten, the paper's chief photographer, needed to increase his staff since expanded duties allowed him to spend less time taking photos. Thompson quickly settled into the typical part-time photographer's routine of 40-hour work weeks. The recent departure of photographer Lindy Keast opened an official full-time post to Thompson.

Today, despite the fact that his News-Record assignments are varied, Thompson still prefers to shoot sports. He likes sports, he says, because of the motion involved, and the fact that the photographer must be constantly alert for the peak of action. Sports photography also meshes well with his current affection for long lenses. Presently, Thompson favors 300mm and 500mm telephoto lenses, and he has also developed an interest in extreme wide-angle photography.

The role of a photojournalist, according to Thompson, is to make people notice things which they would otherwise pass by. The challenge is to come back with stimulating images on a day-to-day basis, he says, but the Valley offers so much obvious physical beauty that the accomplishment of showing it to people from a fresh perspective is its own reward.
Above, March of Dimes 1980 Poster Child Betsy Burch, age 7, of Stone Mt., Ga., relaxes after a swim in a local pool. Right, a James Madison University gymnast works out. On the following pages, a child watches the July 4th Children's Day Parade, a young boy sells summer vegetables, and starlings perch on a television antenna.
Glass art creations reflect the beauty of the Shenandoah Valley

Article by Brian Daley
Photography by Joe Schneckenburger

Outside, farmers and businessmen stroll nonchalantly down the sidewalk, suddenly disappearing into the ABC store, then emerging with brown paper bags tucked covertly away in the crook of their arm. The cars on Greenville Avenue, which make up the dilapidated firehouse's front yard, crawl by, whine by, or whiz by, depending on whether the traffic light is red, green, or yellow.

Inside, a dusty old stereo thumps out the bass line of a Rolling Stones song. Several workbenches, scattered haphazardly around the large room, are piled up with black metal prods, dirty rags, broken chips of glass, and on one, a bottle of Jergen's Hand Lotion. In a rather rickety-looking wooden rack stand a dozen or so shiny metal poles about 4 feet long. Some of the poles are hollow tubes, others are solid.

Along one entire wall, a contraption resembling a beat-up old Little League hot dog stand has been built. A soot-black hood slants up from the wall, suspended from the ceiling. Several sheets of corrugated tin lean against the hood, bent and dented, with large holes cut out of them. But no hot dog stand has pipes leading into it which mix natural gas and pure oxygen.

A rich orange glow spills out from behind the tin sheets onto the floor, as two furnaces, heated to 2,200 degrees Fahrenheit, keep the glass inside molten until it's ready for use. It is in this atmosphere of noise, dirt, and heat that glassblower John Kuhn creates some of the most beautiful glass artwork in the country.

Glassblowing is a highly technical craft. The furnaces must be heated to the right temperature so that the glass is kept molten, but not watery. The composition of the glass itself must be specifically controlled so the glass is always clear and pure.

Yet Kuhn considers himself not a technician, but a conceptual artist. The basic method used to create the estimated 600 pieces he has sold is the same every time. But according to Kuhn, each one of the 600 pieces is unique. "Everything is one of a kind," he says. "That's why each is so valuable."

Unlike the stereotypical artist who broods until inspired, and only then works, Kuhn is constantly busy. His studio is opened about 7 a.m. by Kuhn's studio manager, Craig Holt, who holds a master's degree in fine arts and has been blowing glass for five years himself. Kuhn arrives
Kuhn toils on alone, stopping to eat each weekday about 9 a.m. When Holt goes home each night at 5 p.m., Kuhn toils on alone, stopping to eat about 7 p.m., then finally shutting down about 9 p.m. The two men work an eight-hour day Saturdays and Sundays. Kuhn estimates he labors 70 to 80 hours a week.

"But I'm really very lucky," Kuhn says, "I'm doing something that's relatively lucrative, and that I love to do."

"Relatively lucrative" may be something of an understatement, as three studio examples of his work show.

The first, a bottle-like object 5 inches high and weighing 4 pounds, has a clear glass bottom half with blue glass from the middle up. In the center is a multicolored oval of beautiful contrasts. The entire effect is like a Grecian urn. Kuhn says this piece would sell to art collectors for about $900.

The second piece is of the same style, but slightly larger. It stands about 7 or 8 inches tall, and weighs about 5 pounds. These creations net Kuhn in the area of $600.

The third piece is more abstract, in a style which Kuhn considers his artistic signature. It is roughly triangular in shape; the top has been trimmed, molded, prodded, and clipped so that it is very rough and uneven. The entire piece is layered with different colored glass, all of which has been treated with a chemical to make it resemble rock. On the face of two sides, the glass has been ground and polished like a window looking into a rainbow in the rock. This very striking creation would sell for nearly $1,000.

However, Kuhn is no millionaire yet. He has only been blowing glass for four years, and what money his creations have earned has been reinvested in his studio. Kuhn says his shop now has about $35,000 worth of furnaces, plumbing, grinders, polishing machines, thermal cooling bins, and other machines and tools vital to his craft. Nonetheless, the former Augusta County Firehouse in downtown Staunton is, quite literally, a rat trap, with Kuhn occasionally stopping to clean up a dead rodent one of his cats has trapped and killed.

Kuhn came to Staunton three years ago, after graduating with a master's degree in fine arts from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond. With a budget of only $1,200 his first year in the Valley, he was forced to live in a small back room in his studio. His becoming successful has allowed him to move to an apartment, "... and get all the basic middle-class amenities everybody else has or wants."

Watching the man work, one could forget he is an artist. While in the process of actually forming one of his works, the black-haired Kuhn hurries from his workbench to the furnaces, and back again. He is neither careful nor exact with his actions, as a painter or a sculptor might be.

When preparing one of his "rock" creations, Kuhn picks different colored shards of glass of the sizes, shapes, and shades he wants, and heats them. Meanwhile one of the
shiny hollow tubes, called a blowtube, is put in either of the furnaces which is kept heated 24 hours a day. The tube, made of stainless steel, which Kuhn says doesn’t conduct heat, is dipped in the molten glass inside the furnace, and a glob about the size of a golf ball is withdrawn. At this point the pace picks up.

From the time when the glass is first on the tube till the finished creation is placed in a thermal cooling bin to slowly harden, Kuhn’s sinewy hands and fingers are constantly twirling the pole, spinning the glass. This is because the glass is so soft that if it weren’t spun, it would sag to the ground like putty.

Once he has a bulb of glass on his blowtube, Kuhn shapes it in a cup-like device, spinning the tube to form the bulb like an egg. The bulb is then heated again for about 30 seconds in the third furnace, called a glory hole, which can be turned off when not in use. When the bulb is once again near the temperature of the glass kept in the other two furnaces, it is dipped in again to apply a new layer.

Color is applied by pressing the bulb to the colored shards. They adhere to the hot glass like a penny being picked up by a wad of gum. The steps are repeated; more layers of color are applied, and more layers of clear glass are dipped on.

After the third dip, and about every three thereafter, Kuhn raises the end of the blowtube to his lips. His mouth purses and his cheeks bulge underneath his untrimmed beard as his cool blue eyes appraise the ballooning bulb of glass on the far end of the tube. When he is satisfied that the bulb is sufficiently hollow for its thickness, he resumes twirling the tube, and the dipping and molding process continues.

When Kuhn has built the bulb up and blown it to the size of a cantaloupe, he dangles it in front of him, and begins to swing it in a wide arc. His lithe 6-foot frame leans back and forth, balancing against the 40 pounds that the glass and the tube together weigh. He looks like the littlest girl in a marching band flag corps, trying desperately not to lose her flag, and it seems impossible that the glass can stay on the end of the tube during this rough treatment. After all, it’s fragile, breakable glass!

But it doesn’t break, and after the swinging process the bulb has become the shape of a football. Now the really rough treatment starts.

Kuhn takes the glowing mass and rolls it on the floor to taper one end. That end is then clipped to form a flat base.

Next, Kuhn sticks the oval into a black, barrel-like tub, set next to the glory hole among the furnaces. This is the fumer, where chemicals are sprayed on the bulb which will eventually give it a rock-like appearance. The bulb is alternately fumed, then baked in the glory hole several times.

During the fuming stage, Kuhn wears a gas mask and protective goggles. He resembles a giant fly busily buzzing back and forth across the room.

For his next step, Kuhn takes one of the solid stainless steel tubes, called a punty stick, and dabs a small glob of molten glass from one of the
An example of Kuhn’s rock-like glass art, this piece stands 14 inches tall, weighs about 15 lbs., and sells for approximately $1,000.

The chemically-treated bulb is then placed on this glob and trimmed with shears to cut away fringe material. This new glob is molded around the punty stick, and the glass around the blowtube is carefully cut, then broken away on the other end. The new glob is needed because the punty stick won’t adhere to the chemically-treated glass.

Breaking the blowtube away from the glass leaves a small hole at its top, which is enlarged with a cone like a trumpet mute. Except for using different colors and color patterns each time, this much of the process is the same for each piece Kuhn makes in this style.

The uniqueness of each creation begins when Kuhn clips and molds the top of the bulb so it looks like a natural rock outcropping. The clips, prods and bends of the glass putty seem to come according to his whims as he hits his masterpiece on the floor, workbenches and metal poles. Finally, satisfied with the shape he has obtained, Kuhn carefully cuts the base of the creation off the punty stick and catches it deftly in asbestos gloves. The work is put in a large barrel-shaped chamber where it will slowly cool for three or four days so that it won’t crack.
The entire process takes about two hours, but the glass is far from a work of art yet. After it cools, it must have the sides ground down in specific places to get the window effect. Then, the piece must be polished in a special vibrating polisher machine. The first polish is with a slightly coarse polishing compound, the second with a finer polishing rag. Finally, after about two weeks of work, the final product can be displayed for art collectors and galleries to bid on at auctions, or for distributors to sell to private collectors.

While Kuhn takes pride in the smooth urn-like objects, he says he would like to concentrate on making his abstract art pieces all the time.

According to Kuhn, the philosophy behind his creations is one of expressing life through his art. The rock-like appearance of his creations suggest geological outcroppings, and the patterns of colored glass symbolize landscapes. The contrast serves as an analogy of the “mind as a place of peace in the tumult of the physical world.”

Not everyone agrees with Kuhn’s philosophy or likes his more abstract works. He says that people who collect art appreciate the concepts and the beauty of his work. People who are specifically interested in glass, however, don’t like his rock glass creations because they are more interested in the smooth texture, fine line, and crystalline reflections that untreated glass possess, he says.

With collections on display in galleries as far away as New York, San Francisco, and even Hamburg, Germany, John Kuhn is developing a reputation as one of the finest glassblowers in the country. At the age of 31, it would seem he has a bright future ahead of him. He would eventually like to open a new studio west of Staunton in the Valley, but that is still in the future.

John Kuhn has used the Valley for its solitude, for its atmosphere, for its beauty. But he has taken that beauty, worked it with his own hands, and offered something beautiful back, not only to the Valley, but to the world.

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Spelunking:
An underground adventure

Article by Terry Purvis
Photography by Joe Schneckenburger
Deep within the dark recesses of a crack in the earth, five figures scramble and climb among the rocks. The path before them is illuminated by bright lights shining from their foreheads. Their features are disguised by heavy, muddy garments, and they move in a curious combination of walking upright, crawling on their bellies, and scooting along on their backs using their appendages for leverage.

Are they creatures of some weird underground species? Are they invaders from outer space, or enemy saboteurs, or very determined tax dodgers, or what?

No need to worry. They're spelunkers—people exploring caves. They put on lighted helmets and go below the surface of the earth to study and enjoy the geological, scenic, and recreational value of caves. Some are professionals, but most are enthusiastic amateurs who explore caves for the physical challenge and rugged beauty of underground formations.

I got interested in caving because some of my friends have explored caves all over Virginia and West Virginia, including some called "pits" that can only be reached by rappelling down 40-foot cliffs. For my first trip, however, they chose a "walk-in" cave called 3-D Maze. When I heard the name, I had terrible visions of being lost in an underground labyrinth, wandering around for days in the dark until the bats got me. Ridiculous, said my companions, and so we proceeded with the expedition.

3-D Maze, along with two other caves called Mad Steer and Lyle's Pit, is located on a farm near Edom, Virginia, north of Harrisonburg just off Route 42. We reached the farm from Harrisonburg in about 20 minutes, and set off over hills and through cow pastures to find the cave.

The mouth of 3-D Maze is at the bottom of a muddy little bank, and after I slid down I realized that I had made my first mistake: I was wearing white corduroy jeans. They will never be the same. Everyone had a good laugh at my pants, and then we donned our helmets, lit our carbide lamps—the same "headlights" that coal miners wear—and entered the cave.

I immediately learned the reason for its name, as the cave's mouth branched into several passages. We proceeded slowly, scaling large boulders and inching through narrow pathways. Then we came to the first vertical passage. The crevice seemed about 15 feet deep and 1 foot wide, and we had to climb down between the rock walls while also moving across. This was the most difficult part of the trip for me, because there were moments when I couldn't find a foothold and was afraid to move. It took me at least five minutes to descend this passage, whereas my friends seemed to hop down in about five seconds. But I made it, and the sense of accomplishment I felt was enough to alleviate my fears and give me a real incentive for pushing on.

From there the going was much easier, and I became fascinated with everything I saw. There were hallways connecting small rooms within the cave, sparkling crystal deposits on some of the walls, and a stream winding through the crevices. Unfortunately most of the stalactites and stalagmites had been broken by inconsiderate explorers, but in some places these formations remained unharmed.

When we emerged two hours later,
tired and covered with dirt, I was very pleased with the experience and I definitely planned to go caving again.

My first spelunking expedition, though enjoyable, was probably the most physically demanding activity I had ever experienced, but it seemed like a Sunday afternoon walk in a park compared with my second trip, which occurred on a rainy night in October. My guides were several members of the James Madison University Outing Club and Robert Griffin, an Outing Club sponsor. When they told me that we would be exploring 3-D Maze, I smugly said, "Oh, I've done that cave before. It's real easy." I was to regret those words a hundred times over.

Griffin wanted to challenge us, so he led us on a far more difficult route than I had explored before. Our first maneuver was to slide down a gigantic, flat, slanting surface to a deep vertical passage, at least as rigorous as the one I had encountered on my first trip. Once that was behind us, we came to a winding, rocky path about 2 feet wide and 12 feet high, seemingly going down into the very bowels of the earth. "Where does this take us?" I nervously asked. "China," replied a companion. This passage, a fairly difficult climb, reminded me of a series of long, narrow waterfalls, without the water. Loose rocks kept slipping out from under our feet and clobbering the persons below, and when we decided to climb back up, the larger members of the party had to take an alternate route because the path was too tight and steep for them.

Next on the agenda, Griffin announced, was learning an advanced climbing technique known as "chimneying." He led us to a place where the path dropped abruptly into a crevice with smooth walls about 4 feet apart. Since there were no niches or protruding rocks for footholds, Griffin instructed us to push against one wall with our backs and against the other with our feet, and to slowly move down the crevice while keeping pressure against both sides. I found that getting into the position, which was like sitting without a seat, was more difficult than moving once I was in place. Chimneying proved to be a useful technique, because we came across several crevices that were too smooth for regular climbing.

But there was one place that defied every method of climbing I knew of—and I had to be rescued by my trusty companions and a rope. We were following a stream that ran through the cave, when we came to a drop that looked like an easy climb with plenty of footholds. I boldly started down first. Then I discovered that the walls were solid mud, and that it was impossible to climb back up or further down. There I was, clinging to that wall for dear life, with my feet slowly losing their grip. Fortunately, a fellow explorer threw me a rope just as I fell. Once safely down I realized that the fall probably wouldn't have hurt—there was a 6-inch cushion of mud on the floor.

We followed the stream to the point where its passageway became a tiny hole in the wall. By this time we had spent a few hours in the cave, and everyone, including me, was tired. So we made our way back to the surface.

I had enjoyed the rigorous challenge, but I must admit that I was glad to stand on green grass again.

As I learned, spelunking is an activity which can require a lot of complicated equipment, such as ascending gear for climbing up cliffs, and portable boats for exploring water-filled passages. But beginners attempting an easy cave can get by with much simpler gear. Sturdy hiking boots with good ankle support and traction are the best footwear for caving. And since cave temperatures in this area average 54 degrees, clothing should be warm and rugged, but not so bulky that movement is restrained.

A helmet is a necessity because cave passages often have protruding rocks and low head clearance. Work gloves are helpful for climbing and crawling, offering protection from sharp rocks.

Since caves are totally dark, the most important piece of equipment a caver carries is a light. A flashlight will do, but the best source is a calcium carbide lantern which attaches to the helmet, leaving the hands free. This lantern contains water and calcium carbide pellets which mix to form acetylene gas, a
highly flammable, white-burning substance. Lanterns, calcium carbide pellets, helmets, and other caving supplies can be bought at outfitters such as Landsea Passages in downtown Harrisonburg.

Since light is so crucial, many experienced cavers follow the rule of taking three sources: a carbide lantern, a flashlight, and matches wrapped in plastic. Also in a caver’s supply bag are extra carbide pellets, water, spare flashlight batteries, a knife, and about 30 feet of rope.

There are a number of other safety rules cavers should obey. Most importantly, no one should ever go caving alone, no matter how experienced he is or how easy the cave. There are too many dangers in the sport for anyone to take this risk. Beginners should go spelunking only with an experienced guide who has proper equipment and who knows how to use it. Especially important is that all members of the party know how to relight, refuel, and clean a carbide lantern, which can go out occasionally. Before setting out, spelunkers should tell people at home the exact location of the cave they will be exploring and how long they plan to be gone. Griffin always leaves a note in his car specifying where he is and who is with him.

As well as their own personal safety, serious spelunkers are always aware of the safety of the cave itself. Vandalism, trashing, and souvenir-taking are threats to the beauty and scientific value of caves, but often explorers ignore this rule of conservation.

Since most caves are on private property, cavers should show courtesy to the owners by obtaining permission before entering a cave. Farmers sometimes put barriers in front of caves to keep livestock from falling in, and these must be replaced if moved to enter the cave. Used calcium carbide should not be left on the property because it can kill the farm’s livestock and the cave’s bats and plants.

Now that the whats, wheres, and hows of caving have been explained, the question is why?! Why would anyone willingly subject himself to such a rigorous, dangerous, muddy ordeal?

Spelunkers offer plenty of enthusiastic reasons. Some enjoy the opportunity to learn about underground geological formations, while others like to put themselves to the test of a real life-and-death situation. For less daring spelunkers, the scenery is enough of a reward. But mainly it’s the thrill, as one caver put it, of “going where hardly anyone else has ever been before—possibly finding a virgin passage that no eyes but mine have ever seen.”

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Hiking:

A healthy way to relax and see nature

Article by Brian Daley

Hiking sure is a lot of fun (puff, puff!). It's great exercise (hack), and you get to see the beauty of nature (wheeze).

About 30 minutes southwest of Bridgewater, near Todd Lake in the George Washington National Forest, the newest trail in the park, Wild Oak Trail, has recently been opened. A 25-and-a-half mile loop, the trail provides the opportunity for the veteran hiker and the novice alike to get away from the high-paced monotony of everyday life and appreciate the leisurely beauty of the national forest.

Before any hiking trip is made, certain preparations and precautions should be taken. Although it may seem like it would be just a walk in the woods, hiking in the mountains is not like walking down the street to the local Seven-Eleven. Hikers should not plan a trip which they are not physically capable of completing. Wild Oak Trail is ideal in this respect because it is broken into three sections, parts of which are perfectly

Wild Oak Trail
in the George Washington National Forest

Photography by Joe Schneckenburger

A hiker walks Wild Oak Trail. Although challenging, the trail is well-marked and easy to follow.
Despite the solitude and apparent lack of wildlife, the woods are definitely not quiet. Occasionally a bird will chirp or a squirrel will chatter.

One thing very noticeable about the woods when you've gotten this deep into them is that despite the solitude and apparent lack of wildlife, the woods are definitely not quiet. Occasionally a bird will chirp or a squirrel will chatter, but always the mind and body are soothed by the constant sound of wind dancing through the trees, washing over the senses like a wave in the ocean.

Following the three sharp turns as the trail becomes a relatively gentle slope reminds you of a sailboat trying to catch the wind, as you tack back and forth across the mountain face. About a mile-and-a-half up the trail, you may get kind of depressed. The sign which points the way to Ramsey's Draft and Hiner Springs forgoses decimals in telling you you've only hiked a mile from Camp Todd. You've actually hiked 1.7 miles, but it feels like you've gone a lot farther than that.

At this point you should begin to notice changes in the forest. Lower, at the start of the trail, the woods are mostly tall trees, set apart from each other but still thick and lush, blocking out much of the light. Now, the foliage is shorter, and less dense, so that the sun plays on the forest floor like Peter Pan's Tinkerbell, teasing you to catch her until a breeze rustles the trees, and branches impose their shadow on her game. As the trail reaches its peak, the vegetation will change again, becoming dense scrub brush, with a few tired laurel trees poking over the brambles. If you climb into the lower branches of one of these trees, you will be treated to a natural panoramic scene of the Valley, certainly the equal of any of the man-made ones along Skyline Drive.

Section B of Wild Oak Trail reaches its pinnacle of 4,100 feet at Big Bald Knob, a clearing about 30 yards long and 20 yards wide, in which grows what may be the thickest, softest grass known to man. It is a wonderful place to stop and relax for a while. And on a clear day, the sky might not be any bluer anywhere else in the world.

The descent from Big Bald Knob is almost as difficult as the ascent was. Falling away from Springhouse Ridge, the trail drops for about one-and-a-half miles until it levels off and runs parallel to Mitchell Branch, a small stream a stone's throw to the north of the trail. Small waterfalls along the stream splash and splatter.
The final part of section B is fairly level and runs through a clearing somewhat larger than the one on top of the knob. It finally ends as the trail intersects with FDR 96 at the beginning of section C.

Hiking the mountains is a great sport, but it is not quite as romantic as stories of Daniel Boone and Davey Crockett make it seem. Hiking trips should be well-planned, with consideration given toward safety. Major injuries are extremely rare, but twisted ankles, sore muscles, and small brushcuts can occur if care isn’t taken.

It’s important to let someone not involved in the trip know where you are going and when you expect to be back. Be familiar with the territory you plan to hike, and bring maps along with you. Also, make sure you have packed a first-aid kit and whistle to summon help in case of an emergency.

Proper clothing is the next step. Make sure you dress warmly; clothes can be shed if you’re hot, but you can’t add more layers on a cold day if you don’t have them. And just because it’s warm in Staunton or Harrisonburg, don’t expect it to be the same up in the mountains. Keep in mind you’ll be 1,000 to 1,500 feet higher than when you’re in the Valley, and there could be a temperature difference of 20 degrees or more.

Now, you’re ready to hike the Wild Oak Trail. To get there, turn off Route 42 just south of Bridgewater onto state Route 727. Follow SR-727 west to Sangersville. At the junction of SR-727 and SR-730, with the Sangersville Gulf Station on your left, turn south for about six miles. Just past Stokesville, turn west on state Route 718 and follow it for about a mile, until the road becomes FDR 95. This is the start and finish point for the Wild Oak Trail.

Although the newest, Wild Oak is not the only trail in the George Washington National Forest. Bear Draft Trail, Little Skidmore Trail, Groom’s Ridge Trail, and Ramsey’s Draft all intersect it, offering hikers many options, and the opportunity to combine parts of several trails in one hike. As a fabulous way to get some exercise, see a little bit of nature as it really is, and simply relax, hiking (pant, hack, gasp!) can’t be beat.
When Libby dated her husband, he occasionally came to pick her up in the business ambulance. Once together, they were often interrupted by a call, and Bucky would leave for work while Libby waited at the Lindsey Funeral Home to answer the telephone. And for the duration of Bucky and Libby Lindsey's 26 years of marriage, their involvement in the funeral industry has continued to interrupt their lifestyle.

But fortunately, both agree that employment in a profession which is frequently the subject of jokes, prank phone calls and days and evenings filled with “Rock of Ages” organ music is not as morbid as many persons may believe. Their jovial attitudes and frequent laughter demonstrate their happiness in the profession, but their serious commitment to the time involved emphasizes their dedication as well. And because of both characteristics, the Lindseys seem to epitomize the funeral industry in the Shenandoah Valley.

“We like our work; it's not real work to us. It's a real source of satisfaction to know people use you and choose you,” says Bucky. With three homes operated in Harrisonburg, Bridgewater and Weyers Cave, the Lindseys also serve Augusta County and Staunton. Their Harrisonburg home has been operated by Lindseys since 1929, when it was located in the old Campbell Hotel, before they moved to their present location at 473 South Main St. in 1930.

The business is now run by brothers Bill and Bucky Lindsey, who took over after their father’s death in 1944, and Bucky’s wife Libby, who became a licensed funeral director 13 years ago because the brothers needed her help. One day, Libby and Bucky’s 16-year-old son Charlie may take over, maintaining the 51-year Lindsey Funeral Home tradition, since he is the last Lindsey in the lineage. Charlie has never been told he had to take over the business, says Bucky, adding, “His second choice is dentistry, so we'll let him go to premed, just in case.”

The family can't be stereotyped into outdated, morbid images of
Several telephone lines and in-several telephone lines and insequently, being available is very sensitive, not morose, but are proud of their business. Pleased with their involvement in a demanding profession, the Lindseys are only part of a small minority that is capable and venturesome enough to enter it.

Because of their dedication, their responsibilities are not unlike those of a doctor, since they must be available at virtually any hour. "When people in this city and county call, they want a Lindsey. It's a 24-hour business," Libby says. Consequently, being available is very important, and the couple has several telephone lines and intercoms throughout the three funeral homes, their house in Harrisonburg and various buildings on the family farm in Fort Defiance.

Libby recalls a time when she and her husband wanted to see a play in New York City, they drove to Washington, D.C., flew to New York, saw the play and then returned home immediately afterward so they wouldn't be away from the business for long. Another time, after they were first married, the Lindseys bought season tickets to the Redskins' football games, and got time to travel to only one game. "We haven't been out of town together in years," Libby says.

Libby is an attractive woman with blonde hair, glasses and a teasing smile that looks like it is holding back a laugh. Libby admits that she probably would have laughed if told years ago that she would become a funeral director. The Timberville native met her husband while still in high school, attended then-Madison College and graduated with a teaching degree. After teaching in McGaheysville and Harrisonburg elementary schools, Libby married Bucky at age 25. "She was a child-bride," Bucky says, laughing.

Now tall and slender, with thick gray hair, Bucky was born in Mount Crawford. A quick-humored man, his smile often pervades the room. Bucky was raised in the business and remained with it not only because of his family legacy, but also because he genuinely enjoys the work. When his father started the business, there were two other established homes in the area and "we just made it by the skin of our teeth," he explains. "We worked real hard; things were just awful. It's good that (President) Roosevelt had homeowner's loans, or we'd have never made it. So consequently, the business means a lot to us."

Because getting started in the business is so difficult, a commercial change is occurring and many funeral homes have merged into chains. In Richmond, Va., two of the largest funeral homes are owned by trucking companies. But once it is built up, the business can be very profitable, even though the rural-located homes must pay city wages to attract specialized employees like embalmers, Bucky says. Only in small communities does the business operation tend to be family-oriented and before long, because of time demands and overhead costs, this will change.

Funeral homes in urban areas are...
very different from the Lindseys' and other local operations, which contributes to the enormous amount of time the Lindseys spend at their work. For instance, in a larger home with a larger staff, some of the intimacy and trust involved is lost. Bucky says, "In Washington, if you had a death in your family, someone would pick up the body and you'd never see him again. The next day you'd make an appointment to see someone else and never see him again. It's run like a hotel. Here, we do all the work. We carry the caskets, dig the graves; we have to do everything, and you get used to it."

And the Lindseys are usually asked to perform simple, intimate funerals for Valley residents. In Harrisonburg, people generally tend not to buy extravagant funerals. "They buy good, conservative funerals. It's sort of like the way of life in the Valley," Libby says.

As one might expect, the saddest part of being a funeral director is when friends die. "After so many years in the business, it happens," Libby says. "You'd have to be an awfully cruel person if you didn't care." Bucky recalls a recent funeral for a 16-year-old boy, saying, "That's the same age as our boy. You can't disassociate that kid with your own self."

But generally, Bucky believes the psychological demands expected of the funeral director are not as strong as many believe. "People have to cope with it in their own way; not with a book or with a lesson," he says, noting especially that older women who lose a loved one are often very strong. For instance, he maintains that his 85-year-old mother-in-law could lose everyone in her family in one day and be heartbroken, but the next day would be out working in her garden again. "In my opinion, women can get along better without a man than men can without..."
Left, 16-year-old Charlie Lindsey waxes the linolium. As the last in the family lineage, he may someday take over his parents' funeral business. At right, born in Mount Crawford and maintaining a 51-year family tradition, Bucky Lindsey believes the psychological demands expected of the funeral director are not as strong as many people believe.

A woman,” Bucky says.

Libby, however, has a different opinion about the demands of the business, explaining that the funeral director sees people at their worst, when they talk about things they would never dream of telling others. “I have to be a good listener,” she says. “They'll say, 'I should have done this,' or 'Why didn't I do that?' Other families will clam up. They won't bat an eye and you wonder, 'When are they grieving?'”

According to Libby, although some families do not have enough money to pay, no one is ever turned down. “I guarantee you that if you want us to do anything, we'll try to do it, and it doesn't matter if you have the money or not,” Bucky says. Usually, there are several sources to help families meet funeral expenses—church groups and local businesses, for example, and several area cemeteries volunteer free plots to families that cannot pay.

Many elderly persons have already paid the Lindseys their anticipated funeral expenses, because some fear their children will not carry out their wishes. Several have left the Lindseys their favorite clothes for use at their funeral.

A few years ago, however, the Lindseys received their most unusual and elaborate requests from a large group of Gypsies whose organizational leader had died in a local hospital. The group bought the best of everything, including flowers arranged into miniature beer cans and yellow Rolls Royces. The non-English speaking group remained three days; drinking beer, eating meals in the funeral home yard, burning incense in the chapel and parking Rolls Royces throughout the neighborhood. “They buried the last glass he drank from in our yard,” Libby says. “They put everything in the casket he would need for his trip,” including money and several sets of clothes. “But we aren't making fun. A Catholic priest did the service.”

With a few exceptions, the Lindseys have found that all different religious services are generally the same. Local Old Order Mennonites do not have musical instruments at funerals, orthodox Jews want caskets made with wooden pegs instead of nails, and all Catholic services formerly were conducted in Latin.

In addition to their funeral homes, the Lindseys also operate an independent ambulance service, with free assistance to residents of local nursing homes. Soon, however, they expect to have to discontinue the service, because of expenses and pending regulations that could force them to hire a paramedic in 1981 or '82.

At one time, most funeral homes were connected with furniture stores, who would build the wooden caskets. To carry the caskets lying flat, the stores maintained long horse-drawn wagons. Eventually, persons realized that these long wagons were ideal for transporting injured or bedridden persons to a doctor, and many funeral homes made the ambulance service a regular part of the funeral business. But now there are probably only a couple of funeral homes in Virginia with ambulance services, Bucky says.

Because of their business, both friends and strangers have provided the Lindseys with their share of good-natured bad jokes and morbid sentiments. “We'll be the last ones to let you down,” and “People are dying to meet us,” are familiar ones, says Libby, and at night pranksters have placed the “Green Stamps Offered Here” sign in the funeral home yard. Several times, especially near Christmas and April Fools' Day, the Lindsey Funeral Home receives phone calls from persons who were given the Lindseys' number as a prank, instead of the number for the local postal service. Usually they ask for a package or a box, but surprising to them, not the kind of “box” the Lindseys can provide.

But it is all just part of the business, and the Lindseys have contentedly accepted their role in an unusual and demanding profession. As Libby puts it—perhaps as a child she would have laughed if told of her future occupation—but the Lindseys are very happy to be a part of it.

CINDY ELMORE, a JMU senior double-majoring in communication arts and political science, plans a career in newspaper journalism. She is from Poquoson, Va.
Southern tradition. The front part of Florida. But now, she says, "I can't imagine living anywhere else."
be most people's favorite," says Mrs. Lee, "especially during the winter because of the fireplace." The Pine Room features five dining tables set in an intimate atmosphere. Four long windows highlight the room, and antique baskets and bowls line shelves just above the paneled walls.

Adjoining The Pine Room is The Pink Room which contains five tables in an entirely different atmosphere. Less rustic than the Pine Room, this room is decorated with pink, green and white floral wallpaper and white upholstered chairs. The next room is The Green Room, also containing five tables in addition to an antique glass collection and another inviting fireplace.

The Buckhorn's popular weekend buffets are served in The Banquet Room. A large framed photograph of the Inn has a place of dominance on the wall, and 24 tables make for

The Pine Room is one of the Buckhorn Inn's four attractive dining rooms. "This room seems to be most people's favorite," Mrs. Lee says, "especially during the winter because of the fireplace."
The Buckhorn Inn was built in 1811 as a private home. It later served as a tavern and boarding house for travelers on their way to Hot Springs, Va. and West Virginia. At left, Roger Lee prepares meals for his buffet guests. “There’s a feeling of less pressure in owning your own business,” he says.

spacious seating. The entire inn seats about 175.

Before the Saturday buffet which begins at 4 p.m., the center of activity is in the large, open kitchen at the Buckhorn. Aromas of freshly-made peanut butter pie, rolls and roasting meats mingle as Lee does his “last minute scurrying” in preparation for his customers.

Lee and Schlosser share the cooking responsibilities at the Buckhorn. Schlosser had worked at a restaurant while he was in college, but Lee had no previous restaurant or cooking experience. “It’s been a challenge learning this,” Lee says as he butters one of the 600 rolls baked that day for the buffet. “It has been strictly O.J.T. (On the Job Training) though.”

Evers, who owned the Buckhorn for several years before its present owners took over, stayed on for about four months full-time to help the Lees and the Schlossers adapt to their new
profession. "He taught us two ways to cook," Schlosser says, "first by recipe and then by taste."

Evers still comes in about once a week to help with the cooking, Lee says. He adds that about 75 percent of the recipes used at the Buckhorn were acquired from the former owner. "He brought those to the test, and we wanted to follow those that made the restaurant a success."

Saturday's buffet menu includes fried shrimp, marinated beef, fried chicken, scalloped potatoes, homemade rolls, a complete salad bar and a variety of homemade desserts. The price is $6.25 for all you can eat, and tea, coffee or lemonade is included.

The fortyish Lee, dressed in white shirt, dark trousers and white apron seems at home in the kitchen. It is difficult to imagine that this man left his job in New Jersey after 18 years and only a few months before becoming fully vested in the company.

The entrance hall of the inn, decorated in shades of gold and brown, is dominated by a winding staircase, featuring a grandfather clock.

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"There's a feeling of less pressure in owning your own business," he explains, stirring his marinated beef. "It's much more relaxed here. Also, the people are very friendly and everyone is concerned about you."

Schlosser agrees, adding, "We really don't own this place aesthetically. The people own it. They run the whole place, and it tickles us to death to see how they really feel at home here."

According to Lee, making the decision to buy the Buckhorn was easier since he and Schlosser were "in it together." "The risks seem less when you have someone with you. We never hesitated in leaving New Jersey for Virginia."

"I wouldn't have done it alone. The hours would be too much." Even with dividing the time, both Lee and Schlosser put in about 60 hours a week at the Inn, Lee says. Mrs. Lee, who says she prefers to stay out of the kitchen, handles the bookkeeping for the Buckhorn, and Mrs. Schlosser does the secretarial work and advertising for the business. Both women often serve as hostesses for the restaurant.

In addition to being a restaurant and hotel, the Buckhorn Inn operates a successful catering service in the Valley. Evers had operated a catering business in the Valley for about 25 years before he owned the Inn and eventually moved his services there. Today, the Buckhorn frequently caters weddings and other events. They recently supplied the food for a 900-person sit-down dinner at Expo, a large exposition center just south of Fishersville.

Weekends are busiest at the Buckhorn because of their popular buffet menu. "The buffet is a benefit to us because it makes it easier to handle more people, and it seems to attract them," Lee says. "During the week, we serve more varied foods."

Reservations are suggested during the week at the Inn, and hours are 11 a.m.-9 p.m. through Thursday and 11 a.m.-4 p.m. on Friday. Reservations are not taken for the buffet, and hours are 4 p.m.-9 p.m. on Friday and Saturday and 11 a.m.-9 p.m. on Sunday.

Plants are being made for improvements at the Buckhorn. The Banquet Room and the upstairs hall will be redecorated soon, according to Mrs. Lee, and they are hoping to arrange to have more antiques on display throughout the Inn. Her husband would eventually like to have an outdoor eating area constructed adjacent to the Banquet Room. "It would be a greenhouse type of thing," he says, pointing to the beautiful wooded area beside the Buckhorn.

"Out here, you have something you don't have in town—the scenery and the woods. And if we can use that to make the place even more inviting, then we will."

"I think we have something irreplaceable here—a true Southern inn."

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TRICIA FISCHETTI, from Suffolk, Va., is a JMU senior with a double major in communication arts and English. She plans a career in magazine journalism.
Industrialization in the Valley

The Farm vs. the Factory

Article by Jackie Mollenauer

The 1980 census figures show a trend in the nation that may be playing a large role in industrial growth in the Valley. Big cities in Northeastern states are losing people to small Southern cities and counties, causing increased industrialization in regions like Rockingham County.

Although it's only a general trend emerging from these census figures, Robert Sullivan, Harrisonburg's planning director, considers it a trend that has hit home. "In Harrisonburg, there's been a 32.6 percent increase in the population in the last 10 years. It's partly due to the rising number of students at James Madison University, but also to the number of jobs available in the area because of growing industry," Sullivan explains.

Although industrial growth has been primarily in Rockingham County rather than in Harrisonburg, both localities are affected. Sullivan and Rockingham County Planning Director Larry Jennings have the not-so-fortunate positions as middlemen between those who favor...
industrial growth and those who do not. Both men, nevertheless, have rather definite views as to how beneficial this growth is.

Sullivan admits he is “comfortable with the commercial base that has expanded” and seems relieved that Harrisonburg is not dominated by one major type of industry, as are some other cities across the state.

However, Larry Jennings’ situation is more complicated since it is in the county that industry is expanding most rapidly. “The growth of industry has been directly beneficial by providing a diversified economy, increased opportunity for jobs, and improved wages. In long-range terms, it may not prove to be beneficial to agriculture or to the environment. It could be detrimental in that there is increased potential to change growth patterns of the county, as well as increased conflicts in land uses. Farmers see development as an encroachment to their futures,” he says. In other words, growth is healthy for the area’s economy, but the growth should not be so drastic that the rural and agricultural traditions of the area are changed.

Concerned because of the magnitude of the dilemma, Jennings brings up a sensitive source of county-wide controversy—the Adolph Coors Co.’s purchase of Rockingham County land for a brewery. The proposed site is in the middle of three local communities in the eastern part of the county. If Coors, or any major industry, were allowed to locate entirely within one of these communities rather than in the middle of the three, it could overwhelm that community, “making it predominantly industrial,” Jennings says. By 1990 Coors would have up to 1,667 employees, and that’s as many people as there are residents in one of those communities alone.

However, many area residents still have problems with the accepted Coors site. Everette Smith, former president of the Rockingham County Farm Bureau Association, complains that the county is being industrialized too quickly without preserving prime farm land.

In spite of the controversy over Coors, Jennings notes that until recently, industrial growth in the county has historically been gradual. “It started in the 1940s with Merck Pharmaceuticals, just south of Elkton. Then eventually came other industries like Reynolds Metals Co. in Augusta County and some smaller ones in Elkton, Bridgewater and Pleasant Valley,” he says. Jennings also points out that the county has not lost its poultry industry, including Rockingham Poultry in Timberville, Marval Poultry in Dayton, Rocco in Harrisonburg, Wampler in Hinton.

Rockingham County Planning Director Larry Jennings finds compromise a difficult goal to reach.

‘We have a lot of land in the county that could be put to industry’

Yet in spite of the recent industrial development in the county, Jennings does not foresee a continuance of the growth; in fact, he says there may be a “tapering off of industry after Coors,” with industries in the future being allowed in based on their probable contribution to the area.

Regardless of these steps being taken to control future growth, there are still those who are opposed to certain industries here. Jennings summarizes the major concerns of these people: Opponents would like to see “small, light industry that is non-pollutant” and that is located within industrially-zoned areas of the county. There is interest in having a designated agricultural area in the county that is set apart from the communities. Also, opponents are looking out for environmental concerns, trying to make sure that natural resources like air and water are conserved.
Industrialization opponents like Everette Smith agree with Jennings' assessment. "I did not oppose R. R. Donnelley and Sons Co. because they located on Class 3,4 land: Coors, however, has chosen Class 1,2 land," which is good farm land, Smith explains. "We have a lot of land in the county that could be put to industry, and government bodies should put it that way."

But the explanation for Smith's opposition goes much further. "The 1,800 acres for the Coors site is just a small part. Housing for the Coors employees will have to be provided, meaning thousands of new homes locating here. There are no restrictions on where they can build housing, Smith says. "There is nothing to keep people from buying 150 acres and building their houses right in the middle."

Once people begin settling in these rural areas, it won't be long before court cases of nuisance arise, Smith speculates. He cites a case where nuisance claims were filed against a farmer for spreading chicken litter some distance from his farm. The court decided the farmer must maintain a 900-foot zone around the farm's perimeter within which he could not spread litter.

Smith fears that the number of such nuisance claims will rise rapidly as large industry brings more and more people out into the rural areas. Eventually other restrictions will be put on the farmers, who currently make up 10 percent of the county's population.

Smith recalls a troubling situation in the township of Lancaster, Pa.: "Lancaster's poultry sales are a little better than Rockingham County's, but they're about 10 to 15 years ahead of us as far as growth and development are concerned." Smith feels that because of the similarities between the two areas, there is good reason to see the situation in Lancaster as indicative of this county's future. His apprehension becomes clear as he relates what is happening in that township.

"Recently, its planning com-

Local industries are located throughout Rockingham County.
Everette Smith sees too much industrial growth as a threat to farming operations like his family-owned egg processing plant.

mission recommended that no building could be expanded to house more than 500 head of poultry and 50 hogs; that cattle could not be concentrated more than three head per acre of land; and that the Zoning Board of Appeals be given the authority to tell these people how they could spread manure from these buildings. According to Smith, this recommendation passed Lancaster's planning commission over the objections of its three farmer members.

The proposal has not yet passed the state law gives the board of superintendents the right to zone land.

Smith makes his own prediction of what industrialization will bring: "We'll use up so much land and food prices will then get so high that consumers will get upset and require that laws get passed to preserve some prime farm land—but by then it's too late for Rockingham County."

Admittedly, the controversial Coors issue is a touchy subject with many local residents, and arguments like those made by Smith are certainly worth considering; however, other large industry desiring to move into the Valley should not be brushed off too quickly. There are still companies such as R. R. Donnelley and Sons whose move into the area has been considered favorable.

As Harrisonburg Planning Director Sullivan explains, "It's in an industrial class area, does not pollute, and produces nothing immoral. Mennonites who live in nearby Park View raised no objections at all. Donnelley is the ideal, clean industry sought by most communities because no damage can be foreseen to air, water, or land. It also helps keep the local youth working at home rather than going out to big cities with their rat races."

Rockingham County Planning Director Jennings says he can recall no opposition raised at the rezoning hearing for Donnelley. However, a local resident did file a suit against Donnelley over its discharge of waste, but the complaint was dismissed. Other than that suit, spokesmen for Donnelley feel that the company couldn't have asked for any better response from the general public.

While localities are selective about what industry they allow to become part of their communities, the industries themselves are selective about where they wish to locate.

Donnelley's division vice-president, Harry B. Williams, explains his company's criteria for choosing plant sites. Of the 144 items that the Donnelley book printing company looks for in a plant site, there are several major ones which must be fulfilled, Williams says. First, a location must be chosen which can assure overnight delivery to the trade book market, most of which is in New York. Second, the area must have well-qualified people available, and there must be educational opportunities for these people. Third, the area must have the necessary railroads, highways, and sufficient land for future growth. And fourth, it must be a good place to live so that employees are happy with the environment.

Williams also says that "we encourage employees to get involved in community activities—civic, political, service, religious—where individual and company contributions can be made."

One of Donnelley's biggest advantages—the fact that it located on land which is not prime farm land—seems to be what kept it off the hook of opposition.

Although opponents of large industry seem to feel their efforts are a waste of time, Jennings sees what
might be a brighter future. He explains that in the past year, his office has been working on restructuring the county’s zoning ordinances. “The zoning ordinance has already been redone in preparing a series of agricultural districts that establish a prime agricultural zoning district. In these districts, agriculture would be the primary purpose while at the same time growth and development would be curtailed.”

Such compromise on both sides of the industrialization question and careful planning on the part of city and county officials may be the major tools for present and future resolution of one of the most significant issues facing Rockingham County and the rest of the Shenandoah Valley.

JACKIE MOLLEN AUER, from Portsmouth, Va., is a senior communication arts major at JMU. She is interested in a career in magazine publishing.

The nearly-uncontested R.R. Donnelley plant was completed last summer on what used to be the Rockingham County fairgrounds.

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The Good Old Days

Article by Kathy McLoughlin

Although Valley life has changed more than most imagine, some residents can remember what life was like in the days of Model T cars and one-room schools. Zadee Showalter, a 77-year-old Valley native, remembers events as far back as 1909.

Born on a small farm in Port Republic, Zadee attended Radford Normal School and was the 27th graduate of the Rockingham Hospital School of Nursing in 1921. “A lot of the things I remember, I either did when I was young, or my parents told me about them,” says Zadee, who now lives in Harrisonburg with her husband Grant.

In 1975, when Zadee broke her leg, she decided her immobility was the perfect excuse for recording some of her remembrances. She dedicated her first nostalgic recordings to her 50th wedding anniversary and to her great-nieces and nephews, “so that they might have a record of the way we used to do things.” Each year since then, Zadee has written many unpublished typewritten pages of “Do You Remember?” The following are excerpts from some of her manuscripts:

Do you remember...

- Washing a tin roof on a clear hot day to spread sweet corn to dry? The tin roof was best as it got so hot, flies would not bother the corn.
- When Sunday drive was a pleasure and not an ordeal?
- When you could buy something for a nickel and have enough to pass around? Or when a clover leaf meant luck but now it means confusion on the highway?

When all drug stores had soda fountains?

- The horses leaving Harrisonburg on Court day? It was the third Monday of the month.
- When cakes and custards were tested for doneness with a broom straw?
- The toll house by the side of roads?

- The Harrisonburg-Rawley Turnpike had two—one near Rawley, the other near Harrisonburg (still standing). Some of the tolls paid were 10 cents for a horse and buggy, and 5 cents for a horse. Cattle were driven to market in Harrisonburg or to pasture. The toll on them was 3 cents per head.
- When you could really buy something at Woolworth’s 5 & 10 for a nickel or a dime?

- Well, even if you can’t remember life before Dunham-Bush and the Valley Mall, it sure can be fun to imagine.
him," she says. "For instance, one time Joyce won the Most Valuable Player award at a tournament and Valerie didn't, and Coach Meyers came up to us and apologized!"

How did the Sampson kids get to be such basketball whizzes? Since Mr. Sampson didn't play a sport in high school, Mrs. Sampson takes most of the credit, citing her career as star center for her team at Harrisonburg's old Lucy Simms High School. Although she can't remember if she held any records, Mrs. Sampson does recall she averaged about 25 points a game.

Married for 21 years, the Sampsons met for the first time a couple of years after they both had finished high school, although both had gone to the same school at the same time, and both had been born in McGaheysville. Three years ago they moved into their house on Myrtle Street in Harrisonburg, where they are likely to stay.

"There's no way my mother is going to leave Harrisonburg," Valerie jokingly interjects before her mother can answer any questions about plans for when the kids have all gone off to school.

"If I don't work, I'll find something in the community to do—I like to get out with people I can talk to," Mrs. Sampson says.

Mr. Sampson, who dabbles in art and also sings for his church choir and some weddings and funerals, will get more involved in his hobbies. He is currently recording some gospel and romantic songs with a record company owned by Chubby Checker's brother in Philadelphia. Although she can't remember if she came up to us and apologized!"

"They're the same—the whole family is the same as five years ago."

Checker's brother in Philadelphia. "We always criticize him," Mrs. Sampson jokes. "We tell him his singing isn't good."

"Then I just tell them the way they play ball," Mr. Sampson deadpans back, "not too good."

But that's not what he really thinks, and many times during a conversation about his kids he will say how proud he is of each of them.

And that's a natural thing for a father to say.

For despite the media and recruiting attention the last few years, and the probable millions to come into the family fortunes, people who have known the Sampsons, like Bergey and Meyers, as well as the Sampsons themselves will say they've remained a natural family, with such normal everyday concerns as going to work or school, cooking dinner, and getting the dishes done.

In fact, the whole thing might have benefitted the family in a more important though less tangible way than all the fame and money. As Mr. Sampson says: "It's drawn the family closer together. We have a lot more different problems, and we can sit down and talk about them, which makes us have more love and understanding for each other."

And that alone is enough to make any parents wish their kids could play basketball.

Kris Carlson, a JMU senior from Salisbury, Md., double-majoring in communication arts and political science, plans a career in magazine journalism.
CHARLES SMITH SHOES

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