SUMMER 1990

The Valley Magazine

JMU's Tunnels
The Myths
and Mystery

Steeplechasing
Continuing
a Festive
Tradition

Journalism
after JMU
Covering History
in the Making

Down Home
Restaurants
That Have
a Family Flavor

News from
the Homefront
What's New
in Community
Journalism

Patty Watson, editor of Massanutten's The Villager

A: Like dozens of other major media outlets they have provided internships to staffers from JMU Student Publications.

Staff positions at JMU student publications frequently lead to internships in editing, writing, photography, graphic design, marketing, and management with firms engaged in newspapers, magazines, broadcasting, and public relations. From the Army Corps of Engineers, Adolph Coors Co., and the American Automobile Association to the Richmond Times-Dispatch, the Roanoke Times & World-News, and The Virginian-Pilot, JMU students gain valuable experience that they bring back to JMU Student Publications.

For information on staff positions with Student Publications contact: Laurel Wissinger, editor, or Liz Oxford, general manager, The Breeze, 568-6127, or Dave Wendelken, director of student publications, 568-6490; for internship information contact Alan Neckowitz or Albert De Luca, internship coordinators, the Department of Mass Communication, James Madison University.
People

Hookers, Earthquakes and The Berlin Wall
Photographer Steve Jaffe captures the world on film

Local Boy Makes Good
Dwayne Yancey covers the rise of Doug Wilder

No Time Outs
The Slonakers play a tough schedule all year long

Meet Linda Finch
"If there was a female version of the Good Samaritan, she'd be it."

Life & Times

News From The Homefront
Several small newspapers define news in a different manner

School Days
Memories rejuvenate one writer as he returns to his Mt. Clinton Elementary School

A Spiritual Search
Local people find an alternative in the Baha'i faith

Halfway Home
Gemeinschaft offers respect and rehabilitation for ex-prisoners

Steeplechasing
Off and running in the Old Dominion

Things Are Looking Up In Downtown
Thanks to the efforts of a group of concerned Harrisonburg citizens...

Kain's Stained Glass
He doesn't mind doing windows

Rappelling, Spelunking and Canoeing
JMU Outing Club searches high and low for fun in the Valley

Kings of the Road
In a borrowed pickup, two JMU students discover those who ride fast and free on the weekend strips of Harrisonburg

Unknown Underground
Memories of tunnels reveal stories of JMU's past

Travel & Dining

The White Way
When it comes to country cookin', there's only one way to go

Frontier By The Freeway
Going back in time at Staunton's Museum of American Frontier Culture

All in the Family
How four area restaurants retained their flavor over the years
JMU Student Publications
Congratulate
the winners in
The Society of Professional Journalists
1989 regional competition

First Place
Jackie Terry: Television Features
John R. Craig: Radio Spot News
John R. Craig: Radio In-depth News

Second Place
CURIO: All-Around Student Magazine
Meghan O'Donnell: Television Features
John R. Craig: Newspaper Sports Writing

Third Place
JMU: Overall Sweepstakes Award
When CURIO was first published in 1978, the editor promised a magazine that would integrate both James Madison University and the local community in its format.

But, while working on last year's edition of CURIO, we started asking our fellow students if they had ever heard of the magazine. Few had.

So, 12 years later, we are fulfilling the promise that was made in that first issue. Although we believe our faithful community readers will find this issue as interesting as any of the others, we hope we'll attract a new following of JMU students as well.

Our idea stemmed from the apparent conflicts we see between students and Harrisonburg citizens. But in reality, citizens and students benefit from what each has to offer. Therefore, the articles we selected and the people you'll meet in them tell of stories that could appeal to either group.

For example, Citizens for Downtown is an organization of concerned citizens, including Harrisonburg natives and JMU alumni who have stayed in the area after graduation. Their goal? To revitalize downtown Harrisonburg and transform it into a cultural and social center (see page 35).

In the last few years, several small newspapers have cropped up in the area. They emerged in response to Valley residents who felt the big news in their lives, from Cub Scout meetings to spelling bee competitions, was small news for larger papers. One of these small newspapers, the North Fork Edition, is run by two JMU students, who are also Timberville natives (see page 12).

When it comes to helping others, few are more dedicated than Linda Finch. Although not an area native, this JMU student volunteers at homeless shelters, a soup kitchen, a nursing home and a halfway house — all Valley facilities to help the less fortunate (see page 56).

There's a group of students who don't spend every weekend partying, unless, of course, your idea of a party is rappelling down cliffs or crawling through caverns. The members of JMU's Outing Club are taking advantage of the Shenandoah Valley the natural way (see page 49).

Finally, two of our stories feature former CURIO staff members. One of Dwayne Yancey's first journalistic endeavors, a profile of political columnist James J. Kilpatrick, graced the pages of the Spring 1979 CURIO. Dwayne, a McGaheysville native, is now a staff reporter for the Roanoke Times & World-News. He is also the author of a book, When Hell Froze Over, concerning Doug Wilder's successful campaign for lieutenant governor of Virginia (see page 8).

Steve Jaffe was photo editor of the Summer 1985 CURIO. Although his most recent assignments have taken him to the sites of the San Francisco earthquake and the opening of the Berlin Wall, one of his first assignments kept him here in the Valley. His photos in CURIO five years ago included a sensitive portrait of Valley preacher Ethel Painter and new views of historic Harpers Ferry. His latest work can be seen on pages 4-7.

But these are only a handful of the stories in this issue of CURIO, now in its 13th year. You'll find stories about restaurants, personalities, religion and even a halfway house for prisoners.

To obtain these stories, the writers and photographers of CURIO, some of whom had seldom ventured outside the confines of campus, had to go out and meet the people and places of the Valley — to form a link.

We hope their stories encourage the people of both the university and the community to get to know one another a little bit better and perhaps form a link of their own.

And if you still believe that Valley natives and JMU students can't find something in common and work together, then think again. One of us was born and bred in Rockingham County. The other is a city girl from Northern Virginia.

And during the four months it's taken to bring you this issue of CURIO, we've found that we're really not that different at all.

Welcome to the world of CURIO — a world where people from different backgrounds can share a common experience, the Valley.

Enjoy.

A Closer Look

About the Cover

Patty Watson, a James Madison University graduate, is the editor of The Villager. She was photographed by Lawrence Jackson in the basement of her home and office in Massanutten Village. The CURIO logo was designed by Charity Abeel.

A Special Thanks To . . .

Stephen Rountree for graphic art, Philip Holman for photography, and the students of Alan Tschudi's Art 346 typography class for designing a new look for the CURIO logo.

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CURIO • Summer 1990
Hookers, Earthquakes and The Berlin Wall

A JMU graduate, photographer Steve Jaffe captures the world on film

article by Kristin Fay

For a young Washington Post photographer, it was supposed to be a routine drive home across the 14th Street Bridge last summer.

Only this night was a little different.

A group of scantily clad D.C. prostitutes was being forced across the bridge from D.C. to Virginia by D.C. police. Tired from a long Monday at work, the photographer could have kept driving. Instead, he stopped and shot a few frames.

The photographer was Steve Jaffe, a 1985 James Madison University graduate. He was fulfilling a graduate school internship at the time.

Jaffe was looking for his "lucky moment." He found it.

"It turned out to be the biggest story since Mayor [Marion] Barry smoked crack in D.C.,” Jaffe says.

His photos from that evening were published all over the United States and Europe. Even Playboy magazine bought them.

"That was a huge feather in my cap,” he says. "You need that one big story to get you going.”

For Jaffe, that wouldn’t be his only big story.


Jaffe was there on Wednesday. He took the first airplane into the devastated city.

"The whole city was black,” Jaffe remembers. He drove around for hours trying to find the hotel he had been registered to stay in. He finally
settled for "a" hotel. It was already 3 a.m.
"I was woken up at 5 a.m. by some rumbling," he says. At first, he thought it was just some hotel maintenance work. It turned out to be an aftershock.
Jaffe was not with a reporter in San Francisco, so he tried to get as much information and as many quotes as possible to send back to the paper's reporters in D.C.
His plan for the first morning was to play "catch up," reading newspapers, watching CNN and contacting the local news bureaus for the latest information on the disaster.
The next item on his Thursday agenda was to go to Oakland, Calif., where 1 1/2 miles of freeway had collapsed and most fatalities were centralized. "It was sort of like a domino effect," Jaffe says, describing the collapsed portion of the bridge.
But it was two days after the fact. "All the good pictures were gone." Jaffe needed to find something "different."
He did just that. Befriending a Navy coroner, Jaffe donned fatigues and a hard hat, disguising himself to get access to a hydraulic lift above the freeway. Equipped with one camera and two lenses, Jaffe shot a couple rolls of film.
Jaffe then had to get the film back to D.C. to meet his Friday deadline. His luck continued. With the lights and sirens on her patrol car blazing and blaring, a policewoman rushed him to the airport. His timing was perfect. Jaffe got his film on the next plane out.
The results got him national coverage, with his photos hitting the paper the next day. One was even considered for the Year-In-Review issue of Time magazine.
"My mother says I'm the luckiest person she knows," Jaffe says. If luck only lasts so long, Jaffe still had some time left on the clock.

In November, East Germany opened the Berlin Wall, a 29-mile barrier built in 1961 to stop emigration to West Germany. To Jaffe, "it was probably the biggest story of the decade.

And, once again, he was there. He was also once again traveling on very short notice — four hours. "There was no time for planning."

With one suitcase full of clothes and another packed with 150 rolls of film, Jaffe boarded a plane with 100 other media people.

Upon arriving in Berlin, Jaffe witnessed a huge celebration. "It was the first time in 28 years that West and East were one again," he says. "It was like Mardi Gras, New Year's Eve," he says, describing the scene. He soon began taking pictures of the "party" — people hugging, kissing and popping champagne.

But Jaffe explains that photographers can't just start "shooting away." Quantity is not the key. "You have to look, think, anticipate, wait," he says. In two weeks, he shot 60 rolls of film.

Creativity and quick thinking also served him well in Berlin. Jaffe wanted to climb high to take a crowd shot. With no time to convert his money, Jaffe gave a painter 20 American dollars in exchange for the painter's "rickety" ladder.

Once again, ingenuity and a little luck paid off. One of these photos also was considered for the Year-In-Review issue of Time.

Although he has at least two major stories under his belt, Jaffe says he gets the biggest satisfaction out of something local. "That's why I'm going to a daily newspaper," he says. Jaffe recently landed a staff photographer position at The News Journal in Wilmington, Del.

"It's nice to go to the grassroots and help Joe Schmoe down the road," he says. "Travel is nice, but it's not like that."

Jaffe also believes it's good for a photographer to have long-term projects. They don't necessarily have to be for publication or for a contest. He does them just because they "mean something to me."

One such project involved capturing images of runaway teenagers. He went to Ocean City, Md., to get pictures of them at night. At first, he simply needed to become friends with the kids, without his camera. Once he gained their trust, they let him take pictures. One made the front page of The Post last summer.

Not all of Jaffe's assignments have required him to make friends with his subjects. In fact, he once had to turn over his film to a gang member in what may have been an attempt to save his life.

Jaffe was on a Post assignment with four other photographers. The task was to document 42 continuous hours of D.C. violence.

With cellular phones and police scanners, the team was tracing spot news all over the District.

"I got guns pointed towards me... bottles thrown at me," Jaffe says, describing some of the moments in the stint.

When his flash went off at one gang fight, the furious looks from one gang member were enough to make Jaffe turn over that roll of film.

Still, he managed to get the front page spot plus the biggest inside photo in that issue of The Post.

But every big story has to have a beginning. Jaffe's was at The Breeze, JMU's twice-weekly, student-run newspaper. A political science major, Jaffe had been getting discouraged with his interest in law. And photography was always a hobby.
The right place at the right time
Jaffe says this photo of prostitutes crossing the 14th Street Bridge was "that one big story" that got him going.

he says.

"So I decided to knock on the door of The Breeze." Ironically, his first assignment for the paper was probably his worst. He was to take pictures of a student who was a disc jockey at Q101 radio station.

"I'm shooting away and thinking I'm doing pretty good," he says. Then, on his way out, he realized the sync speed on his strobe was too high for the flash he was using. Too embarrassed to admit his mistake, Jaffe went back into the station with an excuse. "I'm going to have to take a few more," he told the student. "I have a new idea."

The next year — his senior year — Jaffe became photo editor of The Breeze.

"I've always started off as the low man... and then risen quickly," he says. "I try to surround myself with the best and then move up. That's the key to success."

Jaffe got jobs at two papers after graduation, but found he wasn't moving as far up the ladder as he had wanted.

"I wanted to work at a really good paper that was more committed to journalism." He was constantly making it to the top few spots, "but I was always falling short of number one," he says.

That's when he decided to get his master's degree in art at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio. Attending one of the top photojournalism schools in the country, Jaffe finished the graduate program in one year.

"Sports is probably his forte. "At The Post, you not only need to get a good picture, but you need to get the play that makes the game."

He says a sports photo needs to be in peak action, to be in focus and to include the ball or puck. If it has all three elements, it's good.

Jaffe must know the secret to a lot of good photos, and to a lot of good timing. After all, his timing on crossing the 14th Street Bridge that one summer night was right on target.

And the key to good photos can't rely solely on luck.

No matter what his mom says.

Kristin Fay, a senior communication major, is from Oakton. Being from the same hometown and high school as Steve Jaffe, Kristin hopes she too, will soon find her lucky moment.
Local Boy Makes Good

Dwayne Yancey covers the rise of Doug Wilder

By Judy Nelson
staff writer

"I was covering the campaign, traveling with Wilder, and I thought that although [the election] seemed unlikely, I needed to keep better notes."

Dwayne Yancey explains how, while sitting in Augusta County's Meadow Muffin restaurant before the election, an idea from a friend and a fellow newspaperman led to a 381-page account of Doug Wilder's 1985 campaign for lieutenant governor.

"Most people considered [Wilder's] election a longshot," he says in a southern drawl.

Yancey, a general assignment reporter for the Roanoke Times & World-News at the time, was one of those skeptics.

After Wilder's victory, Yancey began to compile his notes. Nine months later, after much research and interviews with more than 200 people involved in Wilder's life and campaign, Yancey's first draft was born.

When Hell Froze Over — The Untold Story of Doug Wilder: a Black Politician's Rise to Power in the South traces the campaign of the first black to win a statewide office in Virginia. It details a behind-the-scenes look at

See Yancey, page 9

JMU grad makes it big
Dwayne Yancey's book came out in paperback form in April.
the historic campaign and eventual election of a man who, today, the Old Dominion calls governor.

Yancey, a McGaheysville native, graduated from James Madison University in 1979.

Now, he is enjoying the attention from his recent book. Its success has surprised many, including Taylor Publishing Company.

"Most considered this to be nothing more than a regional seller," Yancey says. Taylor was fearful that the original 1,500 copies printed would not sell.

They sold in less than a month.

This was a little surprise to Yancey, who knew there was a market for the book both inside and outside of Virginia. As of March 1990, 7,000 copies had been purchased.

The book has become an insider's look at history in the making, enhanced by Wilder's election to the governor's seat.

Book reviewers seem to agree. They call When Hell Froze Over "required reading for Democratic leaders statewide" and a story that can "grip a Virginia-politic junkie and a general interest reader alike."

"It has history, drama and suspense," says another critic.

Yancey enjoyed following Wilder's campaign trail and calls him an "ordinary guy."

"Now, through luck and circumstances, hard work, et cetera, he is a major figure," Yancey says. "It's weird to see that happen. I'm not sure that those of us who covered Wilder could quite appreciate what he means as a national figure... because to us, he's just Doug Wilder.

"Someone looking at the symbol and not the person would see it differently."

Yancey describes the day he followed Wilder to a southern town at the beginning of his campaign for lieutenant governor. Wilder was accompanied by only his son and an aide. There were more reporters there than voters.

Yancey contrasts that with a cold January day in Richmond.

"[Wilder] was surrounded by a huge retinue of state police and throngs of people," Yancey says.

"There were these people who had waited hours and hours, many of whom had come from out of state, wanting to shake his hand."

This was Doug Wilder's Inauguration Day — the day a black man was sworn in as governor of Virginia.

Wilder has a running joke with Yancey about the book. Wilder kids the writer that he has signed more copies of the book than Yancey has.

"Everywhere he went there were always people with copies of the book to sign," Yancey proudly admits.

Yancey has added a chapter encompassing Wilder's term and preparation as lieutenant governor, as well as his campaign for the governorship. A paperback issue containing the added chapter and a new preface came out in April.

Back at the Roanoke Times, Yancey is busy wrapping up coverage of the Pittston coal strike and enjoying his most recent award — UPI Journalist of the Year, a state honor he won for several of his Roanoke Times articles.

This is a far cry from Yancey's days as editor of JMU's twice-weekly student newspaper, The Breeze.

When Yancey recalls his days at JMU, he cannot help but talk about The Breeze. This is where he spent most of his time.

At The Breeze, the deadline dawned early in the morning, and the paper's printer was then in Elkton.

"A group of us, mainly the editors, had a secret society among ourselves called the 'Sunrise Club,'" Yancey exclaims. "If you saw the sun rise over Elkton, you could become a member."

Yancey laughs, "I think I worked harder at The Breeze than I do now."

Yancey also worked on Curio in 1979, when he had the cover story.

Yancey has lost little of his country charm. Besides the addition of a mustache, Yancey's appearance is not much different than his 1979 JMU yearbook picture.

His southern drawl is friendly and conversational. Dressed in a dark gray suit and cowboy boots, Yancey is a mixture of business and homespun style.

He and his wife, Katerina, also a JMU grad and now a bookkeeper, live in the country near Fincastle, about 30 miles north of Roanoke with their daughter, Rain.

The future looks promising for Yancey and he hopes to continue writing books.

"I like to write about things that are real," Yancey says. "To me, a story means a lot more when it's about real people.

"Perhaps the saying that 'truth is better than fiction' is true."

History and politics top Yancey's reading list. "Thanks to Ralph Cohen," a professor in the JMU English department and former head of the Semester in London program, Yancey also enjoys Shakespeare.

He graduated from JMU a semester early and then served as Cohen's assistant in London during the fall of 1979.

After an internship at the Roanoke Times, Roanoke's feature magazine, and a job at the now defunct Commonwealth Magazine in Richmond, Yancey began at the Roanoke Times.

His dream is to "return to Harrisonburg and someday run the paper there."

And with the way things have been going for Dwayne Yancey, that day may come sooner than he thinks.

Judy Nelson is an English and communication major from Fairfax. Following graduation in May, she will join the staff of Campus Crusade for Christ International.
When it comes to country cookin', there's only one way to go . . .

The White Way

article and photography by Melissa Reilly
more than just a place to stop and grab a stick of honey 
or a loaf of bread.

Once you're in the door, you'll recognize the familiar 
smells of mom's cooking. Unless, of course, you're at the
end of the line. Then you'll just have to wait your turn.

The restaurant was started by the Whites in 1929 and 
remained in the family until 1987, when Don and Trish 
Taber bought it. "Before we took over it was only a place 
to get sandwiches and bread," Trish says. "We drastically 
changed the look of the place."

The Tabers expanded, rewired, recarpeted and rees-
tablished the image of the White Way. Before 1987, the 
White Way wasn't a sit-down family restaurant, but just 
a place to grab a sandwich or a loaf of bread.

"It's a success because we changed it into more of a 
restaurant," Trish says. "We're a family restaurant...we
limit each person to three beers. It's a good, friendly re-
laxed atmosphere."

That must explain the line of hungry people reaching 
out to the tiny parking lot. The crowd doesn't seem to
mind the 45-minute wait — they all seem to know each
other.

Kind of like a family.

Don't be fooled by the three-ring notebook you're
handed when you finally sit down. It's not your English
homework coming back to haunt you. It's the menu.

A huge menu.

"I couldn't decide what to put on it, so I put it all on," 
Trish says with a sheepish grin.

Country fried steak, chicken wing dings or White Way 
chili could fill up anyone. The meaner weenies, the
mexi-dog or the bacon-pup, are unique alternatives to
the regular hot dog. And, for 45 cents extra, you can 
even get a fried egg on your 10-ounce ultra burger.

In addition to the 16-page menu, there are different 
specials every night, appropriately hand-written on a
white paper bread bag.

The selections aren't rotated every week. "I don't think
Trish has ever had the same combination of things on
the specials," Don says. "She'll change things around and
add new things."

Trish does most of the cooking, with the help of one
full-time cook. "I don't let Don near the oven," she says. 
"Don is up front...he's the PR man. He keeps the good
will going."

Don is always around to make sure diners are satis-
fied. Whether they need a refill or just someone to talk to
while eating dinner, Don can help them out. He's also
there when it comes time to pay the bill.

Not too many cooks could fit in Trish's kitchen. The 
9x12 cubicle doesn't seem like enough space to satisfy
more than 100 people on a Saturday night. Sundays are
their busiest days, when the wait can be up to an hour.

"We go through about 1,000 pounds of flour a week,"
making bread and cinnamon rolls, Trish says. "Around
Christmas it's about 2,500 pounds."

When your belly is stuffed and you lean back in your
chair to help the food digest, you'll probably notice the
unusual decor on the ceiling — menus.

But these aren't White Way original notebook menus. 
They're Trish's collection from restaurants all over the
world...France, California and even the North Pole.

"I've been collecting them for a long time," she says.

"Now people bring them to me." Trish says she gets ide-
as for her own menu from the collection.

Don and Trish have married the restaurant business. 
They usually arrive at the White Way by 7 a.m. and stay
until about 11 p.m. They employ about 13 people to
cook, bake, wait tables and keep the restaurant running
smoothly. The seating capacity of the White Way is 57.

"It's obvious we have to like what we're doing," Trish
says. "It's a real challenge. We've kept the business in the
family. We do a lot of the work ourselves."

Although they advertise in newspapers, Trish says the
spoken word is more valuable. Most customers hear
about the White Way Lunch through friends.

Regular customer Jill Smallwood says, "The atmos-
phere is relaxed, the people are friendly and the food is
great."

Trish says, "We get very few negative comments. Most
are positive because we like to serve people the way we
would want to be served."

Obviously, many people enjoy the Taber's style of ser-
vice. As more people tell friends about the White Way
Lunch, the line gets longer. The winding drive south on
Route 42 or west on 250 doesn't seem so bad when you
know at the end there's a home-cooked Trish original.

She has to be good because she relies on what others
say. "Word of mouth can make you," she says. "Or it can
break you."

Buzzing around
Hundreds of bees swarm in the Golden Drop Honey Farm.
CURIO • SUMMER 1990

Melissa Reilly is a senior communication major from sunny Arizona.
BASKETS...
Local crafter combines function with art

MPOA assessment mailing

Historical feature series begins
Broadway has colorful
by Tammy Callery

The newards along Route 259 Fall Festival pleases Chamber Historical Broadway with pictures

MPOA NEWS

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

NORTH FORK EDITION

BROADWAY has colorful

November 7-13, 1989

THE

Dayton makes bid to annex

Special C strive for

Romp in the pr...
DEA cuts sources of 'Pearls'

Tests show black pills contain Valium

The supply of "Black Pearls," a Valium-laced "narcotic drug" that reportedly caused a stir in parts of Rockingham County, will soon dry up because of a multi-state and federal investigation, the agent heading the probe says.

James Crawford, a federal Drug Enforcement Administration agent in Cleveland, Ohio, said in a telephone interview last week that he expects his investigation to dry up the supply of Black Pearls that were being imported by a Louisiana couple and distributed through Ohio and into eastern states.

Crawford told The Shenandoah Journal that he confiscated 30,000 pills, worth about $6,000, from an Amish farmer near Millersburg, Ohio.

The farmer, Crawford said, had no idea that the pills he had been selling to his neighbors and to two people in Lancaster County, Pa., contained controlled drugs.

Crawford said the pills had become popular among Amish and Mennonite residents of Ohio and Pennsylvania because of their reputation as a natural remedy for arthritis, rheumatism and muscle and joint soreness.

The pills, which tests show contain the tranquilizer Valium, as well as Tylenol and other ingredients, are used by a number of people in Rockingham County, said a number of people familiar with the drug.

The pills, which have also been sold in New York and other states, are used by a number of people in Rockingham County, said a number of people familiar with the drug.

For all three papers, that service comes in the form of printing housewives' favorite recipes and running the local school system's honor rolls — information usually overlooked by the larger papers, but items readers often request.

In towns and communities where family ties and friendships stretch back generations, the newspapers serve as another unifying factor. Readers flip through their pages to read about the history of their neighbor's farm, whose daughter is marrying so-and-so's son, the new people who bought Mr. Jones' house, and the star of the third-grade Christmas pageant.

They're small tidbits of information that wouldn't mean anything to outsiders, yet they define and justify these papers' existence.
THE VILLAGER

It's only a few short steps from the Apple computer to the wax machine to the layout table in her basement, but The Villager Editor Patty Watson literally walks miles each day tracing and retracing the route.

"I like to do everything with the paper," she says, pacing between the laser printer and a paste-up sheet. "When I pick up The Villager, I know I've written stories, done the ads, designed the pages, taken the photos and laid it out."

And that means lots of walking on Watson's part — not only around the basement of her mountainside home in Massanutten Village, but also out into the area she covers. Watson firmly believes in community journalism, and that necessitates knowing what's going on.

Published monthly, The Villager covers the resort community of Massanutten, as well as nearby McGaheysville, Penn Laird and Elkton.

Watson, a 1978 James Madison University graduate, previously worked for the Northern Virginia Daily and The Valley Banner. But journalism on a larger scale didn't appeal to Watson, who prefers "having my finger in every pot to being pigeonholed into one aspect of a paper."

When she bought Villager Publications, which runs both The Villager and the more visitor-oriented The Vacationer in December 1986, Watson and her husband, James, moved to Massanutten Mountain because she felt it was essential to live in the heart of her readership.

"You just can't live outside of an area and cover it," she says. "There's something special about knowing the ins and outs of people and their activities, and being able to write about them."

Watson generates her story ideas from a variety of sources, ranging from a comment she might overhear at the grocery store to newstips people phone in to a mental list she has bankrolled for years. Her one strict rule: it's "hands-off" if an article ran in Harrisonburg's Daily News-Record or the Valley Banner.

But Watson finds enough to cover without having to "rehash other papers," she says. In one instance, a CPR training center called about placing an ad. But Watson found the business intriguing, and a story about Heartbeat, Inc., wound up on the front page of the next issue.

Watson's favorite stories are often profiles of local residents. People like to read about people they know, Watson believes, so she searches out individuals who have unique accomplishments or unusual hobbies.

Three or four pages of each 32-page issue usually are devoted to news concerning the Massanutten Property Owners Association. In fact, before Watson took over, the original publication was a MPOA newsletter, and since The Villager is mailed to every member of the association, Watson covers any issue that affects them.

Balancing her concerns and opinions as a resident with her professional guidelines as a journalist sometimes gets "tricky," Watson says. But The Villager doesn't shy away from controversial issues. Watson says she not only sees "the good, the bad and the ugly" aspects of Massanutten, but also lives them.

The only way to handle such situations is to be "meticulous about exploring all sides of an issue," Watson says. "My first tenet as a journalist is to be fair, always."

"I have to throw up my arms and say we can take a stand editorially, but don't involve me personally."

But in every other aspect of the paper, Watson is involved personally. The only exception is advertising, with the sales contracted through Reedy Advertising. Watson and Debbie Reedy design the ads themselves.

As the Rockingham County area settles from its "building boom," Watson has taken more creative approaches to solicit advertising for The Villager.

But The Villager offers something unique to businesses — total market penetration. "We distribute free of charge to every residence in Massanutten, Penn Laird, Elkton and McGaheysville," Watson says. "And that can be a big selling point in our favor, that guarantee that we'll reach every household in the area."

So far that business tactic has been successful for The Villager. "We'll never be the Daily News-Record — not only when it comes to advertising but in other respects, too," Watson says.

But that's OK with her.

"We don't want to be them," she says. "It's important to me that people look at The Villager and think of it as 'my newspaper.'"
Geographically, Broadway is located 12 miles north of Harrisonburg.

But according to North Fork Edition Editor James Hiter, most of the larger papers in the area don’t particularly care if it or the surrounding localities exist at all.

"The people here were really feeling left out in the cold by the Daily News-Record and other dailies from the north," he says, settling back in his desk chair in the small office that houses the paper. "There was a lot of ignoring this 'no man's land' between the north and areas to the south — the attitude that 'you're not Woodstock, you're not Harrisonburg, what are you?'

Essentially ignored, to answer the question.

Enter Hiter, who at the time was a Broadway High School senior with a few years’ experience on his school yearbook. While working at WBTX radio station in 1987, he was involved with reinstating the Shenandoah Valley Shopper, a small flyer dominated by ads.

After the first "Fall Festival" issue was well-received by the community, the stockholders of the paper decided to pursue the project.

"It was obvious we'd found a very needed and welcomed addition to the community," Hiter says.

Upgrading the newly named North Fork Edition was his first priority. Type in the Shopper had been manually justified on a typewriter, and publication dates were sporadic at best. And the whole paper was pieced together on a desk in the corner of the radio station.

Now, all of the copy and graphics are done on a Macintosh computer and laser printer, and photos are of better quality. The paper has its own office, located on Main Street, in what used to be the living room of an apartment. Printing is done on what Hiter terms a "semi-monthly" basis, producing nine issues a year, with plans for a weekly publication schedule in the near future.

The paper covers Bergton, Broadway, Criders, Fulks Run, New Market, Timberville, Quicksburg and Mathias, W.Va.

Now a JMU junior, Hiter has strong feelings about the direction the North Fork Edition should take.

"We are putting a paper about the people in their hands for free for their enjoyment," he says. "We give the people what they want, and without their approval we wouldn't exist."

Because of the paper’s publication schedule, plus the fact Hiter sees it as a community service, the North Fork Edition steers clear of potentially volatile issues.

"If anything halfway controversial happens around here, by the time we could print it it's old news," he says. "Plus we don't consider ourselves a source of hard information. We do include hard news aspects, but basically we run about 80 percent features."

The only exception to the noncontroversial stance occurs in the religion section, where content almost without exception is "slanted by nature," Hiter says. "There's no middle of the road on some issues."

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Just as Broadway once felt slighted by the larger papers, some smaller towns in the North Fork Edition’s circulation area occasionally aren’t covered as extensively.

"It's really easy to come up with story ideas from Broadway or Timberville, because they're bigger. It takes a little more work to cover some of the smaller communities out on Route 259," Hiter says.

But the North Fork Edition has staff members from every town it covers, which helps to brainstorm story ideas.

"It makes a big difference when you have ties in every area and have your nose in on what's going on," Hiter says.

But no matter the specific topic, the buzzword around the North Fork Edition’s office is "local," Hiter says.

"Anything we can do that's got local in it is what we're going to try to cover," he says, thumbing through a list of story ideas submitted by readers. "That's what made the paper, and that's what's going to keep the paper here."
THE SHENANDOAH JOURNAL

For Lawson Marshall and Dale McConnaughay, starting The Shenandoah Journal was simply fulfilling the economic principle of supply and demand.

"This was a community that didn't have its own paper and wanted one to cover its interests," Journal Publisher Marshall says. "So what we did with The Journal is give the people what they wanted."

And what the citizens of Dayton, Bridgewater, Hinton, Mt. Crawford and Mt. Solon wanted was a forum for the small, local news items that often failed to make the Daily News-Record.

So the two men pooled their journalism experience and created The Shenandoah Journal, a weekly paper with a circulation of 7,600.

Marshall, a veteran of daily newspapers, realizes the news judgment and editorial decisions that affect what a mid-size daily, such as the Daily News-Record, runs.

"The DNR can't run the same types of things that we do, or they wouldn't be serving their primary function," he says. "What's front-page news to The Journal wouldn't make the smallest article in it."

Fanning the flames

Both Dale McConnaughay (left) and Lawson Marshall (right) claim The Journal has "rekindled" their journalistic desires.

Since its first issue this past September, The Journal has continually provided a place for residents to read about their "community going-ons," as Marshall likes to call them. Activities and athletics at local schools comprise a large part of the paper, along with articles about local Ruritan Club meetings or well-known citizens.

"We run stories people wouldn't get to read anywhere else," Marshall says.

While the pair may be filling an important gap in terms of coverage, Marshall and McConnaughay also enjoy "rekindling" their journalistic desires. Both men came to Dayton from the The Daily Progress in Charlottesville.

McConnaughay, The Journal editor and a part-time journalism instructor at James Madison University, came to Dayton in 1988 to run the Shenandoah Press printing business. When he recognized the area was badly in need of a local newspaper, he called Marshall, his former boss in Charlottesville, to see if he was interested in the venture.

Marshall jumped at the chance to escape the more "business-minded" atmosphere of a larger paper and return to a brand of grassroots journalism.

"I had lost the excitement working on a daily paper," says Marshall, who had advanced to associate publisher at The Daily Progress. "Working here is more fun than I can ever remember having."

By virtue of serving a small community, The Journal gives McConnaughay the chance to interact with his readers, a quality he missed at the larger papers.

"Too often you get caught up in the big picture at a larger paper and don't have a direct liaison with the readers," McConnaughay says. "Here I walk into the post office and people will mention a particular story we've run, and tell me whether or not they liked it."

That type of feedback is important to both men, who monitor The Journal's success by their readers' reactions.

When tackling a controversial issue, The Journal aims to enlighten or correct a situation without alienating readers, McConnaughay says.

When the Drug Enforcement Administration recently found the so-called miracle drug "Black Pearls" was laced with Valium and Tylenol, The Journal ran a front-page article on it. "A good number of people around here believed the pills were medically beneficial," McConnaughay says. "So we had to be careful to make them aware what [the pills] were without offending them."

McConnaughay finds The Journal has become "a part of the community," both in style and philosophy.

"Both are conservative and down-to-earth," he says. He describes Dayton as a long-standing traditional small town, and The Journal as its mirror.

"We're not trying to be flashy or trendy — just good," he says. The Journal runs color sparsely, if at all, and avoids what McConnaughay terms the "USA Today syndrome" of glitzy journalism.

In addition to Marshall and McConnaughay, the paper staffs three other regular writers and two contract photographers. But the main duties, ranging from writing to editing to layout, are covered by the two men.

"I like knowing I can use my journalism skills out in the real world and actually see where I'm making a difference," Marshall says. "Again, it's the advantage of a small paper."

Laurel Wissinger, a junior communication and English major, is editor of The Breeze. She hopes one day to land a job that entails no deadlines, no stress and no Macintosh computers.

Lawrence Jackson, a senior from Richmond majoring in journalism, hopes to find a job.
Going back in time at Staunton’s Museum of American Frontier Culture

A farm wife’s best friend
An interpretive guide at the museum’s Appalachian farmstead takes a break from her chores to play with her cat, Spike.

Outside gusty winds and a steady drizzle put a chill in the February air. Oblivious to the foul weather, cows and chickens wander aimlessly around the farmyard. The surrounding harvest lands are dormant and desolate. Yet, inside the rustic farmhouse, it’s warm and inviting. The light from the kitchen fire sheds a rosy glow on the curious onlooker. At the stone hearth, a farm wife in a long, homespun dress and apron is cooking a hearty Irish feast of soda bread, pratie apple and colcannon, a combination of cabbage, mashed potatoes, butter and milk.

Suddenly, the sound of cars and trucks whizzing by on nearby Interstate 81 reminds you it’s really 1990. The woman stooping over the simmering kettles and pots isn’t a native of rural Ireland. She’s a costumed interpreter conducting a workshop on the dietary habits of Irish farmers in the 19th century. The farmhouse and sur-
rounding fields are all part of the Museum of American Frontier Culture in Staunton.

By reconstructing and operating four farmsteads from the 18th and 19th centuries, the Museum of American Frontier Culture lets visitors experience firsthand the daily life of the men and women who settled the early American frontier.

"We're doing something unique here," says Joseph Grandstaff, director of marketing and public relations for the museum. "We've acquired and shipped actual farm buildings across the Atlantic and are reconstructing three European farms along with a fourth American farm. I don't know of any other museum in the country that's done that.

"This museum was a concept," he explains. "Its purpose was to show how the three dominant European cultures in America merged into one."

The English, German and Scotch-Irish farms at the museum represent the lifestyles some of America's early pioneers left behind in their native countries. At the reconstructed Appalachian farmstead, visitors can observe how these three different cultures blended together to form a new culture on the American frontier.

The museum lies along the Great Wagon Road, the trail used by English, German and Scotch-Irish settlers to guide them into the Appalachian frontier before and during the Revolutionary War.

The Appalachian region, which stretches from Pennsylvania down into North Carolina, is considered America's first "western" frontier because it was the first area to be settled by pioneers striking west from eastern cities and villages. It was during this westward migration, Grandstaff says, that the three distinct cultures "started blending together around the Staunton area."

Dedicated to "those pioneers from Germany, England, an Northern Ireland whose hard work and perseverance created America and the American frontier," the museum formally opened in September 1988.

At that time, the Scotch-Irish and American farms were completely operational and reconstruction of the English farm had begun. The 19th century Scotch-Irish farm was located in County Tyrone in Northern Ireland.

Piece by piece, the farm buildings were dismantled and shipped to America. Getting all the farm's pieces across the Atlantic was considerably easier than getting them through the U.S. Customs Office.

"Every stone of the Irish farm was numbered and photographed in Ireland to help us reconstruct it here," Grandstaff says. "When the pieces arrived in the U.S., the customs office wanted to steam clean every rock to remove any insects and bugs that might be living in them. That would have washed off all the numbers and made it very difficult to reconstruct."

After being treated by a gaseous chemical that didn't affect the numbers, the pieces to the Irish farm were reconstructed with the aid of Irish researchers who were familiar with the original structures. Local stonemasons also were trained to assist with the reconstruction.

The American farm, originally owned by John Barger, was moved to the museum site from the small community of Eagle Rock in Botetourt County. The Bangers were of German descent. During the 1840s and 1850s, this family experienced great financial success raising wheat, oats, corn, tobacco and buckwheat on the farm.

But their prosperity was short-lived. Barger incurred many debts during the Civil War and his farm was eventually foreclosed. In 1884, the farm was bought by the Riddlebargers, a couple with six children. They built most of the farm's current outbuildings, including the smokehouse, bee house and buggy shed.

The differences between the American and Scotch-Irish farms are striking. Although the families that inhabited these houses were from about the same economic class, the American farmhouse is considerably bigger and more comfortable. An interpretive guide at the American farm explained that, in America, the Bargers could own their own land which motivated them to put more into it.

The Bangers had the freedom to grow the crops they wanted and sell them for profit. The Scotch-Irish, on the other hand, were mostly tenant farmers and usually had to give up a portion of their harvest to an overseer.

At every farm, costumed interpretive guides perform the daily chores associated with frontier life. An Appalachian woman spins wool and dries fruits and vegetables for storage in her root cellar while a Scotch-Irish farm
Down on the farm

Originally located in Eagle Rock, the Appalachian farmstead demonstrates the new, unique culture of the American frontier.

wife prepares typical Irish fare for the men out plowing the fields.

"When we were reconstructing the American farm, we asked ourselves 'How would this person have lived in the 1880s? How can we recreate that here?" Grandstaff says.

"Each of the farms is a living picture of frontier life that the visitor can actually re-experience. The museum is an educational experience that teaches the visitor more about their history than any textbook ever could."

To enhance the visitor's experience with frontier culture, the museum sponsors a series of workshops every year. Workshop participants can attend anything from a threshing party to a German Sommertag festival.

Grandstaff says these special events for adults and children are carefully planned to "highlight the normal activities of the settlers. We have workshops on things that were a part of the settlers' lives."

In December, the museum's Christmas lantern tours let visitors experience the blending process of the three cultures. The Irish greenery, the English holiday feast and the German Christmas tree were just some of the "little bits and pieces of other cultures that came together to form an American Christmas," Grandstaff says.

"By visiting the different farms on this tour, the visitor could also see the transition from Christmas in America in 1860 to 1990."

The idea for a museum depicting life on the early American frontier was first proposed in 1975 while America was preparing to celebrate its bicentennial. An international committee was shortly established to study the feasibility of operating this museum. The six-year period following this initial proposal is what Grandstaff calls the museum's "formative years."

Although historical records and other research indicated that the English, German and Scotch-Irish cultures started merging together around Staunton, Grandstaff says "this blending process continued to occur further southwest of here. The museum could have been located anywhere in this area of migration. Many areas were interested in this project."

In an effort to encourage the museum's establishment in Virginia, the General Assembly authorized the Jamestown-Yorktown Foundation to assist the international committee with the planning of the museum.

The Assembly also set aside 78 acres of surplus land owned by the Commonwealth of Virginia as a possible location for the museum. In 1981, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University (VPI) conducted a feasibility study of this site.

"Among other factors, the VPI study examined the dollars and cents implications of locating the museum here," Grandstaff says.

"They studied the area's potential for economic development and tourism."

The VPI study concluded that the museum's current location, a tract of land located at the junction of Interstate Highways 64 and 81, would "ideally lend itself to the proposed museum."

The American Frontier Culture Foundation was then created to generate the funds needed to proceed with the museum's development. Finally, in 1986, the museum also became an agency of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

The Museum of American Frontier Culture is now a public and private partnership operated by both the Commonwealth of Virginia and the Board of Directors of the Foundation.

Nearly a year and a half after its opening, the Museum of American Frontier Culture continues to develop. Reconstruction of a German farmstead from the Rhineland-Palatinate region is expected to be completed by spring 1991.

The museum is also in the process of acquiring an English farm house from the Worcestershire area. A reconstructed cattle shed from the West Sussex area of England is already on the site.

"We hope to be able to interpret the reconstruction of these farms to visitors," Grandstaff says. "An interpreter on the site would assist the visitor in watching and explaining the reconstruction."

The frontier lifestyle captured by the Museum of American Frontier Culture has a special significance for...
the residents of the Shenandoah Valley. The culture depicted by the museum is a part of their own heritage. "A lot of people's history is based here in the Valley," Grandstaff says.

"Many people moved through this area during the westward movement so chances are, someone's ancestors were either from the Valley, lived in the Valley or passed through the Valley."

More than 50,000 people visited the museum in its first year of operation, but according to Grandstaff, "We're still trying to get the word out. People in the Valley are extremely fortunate to have this museum right here in their own backyards.

"The Museum of American Frontier Culture is a hands-on, brain-on learning experience they should take advantage of."

The Museum of American Frontier Culture is located at the junction of I-81 and I-64 in Staunton.

It is open every day of the year, except Christmas and New Year's Day, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Visitors should allow about two hours for their self-guided tour of the site.

Katie Ross, a senior communication and English major, hopes to pursue a career in magazine editing and publishing . . . after traveling through Europe this summer.
Although not required by the school, Marilyn Driver still chooses to have her third-graders recite the Pledge each morning.

Memories of the Pledge of Allegiance, cough drops and a third-grade teacher rejuvenate one writer as he returns to his Mt. Clinton Elementary . . .

School Days

is accent was not good. But I slowly understood. Something where I could go — He couldn’t but I could.

He was too young to go, Not over four or so. Well, would I please go to school, And the big flag they had — you know The big flag: the red — white — And blue flag, the great sight — He bet it was out today, And would I see if he was right?

— From "Not Of School Age" by Robert Frost

The sun shone brightly on a chilly February morning as I parked my car in the gravel lot beside Mt. Clinton Elementary School. On the lawn in front of me, two small boys fought the wind to hoist a
red, white and blue flag on a graying metal flagpole. Their battle won, they raced pell-mell into the old, red brick building.

I felt terribly conspicuous as I got out of the car. Like the boy in Frost's poem, I was not of school age. But my problem wasn't that I was too young. I was too old. Still, something inside the building was calling.

With my 27th birthday rapidly approaching, I was feeling impatient about where I was in life. I felt a need for something concrete — some kind of rock I could cling to and draw strength from. Maybe that's why I went back to my childhood alma mater that day — to search for strength, and maybe some love. I ended up finding both.

I gazed at the old softball field east of the school and to the hill just beyond it where the present school principal, Frank Emswiler, told me they still hold Field Evening.

Sponsored by the school, the West Rockingham Ruritan Club and the PTA, Field Evening is unique to Mt. Clinton. The event includes three-legged and potato sack races followed by a hot dog, baked bean and potato salad picnic. I could almost hear the shouts and laughter and taste a hint of ketchup and mustard.

I walked down the sidewalk beside the school where we used to play hopscotch and dodgeball. Then I opened the greenish blue doors leading inside. As the old doors shut with a clang behind me, I noticed the blue cabinets still lining the right side of the small foyer.

I remembered the cabinets used to hold pencils, paper and other school supplies that were sold each morning. They also held Smith Brothers licorice and cherry flavored cough drops for those suffering from colds. Since candy was not allowed in school, everyone used to have colds.

The old wooden floor creaked as I walked from the foyer into the gym. I looked around in amused wonder, noticing how the gym had gotten smaller since my last visit and not comprehending how high school basketball games could have been held in this cubbyhole. Yet until 1956, when Turner Ashby High School opened, the Mt. Clinton High School Owls hosted teams from around the county.

Fred Zimmerman, currently a teacher at Mt. Clinton, remembered that opposing teams used to call the gym "The Crackerbox." It was so small that wooden bleachers were placed on the stage at one end for spectators, along with a single row of chairs encircling the gym floor.

George Crawford, a former Owl from the class of '53, said the chairs marked the out-of-bounds lines and spectators would have to move out of the players' way when they were inbounding the ball.

I recalled being in the gym each morning, playing games like four square. I remembered sitting on the floor during a school assembly listening to the man who whistled "The Andy Griffith Show" theme.

They still have assemblies in the gym, along with pick-up basketball games and PTA meetings. Sandy Crawford Bowman, a former student and daughter of George Crawford, said she remembered snake shows during assemblies. Bowman now has five children, all who have attended Mt. Clinton Elementary.

She also noted a tradition that still stands. "You still pray before PTA meetings."

Passing through the gym, I headed down the long hallway leading to some of the classrooms. I noticed the tantalizing aroma of lunch being prepared as I passed the stairs leading down to the cafeteria. I tried to imagine what was cooking, but my memories would only allow me to smell those fluffy brown rolls topped with melted butter. Stomach growling, I continued on past the room where I once had watched Mr. Brown teach math and on to the one where I had attended sixth grade.

My third-grade teacher greeted me as I entered the room. Dressed in an aquamarine blouse, plaid skirt with a white belt, blue high heels and a beaded necklace, Ms. Marilyn Driver still had that same magic smile I remembered from years ago. I desperately wanted to believe that I always had a crush on her. But even if I didn't back then, I do now.

Her students looked at me oddly as I took a seat in the back. "Who is this old guy?" I imagined they asked themselves. "And why does he have that stupid smile on his face?" Just as she probably did years ago, Ms. Driver introduced me to the class and made me feel at home.

Accepted back into the fraternity of youth, if only in my own mind, I slipped back in time for the next two hours. I smelled that smell — that wonderful mixture of crayons, chalk, glue, dusty erasers and women's perfume. I felt the somewhat stifling warmth from the old radiators too, the same warmth every child must
feel on cold February mornings.

Feeling a little ridiculous and proud at the same time, I stood and recited the Pledge of Allegiance with the class, then sat down again to watch Ms. Driver weave her magical teaching spell. Whether it was multiplication tables or language arts, she commanded the classroom. Sometimes firmly. Sometimes softly. But always in command.

As she and the children prepared for lunch, she informed me that Mr. Brown was teaching that day. What luck, I thought to myself. While I always associated her with a warm smile, I associated Mr. Brown with the unique way he taught math.

Although Wallace Morgan Brown taught for 34 years at Mt. Clinton before retiring in 1989, his love of teaching made him continue as a substitute. Carrying lunch in his daughter's old "Family Affair" television show lunch box, he was filling in for a fifth-grade teacher on this particular day. From the back of the room, I watched him teach his favorite subject — math.

"I'm not foolin' with a bunch of babies," shouted Mr. Brown, gaining the undivided attention of everyone in the room, including the old guy in the back. Dressed in gray pants, a blue striped shirt, a red tie and a whistle on a string around his neck, he danced, bounced and glided in front of the blackboard while explaining the complexities of fractions. While his back was to the class, a few students giggled and tried to mimic his mannerisms, just like my friends and I used to do.

"I know I'm getting steamed up," he said. "But it's math. I love it."

Unable to take any more of this spontaneous combustion, I rose and waved goodbye to Mr. Brown. As I walked to the cafeteria, I thought about how those students probably regarded him as eccentric. But one day they'll grow to appreciate and love him, just like I did.

One thing I wasn't prepared for, and didn't remember, was the deafening roar in the cafeteria at lunch time. Yet in the back, apparently oblivious to the noise, sat a short, stoick man with graying hair and glasses. As I sat beside Frank Em- swiler and watched him quietly finish his lunch, I couldn't understand why I ever feared this gentle man.

But when the noise reached a level he deemed unreasonable, the principal rose from his seat.

"With a shrill blast from his whistle, silence fell upon the room, and a cold familiar chill ran up my spine. "Everyone put their hand over their mouth for 30 seconds," he said, successfully quieting the room.

Part of me wanted to laugh at this feat, while the other part struggled to keep the scared child inside from placing his hand over his mouth. I resisted both urges, and "Mr. E." earned my undying respect.

As the school day drew to a close, I found myself back in Ms. Driver's room, listening to her read to the class. Seated in her rocking chair with all of the children gathered around her, she read aloud from a well-worn children's book. Some daydreamed, others listened intently, and Ms. Driver periodically asked questions to make sure they were paying attention.

While she was reading, one boy came back from the gym with a shirt someone had left during PE class. He handed it to another boy who exclaimed, "It ain't mine."

"It isn't," corrected Ms. Driver. I guess some things never change.

My "first" day at Mt. Clinton was not my last. Over the next two weeks, I found myself coming back on numerous occasions. I spent time with my first-grade teacher, Ms. Hulda Hershey, who is in her 26th year at the school. I watched Lisa Harris, a young student teacher from James Madison University, conduct a show-and-tell session with her kindergartners and confess her love for the cafeteria's barbequed chicken.

I talked to cooks, custodians and former students, attended a Cub Scout banquet and a Ruritan Club turkey and oyster supper, and swapped stories with local farmers in the school's old agricultural education building.

In their own ways, each confessed the same love I have for Mt. Clinton. I even persuaded the school's librarian for the past 22 years, Carolyn Mohler, to keep reading Miss Piggle Wiggle books to the children.

I'll probably never know exactly what made me go back to Mt. Clinton, but I'm glad I did. And if I am ever in need of strength or love again, I know where I can find it.

If I'm lucky, I might even get to see Mr. Brown dance.

Dale Harter is a Rockingham County native majoring in history and journalism. He graduated from Mt. Clinton in 1975 and will graduate from JMU in December.
By ones and twos, people drifted into a James Madison University classroom on a Wednesday evening. Curious about the meeting soon to take place, undergraduates, one graduate student and a local teacher settled into the empty desks.

For several minutes, people shifted in their chairs talking softly to one another.

Everyone was waiting to hear from the three Baha’is that were among the last group to come through the door.

They came to deliver the news.

The desks were arranged in an intimate circle as the group began introductions, moving in a clockwise motion, beginning with the three Baha’is.

Looking ahead
John Buthe, a son of a local Baha’i, wonders what the Baha’i New Year will bring.
"My name is David Draim, and I've been a Baha'i for 10 years," he says, with his hands resting on top of several books about the Baha'i faith.

David, a 32-year-old artist and graduate of Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, has resided in Harrisonburg for 10 years. Originally from the fast-paced Northern Virginia area, David is a soft spoken man who came to Harrisonburg seeking solace in a rural town.

David’s spiritual search began after he left home for college. Brought up as a Lutheran, David had always been confirmed in his Christianity, but he was confused about the many divisions in religion.

"I didn't see the spirit of Christ in the church," he says.

He began exploring other religions in search of the truth. He studied Eastern religions and admired the "beautiful spiritual insights" in the writings of Buddha. But, he says, "My world around me seemed to be telling me Christianity was the only way, and that the two don't mesh."

Ten years ago, he met some Baha'i musicians at a club in Richmond. That night, he started on a new search for truth that would never end. He stayed up until 5 a.m., talking with the musicians about the Baha'i religion and its prophet—founder, Baha'u'llah, who claims to be the new messiah.

"I was very impressed and overwhelmed with what I heard," he says. "I wanted to know the nature of Baha'u'llah's claims. I was challenged. I wanted to know if he was who he said."

Furiously taking notes, David's wife, Laura, sat next to him at the meeting. She is the secretary of the Baha'i assembly.

Because the Baha'i religion has no clergy, members elect a nine-person body that functions as administrators of the Baha'i community.

Laura told the group about her disillusionment with the Catholic faith, which led to a search for truth similar to her husband's.

Laura already had heard about the Baha'i faith at JMU lectures as an undergraduate and had several friends who were Baha'is.

Raised in a Catholic family, it was difficult for Laura to accept Baha'u'llah as the return of Jesus Christ. "A person on a spiritual journey has a very rough time," she says. "It was just me and God. I was scared because it meant changing my life and an old way of thinking.

"The Baha'i religion was the closest thing I came to discovering the truth."

Although Laura believed in all the main tenets and teachings of Baha'u'llah, she was challenged about his claims to be the most recent messenger from God.

Her best friend, a Baha'i, told her to read and study the writings of Baha'u'llah, and if it was the word of God, she would know.

"It clicked," she says, "that yes, he was the mouthpiece of God."

The Baha'i message has traveled to Harrisonburg from the outskirts of Baghdad, where in April 1863, Baha'u'llah declared to a small group of followers that he was the messenger of God. His followers grew from those few to 5 million people living in many nations of the world today.

For most Baha'is, this obscure Persian religion's amazing appeal is in its social teachings. The Baha'i practice a "kinder and gentler" faith, believing in the unity of religions, races and nations.

Karl Lindsley, the last of the three Baha'i to introduce himself at the meeting, was also not finding satisfaction with the religion in which he was raised. A 1986 JMU graduate, he learned about the Baha'i faith from his roommate. After two years of studying the faith, Karl became a Baha'i. He says the Baha'i faith changed his life radically, and that by living by the Baha'i teachings, he has achieved a welcome paradox.

"I think about life a lot more and take it a lot more seriously, but life's become a lot more fun too," Karl says.

He says the Baha'i faith has given him confidence and direction, making it easier to obtain what he wants — "to make the world a better place."

Karl says the Episcopalian religion he grew up with "didn't address how to live in the world today."

Eric Cowan, another Harrisonburg Baha'i, says the Baha'i goal is to establish a global village in which "the earth is but one country and mankind its citizens."

In 1985, The Baha'i Universal House of Justice, the governing body
of the Baha’i faith, published a peace statement and distributed it to heads of state, religious leaders and individuals to deliberate. Entitled “The Promise of World Peace,” this statement describes the barriers inhibiting peace and outlines how to remove them. Eric proudly refers to this statement as their “baby.”

For the past three years, local Baha’is have been organizing annual lectures at JMU concerning the promise of world peace. They meet every other Wednesday at JMU for an ongoing discussion on the history and teachings of the Baha’i religion. The meetings are open to anyone curious about the faith.

Baha’is formed their first Local Spiritual Assembly in Harrisonburg this year and now have 25 members. Local Baha’is have no formal meeting place, but gather once a week in one of their homes to pray, and discuss community issues and Baha’u’llah’s teachings.

On a Friday night in downtown Harrisonburg, the sounds of classical music flow through Eric’s airy loft, mixing with the smell of herb tea and the voices of several Baha’is in the midst of a friendly discussion about religion. On a table before them, books begin to pile high as they consult everything from The Holy Qur’an to Norton’s Anthology of Poetry trying to answer questions.

The independent investigation of truth and maintaining an open mind are main principles in the Baha’i religion. Most Harrisonburg Baha’is agree their spiritual journey has taken them down a long and enlightening road.

To a Baha’i, all religions are one and their followers worship the same God. They view the world’s major religions as successive stages in mankind’s spiritual and moral evolution. Baha’is maintain that the current conflict among religions arises from a misunderstanding of the progressive nature of religion. Therefore, they accept the founders of these religions — such as Moses, Jesus, Muhammad and Buddha and Baha’u’llah— as the manifestations of God’s word.

Baha’is believe that these men’s different social teachings were changed to fit the needs of that particular culture or age.

In Christianity, “the way justice was to be administered in the world changed from the Old Testament to the New Testament,” David explains. Moses taught an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth as a form of justice, while Jesus taught people to turn the other cheek. David says Moses was speaking to a more primitive society that needed a stricter code of justice than the society to whom Jesus spoke.

According to David, the Baha’i faith addresses modern day issues that are not part of the teachings of older religions.

The central principles of the Baha’i religion are the oneness of God, the oneness of religion and the oneness of mankind. They believe individuals must seek the truth for themselves with an open mind, working toward equality between men and women, the elimination of all prejudices, ending the extremes of wealth and poverty, and promoting the harmony of science and religion.

While promoting world unity, Baha’is also recognize the need to respect diversity.

Another principle on building peace is the establishment of an auxiliary language while retaining the mother tongue. “Peace is breaking out all over the world,” Eric says, sitting back on his couch, his hands relaxed behind his head and his eyes and manners reflecting his inner peace. “I see religion as the poetic muse of a lot of social changes that are taking place right now.”

Eric says the Baha’i religion is a new infusion of inspiration — the ideal of international cooperation is becoming the new zeitgeist. “It is not some bleeding heart idealism,” Eric says. “These principles are only the veneer over a vast body of thought.”

Baha’u’llah wrote more than 100 volumes of text which Baha’is believe constitute God’s revelations for this age.

Baha’is believe in progressive revelation, and Baha’u’llah is the latest advocate in a long line of prophets. When David speaks of his faith, his words are flecked with beautiful analogies absorbed from the writings of Baha’u’llah.

“In these manifestations of God is a perfectly polished mirror which reflects the will of God for us,” he says.

“Holding a mirror up to the sun we can feel its warmth and see its light.” For Baha’is, serving mankind is a form of worship. David says their work on the local level has been limited because their group has been so small. Trying to foster peace in their own small way, local Baha’is have contributed to the new playground at Purcell Park, participated in Earth Day, and continue to hold annual lectures on world peace at JMU.

Local Baha’is say they work toward achieving the Baha’i principles in their day-to-day lives. For David and Laura, working for equality in their daily lives ranges from fostering a sense of mutual respect of each other’s views and opinions, to sharing the chores and the duties at home.

“Right now Laura is supporting me while I’m trying to get my art off the ground,” David says.

As for eliminating prejudices, David says, “We welcome all into our home no matter what their race, religion or background.”

Laura and David host a “coffee house” at their home on Saturday nights in which they try to invite people of different nationalities. They’ve hosted guests from Africa, Persia and Europe.

Laura and David were married last June in the Baha’i faith. A Baha’i wedding is an intimate communion between the couple and God, and it is shared with family and friends.

There is no clergy and little ceremony or ritual in the Baha’i religion or in a Baha’i marriage. This reflects the faith’s emphasis on the individual’s investigation and search for truth. Laura says she has gained a new awareness about serving others and hopes her work toward world peace will lead her to an ultimate communion with God. In fact, most of her day is spent helping people. She works in a literacy program in Harrisonburg.

“Everyday is a constant battle to try to figure out what God wants me to do,” Laura says. “The Baha’i faith is the prescription for what I should strive for in my life.”

Colleen Horn, a senior communication major and English minor, hopes to pursue a career in newspaper or magazine journalism after May graduation.
Tyrone, an athletic-looking black man in his mid-30s, and Mick, a thin white man of medium height in his 20s, sit in the sparsely furnished living room focusing their attention on soap operas. The green recliner Tyrone sits in is old and tattered, and the maroon sofa that Mick uses doesn't match much else in the room. The old wood floor remains bare, and a single lamp is perched in the corner.

At first, they talk among themselves, and then begin to talk about how the place is attempting to change their lives. "Some people build it up like heaven," Tyrone says. "... others say it's slumsville," Mick says, finishing Tyrone's sentence.

The place they're talking about is Gemeinschaft, a halfway house for people just out of prison. Gemeinschaft, German for "community," has been operating for four years in an old, two-story house on Mt. Clinton Pike, just outside of the Harrisonburg city line.

Despite public perception of halfway houses, Gemeinschaft continues to be successful in many ways. It is financially stable through donations from the community and assistance from the Virginia Department of Corrections. The program also has expanded in population— from one male in 1986 to its current residency of 17 people, including two women.

Since the first resident arrived in 1986, the management of the house has gone through a complete change.

One of those who was involved in the beginning of the program was Timothy Carter, a professor in the sociology department at James Madison University. After serving on the Community Corrections Resources Board for two years, Carter was chosen to be on the Board of Directors for Gemeinschaft.

In 1983, while Carter served on the Community Corrections Resources Board, a proposed house for Community Diversion Incentive people was blown up in Broad-
Small victories
Residents meet with a caseworker once a week to discuss their progress in the program.

way. That incident taught the founders of Gemeinschaft that to successfully form a halfway house in the area, citizen participation and input are necessary.

Carter feels that success came from the founders getting the community involved and generating as much publicity about the program as they could. It wasn't kept undercover for fear of community backlash. "In a sense, they were aware of the Broadway incident, too, and they didn't want a repeat of it."

Both Tyrone and Mick have been in Virginia prisons, and they are staying in the home in an attempt to start a "normal" life.

Tyrone already has a normal life . . . at least it is waiting for him when he gets out. He has a wife, a young daughter and a new car in Woodbridge, and he can't wait to see them. He's only been in the program a month, and he's been working at Golden Acres Turkey in Harrisonburg during that time, trying to save enough money to get him started again. He already has $700 saved in his Gemeinschaft resident account, which is a lot more than he had when he came out of prison.

When inmates leave the Virginia prison system, they are given $25, a bus ticket, and sometimes the clothing on their backs. David Wiens, director of Gemeinschaft since 1988, thinks this is a direct invitation to return to a life of crime. "Try and start life with $25, that's hard," he says emphatically. "[Society] is saying we'll force you back into crime just to survive."

Gemeinschaft attempts to offer an alternative so former inmates can rely on themselves, not crime, to survive. "We've had a number of people that after a number of tries to get out and make it on their own, they couldn't make it," Wiens says. "They come here, stay here, we get them eased into the community, get them established."

Gemeinschaft residents must find employment within the first 30 days of their stay, which can be difficult. According to Carter, that difficulty is one reason that released inmates end up back in prison. "Convict is a label, and it can adversely affect getting a job," he says.

After they find a job, residents have their paychecks sent to the home. After money is taken out by the Department of Corrections to pay for their stay, the rest is kept in a resident account and returned to the residents when they leave. "One of the major things we want to do for these folks is to have money when they walk out of here," says Debbie Wallace, a Gemeinschaft caseworker.

Mick, who has lived in Northern Virginia, Ohio and West Virginia, was jailed for car theft.

Tyrone, an Alexandria native, was in jail for two years for selling drugs. After spending two years at Morehouse College in Atlanta, he left school to work for a computer company in Northern Virginia. The computer company soon folded. That's when some old friends got him involved in selling drugs, and he began paving his way to prison. Tyrone says he learned at least one valuable thing from the experience. "One little mistake and you could lose everything."

Gemeinschaft houses only non-violent offenders, with most of the residents serving time for drug-related crimes or theft.
Donna Potocik, a house manager, says, "We try to select people who will benefit from our program." According to Potocik, the home takes every factor into consideration when choosing residents — their personality, the nature of their crimes, how they handle themselves in prison, and their desire to change their lives.

Their selectiveness shows in many ways. "What's really funny is we're finding out now that our guys are the good guys around town," Wiens says. "On the construction crews and the factories where they work, our guys are the ones that aren't using the drugs or aren't sneaking out drinking. They know if they do, they'll get caught."

One of the most promising things about Gemeinschaft is the volunteerism by the community to help break down the self-imposed isolation many ex-convicts have.

Wiens says the residents' low self-esteem is a large consideration when choosing professional staff to work at the home. "When people come here their ego is in terrible shape," he says. "So we've got to be very careful that the staff doesn't make them feel worse."

He may not agree with some of them, but Tyrone takes the regulations of the house in stride. "You see so many people come and go, there has to be some rules and regulations," he says.

"We like to think all of our people will do well. It doesn't always work out that way," Potocik says. She spends nearly half her time on the job with the residents, and has seen some come and go in her short tenure.

Potocik and five others are managers of the home. They share the responsibilities of the position, which range from getting food and assigning residents, to cooking and making reports to the Department of Corrections.

Two out of three residents who go through the program succeed after they leave, but it's hard to tell which residents will be successful before they get out.

According to Carter, measuring the success of a halfway house through the resident is difficult. "Does it mean that this person will never commit another crime as long as they live?" he asks.

To Wallace, one of the most frustrating aspects of the job is having people who fail in the program.

Wallace believes when someone has violated the program and has to be sent back, it's much harder on the staff. "It's real difficult to put on a facade that I don't know anything's going on here."

The view of ex-convicts as human beings is one the general public isn't used to. One problem is acquiring money from the state to help the house become more effective in helping its residents. Wiens feels that if the state cared about the rehabilitation of ex-convicts, it would help fund Gemeinschaft.

But he doesn't completely blame the state. "If the state doesn't care, it's because people don't care," he says.

"I think that a lot of people's concept in life is that people don't change. Once you're bad, you're always going to be bad," Wiens says.

Carter feels Americans are in a punishment mood. The mood is justified, he believes, because many people are frustrated that rehabilitation has failed because of the high crime rate. "A simple target to blame would be the
Fellowship and respect
The dinner prayer. Religious activities are not required in the program, but are offered for those who want them.

criminals themselves, rather than facing some major problems of poverty and economic discrimination and oppression that occurs in our society," he says.

Security is of overriding concern to Gemeinschaft. "When there's any crime in the community, you want to make sure that none of your people had any involvement in it," he says. So far Gemeinschaft has been lucky.

However, few ex-convicts have contact with a halfway house — mainly because the facilities don't exist and establishing one in the community is difficult.

"A lot of people say, 'Hey, it's a great program, marvelous idea. Build it in your neighborhood,'" Carter says. "When you build them, they tend to be isolated in the inner cities, or out in the rural sticks."

A unique thing about Gemeinschaft is that it isn't isolated. It's part of a residential community near Eastern Mennonite College. The concentration of Mennonites in the community tends to show its support through donations, labor and service to the Board of Directors. Weins, who is Mennonite, says their religious beliefs direct many people to work for prisons.

In Virginia, it takes $745 a day to keep someone in prison. Carter believes that although halfway houses are more expensive than probation and parole, they could save taxpayers money in the long run. "Institutionalization is very expensive, but Americans have been willing to foot the bill for fear that these people would be let back out," he says. It takes $32 per day, per resident to keep Gemeinschaft in operation.

"Instead of looking at places like this as just a bunch of easy-on-crime people who care more about criminals than they do about victims, they should be looking at us as a way of reducing the cost of crime to the community," Weins says.

Mick says he will be in Gemeinschaft a while, continuing construction work on the JMU campus.

Tyrone will be looking for a job in heavy equipment when he leaves. "In two years of my life incarcerated, I learned from my mistakes," he says. "At least I think I learned from my mistakes."

Valarie Jackson is a graduating senior majoring in communication. She wants to pursue a career in journalism or songwriting, whichever sounds good at the moment. If all else fails, she has a receptionist job waiting at her home in Richmond.
Steeplechasing
Off and running in the Old Dominion

Racegoers set up their fancy tailgates and prepare to enjoy the day. Parents bring their children to frolic around the wide spaces at the races and use the time in the country as a relaxing way to spend the weekend afternoon. Racegoers vary from veterans who know everyone racing to the ones who ask about every aspect of each race. This is steeplechasing.

All racegoers are attracted to the horses and their majestic beauty. Each horse seems to know it's being admired as it parades around the saddling paddock with numerous onlookers picking favorites and wagering small bets with each other.

The trim racehorses look fit as they are led to the starting line with confident jockeys in colorful silks, which designate the owner. The flag falls and the horses are off and running the course of hills dotted by various jumps over the rolling Virginia countryside.

Steeplechasing traces its history back to Ireland. In 1752, two gentlemen horsemen reportedly challenged each other to a race to the steeple of St. Leger Church from Buttevant Church. Thus, the term “steeplechasing” was born, as well as the sport practiced today in Virginia.

In Virginia, fox hunting was an avid pastime of the colonists. George Washington brought hounds from Europe and hunted regularly around the Rappahannock River area.

Today, the sport thrives as hunt clubs around the Commonwealth's countryside sponsor point-to-point races each spring following hunting season.

Over a dozen point-to-point races are held on weekends from mid-February through April, when the sanctioned meets begin.

Point-to-points were originally designed for fox hunter competition. In these races, horses follow a course over
timbers or hurdles. Hurdles are jumps of brush, while timbers are made of wood. Point-to-points have evolved into races for amateurs and act as warm-up sessions for the sanctioned meets.

Sanctioned meets are sponsored by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association (NSHA) and begin in April. These meets have more entry restrictions, are geared toward professionals and offer big purses from corporate sponsors.

Different types of races fill the program for each race meet. The Foxhunters' Timber race requires a horse to have hunted at least six times during the hunt season. In Owner/Rider races, the rider must own the horse. In Open races, the owner has the option to hire a jockey. And in the Lady Rider race, only women enter. Each race is a different length, with some races requiring a horse to cover the course two or three times.

Fluid lines
At the Cassanova Hunt in the Owner/Rider race, Henry Wood rides Topeador and leads over Peter Jay on Old Level Road over a timber jump.

Watch your backs!
At the Rappahannock Point-to-Point, an outrider in fancy dress warns racegoers to watch out for moving horses on the field.

There are four sanctioned races in Virginia — Strawberry Hill in Richmond, Middleburg Spring Races, Foxfield near Charlottesville and the Virginia Gold Cup races in The Plains, which is the highlight of the season. A circuit, which participates in these races, travels up and down the East Coast from New York to Georgia.

To enter sanctioned races, jockeys need a license and approval from the Stewards, the governing board of racing. Only licensed trainers and owners can enter horses in these races. Usually the horse must be a registered Thoroughbred to enter.

When a Thoroughbred is born, its detailed description is given to the Jockey Club, which the Stewards serve in as the enforcers of rules and regulations. A horse of an unknown breed must receive special approval from the Stewards before it can be entered in a sanctioned race.

Large crowds attend sanctioned meets. Warmer weather and a formal atmosphere turn the races into a large social gathering of young adults.

Foxfield in Charlottesville is a favorite among University of Virginia students. It runs in the spring and the fall, when many students take advantage of the event. Campus fraternities use Foxfield as a rush function, says David Staas, a UVa senior who is a brother at Delta Kap-
James Madison University students are horse race fans as well. Molly Craig, a JMU senior who has attended numerous Foxfield events, says, "It has a very traditional feeling . . . very old school." She also says that it's fun to get dressed up for the event.

Inside Foxfield's gate, the scene is dotted with spectators — young women in silk dresses and fashionable hats and young men in chinos and paisley ties.

Page Fiery, director of the races, says that the students can get a little wild. "In the spring, if it's a nice day, they can get out of control," she says.

She adds that different groups are in separate sections. Undergraduates tailgate inside the track next to what Fiery describes as "graduates and other young adults."

Point-to-points are "just for fun," says Henry Myers, a JMU history professor and race competitor who owns Elk Run Stables. Myers is a member of Glenmore Hunt Club, and though he has never won a race over timbers or hurdles, he has won some cross country races.

His 70-acre farm near Churchville is the home of 20 horses and the site of what is becoming a simulated steeplechase course. He hopes to attract people to train there and intends to have "every peculiar jump on the circuit."

Another Valley horse owner is Mary O'Brien. She describes Myers as having a lot of guts to keep racing at his age of 56. "You have to be a certain degree of cat," she says.

O'Brien leases Spring Farm, where about 30 horses are housed, and she prefers point-to-point meets over sanctioned ones. "People are nicer," she says, and emphasizes the family atmosphere present at these races. O'Brien and her husband used to sponsor a race at the Strawberry Hill meet, but she thinks it's become too commercial.

Commercialism will keep the sport of steeplechasing alive and growing in Virginia, says Randolph Rouse, master of the Fairfax Hunt. Rouse believes development in Northern Virginia could "slow up fox hunting," but will encourage steeplechasing. The current trend is toward training horses for steeplechasing only.

"Steeplechasing is more and more appealing — an honest sport compared with the suspicion that shrouds the flat track racing," Rouse says.

For amateur jockey and JMU student Mary Gray, racing is her passion. Encouraged by Myers, this attractive and spirited young woman began riding seriously a year and a half ago. This year marks her first on the racing scene with her own horse, Ginnevan. In the second race
of her career, she experienced what everyone gasps at—a fall. Before the first jump, she sensed something wrong and ended up on the ground.

"I was so angry," says the 20-year-old. She explains that as long as she can keep her emotion anger and not fear, she can continue to race. "We both made mental errors," she says about the fall. She pledges to "dig her heels in" next time it happens.

Gray walked away from her fall unhurt, but some jockeys are not always so lucky. Three years ago, former jockey Laurel Scott of Warrenton experienced a bad fall and now is fearful of fox hunting. "I'll never race again," she says.

Scott used to race in the races during the point-to-point season. But she says she's lost her nerve since her accident, which injured her knee and left her in a coma for five days. She is now a journalist and photographer for The Washington Post and the Fauquier Times Democrat.

Gray is thankful that her reaction after her fall was anger and not fear, because fear could end a jockey's career plans.

Gray now rides under the tutelage of JMU alumna, Marcella Smith. Smith graduated from JMU in 1985 and now juggles horse riding with a paralegal job in Harrisonburg. She and Gray gallop the horses daily, both early in the morning and around five in the evening.

Smith started under Myers and now has six years of racing experience. She was leading rider in the ladies competition in 1988, but her horse, Mark of Eden, died in a tragic accident during a race when his leg hit a jump and splintered.

Smith rides three horses for another Valley trainer named Charles Struthers, whose farm is located in Pleasant Valley at Poverty Hill. Struthers has been around horses all his life and has made them his living. Smith also trains a few horses and boards them at Bridgewater College Barn. She likes training but she loves racing.

"It's the most thrilling thing I've ever done," she says. "Traveling at high speeds and sailing over fences...it's exhilarating."

A typical day at the races starts around noon and lasts into the late afternoon when the sun is warm and low. Some people dress up for the races, but most wear casual attire, especially when the weather is cooler. Binoculars are a must, as well as a camera to capture the day of tradition and fun.

Back at the meet, the last race is run and the tailgates are packed up. People are reluctant to let the day end as they linger inside the track to socialize.

But soon they will return to steeplechasing, a tradition that started in Ireland and now lives in Virginia.

Kit Coleman is a junior communication major who hopes to be a professional photographer someday. This summer she is interning at National Public Radio in Washington, D.C., in the public information department.
Looking north on Main Street
Shops, restaurants, galleries and offices line the main thoroughfare of downtown Harrisonburg.

Thanks to the efforts of a group of concerned Harrisonburg citizens . . .

Things Are Looking Up In Downtown

article by Meghan Johnson
photography by Kit Coleman and Melissa Reilly

It's noon in downtown Harrisonburg. A man in a cowboy hat slows his pickup truck as a young professional woman crosses Main Street. Carrying her lunch and a diet soda, she heads down concrete steps to the meeting room of the Rockingham Public Library.

There, a small group of merchants and business people are clustered around rectangular tables, sharing brown bag lunches and trading dreams about the future of Harrisonburg.

This is Citizens For Downtown. It's a group of concerned citizens — people ready to "revitalize downtown" and to "dispel the myth that downtown is dead," jewelry designer and member Di-Ann Hand explains.

The group, as it exists now, was organized last spring, but president Bob Bersson says the concerns and goals that its members embrace have been around for about 10 years.

Bersson, an art professor at James Madison University, moved to Harrisonburg in 1980, but he first was
inspired to become involved in the downtown in 1981. The Morrison House, on the corner of Liberty and West Market streets, was about to be torn down. The second oldest building in Harrisonburg, it was listed on the National Register of Historic Places as a building of historical note.

But instead of being restored, it was destroyed.

"I'd always seen this house downtown, and I'd say, 'Boy, that's a beautiful house,'" Bersson says. "It had a lot of history behind it.

"To me it seemed like a great tragedy, and a great crime."

Bersson says a group of concerned citizens began to get together informally. "Save the Morrison House" is what he recalls the group called itself. It was an "early version of Citizens For Downtown," he says.

Gradually, the group expanded its concerns to include the preservation and restoration of all historically valuable buildings in the downtown.

"But at the same time, the downtown had to be vital and alive... if we were to bring these buildings back to life," he says.

"What we noticed at the time was that the downtown really was starting to decline. The whole movement had been away from the downtown and outward."

At that time, the early 1980s, downtown was at its worst, Bersson says. There were 21 vacant storefronts. "That's when some of us got involved," he remembers.

About 1982, he says the Harrisonburg City Council created a downtown committee which met off and on for about a year. As a committee, that group "didn't accomplish a whole lot." But indirectly, the Downtown Development Corporation was formed.

An independent, non-profit organization, the corporation was established in 1982 as a result of the negative economic conditions in the downtown area. The corporation was formed in support of efforts taken by the Harrisonburg Redevelopment and Housing Authority. A "Who's Who of Harrisonburg," as Bersson describes it, its membership included presidents of banks, owners of companies, even JMU President Ronald Carrier.

The group was formed specifically to enable two building projects to be completed in the downtown: Harrison Plaza was built on the corner of Main Street and West Elizabeth Street, and the old Joseph Ney Department Store exterior was renovated; it's now called One Court Square.

"It did have a positive effect because it brought two major professional centers into the downtown," Bersson says.

That's when the decline of the area began to stop, he says. But a lot remained to be done.

"By about 1989, there were enough concerned people who were business persons, developers, private citizens, who wanted to make something good happen in the downtown," he says.

"This is the final result of those

"It's just downtown — it's like a family. It's got the best of both worlds."

— Di-Ann Hand

Bersson now hopes to go door to door and gain the support of individual downtown businesses.

"We might well find that we don't get the support of everyone in the community," he says. But Bersson isn't too worried. "We've found a lot of support. There is a new breed of business person coming into the downtown now."

Citizens For Downtown wants to promote the downtown area as a place where it's pleasant to work, live and socialize. There is strong emphasis on the arts, entertainment
and restaurants.

Members of the group come from many different professions. Bankers, city employees, artists and craftspeople, teachers, entrepreneurs — all are interested in the Citizens For Downtown's concerns.

This spring, Citizens For Downtown is legally taking over the Downtown Development Corporation. Bersson says the process is fairly simple. The former board of directors submits letters of resignation, while the Citizens for Downtown board submits letters of acceptance to the corporation's board.

With that "immediate official status" as an independent non-profit organization, the group will present a budget to the City Council in hopes of obtaining partial funding for its endeavors, Bersson says. He estimates its budget will be around $60,000, about $30,000 of which will go to the salary and benefits for a full-time professional director.

He hopes the group will become a private-public partnership funded by the Harrisonburg Housing and Redevelopment Authority, the city government and private citizenship.

"We'll share the cost of becoming a professional organization with a professional director.

"It has to be supported and shared by the three of us — by ourselves as the Downtown Development Corporation raising funds, the City Council, and the Redevelopment Authority," he says.

The Downtown Gallery Walk

In addition to being a Citizens For Downtown member, Di-Ann Hand is a board member of the Rockingham Fine Arts Association, a group that has been in existence since 1958. In the 1960s, the association became an affiliate of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond.

"[The association's] main goal is for a cultural arts center in Rockingham County," she says. Hand hopes having a permanent home also will allow the association to work with the Virginia Museum to bring traveling workshops, lecturers and exhibits to Harrisonburg.

She joined Citizens For Downtown because she feels the two organizations will be able to help each other.

"The two goals coincide," she says.

"Citizens For Downtown thinks that downtown is a cultural center."

A cultural arts center will work to the benefit of both groups' goals, she says.

Although Hand was at first hesitant to join because of her many community activities, her involvement in the Downtown Gallery Walk changed her mind.

Citizens For Downtown sponsored the walk one night in early December. From John Eckman's Water Street Gallery on East Water Street to the 38/78 Gallery on South Liberty Street, galleries opened their doors wide as about 200 people braved bitter cold weather to explore the art offerings in the downtown.

"It was cold as hell out," Hand says, but the turnout still was huge.

Bersson hopes the Gallery Walk will become a regular downtown event, expanding its boundaries to include artists who live and work in neighborhoods surrounding the area.

Galleries like Eckman's and others
Court Square

The Rockingham County Courthouse has been a downtown landmark since 1896. With its shady lawn and staid appearance, the courthouse yields serenity in the middle of the downtown Harrisonburg business district.

have been popping up in Harrisonburg in the last year.

"Last year at this time," Hand says, "if you'd asked me how many galleries were in downtown, I'd have said one. And that was me."

Now, in addition to Hand's West Water Street jewelry gallery, D. P. Hand Jewelry Design, there are several artists and craftspeople working and selling their creations downtown.

The Water Street Gallery exhibits works by artists from all over the community.

Three former JMU students run the 38/78 Gallery, which has studio space for their work in the back and features other artists in the gallery space in front.

Fat Hoover, a weaver, creates her pieces in her Campbell Street studio, behind the Joshua Wilton House, and Janet Marshman fashions fabric masks in her studio on East Market Street, behind Ground Glass.

Touch the Earth, featuring jewelry crafts and art pieces, is not a new entry but promotes the Citizens For Downtown goals.

Hand, a JMU graduate from Philadelphia, is keeping her business in downtown Harrisonburg by choice.

"If I want to go to Washington, I can go," she says about her decision to stay in the area. "Now I'm giving something back to the community.

"It's just downtown — it's like a family. It's got the best of both worlds."

Court Square Banners

Citizens For Downtown also is working on designing banners to be hung from lamp posts on Court Square.

"It will just brighten the downtown image when people come through the Valley and through Harrisonburg," says Citizens For Downtown vice president Tom Brubaker.

"It's something we can do quickly that we can start small," he explains. To begin with, the banners will be hung around the perimeters of Court Square. In the future, they might be hung from every third light post on Main Street.

These banners will "enhance a lot of the new facades of downtown and the overall image of downtown," he says.

The group is working with the City Council to finalize designs for the pictorial banners. Scenes might include local historic landmarks, mountain views, leisure and recreational opportunities in the Valley area, and agricultural scenes.

Brubaker, president of Metro, Inc., is an area native who worked in New York as a fashion designer for about six years before returning to Harrisonburg.

"I made the choice to come back," he says. "I wanted a sense of community. I wanted to do things that were community-related."

Brubaker's company, a family partnership, bought the Metro Building on the corner of Elizabeth and Broad streets. The building was originally used as a manufacturing plant for men's and boys' pants. Metro, Inc. is completely renovating the two-story brick building into professional office space and luxury apartments.

"We really believe in downtown," he says. "I think it's about time that people use some of their energies for an area that is really quite beautiful.

"Really [Citizens For Downtown] is just trying to preserve what's already there."

According to Bersson, Citizens For Downtown has three environmental goals for downtown. One is to encourage recycling efforts by businesses in the downtown. Another is to work to promote urban forestry. Bersson says this involves incorporating more greenery in the downtown, including trees and shrubbery.
in parking lots, along city streets, and in public areas like Court Square.

Another environmental goal is working to beautify Black’s Run. “Everyone would like it to be a beautiful stream running through downtown,” Bersson says.

Some methods discussed have been raising the water level of the run or growing plants along the banks suitable for a water environment.

The Judicial Complex

Citizens For Downtown hopes to be involved in the architectural and landscaping development of a new judicial complex being planned for the Court Square area. The new facility will be bounded by West Court Square, West Market Street, North Liberty Street and Graham Street.

Harrisonburg Planning Director Robert Sullivan says the complex will house a new jail, courtrooms and court employee offices.

Brubaker, a member of the group’s architecture and design committee, says Citizens For Downtown wants to be involved in the design process. “We’d like to somehow make sure it’s not some huge steel and glass structure in the middle of downtown,” he says.

The Rockingham Motor Company building is part of the property that might be used for the complex, and Brubaker says the group would like to see the building’s original facade incorporated into the new structure.

Another building included in the area houses the Clark and Bradshaw law offices, and Brubaker says the group wants the entire facility to be left untouched. Brubaker says the group would like that building to remain separate from the judicial complex altogether.

Describing Citizens For Downtown, Sullivan says, “What they’re doing is filling a vacuum,” a need for an organization promoting the downtown as a pleasant place to shop, work and socialize.

Like Bersson, Sullivan says the downtown area suffered when businesses started to move to the shopping centers on the outskirts of Harrisonburg. Two of the larger department stores, Leggett and J.C. Penney, left downtown and moved into Valley Mall in 1978, taking a lot of business with them.

As a result of these and similar moves, the downtown as a shopping area lost some appeal, and consequently the downtown Retail Merchants Association lost some power.

He thinks the group will be able to “put some enthusiasm into the world of the retail merchants association.”

There are many specialty stores in downtown, “but it’s misleading to tell people there’s a million things you can go to in downtown,” Sullivan says. “What they’re trying to do is develop ideas for events for downtown.”

And as Bersson says, “That’s a lot of stuff for a small volunteer group.”

The past year has been very productive for the organization, and soon downtown and the rest of Harrisonburg will begin to enjoy the fruits of the group’s labors.

“A lot of people are starting to know about us,” he says. A busier, more culturally active downtown is just one of the many benefits the Citizens for Downtown will be creating.

Meghan Johnson is a junior communication major who loves to take leisurely strolls through downtown Harrisonburg. After graduating next spring, she hopes to find a job that combines writing, working with people and traveling.
A centuries-old art form experienced a contemporary resurgence in the mid-1970s, and Dr. Jay Kain was captivated by the idea of creating with this rediscovered medium — stained glass.

Earlier, stained glass "was used in ecclesiastical works to relay stories and was done in traditional fashion," according to the James Madison University art professor. "Not until the mid-70s did glass become an expressive medium used by artists.

"I feel I'm part of that. I got in on the early beginnings, not as a leader, but I started at that time," Kain says.

Since then, Kain has created hundreds of stained glass works, most of which are exhibitive, ecclesiastical or commissions for architectural installation, such as door lights, kitchen cabinet doors and room dividers.

If his customers are open to the idea, Kain usually creates non-objective designs, working with shapes and colors and lines, instead of realistic images.

"Some are looking for a style — Victorian, art deco, realistic images," he says. "I like non-objective designs, so I usually do one to give them an option. It may sway
them into changing their ideas to something they may enjoy for a longer period of time.

"The ultimate is to be told, 'Here is a space, put what you want in it.'" Kain says he prefers non-objective designs because "I find more pleasure doing the work and viewing the work afterwards. They evoke a larger range of emotions.

"A realistic work will always be the same. A flower will be a flower. But a non-objective piece can bring on a number of diverse responses."

Non-objective doesn't necessarily mean non-themed, he says. "Generally there is an idea or concept I'm pursuing," Kain says, "but I don't like to say because then people can't respond through their experiences."

"My experiences, inhibitions, myopic views are expressed through my art, but that doesn't mean everyone should view my work as I see it or present it. Non-objective work should elicit different responses from everyone who sees it."

But even with free reign in design, Kain doesn't disregard the buyers. He always tries to base his designs on what kind of people he perceives the customers to be.

"I try to get a feel for what the people are like, what colors or types of music they like — if they like theater, movies, what books they read."

He also thinks visiting the installation location is important because the lighting and the use of the room are factors to consider when designing. Lighting is an element of all stained glass works, and it is an element that is rarely consistent. A work will look different in morning light, afternoon light and at dusk, and this needs to be taken into consideration.

A piece with a translucent quality may be better for a window in a room used mainly during the day, and a reflective quality may be better in a room used mostly at night, when the piece would be lit from inside.

Over the past 15 years, Kain has worked with three techniques of stained glass construction.

The traditional method uses lead came, which is channeled strips of metal placed between all the pieces of glass. The glass fits into the channels. The lead came is then soldered at the joints to hold the pieces together.

This method was used in all windows, mostly ecclesiastical works, until the 1880s, Kain says. The earliest known stained glass piece dates back to the ninth century.

The oldest full church window still intact, located in Augsberg, West Germany, was constructed in the 11th century. The old windows are not in their original state because windows won't last forever without repair, Kain says. They need to be re-leaded about every 100 years.

Though it's commonly used, the term "stained glass" is a misnomer, Kain says. In the 15th century, silver nitrate was spread on clear glass, and when heated, the fumes from the silver nitrate impregnated it, making the only true stained glass.
The glass artists use today and have used mostly in the past is colored glass. It is colored with pigments when it is heated and formed into sheets of glass. Since some artists work with hot glass, creating while the glass is in a molten state, a better name for what Kain uses in his work would be cold glass. But the term stained glass has lasted.

Kain used the lead came technique to construct eight geometric chapel windows and a stairway landing light for Kyger & Trobaugh Funeral Home in Harrisonburg.

In the 1880s, John La Farge and Louis C. Tiffany developed the copper foil method which started the Victorian resurgence that was to last about 40 years.

The edges of each piece of glass are covered with thin strips of copper foil with adhesive on the back. The pieces then are laid out in the design and soldered together along the copper foil. The copper foil is much thinner than the bulky lead came, which makes it possible to use smaller pieces of glass and to have pieces come together at points.

Kain made three chandeliers, designed by his wife Jean, using the copper foil method. They hang in the foyer of the First Presbyterian Church in Harrisonburg.

Dalle de verre, the third technique, was developed after World War II. Inch-thick slabs of glass are held together by a resin epoxy. The epoxy is cast around the slabs of glass in its liquid state and sets similar to cement, though it is much more durable than cement.

Kain was commissioned by Dr. Frederick Fox to make a dalle de verre piece for the orthopedist's Harrisonburg office. The piece is titled "July the 14th," which is Bastille Day in France.

Last year, Kain once again began working with a material that until recently hadn't been thought of as a creative medium.

Working with neon is Kain's latest artistic venture.

He has tackled the new medium and combined the neon and stained glass because he says he is "driven by the creative urge to explore a material and see what I can do with it."

Last summer, Kain, who has taught at JMU since 1980 and was art department head for six years, received a $3,000 grant supported by the Faculty Assistance Program at JMU to begin working with neon. He used a third of the money to purchase equipment to start his work.

Kain has been experimenting with the various effects neon can have in a piece. It may show through the glass, changing the color of the light, or it may reflect off a surface for a "reflective double image quality," he says, pointing to works displayed in his JMU office. "That is what I'm finding fascinating about it."

The pieces so far have been "sculptural in nature," with a base that houses the transformer.

The first pieces were flat and low, and the ones since have moved upward as Kain's skill in bending the tubes has improved.

With each piece, he has "found some things that worked, experimented to feel comfortable and pushed the medium to see its limitations."

Kain also learned more about bending the neon tubes by visiting five workshops and working with other artists who used neon.

With his first few projects, Kain has just begun to touch on his material options. He works with six tube sizes and a rainbow of 72 colors.

The glass tubes he uses are clear or coated. The clear tubes are red when filled with neon and blue when filled with argon. Every other color is built off the red or blue. The coated tubes will turn various colors, with red or blue defining the colors, depending on which rare gas is used, Kain says.

The straight glass tubes are heated, then Kain bends them into the desired shapes. Next, electrodes are fused to both ends of the tube.

At this point, the process is in someone else's hands because Kain doesn't have the $5,000 plant that pumps the gases into the tubes. The tubes then are bombarded with a current to burn out impurities, and a vacuum is created inside the tubes. The vacuum draws the gas into the tubes, which are then sealed. An electric current at about 6,000 volts is sent through the transformer, which is connected to the electrodes. The current excites the molecules in the gas and creates color.

These new pieces aren't as durable as his stained glass works, but neon is durable enough to last 30 to 40 years with little maintenance, he says.

Since this summer, Kain has made 12 pieces using neon, a few of which,
Not just for signs anymore
Kain's "creative urge to explore a new material" has led him to turn neon into art.

along with some stained glass pieces, decorate his JMU office and his shop, Shenandoah Stained Glass. The shop opened in 1981 in the basement of Kain's house. The business eventually outgrew its humble beginnings and was relocated about five years ago from his basement to 869 N. Liberty Street in Harrisonburg.

The shop, which sells glass and supplies, also serves as a workshop. Sheets of many types and colors of glass are stored in bins along two walls of the main room. Soldering irons, copper foil, glass cutters and other items for sale are stored wherever there is space, because several large work tables dominate the center of the room, where the glass is cut, soldered and sealed. A kiln, sandblaster and beveler are set up, always ready for use.

Kain was an artist before he developed an interest in stained glass. After graduating from Ball State University in 1954 with a bachelor of science degree in art education, he was strictly a painter. Eventually he moved away from painting and got involved in several crafts, including ceramics, weaving, rugmaking and metal jewelry.

In 1975 Kain was a jeweler with a published book, Cast Pewter Jewelry, and head of the art department at Mansfield State College in Pennsylvania.

Then he read an article on stained glass.

By reading and experimenting, he began teaching himself how to create with stained glass. "I taught myself from the ground level up," he says. "I found out by trial and error things I should and shouldn't do."

Working on his own was virtually his only option at the start of the contemporary resurgence because only one institution in the country, Cummings Studio in New England, taught stained glass at the time.

Though he occasionally has a yearning to paint again, Kain concentrates on stained glass because it is the most satisfying point of his artistic growth. "I've matured to the point that the other media I've worked in still fascinate me, but I find glass is more exciting, and fewer people are working in it," he says.

Over the years, Kain has sold most of his pieces. But even now, he often feels the attachment many artists feel for their creations, and he still finds it difficult to part with them. "They are all hard to let go of to some degree," he says, "but if I can start on another piece, it helps."

Though Kain loves to design and express himself through his art, he doesn't limit his work to it. He is dedicated to stained glass as an art form, so Kain also repairs others' works. One of his repair jobs was to replace the broken beveled glass at the Joshua Wilton House in Harrisonburg.

After vandals damaged the stained glass in the mausoleum at Harrisonburg's Woodbine Cemetery, Kain was hired to make the repairs. He mostly painted fine details on the glass. Kain also repaired the stained glass at Community Mennonite Church in Harrisonburg that was just suffering from normal wear and tear.

"I enjoy repairing older windows to help maintain the quality of glass we have in Harrisonburg," he says. "I don't do it for the enjoyment or the money. I feel it's part of my artistic responsibility to keep glass from another era in its authentic state. I don't want to lose the heritage we have in the community."

Laura Hunt, a senior from Salem, will graduate in May with a degree in communication. She will pursue a career in journalism and take up stained glass as a hobby.
No Time Outs
The Slonakers play a tough schedule all year long

article by Jill Barry
photography by Kit Coleman

Spring fever
It's difficult not to catch the Slonakers at play. Chris Slonaker (top) fires a strike in a JMU game; Kathryn (above left) awaits a pitch in Valley District softball action; Anne (above, far right) works on a defensive drill in lacrosse practice.
Walking through the backyard at the Slonaker house, the basketball hoop, golf driving range, volleyball net and swimming pool indicate the role recreation plays for the family. 

With three teenagers who each play three sports and a father who has been a sports broadcaster for 20 years, these facilities don’t begin to tell the tale of the Slonaker family, a household that lives, eats, travels, and even celebrates anniversaries and birthdays around four different sports schedules all year long.

On a cold, blustery March afternoon, Tom and Lynne Slonaker sit in the living room of their Charlottesville home, and while waiting for their daughters to return from practice, discuss how the ever-present sports schedule shapes their lives.

**Scheduling the seasons**

Along with Tom Dulaney Slonaker’s broadcasting duties, daughters Kathryn and Anne play three sports each for Western Albemarle High School. Both play basketball in the fall and volleyball in the winter, while they split up in the spring — Kathryn to softball, Anne to lacrosse.

Son Chris played three sports for the Warriors and now is a freshman pitcher on the James Madison University baseball team.

Practices and games are held nearly every day, except for a week or two in between seasons. Yet preparation for the upcoming sport and end-of-season tournament play usually wipes out this lull in activity.

“It’s a period of time we like to call ‘heaven,’” Tom says in his distinct broadcaster’s voice.

Lynne describes a typical winter Saturday for the girls when volleyball practice starts at 8 a.m.

“Anne and Kathryn would go to volleyball practice; I’d get them home; they’d grab something to eat on the way to the elementary school, where they’d ref until 5:30 or 6 in the evening. They like it.”

In addition, all three children participate in summer leagues, and the girls referee youth games on Saturdays.

For the Slonakers, balancing their loaded sports schedules with family life is a challenging game in itself.

**Changing the game plan**

StrONGLY devoted to their children’s development, Tom and Lynne make lifestyle decisions in order to attend the schedules of Chris, Kathryn and Anne.

“Well, we just make that our priority, and everything else just takes a back seat,” Lynne says. “Your teenagers are only in high school for four years, and everything else we can do when they’re not around anymore.”

Lynne, an office manager for a Charlottesville neurological practice, is the only Slonaker not directly involved in sports. But she made a career change that allows her to watch her kids play.

“The physician I work for is very flexible as far as me having time off to go to games. That’s what I looked for. If baseball starts at four o’clock, I want to be there at four o’clock.”

Tom’s two jobs usually allow him to work around games. Besides hosting “The UVa Coaches’ Show,” Tom is an insurance agent, his basement office allowing him to be home while “at work.”

“I’ve been lucky enough to be able to make career choices that let me have the flexibility to spend time with my family,” he says.

**Split Decision**

With sports and kids outnumbering parents three to two, choices must be made about what games to attend, especially in the spring when all three Slonaker athletes play different sports. Tom and Lynne make every effort to see each game.

“Lacrosse doesn’t play a whole lot, but it was hard with baseball and softball because when the baseball team was home, the softball team was away playing that same team, and that was difficult,” Lynne says.

Tom adds, “There were a couple of times where I would go on the road because Lynne couldn’t get off work, so I would sometimes go to Harrisonburg to watch Chris play baseball while she stayed here to watch Kathryn play softball. That’s the way we split it up.”

Still, despite efforts to see every event of each child, Lynne cites last year, Chris’ senior year, as an exception. “Because it was Chris’ last year in high school, we did tell the girls that this year might not be very fair — we may go to a few more games of his than yours.”

The girls took it well. “They know that we go to everything that we can possibly go to,” Lynne says. “It is something that we have to sacrifice other things to do, but I think they realize that we like to do it.”

**On The Road**

Tom’s broadcasting career gives the children a chance to play spectator roles for a change. Even with their own hectic sports schedules, the Slonakers manage to attend bowl games and Atlantic Coast Conference basketball tournaments.

While living in Harrisonburg when Tom worked as the “Voice of the Dukes,” JMU football and basketball games were a family affair.

“In the early days of the CAA — before it was the Colonial Athletic Association, it was called the ECAC South — we used to travel all the time,” Tom remembers.

“In those days I had my own airplane. The kids were small, so we’d put ‘em in the back of the plane and fly to the game. It was a wonderful experience,” he says.

In 1984, when the family moved from Harrisonburg to Charlottesville and Tom announced University of North Carolina football games for Raycom Sports, the Slonakers often traveled to Tar Heel territory.

This was before the reality of being involved with so many high school sports set in. As the schedules filled with practices and games, the trips became less frequent.

Lynne says, “We haven’t been able to [travel] since they started high school sports; our kids start practice on August 10th, and you can’t take them away the entire school year. They practice during Christmas, and, not only do they practice, but they have games over spring break.

“Last year between the three kids we had seven games during that week of spring break. You just can’t take them anywhere.”

**Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie...**

The Slonakers epitomize a busy lifestyle, yet dinner is a family time, and Lynne isn’t about to let late practices and games keep the family from spending this time together.

In the spring, Lynne says, “We can usually eat dinner together after the games because baseball and softball
And he went back to the next game — he was the lead-off hitter — and he hit a home run. So after that it became a little joke. I had to get him home and clean his uniform. Anytime he had a doubleheader, I had to do that in between games.

And on your 20th anniversary, you give ... a basketball ticket?

On February 8, Tom and Lynne celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary. Or at least they were supposed to.

February is a crunch month for college basketball, when teams play their remaining conference games and prepare for postseason. Tom works at the press table for UVa games, and on Feb. 8, UVa was playing Duke.

While hosting the coaches' show prior to that game, Tom jokingly told then-UVa coach Terry Holland that his 20-year marriage wouldn't last if he had to work both the Duke game and the show that night.

Holland asked Slonaker if beating Duke would help the situation. Slonaker said it would, and Holland's team obliged by upsetting the Blue Devils. "That was our anniversary present," laughs Tom.

"I don't think we've spent three anniversaries when I haven't been doing a game, or we've been at the kids' games," he says.

Lynne agrees. "If I would have known that we would have been so involved in sports, we wouldn't have gotten married during basketball season."

Tom and Lynne will wait and take a trip in May. Now they want to take advantage of being able to watch the children before their home becomes an empty nest.

"It's just real busy at this time of year. It would be nice one year to be able to go away during our anniversary, but there's just too many things with the kids to do," Lynne says.

"We have a lot of years together and [the children] are just not with you all that long," she says.

A Good Call

After dinner the family settles in the living room. Kathryn and Anne finish relaying the day's events when the phone rings.

It's Chris calling from Georgia,
where the JMU baseball team is playing a tournament.

Tom talks to Chris, then comes back to give a full report to the rest of the family.

West Virginia beat JMU; the big news, however, was that Chris saw his first action in a college game, coming in to pitch the later innings.

"He said he was nervous," Tom says. "But he got that first one out of the way."

Judging by the family's reaction, they seem relieved that Chris took his first steps as a college pitcher.

"I told him, 'You're in control,'" Tom says. "Nothing can happen until you throw the ball."

A Game of Hearts

After the excitement of Chris' call dies down, the girls get out a deck of cards and begin playing. As they play, the family reflects on their sports-filled lives.

"I don't think we have a chaotic life . . .," Lynne begins. "Well, it depends on what week you get us," Kathryn says. "Remember that two weeks at the end of the winter season when I wasn't home at all until late at night?" Anne asks her family.

Tom joins the game of "Hearts" that the girls are playing. Later he will prepare to travel to Charlotte, N.C., for the Atlantic Coast Conference basketball tournament.

"Because I was so involved with sports as a sportscaster, I never wanted to be one of those fathers who pushed their kids into sports," Tom insists. "We want them to pick what they enjoy doing."

He addresses Anne and Kathryn. "I didn't push you into it, did I?" he asks good-naturedly.

"You're just bigger than us and we were afraid to say no," Kathryn quips, throwing down a card.

"When we're not in the house we're usually together somewhere doing something related to sports," Tom says.

He says matter-of-factly, "That's what life's all about. It's fun for us." And the game continues.

**How a pearl assisted in cutting a gem of a sports announcer**

Sitting in his home office, Tom Dulaney Slonaker, a voice of college sports in Central Virginia, leans forward, and with a gleam in his eye, reveals what led him to give up his basketball career.

Slonaker, a freshman walk-on for Wake Forest in 1966, joined some teammates in a pickup game at Winston-Salem State. While warming up, Slonaker noticed his defensive matchup, a skinny fellow named Earl who seemed to be more interested in horsing around than in playing a good game of basketball. Watching Earl's antics, Slonaker figured he'd have no problem playing against him.

"It didn't take long for Slonaker to realize how wrong he was."

"Earl and I combined for 63 points that day — Earl had 60," Slonaker says, laughing. As it turned out, Earl was Earl "The Pearl" Monroe, who later went on to the NBA and was recently inducted into the Naismith Memorial Hall of Fame.

Soon after that game, Tom Slonaker knew that the NBA would not be pining for a 6'4" post player, and that his best interests lay in play-by-play, not play itself.

Reluctantly quitting the team, he decided to concentrate on broadcasting, a field that has brought the personable Slonaker through hundreds of basketball and football broad-
Loyal fans go the distance
Tom and Lynne relax in JMU’s Mauck Stadium before Chris’ game. The Slonakers attend nearly every event of their three student athletes.

casts, sports reports, television and radio shows, and to his current duties hosting “The UVa Coaches’ Show.”

Growing up in Baltimore, Slonaker listened to Chuck Thompson, the voice of the Orioles and Colts. “I looked to him as a role model for a broadcaster,” Slonaker says.

In high school, Slonaker hosted a community show on WBAL-TV, interviewing such political figures as the mayor of Baltimore and Spiro Agnew, who was governor of Maryland at the time.

Slonaker transferred to American University after his sophomore year, and was rudely awakened to the experiences of city broadcasting. The mailbox in his Bethesda apartment building had “Tom Slonaker” clearly visible. People recognized the name and caused problems for him. “There were some crazy people around there,” he says.

To solve this, Tom chose to use his middle name as his last, and “Tom Dulaney” became his on-air name.

After graduation in 1970, Slonaker married and began his career at WFLS radio in Fredericksburg, where his clear voice could be heard broadcasting area high school games.

Always willing to learn, he began listening to UVa and Virginia Tech games to become more familiar with the college broadcasting scene. At the same time, WHFV-TV was started in Fredericksburg, and Slonaker was asked to be sports director.

He calls the period 1970-1972 “very difficult.” A family man to the core, he had to decide how to strike a balance between his love for his new family and his devotion to his old flame, the broadcast microphone.

“I didn’t know if [broadcasting] would give me the security to support my family. There were definitely some sacrifices that would have to be made,” Slonaker recalls.

WHFV went off the airwaves in 1975. The family moved to Harrisonburg, where opportunity awaited. Slonaker accepted the sports director position at WHSV/WSVA and became the “Voice of the Dukes,” broadcasting JMU football and basketball games.

Slonaker recalls his “on-the-go” lifestyle the first six months of 1975. From 9 a.m. until nearly midnight, his hours were filled with radio production and announcing, television sports reports, “Dialing For Dollars” spots and usually a JMU broadcast.

After six months of this, Tom Slonaker called a time out. “After awhile, I stopped and said ‘Wait a minute!’ I wanted to be with my family.”

Slonaker resigned from WHSV to do just that, as well as to work on his new insurance business. The station did ask him to work as a freelancer, which he did for the next six years.

He “settled down” by having a radio sports show, doing the 6 p.m. and 11 p.m. sports reports, and broadcasting JMU games. Slonaker saw the change as welcome relief. “It gave me more freedom. I wasn’t handcuffed to set hours," he says.

Realizing the strain of long hours in broadcasting, Slonaker pushed for an internship program at WHSV.

In 1977, he hired his first intern, a JMU student named Steve Buckhantz, now the sports anchor at Fox Channel 5 in Washington, D.C.

In 1984, the family moved to Charlottesville, and Tom began broadcasting for Raycom Sports, a company that produces regional football and basketball telecasts. In 1986, he was invited to be co-producer of “The UVa Coaches’ Show.”

Slonaker’s career is full of memories that go beyond the actual memorabilia that surrounds him in his office. Photos from NCAA tournaments, a trolley car from a tournament he worked in San Francisco, stacks of audio and video tapes of games he has covered; they all tell a story. And then, there is other memorabilia.

Slonaker finds watching the development of others has provided him with some of his most special times. “Sports teach you the value of improvement. It’s the idea of working together and doing what you can to the best of your ability.”

His enthusiasm for witnessing the development of sports programs and the people involved with these programs is something he carries over into all aspects of his own life.

He leaves his office for an appointment, taking his enthusiasm with him. Yet, like the memorabilia scattered throughout, it remains.

— By Jill Barry
Rappelling, Spelunking and Canoeing

JMU Outing Club searches high and low for fun in the Shenandoah Valley

article by Amy Cross
photography by Fred North

Whether it's spelunking in Sennit Cave in West Virginia, canoeing down the Dry River near Harrisonburg or hang gliding off Jockey's Ridge in North Carolina, many James Madison University students had never attempted feats like these before joining the Madison Outing Club.

Now in its 13th year, the Outing Club has 142 members. It schedules a variety of outdoor events primarily in the Shenandoah Valley every weekend for the outdoor enthusiast.

"It gives you a chance to do things you've always wanted to do and never will have the chance to do again," says Jeff Butler, secretary of the club.

Lori Brock, a native New Yorker who enjoys the majestic scenery of the Shenandoah Valley, says, "You can't really go rock climbing and caving in Long Island."

Brock has gone on several Outing Club trips since becoming an active member her freshman year.

"I went into the Outing Club last year and had never gone caving or rock climbing or rappelling before. I learned to do everything. I just think it would be hard to do all these things after you graduate," she says. "My parents think I'm crazy. I tell them afterwards, 'Guess what I did this weekend?'"

"I remember last year it rained both nights at Seneca Rocks [in West Virginia] and it was 30 degrees." Although it was 80 degrees in Harrisonburg when they left for their excursion, Brock says it started snowing while they were climbing.

"That night we had 16 people in an eight-man tent trying to keep warm."

It is probably better if Brock doesn't tell her parents about some of her experiences — one caving trip in particular. "One time one of my friends was falling and grabbed the side of the cave. But it was actually a bat she grabbed," and they both started screaming.

JMU student Paige Mayo went on her first caving expedition to Sennit Cave with the Outing Club last fall. Although not a member of the club, a friend signed her up with 11 others for the trip.

Now she says, 'I'm glad I did it, but it's not like walking through Luray Caverns. It's a lot more dangerous.
and challenging and in a very close space."

After caving, Mayo felt like she "achieved something."

"But I don't think I'd do it again. I'm more risk-averse. I would recommend this for people to try, but you do have to be in fairly good shape."

A caving technique called "chimneying" requires substantial athletic prowess. Mayo describes "chimneying" as wedging yourself between two walls of rock with your back against one wall and your feet against the other as you pass over a drop several feet below.

And in some caves, spelunkers must crawl through tiny holes that "didn't look big enough to fit through," Mayo says. They were forced to push and pull the larger members of the Sennit Cave expedition through some of the holes in order for them to pass.

She says a lot of people on this trip went caving for the first time, loved it and want to go again. Some of the members of the expedition, however, did not find it as enjoyable.

"Two of the guys we were with realized they were claustrophobic. All of the girls were laughing and having a good time, and these two guys' faces turned completely white." They chose not to complete the two-hour trip inside the cave and left early.

Caving is possible year round because caves maintain a constant temperature of about 55 degrees. The JMU club frequents Sennit Cave, which is a popular site for other outing clubs as well.

“We ran into the outing clubs from Delaware and George Mason [University], both in the same cave, but on different trips,” Brock says. Like the Madison Outing Club, these clubs give students the opportunity to see the wonders of the Shenandoah Valley and other nearby locations — above and below ground.

Madison Outing Club, founded in 1971, is rich in stories of adventures. It was started when a student approached R. Davis Griffin, the club’s current adviser and JMU Food Service Director, and asked for advice on having a sophomore class camp out for 250 people.

While helping organize the camp out, Griffin asked the student why he didn’t start an outing club. This question was the catalyst for the current organization.

The first meeting was held two nights later with Stan Lenkerd, currently the acting director of Academic Computing Services, serving as the original sponsor.

Griffin, known as “Griff” to club members, has been the sponsor and senior member for the last 10 years. Since then, two other JMU organizations have branched out from the Outing Club — the Caving Club and the Ski Club.

Griffin says he had no former outing experience before coming to JMU. Soon after his arrival, he went to a cave in 1969 as a chaperone for a Young Americans for Freedom party and liked it. A few years later, Griffin accompanied some students from North Carolina State University to Seneca Rocks to climb and enjoy the scenery.

After that, he was hooked and went on a trip of his own almost every weekend until the Outing Club was established.

Griffin plays an active role in the workings of the Outing Club. "I participate more than most advisers," he says. He goes on many of the canoeing and hiking trips and gives technical advice with rappelling.

"I've led all the caving trips in the last five years. Now we have one guy who can also lead the trips."

Griffin supplies his own canoes for club trips. He also has an outdoor company outfitted for a two-night canoeing, hiking and tubing trip. He charges $150 a day for a weekend trip that includes meals.

"I've learned a lot from the students," Griffin says. He shares their views on taking advantage of what nature has to offer and the experiences the Outing Club can provide.

Many students continue going on outings after college as well. "To one or two people, the outdoors becomes a part of their lives. A lot of students come from scouting and family outings, but many have never been on an outing trip before, especially females."

Speaking from personal experience, Griffin says, "the Outing Club has changed my life."

Griffin has a long list of ravines, mountains, caves and...
Striking a pose
Danielle Legendre (pictured second from left) and company find a comfortable spot on Seneca Rocks.

waterfalls he frequents in the Shenandoah Valley. He also has many experiences to share, but one outing trip to Elkhorn Mountain in 1974 sticks out in his mind. "We got there at 3 p.m. and climbed up a hill. Then we took a 144-foot drop into a cave. I had devised an elaborate device for passing gear down there," he says.

After an exhausting but enjoyable day, Griffin climbed up and out of the cave on a rope at 7:30 p.m., and everyone else slowly followed him until 1:30 a.m.

"We were all elated to be out, and then we heard a distant cry."

After six hours of helping everyone climb out of the cave using a device called an ascender on a fixed rope, they had forgotten the last member of the expedition and had to resume the tedious 30-minute process.

The students never fail to mention how much they appreciate their adviser. "He is a really good adviser because he never gets lost and he really enjoys the Outing Club," Brock says.

Butler says, "He is really vital to us. He has so many connections."

Another member, Danielle Legendre, says, "He's super. He lets us use his canoes, his vans. He goes on at least half of the trips with us."

Legendre, a senior, has been involved with the club since she was a freshman and has held the office of treasurer. She has been on almost all the trips, including rock climbing, rappelling, hang gliding, caving and camping.

"This whole area has so many things to see... so many people don't even get off campus and experience them. This whole area is limestone and there are a lot of caves around. There is so much in nature to appreciate around here."

Like Brock, Legendre says, "I'm from Long Island and I'd barely ever gone camping or hiking before I came here."

Legendre plans to incorporate a career with her love for the outdoors. With a degree in physical education, concentrating in recreation and sports management, she eventually plans to make a career of outdoor sports and recreation.

As a sports enthusiast and member of the track team,
she says, "First semester I'm at a lot of meets on the weekends. But now I go [on the Outing Club trips] whenever I have a chance."

Madison Outing Club has produced some "heroes" of the outing world.

One former officer, Frank "Flash" Gordon, has a first ascent to his credit. He was the first person to mount the West Spur on Mt. Greylock on Baffin Island, west of Greenland.

Robin Lee, another former member, bicycled around the world, a feat which took her four years.

The Outing Club is an affordable way to see the outdoors. Members pay $5 dues each semester, but non-members can go on trips as well. Membership privileges include reduced rates and early sign-up.

The Outing Club does not try to make a profit on any of its trips. The cost of a trip is just enough to cover expenses like gas and food. Skydiving, the most expensive trip, costs about $100.

All three of this semester's downhill and cross-country skiing trips were canceled due to warm weather. These tend to be popular trips, as are white water rafting, camping at Seneca Rocks and hang gliding.

Members managed to schedule outings to Woody's Sports World near Valley Mall to use the shooting range on the weekends when they couldn't ski.

The schedule of this semester's trips included skeet shooting, a ropes course and a trip to Charleston, S.C. "Everyone gets excited when they see the list of things to do," Butler says.

One thing the students always mention is the fun and fellowship they experience on the trips.

"Everything is so much fun. There is definitely a camaraderie. You have to trust people when you are rock climbing. It's definitely a bonding," Butler says.

Brock recalls her first trip. "I remember last year I didn't know anyone in the Outing Club, but I went camping anyway and I had a great time. You make friends on the trip. I've made a lot of friends through the Outing Club. I've also never seen anyone have a bad time [on the trips]."

Every weekend throughout the school year, whether it's in the Shenandoah Valley or elsewhere, Outing Club members are hitting the trails.

Some do it for the beauty of nature, others go along for the serenity and peacefulness of the outdoors. But most go simply for the challenge and adventure that nature provides.

"It's not something you have to do every week. The focus is being able to do something you've never done before," Butler says.

Brock adds, "It's a sport without competition."

An old and familiar cliche typifies these nature lovers and their endeavors. "To go where no man has gone before."

For more information, contact:
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President, Outing Club
P.O. Box 1763
James Madison University
Harrisonburg, Va. 22807

Amy Cross, a senior communication major, plans to travel cross country after graduation and then pursue a career in public relations.
Good food and old friends
Rose Lokey, E.J. Lokey and Ed Moore have been steady customers at the L&S since the Diner opened.

How have four area restaurants retained their flavor through the years? By keeping it . . .

article by Cameron Bishopp
photography by Philip Holman

The word "family" is especially meaningful for people in the Shenandoah Valley. In the everyday operations of four area restaurants, it is just as important.

Faye Bland heads the close-knit staff that works together at the Bar-B-Q Ranch. Her right-hand "woman" is her daughter, Faye Slaydon, who helps around the restaurant.

At the L&S Diner, in addition to the strong feelings that exist among the staff, regular customers have formed a bond with the people who run the diner.

The staff of Dan's Steakhouse isn't a family in the traditional sense of the word, but they've found the most efficient way to run their restaurant is to work as a family.

The Southern Kitchen has been run by the Newland family for 36 years. Two years ago, they united under their father's unexpected death to run the restaurant.

Bar B-Q Ranch
Christmas Day for Faye Bland's family is no small affair. There's only one place that holds the brood of 27 together each year — her restaurant, the Bar B-Q Ranch, located just north of Harrisonburg on Route 11.

"My family is very important to me," says Bland, an energetic woman with brassy blond hair and gold glasses. "That's why I gave the restaurant a strong family atmosphere."

Bland, who has owned the Ranch for six years, transformed it into a restaurant reminiscent of old-fashioned southern cooking. It sports cheerful red checkered tablecloths and a staff that makes customers feel at home.

Customers have returned the hospitality of Bland and her staff by presenting them with funny gifts for a restaurant specializing in pork barbecue — toy pigs. Bland has a large assortment of them on display at the Ranch.

Many customers never see the restaurant's homey interior. It's the only
one in the Harrisonburg area that boasts a booming curbside business. Waitresses come to customers' car windows to take orders.

"We do more business outside than we do inside," Bland says. "We have people who've been coming here for three generations," she says. "We decorate for all occasions, and when families come, we have a juke box and games for the kids to play with."

Faye Slaydon, Bland's daughter and a JMU alumna, helps out at the restaurant. "She's my bookkeeper, curbside, waitress — I don't know what I'd do without her," Bland says. "We have a good time," Slaydon says. "We're always playing jokes on each other. . . . But we're a big family and we love each other."

L&S Diner

"When my husband first started here as a cook in 1947, you could get a chicken dinner with three vegetables for 65 cents."

June Sipes slowly unloads a tray of dirty glasses into a sink and moves down the counter to clear some dirty plates away.

"It's been 43 years and you can still get a complete meal for $3.80," she says.

The L&S Diner is located in downtown Harrisonburg on Liberty Street in front of the train tracks.

Manager Theresa Hammer, who has worked at the L&S for 13 years, says that the diner is a meeting place for many area residents.

"There's always a certain little group in that corner and a certain group of people in that corner," she says, gesturing casually around the diner. "People like to see what's going on in Harrisonburg, and our regulars find it out at the diner."

The story behind the L&S's success is simple. A family atmosphere among the staff has created a family atmosphere among the customers. The result is a close-knit group of people who come to the L&S for more than coffee and breakfast.

"If they don't come in for a few days we give them a call," Hammer says. "We worry about our customers; they're like my family in a lot of ways. This diner and the Harrisonburg area is more of a home to me now than where I grew up."

Part-owner Joyce Graves pours a cup of coffee from the pot behind the counter and settles back onto a barstool. "We had a man who was sick over the holidays and died right after Christmas. He lived alone and these waitresses took all his meals to him," she says. "We're very attached to our customers."

Graves and her brothers, Sam and Jeff Lambert, bought the L&S two years ago from their father, S. Mcrvin Lambert, who bought it in 1976. The L&S is named for B. Franklin Lee and Isaac Simmons, who started the diner in 1947. It changed hands once before Graves' father bought it.

"Dad decided to get out pretty quickly and the family didn't want to see it go to someone who wouldn't care for it. We had never really been involved in the diner before, but we didn't want it out of the family," Graves says.

"I don't feel like I'm the owner as much as part of a family. The people who work here are the diner."

Hours: 5 a.m.-8 p.m. (Mon.-Sat.)

Dan's Steakhouse

The real Dan was Dan Avery, who started Dan's Steakhouse more than 20 years ago. Earl Vaught, Jr. bought Dan's in 1981 and has a hard time with curious customers. "My son's name is Daniel. Customers were always asking, 'Where's Dan? Who's Dan?' So we named him Dan."

Vaught's son Daniel is one of two children by his second wife, Lisa. Their other child is a girl, Meghan.
"I had been working for a big corporation for 16 years and living in Florida," Vaught says. "I got tired of it. I wanted to be in my own business back in the mountains where I grew up." He did just that. Vaught got a second chance in life with his family and his career and is making the most of it. Vaught and his staff won't settle for second best when it comes to running the restaurant, located on Rt. 211 near Luray.

"We have families who are fourth generation that still come to Dan's Steakhouse," he says. "One of our most important assets is our regular customers. We cater to them; they're our bread and butter."

For Vaught and his staff, pleasing the customer is more than talk. Each customer receives a comment card and is asked for an honest evaluation. Negative comments are rare, but when they pop up, Vaught goes out of his way to right the wrong.

"Out of 1,000 comment cards, we might have two percent with a negative view. I personally contact these people and make amends with them and offer them a gift certificate," he says.

"There are people who come in to eat and have a nice evening and this might be the highlight of their week. They don't want to hear problems. They want to be taken care of and that's what we're here for."

Vaught thinks the most important aspect of running a business is to take care of the staff. "They come first, even before the customer, because if you manage your staff properly so they like working for you, they feel good about their job and it's going to reflect on the customer."

Managers Jason Breeden and Betty Bundy work hard to make sure the staff is treated well. "We genuinely care about our staff," Breeden says.

"I gave everybody a challenge. If they could go out and find a better place to work than here with the incredible feeling of family and the flexibility we have when it comes to the schedule, then I'll quit here and work there also."

Hours: March-November: 4 p.m.-9 p.m. (Mon.-Thur.), 4 p.m.-10 p.m. (Fri. & Sat.), 12 p.m.-9 p.m. (Sun.). December-February: Closed Mon. & Tues.

New Market meeting place
Southern Kitchen is an integral part of the small town.

Southern Kitchen
Edwin Newland leans back in his chair and out of the sun shining through the window. He turns the spoon in his right hand over and over on a paper placemat picturing a map of Virginia.

"We're one of the oldest restaurants in the Valley and one of the only ones that has stayed within the same family. How many restaurants can say that?" he asks.

"We have a quaint town here. All the businesses help each other in an effort to support New Market," he says. "We send customers to the attractions around here and we try to recommend the other establishments in the area."

The Newland family has owned the restaurant for 36 years. Edwin is the son of the original owners, Lloyd and Ruby Newland.

"I grew up mopping the floors, bussing the tables and washing dishes at the restaurant," Newland says. "I also grew up eating the food that's on the menu. All the recipes we use are my mother's."

"A lot of people come in and call it a quaint little restaurant that styles itself after the restaurants of the '50s with our fountain and little individual jukeboxes at each table," he says. "Well, we are a restaurant from the '50s."

The Newlands are not a family whose interests only range as far as the restaurant. Newland is part-owner of Home-Land Realty Company, and his father owned a construction company. The restaurant started out as a hobby. Lloyd Newland and his sister, Alma Dellinger, started it with Alma managing for Lloyd while he took care of his company.

"The Newland family has always been in the construction and real estate business. As the years went on, the Southern Kitchen got to be less of a sideline and more of a full-time business," Newland says.

Since Lloyd died almost two years ago, Edwin's mother, Ruby, has been running the restaurant along with Edwin and his wife, Doris, and his sister-in-law, Gloria.

"We've never really had a general manager — only working managers. Everyone knows his job and what needs to be done. It's a team effort for the staff and the family all the way."

Hours: 7 a.m.-9 p.m., seven days a week.

Cameron Bishopp, from Warrenton, is a senior graduating with a degree in English and communication. She hopes never, ever, no matter what, to be on deadline again.
Big friend, little friend
It's all smiles for JMU junior Linda Finch and 3-year-old R.C. Long at a monthly day-care program called Saturday Adoption.

"If there was a female version of the Good Samaritan, she would be it."

Meet Linda Finch

article and photography by Andrew Wyatt

A little more than two years ago, Linda Finch and her brother were walking through the streets of Washington, D.C., enjoying a tour of the city. Slowly they approached a bag lady sitting on a park bench.

Linda kept walking even though she could feel the hard steady gaze of the woman's eyes. Just as Linda and her brother passed, the woman lifted her bony hand and pointed at the pair.

"Just die laughing!" the woman screeched. "Just die laughing!"

Linda stiffened as the woman's shriek rang in her ears, "Just die laughing!"

"I thought about what she meant,"
says the James Madison University junior. "We, with our big wallets and our jewelry, have everything. And in the end, who does get the last laugh?"

Linda says that when she realized the needs of the homeless.

Soon after this incident, on August 15, 1987, Linda's mother was killed in a car accident one block from their home in Woodbridge.

After the shock wore off, Linda realized she had taken her mother for granted and had been taking life for granted.

Her mother's death gave her a sense of urgency to help the people she now meets as a volunteer. Maybe that's why Linda Finch is not just a volunteer, but a "super volunteer."

As a social work major at JMU, Linda has volunteered for eight Rockingham County community service organizations, including two homeless shelters, a Harrisonburg soup kitchen and a church clothes closet. When Linda graduates, she wants to have a career in social work.

"There are so many people with so many needs," Linda says. "I feel a need to try to meet those people's needs."

Linda's greatest involvement so far has been with Star Gables, a motel for the homeless outside Harrisonburg. The tenants at Star Gables pay $70 a month to stay in the 50-year-old motel. And for two years, Linda has done everything from helping clean up the grounds to babysitting tenants' children.

She also has taken some of the Star Gables children to Pizza Hut, McDonald's and the movie theater.

Linda says it's been the little moments with the children that have meant so much. There was one 13-year-old girl who wanted to have a perfect family, but "things kept happening," Linda says. One week the girl's father would have a job, but the next week he wouldn't. One week the mother broke her arm, and the family had to use their money paying hospital expenses.

Finally the girl's mother turned to Linda and said, "I'm so fed up. There are no jobs. Maybe if I killed myself the kids would be moved to a foster home and have a chance."

"I felt so helpless when she told me that. I felt like there was nothing I could do," Linda says. "She hit rock bottom and kept going."

When Linda first met the children living at Star Gables, she says, "I thought they would blame me and hate me. But they laughed and smiled and were happy."

She adds, "Kids are kids whether they're rich or poor."

Linda has helped set up a trust fund through the JMU Baptist Student Union, a campus religious organization, to save the debt-ridden Star Gables shelter. She's also been on the phone trying to convince Virginia Power not to turn off the motel's electricity.

Sharon Harper, the shelter's manager, says, "Linda's been an uplifting person through our ups and downs."

While Linda has helped others through "ups and downs," Linda has learned that she can't live life by herself either. She says, "I don't think I could go through the rest of my life without God."

Through the Baptist Student Union, Linda has volunteered for several community services and has become the coordinator of their community outreach program.

Last year, Linda and other BSU members helped paint, clean and pull up old carpet at a Harrisonburg homeless shelter called Mercy House. Also last year, Linda volunteered at Friendship House, a Harrisonburg soup kitchen.

Linda also has spent time at Camelot Nursing Home in Harrisonburg. Last year she went with a BSU group to the nursing home every Friday. One woman showed Linda her family pictures, and when Linda asked when she last saw her family, the woman answered, "Oh, a few years ago."

"Linda says, "I felt so sad..."

But there also were funny moments for Linda at Camelot. "A friend of mine walked with me into this woman's room for the first time, and the woman said, 'Oh baby, you've grown up like a weed.'"

This year Linda has taken JMU students to Abrahas House, a juvenile detention halfway house, and to Western State Hospital, a hospital for the mentally handicapped. She rotates weekly visits to both Staunton locations.

Abraxas House acts as a bridge for young men making a transition from being in prison to "getting back to the real world," she says. One night during a therapy session at the Abraxas House, the boys were filling out surveys about male attitudes toward females. One of the questions was "Do guys see girls as a piece of meat?"

"They answered yes," Linda says. "I was the only girl there, and we talked about the question and how we felt about the answer." Linda told the boys she wasn't a "piece of meat" and neither are other women.

At Western State, Linda and other JMU volunteers speak to and play bingo with the patients on the elderly ward.

One of the nurses, Virginia Moran, says a visit to the hospital is usually the topic of conversation among the patients for three days. "The patients look forward to seeing the younger faces."

Being an active volunteer has brought Linda many rewards, but problems do arise.

Juggling college work with her community work can be physically and emotionally tiring. "I'm always thinking about that exam coming up or that paper I should be writing," she says.

Also, Linda thinks she doesn't spend enough time with her friends. "My roommate feels like she doesn't have a roommate," she says.

Linda says her former boyfriend told her she would "give anything to help these strangers," but her friends are "on the bottom of her list."

Since the family's relocation to Dumfries, Linda says her father and stepmother wonder why she doesn't come home on weekends like she did during her freshman year.

"It makes me feel sad that I may be putting people off," Linda says.

But Archie Turner, the BSU campus minister, says Linda is "not the kind of person that will pass by somebody in need. She's not wired that way."

"If there was a female version of the Good Samaritan, she would be it."

Robert Andrew Wyatt is a native of Southern Virginia. Andrew is a political science major graduating in May. He would like a job, anywhere.
Kings of the Road

In a borrowed pickup, two JMU students discover those who ride fast and free on the weekend strips of Harrisonburg

article by Rob Morano

photography by Lawrence Jackson

Hot wheels
A cruiser and his gal flash by in one of the many larger-than-life trucks two JMU students saw during their recent night on the town.
8:30 p.m.

In a dirty, brown GMC Sierra pickup, my roommate Bill and I rolled out of the James Madison University campus and onto South Main Street. It was a warm Saturday in February, and if we were going to drive around for three hours trying to understand the phenomenon of cruising, we needed gas.

The way this truck was sounding, we needed lots of it — fast. So, we pulled into Red Apple Deli Market.

Four students cautiously ignored us as they left the convenience store laden with their 12-packs of Busch. Even the cashier, as he rang up our gas and tobacco, seemed unable to decide which side of the tracks we were from. When Bill and I walked out, we felt a change overcoming us.

But as we climbed back into the truck, Bill and I smiled. We were cruising.

Bill and I soon discovered another problem cruisers face. After turning onto Port Republic Road, we made a U-turn through the Jiffey 66 parking lot, pulling between two large groups of college students walking up the sidewalk.

Their bemused looks and snide jokes filled me with an urge to explain that we, too, were students. But the urge subsided into a dull anger, and I felt bad that I was embarrassed to look like a "townie."

8:45 p.m.

We took the I-81 North exit and headed for Valley Mall. En route, a big, glossy blue Chevy truck with two young men inside roared past and cut in front of us as we inched up to 50 mph. Our Sierra was what a local man, Tim, dismissed as a "work truck," unlike the many slick "town trucks" out that night to "see and be seen." The Chevy was just rubbing it in, daring us to race, so we lost them by taking the Rt. 33 East Elkton exit.

Following two Toyotas behind the mall, where a flashing, blue police light beckoned us, we saw an exodus of locals and high school students. They chatted about where the party was and what was going on and when to meet at Hardee's. Most of them didn't have trucks, but a few drove Camaros, Mustangs, GTOs and Mom's station wagon.

When we exited the mall, we doubled back on Rt. 33 until we ran into Main Street again, this time at Court Square. The streets were virtually deserted, and except for a lone Dodge Ram, we were the only cruisers in sight.

After a pit stop at The Little Grill, we returned south on Main Street. A grayish-black Ford was slowing us down, so Bill gunned it and we charged past on the left. Driving was a balding, middle-aged man, and he threw me a contemptuous look.

We were stopped at the left-turn light on Main at Cantrell when I saw them. These were the real cruisers. From across the bridge on our right they were approaching in a brilliance of fog lights and a low rumble of vain engines. They passed and trucked up the hill alongside Rockingham Memorial Hospital and disappeared over the crest. With less abandon, we followed, and before us lay automotive pandemonium.
10:00 p.m.
Soon we were backed up outside the Cantrell Avenue entrance to Hardee's, which looked like a scene from the movie "The Road Warrior." Among noise and exhaust, dozens of cruisers had arrayed themselves here, parking, coming and going in all directions, revving their engines. A horn from behind roused us from roadside reverie, and we penetrated the parking lot. The drive-thru line was hopeless, but with lots of encouragement from a briskly gesturing security guard, we broke rank and cruised around the perimeter of the lot. Each vehicle, four out of five of which were trucks, seemed to contain half a dozen people.

We finally made it through the lot and onto Reservoir Street, facing the intersection where the traffic light changed to green twice without us moving an inch. An impatient police officer turned on his lights and siren to wade through the traffic, but with little success and to the impediment of other motorists.

We turned right onto Cantrell and sputtered up the small hill on the strip behind the Clover Leaf Shopping Center into more normal traffic.

As we approached Rt. 33, however, we noticed that the strip in front of the shopping center on Carlton Street was completely backed up. Although the large shopping center parking lot was virtually empty, cruisers were heading in and out of a packed Pizza Hut and the well-lit McDonald's at the end of the strip.

On the strip was an unimaginable variety of cruising trucks and cars, and just as many different characters driving them. They all had their windows down and were treating the others to a selection of tunes: rap, rock and roll, country/western, and, Bill and I thought, even ABBA.

Back at Hardee's, the dining room was as empty as Burger King's on South Main Street. The first person we saw was Henry, the security guard. An amiable black man in his 50s, Henry was not restrained in talking about all the people. "They're just cruising, primarily."

Secondary to cruising, Henry said, were the problems it often caused: traffic, drinking and fighting. "We get a lot of complaints from customers that are buying things because we don't have adequate parking spaces for them," he said. "And it also creates a problem here with a lot of fights that break out because we get a lot of people from different areas here." Although it was 10:20 p.m., he said, "You ain't seen nothing yet. Last weekend we had a man streak through the parking lot. Wait until one o'clock."

About that time last night, Henry said he broke up two fights. "I eliminate the problem before it gets out of hand," he said. "It's usually between a white guy and a black guy" because "some of the white girls go with some of the black guys, and the white guys they refer to as rednecks don't like it."

Fights are usually between only two people, but "everyone here has a weapon," Henry said. "I want you to be fully aware of that . . . and some do carry guns." Even Henry toted a large billy club at his side. "You've got to have probable cause before you use it, he said. He had used it only once, "and that was to restrain an individual because he was bigger than I am. I had to put it around his legs to hold him down."

The cause of these disturbances, Henry said, was alcohol. "Half of them walk around here half drunk."

He watched someone enter and said, "Right now, we got one just walked in the bathroom. He's half drunk." Then Henry turned toward a pair of young men at the counter. "Just like these guys here," he said. "I told them before to cruise, and they go out and sit in their car and drink. I'll make them leave, because eventually a law enforcement officer will come through and handle it his way."

10:29 p.m.
While we were talking to Henry, two cruisers, Richard and Lane, had entered and were standing by listening. "How do we feel about cruising?" Richard asked. "Well, we come out here and meet our friends and stuff. It keeps us out of trouble; I mean, we could be out fighting and everything."

They and Henry indicated they were "buddies" and that "he keeps us out of trouble, keeps us out of fights" with "his peacemaker," the club, Lane said.

Richard said they cruised every Friday and Saturday in Lane's truck "to meet our friends and have a good time," but didn't think they contributed to cruising problems.

"We patronize," Lane said as he sipped on a large iced tea. "We come in and buy stuff." Henry agreed. "If we would enforce a law on cruising we would probably lose a portion of our business."

"That's right," Richard interrupted. "Hey, Elkton, they let cruising go on. That's their business down there. Pizza Hut, Tastee Freez, High's — that's their business — the gas and stuff. That's their main income."

Here, he said, "McDonald's, Hardee's, Pizza Hut — now they're making money. They've got to be. I mean, I'm there at Pizza Hut almost every weekend."

Richard thought "the old people in town" complained to the police to step up enforcement. "They're so dang-goone strict you can't do nothing around here. It's a bunch of bull," Richard said. He suggested enlarging the parking lot to draw excess cruisers off the crowded streets as a compromise.

Then Gene and two girls, all friends of Richard and Lane, entered. While the girls had nothing to say, Gene said girls "just come in to
Mill
Sunset strip
The short Carlton Street strip is usually the most crowded in Harrisonburg on Friday and Saturday nights. It serves as a route from 33 to Hardee's, and offers such attractions as Pizza Hut and McD's.

On the job
Although Henry has to deal with drunks, fights and even streakers as a security guard for Hardee's, he maintains a positive rapport by being fair, humorous, and, above all, patient with almost everyone who cruises through the parking lot.

He pointed to a small car and introduced us to Annette and Donna, high school students here "to see friends and hang out, find out what's going on tonight," Donna said. Annette had seen "a few fights in the past, but nothing serious. Not too many people cause trouble."

"Behave yourselves," Henry said laughingly to the girls, and we moved on. On the other side of Hardee's, he briskly motioned vehicles through, bantering with their occupants. As a jeep pulled in, he smiled and stuck out his thumb. "Hey, ladies. Can I catch a ride?" he asked.

"Sure, Henry. Get in!"

10:43 p.m.
We spotted a young man wearing torn jeans and a cap stumbling drunkenly alongside the building, and Henry said "Hey" several times as he strode up to him. The young man stopped, and Henry put a fatherly arm on his shoulder, talked to him for a moment, then released him with "All right. Have a good one, buddy."

"I ask them to maintain their composure while they're on the premises," he said, "and then I ask them to please leave."

Henry kept an eye on the young man until he was spirited away in the back of a friend's car.

Henry went back inside, but Bill and I wanted to talk to some more cruisers. We approached two parked trucks and met Celeste in one, Jim and Ralph in the other, and Donna standing between them.

"Well, it's like this," Celeste said. "I'm a student by day, and a cruiser by night. Like, y'all got it on campus, and some guys got it around here."

She laughed, and Donna explained what "it" was. "We scope things out, just like y'all." She giggled and took a sip of what was labeled Diet Coke but smelled considerably stronger. "We're drinking!" she shouted to Henry when he came back outside.

Changing the subject, Bill and I asked them about their trucks. Jim and Ralph's had two large CB antennas, double-bladed windshield wipers and fog lights, which they lit for our sake.

"I got pulled over by a cop last week for having them uncovered,"
Hangin' out
Cruising offers local young people a way to meet and make plans for the evening.

Ralph said, referring to the plastic covers on every other truck's fog lights. Celeste, however, was into chrome and had a winch-like projection on the front of her truck.

"It knocks slow-ass drivers off the road," she said. Many people think cruisers are the ones who cause traffic to move so slowly. But with conviction she said, "Their day is Sunday. Ours is Friday and Saturday."

10:51 p.m.
In a corner of the lot sat a large gray Ford, fixed up but not flashy. Travis was inside, and Doug leaned against the truck talking to him. Unlike most cruisers we had met, they were both in their late-20s and sober.

Doug said occasional fights broke out inside, mostly around 1 to 2 a.m. between JMU students, after they leave local bars. He said JMU students cause problems at Hardee's. "They own the town. I'm a security guard in town and I see a lot of it. They cause a lot of trouble."

They also knew about the racial conflicts Henry had described.

"I've seen some of that, and there has been fighting between blacks and blacks down here, too. But most of the time, the ones I've seen have been between the students, just them fighting each other."

"Cause they know not to mess with us," Travis added jokingly.

Travis and Doug said they usually cruise around and talk to everybody. Like other Hardee's cruisers, they were friendly and have a good relationship with Henry.

"He's a trip," Travis said. "But you gotta work with him," Doug added.

They saw the police as less congenial. "They come by all the time, and if you got something really high [truck raised up], they'll just rag your ass," Travis said.

Travis said his truck was called "Goin' For Broke," and the plastic shield guard at the front of the hood was ornamented with the name. He also had windshield "wiper aids" — the large, double-bladed fixtures. "They're more for looks than anything else," Travis said. "They claim they help your wipers," he winked.

Travis didn't have fog lights, but was proud of his triple chrome-plated roll bar and his chrome spokes — shiny wheel rims that also come in aluminum, he said. Around back was a florescent orange, plastic tailgate net to keep things from sliding out of the truck bed.

Inside, taped next to the speedometer, was a small creased picture of Travis and his girlfriend.

Bill and I wondered if they knew anyone with the perfect truck, one that had all the...

"Lethal!" Doug said.
"Yeah, buddy!" Travis agreed.
"Lethal Weapon!" they said and explained.
"It's a red-and-silver Ford," began Travis. "But it's stored down in the shop right now," finished Doug.

Travis and Doug then explained why "Lethal Weapon" was special.

As Travis pointed his finger up to the sky, Doug said, "It's up there."
"Yeah, it's dressed [fixed up]," Travis murmured. "It's everything, together with its size, its color. 'Lethal' will have about $30,000 put into it when its done."

"Trucks are mainly to show off," Doug said.
"Yeah, and building a truck is kind of like a hobby, almost," Travis said. "That's the way most people look at it. You can't understand how much of your time it really takes. It's like you spend every minute you got working on it."

Travis said that "most people around here do the work themselves," and get the parts from accessory shops or by mail-order. Doug said a truck show is coming up in June at a local dealership, "like an antique car show, that type of deal," and they were getting ready.

11:02 p.m.
When we left Hardee's, we decided to take one last cruise around the strips. In front of the shopping center, we were again faced with a long line of bumper-to-bumper traffic.

As our trusty truck idled dangerously low, we saw why the shopping center parking lot was deserted. Two police cruisers sat parked, lights off, the officers conversing.

After parking and approaching the police, we realized that this was not one of the fabled checkpoints looking for the same vehicles to pass three times in two hours.

The police would not comment about cruising, so we climbed back into our truck, and they darted across the lot in different directions.

When JMU finally rose before us on Cantrell, and we thought we had seen the last of cruising that night, an ambulance sped past us in the other lane. Bill and I pulled off to the shoulder, and looked back to see if it had trouble negotiating through the still-clogged intersection. When it finally made its way through, we turned back and headed home.

Our night on the town was over.

Rob Morano will graduate in May with a degree in English and communication. Until then, he and Bill will cruise every weekend.
Memories of tunnels reveal stories of JMU's past

It's a snowy winter night in 1959 on the campus of Madison College in Harrisonburg. The underground tunnel system connecting several buildings on the main part of campus is silent except for the eerie drip-dripping sound of water from the ceiling.

Suddenly the giggles of young college girls echo. And from out of the semi-darkness, members of the swim team emerge, still wet from a late-night practice. Their pace is brisk, not because of the temperature or because they're frightened, but because in the back of their minds are those "stories."

Built into the structure of three buildings on the original part of the James Madison University campus called the Quad, the tunnels served as an underground shortcut between Ashby, Harrison and Jackson halls.

Today they are closed to public access and house steam lines that are used to heat the buildings. When they were used by students, Harrison was the center of student activities, housing the dining hall, post office boxes and a tea room. In the mid-1960s, the doors leading to this underground maze were locked, and the tunnels now are used only for maintenance storage.

"It was a shortcut and it was great in rainy weather," says Gail O'Donnell, a 1960 graduate and a member of the swimming club. "We would come back from the pool late at night, at 10:30 or so, and when it was really cold we would walk in the tunnels rather than walk out and get ice in our hair."

Running the length of the three buildings, the tunnels are lined with the same bluestone that shows on the outside. Entrances that once led into basements are sealed, and dirt covers the floor. When a little dirt on the wall is brushed away, some of the earliest graffiti on campus appears — "FLASH GARBER SLEPT HERE 1933." Now they are tunnels that lead nowhere.

But even when they were in everyday use, Gail says, young girls were frightened by the atmosphere of the place. Although they were electrically lit, the tunnels still were fairly dark and lent themselves to ghost stories among friends.

"It was really musty and kind of yucky down there," Gail says. "The ceiling sort of dripped. The heating pipes had leaks in them every now and then, so you had to be careful where you walked so you wouldn't get dripped on."

As time passed, the tunnels were closed for public use. Stories about their history originated, and some have survived to this day. Gail thinks innocent upperclassmen pranks are what led to tales of bizarre murders, ghosts and even a suicide by hanging.

"We used to always tell the freshmen coming in to be very careful down there because someone had gotten murdered and hung, and we made up all these wild stories. But I never heard a true story," she says.

"I think somebody like the seniors probably started them for the freshmen."

"... I don't think anything horrible ever happened. I think we always thought, or hoped, that something would, but nothing ever did."

Raymond C. Dingledine Jr., who wrote Madison College: The First Fifty Years in 1959 as part of the college's semicentennial celebration, didn't include anything about the myths, or even the tunnels, in his book.

"I've heard tales about a student being murdered down there, but I think the stories were exaggerated," he says. "It seems to me that someone said there was a ghost down there. I heard something about the myths, but I couldn't find any basis for fact."

Caroline Marshall, a JMU history professor and graduate of Madison College, has done some investigating of her own on the history of the tunnels. But even she doesn't believe the stories or understand exactly why the tunnels, which she used without any trepidation as a student, have caused such mystery.

"Maybe there's something sociological about it," Marshall says. "People who came into this school, many of them had urban backgrounds, or they had a different attitude and they were easily frightened by what seemed to be strange. But many of us came from old country houses where dark corridors were not spooky and the absence of electrical lighting was not amazing."

"I think it was partly cultural and social, and then there was this sort of mentality of 'who would have this strange labyrinth-like thing,' and it may be that people thought they were dangerous."

But she admits the tunnels were a perfect setting for supernatural tales, if only because they were so dark.

"They were very spooky because
Below the Campus

A favorite subject of rumors and college folk legend, the tunnels were once used by students at Madison College but serve as storage space for the maintenance crews of the modern JMU.

Perhaps the tunnels at one time stretched to other areas of the campus, but now this one ends at the edge of Jackson Hall. Dirt has been piled up at the end and what appears to have been an exit to the Quad has been sealed with bluestone and concrete. New construction in the Jackson end of the tunnel has been completed to build an electrical maintenance room.

Doorway to the basement of Harrison Hall. The tunnel houses boxes and broken equipment as well as other items.

The existing tunnel runs from the end of Ashby to the end of Jackson. Shown here is a current entrance to the tunnel, now used by maintenance workers. To the right is an old doorway into Ashby, now filled in with bluestone.

...they were dark . . . They had electric lights which would hang from a cord, just to make it light every so many yards, so part of the way we were in the dark," she says. "And they were damp, and it was a little bit hard to see people coming and going.

"I was not afraid in the sense that I'd be scared of walking the railroad tracks at night, or even really uneasy, but I can remember feeling a little nervous sometimes if it was too dark. No light came in if we had very bad weather and the sky went dark."

But not everyone who used the tunnels was uneasy. Danny O'Donnell, who today serves as Vice Rector of the JMU Board of Visitors and graduated from Madison in 1960, remembers sneaking into the gym, which was then in Ashby, through the tunnels as a young boy.

"I know when I was little growing up in Harrisonburg, it used to be the big thing to come over and sneak in the tunnels and run between the buildings," he says. "In the summertime, particularly, we'd come over and play a lot at the college and it was great to hop in there.

"There also used to be a way we could sneak down into Ashby and play basketball through the tunnels. This was always good, clean fun . . . big time for us kids."

The fact that the doors are all locked and off-limits to students may be what sparks the curiosity of today's JMU students. Marshall believes the changes of the Carrier administration and the growth that ensued may have something to do with why they were closed.

"I remember when the new administration came in after Dr. Miller left. I think new people were quite alarmed by [the tunnels]," she says. "We didn't find them strange at all — they were used for convenience because the weather could get really bad and a lot of our lives were right in [the Quad area]."

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"But I do remember, this pervasive sense of horror on the part of new people . . . There were always rumors that someone had hanged herself down there, but then we inherited stories that I guess went on for generations."

She continues, "When I did come back I made an effort to interrogate some very ancient people here, but nobody knew of anybody who had done herself in."

"I think that much of the old faculty that was associated with the school in that kind of intimate way . . . they were dying off. And since they were closed, for the few of us who knew them, there was simply no reason to remember them."

Though few of the current JMU students have seen the inside of the tunnels, the mystery has managed to live on. And maybe on some rainy night if they listen real close they'll be able to hear the giggling of young college girls — or at least the drip-dripping sound of the water from the pipes.

Stephanie Swaim is a junior majoring in communication with a minor in English. The highlight of her semester was seeing the tunnels from the inside one sunny afternoon.

A: Like many major media outlets, they have hired staffers who got their start from working with JMU Student Publications.

Staff positions at JMU student publications frequently lead to jobs at major media outlets. While many graduates start in smaller media markets, some have gone directly from their campus and internship experiences to jobs at leading daily newspapers including The Tampa Tribune, the Sarasota Herald-Tribune, The Virginian-Pilot, and The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Many students who combined campus newspaper and magazine work have found jobs in corporate communication with firms including Virginia Power, Best Products, ICI Americas, Ogilvy & Mather, and Lawler Ballard Public Relations.

For information on staff positions with Student Publications contact: Laurel Wissinger, editor, or Liz Oxford, general manager, The Breeze, 568-6127, or Dave Wendelken, director of student publications, 568-6490; for internship or job information contact Alan Neckowitz or Albert De Luca, internship coordinators, the Department of Mass Communication, JMU.
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