

TRAVEL LOG of Iris Jones



A student in Paris

Have you ever stood opposite a bulletin board on a university campus and read posters about studying overseas? Many students have that dream, but Kathleen Barrett of Southfield is living it this year in Paris.

Ms. Barrett is combining work at the University of Cincinnati with two semesters of study at the Université de Paris, known to all the world as the Sorbonne.

This is the famous Left Bank of Paris, the site of student demonstrations and cafes marked by memories of Hemingway and Picasso. Two years ago, when she was 20, Kathleen spent four months working as a governess for a family who lived outside Paris. Last fall, she decided to go back. Her sojourn so far is full of adventures.

Finding an apartment in Paris, at least one that a student can afford, is like trying to find an oyster pearl in the River Rouge. Kathleen was in an eighth-floor walkup without toilet or bathroom facilities until she found a solution.

I managed to find a job where I teach business English to a French bachelor, and in exchange I receive my own room in his apartment," Kathleen said. Needless to say, this raised many eyebrows in my family and among my friends. It is still a source of family jokes.

Before she came upon this solution, she was complaining loudly in class one day. Suddenly a paper airplane flew past her nose.

"There was an older student in class who turned out to be an Australian judge. He had been elected to his country's supreme court but had somehow deferred the honor. His government was sending him around the world to learn foreign languages.

"Scrawled across the top of the paper airplane was 'rain check' for as many free hot showers as I wanted. I never took him up on the offer, but we became good friends."

Students abroad, like travelers anywhere, usually run into strange situations that are only funny later. Kathleen was introduced to French bureaucracy while traveling the French subway.

"I was stopped by a controller, and was immediately ticketed, fined and had my passport taken away because I had not been given the necessary accompanying identification when I bought my monthly subway pass a few weeks earlier.

"I was ordered to appear at headquarters, where I miraculously managed to wriggle my way out of a whopping fine."

The incident was wiped out of her mind a few weeks later, when she was nearly discovered for the movies. She was hired by a film crew recruiting young Americans for a film. ("French postcards," Kathleen says.) She was bumped unexpectedly because they had too many females.

Whatever Kathleen learns at the Sorbonne, she is gathering travel experiences that will last her a lifetime.

FROM THE MAILBAG — If you eat any special diet, including Hindu, Kosher, Oriental, Weight Watcher or Soul food, you can probably get it on a major airline if you order ahead.

All of those diets are available on 24-hour advance notice from United Airlines, but most people don't think to ask. They also serve bland, diabetic, gluten-free, high-protein, low-calorie, low-cholesterol, vegetarian or low-sodium.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF Virginia has put its seal of approval on "The Insider's Guide," a guide to the total resort area of Williamsburg, Virginia Beach, Norfolk, Hampton, Yorktown, Jamestown, Newport News and Portsmouth.

It looks like very thorough coverage of the area. You can get it for \$2.95 from the Insider's Publishing Group, Suite 5C, 349 W. Bute St., Norfolk, Va. 23510.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION premiered a new film this month called "The Living Planet." The film was made by Francis Thompson, sponsored by Johnson Wax and is being promoted by a Detroit Public Relations firm called Carl Byrle and Associates.

"The Living Planet" is a 30-minute spectacular, filmed over five continents and shown on a screen five stories high. The film will be shown in 70mm IMAX at the National Air and Space Museum for one year. Admission is 30 cents for adults and 25 cents for children, students and senior citizens.

Cinqueterre

A remote, picture postcard setting

By IRIS SANDERSON JONES

Europeans have discovered the Cinqueterre but it is too far off the main path to attract most fast-traveling Americans. Cinqueterre means literally the five lands — five tiny fishing villages hidden in the rocky Mediterranean coastline about 60 miles south-east of Genoa, Italy.

The villages, starting in the south, are Riomaggiore, Manarola, Corniglia, Vernazza and Monterosso al Mare.

It is less than 10 years since the first sign of a road was seen in this area. Travelers burrowed through mountain tunnel by train and walked the mule track on the high coastal rock between villages. They still do.

We discovered the Cinqueterre by a combination of research and accident, which is the way most travel adventures are made. We had a National Geographic tearsheet of the area with us in our pack when we were standing in the train station in Florence, trying to find a place somewhere on the coast where we could meet our son, who was hosting his way through Europe.

We pointed a forefinger haphazardly at the map and said "there." There turned out to be Manarola, west of Florence and south of Portofino resorts on the Italian Riviera.

THE TRAIN FOR the Cinqueterre is a loop between Spezia and Genoa. We sat with an Italian couple who were charmed instead of insulted by the Italian we had learned from a drugstore copy of "Italian Made Simple."

"Where were we going?" Manarola," I said, using my hands and feet and some terrible Italian to ask if they could recommend a hotel here.

The question brought whoops of laughter. I thought perhaps I had inadvertently thrown in a homespun Italian obscenity, which sometimes happens, until I translated their reply:

"No hotel in Manarola," they said, as if that was the funniest thing they'd heard. "No hotel in Manarola." By then, it was too late to change our plans.

We dragged the luggage onto the Manarola platform, left a message with a porter who didn't speak English and garnered two pieces of information. There was something called the Marina Piccola, and it was closed for the season.

We walked 100 feet through the train tunnel and we were in another century.

MANAROLA IS a single street called the Via Roma, which cuts narrowly down a mountainside to a cliff high above the Mediterranean. The sea pounds angrily at the rocks below the cliff. Fishing boats are parked on both sides of the street. Only the parking meters are missing.

We carried our suitcases down the Via Roma, between the parked boats, to a small, two-story building on the brink of the cliff. Apparently the Marina Piccola was an in-season accommodation, but we were out of season. It was firmly shuttered.

A window opened on one side of the dark shuttered street and a woman's head appeared, shouting questions in Italian. "Italian Made Simple" didn't help me understand the language spoken at 90 words a minute.

"Aperto?" I shouted. "Is it open?"

It wasn't but after she shouted a long



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stream of words into the night something happened. A man raced down the street, grabbed our bags and ran off again. We followed him into a cafe that smelled enticingly of shrimp.

At it turned out, the signora at the back table owned the Marina Piccola and the young man with our bags, her son, owned the restaurant. If you remember the Italian actress Anna Magnani or Katharine Paxinou who played Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," you can picture our strong, dark-headed hostess. We called her The Signora.

The Signora rushed off to open a room in the Marina Piccola while her son cooked us freshly caught shrimp in garlic butter. We relished it, along with an unlabeled bottle of white wine from

the hillside vineyard.

We slept that night in a large clean room overlooking the sea. When our son caught up with us at midnight, The Signora obligingly opened another room. So, by a happy accident, we explored the Cinqueterre.

BY DAY, we began to understand how these villages were designed by their geography. From the top of the Via Roma, where a church spire rises into the vertical lines of vineyards climbing the valley walls, there is a magnificent view of the sea.

Here the new road was literally blasted through the rock. The only car we saw carried a huge straw-covered wine jug on its roof, briefly glimpsed as the car disappeared down a passage-way that was not designed for automobiles.

At the bottom of the Via Roma, a curved ramp of stone circles the Marina Piccola to the landing ramp where boats apparently brave the boiling sea during the fishing season. Uphill, a cemetery is set on a high rock, its dead buried in vaults above the impenetrable ground.

Along the cliff, a narrow path is cut above the sea, joining Manarola to its neighbor villages, which are a short walk away on either side.

This mule track has obviously carried the Ligurian fishermen back and forth for centuries. A short walk to the southeast brings you to Riomaggiore, where farmers carry gigantic rounds of cheese on market day. To the north you will find a tiny church with a rose window in Corniglia. Beyond are the arcades and squares of picturesque Vernazza and the fully equipped beaches of Monterosso al Mare.

VISIT THE FIVE lands, but do so before the rest of the tourist world completely discovers it and the outside world moves in. Try the scintilla wine, which means the chatter. Drink it on the terrace restaurant of the Marina Piccola in Manarola, where The Signora serves it with shrimp caught from the sea below.

The road has come to town, but Manarola is still a picture postcard fishing village in a land that for centuries was joined only by a high track above the sea.

Michigan's Copper Country a visually stimulating lode

Michigan is a land of many moods and scenes. Tourists usually are somewhat astonished by their first journey into the Copper Country of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. They are enveloped by an aura of another time. At practically every turn in the road and crest of a hill, the traveler encounters a sensational view that cannot be hurried past.

The four counties that form the region (Ontonagon, Baraga, Houghton and Keweenaw) encompass forests populated by deer, bear and other wildlife. There are historic landmarks, waterfalls, hundreds of inland lakes and thousands of miles of streams bordered by the unpredictable waters of Lake Superior.

At the southern edge of the area, the Porcupine Mountains rise to 2,000 feet at their highest point. The base of the "Porxies" is formed by rocks considered to be among the oldest in the world with a geologic age of more than one billion years.

The most scenic route to the Copper Country is from Michigan's lower peninsula, across the Mackinac Bridge, then west across the upper peninsula via US-2 or M-28 to M-64 in the western end of the U.P.

M-64 winds north to White Pine, a resurrected copper mining town built in 1952. The history of the White Pine Mine goes back more than a century. The Nonesuch Shale, which contains the White Pine orebody, was officially discovered in 1855 by Frank Cadotte who later sold his interests for a barrel of pork, a barrel of flour and other groceries.

Porcupine Mountains State Park, northwest of White Pine, is comprised of 58,000 acres of forests and secluded lakes. In the summer, the park attracts campers, hikers, nature lovers. In winter, it is a popular skiing mecca and

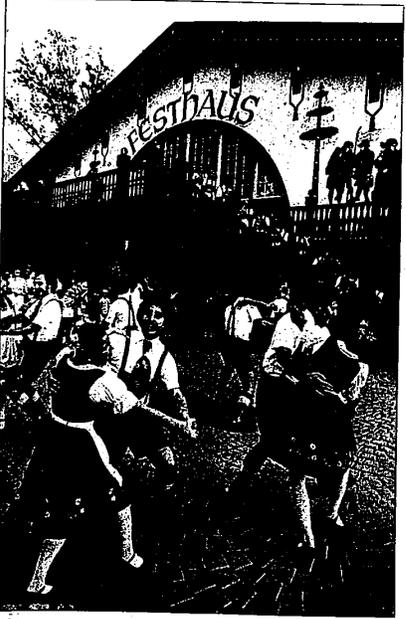
Roughly 15 miles north of the park is Ontonagon. Here, in the 1700s, French missionaries reported the existence of a 3,000-pound burden of pure copper. The Ontonagon Nugget, as it is called, is now displayed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. South of Ontonagon is the ghost town of Victoria. A relic of the copper boom, Victoria is now being claimed by the surrounding forest.

The Michigan Mine, another ghost of the copper era, is also in this area. Originally the Minesota Mine, it was reorganized and its name changed in 1872. It was at the Minesota Mine that the largest single piece of mass copper was discovered in 1856. It weighed 527 tons and required the labors of 20 men using long-handled chisels 15 months to dislodge it from its position.

The old Adventure Mine at Greenland in Ontonagon County offers the long paths of the adit and miners' caves and caverns. Deposits of the reddish-brown ore are visible here and there along the walls and ceilings of the mine's cavities. Geologists say the Adventure's veins still contain more copper than was ever removed.

Fruther north is the centenarian Calumet and Hecla mine, shafts of which burrowed more than a mile into the earth. Once the monarch of the area, the shaft houses now stand silent and rusting.

North from there, the traveler has a choice of scenic routes around the Keweenaw Peninsula. One follows the twisting, rocky shoreline and the other Brockway Mountain Drive — runs along the cliff edge of the Keweenaw. The old Adventure Mine at Greenland, rising 740 feet above Lake Superior. The highways terminate at Fort Wilkins State Park. The fort has been restored.



And a eins, zwei, drei

German booters take to the plaza in front of Das Festhaus, kicking up their heels in Rhineland folk dance style for the audience at the Old Country Busch Gardens-Williamsburg, Va. The 360-acre woodland park features seven, 17th century European settings with rides, shows, restaurants and shops. Old Country is four miles east of Williamsburg. Admission price is \$9.25, which covers rides, in-park transportation and attractions. People 2 and younger are admitted free. For information, write Old Country Busch Gardens-Williamsburg, P.O. Drawer F-C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

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