

TRAVEL

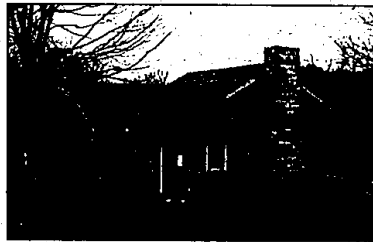
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Tennessee has an 'island' treasure

By Micky Jones
special writer

Outdoor activities and attractions make this a great place for a laid-back, non-city vacation.



This log cabin near Byrdstown, Tenn. is the birthplace of former Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

"Welcome to the Cumberland Plateau," said the Park Ranger. "I like to refer to it as 'An Island in the Mainstream of America.' We were in the nature center of Fall Creek Falls State Park near Pikeville, on the Cumberland Plateau, an elevated region that cuts a swath 50 miles wide through Tennessee, about 50 miles west of Interstate-75.

Outdoor activities and attractions make this a great place for a laid-back, non-city vacation. There's plenty to see and do or you can relax and do nothing.

I picked up a bike at the modern 72-room Fall Creek Lodge and pedaled along the shore of Fall Creek Lake, past fishermen ball-casting from flat-bottomed boats, until I reached an unusual row of modern "fisherman" cabins. Guests fish from private porches that hang over the lake.

I rode past the golf course, tennis courts, two camping areas and a swimming pool before reaching spectacular Fall Creek Falls. At 256 feet, it is the highest waterfall east of the Rocky Mountains.

The Cumberland Plateau drops 1000 feet to the Tennessee River Valley on the east and tapers to the Cumberland River, and several large TVA lakes, on the west. There are no cities on the plateau, just friendly villages and small towns such as McMinnville and its nearby Cumberland Caverns, second in size only to Kentucky's Mammoth Cave.

The Cavern has a one-ton crystal chandelier in the first of several large caves, including one called "the 10-acre room." Saltpeter, used in gunpowder, was mined in these caves during the war of 1812 and during the Civil War.

CROSSVILLE AREA
About 30 miles north of Fall Creek, near Crossville, is a smaller State Park called Cumberland Mountain. It has modern cottages, a lake, campground and restaurant but no lodge. A nearby alternative is Thunder Hollow, a time-share resort that offers motel-like rooms by the day or week, plus recreation facilities and golf course.

Four miles south of Crossville, at the junction of highways 66 and 127, is the wonderful Cumberland General Store "with goods in endless variety for man and beast."

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The Fall Creek Falls at 256 feet high are the highest in the United States east of the Rockies.



Photos by MICKY JONES

The breathtaking view from a 1,000-foot escarpment on the east side of the Cumberland Plateau.



IRIS SANDERSON JONES

Take a friend to the art fair

By Iris Sanderson Jones
special writer

The trouble with art fairs is that there is too much art in one place. I love the Ann Arbor Art Fair, July 24-27 this year, but I lose my oomph after I have walked through the first mile of booths.

My Ann Arbor friends don't have this problem, because they know where to take those refreshing breaks that make a day at the fair survivable. If you have Ann Arbor friends, let them take you to the fair. If you don't, plan a day with lots of breaks in it.

Don't drive into that midtown madhouse. Park your car free and take the shuttle (\$1 each way) from the southeast side of Bristowwood Mall, off I-94 on State Street near Sears, or from the Pioneer High School on the corner of Main and Stadium.

The shuttle circles all day, and stops at a number of places, so you can always get back to your car. Shuttle riders also ride free on the trolley that runs between the three fairs; others pay 50 cents for the trolley.

START AT the Ann Arbor Street Art Fair, the original juried fair on South University.

You will find Pat Dunn Brenner of Birmingham doing mixed media on paper in one of the booths. You'll find Linda Rizza of Troy creating a pen-and-ink still life at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., part of the artist demonstrations that take place morning, afternoon and evening during the fair.

All the stores in town have sidewalk sales, so you can always duck into Middle Earth for an unusual gift or go to the Bagel Factory for breakfast.

AS YOU continue down South University you will pass the President's House, home of the University of Michigan president.

Walk into the courtyard of the Cook Law Quadrangle across the street, patterned after old English university quads. Go to the original law library and then underground to the spectacular addition with its skylight.

A diversion like that makes the fair more fun. You'll find another diversion at the U of M Art Museum, at the corner of South University and State.

IF YOU walk north on State Street from there, you will be in one of two parts of the Michigan Guild of Artists and Artisans Summer Art Fair. Members sell from a gold mine of hand crafts, jewelry and paintings; entertainment includes music, demonstrations and children's programs.

Keep going and you will be in the State Street Art Fair; the artists are on Thompson, Maynard, North University and Liberty streets — only the merchants are on State Street. This fair is similar to the Ann Arbor Street Art Fair; artists apply for one or the other.

Ready for another break? Duck into Nickel's Arcade, built in 1917. It was patterned after European arcades: two stories, glass ceilings. You will find one of the largest collections of antique jewelry you have ever seen in a shop called The Arcadian. Book lovers know that the original Borders Book Store is also in this area.

WHEN IT'S time for lunch, get away from the street hubbub. Go two blocks east to the Michigan League, a beautiful old 1920s building with cool marble floors and a nice relaxing cafeteria. Or go two blocks north to the Campus Inn, where the restaurant is run by the Maccus restaurant people.

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MICKY JONES

Children are given an opportunity to participate in the Ann Arbor Street Art Fair.

Luxembourg: Small with a nice difference

By Dawne Fitzgerald
special writer

It was late September 1989 when we first learned of my husband's three-year job assignment in Luxembourg. I remember my first thought: "where exactly is this little European country?" A bit frustrated by my rusty elementary geography, I pulled out an old history book.

It all started coming back to me: World War Two, Battle of the Bulge, General Patton and the American liberation. Now, a resident of one and a half years, I can't imagine never knowing this charming international place and its fascinating history.

Luxembourg is the fifth smallest country in Europe close to the size of Long Island with a population of nearly 370,000. Its people and culture are unique in that it has maintained its identity apart from its neighbors: Germany, France and Belgium.

The principal spoken language is Luxembourgish; however, French and German are more commonly used in the business sector.

The capital and our home, Luxembourg City, offer an international setting for business and pleasure alike. Surprisingly,

in close proximity, one can see modern architecture at its finest, as well as castles and ruins of centuries past. Scattered traces of medieval times thrill the tourist with thoughts of fortresses, dungeons and messengers to the king.

FROM A tourist's viewpoint, the place

is enchanting. But I remember questioning what it would be like to live here without the daily comforts and conveniences of home. I soon found out that living abroad, exciting as it was, involved a slow process of learning to fit in.

We arrived in Luxembourg on New

Year's Eve with only a few suitcases to tide us over until our boat shipment arrived six weeks later. I was seven months pregnant with no doctor and no idea of where to begin what.

I was so busy dealing with culture shock that I had no time or energy to address the fears of giving birth in a foreign country. There were other more pressing matters to be concerned about such as the location of our new bank, post office and pharmacy. Thinking back now, I believe it was pure optimism, although somewhat naive, that brought about our smooth assimilation.

My first impressions of the surroundings were definitely misleading. In the beginning, simple tasks like grocery shopping and making phone calls were difficult and often took double the time to complete. Even driving was a chore.

The road signs were confusing — yellow diamonds and red divided circles. My philosophy was do-first learn-later. It wasn't until I had my first confrontation with the gendarmie (local police), a minor fender-bender, that I realized this was more than a three-year vacation.



The Piate Guillaume in Luxembourg City

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