



The

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NEWSLETTER FOR RESIDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE LODGE AT OLD TRAIL

RESIDENT FOCUS

Adding to the contingent of West Virginians residing at The Lodge, Dr. David Lindsay moved from his long-time home in Fairmont, West Virginia to his new home at The Lodge in January 2014. Most of David's 60-year medical career was spent in Fairmont where he practiced as an internal medicine physician and emergency room doctor. He and his deceased wife, Jane, were prominent Fairmont citizens for 60 years. Jane died in Fairmont in 2013. They were married for 64 years.

A native of Pennsylvania where his father was a Presbyterian minister, David gravitated with Jane to Fairmont in 1952 to take over the medical practice of a colleague who was faced with either enlisting in the U.S. Army as a commissioned officer or being drafted as just a buck private. (Fairmont is a city in north-central West Virginia on the Monongohela River making it the farthest U.S. port from the ocean via an inland waterway.)



David's unusual introduction to medicine occurred during World War II when as a U.S. Army enlistee he cared for German prisoners of war under the direction of a German doctor. "They could be nasty," says David, "but as it became more evident that the allies were winning, the prisoners of war became less and less hostile." He went on to medical training at Temple University in Philadelphia under the auspices of the acclaimed U.S. Army Specialized Training Program. He later served in the U.S. Air Force as an internal medicine physician.

David's memories of wartime leave him with mixed emotions. Grateful for the training that launched his career in medicine, he anguishes over his buddies who were deprived of their careers due to being wartime casualties.

After practicing internal medicine for 30 years, making house calls, seeing patients in his office, and just plain counseling many of them, David thought it was time for change, but not as suddenly as it happened. At the behest of Fairmont General Hospital (now

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—A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE LODGE IN LATE SEPTEMBER—



DINING OUT

A RESTAURANT REVIEW

—By Jean Sellers

A delightful scene unfolded as this first-time visitor to **Shebeen Pub & Braai** approached a leafy bower where the happy-hour crowd sat at tables or on swings at the outside bar. The setting was all the more unexpected considering the restaurant's downtown Charlottesville strip-mall location. Inside, under very dim lighting, the decor reflects Shebeen's South African vibe.

Owner and chef Walter Slawsky, who has lived in Africa, envisioned a place for diners to discover the unique flavors of South African cuisine. Restaurant Week proved to be the ideal time to sample the specially selected, multi-cultural tastes of the region. With menus in hand, our party of five asked about some of the more unfamiliar selections. The servers helpfully answered all our questions and also told us the word braai, a part of the restaurant's name, means grill. Throughout the meal the wait staff remained attentive and helpful, although service tended to be slow.

My first-course choice of Cape Malay corn chowder ensured that I'd be back for another visit. Sweet corn and potatoes, bathed in silky coconut milk, teased the palate with a delicate curry tang. My companions enjoyed either the samosas with mango chutney or the salad. Samosas arrived at the table enveloped by the enticing aroma of the spiced lamb and beef filling, while the appropriately named Joie de Vivre salad displayed a colorful mix of field greens, candied pecans, cheese, red onions, peppers, sultanas, and grape tomatoes.

Could an adventurous diner resist an entrée with a name like Sadza Cakes? This one couldn't. The cakes, actually savory parmesan polenta squares, arrived topped by bits of

eggplant, sun-dried tomatoes, spinach, sugar peas, and shiitake and portabella mushrooms. A shimmering lemongrass beurre blanc with a spicy bite allowed the colors of the vegetables to light up the dish. Sosatic, a main course alternative, featured large cubes of local lamb marinated in mango chutney, tamarind, and turmeric. Skewered on sugar cane spears with dried apricots, the lamb cubes were then grilled (braai'd?). This impressive and hearty dish arrived with samp and beans, yellow rice, mango chutney, and a cucumber-mint yogurt. (Samp, the crushed kernels of dried corn, resembles our hominy.) Durban spiced chicken, like sosatic, meets the grill on spears of sugar cane. The plump chicken breast, spiced with cardamom, coriander, and cumin, is served over mealie pap (South African grits) with mango chutney and a hot, spicy voodoo sauce.

Restaurant Week offered a choice of two desserts: either bread pudding graced with Crème Anglaise and rum sauce, or dessert-style samosas. The luscious chocolate ganache that filled my samosas clearly outshone their cloak of rather tough pastry, though the raspberry coulis was a welcome touch.

Diners at Shebeen discover a cuisine enhanced by attractive, colorful presentation and the deft combination of herbs, spices, and "magical" ingredients like tamarind, mango chutney, apricot-ginger marmalade, and oh, yeah, that frisky voodoo sauce. Somehow the kitchen infuses spices and herbs in ways that elevate the ingredients to delectable and authentically South African levels.

Shebeen offers a number of vegetarian dishes as well as meals for children under 12. Hours are 11 a.m. to 10 p.m and brunch is served on Saturday and Sunday, 10 a.m to 4 p.m. Prices are in the moderate range. Plenty of close-in parking can be found in the strip mall at 247 Ridge McIntire Rd.

This and That

WE GOT HOLD OF THE LODGE'S WISH LIST. Attention potential gift givers, here is what can make life so much better for residents: Upright pianos for the second and third floor living rooms in assisted living. And a peddler's cart—one with wheels and a roll down awning so volunteers can sell items from the country store to assisted living residents and periodically set it up in the lobby.

FROM 1,000 FEET UP, The Lodge's camera man snapped the front-page picture of The Lodge. The camera man was in a small single-engine, two-seat airplane that took off from Eagles Nest Airport on the other side of the mountain.

SHELLI SCHINKUS is The Lodge's new Marketing Director. Her background is in nursing and marketing. She is already winning over residents and staff alike. Don't forget to pop in and say hello.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24 will be fun and games as residents and staff gather for the first in what promises to be an annual Variety Show. This not-to-be

missed event will showcase The Lodge Choir, skits, jokes and more. Pictures will be available in the next Lodger.

STUDY THE PICTURE, THEN READ THE STORY. This actually happened to a totally drunk Englishman in France.

A French policeman stops the Englishman's car and asks if he has been drinking.

With great difficulty, the Englishman admits that he has been drinking all day; that his daughter got married that morning; and he drank champagne and a few bottles of wine at the reception and many single malt scotches thereafter.

Quite upset, the policeman proceeds to breath test the Englishman and verifies that he is indeed totally sloshed. He asks the Englishman if he knows why, under French law, he is going to be arrested.

The Englishman answers with a bit of humor, "No sir, I do not! But while we're asking questions, do you realize that this is a British car and that my wife is driving . . . on the other side?"



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See color edition at
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Area's Smallest Airport Nears 70th Anniversary

Think airport and Charlottesville-Albemarle Airport (CHO) in Earlysville will probably come to mind. The area's only commercial air terminal, CHO was established 60 years ago in 1955 and is served by four major carriers. Prior to that, the area was served by two small airports neither of which offered scheduled airline service. Only one of those still exists, an impressive success story. The other ceased operations in 1971.

Although the first airport to exist in Albemarle County is closed, it was established 15 years before CHO opened. Eager to establish a flight training curriculum, The University of Virginia in 1940 established an airfield in the floodplain of the Rivanna River across from the Glenmore Country Club. The State Corporation Commission was unswayed by landowners who argued that Thomas Jefferson never envisioned a university airport in the school's charter. The University of Virginia Airport, also called Milton Field, quickly became a leading pilot training center. UVA's flight school classes were producing up to 30 certified pilots every two months in anticipation of the second World War.

Losing interest in aeronautical training after World War II, UVA chose to lease the airport to another operator and ordered that it be sold as soon as possible. It became an attraction for hundreds of sightseers to watch stunt fliers in action. But the business of basing and servicing private airplanes dwindled, particularly after the opening of CHO, resulting in the official airport closure in 1971. The property still belongs to the University.



An undated photo of the fleet of University training aircraft at Milton Field.

A stuntman leaps from a moving convertible to a plane flying along the Milton Field runway in this undated photo.



The terminal area at Eagle's Nest Airport.

The experience of the area's only other existing airport was quite different. Established in 1946 and continuing in business for almost 70 years, Eagle's Nest Airport in Waynesboro responds to the demand for an alternative private airplane facility. This is in no small measure due to John Trissel, a name that is synonymous with Waynesboro's Eagle's Nest Airport. Manager of the airport for the past 17 years, Trissel has grown the facility into one that is raved about by local airplane owners as well as others from up and down the east coast. The airport sits on a 40-acre tract at the end of Aero Drive, just west of Waynesboro.

A total of 68 private airplanes is currently based at the airport with some owners choosing Eagle's Nest to base their airplanes simply because of easy access to get there and the nearby city amenities. The airport is seven miles closer to Old Trail Village than Albemarle's CHO.



Manager John Trissel

What makes Eagle's Nest unusual is that another 12 airplanes are housed in private hangars in the neighboring residential community, often referred to as an airpark. The homeowners have the unique privilege of merely taxiing from their homes to reach and use the airport runway. Trissel lives there, too, but he explains that the only relationship with the airport is an agreement made years ago for use of the runway by the homeowners.

Eagle's Nest has the distinction of having the shortest paved runway of any public airport in the state. The single 2,000-foot runway is excellent training ground for short landings, but some pilots who are used to longer runways will not attempt to fly in.

Non-pilots are attracted to Eagle's Nest, too. Air tours are available for groups of up to three people at a cost of \$70 per half hour. Airplane rentals are offered and half-hour introductory lessons let persons thinking of pilot training experience taking control while accompanied by a flight instructor. At one time, more than 30 people took flight lessons at the airport, but now only five students are enrolled. Trissel says that the expense to get a license has grown so much that it is now unaffordable for many who would otherwise be interested in becoming pilots.

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Airport (cont'd from pg. 3)

Besides the FAA certified flight school, Trissel operates a full-service airplane maintenance shop, the biggest money maker for the airport. The top-certified service is often booked six months in advance and draws airplane owners from as far as Florida. Airplanes are required to be disassembled and inspected every 1,000 hours of flight time and must be equipped with replacement engines after 2,000 hours.

Waynesboro has a long aviation history. Eagle's Nest Airport was established as a replacement for Valley Airport which was closed in the early 1950s to make way for the construction of the former General Electric plant about a mile northeast of Waynesboro. Although Valley Airport was known to exist in 1928, its date of origin is unclear. Valley Airport had two grass runways and, like Eagle's Nest, was privately owned and operated. Trissel leases Eagle's Nest from a Charlotte, North Carolina owner.



The first known picture of Valley Airport, circa 1933.

A life-long resident of Augusta County, John Trissel began cultivating his interest in aviation by flying remote-control model airplanes. Inspired by two uncles who were pilots, he started taking flight lessons when he was 20 years old at the very airport he now manages.

Aviation remained his part-time interest for 34 years while he was employed with Augusta County schools as an elementary school teacher and later in several supervisory positions. Unable to resist a full-time devotion to aviation, he chose early retirement from the school system to make the jump into running an airport.

Trissel believes he has logged over 3,000 hours in the air, but his pilot son has beaten him three fold at the young age of 30. A chip off the old block, his son is a commercial pilot for a local music artist management company with offices all over the US and in Europe.

Trissel planned to retire last December, but he found it is not easy to find a successor who will devote at least as much to the future of the airport as he has. When that qualified person appears, it is almost certain that he will have varied emotions over leaving a valuable local enterprise that has been an integral part of his life for so long.



Arrange an area air tour for up to three people by calling the Eagle's Nest Airport at 540-943-4447

Resident Focus (cont'd)

Fairmont Regional Medical Center), he went to work as an emergency room physician virtually the day after he "retired" from private practice. He lasted in his new position for another 30 years!



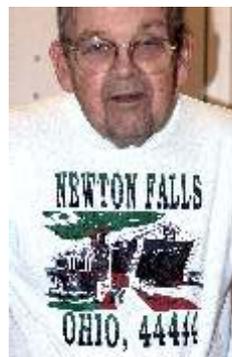
An adventuresome spirit has always been characteristic of David's persona. He inherited from his father a love for the outdoors, birding, and hunting and fishing. When he was 17 years old and with the permission of his parents, he and a friend hitch hiked all over the United States, thumbing for rides, unfurling their sleeping bags in unknown territory, and buying 25 cent breakfasts wherever a diner could be found. For three summers he hired on with a fire gang in Wyoming battling forest fires.

Free rides on the New York Central railroad, including a roomette to sleep in, were a special treat for him and a boyhood friend. The free tickets came from the appreciative engineer and fireman of a train the boys would meet at 4:30 a.m. with breakfasts they carried to them on trays they propped on their bikes.

He, Jane, and their children spent 37 days on a camping trip across the country to California in their VW Minivan. One year he and Jane followed the route of explorers Lewis and Clark, reliving at one point the excitement the explorers must have felt thinking they had sighted the Pacific Ocean when, in fact, they were still in the Rockies.

David and Jane met when Jane was working as a nurse in the same hospital where David was doctoring. They were married in Abington, Pennsylvania in 1949 by his minister father. The Lindsays had four children: three sons and a daughter. Their oldest son died of a medical condition. Their other two sons both live in Nevada. One is a high school principal and the other is a supervisory land surveyor. Their daughter is a staff psychiatrist at Western State Hospital and lives in Afton.

David could likely have been a railroad executive or a bridge builder. Ask him any question about a railroad or a bridge, especially covered bridges, and no doubt you would hear about locomotives or a truss structure. Among his favorite pastimes is reading *Trains* magazine,



David in a favorite-covered bridge shirt.

the leading monthly publication among railroad enthusiasts. He and Jane would drive whole river valleys in search of covered bridges to photograph. If it were not bridges, they would explore for wildflowers that they both identified and photographed.

With such a diversity of interests and a flair for humor, David can be counted on for conversations that are informative as well as enjoyable.