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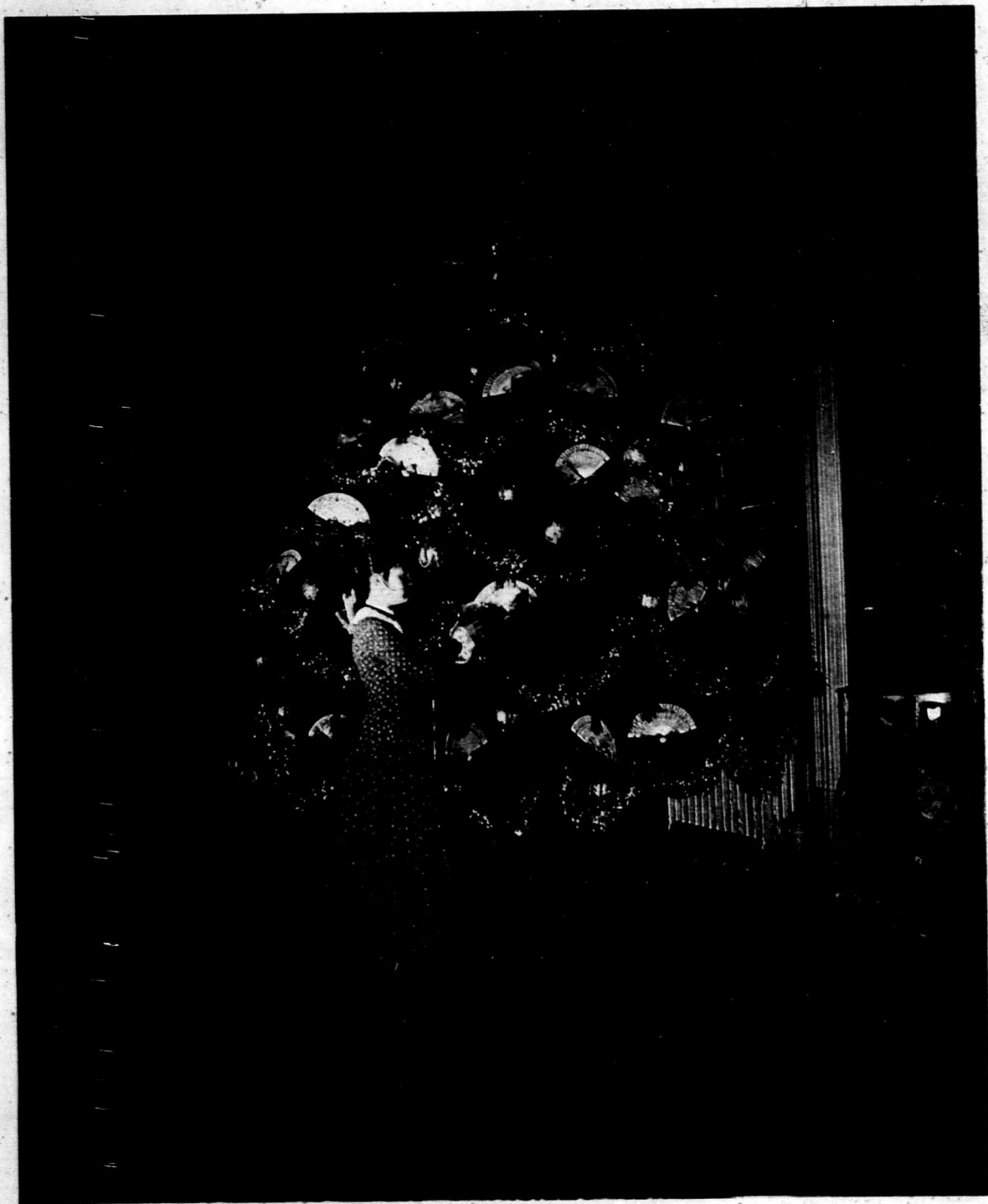
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The drawing room of magnificent Magnolia Manor in Cairo.

Photograph by Elliott Mendelson

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Southern Illinois University

Magnolia Manor: capturing the past

By Glenn Amato
Staff Writer

Nature gave Cairo some glories — the Mississippi River, the Ohio River and Horseshoe Lake.

One of the town's glories, however, is man-made — the historic Magnolia Manor, a magnificent Victorian mansion built in 1869 by Charles A. Galigher.

Like the legend surrounding it, the 14-room red brick house is indestructible. Magnolia Manor rose during the days when it seemed that Cairo, a "boom town," would run Chicago off the map as a great industrial center. Galigher, a prosperous milling merchant, built the house in line with the promise of the city.

Brick for the mansion was made in Cairo and today, except for a mellow appearance, does not show its age. After the foundation was laid, it was allowed to set a year. Construction was completed in 1872, with walls of double brick made with a 10-inch air space to seal out moisture. Finishing touches were applied when the house was decorated and furnished with the finest furniture of the day.

Ulysses S. Grant was a frequent visitor to the Galigher home. In September 1861, General Grant landed on the Belle-Memphis riverboat to make Cairo his Civil War headquarters. His attacks on Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson were launched from the town.

In 1880 Grant, as a retired President, returned to Cairo from a tour of the world to visit his wartime friend and to be the guest of honor at a glittering reception. The affair is best described in this excerpt from the *Cairo Daily Bulletin* of April 17, 1880:

"A display of beauty and magnificence never before equaled in Cairo. The Galigher mansion is an honor to the suburban life of Cairo. . . . It combines all that abundant wealth and exalted taste, stimulated by the proper degree of enterprise, could suggest or procure. Hundreds of gas jets flashed brilliantly upon its grandeur and fell upon a scene of magnificence rarely to be witnessed anywhere."

The Grant visit capped the magnificence of the Galigher home. In 1910 the house was sold to H. H. Candee of Cairo, who in turn sold it to a Chicago businessman, P. T. Langan, who became a Cairo lumber dealer. During this period the various owners kept the house in excellent repair, appreciating the fact that it was a local landmark.

In 1948 the house was sold to Col. Fain White King, a noted archeologist and author. Col. and Mrs. King took great interest in restoring the ornamental moldings and the original painted borders in both the reception hall and the southeast bedroom. After a short time, however, the Kings left Cairo and the house stood empty.

The Cairo Historical Association, formed in 1952 to preserve and perpetuate the town, set its sights on the Galigher home.

Impressed by its inclusion in the Illinois section of the Historic American Buildings survey, its reputation as the scene of the Grant visit and reception, its outstanding Italianate-style architecture and its typification of a fine River home of the period, the Cairo Historical Association decided to undertake the Galigher home's preservation as its initial project.

Magnolia Manor was born.

Today the house at 2700 Washington Avenue is one of the top tourist attractions in Southern Illinois. Lovingly restored and not at all like the airless, forbidding museum one might expect it to be, Magnolia Manor is a credit to both Galigher's original vision of a "dream mansion" and the Cairo Historical Association's determination to perpetuate that dream.

Each of the nine member organizations of the Cairo Historical Association "adopted" a room in Magnolia Manor and was responsible for decorations and furnishings. New



Photo by Elliott Mendelson

The kitchen at Magnolia Manor. The original brick and cast iron stove at right was purchased in Cincinnati.

wallpaper, plumbing, wiring, electrical fixtures, heating and roofing are improvements made on the original structure since Magnolia Manor was acquired by its new owners in 1952.

Now a short tour of the mansion is in order — but those in the area shouldn't deny themselves the opportunity of seeing and appreciating Magnolia Manor with their own eyes.

The Galigher Room opens to the right of the entrance hall. A spacious blue and mauve drawing room, it was the scene of the brilliant Grant reception. A plastic cornice encircles the entire room in an intricate design of grapes and leaves. The patrician woman's head, part of the archway motif, is said to be a likeness of Queen Victoria.

Twin mantles of Italian marble flank portraits of Galigher and his wife, while handsome brass and crystal prisms antique candlesticks grace the east mantle. A crystal and gold-leaf chandelier accentuates the room's beauty, while a square grand piano of lustrous ebony, a gold Victorian lady's chair, a gold curio cabinet and matching tables are other pieces of interest. Velvet furniture and antique Persian and Oriental rugs complete the decorating motif.

The library's highlight is a hand-carved bookcase to the right of the doorway. It contains over 500 books dating from 1854. The green and gold wallpaper was discovered in a warehouse, where it had been stored over 50 years.

The Damask Room, originally the dining room, is now used for club meetings and as the refreshment center for various social events held at the Manor. All basic furnishings are original. Those interested in construction details should note the thickness and quality of the wood in the doors.

In the days when the Damask Room was utilized as a dining room, meals were prepared on the massive iron and brick stove in the kitchen below and sent on the dumbwaiter to the butler's pantry to be served.

From the front entrance hall the stairway curves gracefully. Balustrades are carved from solid walnut. A bronze cavalier stands on the

newel post, lighting the stairs now as he did in the gaslight era. From the base of the stairway the top skylight can be observed. The original stained glass was replaced with clear glass for better hallway lighting.

The third floor boasts five bedrooms. Fredrick, the youngest Galigher son, occupied the northeast bedroom. An area under the cupola was used by the boys and their friends for a theater stage, while the audience seated themselves out front in the large upper hall.

The Elks Lodge No. 651 made the authentic restoration of the southwest bedroom its project. The master bedroom was used by Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant when she accompanied her husband to visit the Galighers after their global trip. The unusually handsome walnut furniture is the original Charles Galigher bedroom suite.

The northeast bedroom contains rosewood antique furnishings, Victorian gowns and other accessories. Many are from bridal trousseaus of the ladies of old Cairo families, while some have been donated by tourists who have become interested in the Cairo Historical Association during their tours through the Manor.

Cherished possessions of many Cairo residents fill the children's bedroom, including a collection of Victorian dolls, toys and furniture.

A museum occupies the fourth floor of Magnolia Manor. Artifacts collected or worn during the 1800's, rare Civil War memorabilia and a collection of items related to Maud, a widely read autobiography of the 1930s, are displayed. The cupola standing high above the magnolias made the fifth story to Galigher's mansion, and in the early years of its occupancy an excellent view of the city and the rivers could be obtained from this vantage point.

The spacious and cheerful kitchen on the ground floor also has been restored and completely furnished to re-create an early Cairo kitchen.

Charles Galigher designed his kitchen

to accommodate a large number of servants. The original brick and cast iron stove was purchased in Cincinnati, while thick walnut shelves now hold the heavy Victorian cooking utensils — cast iron pots, fluting irons, coffee grinders and so on.

Kitchen furnishings are sturdy oak pieces created for utility: work table, flour bin, chopping block and zinc sink. Lighting fixtures, now wired, belong to the gaslight era. A hooded kerosene lamp stands in the center of the kitchen, while bracket lamps adorn the side walls.

Although the house was built with spacious rooms and lofty ceilings — the Galigher Room rises 14 feet — the family's communication was well-planned. An intricate speaking system ran from various rooms on the different floors. By blowing on a whistle into a speaking tube to attract attention, one could converse easily with another at the far end of the house.

Rooms in Magnolia Manor take on a different look during the year-end holiday season when the nine member organizations of the Cairo Historical Association hang homemade Christmas decorations, which in turn are sold to visitors.

The theme is selected and plans are drawn up "almost a year ahead of time," according to Guyla W. Moreland, a member of the Cairo Chamber of Commerce. This year-end event, entitled "Holiday House," is in its 21st year. "It isn't unusual for 500 people to tour the house in one day during the Christmas season," Ms. Moreland said.

The decorations are traditional — pine branches, gold fans, colored ornaments and small felt figurines. Huge decorated balls dangle from the skylight, and a bazaar sale and delicatessen occupy the third floor hall.

There is an old adage that the past cannot be recaptured. The Cairo Historical Association's devotion to Magnolia Manor shatters that myth by preserving the past for the gratification of future generations.

Canadian builds utopian country ideal

By Ken Townsend
Staff Writer

British Columbia is B.C., and in this case the initialed moniker of this westernmost Canadian province reveals not only a political boundary, but the character of this land of rugged individualists—vast, primitive wilderness.

Tall, stately cedars dominate the landscape in an area of North America where concrete is afforded minority rights. Virgin splendor—no mean feat, these days—like the plump young strumpet of yesteryear, begging for violation; this is where men may claim a little bit of Mother Earth for their own without competition from other suitors.

This last frontier is two-faced, like the God Janus; in the summer, it is a place to get out on the farm and test one's physical prowess; and in the winter, psychological forces are called into play against the ravages of cabin fever.

In short, the old Oregon Territory offers a handsome education for those with enough moxy in their blood. Earlier this century, B.C. was the promised land for European immigrants wishing to start this life over; in our time, it is a howdy-do for escapees from technology.

Barry Sullivan, junior in design, is one of those escapees who has reluctantly returned, but not without profound changes in his personal philosophy and gobs of enchanting stories about an enchanting land.

"When you live in a city, you become dependent on variables which you can't control," Sullivan said, readying his baby daughter Celeste for bedtime. "You can never be certain about the origin of your troubles."

Sullivan's ideal country trip meant buying 60 acres of Cortes Island, a 30-square-mile chunk of Pacific paradise north of Vancouver, B.C.'s largest city and center of civilization. Situated in relatively uncrowded territory, Sullivan shared the island with 200 human inhabitants, and scores of deer, bears and other northern fauna.

The only unfriendly neighbors, in fact, were the unpredictable Canadian cold weather fronts. To protect himself and his budding family, the blond-haired Canadian native built his own cabin in the woods, complete with sun porch and running water.

To complete the pastoral, Sullivan added a vegetable garden and some goats. Not that food was scarce—there were supplies galore at the government wharf in Whaletown, population 10.

Sullivan chose the site of an old farmhouse to build his new bungalow. Sullivan's interest in building comes naturally. Both his father and grandfather worked in the construction business, and as a young boy, he was "always building things."

But a house?

"It's no unusual thing in British Columbia," Sullivan retorted. The octagonal floor plan he designed often was the hapless victim to impromptu changes, and the house-raising was interrupted more than once by native islanders dropping by with advice and gossip.

Sullivan chose the octagonal design to conform with both his sense of individualism and his idea of unity with nature. "The cabin was innovative in that it was completely centralized around the fireplace," Sullivan explained. "No area, in other words, was cut off from another area."

Basically, Sullivan continued, six components were used in constructing the cabin: cedar, fir, sawdust, cement, hand tools and elbow grease. "The way my brother and I built the cabin is most interesting," Sullivan said. "It was almost like raising a circus tent."

First, the flooring enclosure was built around a platform resting on large posts set on cement footings. The floor, composed of cement and sawdust for insulation purposes, was then laid in six-inch crusts. When finished, the floor measured 900 square feet and part of Sullivan's plans had finally seen the light of day.

A central scaffold was then thrown together by the two enterprising young Canadians. Those items that could not

be found in nature were salvaged from wreckers' yards in Vancouver.

Sullivan, who had practiced carpentry with his brother, cut his own lumber, and with the help of a local wood mill, neatly supplied himself with handsome beams from large, first-generation cedars and Douglas firs.

Because the nearest road was 200 feet from the construction site, the newly-baptized 600-pound beams had to be carted by sheer muscle power alone. The octagonal floor plan soon included two separate wings, attached to the back of the cabin, providing bathroom and storage facilities to the beleaguered Sullivan.

The old trees nearly had the proverbial last laugh when lumbering proved the hardest chore. Finally, one last tree fell and turned up in the humble position of jib pole, standing erect in the center of the floor.

With the help of a five-advantage block and tackle, the brothers could raise the six-by-eight-foot beams and swing them into place within radius of the hub. The hub itself was laminated plywood, one foot thick, held together with a mortise and tenon joint.

The cabin soon took on what might best be described as the "layered look." The roof was covered with two-inch cedar planks, then given an additional dressing of cedar shakes. Sides of the cabin were similarly cured for the onset of winter.

The frame, once finished, included a sundeck, two Dutch doors for easy egress, a skylight, an inside loft connected by a spiral staircase, and windows in four corners of the cabin.

The cabin was still "rough" and "not that exciting a place, but it had a warm, comfortable feeling to it," according to Sullivan.

Although the house-raising was genuine work, there were a few pleasurable moments, such as finishing work on the interior, Sullivan said dryly.

For heat, Sullivan installed an old Franklin stove.

For running water, Sullivan dug a well and connected a pipeline to the cabin. Water pressure was maintained by a gravity-feed system.

For light, Sullivan used propane gas lanterns which he salvaged from the vanquished farmhouse. "This was the cheapest method for obtaining lighting," Sullivan said. "The only expense was \$8 per year for the gas."

Waste disposal was no problem, because nothing really was wasted, Sullivan commented. "My wife and I are vegetarians, and ate mostly fresh vegetables," Sullivan explained. "Paper waste was put into the stove for heat, and compost went into the garden."

Sullivan, who lived on the island for nearly three years, said that the griz-

zled natives, well-acquainted with the art of homesteading, freely offered advice such as promoting air circulation and efficient heating considerations in the blueprints.

"If we didn't have propane gas or a general store to get supplies, survival would be a full-time job," Sullivan said. "I have a lot of respect for the islanders in this regard. They know much about living off the land."

The veteran dwellers' curiosity may have been stimulated by the fact that Sullivan was one of the first newcomers to the island from the "counter-culture." Today nearly 100 "counter-culture" people make their residence on the island, living from farming or selling crafts.

A few additional materials were added to the interior in small doses for comfort's sake, Sullivan said. Some of these materials included Spanish tiles and mohogany linings.

"When we finally knocked the scaffold away, we wondered if the thing was going to stand," Sullivan reminisced. "The islanders, after viewing the cabin, said it would hold up for a long time. We trusted them and they were right."

Materials were not very expensive, he reported, "but if there was a price on time spent, the expense would be considerable," he added.

In retrospect, Sullivan said he deplores his decision concerning the amount of lumber used in building the cabin. He claimed that he could have built four of Buckminster Fuller's geodesic domes, the same size as the cabin, with the lumber used for just this one structure. "You might say I rather overbuilt the cabin," he declared.

Moreover, Sullivan added, if he were to undertake the Paul Bunyanesque task again, he would follow the admonitions of Buckminster Fuller to construct a geodesic dome.

"Much of my original design was the opposite of what Fuller would advocate," Sullivan said, referring to "overbuilding" the cabin.

Sullivan, who dropped out of the University of British Columbia to homestead, claimed he hasn't visited a North

American city for more than a week since his exposure to the great outdoors. He probably wouldn't have left his cozy hideaway if a friend hadn't introduced Sullivan to Fuller via his work, *Ideas and Integrity*. But fate works in mysterious ways, as a growing interest in transcendental meditation soon demonstrated.

To pay off his "oodles of debts," the zealous TM advocate sold 50 acres of his spread, including the cabin. He then cut a southbound path to Santa Barbara, Calif., to enroll in the Maharishi International University.

Sullivan enrolled at SIU for the first time this fall. "Fuller's connection with the design department made it the logical place to study," he reflected.

The strong local TM movement, which states its goal as teaching the method locally to over a million people, was undoubtedly another major factor in Sullivan's decision to pursue his degree at Southern Illinois.

In between a gulp of exotic tea, brewed to perfection with just a drop of honey for sweetening, he admitted that in the end, he was "really glad he built the house."

But after three seemingly blissful years on the island, he no longer owns the house. The new inhabitants operate a jewelry shop in the loft. Didn't he plan to move back to the Northwest sometime in the foreseeable future?

"Yes," Sullivan replied, "I kept 10 acres of land on the island. I would like to start a small farm there someday."

Why did Sullivan sell the tract of land with the cabin?

"I built the house for selfish motives, entirely to achieve some kind of utopian country ideal. I would rather expend my energy working to help other people."

Indeed, the "howdy-do" of British Columbia may mean, in secular terms, that bursting a virgin wide open doesn't necessarily mean one has raped her.

Nor do citizens of the United States have a monopoly on "American ingenuity."

Those are thoughts worth a moment's meditation.



Barry Sullivan has changed his appearance, but an express look of pride can be faintly discerned in his brooding eyes. He is pictured with his former pet, a St. Bernard dog.



The cabin in the early stages. The walls were the last external components to be assembled by the Sullivan brothers, Barry and Fred, both skilled carpenters.



The finished cabin as it looked withstanding the onslaughts of a Canadian winter.

Glamorous auto firms: on their way downhill?

By Walter J. Willis

Paradise Lost: The Decline of the Auto Industrial Age
by Emma Rothschild

Random House, 264 pp., \$6.95

Each person who reads this book will emphasize its content in a different manner. It contains a lengthy discussion on the growth of the auto industry, problems with workers and consumers and a more detailed discussion of the GMC Vega plant at Lordstown, Ohio. Management attitudes and approaches are summarized.

Conclusions suggest the U.S. auto industry, in the face of a saturated domestic market and rigidities in the production and marketing system, will no longer be a glamorous growth industry. The future depends upon international developments which work against the domestic industry both in production and in available energy for such a luxury.

However, this book has even greater value when placed in perspective. It makes a more valuable contribution as an understanding of economic history and the history of management development.

In a large country such as the United States transportation has played a major role in permitting the development of resources to meet such a large affluent market. Capital requirements and economies of size in the transportation complex have generally led to many elements of monopoly. This has resulted in transportation exerting great influence on both public and private finance in the U.S. Political power comes with financial power. The next logical step is a type of industrial arrogance.

Such arrogance is not unique to the auto industry. This industry apparently

learned little from the history of the railroad industry. A reflective analysis of Ms. Rothschild's book suggests the auto industry is following in the same footsteps as that of railroads for most of the same reasons.

The transportation industry leaves the impression that they represent a logical end for economic activity rather than a means to an end. By their actions the industry has convinced the consuming public that they have little responsibility to meet their customer's needs.

A second area where this book makes a major contribution is in the growing body of literature on firm and industry growth. It provides added insights in the costs industry and society must pay when there is management and/or labor stagnation. Many changes have occurred in U.S. and international economies since the early 1920's when the auto industry was the bright star of the future. Many other industries have adapted to these changes much more readily.

A third area of contribution is concerned with the management of people. A number of major contributions have been made in this area in the past half-century. More hopeful suggestions are found in Jenkins' *Job Power* and the HEW publication *Attitudes in America*. Attitudes of management in the auto industry as revealed by Ms. Rothschild are sharply contrasted to suggestions in these two references.

This is an exciting book. It suggests the types of dynamic changes that must be made not only in the auto industry but in many other industries if they are not to become a part of "the glorious past." Probably the auto industry has been so impressed by looking backward they have not had the opportunity to look forward effectively.

Walter J. Willis is Assistant Dean of Agricultural Industries.

MUSSOLINI'S ITALY

Gallo documents Italy's tragedy and courage

By The Rev. David Rice

Mussolini's Italy
by Max Gallo

Macmillan, 452 pp., \$10.95

Italian journalist Barzini once said tartly of his countrymen that they were more concerned for swagger than for reality. If so, they are far from unique among nations. But it cannot be gained that Italy's Duce for two decades was swagger incarnate.

Max Gallo's new book documents all the celebrated humbugs of the time, but goes further to point up the real tragedy: that Mussolini began to believe his own myth. Creeping infallibility is a terminal disease. It led to a frightful death for the dictator and to unparalleled ruin for his hypnotized nation.

This work is valuable if only because it once and for all gives the lie to today's sneaking respect for the Nazi fighting spirit, coupled with contempt for the Italians' behavior in the war. The facts do not warrant this. SS courage consisted in slaughtering six million defenseless men, women and children, well away from front-line dangers. The German High Command plotted Hitler's overthrow from 1938, but dithered and funkied the issue until 1944, when cowardice at the Bendler-

strasse Army Headquarters ruined their one real chance. Contrast this with the Italian record documented by Gallo. When Fascist hierarchs decided Mussolini must go, they faced him courageously and openly at the Grand Council table, fully aware that they would pay with their lives, in the event they were shot in the back as traitors.

The Italians were dragged screaming and kicking into a war they did not want, handed boots with holes and 1891 rifles, and told to fight alongside the detested Nazis against a Britain and a U.S. against whom they felt no grudge. How could they have fought with resolution? But when they found their real enemy in 1943 and turned partisan against their Nazi oppressors, the Italians fought with a courage, ferocity and tenacity unparalleled in Europe. Gallo calls it "a new Risorgimento."

Mussolini's Italy closes with the dictator hanging by his heels in Milan. If there is a flaw in this painstaking work, it is that the author neglects the aftermath: the phenomenal rise of Italian post-war communism and Italy's repudiation of her sullied monarchy, both events rooted in Mussolini's Italy.

David Rice, a graduate student in community development, is a Dominican priest from Ireland.

The Rise of the LUFTWAFFE 1918-1940

'Luftwaffe': conclusions rendered impotent

By Steve Crabtree

The Rise of the Luftwaffe, 1918-1940
by Herbert Molloy Mason, Jr.

Dial Press, 379 pp., \$6.98

The popular writers, that is, those who write for mass audiences, have found the period of the Second World War to be very remunerative and rewarding. However, in their non-fiction works, and I use the term loosely, popular writers are more often than not concerned with a mere framework of historical facts to be filled in with action-packed romantic stories which, though they make interesting reading if you have nothing better to do, tend to leave the reader with the wrong impressions. All too often works intended for mass consumption are far too shallow in technical research and disregard the true historical significance of certain events, as well as disregard different interpretations.

A good case in point is Herbert Molloy Mason's *The Rise of the Luftwaffe*. Aeronautical works are popular now and the German Air Force has probably had more than its share of apologists, but this is no excuse for writers like Mason to circumvent the truth and forego an in-depth investigation of their topic. Though presenting a good framework of factual information concerning Germany's air rearmament from 1918-1940, Mason fails to draw adequate conclusions from these facts and succumbs almost com-

pletely to myths propagated by other popular writers who, in their romantic zeal, are almost sorry Germany lost the war.

He considers his facts at face value and neglects technical, logistical and strategic factors behind the inadequacy of German air arms in the Second World War. He is much too willing to believe everything the apologists have to say; this renders his arguments and conclusions impotent. His bibliography lists the very best works on the subject, including economic and technical studies as well as the excellent *German Air Force Monograph Series* prepared by the Archives Branch of the United States Air Force Historical Division.

But from reading his book there is no indication that Mason made adequate use of these works. He oversimplifies and avoids complex arguments. His research, like that of many other popular writers, appears lethargic. There is absolutely no excuse for this, as it leaves the reader with the wrong impression. *The Rise of the Luftwaffe* is one work which points out the need for all authors of non-fiction works, whether they are writing for mass consumption or not, to be extremely careful, thorough and meticulous in their research and to consider controversies and varying historical interpretations. All authors should meet this responsibility to their reading public on pain of being relegated to a well-deserved obscurity.

Steve Crabtree, an SIU graduate, wrote his master's thesis on the German Air Force during World War II.

'Stop Action': contrived tale of an ordinary man

Stop Action
by Dick Butkus and Robert W. Billings

Popular Library, 221 pp., \$1.25

The Romans had a better system. They permitted the young gladiators to kill the old. There was nothing messy about their sport except the sport itself. Contracts, options, endorsements and big money, for the same sort of thing that young Abe Lincoln did at the end of an axe for pennies, came along when the games played by men were taken over by Madison Avenue.

Butkus, "the inarticulate," has been quoted in the press with better lines than his writing partner found for him. The writer, nevertheless, contrives to tell the life history of a very ordinary young man, with special endowments on the football field, in the format of the week-long cycle of agony and frustration experienced by a gimpy linebacker barely able to walk from one game to the next.

Except for the money and the atmosphere generated by the mob in the stands, the life of Dick Butkus is not much different from that of the man back in West Virginia who died proving himself the best man on the railroad with a sledge hammer.

—H.R.L.

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Authors treat China with sensitivity

By Oliver J. Caldwell, Emeritus

The Spirit Soldiers
by Richard O'Connor

G. P. Putnam Sons, 348 pp., \$8.95

The Breach in the Wall
by Enid Saunders Candlin

Macmillan, 335 pp., \$8.95

These are two very different books about China in transition. Both books should be read by those interested in the origins of today's great China. The authors write of overlapping time spans, but from very different viewpoints. The sum of their impact reminds me of what my Methodist missionary father said more than once, in disgust at the exploitation of the Chinese people by both foreigners and their own government: "If I were Chinese, I would also be a *tu-fei*," meaning a rebel-bandit.

O'Connor tells the story of the origins, events and consequences of the Boxer Rebellion. The Boxers were mostly peasants, many out of work because of the beginnings of the industrial revolution in China. They were largely Buddhists, and were affiliated with various secret societies. They were undoubtedly misled by people in power, including the Empress Dowager. They believed that magic exercises and incantations would protect them from bullets. They were used by national leaders as shock troops in a last, desperate attack on all foreigners, who for nearly a century had progressively humiliated and weakened the Middle Kingdom.

The Spirit Soldiers (Boxers) began to kill Chinese Christians in North China in 1898, graduated to white missionaries in 1899, and by 1900 in certain northern provinces began a full-scale rebellion against foreigners and their Chinese associates. This was secretly encouraged by the Empress Dowager and many of her officials, but vehemently opposed by most officials, especially

south of the Yangtze.

Chaos erupted in the spring and summer of 1900. The foreign concession in Tientsin was violently attacked. Here the most important Americans were a young engineer, Herbert Hoover, and his wife. (Incidentally, Hoover was not remembered as a humanitarian in China.) There were eleven legations, with about 1,000 foreigners, and thousands of native Christians in Peking. They were under attack for nearly two months by thousands of Boxers and by certain detachments of the Chinese army. The legations survived many furious attacks, but the real reason for their survival was the opposition of the senior Chinese general to destroying them. Thus modern artillery, which was available, was not thrown into battle.

There were many villains on both sides, the way O'Connor tells the story. If not a villain, the American minister, Conger, looks bad. Perhaps the most heroic participants, as described by this book, were two missionaries, the Catholic Bishop Favier and the Methodist leader Frank Gamewell. Gamewell was an engineer who supervised construction of fortifications which saved most of the foreigners and 3,000 Chinese Christians who were permitted to starve in a palace next door.

The allies in the Legation Quarter and elsewhere were not united. This book would indicate that the best soldiers by far in the legation defense were the Japanese, and the best officer their commander. A young American marine, Daley, comes in for high praise.

The siege was lifted by the arrival of an allied army. The Americans were the first in the city. Judging by this book, the most effective troops might have been the Japanese and the Americans.

After the arrival of these emissaries of civilization, a period of incredible slaughter, rape and looting occurred. Afterward the invaders imposed a humiliating peace treaty involving the payment of a huge indemnity. The only reasonably good thing to come out of

the whole episode was Roosevelt's action in investing the American part of the indemnity in education for young Chinese men and women. This led to a closer tie between China and America which is reflected in Sino-American relations even today.

This is an excellent book. You should read it.

+ + + + +

To read Mrs. Candlin's China memoirs was to meet unexpectedly a colleague I had not seen for 36 years. We arrived in Nanking at about the same time in 1936. She tells briefly of a party she attended where they played charades at the home of a missionary. That party was given by the Fenns, and that is where I remember meeting young Enid Saunders.

She was introduced as a new assistant in the Department of Agricultural Economics. She was working with J. Lossing Buck, who was finishing his masterwork, the monumental *Land Utilization in China*. Enid's father was a wealthy Shanghai merchant, and she had a much more sophisticated background than the majority of the Fenn's guests. While I never saw much of her while we were colleagues at the University of Nanking, I received a distinct impression of her personality. She was

highly intelligent, capable, sensitive and had a good sense of humor. I was impressed by her knowledge of Mandarin and her love of China, which were not generally attributes of members of the foreign business community in China. She was also a very private person.

All these traits are apparent in her book. It is essentially the memoirs of a well-brought-up *jeune fille*. She is probably as pro-Chinese as such a person could be whose principal contacts with people involved servants and shopkeepers. She has a remarkably good eye for the great land of China, and a sound appreciation of Chinese civilization. Her translations of Chinese poetry are excellent, but she makes one strange mistake (I believe) in linking Li Po's poem about Mt. Omei to the Lu Shan, mountains which are about 600 miles apart.

I enjoyed Mrs. Candlin's book very much, and recommend it to those who want to gain some perspective on what it was like in China in the 1920s and '30s. I hope many people will read the book for its evocative descriptions of the unique physical beauty of the Chinese countryside, and its sensitive, appreciative outlook on China's past.

Oliver J. Caldwell, Emeritus, is the author of *A Secret War: Americans in China, 1944-45*.



The River Li near Kweilin

Study of U.S. society is penetrating, disturbing

By Charles C. Clayton

Postwar America: 1945-1971
by Howard Zinn

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 278 pp.

Three years ago Alvin Toffler's thought-provoking book, *Future Shock*, predicted that changes have come so rapidly in recent years that the "future has already invaded our lives." Professor Zinn, in this concluding volume of the *History of American Society* series, seeks the answer to the disturbing question of what has happened to the American Dream expressed in the Declaration of Independence.

More specifically, he poses two questions. First, why has the United States, the most powerful and wealthiest society in the world, "run into so much trouble with its own people?" From the late '50s to the early '70s, he points out, "the nation experienced unprecedented black rebellion, student demonstrations, anti-war agitation, civil disobedience, prison uprisings, and a widespread feeling that American civilization was faltering, or even in decay." The second, and more important question, is what are the possibilities, the visions and the fresh directions for this country?

The first question is easier to answer. The technological backlash, the arrogance of the military, the concentration of power in the White House, the reluctant pace of racial equality and abject poverty in the midst of plenty, all contributed. Most significant of all, the people, especially the young people, lost faith in their leaders. Though this

study was written before Watergate, disclosures of the last six months confirm the author's thesis.

His answer to the second question notes that a growing part of the population is beginning to recognize "that the special qualities of control possessed by the modern liberal system demand a long revolutionary process of struggle and example." The process, he adds, must be "long enough, intense enough to change the thinking of people, to act out as far as possible, the future society."

The difficulty is that this generation demands utopia today. It ignores the fact that the great goals of the Declaration of Independence — life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness — were not attained in one generation. It can even be argued that these objectives, like the Sermon on the Mount, are yet to be fully achieved.

This concluding volume in the series on the social and intellectual development of America is penetrating as well as disturbing. It is, in fact, a study of contradictions. Laws that govern modern nations are accompanied by the rule of lawlessness in world affairs. Progress in science and technology are perverted by war, nationalistic ambitions and private profit. Man's scientific maturity exceeds his social maturity.

Each chapter in this paperback volume is accompanied by comprehensive bibliographical notes and a helpful index. Unfortunately, there is no biographical sketch of the author, nor of Jack P. Greene, the general editor of the series.

Charles C. Clayton is a Professor Emeritus of Journalism.

Intriguing cookbook is good Yuletide gift

By Helen Nagel

Tassajara Cooking
by Edward Espe Brown

Shambhala Publications, 256 pp., \$3.95

For anyone looking for something different in a cookbook for a Christmas gift, this one may be a find. This is a cookbook without reference to calories, cholesterol, vitamins or any of that home economics research. It is a handbook devoted to the care and feeding of cooking equipment in addition to food preparation. In fact, it tells you more than you may want to know about food!

The author just may have had a hand in the development of those awful television commercials featuring the talking food — Charlie the Tuna and the talking loaves of bread.

This book developed from the daily routine of feeding 50 men and women living in a Zen Buddhist Practice Center founded in 1967 in a remote California mountain setting. Tassajara was a resort before Zen Center bought the property. The Zen Buddhist Practice Center states, "Food is our common property . . . it is our absorption of the suffering of the plants and creatures

eaten or displaced or killed by clearing or harvest. We must care for food as if it is our own eyesight."

Now for folks who live in the country and meditate a lot, spending one's time on cutting, chopping, slicing and in other ways fixing vegetables and fruits to make a meal may make sense. But for a practiced meal-server, it takes too much preparation time to use Zen methods. However, it must be admitted there is a certain poetry to the whole process that would intrigue even a casual cook.

For the uninitiated, eager to learn about cooking terms and how to attack the methods of preparing vegetables, fruits and eggs, this book would be an interesting addition to a cookbook collection.

Two "recipes" caught the eye and just may be added to the gourmet file: Sauterne Cabbage and Sherry Mushrooms. As anyone will see, it can't be all bad!

Then, if you still haven't gotten the hang of it, you are invited, by the Center, to be a guest at their resort and learn first-hand the tricks of Tassajara cooking.

Helen Nagel, a former Carbondale resident, lives in Springfield, Ill.

Students 'crystall

By Julie Titone
Staff Writer

For the students of Drawing 341, Section 1, the nursing home they were visiting had much in common with McDonalds, the train station and the open field down the road, for all those places have been their classroom.

The mobile classroom is the idea of Dan Wood, the group's instructor. As the young people took out their pencils and pads and the old ones happily posed, Wood discussed his novel approach to teaching art.

"In effect it has to do with breaking, to some extent, from tradition — to get the students out of the typical classroom situation where all the students are there drawing one nude model," he began.

Besides taking the students outside the classroom, Wood brings in different people to model. Models, ranging in age from an eight-month-old baby to an 82-year-old lady, very often develop a rapport with students.

"When the students are provided with spontaneous situations, a kind of serendipity, or planned accident, takes place," he said. "These accidents come in the form of emotional relationships between students and their subjects. It is important for artist and model to react to one another on a one-to-one basis, Wood feels. And that reaction, be it compassion, anger, revulsion or whatever, will appear in the resulting drawing."

"There is obviously a very close correlation between the students' enthusiasm and the quality of their work," he commented. His eagerness to exhibit their work is a good indication of how both he and his students feel about the new learning process.

The students' enthusiasm also ties in with the opportunity to structure their own learning situation by arranging class sessions. One girl, for instance, brought her little brother to model; another arranged the visit to the nursing home where she formerly worked.

There is a freedom of subject matter, too. A hired male model is always available to pose, or students may elect to spend class time drawing apart from the group.

Despite the mobility of the class, Wood emphasized that it is quite structured.

Besides the three hours of class each Tuesday and Thursday, students are required to draw one hour every non-class day. Wood complements the studio experience with lectures on the fundamental concepts of art.

Effective teaching and discipline are important to an artist, the instructor insisted. "Some people mistakenly believe that to be an artist the hand of God touched you at one time and you have talent," he said.

Every class is, to some degree, a reflection of the teacher's ideas and background. In drawing 341, that reflection is magnified.

Wood describes himself as a "people freak." In his 31 years, he's seen a lot of people. His father was a carpenter and his grandfather a circus performer; the combined exposure to traveling and a colorful working class heightened his awareness of the "good, the bad and the ugly" of humanity.

Wood studied one year at Sacramento State and then went east to the University of Iowa, where he earned his bachelor's and master's degrees. Wood describes his early years in college as a time of a "dawning of awareness" of his artistic abilities and the world around him. His studies and subsequent working years were sprinkled with more travel and a variety of experiences ranging from waiting tables to digging ditches.

Wood said that, because of his experiences he, and every other artist, sees the world differently. "It's like being high all the time — a beautiful way to look at the world without drugs."

And Wood wants to share that vision with his students. That's why he exposes them to people they might not



By Roger Guzman.

Photographs and reproduction by Rick Levine



By Jane Eckles.



By Mary Ann Chambers.

the non-verbal'

normally know, so that each artist will have an emotional reaction with each new environment.

Wood consciously tries to bring a contrast into the artists' environment — the young with the old, those who "belong" with the transients. "Like Warhol and Fellini, I'm concerned with the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the bizarre," he said.

Wood the artist works almost exclusively in pencil. His work, handled by a New York broker, has found its way into a number of permanent museum collections. His other interests include cinema and photography, writing and even interior design. He fashioned the interior of Merlin's and Booby's bars in Carbondale, and the home of a New York friend.

Looking around the nursing home lounge, Wood noted that his subject matter directly related to what the students were doing. They were drawing people, and the people liked it. "Most people ego trip on posing," he commented. "It's different than sitting in front of a camera, which is just a machine. There's emotional involvement here, a give and take with the artist."

One man straightened his bent frame into a dashing pose, then cackled gleefully. Another slouched in an armchair as Sheri Christenson and a few other students carried his sleepy figure through their pencils and onto their tablets.

"This class gets you looking at a lot of different things that you wouldn't ordinarily see," Sheri said.

Max Shipin agreed. Sitting to the side of a lively white-haired gal in a wheelchair, Max said that at first she

felt insecure with some of the new experiences in the class.

"Once you get over the initial upsetting situation, it's really great — I wouldn't have it any other way," Max said. "You see something in their faces

There are all sorts of 'beautiful' people around — but they're just not interesting enough to draw. It sounds hokey, but I can't say anything but good things about the class," she added.

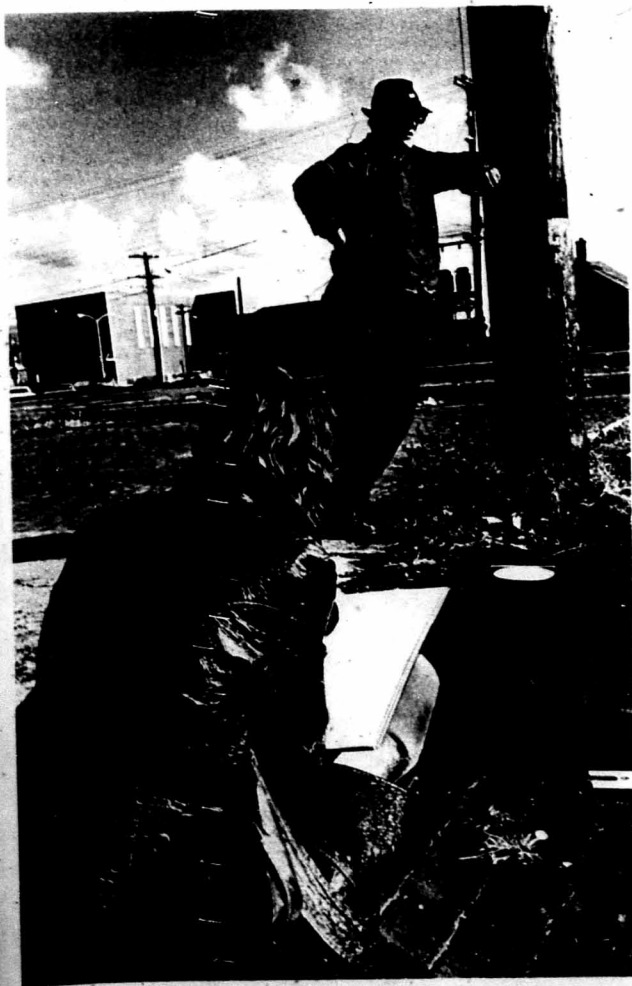
"Crystallizing the non-verbal" is how Wood describes the making of art — and he thinks Max and her classmates are accomplishing just that.



Dan Wood



By Max Shipin.



Kathy Johnson, a senior art education major, draws a pose struck by David Lee ("Killer") Horn, a telephone company employe.

By Karen DeWitt.

Verse finds viable vehicle in '{No Name}'



By Ed Dunin-Wasowicz
Student Writer

What is a poem? Your friend and mine, Noah, says that it is a metrical composition consisting of verses with certain measures, whether in blank verse or rhyme, in which the language is that of excited imagination.

When poetry is mentioned, names like Shakespeare, Poe, Pope and sometimes Cummings tend to sneak into the conversation. But no matter who the perpetrator of the lyric, one knows he is getting a piece of the man's life behind the sometimes simple words.

The message, whether deliberate or subjective, can move one to tears, raise a snicker or drive one to anger. It is one of the most emotion-filled forms of verse at the disposal of the talented scribe. A poem is an indescribable, elusive bird that lights gently on the shoulders of your mind and is gone before the restrictive net of definition can be cast over it.

The poet, like any writer, has to be read to be fulfilled. In China, walls are substituted for paper, but the message is still delivered. Tim Weber, K. David Brenner and Bill Timmel use (No Name), a sporadically-published pamphlet, conspicuously crude in appearance, yet a viable vehicle for verse.

The emphasis at (No Name) is peer supervision. In many cases like this, chaos finds an all-too-easy back door entrance, but just sometimes the diversity that arises can spur creativity to recognizable heights. The difference can be discerned only with timed exposure.

In either case diversity is definitely what (No Name) delivers, as witnessed by these three young bards. Weber, who holds a doctorate in philosophy, has come to depend on prose for his format. In the following two entries he demonstrates a touch of the dramatic.

You and I No. 1

My lungs don't heave. You have forgotten about your eyes . . . and the sun did not rise this morning. Under this morning the mood refuses to quench a soundless darkness. My lungs don't heave and you have forgotten to use your eyes. Between unday and undark the stones are cool . . . the waters solid. And our planet rolls unwatched, unwarmed in the groove between the horizons.

You and I No. 2

The river is probably one hundred miles wide. The rope, a foot thick umbilical. You have two umbilicals to the shore: a foot thick rope and the pressure of my eyes upon the throb of your neck. When I back the rope I will

choose to watch the axe. And when you disappear down stream I shall never have known you . . . even though your neck will still throb.

"Because of my philosophy background and the papers I had to write, I am most comfortable with prose," Weber said.

He has been writing for seven years, five as a free-lance writer. Now he is directing Arts and Recreation for AEON, an educational design program, located at the Student Christian Foundation.

His philosophy of poetry calls for the poet not to dictate the message but act as an impetus to create one in the reader. "I want to get into the other person's mind, and provide the catalyst for him to get his own meaning out of it."

Prose is his medium, and he is rather sceptical of other forms of the art as far as authors' intentions go. "People have a withdrawn, mystical view of poetry," he said. "I believe some poets write in the format of a poem just so it can be called poetry."

But then there are those among us who like to recognize a poem within its accepted format, which also lends itself to many forms of expression according to the author's whim and fancy. One unusual form is exhibited by Brenner, whose journalistic slip doesn't show underneath his poetic skirt in these three poems.

eagle seizes folded eyes
of ripples:
splits the wind,
rides the water

grass moved by light
tosses in lush madness,
sensation's brief hand claps

tightened fingers:
the dead leaf is crumbled anxiety
pushed through clear stares
of well performed reason

Brenner's style of poetry is patterned after the Oriental haiku. This calls for 15 to 16 syllables per line, with no more than four lines. "I write so that the reader's mind's eye will paint a picture and gather a personal meaning from the poem," he explained.

In his chase to capture a state of mind, Brenner attempts at times to transmit a definite message. It may be a geographic area, the time of day or a temperament that unsheaths his pen. "Once I was sitting in front of where Old Main used to be and I saw the poem in the grass at my feet," he said, concerning the second poem. "I was moved when I wrote this, no thinking, the words just happened."

Brenner believes that creativity is best measured by spontaneity, which

gives motion to writing and in turn creates emotion. "I want to cause a physical reaction in the reader, derived from an initial mental reaction. Emotion is very important. I'd rather have an adverse reaction to my writing than none at all."

An altogether different influence is evident in Timmel's poetry. His expression, in one instance, involves the use of a freight truck's rhythm rumbling down a highway. In this form repetition plays an important role:

i believe in god.
i believe in god.
i believe in war, always.
two cheers for god,
one cheer for war.

now please m'am
don't forget my water.
some ice cold chill
would taste all right.

i believe in war.
i believe in war.
i believe in god, always.
two cheers for war,
one cheer for god.

and now i'm please
don't forget my water.
i need to drop three pills
and drive all night.

"Poetry is a very compact thing. Every word, every punctuation mark is important," Timmel said.

But he does stray to what can best be termed thought-flash poetry, which calls for image transmission:

Mama,
Meat never stays raw:
Shoot my eyes out, gray flesh

Mama,
Grab my claw.
Shooting high,
I kiss your ragtop belly.

"While some poets write from their soul and capture time and space, I write from experiences, in hopes of evoking a response or recognition from the reader," he said.

Timmel's thoughts on poetry are best expressed by his concern for craft taking precedence over the message. "Some poets use tricks of the trade that have become overused. The danger here is to allow craft to take over the poem."

He views poets as different from other people, not because of strange traits within them but because of society. "By doing something creative, you separate yourself from the rest of the people," he explained. "In their eyes you become something unique."

Through (No Name), Weber, Brenner and Timmel find that peer supervision is a natural stepping stone to improvement. "We reinforce and critique each other constantly at sessions," Weber said. The result, to them, is a unity and generally good feeling of togetherness that naturally leads to improvement and appreciation of each other's works.

Poetry lends itself to a myriad of styles and disciplines. What the ultimate judgement of poetry will be remains to be seen. And whether (No Name)'s people are poets or poet-tasters is an open question.



Photo by Tom Porter

Tricia Traub, a junior majoring in photography, begins a macrame piece at the Student Christian Foundation as part of a program to make Christmas more personal this year. The program, sponsored by the Carbondale Peace Center, is designed so students may make their own gifts or buy hand-crafted items made by others. Free instruction in furniture and silkscreening, macrame, blockprinting and tie-dye, and candlemaking is given Monday through Thursday from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Student Christian Foundation. Sessions will continue until Christmas break.



Professor Ludicrous

SIU Grad hosts local children's TV show

By Tom Finan
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

"I don't care if nobody ever fifteen ever watches this show," Steve Short, host of one of Carbondale Cablevision's latest attempts at local origination.

It isn't actually that strange a statement for Short to make. The target audience of his "Professor Ludicrous" show consists of preschool and grammar school children.

Short doesn't mind if other viewers tag along for the ride, but everything in the format of his show is aimed at the understanding and capabilities of the young audience.

Most of the time Short, a 23-year-old graduate of the SIU Radio-TV Department, is Public Relations Director for the SIU Newman Center. But for two hours, two days a week he is doing what he likes most, working with children, during the taping sessions for the show.

Short's program is aired live on Tuesdays and Thursdays, with taped replays on Wednesdays and Fridays, all at 4 p.m. on Channel 7.

The show uses puppets, games, guests and video tapes by the SIU Department of Design as part of its format. Bea Srouce, a local pianist, provides music for the show and Dotti Davis produces the puppet segments. Short designed the format for the show and he produces it himself.

While a cameraman for a Paducah, Ky. television station, Short originated the character of Dr. Von Head Shrinker for himself as a sidekick to Bozo the Clown. Short became well known to children throughout the Southern Illinois and Kentucky area and made personal appearances for some time after he left the show to return to Carbondale.

While in Carbondale Short has involved himself in children's recreation programs and spends part of his time working at SIU's camp at Little Grassy.

Bob Smith, program director for Cablevision said "Professor Ludicrous" is one of several attempts being made to fill gaps in local programming.

"There is no other kid's show of this type in the area. It is a major improvement for cable TV," Smith said.

Cablevision has also started a "story hour" program hosted by Paul Ramsey, Smith said.

Although there are often segments on his show which might be considered educational, Short said the major purpose "Professor

Ludicrous" is to entertain.

"The kids have been in school all day, and I want to help them relax," he said. "There are plenty of entertainment programs for big people but there aren't any for kids."

While Short short-sells the educational aspect of his show, he strongly believes in "things the kids can do themselves," such as "Professor Ludicrous' Peanut Butter Bread Recipe." The recipe consisted of peanut butter, honey and butter mixed together, "which is something even the young ones can do by themselves."

Although the program has had a number of production difficulties in the early stages, in some cases due to worn out production equipment and the low budget faced by fledgling cable outfits nationwide, Short hopes his program will eventually be picked up by the cable network and used as a format nationwide.

Although children's show hosts are often derided and his parents sometimes pressure him to get "a real job," Short is determined to make good in the business of entertaining young people.

"This is what I want to do," he says simply.

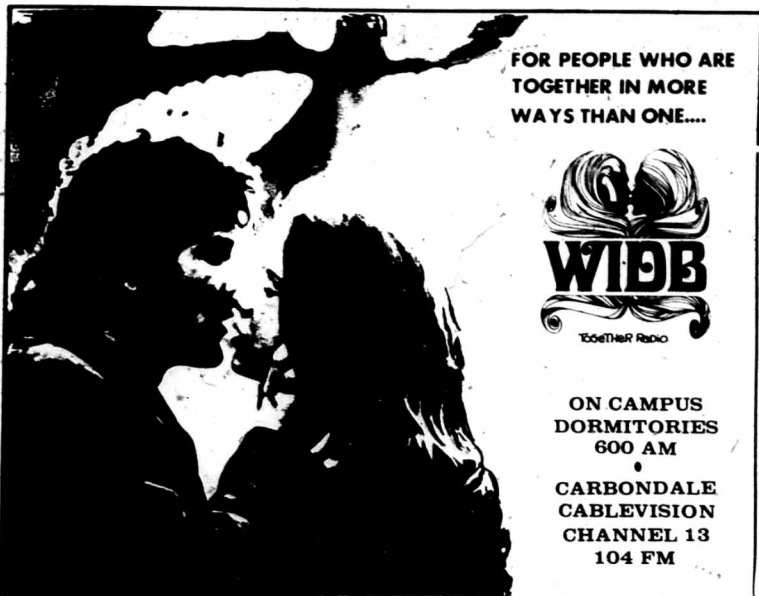
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Movie Man

William A. Wellman, one of Hollywood's most prolific directors in the 20's, 30's and 40's, talks about many of his films, in the PBS series, "The Men Who Made the Movies," Sunday at 7:00 p.m. on Channel 8.

Program trains violinists

By John Morrissey
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Carbondale elementary school children are learning to play the violin the way they learned to speak—no words or music, just listening and repeating, listening and repeating.

Michael Minning, strings instructor for District 95, is applying a method of teaching developed in Japan prior to World War II by Shinichi Suzuki, which emphasizes the role environment plays in learning.

Minning holds his own string lessons once a week for his students, but he said the real learning comes at home. In order for a parent to put his child in the Minning's string program, the parent must first learn how to play the violin. That way, "parents teach their children at home so it becomes a part of their daily life," he explained.

Basic to the Suzuki approach is a dismantling of the idea that some children are naturally gifted in music.

"There is no such thing as a musically gifted child," Minning maintains. "Everybody can be gifted if they are started early enough."

Minning starts his pupils on "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," first the melody and then several variations. "Usually they spend about a year on 'Twinkle' until they get everything right," he said.

District 95's program for string instruction starts in fourth grade, but Minning also holds night instruction on his own for children in the third grade down to kindergarten.

The Suzuki method was started several years ago in Carbondale on a private basis by the Japanese wife of an SIU faculty member, Minning said. But the children taking lessons had their instruction cut short when their teacher moved from the area. Most of Minning's students from the fourth grade up took Suzuki training then and are now continuing it.

Minning's younger students have only played the violin for a month and a half. But even the beginners participated in an informal recital at Brush School last Sunday, along with their parents.

Minning made a game out of it. Among other things, he had all his students start playing "Twinkle" from a standing position, then sit on the floor and eventually lay down, all without a break in the song. He told the audience he was going to have them play "Twinkle" while running around the gym, but it would have been impractical with all the chairs in the way.

The sit-down session was not the only way Minning demonstrated the range of the Suzuki method. He had

a student start off playing "Twinkle" and wherever the first child stopped, another had to pick up. The only problem at first was that once a child started playing he didn't want to stop, but the demonstration eventually ended successfully.

"You have no idea how difficult it is for children to pick (the melody) up at this early age," Minning told the audience.

Students were able to identify a note on the violin when Minning played it. He said some picked up the note by watching his fingering, but when he put his back to them a number of students still shouted out the right note. Minning said his students develop a "pitch memory" from hearing the same notes repeatedly.

Advanced students played much more complex pieces. Eight-year-old Zora Johnson played the first movement of the Vivaldi A minor concerto for violin, learned entirely from listening to records and other musicians. Her brother Eric, 6, contributed a violin gavotte by Thomas Henry Chen played a gavotte by Lully, and his brother John played a Brahms waltz.

Zora's father, Ralph Johnson of Murphysboro, said it took her nine months to learn the Vivaldi concerto, which she undertook after three years of Suzuki lessons at their previous home in Madison, Wis.

This is the first year Carbondale has employed a full-time strings instructor, Minning said. Minning is in his fourth year teaching in the Carbondale school district, the

previous three spent in a part-time capacity.

Minning said he has started all beginners on the Suzuki method. He has switched ongoing students from the traditional music-reading approach to his own way, unless it was apparent that the switch would be detrimental to the child's progress. Eventually he hopes to make the transition complete. "I won't teach anyone new unless the mother learns to play," he said.

"Suzuki's philosophy is, 'I can do anything I want with a child as long as I get him young enough,'" Minning said.



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'Hot L Baltimore' slated for St. Louis performance

The Loretto-Hilton Repertory Theater in St. Louis began rehearsals this week for its production of "Hot L Baltimore," by Lanford Wilson.

This will be the third production of the season for the company, which is made up of professionals and Dramatic Arts students from Webster College.

"Hot L Baltimore" was named the New York Drama Critics Circle and Best Play of the Year by the Outer Critics Circle. An Obie Award was presented to playwright Lanford Wilson for the best off-Broadway play of 1973.

Davey Martin-Jones, who directed the Repertory Theater's first "Detective Story," will direct. Scenery will be by Grady Larkins, costumes by Lawrence Miller and E. Sargent.

The play examines the day-to-day quest for dignity of the assorted inhabitants of a once-fashionable hotel, now shabby and awaiting demolition. As the hotel residents gather in the lobby, they share their common experiences, dealing in a

comic way with the lost values and hopes and dreams of a changing America.

The play previews Dec. 26 and 27, opens Dec. 28 and runs through January 19.

Tickets for the production may be obtained by writing the box office at 130 Edgar Road, St. Louis, Mo., 63119, or by calling (314) 968-4925.

Voice travels on light beams

NEW YORK (AP) — There's going to come a time, says the Bell system, when your voice will travel not only with the speed of light, but by light itself.

Bell Laboratories scientists are working on methods of controlling light beams for the purpose of carrying telephone calls, data and video signals.

If successful this will mean great savings and a tremendous increase in telephone transmission capacity.

Daily Activities

10 Monday

Marching Band Concert, 8 p.m., Shryock Auditorium.

11 Tuesday

25th District Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs: 9 a.m., Student Center Ballroom A.
Public Library Hearing: 9-5 p.m., Student Center Ballroom C.

12 Wednesday

Lunch and Learn: 12 noon, Student Center Mississippi room.
Basketball: SIU vs. Naval Academy, Arena.

13 Thursday

Basketball: Southeast Junior College vs. Wabash Junior College, 5:15 p.m., Arena.
SGAC Film: "Quaker Fortune has a Cousin in the Bronx," 7 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.
Basketball: SIU vs. Louisiana Tech., 7:30 p.m., Arena.
Silva Mind Control: 8-11 p.m., Student Center Ohio Room.

14 Friday

Training Program for Directors of In-Service Education: 8:30 a.m., Student Center Mississippi Room.
SGAC Film: "Quaker Fortune has a Cousin in the Bronx," 7 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.

15 Saturday

Silva Mind Control: 9 a.m. - 9 p.m., Student Center Ohio Room.

16 Sunday

Silva Mind Control: 11 a.m. - 11 p.m., Student Center Ohio Room.

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Some classes this winter

Creative writing program offered

By Julie Titone
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

Starting next fall, SIU will join a relatively small number of universities which offer degrees in creative writing.

But the students won't have to wait until then to sample the new writing program. English 392, creative writing, will be offered winter and spring quarters and is open to anyone interested in trying his or her hand at writing. The four-hour course, which was not included in the winter course schedule book, will be held on Mondays and Wednesdays from 1 to 2:30 p.m.

This year's course is a "dry run" for the upcoming longer 15-week semester course, English 399. Both courses will include study of and exercises in fiction, poetry and drama. The elements of good writing will be discussed, along with the varying styles of such writers as Denisovich, Hemingway, Melville, Milton, Frost and Snyder.

Instead of moving on to English 102 from the basic 101 course, next year's students will have the option of studying technical (117), expository (118) or creative writing (119). Those who proceed in the creative writing program will have prose, poetry and drama options open to them as they get into 200, 300 and 400 level courses. Work at the higher levels will be fairly independent.

Creative writing study will be beneficial not only as a major and a useful minor, according to English professor Jewell Friend. She encouraged anyone interested to take the course, since the ability to write creatively is very much in demand in many fields. The new degree will be valuable to anyone who would like to teach in a creative writing program, do free-lance work, take a job in specialized journalism or get into the publishing business. There is a possibility that a publishing internship program may be set up in

conjunction with the creative writing courses. Ms. Friend said.

Those who aim for a creative writing degree will take only a small number of core English courses. The emphasis will be on personal

production rather than literary studies.

Anyone interested in enrolling in English 392 for winter quarter should contact Ms. Friend or Patt McDermid in the English department.



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Is the last day to pay your tuition and fees for winter quarter
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even if you have no fees to pay

Failure to pay fees
or have your fee statement stamped at the Bursar's Office
by 4:00 p.m. on Dec. 12 will cancel your registration for the
Winter Quarter!

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Salukis march on Shryock

The Marching Salukis will perform their only indoor concert of the quarter at 8 p.m. Monday in Shryock Auditorium.

Mike Hanes, director of the band, said that one reason for the indoor show is so the audience can "just dig the music. The band takes pride in the sound of music they play."

The concert will feature the Saluki Twirling Corps and individual student conductors. The show starts with the "Star Spangled Banner," before the entertainment gets underway with "Lots of Living to Do,"

a salute to the new female members of the band. The entire band will perform the jazz standards, "In the Mood," "Satin Doll" and "Cherokee."

Other contemporary sounds will include the selections, "MacArthur Park" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," and the show will conclude with the SIU Alma Mater.

"The indoor concert will give people a chance to hear what might have sounded like an echo at the football games," Hanes said.

