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# The Daily Egyptian, October 30, 1972

Daily Egyptian Staff

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# Daily Egyptian

Magazine

Southern Illinois University

Monday, October 30, 1972 — Vol. 54, No. 34



Ghosts in gleaming white.  
Witches black and drear;  
Everything is spooky  
When Hallowe'en is near.

Black cats a-meowing.  
Leaves go racing by;  
Everywhere there's noise  
When Hallowe'en is nigh.

Author Unknown

(Drawing by Ed Travelstead)

# Why do Some People Take Photos?

By Bernard F. Whalen  
Staff Writer

Some photographers shoot for money and some shoot to gain fame. Frank Gale photographs things "just because they're there."

Gale, a graduate of SIU's department of Cinema and Photography, recently photographed strip mines, snow scenes and rocks in Southern Illinois. The display has won him first place at the DuQuoin State Fair and is scheduled for showings in Michigan and Iowa.

"I just like to go out and photograph objects," he said. "Basically I did the scenes just because they were there."

The display consisted of 42 color photos. Some of them are creative with double and triple exposures and others are made from ink spots.

The photos were displayed at John A. Logan College the first part of October. Gale said he has received both favorable and unfavorable responses.

Gale said the reason for the success of the display is that "people enjoy looking at the photographs without having to determine what the photographer is trying to say."

"I don't have any favorite subjects," he said. "In fact, I like photographing just about anything."

Gale said if he enjoys what he has done and other people like his work then he decides to try for a display of his photographs.

The 28-year-old photographer is now working on a masters degree in the occupational education department. He works part time at the photographic equipment room in the Communications Building.

Gale said he hopes to teach photography in a junior college when he leaves SIU.

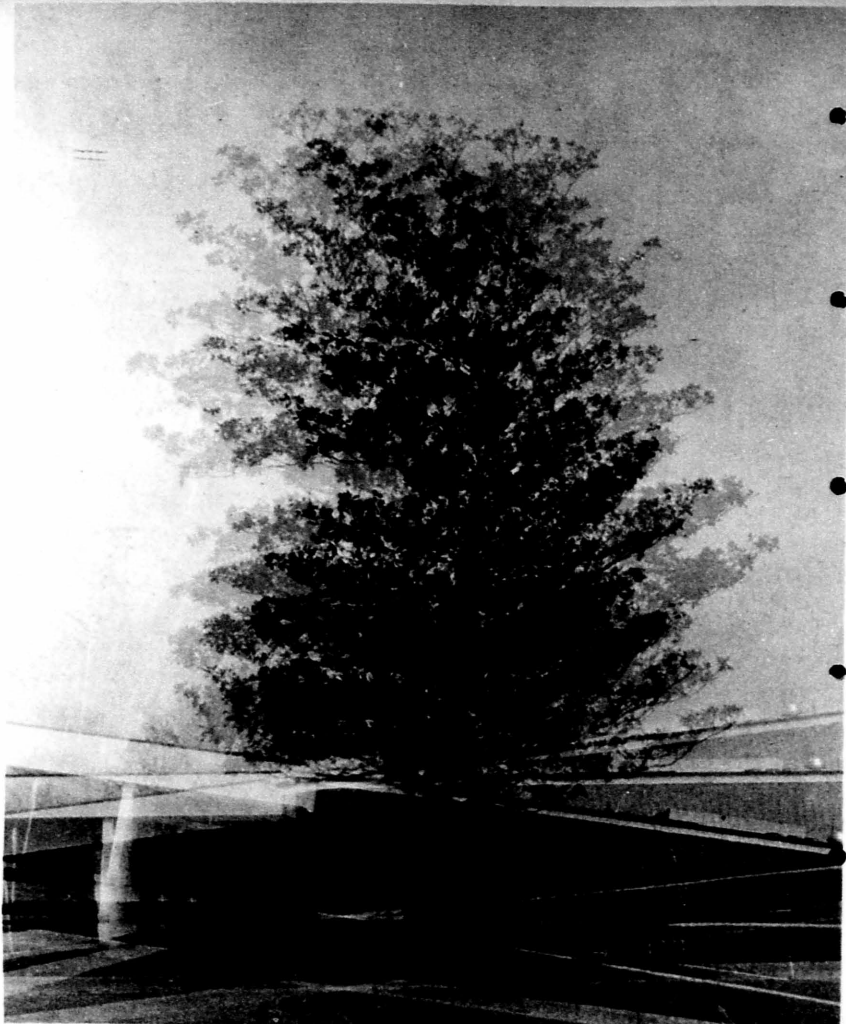
"There is a trend for two-year colleges to train photographic technicians," he said. "So there are sure to be opportunities in photographic instruction."

Gale became interested in photography while in high school in Conrad, Iowa. He worked as a newspaper photographer and managed a portrait studio.

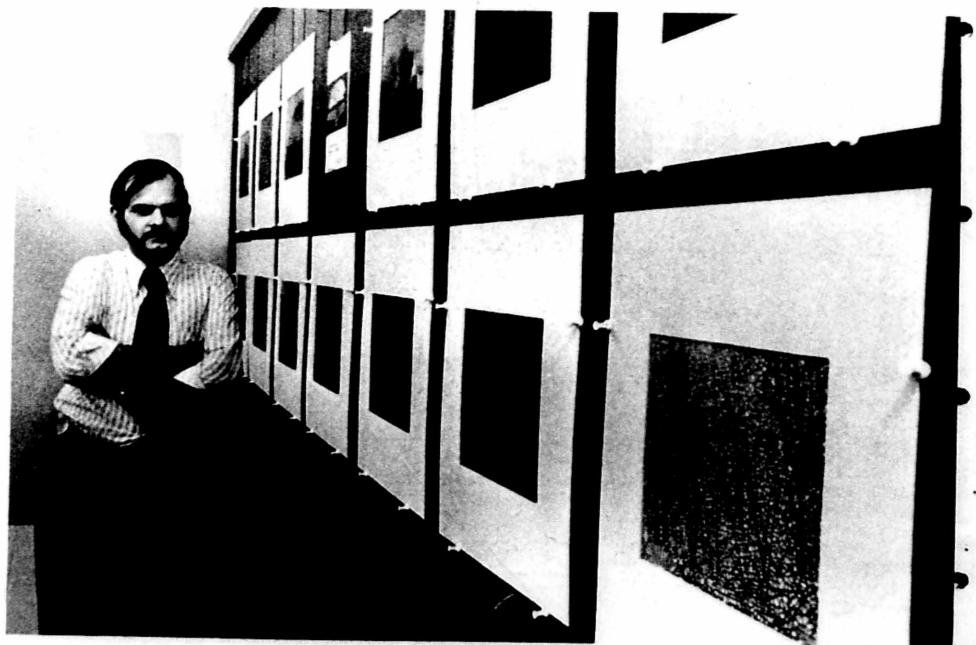
The creative urge struck Gale however and he decided to do more "color photography". He said he enjoys working with color the most.

Gale said he has always wanted to do a documentary on the rural poor in the Ozark mountain area.

When asked why he said, "because it's just there."

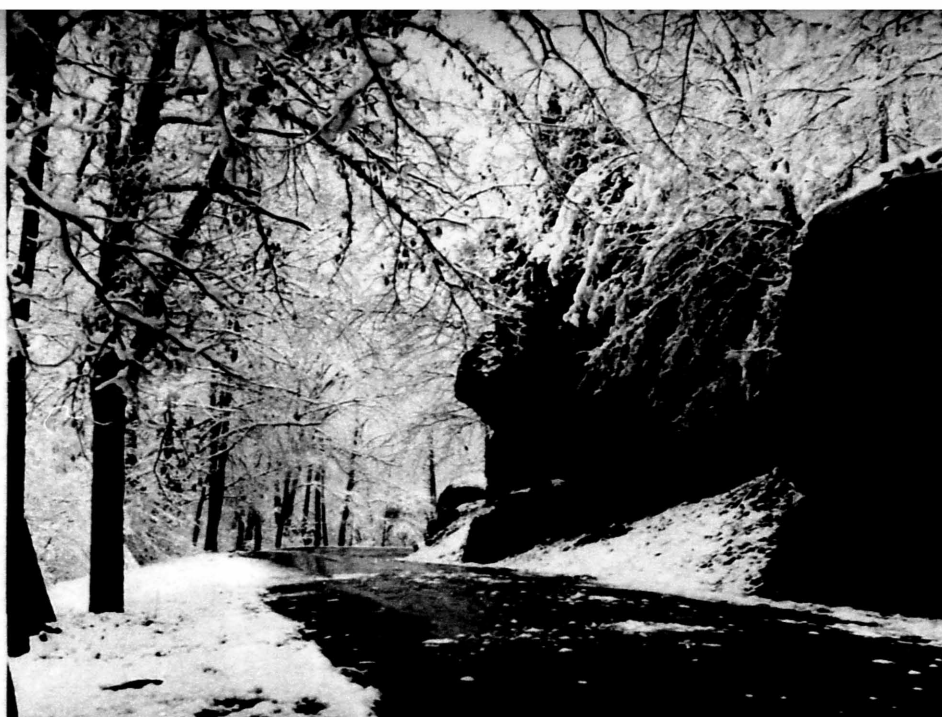


This photo shot behind the Communications Building gives a strange feeling to the viewer of this two dimensional art medium.

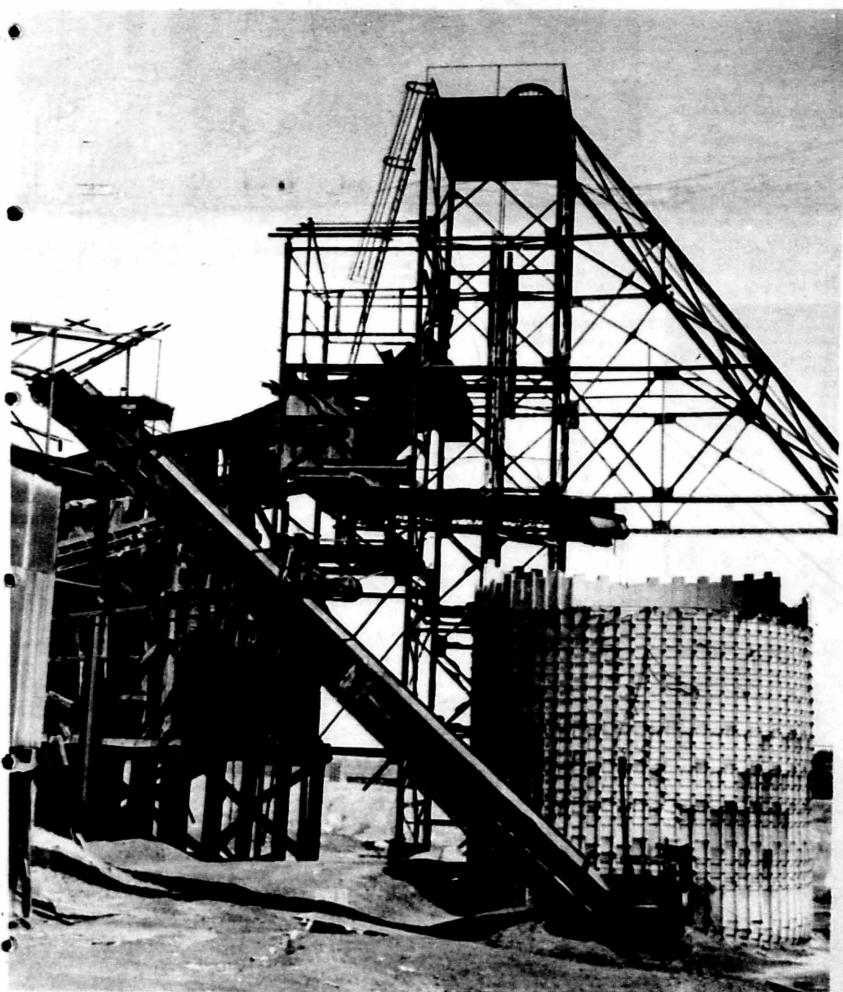


Frank Gale stands beside part of his display that will be shown at different locations around the county. The other photos on these two pages are black and white reproductions of a few of the color prints in his show. (Photo by Dennis Makes)

"I did the scenes just because they were there."



Giant City in the winter, a good place to photograph anytime of the year.



One of the old abandoned mines north of Carbondale is there, so Frank Gale photographs it and captures the feeling of abandoned mining equipment.

*Photos by*  
*Frank Gale*



# A Handicapped Student Has the Courage to Try

By Bryce C. Rucker  
Student Writer

Everything lay scattered on the floor. A small cat, about 13 weeks old, came in and out of the room, and sometimes sat on the window edge. A shelf of rather well-known classical records were on top of a book shelf.

Herb Hoffman — he prefers "Herb" to "Herbert" — was sitting on the couch in the living room of his apartment at 504 So. Hayes street, when I entered the room. He was busy with some paper work. He said, "Look around." I did. His brother Tom was in the next room. The two share the apartment.

When we started talking, I called him "Mr. Hoffman." He said, "Make it Herb." I did.

Herb is sometimes referred to as a "handicapped student."

He is a quadrapalegic—the result of cerebral palsy. He also has a speech impediment. But he doesn't let it bother him.

"I am able," he said. He uses that sentence a lot. It seems to re-enforce his courage.

Herb is learning to walk now. He wants to become more independent. A grin flashed across his face, as he told me about walking. In fact, the grin flashed throughout most of the interview. In about three years, Herb has

progressed from a five-steps walker to a three-blocks walker.

"I am still afraid to walk on the sidewalk," he said. We both laughed. His grin was as wide as a country mile. "I like to walk in the country."

Herb is proud of his ability to type. "I am able to type seven words a minute now," he told me.

He showed how he takes the paper in and out of the typewriter. He took the paper in his left foot, placed it in the typewriter. He turned the carriage with his right foot first, then with both feet. He typed his name for me.

Herb has his own special telephone, and he showed me how it works. He lifted his left foot and placed his big toe in the dial and turned it.

This is a different type of phone. All you do is push the button, and you talk into the phone, and you don't have to pick up the receiver. The sound comes out of that speaker," he said, pointing to a box-afair on top of his telephone table.

Herb likes to read. He told me how he does it. It was incredible. "I read a book by holding the pages with my foot," he said as he turned on a small lamp near the book. The light helps him to see the pages of the book, which he reads from the couch. The book lay on the floor.

Herb also uses his foot to write outlines for class papers, then he types the papers with his foot.



Herb manages to get around campus on his electric wheelchair. He controls it with his left foot. (Photo by Brian Hendershot)

"I always do this for my homework," he said. "Nobody else is able to read my writing."

I told him no one could read my writing either and then we both laughed again.

He pulled an envelope across the floor, and showed me how he is able to take a letter out of an envelope. He stuffed his left big toe into the envelope, dragged out the letter and looked at me with a grin, seemed to say, "How about that?"

"I use my left foot a lot more," he said, smiling again. I told him I am a lefty, too, and we both shouted "Hooray."

"What courage," I thought, but I didn't say anything. I had a feeling he would prefer it that way.

Herb lived with his family for awhile. "I found out that I let them do everything for me. That wasn't good. So I moved down here. I want to be more on my own." The look on his face showed a strong determination.

He graduated from Spalding High School in Chicago in 1967. After he graduated, Herb did some research work for a laboratory in Boulder, Colorado. This was a non-paying job, and the work was with thunderstorms and tornadoes.

In the summer of 1971, Herb got a job as student assistant for the U.S. Weather Bureau. It's a part-time job, but he loves it.

Now, at 25, he is majoring in earth science and plans to graduate this spring. He is already in the process of job hunting.

Herb has been vice president of the Winged Wheels—a basketball team in wheelchairs—for the past three years.

He has also developed a system of tracking tornadoes. He was very enthusiastic while telling me about it, and how it would help the people in Southern Illinois.

"Last spring they did not have enough information unless someone saw a tornado and by that time it was really too late," he told me. "I hope to prevent that too-late business."

Herb's whole attitude can be summed up in something he told me early in the interview. "Everytime somebody new comes over they ask me why I do everything with my feet. I just tell them that it's because everything is on the floor and I'm a practical man," he told me, with a broad Texas grin.

I had to smile too. Herb is just that kind of guy.

## Daily Egyptian

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Herb has learned to write and type with his feet in order to do his school work. It is slow, but as Herb puts it, "I am able." (Photo by Brian Hendershot)

# Recent Acquisitions At St. Louis Art Museum

## *La Farge Admired For Stained Glass*

Born in New York in 1835, John LaFarge achieved his earliest recognition as a painter of murals in churches and public buildings. Until his death in 1910, he was admired not only for his murals but for easel paintings and stained glass.

It was in the production of stained glass that LaFarge made important innovations and achieved his greatest success.

During his travels as a young artist, John LaFarge studied medieval stained glass as well as that of the English Pre-Raphaelites.

In 1873 LaFarge created his first stained glass window, involving himself in each phase of the work, from the first sketch through the completion of the window. Later in the year he was commissioned by his friend, the architect Henry Hobson Richardson, 1838-1886, to do the decorations, both murals and glass, for Trinity Church in Boston.

At the completion of the Trinity windows LaFarge reevaluated the effects he wanted to achieve with glass. He sought variety in the density of the pieces and therefore used flat, faceted and molded glass.

To obtain greater contrasts he developed and used opalescent glass; he also employed "plating," or superimposing glass of one color on another, and streaking or painting to get interesting modulations. Equal attention was given to the pattern of the lead in the over-all design and new methods of leading were created.

Following LaFarge's innovations the first major commission he accepted was that of the Battle Window at Memorial Hall, Harvard University, in 1878.

As a result of the favorable response at Harvard commissions poured in from New York, Newport and other cities, not only for churches and public buildings, but for the private houses of such notable clients as Cornelius and William Vanderbilt, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Henry Marquand of Newport and Frederick Ames of Boston.

The Museum's stained glass windows are from the Frederick Ames house on Dartmouth Street, Boston. Between 1882 and 1885 the architect, John Sturgis, enlarged the house and engaged LaFarge to make four windows and a



Stained glass window. By John LaFarge. 1835-1910.

domed skylight for the new addition.

The two largest windows which had as their subject a favorite LaFarge theme, the peacock and the peony, are now in the National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington, D.C.

The St. Louis windows, smaller than those in Washington and originally situated on either side of a mantle on a stair landing, parallel the others in subject and technique. Hollyhocks is the theme of one and peonies blowing in the wind is that of the other.

Around each rectangular panel are bands of opalescent cabochons set like jewels in mounts. At the top and base of each window, blue and mottled white panels appear like clouds against the sky.

The precision and regularity of these panels and cabochons present a marvelous foil for the brilliant, jewel-like tones of the central panels which explode in a burst of rich colors.

While the setting for each floral motif is identical, the motifs themselves present a study in contrasts.

The peony window with its molded pink and white opalescent blooms and flowering tree against a blue sky is bright, spacious and full of movement and activity.

The hollyhock window with its large flowers appears somber and dark, hinting that evening shadows lurk beyond the glassy surface. In the execution of both windows the techniques which John LaFarge pioneered are employed.

## A Twelfth Century Nepalese Bronze



Skanda-Karttikeya. 12-14 centuries. Nepal.

The Skanda-Karttikeya icon illustrated here, purchased with funds provided by the W.K. Bixby Oriental Art Fund, is a particularly apt example of Indian and Nepalese elements drawn together with consummate skill and intuitive decisiveness that culminate in a small image of extraordinary power.

These elements are by no means all apparent and considerable research will be required before we have a sure understanding of the place of the figure in its religious context, the more immediate stylistic influences that formed it and, of course, a more precise knowledge of its date.

The sources of the archetypal Karttikeya deity are lost in the past. He is an old god, presumably of Dravidian origin, associated with fire, and a war god.

He has been known in South India under many names and many legends explain his birth and exploits.

The cult of Karttikeya never developed in the North as did that of Krishna, and by the time of the Pala dynasty his worship seems to have substantially merged with that of Shiva.

Briefly, that legend which most closely identifies with the Museum's figure places Karttikeya as Shiva's second son after the elegant headed god, Ganesha. In some Saivite temples he is represented on one of the main axes of the temple or as a part of a group of deities attendant on Shiva or Parvati.

It is presumed that the Museum's bronze was an element of the latter group. His major identifying emblems are: the peacock, his mount; the cock, a sun symbol; and the lance, a weapon carried as leader of his celestial army.

As it exists today, the figure's only obvious emblem of identification is the peacock. The lance or spear is missing from the left hand. The figure was probably nimbate as the two holes at the rear of the figure would indicate the attachment of another element.

The lack of any known similar piece makes impossible a definitive reconstruction of the icon itself and the group of which it was a part.

The figure was cast by the lost wax method of a high copper alloy which in addition to tin also contained numerous other elements including precious metals.

Most of the figure's adornment is modeled in full relief but some incised work may be seen in the patterning of the loincloth and in the detailing of the peacock. The jewelry on the upper body is enriched with gem stones set into cast bezels.

The figure is that of a youth in the full flesh of boyhood. He is nude except for a short floral patterned loincloth held round the hips by a long sash that swings forward between his knees.

Bells attached to the sash completely encircle the waist. He is richly adorned with jewelry at ankles, wrists, and upper arms.

The face is rendered with great sensitivity. All the movement and tensions of the dance are contained and given meaning by the smiling serenity of the lips, the assured tilt of the head, and the open eyes that seem to focus on a world that is private.

It is the face that is crucial in transforming the figure of a dancer into the god Skanda-Karttikeya, dancing with the surety of everlasting youth and freedom from worldly desire.

# 'There is no Such Thing as a Free Lunch'

**THE CLOSING CIRCLE** by Barry Commoner. Knopf. 326 pp. \$6.95.

One way to check up on ecologists' pronouncements is to find out what other ecologists are saying on the same subject. So this review depends in part on the population biologist Paul Ehrlich to round out some of the issues raised in Barry Commoner's book, "The Closing Circle."

Both ecologists agree on one idea. It is fundamental to understanding the ecological crisis—"There is no such thing as a free lunch." Every attempt to improve man's well-being has an environmental cost.

Pollution is such a cost. And Commoner shows that since World War II, technological changes in production contributed significantly more to pollution, than affluence, or growth in population. It is this theme upon which Ehrlich pounces, writing in the April, 1972 issue of *Environment Magazine*, in a style so thick with contempt for his fellow ecologist that it is embarrassing.

Technology, he asserts, did not exist for pre-industrial man, yet he managed to wipe out much of the megafauna in both Europe and North America. The use of slash-and-burn agriculture in the tropics, Ehrlich expects to have global effects in 30 years.

And he reminds the reader that the ecocatastrophe of the Irish potato famine happened without the benefit of bad technology. He stresses that Commoner was wrong to assign much importance to technology in damage done to the environment.

Commoner answers in the same issue: "Apparently, Ehrlich is so intent upon population control as to be unwilling to tolerate open discussion of data that might weaken the argument for it. So long as I refrained from questioning the necessity of population control in a campaign for environmental quality, Ehrlich was prepared to accept my position without debate."

Barry Commoner does not dismiss the importance of population growth to the ecosystem. But he rejects Garrett Hardin's, another population biologist,

and Paul Ehrlich's ideas on the matter. Commoner wants people to voluntarily restrict procreation instead of having it done for them through some system of government repression.

The factors influencing population growth are cultural and inversely related to the standard of living. Population growth abroad, he promises, will slow down as it has in highly industrialized countries through a process called the "demographic transition."

It sounds good until he makes a claim that is conspicuous by what it ignores. Social services, presumably Social Security, were to have allowed parents to depend less and less on having many children as a form of old age insurance. He does not see, however, that someone will have to produce those children, since the Social Security program needs more people paying in than making claims.

Nevertheless, Commoner's arguments against technology remain convincing.

The eminent ecologist is emphatically correct to raise his eyebrows at conventional economic theory. Contrary to Ehrlich's view, Commoner points out that the intensive use of nitrogen fertilizer is not a response to growing population pressures.

Agricultural land, through Federal programs, has been continuously retired from production. How does that affect water quality? Well, the government fixes the farmers' prices. And high prices (high compared with the open market prices) encourage farmers to force yet a little more out of the land they are permitted to cultivate using, of course, more and more chemical fertilizers.

The relationships between conventional economic theory and the ecosystem by now should be obvious and suggest obvious remedies. Unfortunately, Commoner and others in the Ecology Movement prefer to ignore the obvious.

**Reviewed by George Kocan, graduate student, zoology.**

# Growing Up in the Ghetto

**DADDY WAS A NUMBER RUNNER** by Louise Meriwether. Pyramid. 188 pp. 95 cents pb.

Louise Meriwether vividly describes the reality of growing up in the ghetto surroundings of Harlem during the mid-nineteen thirties. In her first novel, Ms. Meriwether brilliantly captures the life of a black girl on the edge of womanhood amidst the streets, tenements, filth and mayhem typical of the ghetto.

We get an early introduction to the heroine, Francie Coffin, and her family. We watch the family grown, and its life style change from one of a united family unit to that of complete separation.

The problems mount and stress played on each member of the family becomes immediate and tragic. All this is related to the reader through the perception of a 12-year-old, girl who is most aware of the characters involved with her in the complex world of Harlem.

Streets like 118th where the local prostitutes on their customers or 116th Street where the stores are found, form the background of the novel. The streets and their people are the means

contributing to the numbers game and thus aiding the survival of the Coffins.

Francie runs around Harlem gathering the number slips for her father. Each buyer hopes and prays for the big "hit," the day when the numbers will pay off. The game depicts the black American dream of making it big—success for the price of 25 cents.

Francie and her world are distinct from the usual hearts-and-flowers stories of the "deprived" middle and upper classes in America. There isn't a trace of falsehood within the novel.

From the picture Ms. Meriwether paints of Harlem, as seen through the eyes of a child, the reader becomes involved, and shares the varying emotions, incidents and experiences of a black man or woman trapped in the American ghetto.

The story contains the hunger, thirst, hate, love and courage common among the residents of Harlem. When reading it, you find yourself walking down 118th Street or hoping—right along with the Coffins—that number 27 will pay off this time.

**Reviewed by Carol Jo Krajac, journalism graduate.**

# Showcase Capsules

**By Glenn Amato**  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

**All Play and No Work**

Sir John Betjeman has succeeded the late Cecil Day-Lewis as England's poet laureate. The office, which is long on prestige and short on duties, carries an annual salary of 70 pounds (about \$168). Betjeman's chief duty is to celebrate notable accomplishments of the sovereign's reign in verse. The 66-year-old poet writes of the pleasures and ironies of middle-class English life and the charm of England's past.

**A Bucketfull of Beckett**

The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, under the direction of Jules Irving, will open its 1972-73 season in the Forum Theater with a Samuel Beckett Festival. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn and Henderson Forsythe will co-star in productions of "Krapp's Last Tape," "Happy Days," the New York premiere of "Act Without Words I" and the world premiere of "Not I." All four plays will be directed by Alan Schneider, who staged Beckett's "Waiting For Godot" in its 1956 premiere.

**Picking Up The Pieces**

New York's Fillmore East, shuttered for more than a year, reopened Oct. 23 as the Village East. Canned Heat, The Pure Food and Drug Act and Spirit shared billing for the event. The Village East will alternate rock shows on weekends with films during the week. Bill Graham had operated Fillmore East as a Manhattan rock palace until two years ago, when high percentage demands by talent forced him to throw in the sponge.

**Some Deal!**

A Louisiana confidence man, who had been selling phony tickets for a nonexistent show booked for Cleveland's Public Music Hall, was arrested by Chicago postal inspectors on charges of using the mails to defraud. James E. Thomas of Metairie, La., was accused of advertising the personal appearance of Monty Hall and his TV program, "Let's Make a Deal," in Cleveland and five other cities, although the promoter had no legal connections with the ABC-TV host.

**Cut the Dope**

The West German government has decided to crack down on the promoters of rock festivals where drugs are used. New regulations state that rock fests will be issued permits only when the promoters guarantee drugs won't be circulated. Promoters are liable to fines if they don't enforce the rule, and German states are being informed that local police officials must see the promoters comply.

**Hello and Goodbye**

James A. Cornell, a representative of the New York-based N.W. Ayer advertising agency and a man with an uncanny knack for predicting TV hits and flops, already has this season's intrigues classified. Say "hello" to "Bridget Loves Bernie," "Maude" and "The Bob Newhart Show." Farewells are in order for "The Julie Andrews Hour," "The Waltons," "Banyon," "The New Bill Cosby Show" and "Temperatures Rising."

# Rock Corner

**PHOENIX** by Grand Funk Railroad. Capitol. SMAS 11099. 1972.

The legendary Phoenix supposedly rose to youthful freshness after burning itself to death. This is an inappropriate image for Grand Funk's new album. The songs are anything but fresh.

Lead singer and composer Mark Farner issues his usual pleas for revolution, freedom and ecological awareness. The only difference is the sudden attachment the group has found for electric organ.

Farner wants to get it on with a 14-year-old foxy soul lady in the funky "She Got to Move Me."

"So You Won't Have to Die" finds Farner meeting Jesus who stresses the need for birth control to prevent overpopulation and pollution from suffocating mankind. Grand Funk made a similar cry with "Loneliness" on "E Pluribus Funk."

"Freedom is for Children" gets across the usual message as Farner

asks "why can't it be for me too?"

Grand Funk has shown signs of crudeness as with the backward spelling of their old song "T.N.U.C." on "I Just Gotta Know." Farner does it again by asking people if they will take to the streets to get their rights. He wants to know if people are, as he puts it, still upset about "the war and all that shit."

Not surprising at all is the best song on the album "Rock 'N Roll Soul." It's no coincidence that Capitol chose that song to release as a 45.

Grand Funk is heavy on keyboards and double-tracking. They're reaching out and trying to break the "loudness habit" which has plagued their career.

But "Phoenix" is still old stuff in a new package. Grand Funk has failed to revive the innovative elements which made their "Survival" album successful.

**Reviewed by Bernard F. Whalen, staff writer.**



# Mini Views

## A Quick Look At New Books

**EARLY CHRISTIAN ART** by Pierre du Bourguet, translated by Thomas Burton. Reynal, \$29.95 to Dec. 31; \$35 thereafter. (Release date: October)

In a comprehensive study, the author explores the development of Christian art largely from surviving relics—sarcophagi, sculptures and other artifacts from family crypts as well as frescoes found in or near Rome. Of the 157 illustrations in this huge book, 60 are given full-page treatment in full color.

**EARS OF THE JUNGLE** by Pierre Boulls. Vanguard, \$6.95. (Release date: Nov. 11)

The "ears" are sensitive electronic sensors, disguised as scraps of foliage, dropped by American planes on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. This book provides some original entertainment, with a look at the Indochina mess from the Communist viewpoint.

**ARTERY OF FIRE** by Thomas N. Scortia. Doubleday, \$4.95. (Release date: December 1)

A new book on the science fiction angle that should be good reading for science fiction bugs.

The setting is 2020 A.D., and the author includes everything from robots to a massive conduit that transports energy from the ore fields of Pluto to Earth.

**CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC** by Burt Goldblatt and Chris Steinbrunner. Saturday Review Press, \$9.95. (Release date: Nov. 8)

An overly-enthusiastic but thoroughly interesting book for movie maniacs and students of cinema.

It describes the background of movie fantasy, starting with Robert Houdin and George Melies, who sat chorus girls on stars and treated French audiences to the first cinematic trip to the moon and beyond.

**TREASURY OF AMERICAN DESIGN** by Clarence P. Hornung. Abrams, \$42.50 to Dec. 31; \$50 thereafter. (Release date: October)

This 876 page, two volume pictorial anthology of popular American folk arts is unmatched by anything hitherto published.

A must for those interested in American arts.

**IN SEARCH OF DRACULA: A TRUE HISTORY OF DRACULA AND VAMPIRE LEGENDS** by Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu. New York Graphic Society, \$8.95. (Release date: October)

For those Dracula fans, here is a non-fiction book on the man (or is it Vampire?).

The book traces the legends from present times to as far back as the authors can go.

## Selected... Cultural Activities

### Carbondale

- Nov. 1: Graduate Recital, School of Music, Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 2: Stage Band Concert, School of Music, Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 3: "Duchess of Malfi," Southern Players, University Theater, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 5: Hungarian State Symphony, Celebrity Series, Shryock Auditorium, 3 p.m.
- Nov. 6: Guest Artist Recital, School of Music, Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 2: Jose Greco & Nana Lorca, Spanish Dancers, Convocation, SIU Arena, 1 p.m.

### Champaign

- Oct. 30: Leo Kottke, Red Herring Coffee House, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 3-4: "Marriage of Figaro," comic opera, Krannert Center, U. of I., 8 p.m.
- Nov. 4: "The Ship," rock group, Illini Union, U. of I., 7:30 & 10 p.m.
- Nov. 17: Isaac Hayes Concert, Assembly Hall, U. of I., 8 p.m. Last weeks

### St. Louis

- Oct. 31: Curtis Mayfield Show, Kiel Convention Hall, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 4: Grand Funk Concert, Kiel Convention Hall, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 4: Baroque Concert, Powell Symphony Hall, 8:30 p.m.
- Nov. 6: O'Neal Twins Concert, Kiel Opera House, 7 p.m.

### Chicago

- Oct. 31: Groucho Marx Show, Auditorium Theatre, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 1-5: Taj Mahal, Quiet Knight, 9:15 & 11 p.m.
- Nov. 3, 4, 5: "And Puppy Dog Tails," The Company at the Drama Shelter, 2020 N. Halsted, 8:30 p.m.
- Nov. 3: International Ballet Gala, Auditorium Theatre, 8 p.m.
- Nov. 5: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London, Auditorium Theatre, 3 p.m.

announcement of the Hayes concert was in error.

# Sickle Cell Anemia; The Truth About It

**SICKLE CELL: A Complete Guide to Prevention and Treatment** by Shirley Lindo. Pavilion Publishing Co., 520 E. 77th St., NY. 187 pp. \$2.

Untold thousands of Americans, mostly black and Puerto Rican, are living with a painful and often crippling disease they are unaware of having—sickle cell anemia.

Just recently, the federal government, state health agencies and the National Foundation-March of Dimes, among others, have mounted campaigns to screen for the disease and to aid its victims.

And in fortuitous timing, this book by a well-known science writer can aid the general public, physicians and other health professionals who need or desire sound factual information about this cruel inherited disease.

It is the first book to pull all such information together, and does so in clear, well-written style.

Sickle cell derives its name from the fact that red blood cells have a sickle shape rather than being normally rounded, and this interferes with their oxygen-delivering capacity.

The genetic trait underlying sickling is also believed to confer resistance against malaria in childhood, and hence could have been a helpful adaptive mutation for peoples in Africa, the

Mediterranean and other malaria-ridden areas.

The malarial parasite may avoid blood having the sickling tendency.

The sickle cell trait is found in about 10 per cent of American blacks, and in up to 60 per cent of African blacks in certain tribes, Ms. Linde writes.

About 5 per cent of Puerto Ricans have the trait. Only a small percentage of people possessing the trait actually have the disease.

Ms. Linde sounds a message of hope, and emphasizes that sickle cell is not contagious, that there is no blame or guilt to be associated with the disease.

"Money is finally being poured into sickle cell research," she says. "Screening clinics are being opened. Doctors are discovering more and more things to make life better for the person with sickle cell anemia."

"We still can't cure sickle cell anemia, but the disease can be managed. The symptoms can be lessened. The painful crises can be treated. We can prevent the genes from being passed on to future generations."

Ms. Linde includes a self-test quiz by which readers may learn if they have the disease, and offers advice for minimizing symptoms and for avoiding sickle cell crises.

Reviewed by Alton Blakeslee, Associated Press science writer.

## Best Sellers

### NONFICTION

1. **I'M O.K., YOU'RE O.K.** by Thomas Harris. Harper, \$6.95. Published three years ago but suddenly caught fire. Still hanging in there in the number one spot. Has sold over 775,000 copies.

2. **OPEN MARRIAGE** by Nena and George O'Neill. Evans, \$6.95. Has sold over 172,000 copies and is hanging on in the charts.

3. **ELEANOR: THE YEARS ALONE** by Joseph P. Lash. Norton, \$9.95. On the charts for 3 months and holding steady.

4. **O JERUSALEM!** by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. Simon & Schuster, \$9.95. Over 100,000 copies in print and holding steady on the charts.

5. **THE PETER PRESCRIPTION** by Laurence J. Peter. Morrow, \$5.95. Only its second month on the charts and it shows great potential of being a big seller.

6. **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN** by Howard Teichmann. Atheneum, \$10. In its third month on the charts, it is holding steady.

7. **THE SUPERLAWYERS** by Joseph C. Goulden. Weybright & Tally, \$8.95. Over 60,000 copies sold and climbing.

8. **PARIS WAS YESTERDAY** by Janet Flanner. Viking, \$8.95. Fourth week on charts and has sold 35,000 copies already.

9. **THE BOYS OF SUMMER** by Rodger Kahn. Harper, \$6.95. After slipping to the bottom of the charts, it is holding on.

10. **FIRE IN THE LAKE** by Frances FitzGerald. Atlantic-Little, \$10. A new comer to the charts.

### FICTION

1. **JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL** by Richard Bach. Macmillan, \$4.95. Over 1.3 million in print and holding steady on the charts.

2. **THE WINDS OF WAR** by Herman Wouk. Little Brown, \$10. Has been on the charts for 11 months and shows no signs of leaving.

3. **AUGUST 1914** by Alexander Solzenitzyn. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10. Has sold over 150,000 copies in a month.

4. **CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS** by Taylor Caldwell. Doubleday, \$8.95. Over 100,000 copies in print and holding steady on the charts.

5. **MY NAME IS ASHER LEV** by Chaim Potok. Knopf, \$7.95. Published last April and still selling strong.

6. **DARK HORSE** by Fletcher Knebel. Doubleday, \$7.95. Only 52,500 copies sold, but is holding on the charts.

7. **THE WORD** by Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster, \$7.95. Over 125,000 copies in print and holding steady on the charts.

8. **THE LEVANTER** by Eric Ambler. Atheneum, \$6.95. A new comer that has a good possibility of climbing all the way to the top.

9. **THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING** by Marilyn Durham. Harcourt, \$6.95. A new comer that could go either way; up or down.

10. **A PORTION FOR FOXES** by Jane McLivaine McClary. Simon & Schuster, \$8.95. Has sold over 50,000 copies already.

(Source: Publishers Weekly)



From high above the tracks, the engineer drives his train down the endless miles of track that criss-cross the nation.

## I.C.R.R.-Carbondale's First Heart Beat

By Denise Banjavic  
Staff Writer

Carbondale owes its existence to them; likewise Murphysboro and many other Southern Illinois towns. They helped tame the once wild interior of Illinois.

Railroads—they built a nation.

In the early 1800's, the interior of Illinois was a sparsely settled wilderness. Its rich farm lands and mineral resources lay idle. No adequate means of transportation existed by which men could ship commodities to the busy consuming centers which lay along the waterways and borders of Illinois.

In the East, men experimented with a steam locomotive and found it superior to canals and horse-drawn vehicles in transporting people and goods.

In 1836, a bill creating "The Illinois Central Railroad Company" was passed by the Illinois legislature. It provided for a network of 1,341 miles of state-owned railroads extending throughout central and southern Illinois.

The first rail laid in Illinois was at Meredosia in Morgan County on May 9, 1838.

Communities along the proposed route were excited. Many settlers gathered along the track to watch the mysterious "puffing steam wagon" pass.

But the first attempt to operate a steam railroad in Illinois could hardly be called a success. Accidents were common. The engine frequently left the track and toppled over into a ditch.

The first locomotive ever built for an Illinois railroad was lost during shipment by water in 1838. There is no record that the mystery of its strange disappearance was ever solved.

The state—as usual—underestimated the necessary funding of this stupendous project and found itself with a debt of \$14,000,000 when the project was finally abandoned two years later.

Only 24 miles of rail had been completed when, after a series of misfortunes, mule power was substituted, and

the only locomotive then in use was sold.

But Illinois' unfortunate experience with railroads did not overshadow their promising potential. In 1850 Congress passed an act providing for a grant of public lands to the state of Illinois to aid in the construction of the long-awaited Central Railroad.

In February, 1851, the Illinois legislature granted a charter to the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

In December ground was broken at Chicago and Cairo and construction began on a railroad that was to be eventually 705 miles in length—more than twice the length of the longest railroad then existing in America.

The route of the Illinois Central between Chicago and Cairo did not pass through a single settlement of more than 100 inhabitants.

The early settlers hailed the coming of the "Iron Horse" with joy. It brought an end to the isolation they had experienced on the lonely prairie. It brought the merchandise, and the markets of the world to their doors. It brought new neighbors, new comforts and opportunities.

Each town celebrated the arrival of the first train with parades, music, speech-making and a barbecue or picnic. The settlers lined the tracks to witness in awe, the passing of the steam locomotive and a train of cars bowling along at the terrific speed of 15 or 20 miles an hour.

The transforming, energizing influence of the railroads was readily evidenced. Around every little wooden railway station streets were being laid out; houses, stores, schools and churches were being erected.

When the railroad was surveyed, Carbondale was not on the map. When the railroad was opened, it was a thriving village of 300 inhabitants. In another five years its population had quadrupled.

The growth of the great coal mining industry of Southern Illinois was coincident with the development of the Illinois Central. The coal fields brought

settlers to Carbondale in the 1850's. The Illinois Central shipped the fruits of their labor, and that of the farmers, to points of trade and commerce many miles away.

The only locomotives then operating in Illinois burned cordwood. In 1855 the Illinois Central began experimenting in the use of coal for locomotive fuel. At the close of the Civil War practically every locomotive on the IC was burning Illinois coal exclusively.

Under the stimulus of railway development and the tremendous industrial expansion which followed, coal production by 1900 had increased over 62 times what it was in 1855. The Illinois Central ranked throughout this period as the leading consumer of coal in the state.

"Years ago your depot, as we call it, was a hub around which the community gathered." The man's eyes widened with pride at the memories of his "good old days" on the Illinois Central—"his" railroad—a time some 20 years ago when it was still in its heyday. He is Gene Heisler, a clerk in the Illinois Central's diesel shop in Carbondale.

"Lately though, they've criticized it—ties up traffic. But without it Carbondale wouldn't be here. The city was built right around the railroad. Carbondale always operated outta here cause a the mines."

He's been with the IC since 1946. A small man in his mid-50's, he worked his way through the University of Colorado as a magician. His eyes now widened in that mysterious twinkle characteristic of his hobby.

"I like railroading. It's fascinating, like people. It gets into your blood. It's likin' somethin'."

His small cluttered office resembles a museum of an era in railroad history that was not too long ago.

The aged photos covering the chipped and dingy aqua walls recall famous railroad engines and stations.

"The glamour of railroading is gone. It's like a service station here," he said, referring to the operations of the diesel shop. "We maintain 'em here."

We sat in his office in the run-down brick building on the northern edge of Carbondale, which houses the diesel shop personnel.

Strewn across his desk and piled high are papers, books, family photos and numerous other items that seemed to defy any organization or identification. A small man, he found room to stretch out as he sat behind his desk.

He drew a book from a dusty, overstuffed book cabinet and began reading





Photos by

Jay Needleman

facts and figures to illustrate the railroads growth and contribution to the development of Illinois.

"From Carbondale to Chicago, Illinois Central pays taxes in every town it passes through—contributes a lot. Few people realize the impact the railroad has on the community. If they'd look at it from the tax angle—airplanes fly over, buses pass through, but the daily taxes railroads pay into a community are tremendous."

His agile hands moved smoothly, continuously as he spoke, pointing and waving to emphasize points he felt were important.

Many view the railroad as suffering an irreversible decline. But some, like Heisler, view it as only a recession and hold some optimism for its future.

"Oh—ah, yea. The railroads has got a hard battle to fight. But I think they'll come out all right. They're the backbone of the nation. Passenger trains will come back 'cause of growing populations."

He spoke in a continuous, lilting manner. His voice was quiet, almost hypnotic.

He reached for a book resting atop his desk and quickly began flipping the pages. "We're a big railroad—really large railroad...6,700 miles of rails...770 locomotive diesels." His voice heightened as a wave of optimism swept over him.

"I'll tell ya somethin' that's interstin'—200,000 items IC bought. Now that's a lotta items. Now listen to these figures...furnished by 20,000 suppliers. Now compare that with Sears & Roebuck," he said excitedly turning the book for me to see.

"We stock twice as many items as the world's largest merchandising firm. That's a good comparison. Isn't it?"

He leaned forward once again and looked at me intensely. "Now people don't realize—now see here—now get

this—" and he read the figures again from the book.

"We buy everything from diaper pins to locomotives," he said with a proud smile.

Some Carbondale residents would like to see the railroad station moved towards the outskirts of town. Heisler would like to see the railroad and the city work together to satisfy their goals.

But as one railroad field officer stated, a major obstacle the railroads must face are "sticky money problems." He feels, as perhaps many other railroad employees across the country do, that the communities are not sympathetic to the railroads serving them. He believes the city could now do much to help the railroad that once helped it.

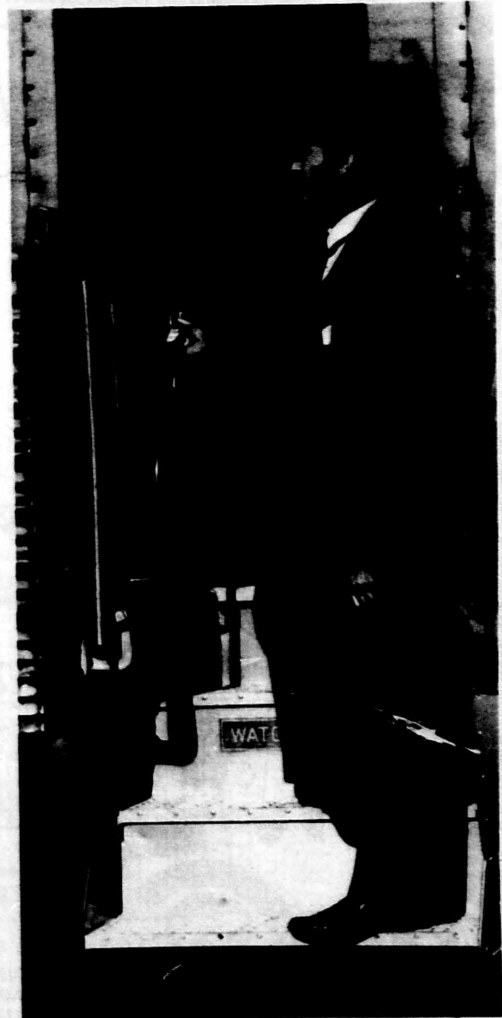
Both men agreed that relocation of the train station would greatly benefit the downtown business community as well as the rest of the townspeople.

But after all the plans have been advanced for improving the railroads too many people don't realize the one remaining problem facing the railroad. As one official asked, "Where can we get the money?"

It's no magic trick. Heisler said again, "We need to work together with the city."



This turntable over a hundred years old is still in use at the Carbondale Illinois Central Yard. It is used to turn cars and engines around or to route them to different tracks.



Today's modern flagman doesn't carry a flag or lantern, instead he is equipped with modern portable radio communication equipment.



The railroadman never sleeps. This freight office manager in Carbondale works throughout the long nights keeping shipments on time and making sure they reach destination.

# W. Clement Stone: Influential Republican

By WILLIAM RUBLER  
Associate Press Writer

CHICAGO AP — There is a tendency among the sophisticated to dismiss W. Clement Stone and his "Success through a positive mental attitude" approach to life.

Those who do, forget that he is worth \$350 million, that his business, Combined Insurance Co. of America, is fabulously successful and that he has friends in the White House and State House.

Well Known for his self help books such as "The Success System That Never Fails" and his Horatio Alger success story, Stone has become a man of national political import and influence through his political contributions to friends in high places.

He has donated more than \$500,000 to President Nixon's re-election campaign. In 1968 he gave roughly the same amount and in 1970 gave \$1 million to some 50 congressional hopefuls across the nation, almost all of them Republicans.

Stone backs politicians as part of his goal "to change history."

"I have an obsession," he said in an interview, "Namely, that I'm going to do my part to change this world, made it a better world for this and future generations."

That's a big jump from the streets of Chicago peddling newspapers at age six to help support a fatherless family.

Stone is the standard pillar of the community: conservative; a life-long Republican, member of the state Chamber of Commerce, supporter of the Chicago Lyric Opera, married to his high school sweetheart and the father of two grown children.

Stone, whose philanthropic projects bring him favorable publicity, is almost never controversial. Recently, however, the Democratic Presidential candidate, Sen. George McGovern, charged that Stone got a break from the Price Commission because of links with President Nixon.

Stone replied that Combined was one of several companies that applied for and received permission to raise rates.

With his pencil-thin mustache and handmade bowties, he looks and acts like an entrepreneur throwback to the 1920's, which is when Stone founded his company with \$100 cash at the age of 20.

Energetic enough to take a daily swim in Lake Michigan from early spring to late fall, Stone has devoted most of his 70 years to developing his positive mental attitude philosophy, applying it and spreading it.

Through his books, courses, his Success Unlimited magazine and his five or six lectures a month, Stone tries to motivate people to

"develop their character," and "become a success" by making money.

"I've been very successful," he said, citing the example of his self-motivation courses taught in some 50 prisons, "in reducing the recidivism down to 15, 16, 17 percent of those who took the course. Whereas anywhere from 33 to 70 percent of those who are usually released come back."

Stone is a national officer of the Boys Clubs of America and once in

Stone said he gave \$1 million to Republican hopefuls but Democrats maintain that the figure was closer to \$2 million. Most candidates received \$10,000 to \$20,000.

The results were mixed. He backed such winners as Sen. James Buckley in New York, Sen. Robert Taft of Ohio, Gov. Deane Davis of Vermont and Sen. William Brock of Tennessee.

Losers included senatorial candidate Richard Roudebush of Indiana and senatorial candidates

will return to you many times over." He has donated \$35 million to charities, research projects and other causes and is committed to \$17 million more.

Also among the big losers was the late Ralph T. Smith, who lost in Senate bid to Adlai Stevenson III.

Stone said he learned a lesson in 1970. This year, he says, "I'm going to concentrate and do the best I can on one candidate, and that's the President of the United States."

He is not helping in Illinois, except for attending fund raising dinners. "We'll get a table or two and that will be it... My theory is that if the President carries Illinois to the extent that I think he will, he will carry many of the candidates in on his coattails."

Donating so much to the Republican Party in 1970 "boomeranged," he said. "I was criticized by the people of my own party and it happened innocently."

Unlike most big contributors, Stone revealed to newsmen that he would be donating nearly \$1 million to selected Republicans with \$250,000 earmarked for Illinois candidates.

Some Republicans criticized him for leaving the impression all GOP candidates were already well funded, thus hindering others in Illinois fund raising efforts.

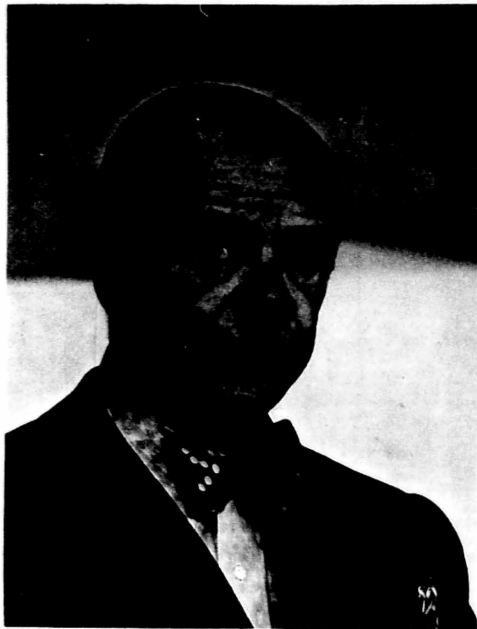
Stone doesn't swallow this criticism however, saying that if a person doesn't wish to contribute he will use any excuse to get out of it. There were also reports Stone did

not want to support Illinois candidates because of a rift with Republican Gov. Richard B. Ogilvie. Stone denied the existence of any rift.

However, the relationship between Ogilvie and Stone was once so intertwined that Democrats in the General Assembly planned to investigate the friendship because insurance firms are state regulated.

In publically announcing his net assets of \$91,000 in 1970, Ogilvie revealed that Stone had signed as guarantor of a \$30,000 loan in 1968 so that Ogilvie could buy \$30,000 worth of Combined stock.

Ogilvie sold the stock soon thereafter to avoid controversy. The Democrats' investigation never got off the ground.



a while stops at the local club to play checkers with the kids. It was through the Boys Clubs that Stone met Nixon in 1964 when Nixon was national chairman of the organization.

Stone, liking Nixon the man and liking Nixon the politician's programs, entered politics big for the first time in 1968.

In 1970 he tried to fill Congress with men who think like the President. "I backed some 50 candidates throughout the United States on the theory that by backing them, they, in turn, would back the President," Stone said, adding, "It was the one chance that I felt in my lifetime to maybe change the course of history for the better."

By his own accounting in 1970,

Clark MacGregor of Minnesota and George Bush of Texas.

Poverty, according to Stone, is a state of mind. He feels that almost any man, no matter what his handicaps, can be taught or motivated to become wealthy.

This does not mean that Stone avoids charities, because as he says, "If you share happiness, it



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**NEW LIBERTY**  
**BEN**  
at 8:50 (pg)  
**WHATEVER HAPPENED TO AUNT ALICE!**  
7:50 (pg)

# Activities

The Hungarian State Symphony Orchestra highlights this week's list of cultural activities at SIU. The orchestra is scheduled to appear on its first North American tour at 3 p.m., Nov. 5 in Shryock Auditorium as part of the 1972-73 Celebrity Series. It will perform three musical compositions: Beethoven Leonore Overture No. 3, Bartok Piano Concerto No. 3 and "Picture at an Exhibition" by Mussorgsky.

The Student Government Activities Council (SGAC) has something planned earlier in the week in a less formal atmosphere at the Student Center Auditorium—four classic horror films Monday and Tuesday. These flicks are part of SGAC's Horror Film Festival which is immediately followed by the First Annual Memorial Commemorative John Wilkes Booth Film Festival Nov. 1.

## Monday, Oct. 30

Student Government Activities Council: Films, "Spirits of the Dead," 4 & 9 p.m., "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," 7 p.m., Student Center Auditorium.

## Tuesday, Oct. 31

Student Government Activities Council: Films, "Dracula," 4 & 9 p.m., "The Cat People," 7 p.m., Student Center Auditorium. Junior Community College Articulation: Conference, Student Center Ballroom B, 7:30 p.m. Student Center Programming Committee: Halloween Dance, Student Center Roman Room, 7-11 p.m.

## Wednesday, Nov. 1

Department of Transportation: Negotiators' Conference, Student Center River Rooms, 9 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Consumer Conference: Meeting, Student Center Ballrooms A & B, 9:30 a.m. Lunch & Learn: Luncheon and lecture, Student Center Kaskaskia & Missouri Rooms, noon. School of Music: Graduate Recital, Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m.

## Thursday, Nov. 2

Black Careers Day: Meeting, Student Center Mississippi & Illinois Rooms, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Illinois Association for Maternal & Child Health: Meeting, Student Center Auditorium, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Alpha Kappa Psi & S.A.M.: Careers '72 exhibits, Student Center Ballroom D, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Black Careers Day: Luncheon, Student Center Kaskaskia & Missouri Rooms, noon. Student Government Activities Council: Film, "Milhouse," Student Center Ballroom C, noon. Admission 75 cents. Convocation: Jose Greco & Nana Lorca, Spanish Dancers, SIU Arena, 1 p.m. Coffee hour at 2 p.m. in Ohio Room of Student Center. Student Government Activities Council: Film, "The Best Man," 7 p.m. and "All the King's Men," 9 p.m., Student Center Auditorium. School of Music: Stage Band Concert, Shryock Auditorium, 8 p.m. Christian Scientists: Lecture, Student Center Ballroom A, 8 p.m.

## Friday, Nov. 3

Careers '72: Exhibits, Student Center Ballroom D, 8 a.m.-3 p.m. Graduate Council: Meeting, Student Center Mississippi Room, 8 a.m.-1 p.m. Illinois Nutrition Council: Meeting, Student Center Ballroom A, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Student Government Activities Council: Film, "Milhouse," Student Center Auditorium, noon. Admission 75 cents. Campus Crusade for Christ: Meeting, Student Center Mississippi Room, 8 p.m.-11 p.m. National Foundation March of Dimes: Registration, 4:30 p.m., Dinner, 6:30 p.m. Student Center Ballrooms A & B. Student Government Activities Council: Films, "Manchurian Candidate," 7 p.m. and "Wild in the Streets," 9 p.m. and "Milhouse," 11 p.m. Student Center Auditorium. Southern Players: "The Duchess of Malfi," University Theater, 8 p.m.

## Saturday, Nov. 4

National Foundation March of Dimes: Registration, luncheon & meeting, Student Center Ballrooms A & B, 8:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Illinois Education Association: Luncheon, Student Center Ballroom D, noon. Student Government Activities Council: Films, "Wild in the Streets," 7 p.m., "Manchurian Candidate," 9 p.m. and "Milhouse," 11 p.m. Student Center Auditorium. Southern Players: "Duchess of Malfi," University Theater, 8 p.m.

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## Free Lecture

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A Christian Science Lecture

by

Geith A. Plimmer C.S.

of London England

Thursday, November 2 at 8:00 p.m.

Ball Room A of the Student Center

Question and answer period following lecture

Sponsored by the Christian Science Organization of SIU

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# The Daily Egyptian Classifieds

## CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Deadline: Deadline for placing classified ads is 2 pm two days in advance of publication, except that deadline for Tuesday ads is Friday 2 pm.  
 Payment: Classified advertising must be paid in advance except for accounts already established. The order form which appears in each issue may be mailed or brought to the office, located in the north wing, Communications building. No refunds on cancelled ads.

Rate: Minimum charge is for two lines. Multiple insertion rates are for ads which run on consecutive days without charge change.  
 Use this handy chart to figure cost:

No. of lines	1 day	2 days	3 days	4 days	5 days
1	80	150	240	320	400
2	120	225	360	480	600
3	160	300	480	640	800
4	200	375	600	800	1000
5	240	450	720	960	1200
6	280	525	840	1120	1400
7	320	600	960	1280	1600

One line equals approximately five words. For accuracy, use the order form which appears every day.

## FOR SALE

## AUTOMOTIVE

Auto insurance and motorcycle insurance, save \$, good students save 25 per cent. Upchurch Insurance Agency, 457-6131. BA1418

'71 Honda CL 350, excel. cond., best offer, call 549-6286 Don. 995A

'70 VW conv. or trade for van or camper, \$1200. Mike, 549-7981. 10A14

Auto & motorcycle insurance special rates, Franklin Insurance Agency, 457-2179. BA1472

'64 Ford Econoline, new engine, paneled, carpet, call 549-6171. 12A9A

1967 Corvair, auto trans., good cond., must sell, \$325, call 549-8201 aft. 5. 1250A

Honda 1970, CL350, excel. cond., \$500 or best offer, 457-7308. 1251A

'60 VW bus, good cond., and 1971 Suzuki 500, low miles, excel. cond., 457-7246. 1097A

1968 Fiat, 805 Spyder Abarth, 2 xtr wheels & seats, \$875, 549-2979, after 6 p.m., all day Sat. & Sun. 1096A

1968 Mustang, con. 302, spd., ps, many xtras, Hickory Leaf Tr. Pk. No.15. 1252A

'60 Ford pickup truck, works, \$250, '62 N. Poplar, ask for Greg. 1234A

'70 Opel, good condition, new tires, \$1000 firm, 833-7748. 1246A

'65 Chrysler, ps., pb., ac., good tires, excellent condition, \$650 or offer 549-5949 after 5, keep trying. 1182A

'64 Harley Davidson 174, good cond., best offer, call 833-5714. 1183A

'67 Sunbeam, cheap, must sell, 549-8742. 1247A

'64 Chev, 4dr., small V8, auto trans., real clean and dependable, 549-4730. 1248A

Motorcycle, Yamaha, 1972, 360 Enduro with expansion chamber, ph. 684-6619. 1204A

Vega, 1972, Hi-back, air, stereo, FM-AM, tapes & more, call Jim, aft. 5, 457-7091. 1205A

Free 1971 CB450, perfect, 3500 mi, with best offer over \$750 for helmet, 549-0282 before 2 pm. 1230A

1968 Honda 175, good cond., scombler, 401 W. Sycamore, 549-8290, \$300 or best offer. 1231A

Selling, 4 wheel drive Ford Bronco, new paint, excellent condition, call 549-2426 after 5:00 p.m. 1232A

'68 Triumph Daytona 500, perfect condition, \$525, firm, 549-4461. 1233A

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## MOBILE HOMES

1971 12x60 2 bedroom, air, carpeted, walnut decor, 549-3148 after 5 p.m. 1253A

10x55 mob. hm., located at C'dale Mo. Hm. Park, call 457-2178, ask for Mr. Hamlin. 1256A

10x55 Star, good cond., new gas furn., asking \$2100, No.74 Pl., Val., 549-4356. 1255A

Mobile home insurance, reasonable rates, Upchurch Insurance Agency, 457-6131. BA1420

## MOBILE HOMES

Mobile home, 10x55, furnished, 2 ac., new furnace, contact Jim, at 205 W. Cherry. 918A

8x32 Ritzcraft, 2 bdrm., ac., 8' add on, must see to app., 549-7467. 942A

8x40 Tr., 2 bdrms., ac, fully carpeted, exc. cond., immed. occup., call 549-8474. 1052A

Mobile home insurance, reasonable rates, Franklin Insurance Agency, 457-2179. BA1473

8x45 Champion, 2 bdrm., excell. cond., must sell, \$1200, nice lot, close to campus, see at Roxanne Tr. Ct. No. 70. 1184A

For sale, '69 Argus New Moon Mobile home, 12x60, make offer, Harold Fletcher, 2454 Jeffery, Sauk Village, Ill., 312-758-4757. 1185A

1965 Mobile home, 12x52, air, excellent condition, 549-2455, after 5. 1186A

12x50, 2bd., trailer, furn., with 100x50 lot, new septic, good deal, must sell, call evenings, 9-10 pm, 549-3710. 1187A

10x50 Mariette, ac, nice furn., new opt., must sell, \$2300, 549-2670. 1188A

10x50 Champion, furnished, 2 bdrm., ac., shed, good cond., must sell, 549-5580. 1206A

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Some of Grand Tower's houses have known better days.

By John Stebbins  
Journalism Graduate

Ever since Mark Twain wrote Huck Finn, the Mississippi has held a fascination for many. But few have had the chance to live near it or come to know it.

Southwest of Carbondale rests the small town of Grand Tower. Nestled on a bank along the Mississippi, it is a town which just might have been visited by Huck and his cohorts.

The 650 people who call Grand Tower their home have a pride and love for the town and the river that radiates to everyone who visits there.

The streets are narrow and the trees are tall. The homes are modest but well kept. And the people have to be the friendliest around.

One of these friendly people is L.P. Wilson, who has lived in Grand Tower all his life. He also helps operate one of the town's main attractions—the Tower Rock Ferry.

Everyday, the relatively new ferry, christened 'Miss June', can be seen chugging back and forth over the width of the old river. Its cargo can vary from babies to lumber. And everyday there is Wilson, who assists as deckhand on the 'Miss June'.

"Most people use the ferry to carry their cars across to Missouri. But we also rent out to companies who have different cargos," said Wilson, whose face, a deep brown from the sun, didn't betray his 73 years.

That day, some of the cargo happened to be two young boys who wanted to get their mini-bikes across. There was some disagreement on the price.

"Well," said Wilson soberly, "I'm gonna have to charge you fellas seperately. It's gonna cost ya."

This caused some consternation to the two mini-bike riders.

"Aw come on Mr. Wilson," pleaded one of the boys, "just add the two bikes together and let us cross for the price of one."

Faking reluctance, Wilson finally gave in to the boys request. "We do this everytime they want to cross. It's a funnin' game between us," explained Wilson with a twinkle in his eye.

The water churned around the slow but relentless ferry as it traversed the same distance that it has for more than six years.

To some, the ferry is a way of making a living, to others a means of crossing the Mississippi, and to a few a vacation of sorts.

When the ferry docked on the Grand Tower side of the river, it picked up a very unusual group of passengers. A large old truck rolled up on the dock, loaded with 25 people of all ages.

"How much to take us across and back," asked the driver suspiciously?

"Same as always," replied Wilson, "two bucks."

The children in the truck squealed with delight as the ferry departed for the other side.

Chewing on some tobacco, Wilson explained: "These people come here every once and awhile. They ride the ferry as a kind of vacation. They're poor folks and can't afford big trips."

The children loved the ride and the parents shared their joy.

Wilson has spent most of his life on the Mississippi. Working on a steamboat in his early years, he later worked at a power station located north of Grand Tower.

"At the power station they made me retire at 65. So I came back to the river. I'm happy. I feel at home."

Grand Tower and its people have had a long relationship with the river. It was the river that gave birth to the town, which was a stopping point for the many barges and steamboats that ran from New Orleans to St. Paul.

On a cliff near the ferry landing are the ruins of a tavern and gambling house. There thirsty river men with money to spend would stop for awhile before going back to the lonely river.

The river also gave the town its name. An island called Tower Rock has been a danger and a landmark to all rivermen who have travelled the Mississippi.

The river can also be violent. A high levee which protects the town attests to that.

The levee also provides a convenient place to take a walk on a warm spring day.

Some days, you can see a solitary figure on the levee, walking with the aid of a broken tree branch.

With only a "hello" and a wave of the hand, you can persuade a resident of Grand Tower known as "Shorty" to tell you about his good old days.

"I used to run a dance hall known as Teen Town," reminisced Shorty, whose slight physical stature gave explanation for his name. "Kids from all over would come on Friday and Saturday night and would have a good time there."

Pointing to a storefront, Shorty said, "It was over there. I even had college kids come down. They would always say 'How ya doin' and would always help out if things got too rowdy. I liked the young people."

Then a smile crossed his wrinkled face. "It was pretty funny, them college boys trying to pick up the girls from the small towns. Yea, it sure was funny. Used to make some of the local boys pretty jealous."

"But I had to sell it," he said in a broken voice. "I just wasn't making enough money and was gettin' pretty old. Yea, I sure wish I didn't have to sell it."

He continued on his journey. He walked so slow, that you knew it would take him all day to get back home. But you also knew that he had company with him—memories of the people that used to go to his Teen Town.

In addition to the once popular teenage dance hall, Grand Tower has other activities that draw people from the surrounding area.

One of them is a stretch of back and park facilities that run along the banks of the Mississippi. On any weekend, the smell of hamburgers and hotdogs fills the air. And many people enjoy the natural beauty of the river country.

But probably the most famous attraction in Grand Tower is Ma Hale's restaurant. Once a small place that used to cater to the appetites of the river men, it now fills the stomachs of the hungry people of Southern Illinois.

Like the town, Hale's restaurant came about because of the river and the hungry men who worked on it.

Today, cars line the street in front of the restaurant. People from every walk of life—from professor to student, farmer to businessman, black to white, all are reduced to a common denominator—the need to satisfy their hunger.

Sometimes the wait to get inside is long. And true, the elbow room is not spacious. But the friendly atmosphere and all you can eat is a menu that is hard to resist.

Ask anyone who has been there. Ask anyone who knew Ma Hale. All agree she was a warm, gentle and friendly person. But that is not unusual, most people who live in Grand Tower possess the same traits.

Ma Hale passed away a months ago, but her restaurant and her town still carry her memory and her message.

Many hard-nosed urbanites may wonder why people stay in Grand Tower. It has no industry to speak of. Some people work in the nearby electrical power station. Others have to commute to different towns. One person who decided to stay is Mike Burke, a recent graduate of SIU.

"When I graduated from Southern," related the sandy-haired Burke, "I wanted to move to a big city. So I lived in Washington, D.C. for awhile. But I didn't like it."

Readjusting his position in a swing that hung from a large tree, he continued, "I just couldn't stand the noise, pollution and most of all the people who couldn't care less if you lived or died."

"So I returned to Grand Tower. Sure the ideas and ways of some of the people may seem a bit backward, but they're entitled to their opinion and way of life."

Brushing away a fly, Burke continued, "I just like the idea that I

# Grand Tower: Huck Finn would have felt at home



One of Grand Tower's main attractions—besides Ma Hales's famous restaurant—is the ferry, an important Missouri-Illinois transportation link across the Mississippi.

can go out and talk to people who now who I am and care about me. They're simple people, but they are very warm and human."

Warm and human is an accurate description of this town on the Mississippi. It's as human as the boys you find fishing along the banks of the river, just as Huck and Tom might have done.

"I ain't caught anythin' yet, but I'm gonna," said a small boy whose hair hid his eyes but not his ample amount of freckles.

"I caught three biguns' the other day, but my ma wouldn't let me

keep um," replied the other boy who was half the size of his friend.

It is also as human as the highschool baseball team which practices everyday in the field. They may not win very often, but Babe Ruth must have had as humble a beginning, and probably as much fun.

And the town is as warm as a mother playing and caring for her young son in the back-yard.

"I couldn't see raising my children any place else," said one woman.

"With all this talk about ecology, why here's all the ecology a body

could want, it's all around us," she emphasized by pointing to the trees and hills that surround the town. But sometimes tragedy does take place, even in a town with a surplus of love and friendship.

On a road leading to Grand Tower can be seen a small wooden shack. It is now deserted. The grass and weeds have claimed the yard. The few windows are cracked and broken. And a man's work is lying in a rubbish heap.

A couple of years ago, an old man and his wife lived in this shack. The man was poor, but he was an artist.

He created wind machines. Out of old tin cans, glass, pipes and paint, he constructed windmills. They were of all shapes and sizes. They were works of art.

One oldtimer, who nursed a bottle of Seagrams as he talked, recalled how it was a few years ago: "You could hear the clatter and the rattle of those things for a mile on a windy day. It sure was a sight. There must have been a thousand of them."

Taking another slug of the green liquid, he continued, "I don't really know what happened, but I heard that his children had him and his

wife put in a state home in Murphysboro.

"It wasn't much of a place, but I'm sure they hated to leave. Now all his windmills are gone. Guess some kids tore them up. It sure was a pretty sight to see."

Now, all that is left is a deserted shack, a rusted water pump, and a broken sign in the yard proclaiming that "JESUS SAVES—He that believeth is not condemned."

The Mississippi moves on to keep its appointment with the Gulf of Mexico. In its journey, it caresses a town that has withstood the onslaught and insanity of urbanized living. Grand Tower may not be a heaven on earth. But to those who live there and to those who happen to be passing through, it is the closest thing they have seen in a long time. And when the moon is full and shining upon the water, if you look long enough, you just might see a raft with two boys floating lazily along. And if you listen closely, you just might hear one of them say, "Hey Huck, what's that town we're passing?"



# Job always varied and individualistic

By Barbara Cushing  
Student Writer

Life in a dormitory can often seem chaotic, busy or even lonely. Yet among the many students that comprise a dorm floor there is one person everyone knows—the resident fellow (RF).

The students that have the position as RF are as varied and individualistic as the residents on their floor. They hold a common interest, however, in the welfare of the students.

"Concerned" is the key word for Penny Severns, eighth floor RF at Mae Smith. She feels that knowing the names of each of her residents is very important. Miss Severns has tried to create a family-type atmosphere on her floor by providing any kind of help.

Herman Wade is willing to "inform and help" the residents of the 17th floor of Schneider. Wade tries to keep up with the problems of the students by helping them adjust to dorm life or just general maintenance of the floor. Although he makes rounds of his floor, he doesn't feel the necessity to patrol it.

Anne Butsch, third floor RF in Smith sees her job as knowing everybody "as people, not as children you're guarding." She plans to maintain harmony in her everyday job of discipline and general maintenance up keep. Miss Butsch finds working with her residents different with each person.

Jerry Bromiel does his job best by being a friend to his residents. To "be myself" is the best way the first floor RF of Smith communicates with the students. Bromiel finds honesty and respect a two-way



relationship. Although counseling is part of the job, he is able to find insights into himself when dealing with a student.

Being an RF is more than just a job. It is a learning process for both

resident and RF. Although the RF's don't plan to take on a role as dictator, discipline is enforced. And an RF is a friend, whether to help out with a problem, give change for a dollar or to just be there.

Penny Severns (left), a Mae Smith RF, talks with Vivian Brunell, a resident in the dorm. Ms. Severns makes it a point to remember every woman's name on her floor.

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. . . or do they?

# How to live nice and easy

By Jan Tranchita  
Daily Egyptian Staff Writer

A bookshelf stretched halfway across his room. A fish tank bubbled away in the corner, while a modified version of "The Thinker," an ape contemplating a skull, made his home in the other corner.

Green rugs, green drapes, a green sofa-bed and green walls.

He had an illegal phone extension by his bed.

It was a pretty plush place for a resident fellow to live.

He lit a cigarette and sat down on the coffee table.

"You know, if the administrators knew how many times we have gone against the rules, some of us would be out of jobs," he confided.

He got up and combed his black Hawaiian hair. He seemed very easy-going and an old hand at this RF business.

He has been an RF for almost three years. "First I had to learn all their names and learn to say hi when I saw them," he said. "If you can't talk to them, this is your major problem," he lectured.

He sat back down on the table top. Mike had closed his eyes to some illegal visitation, a few beers in a few rooms and even some grass.

"I respect these guys," he said. "If they don't screw me, I respect them," he nodded emphatically.

Sitting Indian-style, he rocked back and forth between puffs on another cigarette while the fish tank gurgled behind him.

"I guess I don't really have any problems," he shrugged. "But I can't imagine how some guys are such ----- housecleaners."

Out of the blue, he mentioned Rocko. Rocko has been living in his room all year, free. "The University would be very mad if they found out," Mike said nonchalantly.

Rock owned the fish tank and some smelly chicken in the mini-cool that Mike finally got him to throw out.

"I like to touch people's lives," he said almost reverently. "I guess that's why I can adjust to almost anything if I have to. And I kinda got used to Rocko."

Mike was not a policeman or a babysitter. He was a friend and a helper. Rules are rules, he said. Although he admitted what he didn't see didn't hurt.

He sauntered over to the mini-cool and pulled out a beer. He laughed and his eyes crinkled up. "There are things these guys don't know about their RF," he chuckled.

It was a mistake to get too close to any of them, he whispered almost to himself. "I try not to drink in their rooms for their own safety, but occasionally I give in," he winked. He's also pretty handy at running the freight elevator to sneak a keg up for a bachelor party or dragging in suitcases filled with six packs.

"I've seen some changes and I've changed," he said as if twisting around to hide his feelings. He has lost a few guys who couldn't take college and felt he could have done more, talked more, helped more, anything to keep them here.

"But that's life and you can't dwell on these things," he said, shrugging off the gloomy thoughts and downing his beer.

On duty nights he covers three floors besides his own and sometimes runs into difficulties. "Every floor differs with a different RF," he frowned. We differ with opinions as to what was done on whose floor," he grumbled.

But these things can't get him down. He leaves problems behind to play cards, manage softball and track teams or talk to his guys.

Afterall, that's what RF's are all about.

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