

# advocate



sangamon county's news magazine/volume 1, number 3

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"If you don't rehearse over and over, you're going to be surprised in space.  
And the surprised man, out there, is the dead one. We get ready then, by  
trying to surprise ourselves."

- Ray Bradbury, science fiction author

Are you really in touch with the reality and unreality of life in Springfield,  
1975? To test your mental fitness consider a whole issue of **EVERYTHING**  
**YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SPRINGFIELD\***

*todd domke*

Todd Domke, editor

IS MAYOR TELFORD GOING TO RESIGN? will churches be accepting credit  
card contributions? does commissioner henneberry use a submarine in lake  
springfield? is coffee as addicting as cocaine? why don't they add another  
level to the city parking ramp?

WHAT WOULD SOLZHENITSYN THINK OF FINDLEY'S CHINA TRIP?  
why are so many state p.r. people losing their jobs? what was the question  
sigmund freud could never answer? isn't the neighborhood development program  
the biggest boondoggle to come down the springfield pike?

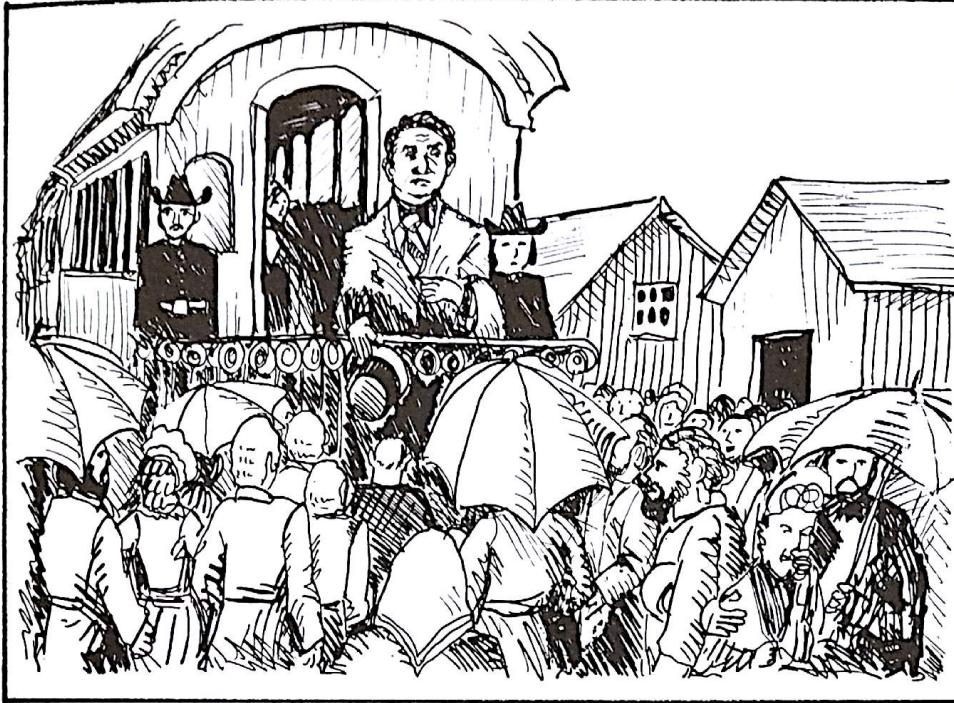
WHAT ABOUT THAT HIDEOUS CYCLONE FENCE AROUND THE FRANK  
LLOYD WRIGHT HOUSE? has the county jail really been transformed? didn't  
some professor link encephalitis with Hitler's criminal tendencies? do we really  
need to spend another million for a new court building? are there bats around  
springfield? is it true you can buy a city liquor license from someone else?

WHERE DID ROBERT "PUD" WILLIAMS GET THE NAME "PUD" AND HOW  
IS IT PRONOUNCED? what is the "league of legislative research" that  
rocky schoenrock mentioned in your last issue? what do local cops think about  
gun control? are there any local scientologists?

WAS THAT OUR EUNICE PARTLOW THAT MCLEAN STEVENSON  
MENTIONED ON THE JOHNNY CARSON SHOW? is there any local instruction  
in gliding? doesn't the incidence of runaway wives seem to be growing? what  
is "council cloning?" is there a local mafia, and if so how is it doing?

\*but were afraid to ask.

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## IS THERE ANY CREDENCE TO THE RUMOR THAT MAYOR TELFORD IS GOING TO RESIGN FROM OFFICE AND TAKE OFF TO FLORIDA ?

"That's a lot of bologna. If I do it'll be because of bad health. I'm not in bad health. Sometimes government moves so slow you feel like throwing in the sponge; then the next morning you wake up feeling full of vim and vigor... Anyone who thinks I'm moving to Florida is crazy." So states Mayor Telford.

Some city hall observers interpreted Matt Hitzemann's leaving as assistant to the Mayor as a sign that Hitzemann was jumping ship before the skipper dropped anchor right through the bottom of the boat.

But the Mayor explained that Matt's reasoning was that if he waited till the end of the four-year term it would be just that much harder to find a good job at the age of 44.

Then there are the usual rumors of the Telford house being for sale ("not unless my wife did it without telling me"), and furniture shipped off to his Florida condominium ("I have a condominium but we haven't sent any additional furniture").

Telford says he doesn't care for the weather here when it gets cold, and joked about the possibility of participating in council meetings via telescreen.

City policemen, never ardent admirers of the Mayor, predicted all during his campaign that he would resign after his re-election. Such talk was usually dismissed as wishful thinking on their part, but lately other observers have detected a change in attitude in the Mayor: "He doesn't seem to care about the people who helped him (in the campaign), or the people who were against him for that matter...." Another observer notes "an apathy about matters before the council." If such things are true they quite possibly are just signs of a public official no longer having to worry about the next election, but such things are weighed seriously by veteran council watchers.

After all, it wasn't that long ago that former Chief of Police Bill Hall was on WCVS saying that rumors of him resigning were completely untrue: "I wouldn't even consider resigning... Absolutely nothing to it...no basis for it..." Two weeks later, he retired.

That doesn't mean that every time someone says they would not resign except for reasons of health that suddenly they are going to take ill. But it does teach reporters to stay on the alert.

For example someone came up behind Chuck Westphal at a tavern, said "Hello, Mr. Mayor," in jest, and Westphal reportedly turned quite pale. Does that mean anything other than Westphal does not like being addressed by his employer's title? Who knows. Someone else speculated that the reason Art Lehne was chosen to take

Hitzemann's place as assistant to the Mayor was because Art is acceptable to every faction of the Republican organization, and should he become caretaker in the transfer of power from one Mayor to the next, he wouldn't alienate anyone: not Republican Dunham, Republican Ward, Republican Madonia, or Republican Telford. All of whom could conceivably have some say in choosing the successor.

When William Cellini left the post of Commissioner of Streets, he recommended Frank Madonia, then city engineer, as his replacement. That was duly ratified by the rest of the city council. Would an appointment be possible this time around? Ward and Henneberry say they would vote to hold a special election. But if that was defeated by Telford (who could vote for such a resolution), Madonia and Dunham, all of whom voted against a special election to fill Hunter's vacancy, would then Ward decide to vote with Dunham and Madonia on a replacement? Again, who knows? Who cares, since the Mayor is in fine health...

## WHY DID BURNELL HEINECKE LEAVE THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES ?

Heinecke, after 23 years with the Sun-Times, decided that "philosophies have parted" in what he and his editors considered "news."

Ever since the downstate price of the Sun-Times jumped to 25 cents Heinecke says he noticed a change in attitude in the Sun-Times Chicago offices: "They wanted lots of Daley vs. Walker conflicts, and it seemed like there were bonuses for editors who could inject Walker-Daley conflicts even where they didn't exist... We were concerned with the integrity of our reports; we constantly saw conversions of our stories into creatures we did not recognize... The vision of the Sun-Times 4th floor didn't seem to extend past the 5th floor of City Hall (Daley's office); they lost sight of the truly statewide issues..."

"I could not work in that type of climate. We were in a running battle since November of '73 on whether or not we were calling the shots as we saw them or writing news as they wanted to see it. I lost my battle."

Heinecke is the third bureau chief leaving the Capitol scene within the span of a month. John Camper with the Daily News, and Tom Amberg with the Globe Democrat moved on to other positions.

"If it's worth Framing  
it's worth a Prairie House Frame."

**prairie house**

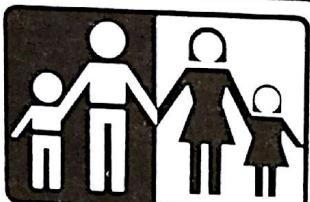
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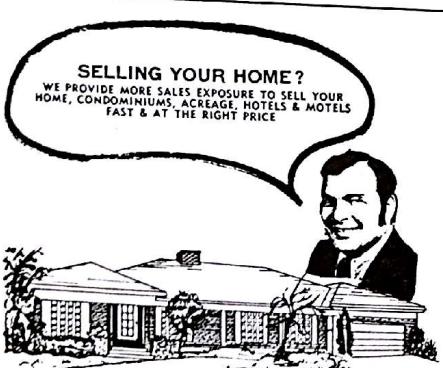
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I'M NEW TO OFFICE WORK, SO FOR ALL I KNOW IT MIGHT BE LIKE THIS IN EVERY OFFICE, BUT EVERY MORNING THE PEOPLE IN MY OFFICE GO THROUGH THIS RITUAL INVOLVING THE COFFEE POT, WITH THE PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COFFEE-MAKER ACTING LIKE SOME MINISTER AT THE ALTAR OF A NEW RELIGION; I DON'T EVEN DRINK THE STUFF, BUT WHAT GIVES?

Maybe these excerpts from "The Anxious Addict" in NEW TIMES will give you some insight:

"Early in 1969, James Henry, a physiologist at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, gave his mice coffee to drink instead of water. Plain black coffee. At first nothing happened... The mice were repulsed by the strange liquid that filled the metallic spouts of their water bottles. Dr. Henry persevered, and the mice, he recalls, finally drank the stuff. He gave them no other choice.

"What happened next laid the groundwork for one of the most intriguing -- and controversial -- observations to come out of a physiology lab since Ivan Pavlov's dogs began salivating at the sound of a bell. The mice started fighting with each other and then they would stop and then, at the drop of a tail, start in again. "Not only were they aroused to fight with much greater frequency than their non-caffeinated brethren," Dr. Henry said, "their blood pressure went up from a normal of 120 to as high as 160." Since all mammals, including man, have about the same blood pressure, these mice were definitely suffering from hypertension...

"...Caffeine, beyond any doubt, is as addictive as nicotine and cocaine, according to Avram Goldstein, a professor of pharmacology at Stanford University School of Medicine. What's more, the psychic craving for caffeine, Dr. Goldstein said, can become intense to the point that "behavioral changes such as irritability and restlessness are seen when a prolonged intake of caffeine is suddenly stopped."

"... 'The morning cup,' J. Murdoch Ritchie, chairman of Yale's pharmacology department wrote several years ago, "is so much a part of the American dietary habit that one seldom looks upon its consumption as a drug habit.... The feeling of well-being and the increased performance it affords, although possibly obtained at the expense of decreased efficiency later in the day, are experiences that few individuals would care to give up."



HAS THE COUNTY JAIL REALLY BEEN TRANSFORMED FROM THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN INMATES WOULD HAVE PICNICS ON THE FLOOR, AND DRINK WHISKEY WITH THE SHERIFF?

Sure has. Under jail warden Jerry Donovan the lax policies which allowed strangers to enter the jail without being frisked, jail calls to go for months without being searched for contraband, and hard-core prisoners to run the whole show, have been effectively ended. Inmates returning for another stay are genuinely shocked to discover that the jail is actually being run by the jailers, and that mattress-burnings, cocaine-snorting, prisoner beatings, and similar fun and games, are not the common occurrences they once were. Hard as it is to comprehend, inmates of yesteryear saw the only distinction between crime in the streets and crime in the jail, as the minor inconvenience of friends having to push a button in the county building elevator.

AN INORDINATE NUMBER OF STATE P.R. PEOPLE SEEM TO BE LOSING THEIR JOBS; HOW COME?

Each case seems to involve a different reason. For example, a woman over at Mental Health reportedly lost her position when higher-ups discovered her singular form in a glossy magazine article on nudist camps. She had never advertised the fact that she was a devoted nudist, and having fallen victim to her employer's less-than-enlightened mental health, decided to leave state government for the now richer state of North Carolina.

Gary Mack was fired from the Illinois Information Service after being so moved by a Governor's aide telling a black audience how the Governor favored open housing that he made the stupid mistake of actually doing a press release on how the Governor favored open housing. Can you imagine?

october 9, 1975

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE BANKER OF YESTERYEAR? THE PORTLY GENTLEMAN WITH A STIFF WHITE COLLAR, A BOWLER HAT AND THE CHAIN OF HIS GOLD POCKET-WATCH DRAPED ACROSS HIS IMPRESSIVE AND VESTED "CORPORATION?"

Well, as recently as the 1940's, he was still a familiar figure on the streets of America. He usually walked to work every morning, accepting the nods and hello's of the common folk, pausing for a word or two with a favored few, before continuing upon his stately way.

People nodded to one another in approbation of his well-measured habits: he always took the same path and he was punctual. Storekeepers set their clocks by his regular morning passage. Obviously, he was a man to be trusted with their money. Sometimes...

"He's a hard man with a dollar" and he'd "lend you an umbrella and then take it back on a rainy day" they told each other. They also savored the stories of bankers who turned out to be embezzlers or worse, "womanizers."

But where is he now, you ask.

Think of Illinois National Bank and what comes to mind? Barnaby, the I.N. Bee, imaginative and just chock-full of plans for saving your money. If you just let him have it.

Captain Marine, the stout, nautical, jovial character who represents the Marine Bank; a brisk and comfortable Santa Claus who loves us all. A real good guy.

You might recall First National's catchy tune of last year about how "it's that bank again!" Or perhaps you might remember how the new Sangamon Bank used the Campbell's soup emblem for their grand opening.

That banker of the past is with us still. He's embodied (or reincarnated) as a bee, as Captain Marine, as an advertising jingle on the radio, but he's still walking that narrow line, the perfect confidence man actually begging for money while pretending to bestow great riches upon the "mark." (Now if you give him your money you are helping the economy!)

It's true things have changed. In the past for example banks had a tomb-like atmosphere. From the outside they resembled government structures, like the post office and the county edifice in the "middle of the square." Most were a mixture of Greek and Roman architecture with a little extra gingerbread thrown in.

Inside, terribly proper and bloodless people stood behind forbidding grill-work. The guard seemed old and grim. His gun was very evident. The floor very slippery. The woodwork very dark. Marble columns soared for no discernible reason. And the people spoke in muted tones or whispered.

It was rumored that THE banker's office was comfortable: over-stuffed chairs, paintings and windows! Cigars. Maybe a little brandy. But only a few knew those sacred precincts and they just dropped a few hints, didn't really talk about it too much: they'd had a religious experience. Some said they "sure sweat a lot" when they'd been "in there."

Now banks look different. Light and airy and color all over the place. The buildings go higher and higher and spread out every year. Drive-in deposits are the thing and "quick-service" inside the bank as well. Decorative "plantings" are made outside (if a bench is included it's called a park) and plants are hung and potted inside. The grills are gone. Tellers smile and say "thank you." The guard opens the door with a cheerful "how are you?" Comfortable-looking chairs and divans furnish the lobby. Paintings "grace" the walls. Desks and counters have clean lines pleasing to the eye. The floors are carpeted. The climate is pleasant: cool in summer, warm in winter.

Just like a present-day department store. Which fits. Banks of today have dropped the architecture of the past but they continue to be temples in the mode of the present.

A local INB official sees the "change" as dating from the '50's when marketing research and advertising entered the banking scene.

"In the last ten or fifteen years," he says, "there's a whole new climate in banking. I tie it in with 'marketing,' which to me means you try to find out the needs of the consumers. Then you design a product to

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meet those needs. If you do all that work and research which may require extensive computer programs, and then don't tell the world about it through mass advertising, all that work would just be stupid... I'm told that in 1944, banks hardly spent a penny on advertising. But now we take pride in being innovative."

He elaborated some more, noting that the "national rule" for bank advertising is an annual budget of \$1,000 spent for every million in realized profit. Speaking of his own bank, he added "I think Barnaby (the bee) has been fixated in a lot of young minds and now when young couples are thinking about banking some of them think of Barnaby. Barnaby's 12 years old now."

So aside from changes in architecture and in the demeanor of officials, banks in America have gone openly commercial and competitive. Among the wares now offered are special savings accounts, special checking accounts, the awarding of household hardware for initial deposits, plus various hedges (at a price) so the "consumer" may avoid the embarrassment of a bouncing check. Marketing and advertising experts abound; so "spend a thousand, make a million" evidently makes sense.



WHERE DID ROBERT "PUD" WILLIAMS, (WALKER'S DIRECTOR OF AGRICULTURE) GET THE NAME "PUD" AND HOW IS IT PRONOUNCED?

Mr. Williams acquired the name "Pud" during his childhood because of the shape of his head. It is short for "Puddin' head" and pronounced in deep southern Illinois like P-u-u-ud (the "u" pronounced like the "o" in wood). Evidently Mr. Williams thought the appellation of Robert "Puddin' Head" Williams lacked the dignity of just plain "Pud" and since very few Department of Agriculture employees insist on calling him "Puddin' head" the abbreviation seems to have become permanent.



DO WE REALLY NEED TO SPEND ANOTHER MILLION DOLLARS OF STATE MONEY FOR A NEW COURT BUILDING ; ARE THE LOCAL COURTS REALLY USED TO CAPACITY ?

We were skeptical too, so we took a month-long survey of what courtrooms were actually in use between August 18 and September 18. We found that, other than a few days during a judge's convention, each courtroom, A through G, was almost always in use both morning and afternoon.

People are often jammed in the halls in the afternoon because there's not enough space, and frequently in courtroom B and C when witnesses are secluded bailiffs have to ask adjacent county offices to room the witnesses while they wait to testify.

The judges have ruled correctly on this one: they do need more space. Whether an entire new building is required will best be answered, we trust, by the Capital Development Board.

WHAT IS THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION DOING THESE DAYS ?

The local W.C.T.U. is preparing for their state convention. While their attitude toward liquor has certainly not softened they've evolved into mostly a social organization, and a pretty skeletal one at that.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TED KNIGHT, THE NEWSMAN ON THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW, AND REPORTER JOHN SCATTERGOOD OF W.M.A.Y. ?

Ted Knight is an actor.

HOW COULD THE THOMAS PUBLISHING COMPANY BE SO CALLOUS AS TO PUT THAT HIDEOUS CYCLONE FENCE AROUND THE FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT HOUSE ?

Unfortunately, those who recently toured the house during the Art Association's Annual House Tour, discovered that the people on tour were mostly so grateful just to be let inside that once inside they were blind to the fact that a great legacy had been needlessly denigrated. The guides were happy to point out the alterations: a kitchen table made from wood removed from the bowling alley floor, ugly brown metal desks clustered together, and so on. Any of the changes taken alone might not warrant them being called grotesque, but as violations of the total beauty, as violations of Wright's concept of each detail reflecting the whole, it was sad... At least before, as one drove by the house, one could find great contentment in imagining what beauty must lie inside, intact and unmarred... And certainly, though it is marred, the beauty is still undeniably there, more compelling than one had ever imagined, or could imagine.

But if the new INB building could be faithful to the idea that each part must reflect the whole -- even when that meant having to buy \$65 ashtrays from Tiffany's -- why shouldn't we expect a publishing company to live up to that same Wright ideal? Certainly one can understand that a house originally designed for partying rather than publishing might suffer certain alteration; but surely those alterations might come closer to reflecting the intent of Mr. Wright's overall work. Have we sacrificed the privilege of feeling wronged when someone decides to use the Mona Lisa to advertise Maidenform bras? Even with the fence separating us as it does, doesn't the legacy of Wright belong to all of us?

IF THE CITY HAS SUCH A PARKING PROBLEM, WHY DON'T THEY ADD ANOTHER LEVEL TO THE RAMP AT SEVENTH AND MONROE ?

When that ramp was originally built a mistake was reportedly made in its calculations, and it was in some danger of actually collapsing, so they shored it up some way, (the builders were something like 100 days past contract and that was apparently why). But its doubtful if it could safely take another level.

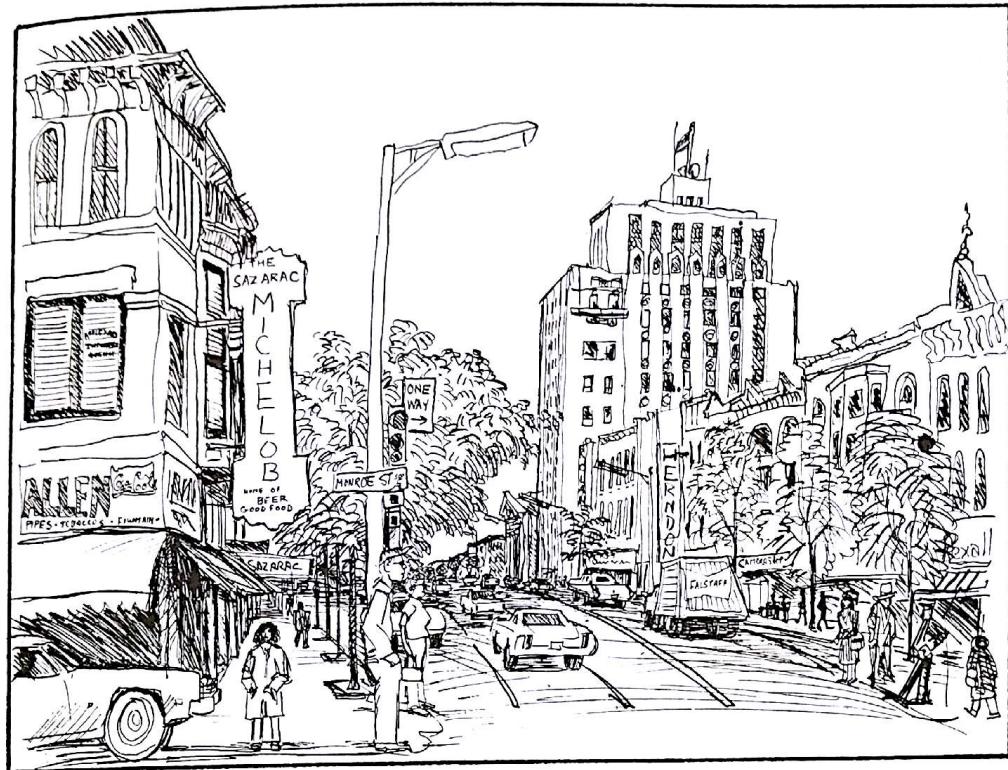


**The Candle Tree**

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ISN'T THE NEIGHBORHOOD DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM THE BIGGEST BOONDOGGLE TO COME DOWN THE SPRINGFIELD PIKE?

Well, let's put it this way: What 33 staffers are doing now with the N.D.P. renewal project, was accomplished with just one man and his secretary on the Horace Mann renewal project and the St. John's Hospital renewal project.

Expenditures for N.D.P. staff for 1974-75 was \$400,836.57. Expenditures for Jim Henneberry when he was City Coordinator, plus his secretary, ended in the 1971 budget at: \$26,156.22.

The Neighborhood Development Program, which is almost as big as Dunham's entire Finance Department, is doing, or at least pretends to be doing, work that could just as easily be performed by the Springfield Planning Commission, or the Springfield/Sangamon County Regional Planning Commission, which actually prepared a lot of NDP's applications for them in the first place.

What one finds at the NDP offices is wall to wall people, usually filing little more than their nails, and worrying about things like getting new business cards printed as they've moved from place to place. Dunham is correct when he says that the people really profitting from this 16 year old "dream" are the appraisers, the administrators, and the lawyers.

WAS THAT OUR EUNICE PARTLOW MCLEAN STEVENSON MENTIONED ON THE JOHNNY CARSON SHOW THE OTHER NIGHT, WHEN HE TALKED ABOUT THE GIRL IN GRADE SCHOOL WHO HAD A SWEATER WITH REINDEER, "AND SNOWFLAKES IN JUST THE RIGHT PLACES?"

Yes. Eunice knew Stevenson from her childhood days at Thomas Metcalf school in Bloomington-Normal. She gives us the following sketch of Mac's grade school days:

... It all began in fifth grade when, sitting beside me on a city-bus, he leaned over and gravely intoned, "Eunice, I just want you to know we're all behind you. You were right to stick up for yourself."

He was referring to an event of the day before. "In front of the whole class," our teacher had tried to force a confession from me about a cloakroom battle that hadn't amounted to much, and of which she'd seen very little.

It had been a most excruciating experience for me, because I was accustomed to being teacher's pet: I was the brightest, the most honorable, the most virtuous person alive. Her pulling out all the stops with "I certainly didn't expect this from YOU," while she wiped away a tear, had been the worst. In any case, I was very aware of Mac from then on.

He was one of the few "tall boys" in the class, had reddish hair, freckles, blue eyes and a smile of knowing innocence. His poise was remarkable to me since I was one of the many "tall girls," was "developing young" and was beginning to feel very awkward.

By sixth grade, I'd become a practiced Mac-watcher. He was so funny, so clever, so good at seeing through people. So good at "setting people up" and then adroitly letting them fall. I enjoyed being a part of his knowledgeable audience: very ego-building.

When he discovered my middle name was Juanita and made that his very own special request from the song-book during music period week after week, I was flattered; then enraged. He'd set me up! He mooned at me as though he were "love-sick," while class-mates tittered with delight. My continued outrage and "glacial disregard" (I told myself that's what it was) made the joke all the better, of course.

It never occurred to me to join in the laugh. Mac, I decided, was definitely not to be trusted!

In seventh grade, Mac took on the student teachers. His performance was a delight to us all. In a boyish way, with a blush and a smile, he let them know he was just all undone by their feminine charm. They bridled and giggled and ruffled his hair, while he leered at us behind their backs.

It was BEAUTIFUL. (How I envied him.)

I decided he was a hypocrite.

Seventh grade was quite a year: aside from visiting restaurants for lunch and being entertained by Mac's seduction of the student-teachers, we all were compelled to attend a ballroom dance class at the YWCA.

Our teacher was a perfect set-up for Mac. Though she was young she'd evidently lost all hope since she "dressed" for our classes. We clumped around in saddleshoes and anklets; she appeared in long gowns and CLEAVAGE.

While we lost for some years whatever native talent we had for dancing (we watched our feet, intoning one-two-three-FOUR or one-two-three-GLIDE), she undulated, pulsated and smiled. Mac, abashed, "adored her from afar..."

Marvelous! He did it again! When our teacher chose (as she did each week) to "teach us the latest" and placed herself at the head of a Conga-Line (with Mac, her darling, right behind her), he imitated her

so beautifully that I lost all fear. He swiveled his hips in a modified bump and grind (YWCA-style; just like the teacher), arched his back and threw back his head in studied abandon. He even looked joyously into the heavens!

What a relief! Her one-two-three-FOUR bit was bad enough but the one -two-three-UGH Conga Line was worse. On the count of four or UGH, we were to thrust out a graceless hip to either right or left. Or else we did a KICK on the four-count; whether this was her innovation or a part of "the Conga" I will never know.

Until then, I'd danced the Charleston with my father and danced just for fun (all alone) under the archway between our living room and dining room for the entertainment of his friends, not knowing that I didn't know how. The YWCA dance teacher really scared me.

So Mac did his bit and I saw she was nothing to be afraid of. But I was worried about Mac. How dare he see what I couldn't?

\* \* \* \* \*

To be honest, there's more to the Juanita story.

I wasn't immediately sure about Mac's "intentions." His approach (if that's what it was) was too subtle for me. Being chased, knocked down or having my face washed with snow I understood as signs of affection despite the tittering of classmates. And there was the problem of his being a "performer" as I was. Until then I had performed successfully for both the "authorities" and my peers. Mac was only performing for the latter (while grown-ups looked the other way) in a way that I enjoyed, envied and dimly recognized as a threat: I was LOSING my audience.

Next I reassured myself that he was disgustingly cruel as well.

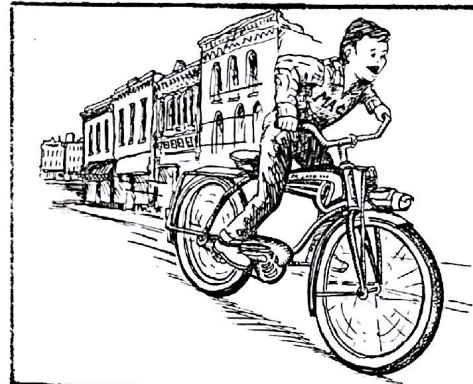
I came to the conclusion after a group of us had pooled resources, discarded our lunch-boxes and had lunch in a restaurant near the campus. We'd done this before and Mac had amused us by mixing the salt and sugar: things like that. On this occasion, however, he presented our waitress with a beautifully wrapped gift-box. He smiled bashfully. She opened the box. It was full of rocks. She almost cried in her embarrassment.

Practical jokes ARE cruel. I decided Mac was indeed a monster.

Another seventh grade incident cemented me in self-righteousness.

I was in trouble with a teacher again. She'd been out of the room while a student-teacher was in charge and Mac, for some reason was teasing Kathryn. (I suspect now I was interested in all this because he was talking to HER, not me.) All I heard of the conversation was his saying her father was "only a janitor" and she was starting to cry. Well! Eunice to the rescue! The class was disrupted. The teacher returned. The three of us, one by one, faced an inquisition in her office: first me, then Kathryn and then Mac. I spilled the beans, in the interests of "justice" of course.

When Mac left the office, his freckles pale, he tightly said to me "Kathryn won't thank you for this." He was right: she ignored me for weeks.



So I talked with my mother. She explained that the boy LIKED me and introduced me to her version of "feminine wiles." In order to whet his interest, I should let him know that a pin I wore (a silver leaping deer) was the gift of a mythical boyfriend. It didn't make sense to me, but I decided to try it out.

Mac responded just as Mom said he would. "Who?" and "where does he live?" and so on. (Despite all my "nobility," I was an accomplished liar. As a result I had a reputation with adults for "always telling the truth.") It wasn't until I lied to Mac that I realized I'd begun to believe in THAT lie.) Still, he'd been made to look a fool in my eyes and Mom's "advice" had been proven correct... I confided in my best-friend, Peggy, who (of course) promptly informed Mac! He let me continue my little game for a bit and then let me know he KNEW. (He managed to look very betrayed at the same time, even though he had deliberately led me on.) Humiliation.

His continued special requests for "Juanita" -- soulful stare and all -- served me right I figured, but it didn't make me feel any better. I did decide that girlfriends and mothers were no more to be trusted than Mac.

We were both involved with the university's "Children's Theatre," with play rehearsals after school. Since it was winter darkness came early, and one evening Mac decided to wait with me until my bus arrived. He panic. I knew the driver wouldn't stop for what appeared to be a couple of kids home; my parents would be worried and I'd be in TROUBLE. The bus went by and left me.

The next bus stopped for the pitiful waif, lost and lonely in the night.

After I was safely home, Mac called to apologize. I was rude. My father was disgusted: "Can't you accept an apology? Can't you be gracious?"

More trouble. I explained that I was still too angry, that he'd called too soon. (It was really, once again, all his fault.)

Mac had surprised me again. He'd apologized "for no reason." Nobody knew except us, about the bus-stop incident. Nobody was "forcing him." Never in my whole life had I acknowledged myself to be in the wrong unless some "grown-up" who wouldn't "listen and understand" had insisted upon an apology.

Clinging to sanity, I said, "I suppose your Dad MADE you say you're sorry!" I hung up in confusion, knowing my "rejoinder" didn't make any sense either.

Nor had he "made sense" in fifth grade when he offered his moral support. I'D never made a speech like that to anyone.

We had an eighth-grade graduation party at Peggy's house.

"Party games" were a portion of the so-called party. One of the games required Mac and Gerald and me to be sequestered in a darkened stairwell outside a closed living-room door. (We were not to see what was happening in the living-room.)

Mac decided to enliven our gloomy fate by placing a hand on my hip. I decided to ignore it. He played to his audience: "Hey, Gerald! Eunice doesn't seem to CARE if I have a hand on her hip!"

Gerald gave a nervous shrug, and smile.

Mac then played a suggestive word-game with me, asking if I knew about more adult possibilities. Finally I got the "drift." My parents had told me "the facts of life" when I was very young, cautioning me to tell my little friends to ask THEIR parents if they were to "ask" me. So I happily told him to ask his father about it, "who's a doctor after all," I added in all cruelty.

The party continued and Mac didn't ask me to dance. I was thinking it all over and had decided that Mother was right: she had told me that boys made passes at girls whom they didn't want to be seen with in public. ALSO, if you were thought of "in that way" by a boy it meant that you were somehow at fault. And my father's addition had been "don't be a tease."

Well!

To my horror, my parents gave Mac, among others, a ride home that night. He was crowded next to me in the back-seat, breathing over and over "Don't tell your Dad; don't tell your Dad..."

At last, Mac was dropped off and I could TELL.

"Only 13," chortled Dad, "And she's had her first proposition." Mother giggled.

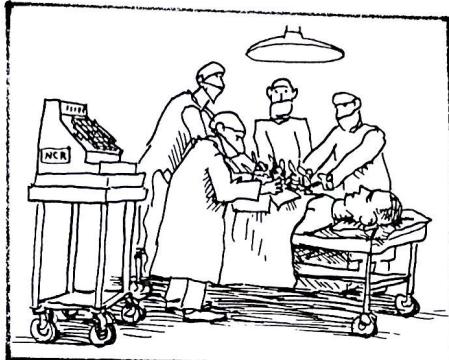
What a let-down.

It wasn't until I began to wonder about my odd reaction to Mac's mentioning my name on TV that I understood why he was an enigma to me. He was the first practicing human being I knew who was my own age!

He was special to me then and he's special to a larger audience now because his laughter is love. When we smile with Mac, I think we're invited to smile upon our selves too, and like everyone just a little more.

**AN ASSORTMENT OF PROTESTANT AND MORMON CHURCHES WILL BE SEEKING CREDIT CARD CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE COLLECTION BASKET; WHAT KIND SHOULD I APPLY FOR; MASTER TITHE?**

No, Bank Amiracle.



#### ARE THERE MANY SLIP-UPS IN SURGERY IN LOCAL HOSPITALS?

Of course one is too many. Especially if it happens to you. But our local hospitals seem to rank significantly above the hospitals depicted in such movies as "The Hospital" where George C. Scott played a doctor up to his neck in insanity.

We did receive a report about a woman who entered a hospital in another county for a routine operation, had a tube for her lungs put down the wrong tube, and by the time she reached one of our local hospitals the woman had suffocated and had a coronary arrest (her heart gave out.)

We also received a report about a St. Louis hospital that is "hard up" for income, and as a result of its failing financial condition the doctors there have a tendency to instruct unnecessary removal of various organs to help balance the budget. So by comparison anyway, we seem to be doing rather well locally.

#### CHICAGO'S CHIEF OF POLICE FAVORS STRONGER GUN CONTROL; WHAT IS THE LOCAL VIEW?

According to a recent report it's likely that the city police, and maybe the state police, will be soon coming out in favor of some method of stronger gun control. Reportedly they don't want a general law banning guns for everyone but police officers, but they want to make sure that every person that has a firearm has a valid reason for having it -- be it sport or self-defense -- other than criminal intent. Perhaps some requirement of psychological screening. One police officer says that two out of every three cars he stops on the east side of Springfield has a gun in it; usually, he says, unless it's too obvious, or unless they want the guy for something, they don't even search for it. This view might be exaggerated but whatever the case it does give some indication of law enforcement's view of gun control.

IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT COM. JIM HENNEBERRY, WHO HELPED ORGANIZE THE S.U.S.A.R.T. (SPRINGFIELD UNDERWATER SEARCH AND RESCUE TEAM) USES A SUBMARINE IN LAKE SPRINGFIELD TO MONITOR (EPA DIRECTOR) RICHARD BRICELAND IN HIS SAILBOAT? AND SINCE C.W.L.P. ALREADY HAD A SUBMARINE, THAT THIS IS WHY HUGH GARDNER DID NOT FEEL C.W.L.P. ALSO NEEDED TORPEDO-EQUIPPED POLICE BOATS?

Interviewed in his office, Com. Henneberry said that while C.W.L.P. should be second to none on the high seas of Lake Springfield, reports of the alleged submarine are wholly fictitious. He then finished putting on his flippers, hoisted his newly-repaired periscope under his arm, and walked out of the office.

We are however looking into reports that Ed Poole, the utility watchdog of some years back, is constructing something in his backyard that resembles the Loch Ness monster. An elderly neighbor reportedly saw the thing while hanging laundry out to dry and grew so concerned with what she saw in progress that she proceeded to hang her right arm on the clothes line.

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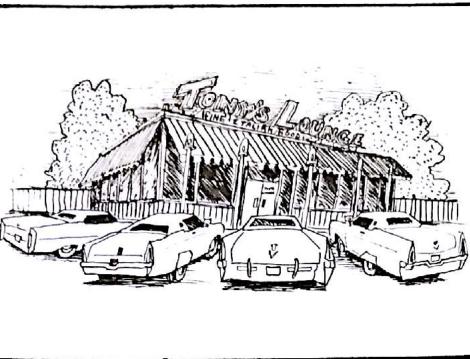
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IN JUST THE LAST MONTH I'VE HEARD OF TWO CLOSE FRIENDS SUFFERING THE EXQUISITE TORMENT OF HAVING THEIR WIVES RUN AWAY FROM HOME; KNOWING THESE MEN AS WELL AS I DO, I CAN'T SAY I REALLY BLAME THE LADIES, BUT ISN'T THIS SORT OF THING RATHER RARE?



According to the Wall Street Journal the incidence of runaway wives is becoming much less uncommon.

Fifteen years ago, women running away from home were outnumbered by men by a ratio of 300 to 1, according to Tracers Co. of America, the nation's largest private investigative agency specializing in finding missing persons. Last year, however, Tracers handled 1,136 cases of runaway husbands. And so far this year its cases indicate that twice as many wives as husbands are fleeing from home.

"These women don't want a divorce, they want appreciation," explains Ed Goldfader, the president of Tracers, who is careful to say that the majority of women are running FROM someone, not TO someone. "They're at their wit's end. They need to feel they're a viable member of the family."

Mayor Joseph Alioto of San Francisco had the dubious honor of becoming perhaps the first husband to lose his wife publicly this way, and the press reported her absence days after she failed to show up at home. Alioto feared that she had been kidnapped, but no such luck, she returned about 2 weeks later and told the press how sick and tired she was of her husband always being out politicking. This was right smack in the middle of his re-election campaign, but evidently the publicity didn't hurt him too much because he won.

Investigators point out that a thoroughly disgruntled spouse bent on disappearing for good can manage it. Such a vanishing trick requires abandoning all friends and family and assuming a totally different present and past.

As Mr. Goldfader tells it, one snowy spring afternoon, a couple was driving from Washington, D.C. to New York City. After entering the city via the Lincoln Tunnel and beginning to drive up Eighth Avenue, the husband stopped at a red light to clean the windshield. His wife volunteered to clean the back window and jumped out of the car.

She hasn't been heard of since.

IS THERE A LOCAL MAFIA, AND IF SO HOW IS IT DOING: GOOD, BAD OR JUST SO-SO?

According to the book "Mafia, U.S.A." by Nicholas Gage, there are ten Mafia families in the United States. Along with such cities as Chicago, New York, St. Louis, etc., he mentions a town by the name of Springfield, Illinois. Mysteriously, that book has disappeared from the state library, the city library, and local bookstores. Why they've disappeared is unknown; it's peculiar because the local "family" supposedly went "establishment" long ago, and Nicholas Gage has never been regarded as such a hot writer that people would be literally stealing his books right off the shelves.

State's attorney Cavanagh was on WMAY a week ago speaking in reassuring tones about his having hired a man specifically to deal with the problem of "organized crime," yet when that man was asked if he thought there was a local Mafia he explained that if there were, no one would ever be able to prove it anyway. He then went on to explain how "Joe" (Cavanagh) had arranged for him to have his job so he could stay busy in retirement. Actually, he said, he's really just been busier clerking in the law library.

At a time when headlines reveal a Mafia working with the C.I.A. to knock off Castro, and a Mafia working with the F.B.I. to locate Hoffa, one might not be surprised to wake up one morning to find out that Eliot Ness was really the bad guy.

WASN'T IT JIM LONDIGAN WHO SAID : "I WISH I HAD A BETTER PERSONALITY. " ?

That quote has been attributed to J. Paul Getty, the infamous billionaire.

WELL, WASN'T IT WEBER BORCHERS WHO SAID : "WE LIVE IN A DECAYING AGE. YOUNG PEOPLE NO LONGER RESPECT THEIR PARENTS. THEY ARE RUDE AND IMPATIENT. THEY INHABIT TAVERNS AND HAVE NO SELF-CONTROL. " ?

That was an inscription found in a 6,000 year old Egyptian tomb.

OKAY THEN, ONE LAST QUESTION : WHAT WAS THE QUESTION SIGMUND FREUD COULD NEVER ANSWER??

Dr. Freud: "The great question that has never been answered and which I have not yet been able to answer despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is : What does a woman want?!"

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## WHAT IS "COUNCIL CLONING?"

Scientist and Nobel laureate Joshua Lederberg has suggested that within a mere 15 years, through a process known as cloning, man may be able to make exact biological duplicates of himself. (A new organism is grown from the nucleus of an adult cell; the organism thus has the same genetic characteristics as the person who contributed the cell nucleus.)

"Council cloning" is basically just hearsay at this point, but certain sources close to Com. Madonia suggest that Com. Dunham is secretly grooming candidates for Mayor and for Commissioner of Streets that happen to be exact biological duplicates of himself. (Supposedly, in this way Dunham can finally gain a majority of the city council.) To counteract this threat it is rumored that Com. Madonia is going to propose a new ordinance creating a scientific lab to study ancient sewers, which in actuality will be a cover for his having clones made of himself to run against Dunham's clones. Com. Ward reportedly says that if this is true then he "will have to wait to hear what Madonia's clones think about the issues" before he will make any public commitment to support him. Them.

## DIDN'T SOME PROFESSOR RECENTLY LINK ENCEPHALITIS TO HITLER'S CRIMINAL TENDENCIES?

Dr. John Walters, a medical professor and researcher with the University of Missouri, proposed that Adolf Hitler's criminal tendencies may have resulted largely from the late stages of a rare form of encephalitis.

He said Hitler may have contracted Von Economo's encephalitis which swept the world between 1916 and 1926, then virtually disappeared. The disease isn't known to exist today.

Walter said early German medical literature contained many references to the unusual psychological late stages of the disease, including newly developed viciousness and maliciousness, a tendency to gloat over others' misfortunes and explosive outbursts of rage.

Walters said Hitler sooner or later exhibited all the major late stages of the disease. However, Hitler's personal physicians never connected the characteristics to the disease because they weren't familiar with it, Walters said.

IN THE ARTICLE "THE SEVEN BLUNDERS OF THE WORLD" WHICH APPEARED IN THE SEPTEMBER, 1931, ISSUE OF "FORUM" MAGAZINE, WHAT DID THE AUTHOR CONSIDER THE WORST BLUNDER?

"Allowing through sheer carelessness the murder of Abraham Lincoln at the moment when he could least be spared..." (Didn't think we could find it, did you?) Mr. Hendrik Willem Van Loon considered it "the worst blunder, the most ghastly blunder, the costliest blunder in the history of our country since its beginning."

"On the fourteenth of April of the year 1865, Abraham Lincoln, having just returned from the city of Richmond, visited Ford's theatre in Washington for an evening of relaxation after one of the most trying periods in his very trying life. The secret service people must have suspected that after such a tremendous upheaval as four years of civil warfare the woods would be full of fanatics who, no longer able to exhibit their glorious posturings on the field of battle, would try to distinguish themselves in other and more terrible ways. But they took no precautions whatsoever for the safety of their president, and so he was murdered as a result of their criminal negligence. His death retarded the normal development of the relations between the South and the North for at least an entire generation. His successor, poor, boozy Johnson was a man of the plain people (very, very plain indeed). And the slothful blunder of those entrusted with the care of the Chief Executive of a nation going through a terrifically difficult era of readjustment caused what must always be regarded as a national disaster reaching far beyond the death of a great and kind individual."

## ARE THERE BATS IN SPRINGFIELD?

Yes. There are quite a few native to the Sangamon county area: the big brown bat, grey bats, little brown bat, keen's bat, small-footed bat, silver-haired bat, eastern pipistrelle bat, red bat, hoary bat, evening bat... and we think a few others.

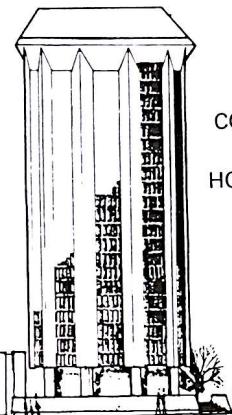
You'll see them around light posts at night swooping in at insects. There aren't as many roosting in attics these days because of the change in architecture. You'll find solitary tree roosters, maybe two or three at a time, in trees. Bats are very secretive. But they're there.

According to a local authority there are -- conceivably -- are you ready for this? -- 50,000 to 100,000 bats within the geographical limits of Sangamon county.



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ARE THERE ANY LOCAL SCIENTOLOGISTS IN SPRINGFIELD?

Not that we know of, but there are lots of bats.

IS THERE ANY LOCAL INSTRUCTION IN GLIDING?

Not unless it's secretly taught by bats at night. We understand there was some gliding taking place in Champaign but as yet we haven't been able to locate the people or person involved.

DID YOU KNOW A PIANO WAS MOVED INTO HEARING ROOM 212, AT THE STATE HOUSE, SO STAFF PEOPLE IN THE SPEAKER'S OFFICE COULD HOLD AN OCCASIONAL HOOTENANNY?

No.



### WHAT WAS THE JOURNAL-REGISTER REACTION TO THE SHUMWAY ("The Editor from C.R.E.E.P.") ISSUE?

According to our secret source in the higher echelons of the local Copley Press, Strep Throat, and confirmed by three other sources:

"...Lots of speculation as to who the snitch(es) is - most attribute the primary info to former employees. So, any update material obviously came from active employe(s)... Staff enjoyed reading about themselves (SJ-R). Many xeroxes made of issue for the enjoyment of all. No overt bitterness... Staffers appreciate that conditions within have been publicized -- but a strange allegiance to Copley, Inc. remains since you're one of their least favorite local celebrities. No word from the top on their reaction to being hung out to dry. Think it will take quite a lot of needling to stir the head honchos. Heavy focus on Shumway, CREEP et al might have made them feel less threatened this time 'round... Sorry I haven't been able to provide anything tangible, but specific instances (conversation exchanges) remain fresh in everyone's minds and their use could lead to instant exposure... Sincerely, Strep."

### IS IT TRUE THAT YOU CAN BUY A LIQUOR LICENSE FROM SOMEONE WHO ALREADY OWNS ONE?

Yes, and strangely enough it's perfectly legal. There are no liquor licenses available right now from the City, so to acquire one you have to buy it from someone who already has one. It's legal; but what is illegal is for the person buying the license not to file on his income tax form what he paid for it (in case they think what they're doing is not legal).

A fellow trying to buy a liquor license recently was quoted two prices by prospective sellers: \$10,000 and \$15,000.

The only way to get a new license is with council approval. The price: \$600.

To buy it from another person the liquor commission must first check out the prospective new owner, and then if the Mayor approves, the license is duly transferred.

### WHAT IS THE "LEAGUE OF LEGISLATIVE RESEARCH" THAT ROCKY SCHOENROCK MENTIONED IN YOUR LAST ISSUE?

It's a committee made up of people such as Mr. Schoenrock, the art director of the Journal-Register and chapter leader of the local John Birch Society, and former state senator G. William Horsley, and others, who want to try to get rid of certain S.S.U. professors like Gus Stevens, and a couple of Indian professors, who they deride for not being American citizens.

Stevens is a favorite target because of his leadership in the pro-busing efforts that resulted in the lawsuit. Stevens reportedly did not wish to apply for U.S. citizenship because he holds some position of royalty in an African nation.

(All of this was once reported on WCVS which was besieged by calls threatening to take action against the radio station if it didn't desist from airing comment about Stevens' not being an American citizen. The Journal-Register received a lot of letters criticizing Stevens for pushing busing "when he isn't even a U.S. citizen," none of which were published. Toby McDaniel called the WCVS newsman to get the whole story which he took down in great detail, but Toby didn't print a word either.)

Meanwhile there is a growing feeling among the SSU academic community that the SSU Foundation, a fundraising group for the university which recently re-elected Jack Clarke, publisher of the Journal-Register, as its head, has had too great an influence on the SSU administration in pushing for less "innovation" and more "stability." The claim is heard more often that "you only advance if certain people approve."

### WHAT DID THE CITY TAKE IN FROM THE RIVERSIDE PARK - STATE FAIR DEAL? DID WE SHOW A PROFIT OR DID THE TAXPAYERS SUFFER FROM ANOTHER POORLY HANDLED PROJECT?

Although Chuck Westphal of the Recreation commission had reportedly hoped for revenues of around \$25,000, gross receipts only totalled around \$10,000. After expenses there was a \$3,200 profit.

### IS IT TRUE THAT MAYOR TELFORD ORDERED POLICEMEN TO GUARD ILLINI MOTORS BECAUSE ITS OWNER WAS A BIG CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTOR?

Several police officers are convinced that this is the case, but Chief of Police Asher insists that while there was a "stake-out," he "didn't even know he (Mike Kreider) was a donor," despite that having been revealed in a recent Journal-Register story.

Every night a different police officer on the 3 to 11 shift went out to Illini Motors at the end of his 7:30 break, stayed till 11:00, and was relieved by an officer who stayed from 11 to 6 a.m. The officers were instructed to go there in an unmarked detective car or their own private car, with a portable radio.

The officers contend that while they were sitting out at Illini Motors, the district they would normally patrol went uncovered. Asher responded: "They'd better not be vacant."

Asher also denied that the "stake-out" was a direct order from the Mayor, but confirms that he had been present with Kreider in the Mayor's office while the Mayor made a phone call to an off-duty policeman who the Mayor felt should have waited longer for an on-duty police car which had been dispatched to receive from the off-duty policeman the license number of a car allegedly snooping around the Illini Motors lot.

The report of the license number led to the interrogation of a man who considered taking a lie detector test but then changed his mind after consulting his attorney.

A few thousand dollars worth of damages were reportedly suffered by cars jacked up, tires removed, then dropped to the ground. But other car dealers and businesses and homes have been "ripped off" before and the sticky question that remains is: Does every victim receive 170 hours of free guard service, in the form of a "stake-out"? And the question that rankles the police officers pulled off the street: Why should a car dealer rank any higher than, say, a tavern that is the habitual scene of muggings and deadly brawls? They contend that if Illini Motors hired its own private guard then they could pursue criminals whose work is so profitable that they needn't steal tires: they walk into Illini Motors and buy the Cadillac outright.

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R?

HAVE SPRINGFIELD TRAVEL AGENCIES SUFFERED FROM THE ECONOMIC "CRUNCH?"

No. Of seven firms questioned, none reported a loss, though there were variations in the incidence of "business" travel versus "vacation" travel.

Hawaii, the Caribbean and Europe remain high in popularity. Allen's Travel, Astro's, United Travel and Circle Tours all indicate a level of business comparable to the previous year and sometimes higher.

Myers Brothers notes that "around the world" travel has increased this year: "people are not hindered by the money situation." The Abe Lincoln Agency also says vacation travel has increased.

Crown Tours, which deals only with travel (primarily by bus) within the United States, says that vacationers are not as prevalent as in previous years, though business trips have remained the same. However, Crown's over-all business remains the same.

Abe Lincoln, Allen's and United Travel representatives all said they believed their customers were spending money on vacations abroad because prices were constantly ascending and "they'd better do it NOW."

The Abe Lincoln spokesman said "Springfield is behind in everything" and just doesn't know any better: "People do not realize the nation's status regarding the economy; people do not seem to be aware..."

For whatever unknown reasons, business is good.

DID YOU KNOW THAT CHILDREN AND FAMILY SERVICES BROKE THE MUSICAL OFFICES RECORD -- MOVING FOUR TIMES IN ONE YEAR?

Yes.

ISN'T THE GOVERNOR BEING HURT UNDESERVEDLY BY THE ADOLESCENT HAUGHTINESS OF HIS DUMB "ADVANCE MEN?"

Alan Dixon says No.

October 9, 1975



HOW WOULD ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN, THE RUSSIAN AUTHOR EXILED BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT, REGARD CONGRESSMAN PAUL FINDLEY'S RECENT TRIP TO MAINLAND CHINA CALLING FOR INCREASED U.S. AGRICULTURAL TRADE WITH CHINA?

Excerpts taken from his first speech on this continent, before the AFL-CIO:

"...It is said that China is a sort of purified, puritanical type of Communism, one which hasn't been transformed for the worse. But China is simply a delayed phase of that so-called "War Communism" which was established by Lenin in Russia, but which was in force only until 1921. Lenin established it not because the military situation required it, but because this is how they envisioned the future of their society. But when economic pressure required them to retreat, they introduced the so-called New Economic Policy and they retreated. In China this initial phase has simply lasted longer. China is characterized by all the same traits: massive compulsory labor which is not paid for in accordance with its value; work on holidays; forced living in communes; and the incessant drumming in of slogans and dogmas that abolish the human essence and deny all individuality to man.

"... Of course, in the present situation the Communists have to assume various disguises. Sometimes we hear words like "Popular Front," at other times "dialogue with Christianity" is brought up. For Communists to have a dialogue with Christianity! In the Soviet Union this dialogue was a simple matter: they used machine guns and revolvers. And today, in Portugal, unarmed Catholics are stoned by the Communists. This happens today. This is dialogue...

"... The Communist ideology is to destroy your society. This has been their aim for 125 years and has never changed; only the methods have changed a little. When there is detente, peaceful coexistence, and trade, they will still insist: The ideological war must continue. And what is ideological war? It is a focus of hatred, a continued repetition of the oath to destroy the Western world. Just as, once upon a time in the Roman Senate, a famous speaker ended every speech with the statement: "Furthermore, Carthage must be destroyed," so today, with every act -- detente, trade, or whatever the Communist press, acting on secret instructions, sends out thousands of speakers who repeat: "Furthermore, capitalism must be destroyed."

"... I understand that when your statesmen sign some treaty with the Soviet Union or China you want to believe that it will be carried out. But the Poles who signed a treaty in Riga in 1921 with the Communists

also wanted to believe that the treaty would be carried out, and they were stabbed in the back. Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, which signed treaties of friendship with the Soviet Union, also wanted to believe that they would be carried out, but these countries were all swallowed up.

And the persons who sign these treaties with you now -- these very men and no others -- at the same time give orders for persons to be confined in mental hospitals and prisons. Why should they act differently to you? Do they have any love for you? Why should they act honorably and nobly toward you while they crush their own people? The advocates of detente have never yet explained this.

"...Of course, peace treaties are very attractive to those who sign them. They strengthen one's prestige with the electorate. But the time will come when the names of these public figures will be erased from history. Nobody will remember them any longer, but the Western peoples will have to pay heavily for these over-trusting agreements. (Applause.)

"... I'm not young anymore, and I myself was born a slave; this is even more true for those who are younger. We are slaves, but we are striving for freedom. You, however, were born free. If so, then why do you help our slave owners? (Applause.)

In my last address I only requested one thing and I make the same request now: when they bury us in the ground alive (I compared the forthcoming European agreement with a mass grave for all the countries of East Europe -- as you know, this is a very unpleasant sensation; your mouth gets filled with earth while you're still alive) please do not send them shovels. (Applause.) Please do not send them the most modern earth-moving equipment. (Applause.)

By a peculiar coincidence, the very day when I was giving my address in Washington, Suslov was talking with your senators in the Kremlin. And he said, "In fact, the significance of our trade is more political than economic. We can get along without your trade." That's a lie. The whole existence of our slave owners from beginning to end has depended on Western economic assistance. (Applause.) As I said the last time, beginning with the first spare parts used to reconstruct our factories in the 1920s, from the construction in Magnitogorsk, Dneprostroi, the automobile and tractor factories built during the first five-year plans, on into the postwar years and to this day, what they need from you is economically absolutely indispensable -- not politically but economically indispensable to the Soviet system. The Soviet economy has an extremely low level of efficiency. What is done here by a few people, by a few

machines, in our country takes tremendous crowds of workers and enormous masses of materials. Therefore, the Soviet economy cannot deal with every problem at once: war, space (which is part of the war effort), heavy industry, and at the same time the necessity to feed and clothe its own population. The forces of the entire Soviet economy are concentrated on war, where you won't be helping them. But everything else which is lacking, everything which is needed to fill the gaps, everything which is needed to feed the people or keep industry going, they get from you. So indirectly you are helping them to rearm. You're helping the Soviet police state.

"... Our country is taking your assistance, but in the schools they are teaching and in the newspapers they are writing and in lectures they are saying, "Look at the Western world, it's beginning to rot. Look at the Western world, it's beginning to rot. Look at the economy of the Western world, it's coming to an end. The great predictions of Marx, Engels, and Lenin are coming true.

Capitalism is breathing its last. It's already dead. And our Socialist economy is flourishing. It has demonstrated once and for all the triumph of Communism." I think, gentlemen, and I particularly address those of you who have a socialist outlook, that we should at least permit this Socialist economy to prove its superiority. Let's allow it to show that it is advanced, that it is omnipotent, that it has defeated you, that it has overtaken you. Let us not interfere with it. Let us stop selling to it and giving it loans. (Applause.) If it's all that powerful, then let it stand on its own feet for ten or 15 years. (Applause.) Then we will see what it looks like. I can tell you what it will look like. I am being quite serious now. When the Soviet economy is no longer able to deal with everything, it will have to reduce its military preparations. It will have to abandon the useless space effort and it will have to feed and clothe its own people. And the system will be forced to relax.

"Thus, all I ask you is that as long as this Soviet economy is so proud, so flourishing, and yours is so rotten and so moribund -- stop helping it, then. Where has a cripple ever helped along an athlete? (Applause.)

"... The cold war -- the war of hatred -- is still going on, but only on the Communist side. What is the cold war? It's a war of abuse -- and they still abuse you. They trade with you, they sign agreements and treaties, but they still abuse you, they still curse you. In sources which you can read, and even more in those which are unavailable to you, and which you don't hear of, in the depths of the Soviet Union, the cold war has never stopped. It hasn't stopped for one second.

They never call you anything but "American imperialists." One day, if they wanted, all the Soviet newspapers could say that America wants to subjugate the world, and our people would have nowhere to get any other information. Do I call upon you to return to the cold war? By no means, Lord forbid! What for? The only thing I'm asking you to do is to give the Soviet economy a chance to develop. Do not bury us in the ground, just let the Soviet economy develop, and then let's see.

"But can the free and varied Western system follow this policy? Can all the Western countries together say, "It's true, let us stop competing. Let us stop playing up to them. Let us stop elbowing each other and clamoring, 'Me, me, let me have a concession, please give it to me.' " It's very possible that this could not be done. And if this sort of unity cannot be achieved in the West, if, in the frenzied competition of one company with another, they will present earth-moving equipment to our gravediggers, then I'm afraid that Lenin will turn out to have been right. He said "The bourgeoisie will sell us rope, and then we shall let the bourgeoisie hang itself."

"In ancient times trade would begin when one person had come out of the forest or had arrived by sea. He would meet a native and they would show one another that they didn't have a stone or a club in their hands, that they were unarmed. And as a sign of this each extended an open hand. This was the beginning of the hand clasp. Today's word "detente" means a reduction in the tension of a taut rope. (What an ominous coincidence: a rope again!) So "detente" means a relaxation of tension. But I would say that what we need is rather this image of the open hand. Relations between the Soviet Union and the United States of America should be such that there would be no deceit in the question of armaments, that there would be no concentration camps, no psychiatric wards for healthy people. Relations should be such that the throats of our women would no longer be constricted with tears, that there would be an end to the incessant ideological warfare against you, and that an address such as mine today would in no way be an exception. People would simply be able to come to you from the Soviet Union, from China, and from other Communist countries and would be able to talk freely, without any tutoring from the KGB, without any special approval from the Central Committee of the Party. Rather, they would simply come of their own accord and would tell you the truth about what is going on in these countries.

"This would be, I say, a period in which we would be able to present "open hands" to each other. (Applause.)

" You sadist. You want people to think." - e. e. cummings to Ezra Pound.

Responding to the last issue, one subscriber wrote in: "...once upon a time some higher-up in the Copley Press must have heard the maxim "No news is good news," and had a fixation with the idea ever since, because all we get in the way of local news is just pap... In a "modern" world so generously padded with mental massage it's encouraging to see someone still urging people to think twice... give'm hell! "

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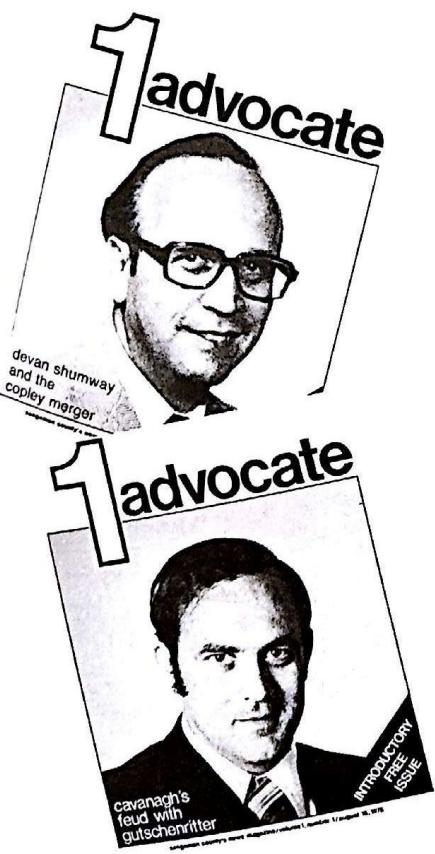
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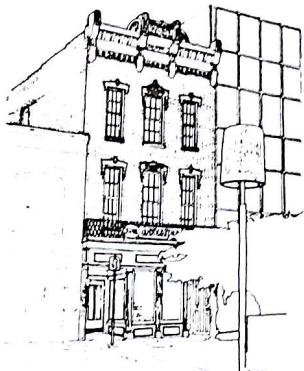


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### ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT HOWLETT MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND AND RUN AGAINST WALKER?

Yes. Mayor Daley might like the idea of having Alan Dixon do battle with Walker for October and November, weakening him as much as he can, then, just before December filing, persuade Howlett to enter the fray, have Dixon withdraw to run for Secretary of State instead, and thus leave Walker only January and February, before the March primary, to impugn Howlett's downstate image as an "independent." Walker would suddenly have to change his whole strategy overnight.

Such a development would keep Walker so occupied in campaigning for re-nomination that he'd have little time to attend to the upcoming presidential convention -- a convention Daley sees as a stage for his successful retirement from national political history, especially avenging the not-forgiven shame of having been shut out of the 1972 convention -- and a stage Walker also covets as the prelude to his presidency.

Daley is reportedly feeling more confident than ever about the machine's ability to deliver a good plurality for a Walker opponent, but recognizes that such an opponent must not run too far behind Walker downstate, as did Paul Simon. Howlett is thought to be more popular than state treasurer Dixon, and by contrast has a much more effective staff around him as secretary of state. But Howlett suffers in contrast to Walker's ability to use television successfully, and television will once again be Walker's main weapon. Howlett surpasses Walker though in newspaper credibility, basically because most reporters think Walker a phony demagogue, while Howlett is considered the greatest thing since crunchy peanut butter. Perhaps Howlett has the only effective defense against Walker's inevitable media onslaught and that is Howlett's well-known sense of humor.

Howlett seems to be reorganizing his staff along more political lines, and while that staff might lack the Walker staff's zeal, he doesn't suffer Walker's not yet visible problem of each staffer spending most of his or her time trying to "do in" another staffer.

Right after the election of Walker and Lt. Governor Neil Hartigan, Len O'Connor quoted secretary of state Howlett as explaining the problem between the two: "The basis of the problem is that we have elected a governor who hates Daley and thinks this is the way to get elected president of the United States." 1976 seems to be shaping up as a test of just that proposition.

### WASN'T THERE A POEM BY VACHEL LINDSAY HAVING TO DO WITH SPRINGFIELD WRITERS?

From "The Dream of All Springfield Writers" by Vachel Lindsay:

I'll haunt this town  
though gone the maids and men,

The darling few,  
my friends and loves today.

My ghost returns,  
bearing a great sword-pen

When far off children  
of their children play.

That pen will drip  
with moonlight and with fire.

I'll write upon  
the church doors and the walls

And reading there  
young hearts shall leap the higher

Though drunk already  
with their own love calls.

## advocate

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