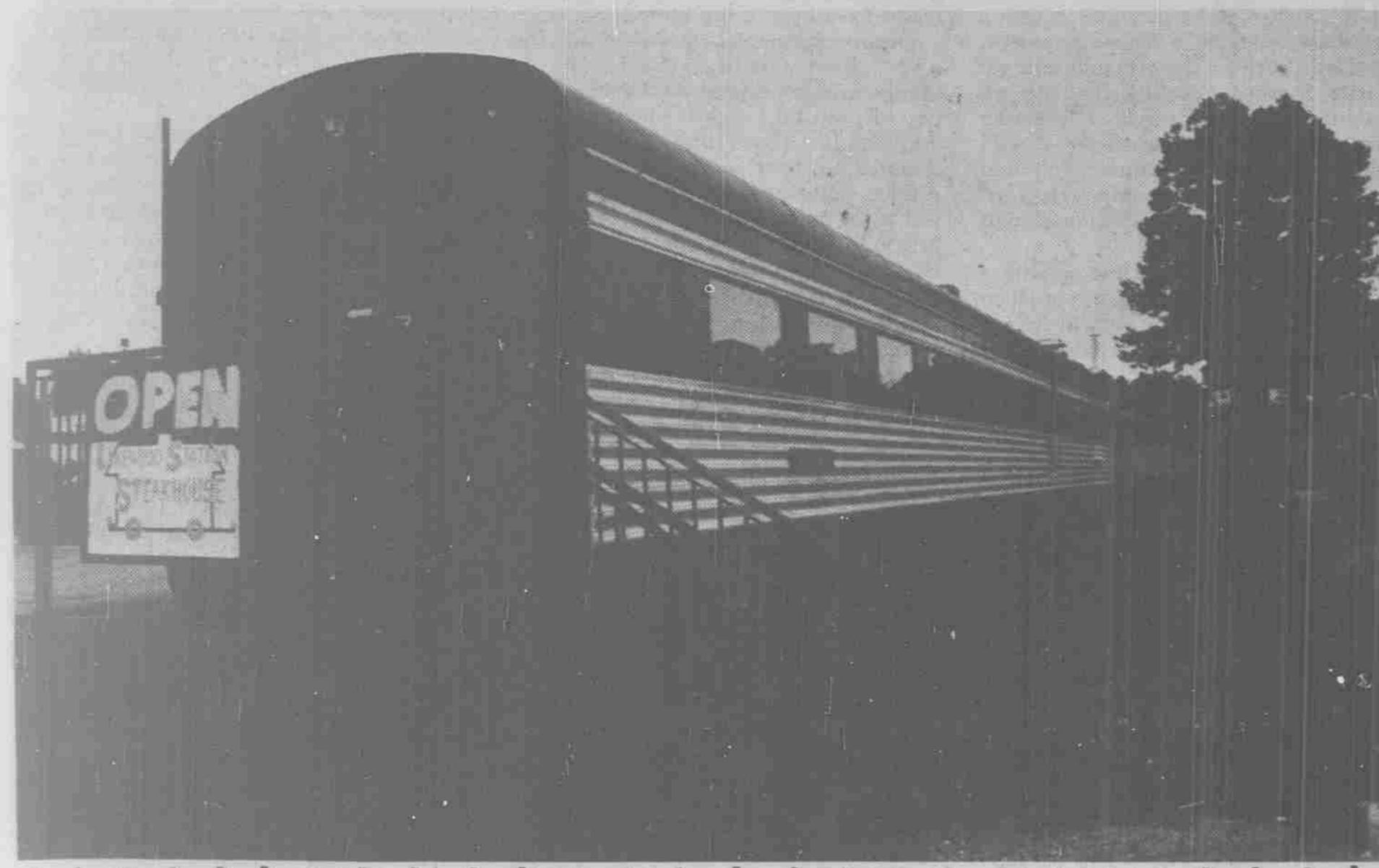


Wabash Cannonball rides—uh, serves again



by Jennifer Woods
Features Writer

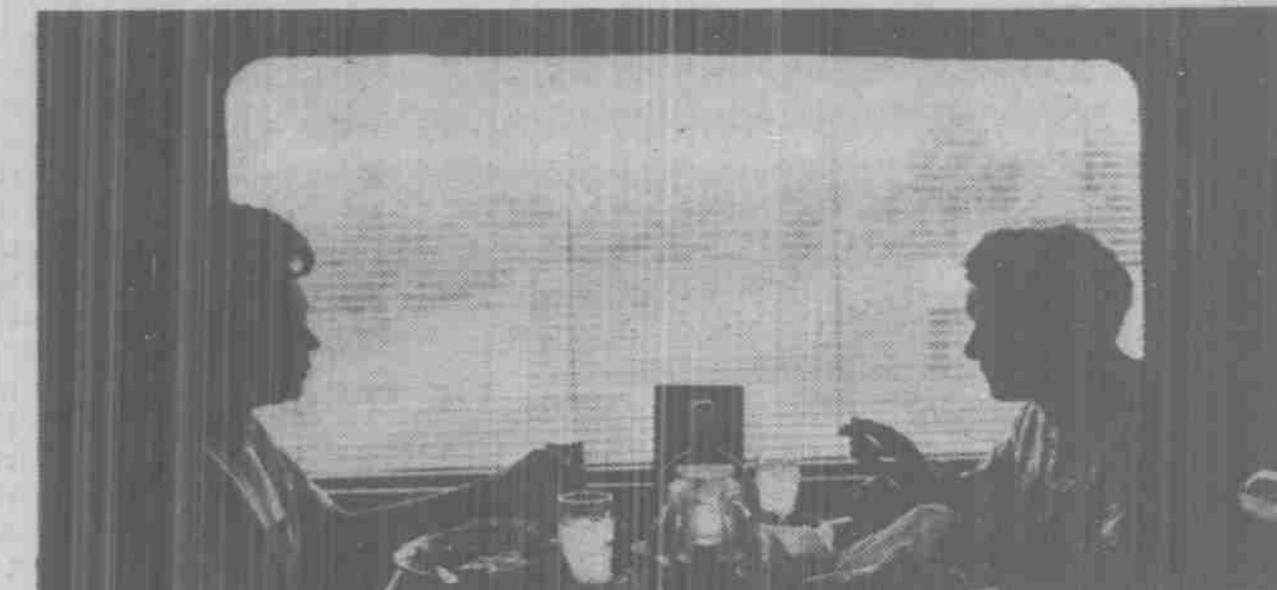
There's something sad about a dining car uncoupled from its train and carried many miles to be side-railed as a shopping center steakhouse.

Two cars of the original Wabash Cannonball were lifted off their tracks in Decatur, Illinois. Workmen removed the metal wheels and replaced them with rubber ones for the tow to Durham. Now the cars sit on a section of track in Lakewood Shopping Center and host kiddies and businessmen who will never know the sights and sounds of the original run.

You enter through the miniature "Lakewood Station" waiting room, and you're confronted with a barrage of red, white and blue choo-choo wallpaper. The hostess leads you through the foyer and up the platform into the dining car. Inside, she seats you at a table covered in green plastic rather than white linen.

In the interim between ordering dinner and receiving it, you excuse yourself to walk in the car. Spying the gold lame private dining room, you wonder whether it really looked like that when it served first-class passengers. You return to the table to discover the food is not yet ready, and you wonder how to further appease your hunger.

You notice the original light fixtures and window blinds, and you toy with them. They still work, although they're hardly needed with the florescent lighting.



aptly maneuvering food and passengers under moving conditions.

It seems that something of that past echoes as you eat. However, now there are no restrictions of movement or timetables. Perhaps most of all you yearn for the spirit of anticipation. To arrive in a new place. But only Durham awaits you upon completion of your meal.

Your waitress invites you to return as you leave. As you exit through the "Station" you think you probably won't come back again.

People who have eaten on moving train probably sense that trains should travel and if they can't do that they should, like their old conductors, be left alone with their memories.

"Tales of love that could be yours"—in color, 25¢

by Ellen Horowitz
Features Writer

American children weaned on love story comic books wind up as mature Americans reading confessional magazines and *The National Enquirer*.

They can't help it; it's in the socialization, which is to say that by now it's in the blood. Comic books now cost more than Coca Cola, and the publishers put out 50 new illustrated romances each month.

And the love stories are all the same. There's only one story worth telling in every girl's life, so each issue features girls with different-colored mini-skirts above their shiny white boots. And different names: Lorraine or June or Diana, but never Mary or Susan.

Street poets deserve better

by Allie Bisbort
Features Writer

Kip Ward, one of Loom Press' leaders and head of Rainbow Soccer, said, "Rigsby came in off the street unannounced with his manuscript telling us that he had to get it published."

Loom Press is a small local publishing company run by soccer players and poets. Being a break-even operation according to Ward, the press is interested in the words of local talent. They were impressed by Rigsby's manuscript.

"He had enormous desire, so we almost had to publish it," Ward said. "Now, he sells his book door to door and to people on the street."

I can never expect readers to come any closer to *Spirit Happy* than they would for any other book they happen across. We are all cynics in our own ways. You can't force anyone into anything unless you promise them sex or food. And most people regard poetry, especially the very personal kind, with something less than open arms or even open minds. WE-DON'T-WANT-TO READ-ABOUT-YOU-WE-WANT-TO READ-ABOUT-US.

Well, try these lines from Rigsby on for size:

"We are stars
not any of this bullshit called human
beings
when we fall
it's forever
not into a dirt hole
try covering the universe
with six feet of earth"

The poetry in *Spirit Happy* has a freshness and a sense of freedom about it. The reader feels that, at last, here is a unique voice.

The community of Chapel Hill is a sad situation for talented local writers. Loom Press is the only press which consistently puts out the works by as yet unknown artists. But even then, they are handicapped by the necessity to print assorted orders to at least stay out of the red. *The Carolina Quarterly*, fine journal that it is, usually features the work of non-local talent.

Somebody in this community better get up off their artsy-craftsy asses and give more people like Rigsby a chance.

One girl joined "The Women's Lib Club," and paid the price. In the last frame, she rested her head on her desk in a dark empty office, crying the tears of the woman damned.

The woman damned is the one without a man. She has presumed above her station, and so she lives her days in misery.

Her misery is colored black and steel blue. Her tears glow white and splash when they fall.

Most stories involve a dream sequence, a male face hovering in the air above the woman's sleeping form. If the man is right for her, he floats on pastel clouds, usually purple. If he's a no-good creep, and she hasn't learned that yet, his cloud is jagged and his face half-shadowed. Reader has to be prepared.

June Wilson is a secretary. She calls herself the "no-talent typist who hasn't a chance."

June isn't happy with her station, an elementary romantic sin. She works for the well-known talent agent Bradley Grey, who has eyes only for glamorous writers and actresses. June wants Bradley.

She's going to get him, if she can just keep her cool and not pretend to a life in the limelight. That's certain death in the love story league.

But it looks grim there at the first. June is the "drab female in the background." She cries herself to sleep at night—"Why, why wasn't I born talented? Why can't I paint or act or write, or do any of those things that would mean something to Brad?"

"If only I could, everything might be...so different." That night she dreams in purple and scarlet and pink. It's going to work out all right.

The victory kiss comes three pages later, after June drags through the days as Brad's infinitely loyal and patient assistant. "You are the most talented of all," he finally finds the nerve to say.

"You have the talent of knowing people—knowing how to make them happy! I want your talent. I want you...to make me happy forever!"

The kiss is deep violet, over a pink heart that should naturally read, "The End." Instead, it affirms in scroll-like lettering: "The Glorious Beginning."



THE VILLAGES

By Lee Hall Properties

The only place in Chapel Hill where your rent-dollar buys so many features:

- Clubhouse
- 3 Swimming Pools
- Tennis Courts
- Platform Tennis
- Sauna Baths
- Billiard Room
- Ping Pong
- Foos Ball
- Sunday morning Continental breakfast
- TV Lounge
- FREE hourly bus transportation to UNC; Special service to sporting events, and shopping centers
- Dry cleaning pick-up
- Guest suites available on a nightly basis
- Convenience storage in basement
- 1-Bedroom studio
- 1-Bedroom mezzanine
- 2-Bedroom flat
- 2-Bedroom townhouse
- Fully electric kitchens with dishwashers
- Some apartments with fireplaces
- Some apartments with washer/dryer connections
- 24-hour security
- All utilities included in your rent
- Furnished apartments available
- Beautifully landscaped courtyards
- Interest returned on your security deposit

We have selected Mohasco to furnish our apartments.

Located Smith Level Road, Carrboro, N.C.

Rental Office (919) 929-1141

July 29 through August 3rd
Pre-Inventory

SALE

Bargains all over the place—come join the fun.

Old Sets

A window full of them—all offered at teeny weeny little prices.

Bargain Books Reduced Again!

15¢ books cut to 3 for 32¢—
48¢ books cut to 3 for \$1.00—
96¢ books to 3 for \$2.00.

The Famous 6¢ Table.

A groaning board of all sorts of books we shouldn't have bought—all cut to 6¢ each!

Plus 25% Off All Books

And Prints

Not Otherwise Reduced.

WOW!

The Old Book Corner
137 A East Rosemary Street
Open 10 AM to 5:30 PM

Enjoy Coca-Cola.
The soft drink for people looking for the fun things in life.

It's the real thing. Coke.
Durham Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

