

A JOURNALISM EXPERIMENT

***Echo editor,
Chicago columnist
swap jobs next week***



John Justin Smith
Daily News Columnist



Don Brooks
Echo Editor

The Prophetstown Echo

Wednesday, July 31, 1963

Prophetstown, Illinois

The ECHO will participate in an interesting experiment in American journalism the week of August 5 through 10.

John Justin Smith, a daily editorial columnist on the Chicago Daily News and Don Brooks, editor of the Echo, will swap jobs for the week.

SMITH WILL come to Prophetstown this Saturday and will become the Echo's editor for the August 7 issue while Brooks will go to Chicago on Sunday and write six columns on various subjects.

The idea for the exchange was developed between Brooks, Smith and the editors of the Chicago Daily News in the early part of the summer. Since then the details of the exact nature of the exchange have been completed in preparation for the "main event" next week.

Smith, 44, is a native Chicagoan and has been with the Daily News

over 20 years. He started as a reporter and gradually worked his way to Assistant City Editor until he began his column a couple of years ago. His column is on various subjects, but usually an editorial of his own choosing.

BROOKS HAS been editor of the Echo for nearly six years, coming to Prophetstown after his graduation from Bradley University in 1957.

One of the basic reasons for the exchange was the opportunity to give a Chicago newspaperman the opportunity to examine life in a small rural community. The swap will also let Brooks—who has lived in small towns his entire life—communicate with metropolitan residents.

The exchange is one designed to promote better understanding—via newspapers—between the two segments of society.

SMITH VISITED Prophetstown

the early part of June and consequently wrote a kind description in his column about the town. Since then he has said, "I hope to do a lot of learning and no teaching while I am there."

"Some questions I hope to get answered—for my own education only: What is Prophetstown? How do its people live? What are their basic values? How does life there compare with life in Chicago . . . for similar persons on the same social and economic scales? What do people there think and say about Chicago?"

On his stay in Chicago, Brooks expects to write a few columns on Prophetstown—and small town life—and examine some of the social problems of a large city. He will be given freedom to write on the subjects he chooses, say what he wants—governed by standard good taste in journalism and newspaper reporting.

JOHN JUSTIN SMITH:

Downstater Taking Over This Column in Great Job Swap

Pause to look at the face pictured in today's column. It belongs to William D. (Don) Brooks, a bright-eyed editor of a small town weekly newspaper. His face—and his words—will appear here for the next six columns in the Great Job Swap of 1963.

Purpose of the swap is to try to bring about a better understanding between Chicago and Downstate Illinois.



JOHN J. SMITH

A few weeks back I wrote a blast at those Downstaters, especially legislators, who failed to appreciate the magnitude of Chicago's problems . . . of the education of newcomers, of transportation, crime, slum clearance, urban renewal, race relations and payment of relief.

That did it. Brooks, editor and publisher of the Prophetstown (Ill.) Echo became, as editors should, indignant. He wrote:

"A great many persons in Downstate Illinois find the events in Chicago very distasteful to them.

"Likewise, I'm sure most Chicagoans, who seldom travel from the confines of their city limits, think those Downstate are a group of uneducated lazy farmers who quit school after the eighth grade.

"Shomehow in history a wedge has been driven between our two soclties and I think it is getting deeper.

"Therefore, I am going to make you an offer."

And right there Brooks made a sneaky offer indeed. He said he'd write my column for a week—if I'd put out his newspaper.

* * *

THE FIRST REACTION was to telegraph Brooks to say:

"Grab a train for Chicago, friend. I could stand a week in the country."

The second reaction was to tell him to go to blazes. After all, what could I gain? Most likely, it seemed at that point, the subscribers to the Prophetstown Echo would never be happy with a city slicker editor.

Much worse yet, it seemed altogether likely that you—after a week with the bright-eyed Mr. Brooks—might not want me back.

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BUT THEN CAME THE third shock wave, which said: perhaps there is something to be gained by the Great Job Swap. Perhaps there is something I could learn about Prophetstown and other Downstate communities and their people think—and perhaps Brooks could learn about Chicago and its problems.

I accepted his challenge.

Being a rascal at heart, I sneaked out to Prophetstown recently to, as they say in the burglary trade, case the joint. The town is a beauty.

It is in the Rock River Valley, 110 miles west of here, amid rolling farmfields in an area that produces much corn and prides itself as being a major hog-producing section. Prophetstown has a smattering of industry, a state park and George Brydia. (Who is he? He's a state representative, a Republican—of course—and, among other things, the reason Prophetstown has a state park.)

* * *

PROPHETSTOWN PEOPLE appear not have any great wealth but neither is there any visible poverty. The number of jobs and the number of workers available seems to be a happy Mexican standoff.

There is no race problem because the town has no races

other than white, except that one Negro has been seen sitting around town in the last few months. Who he is and what he means to the town nobody seems quite to know.

The main street in Phophetstown (Washington) is graced by about 55 retail establishments that serve the southern part of Whiteside County. A prominent feature of the street is the offices of the Echo.

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DON BROOKS, IN THE NEWSPAPER business since he was 12 (16 years ago), has owned the Echo since 1957. He's a journalism school graduate and puts out a clean, artistic tabloid.

He's a mediocre typist but writes rather well.

I hope you will enjoy his writing about you and Chicago, starting here Monday.

It is also hoped that the Great Job Swap will result in at least a little increase in the understanding between Chicagoans and Downstaters . . . and that you'll be glad to have me back here a week from Monday.

Town Named for 'Prophet'

About now, somebody ought to ask: How did Prophets-town get its name? Well, maybe it's apocryphal, but the story goes like this:

Black Hawk, the great Indian chief, went to war against the whites and lost a major battle. His fighters and people were demoralized and not at all enthusiastic about having another fight. But a second battle shaped up and Black Hawk went to a local witch doctor, or prophet, and asked what he should do. The prophet said, in effect:

"Oh, man, make a big scene. You're a shoo-in. Soon as those crazy, crazy white cats attack, all the warriors you lost in the last battle are going to get back in their skins and fight like mad . . . like real mad. Chiefie, you can't lose.

Black Hawk was whipped something fierce and people called the witch doctor's place Prophetstown, although it isn't clear why they shouldn't call it Bu-prophetsoown.

Let's Bring Chicago-Downstate Clash Out in the Open

John Justin Smith has swapped jobs for a week with William D. (Don) Brooks, 28, editor and publisher of the Prophetstown (Ill.) Echo, a weekly.

The purpose of the swap: To see what a city slicker columnist can learn about a small (population 1,800) Downstate town—and what a small town editor can learn of Chicago.

Below is Don Brooks' first column. You'll hear from Smith next week.

One of the anomalies of our time is the wedge between the residents of metropolitan areas and those from small rural communities such as Prophetstown, where I edit a weekly newspaper.

There doesn't seem to be much mutual understanding. Communication—if there ever was any—has bogged down.

Why is this?

I presume there are two basic differences—the metropolitan resident, accustomed to a “faster pace,” seems to have a sophistication that we in rural Illinois do not understand. And mistrust of the “city slicker” still persists in the minds of small town dwellers.



Don Brooks

There are many other reasons, but few good ones. These differences must be resolved if our society is to continue to progress. Politicians, Supreme Court decisions, etc. will not seal the gap of different ideologies and customs.

Mayor Richard J. Daley becomes irked or at least that's the way Downstaters interpret the reports in Chicago newspapers, when our representatives in the General Assembly refuse session after session to vote for his proposals.

* * *

JOHN JUSTIN SMITH, after a recent visit to Prophetstown, wrote a few kind words about us. He concluded it is hard for Prophetstowners to understand Chicago's problems because we have very little relief, crime or prostitution.

Perhaps Downstaters don't understand Chicago's problems but Chicagoans refuse to believe that our problems are real also. After all, everything doesn't come up roses in Prophetstown either

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RECENTLY, TWO BROTHERS—one from Chicago and the other from San Francisco—were reunited in Prophetstown when the Californian came visiting his in-laws. The Chicagoan, so the story goes, had never really seen a small town. His opinion of Prophetstown bordered on scorn and he was quick, almost eager, to let it be known. He didn't see much of our life, mostly because he refused to open his eyes.

He found everyone staring at him and asked: "What's the matter? Hasn't anyone in this town ever seen a Volkswagen before?"

The people of Prophetstown were staring not because he was driving a foreign car but because they recognize a stranger easily when they see any different car in town.

For example, two young men who work for me are able to identify anybody in town by the car he drives. They say, "Oh, yes, he's the one who drives a '63 Impala" or maybe it's a '59 Ford or, even, a Volkswagen.

Prophetstowners were staring at the young man from Chicago simply because he was a stranger.

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HAD HE REMOVED THE CHIP from his shoulder he would have found some nice people and a life different from his in Chicago. While Chicagoans waste an hour or two commuting to and from work each day, we are enjoying leisure you can only dream about.

My employes walk home in five minutes. They have spare time before dinner and very likely one of them—who owns a foreign car—can enjoy puttering with it while you're commuting.

I should add that he also goes home for lunch and returns in half an hour—and never laps up martinis in the middle of the day.

These are minor differences—differences in our personal ways of life.

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THERE ARE UNDERLYING currents that are unexplored and these cry out to be discussed, dealt with and brought out into the open for all to know.

Admittedly, I don't understand the "excitement" that intrigues the people of big cities. I don't particularly like

being shoved along the sidewalks of Michigan Av. The traffic and congestion of the expressways and your cab drivers terrify me.

But I do understand its necessity. I know why it exists and, because of business and pleasure it conveniently affords, I am one Downstater who is glad the city is so near. (It's only about 110 miles due west from your Loop to Prophetstown.)

While in Chicago this week, I hope to enlarge upon this understanding or enlarge at least upon an interpretation of the differences between our communities.

I want to talk with Chicagoans as I do people in Prophetstown. I want to be friendly and learn about your society and way of life. I want to ask questions.

Friendly Chicago: Amusing and Amazing

John Justin Smith has swapped jobs for a week with William D. (Don) Brooks, 28, editor and publisher of the Prophetstown (Ill.) Echo, a weekly.

The purpose of the swap: To see what a city columnist can learn and report about a small (population 1,800) Downstate town—and how a small town editor views Chicago.

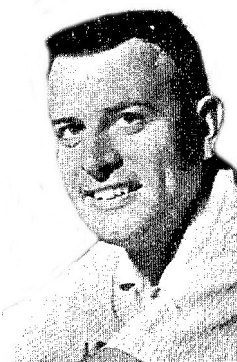
Below is Don Brooks' third column. Smith will be back next week.

Every Downstater needs to wander around Chicago as I have begun to do. It's a real education. I've only scratched the surface, but I have bumped around as "John Q. Public" and I poked into things as "John Justin Smith's replacement."

Chicago is a BEAUTIFUL city—from atop the Prudential Building, along the lakefront, from the view in my hotel room on the 23d floor, from the lake in a boat looking back into the metropolis and from Marina Towers.

It's an EXCITING place — exciting from the newsroom of The Daily News. It's hard for me to write under the pressure of a daily deadline when I'm used to but one a week. I get so engrossed in watching all the reporters—my weekly has only one—scurry around completing their assignments before the next edition that I find myself gawking when I should be typing.

Chicago is exciting on "that great street," State Street, when you watch all the gals stuff a few more packages into a shopping bag.



Don Brooks

CHICAGO IS an AMUSING city too. I wandered into a store the other night and watched a fellow buy a tie pin. It cost 39 cents. "That'll be 45 cents," said the clerk.

Whereupon I butted into the transaction, "How can a 39 cent item cost 45?"

"Tax," screamed the clerk.

"I thought sales tax was only 4 per cent; couldn't possibly cost more than 41 cents."

"Tax on jewelry, buster," she barked back. "Where you been for the past 25 years?" Sorry, lady, I'm just from little ole Prophetstown.

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CHICAGO IS INTERESTING. I decided to visit police headquarters. I read about your scandals and I've kept informed on Supt. O. W. Wilson's policies of restoring respect to the department.

It's interesting talking to the officers. I asked one on a Loop corner for directions to headquarters. He cheerfully gave them.

"It's a brand-new building on South State," he replied. "They spent about \$2,000,000 fixing it up."

"Two million," I said. "Man, was it worth it?"

"I dunno. Before the scandals they couldn't get \$75,000 for some minor remodeling. After the scandals they got a whole pile of money. But it's something to see," continued the officer. "Just take a bus south on State."

I did. Whereupon I engaged another officer and asked him about the building. "Is it worth \$2,000,000?"

"Only time will tell."

* * *

I AMBLED AROUND the headquarters on my own. It's a beautiful building. Efficient, too, I'd say, except for the elevators. One fellow and I waited so long for one on the seventh floor we finally gave up and hoofed it on the stairs.

I goofed around on my own and then used my passwords. "I'm John Justin Smith's replacement this week." Then I got a guided tour.

Most interesting to me was the crime lab and the communications center—fascinating. I'll not commit any crimes in this town.

My compliments to the designers for engineering the structure so the public can appreciate it. The phones with the recording messages about the police force and the operations are excellent.

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CHICAGO IS a **TIRING** city. As I write this I've been here but two nights and already I'm fagged out. When you are accustomed to walking on nice grassy lawns and wooden floors as I am, the sidewalks and terrazzo around here can wear a country boy like me down to a frazzle.

I left The Daily News the other night, went to dinner, walked around town a bit and returned to the hotel to hit the hay shortly after 10—that's real early for me. I just fell on the bed; my legs weighed a ton.

CHICAGO IS a **FRIENDLY** town. Downstaters won't believe that. I have been to Chicago many times. I always thought the people here were cold, uninterested in anyone else. But I find it depends on how you approach them.

I have stopped people purposefully to ask directions, or to make some other insignificant conversation.

Directions are freely given—that is, when you can find a Chicagoan. I thought I could find typical Chicagoans, but half the time I get an answer, "I don't know, I'm not from Chicago either."

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CHICAGO IS an **AMAZING** place. Amazing because it will open its arms to a Downstater like me who is doing nothing more than borrowing John Justin Smith's name for a week. Amazing that The Daily News agreed to our swap. Amazing to find everyone—and I mean everyone—opening the doors wider when they find I'm subbing for columnist Smith.

First time in my life I ever felt like a wheel.

A Tour from Hope to Disillusion

Now the UGLY side of Chicago appeareth.

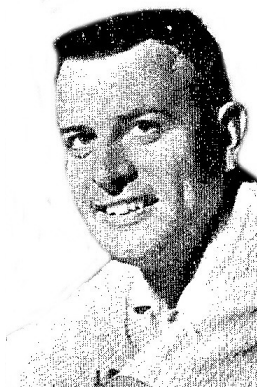
It's the story of the disillusioned, the faithless, the weak, the poor, the snobs, the stupid, the con-men, the politicians, the relievers, the minority that works toward the good end and another group laboring to keep the status quo.

The whole thing is disgusting—disgusting because these elements exist in Chicago society and those who could help sit on their hands.

Downstaters do not make any attempt to understand the magnitude of this social evil: But my big brown country eyes have been opened.

I spent Tuesday attending a portion of the hearings on open occupancy at City Hall, visiting relief cases on the Near North Side close to Old Town, and later in the Uptown district.

I had a guided trip through Chicago's worst side, the West Side.



Don Brooks

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HERE'S MY DAY—the tour that took me from hope to disillusionment.

I watched Chicago aldermen and spectators conduct an open occupancy hearing and saw exactly what I expected: a bunch of well-dressed smart alecks.

The meeting was disgraceful, conducted by politicians

trying to please the crowd rather than representing Chicagoans.

It impressed me that the plush surroundings and furniture in the council chamber gave these fellows plenty of comfort where they think.

I would hope the neighborhood club of 10-year-olds in Prophetstown could get down to business with more courtesy and regard for parliamentary procedure.

* * *

I SPENT THE afternoon with a Cook County Public Aid caseworker, realizing that the political wars waged over this metropolitan problem only add to its magnitude.

Two cases in particular interested me. The 38-year-old Negro woman with an illegitimate son, 9. The boy's father was married. He is now separated from his wife.

The mother draws ADC help of about \$150 a month, for which \$78 is paid in rent. Were I the landlord I'd be ashamed to ask \$10.

The two want to get married, have for nine years, but he doesn't have \$300 for a divorce. The mother has been off relief a couple of times, performing housework. She went back on when she became ill. The father has few skills, but he's training for what might develop into steady employment.

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THEN THERE was the elderly white man, disabled since birth, burdened with an alcoholic wife and a 16-year-old daughter.

He has had jobs in the past, desk work, but he is actually unable to do much, though he still has the desire and ambition to find something for himself.

His daughter will graduate from high school and wants to be a teacher or a social worker. He lives on less than \$150 a month and owns one pair of pants. He has no clothing allowance, his wife is gone. He can barely walk. The man was genuine, feeling bad because he depends on relief. I felt compassion for him.

* * *

AND THEN, friends, two Negroes gave me a night tour of West Side dives, holes, dirt-infested, run-down cheap places. I knew such things existed, but it was unbelievable how bad they are. And yet, one could walk but 75 feet and enter taverns, clubs and bowling alleys that were swanky, catering to an entirely different class.

The dives are run mostly by whites, who sell cheap 15-cent beer and pints of whisky for a buck.

I didn't need my passwords (John Justin Smith's replacement) to get a tour. Some thought I was a cop. I was just plain Don Brooks, a Downstater who had no feeling of superiority, but pity for the life these people lead.

The world must be small. It is made up of little people with big mouths and fat checking accounts. Nobody trusts his neighbor, nobody cares about these people, everybody just lets them exist.

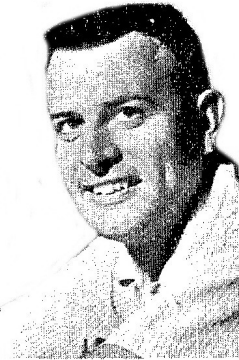
I have had an education in Chicago that's difficult to swallow, harder yet to digest. I'd like to propose that my Downstate representatives spend at least three days taking this same tour.

Maybe they wouldn't change their minds when it comes to voting on legislative proposals, but they would at least know first-hand what exists. Not many do.

A Downstater Looks at Chicago's Problems

I wrote earlier of the misunderstanding that exists between Downstate and the Chicago area. Possibly one of the influences that creates this misunderstanding is the term "Downstate" itself.

There are many things that Chicagoans do not understand about themselves. Time has not permitted me to make a complete investigation of some of these aspects. Trying to seek out information such as this is difficult in a single week when at least half of each day is devoted to writing, opening mail and answering the phone. "But I would like to discuss some of them.



Don Brooks

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CHICAGOANS, I read, are concerned about high taxes. Who isn't? People in Prophetstown also think their taxes are high.

Admittedly, people in Chicago do pay high taxes, but consider the services they receive.

Let me make some comparisons. Your property values are much, much higher. I visited some friends north of Chicago the other evening. Their home was nice, not exceptional for their area, but it would be an excellent home in Prophetstown.

My friend values his home at about \$28,000. In Prophetstown I doubt he could sell it for \$17,000. Consequently, the taxes in Chicago are higher than in Prophetstown.

But let's examine the benefits.

My friend will send his children to one of the finest high schools in the United States, more than 3,000 students. The scholastic average and the educational opportunities available are held in the highest regard. What possible comparison is there to Prophetstown's little high school of 200 students?

There are other services for your tax dollars that small rural towns cannot begin to match. Chicago has beautiful parks, beaches, streets, street lights, transportation, a tre-

mendous police force, all of which rural Illinois lacks.

Chicagoans demand these services. I have received many letters this week from people complaining about some shortcoming or injustice they expect to be corrected—all with tax dollars.

* * *

YOU HAVE other tremendous problems that small towns do not encounter. I interpret many of these to be social. Your Negro population alone is greater than the inhabitants of 11 states and equal to two others; with the great birth rate and migration to Chicago of Negroes, your troubles are greatly compounded.

These do not exist in many rural Illinois towns.

The cultural advantages of Chicago over rural Illinois are far superior.

Your free concerts, drama presentations, museums, the libraries—where else can such advantages be found?

Prophetstown people also demand services for their tax dollars. Many of these requests are silly. Some people expect our little city government to make their personal lives more comfortable. For instance one woman called the mayor of Prophetstown and asked him to stop school children from walking across her lawn.

* * *

YOUR unemployment problems are of great magnitude. Prophetstown has very few and those that do exist are disgusting. Some people draw unemployment compensation after losing a job. When the aid runs dry, they get ambitious again and go find another job.

I imagine this exists to a greater degree in Chicago, but it is my opinion that such lazy attitudes can be attributed in larger cities to political machines pushing through legislation that results in social decay.

Incomes in the Chicago area are much higher on the

average than those Downstate.

Downstaters deplore the use of their tax dollars for relief in Cook County. Chicagoans decry the use of taxes for farm subsidies—a problem that exists because of great surpluses of grain and of mechanization of farming, all necessary because supply exceeds demand.

Farmers in my part of Illinois are leaving their fields in droves. Around Prophetstown nearly 30 give up each year. If the subsidies are discontinued, more farmers will end up in the cities. Where will you find jobs for them?

* * *

CHICAGOANS need to make an attempt to understand this economic problem the same as Downstaters should educate themselves on metropolitan problems.

It boils down to this: when Downstate and Chicago incomes, property values, taxes paid and services received are compared, I'd say it becomes a dead heat.

Downstater Has Parting Chat with Big City Kingpin

I frankly told the mayor his influence will never spread widely over the state. I am not sure it should, but I am convinced that Downstate and Chicago should find some common ground, a collective bargaining table, where issues could be judged on their merit and not by partisan political bickering.

Downstaters do not realize Chicago has more population than 41 of the 50 states, or that Chicago has received convincing citations of honor. It has many methods of government operation that have been copied by other U.S. cities and the federal government.

* * *

I COULD DIG out many other examples. The unfortunate thing is that most Downstaters will never learn of this information, and I attribute this in a great degree to our daily newspapers.

The Daily News doesn't distribute the same editions Downstate that it does in Chicago. Downstate we get far

less news about Chicago. I wouldn't be without The Daily News in Prophetstown, but I never realized the difference in the edition I receive from the ones published for the Chicago area.

Downstate daily newspapers, unfortunately, are weak. There's no comparison between them and Chicago's best—The Daily News.

They seem more interested in printing three columns of news and page after page of social news from every small town within 30 miles, instead of the giant world, national and state news that is badly needed and misunderstood.

This shortcoming of reporting contributes as much as anything else to the clash between Downstate and Chicago.

Thanks for a Tremendous Time

To conclude the revelations of the week, I must express my complete surprise, amazement and thanks for the friendliness that has come in heaps and bounds to me.

I have heard that Chicagoans were cold and indifferent and uninterested in their neighbors. This is hard for me to accept now.

* * *

MY RECEPTION, to put it mildly, has been tremendous and overwhelming. Phone calls, letters, even telegrams, have reached my desk from the first day. Invitations to dinner and almost anything and everything else imaginable have been so frequent that I have had to refuse more than 80 per cent of those received.

Letters have complimented me and some have been biting with criticism. As a newspaper veteran of many years, I have learned to accept both. But Chicagoans have proved to be some of the finest people I have ever met.

I only hope that in some way I can impress this fact on the fine people in what you call "Downstate Illinois." I hope, too, that Chicagoans will work to create a better image Downstate.

My heartfelt thanks also to all the wonderful people on The Daily News staff who have so willingly accepted and helped me this last week.

JOHN JUSTIN SMITH:

An Echo Is Heard from Prophetstown

Page 1 on the Prophetstown Echo, shown elsewhere on this page, may not look like much to you. But to me . . . well, it's rather like looking into the face of a newborn son.

The birth was not without its pangs but, like most deliveries, it was followed by a surge of joy.



JOHN JUSTIN
SMITH

As you may know by now, I swapped jobs last week with Don Brooks, editor of the Echo (accidentally called "the Yek-ko" by Prophetstowners). He came to Chicago to write this column. I produced the Echo.

The purpose was for each of us to learn, and perhaps to understand better, the differences between big city and small town.

What was learned in Prophetstown is reflected in the week's issue of the small-town paper.

The top story of the week was about Prophetstown's first crime, a weekend spree in which four businesses were hit. One of these thefts was as expert a safe-cracking job as I ever saw in years as a police reporter in Chicago.

The burglary spree was significant for two big reasons: 1. It showed the Keystone Kop quality of the local police department, which carefully checked store fronts while thieves were going in the rear. 2. It showed that small towns can have high crime rates. Considering the differences in population, Chicago would need 8,000 burglaries to equal Prophetstown.

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THE NEXT STORY of significance was about the great number of top honors taken by Prophetstown-area youngsters in Future Farmers of America and 4-H stock shows.

This reflected the great interest of some parents in seeing their children rise to the top.

The Page 1 photo shows Jim McMillan, 13, holding a 30-inch northern pike he caught in the Rock River. He used a secret bait—Wheaties!

Inside pages piled one on another stories that reflect the people of Prophetstown, what they do and how they think. Big news may be a family reunion, visitors from Iowa, the birth of a baby, a Little League tournament, a golden wedding anniversary.

The August meeting of the city council made big news because the aldermen voted to stop the high school from using water from a fire hydrant to sprinkle the football field lawn.

It was discovered that the lawn was soaking up 150,000 to 200,000 gallons a day and, at local rates, this much water was worth \$80.

Humm. How much valuable water is spent on lawns in YOUR neighborhood?

* * *

AT LEAST 80 per cent of what went into the Echo hardly seemed to be news at all—just chitchat about people. I found it hard to believe at first that this stuff was worth the price of printing it.

But then I learned something: This chatter is a true reflection of small-town life. In fact, talk about neighbors takes up a large part of nearly everyone's time.

Who's going to have a baby? Where was so-and-so last night? There's going to be a dance over at Lyndon and she's going with so-and-so.

Verdict on Prophetstown

A popular question was, "How do you like Prophetstown." The answer: Just fine. Its people are like people

anywhere—willing to be friendly if you will do likewise.

The town is beautiful and the surrounding countryside is even greater.

But I do not like . . . the incessant chitchat, the failure to provide enough money for the city council to do a top job of running the town . . . the lack of recreational facilities for youngsters . . . the nearly complete drought of entertainment (the movie house has been closed for months) . . . the complete drought of cultural activities . . . the way you can't turn over in bed or change your socks without everybody in town knowing just what you have done.