Part two: an Italian, an Isuzu, and an interstate

By Corrado Giambalvo

Feature

(If I remember correctly, we were last in Buffalo...)

STAGE 1: Buffalo, NY, to Chicago, IL

From Buffalo I decided to cross over to the Canadian side and go to Detroit via Route 3, a picturesque and extremely flat two-lane highway. It was here that I saw some of the smallest urban conglomerations. With the shores of lake Erie on my left, I comfortably cruised at 75 mph, hoping the local police was not patrolling this desolate country road.

I arrived at the border of the automotive capital of America. After a poor excuse for a pre-rinsed, synthetic chicken sandwich I continued my journey on route 12. By riding on the small highways I figured I would avoid the marauding 18 wheelers and the keen highway patrolmen. The former were especially scary since when I tried to overtake them, first I would get stuck in by the posterior turbulence, and after countercing this force by shifting my body weight to the opposite direction, I was further pushed towards the divider by the air pressure of the slipstream on the back of the truck. Many a time I thought that the only way to keep in the last truck I would pass.

Route 12 took me to Chicago, passing through Indiana first. The open prairies, the gargantuan steel mills was breathtaking. There were no people to be seen. I observed that other cyclists were not wearing safety helmets in Indiana. After 450 miles of hard riding I was craving for the first cold air on my sweating face. But I quickly realized I would not find the tamest taste of the industri al area.

In Chicago I stayed with Andrew Ghez, a fraternity sister from Number Six. She lives very close to the University of Chicago, in Hyde Park, an area very similar to Cambridge; intellectual, ethnic but most of all very lively.

After a much needed rest, the next day Andrea and I set out for Chicago Downtown. On top of the Sears Tower, the tallest building of the world (the tallest structure is actually Toronto's CNTower at a whopping 1700 ft not including antenna) we looked at the array of statues and stuctures. I remembered all the slides I had seen in 4.605 (History and Theory of Architecture) and was reassured that the buildings really did exist. The day was clear and we could see as far as the horizon on Lake Michigan.

Without warning a vicious dust storm developed. I then understood why they call Chicago the windy city. Suddenly a horrid gust attacked a distinguishable looking lady. Her glasses blown away from her nose, were cooled by a rushing car, driven by an equally panic-stricken driver.

STAGE 4: Lawrence, KS to Boulder, CO

I arrived Lawrence at 4 am on the 7th day of my trip. Prepared for the worst, I headed toward Mark and Beth's home town. I was surprised by all the run-down, dusty drugstores, semi-darkness. But I knew that there wasn't something in a cauldron of smoldering excitement. In Boulder I previewed a place for a night. As I browsed amongst the opiniated furniture, graffiti-filled walls, and the copious trash I couldn't stop laughing. To save a few dollars I was actually going to degrade myself by staying in a living establishment that looked like the Animal House Fraternity run through a Corporate Art.

Temporarily I left my backpack under a couch and started walking around Boulder looking for an alternative accommodation. As I was on the phone with my father, to reassure him of my well-being a car with Massachusetts' license plates sped by. I hurriedly said bye and started chasing the car down the street. After several hundreds of yards the car finally stopped at a red light. I ran up to the window, and with a look of desperation I said: "Do you are from Massachusetts? So am I" (knowing full well that my bleached accent would give me away).

"Yes," replied the driver, retreating away from me.

Before the lights turned green I had to convince her that I wasn't a psychic killer and that I needed a place to stay. Thrashing my passport, wallet and motorcycle keys in her hand I told her that she could keep all of my vital belongings for safety if she'd be so nice as to offer me a place to stay. I guess she felt somewhat sorry for me. She opened the door and took me to her house. Maybe it's the fact that I lived close to the place she was born (Mr. Ashburn Hupplin) was a common factor for mutual trust.

INTERESTED IN ART? You can still register for classes:

- PHOTOGRAPHY
- CERAMICS
- DRAWING
- ETCHING
- SILKSCREEN
- WATERCOLOR
- STAINED GLASS
- MIXED MEDIA
- PAPERMAKING
- STUDIO USE

Open to all

Come on by

STUDENT * ART * ASSOCIATION
STUDENT CENTER, ROOM 429
x-7019

$10,000 Renters Insurance only $86

Auto Insurance- lowest rates in Mass. call 643-3040
The Ron Rogers Insurance Agency

Ronald P. Rogers, MBA, CLU 404 Mass. Ave., Arlington

Air Force always needs more leaders.

Air Force Reserve officers and enlisted personnel are needed to meet the increasing mission demands of the Air Force Reserve... During the next five years, about 1,000 officers and 8,000 NCOs and Enlisted men will be needed... Just in the next three years, about 200 engineers, 200 maintenance personnel, and 1,000 other professionals will be needed... Air Force leaders are needed to lead the Reserve mission and the Reserve Mission supports the regular mission of the Air Force... The Reserve mission requires men of character, dedication, and skill... The Air Force Reserve will provide the same development opportunities for Reserve personnel as the regular Air Force... The Reserve Commander and his staff predict that there will be a steady need for Reserve officers during the next five years... Air Force leaders are needed by the nation and the Air Force Reserve... When you serve the Country, you become a part of the greatest Air Force in the world... You have a chance to make a difference... But you have to want to do it... The time to make a decision... is now... You will be expected to live up to the high standards of the Air Force Reserve... You will be expected to lead men and women of the Reserve... You will be expected to be the best you can be... If you accept the challenge of the Air Force Reserve, you will have the opportunity to fulfill the Air Force mission worldwide... So make a decision now... and contact your nearest Air Force Reserve Recruiting Office... You can make a difference... You can be a leader... You can be an Air Force Reserve Officer....