

Parkland College

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Prospectus 1974

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Prospectus, October 14, 1974

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NO. 6

Pisciotta, Weaver, Others Debate Today



Intense concentration appears to be necessary while dealing with mechanical minds, or perhaps this

photo merely brings into focus the intense struggle between man and machine. Looks like we're losing.



A computer programmer flashes a grin at our photographer during a recent visit to the business section.

Seven candidates in this fall's election will be speaking at a forum sponsored by Parkland College on Tuesday, October 15, from 11 a.m. - 1 p.m. The Parkland College student body and faculty, along with the entire community, is invited to come to the main lecture hall, C118, in the Student Center to meet the candidates.

The seven candidates who will be speaking are: Richard Small, Democrat candidate for U. S. Representative; Stanley Weaver, Republican, the incumbent State Senator; and Joe Pisciotta, his Democratic challenger. The four people running for the three state representative spots will also be present. They are: John Hirschfeld, Republican incumbent; Paul Stone, Democrat incumbent; and two newcomers, Virgil Wikoff, Republican, and Helen Satterthwaite, Democrat. In addition to the state candidates, several local Republican officials will be in attendance, anxious to meet people in the community.

After the forum, the Parkland College Republican Club will sponsor a reception for the Republican candidates. This is also open to everyone and will be held in the lobby outside of the lecture hall. Refreshments will be served.

For an hour before and after the meeting, the candidates will be in X148 to meet members of the student body or visitors from the community.

The format will have each candidate introduced by the master of ceremonies reading a written resume submitted by the candidates. Then each candidate will speak for about 10 minutes, followed immediately by his or her opponent. The candidate will then have another 10 minutes to rebutt their opponent. Each candidate will speak a total of 15-20 minutes. After the debates, there will be a question and answer session with the audience's participation.

Business Division Offers Two New Programs

BY MONICA A. LUCAS

The Business Division Chairman, Paul Curtis, said that Parkland is offering a new, two year Associate Program in Banking.

This program was developed in cooperation with the Champaign - Urbana Chapter of the American Institute of Banking. The program's purpose is to prepare the student to function as a junior commercial loan officer, junior installment loan officer, operations officer, or trust assistant. There are 34 banks in Parkland's District, making employment opportunities excellent.

Another new program being offered this year for the first time is a two year program in Stable Management.

The Stable Management curriculum was developed in cooperation with the Illinois Horse Science Advisory Council, which includes representatives from all breeds and facets of the equine industry. The purpose of the program is to provide skills in the many aspects of stable management including stable and grounds design, operation and management; nutrition and ration design; genetics, breeding and stud, mare and foal management; horse

judging, selection, training and showing; tack and equipment selection, adjustment and care; skills in equitation and instruction; and the recognition and methods of preventing or correcting various equine unsoundnesses, diseases and maladies.

The Business Division currently offers programs in Data Processing; Secretarial Science; Accounting and Business Administration and Agriculture.

Other new programs being considered by the Business Division are a Legal Secretary Curriculum and a course in Real Estate.

Sangamon St. Rep On Campus

A representative from Sangamon State University will be on campus Thursday, Oct. 15 from 10:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. to talk with students. The representative will be located in the student center across from the grand staircase. If you have any questions about Sangamon State, the representative will be glad to speak to you.

Will The Real Bobbie Reid ?



A mixup at the printer a couple of weeks ago caused a boner in the paper when one picture was substituted for another, but you may understand how it can happen now.

From left to right: Bobbie Reid, Public Relations Senator, whose picture was supposed to appear with an election story; Bob Reed, Director of Instructional Resources,

and Robert L. Reed, Coordinator of the Preparedness Program, whose picture appeared. Adding to the confusion is Bobbi Reed, a dental hygiene student who complains of get-



ting phone calls at her home got the other three. Another case of mistaken identity.

Newman Club Sponsors Mass

Parkland College Newman Club is sponsoring another first on November 11, 1974 at 11 a.m. in room X150. Through the granting of special permission, Father Barger, our campus minister, will have Mass on campus to enable students and faculty to fulfill their holiday obligation. We encourage all of you to take advantage of this opportunity.

Tuesday, Oct. 15 is the date set for the next business meeting of the Newman Club in room X150. If you have any ideas for discussions or social functions please attend the meeting. All notices for future meetings will be published in the Sprinkler.

We are particularly interested in having a folk Mass throughout the year and anyone interested in playing a guitar at a Mass is encouraged to contact us. Everyone is welcome regardless of their religious denomination.

Blood Drive

Parkland College Health Service X202 is again having a blood drive on Oct. 23 from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The service will be grateful to any student, staff or faculty member for an offer of assistance.

Refreshments will be available while waiting to be typed and to donate blood.

editorials

get day-care together

There is no question that a day care center is needed at Parkland, with bureaucratic nonsense and red-tape as the only obstacles to its creation that remain. Originally, the center was planned for a few years from now, possibly under Phase IX or X, but the need is far more immediate than that.

It is uncertain at this point, since we have heard no news on the subject, whether the presence of persistent mothers in the office of the President has moved up this target date, though things have a way of moving faster around here once they are heard in the library's inner sanctum. The only answer we've been able to extract from our friends next door in student government has been, "Yeah, well we're working on it".

It is obvious, however, than many women, particularly those on family assistance already, cannot afford to pay for sitters daily. Some, of course, have friends and relatives to leave their children with during the day, but there is no better way than that to foster resentment and animosity in the adults, and serious conflicts in the kids, if it is practiced regularly.

An in-house day-care center would be ideal not only because of its convenience, but also because it would give women with split schedules a chance to spend more time with their children. And, initially, it would make scheduling a lot easier for them.

Staffing shouldn't be a problem. We have an entire nursing program to draw from, as well as various psychology, and child development courses which could use staff time in the nursery towards practical experience, and perhaps class credit.

A few full-time personnel could be employed to fill any void that may occur, without too much strain on the budget, and toys and books to keep the children otherwise occupied could be obtained through donations, or from the proceeds of an organized rummage sale.

Finally, finding space should not be difficult here at the Ritz. A single classroom, or perhaps two adjoining ones somewhere on the second or third floors could be set aside without seriously disrupting classes or space scheduling.

A number of high schools in the Chicago area, as well as elsewhere, have day-care centers as part of child care programs and if these schools can find the space and financing to handle a nursery, then it would appear that a serious effort on the part of the administration could make a day-care center a reality here.

bookstore follies

We have been informed that the bookstore will indeed start buying books back, if not this year, then assuredly next. But not really. The story we got from a usually fairly reliable source, is that it will not be the bookstore per se that will be grabbing up your used texts, but an independent company which will come in, purchase your book, and then sell it back to the bookstore.

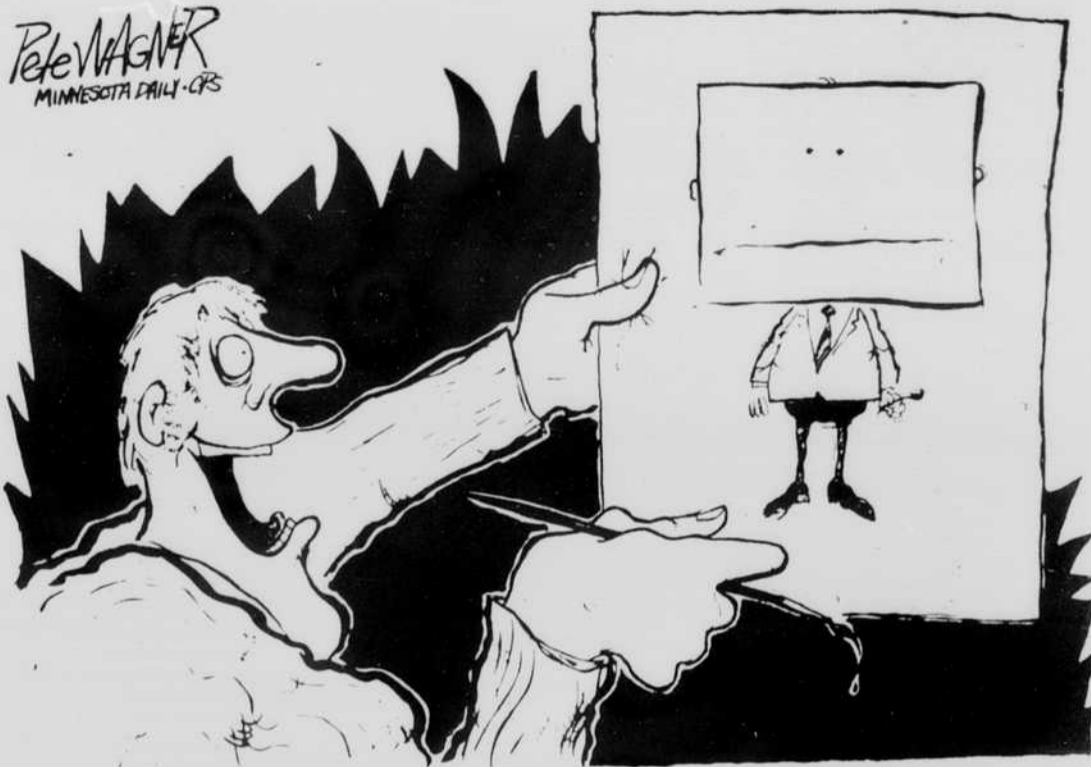
Curious indeed, and a purpose defater if there ever was one. Assuredly, the company will give the bookstore no breaks on the resale and in turn the savings of students will be minimal. The one function that the company, at this point nameless, will perform is to take obsolete or no longer used books off the hands of the bookstore, who loses money regularly because it can't find anybody to sell these books to themselves.

The bookstore's real problem does not appear to be an outrageous overhead, or high wholesale costs at all, but rather gross mismanagement. Sale of anything at manufacturers's list price generally leaves plenty of room for profit (records as you know list for 5.98 and it must be assumed that record stores are not giving anything away by selling them to you for as much as \$2.00 less) and there is no reason why the bookstore should be operating in the darker shades of pink at the prices they charge.

A problem is instructors who constantly change books leaving the bookstore with unused copies from the previous quarter. Nine times out of ten they order the new book and the cycle repeats itself. This problem could be alleviated somewhat by having teachers assigned to courses far in advance, and by having tentative registration in the fall for the entire year so that the various departments will have a general idea as to how many people will be in what classes. Books could be ordered accordingly. This a problem we will deal with more thoroughly later on.

And so, as we on the staff observe the bookstore jumping out of the frying pan manfully into the fire, we once again urge that students use the vets' alternative bookstore for future purchases. At least with them, the price you will be paying for the book will be your own and no one else's.

Pete WAGNER
MINNESOTA DAILY OPS



Hey! I did it! A perfect Gerald Ford caricature!

The Short Circuit

By David Wiechman



The United States is the only major country in the world that gives one man the power to commit a whole nation to war. The President of the U.S. could place a phone call and 20 minutes later, 60 million people would be dead. The communist dictatorship of Russia doesn't even allow one man to have that much power. All major decisions in the Soviet Union are made by the members of the Politburo.

Even after the passage of the much hailed War Powers Act of 1973, the President still maintains the right to make war. The Act requires him to gain Congressional approval of any military action overseas only after 90 days. All that has been done is to force the President to escalate our involvement in an intervention so as to knock the enemy out in three months. He may still retaliate to attacks on our troops abroad. This is especially dangerous when one considers some of the

places our troops are based such as Korea, Germany, and even Cuba. There is no restraint on the President's use of troops to rescue American citizens abroad. We could have intervened in Cyprus to protect the several hundred American tourists there. All the president has to do is make a phone call to Congress explaining what he is doing, before he can intervene.

To compound this problem is the fact that Presidents have used this power rather indiscriminately. Besides Vietnam and Korea, there have been over 125 instances of the use of American troops abroad without the approval of Congress.

On top of this, the wars Congress have declared have all be started by presidential actions. Only during the War of 1812 did the Congress seriously debate the President's request for war. Polk started the Mexican-American War by putting U.S. forces into territory claimed

by Mexico. Lincoln raised the army and sent it into action before ever asking the Congress' opinion. The Spanish-American War was caused when the President ordered the U.S.S. Maine into the port of Havana where it could get blown up. Wilson ordered the arming of U.S. merchant vessels and the firing upon of German submarines before war was declared. Roosevelt sent arms to the Allies and sank a German submarine, all acts of war, long before Congress actually declared war.

These interventions have not been good for America. We all know how many people died in Vietnam and add to that over 50,000 killed in Korea and one can see the damage it has done to one generation. Then think of all the money that has been wasted. Money that could have been used to train people to do jobs and get an education, vital elements in the struggle to rise out of poverty.

Ending on a personal note, I think we are getting the Administration worried. During my campaign, and as a Day Senator, I brought to the attention of the student body the problems of the Canteen, the bookstore, and the Day Care Center. Now our efforts are mushrooming with other students taking up these causes. In the last week, several people in the Administration have been asking to see me. I think we're getting somewhere. However if you never hear from me again, you will know who got me. (That's just a little humor, in case you didn't catch it.)

The Kaleidoscope

By Gary Miller



Estimates predict 15%-17% rise in food costs this year, and the whole American economy, as well as the rest of the world, may be headed for a severe period of recession and shortages. People are suffering now because of the recession, and before the situation gets any better, it's going to get much worse.

As students, we are certainly going to feel the pinch of this crisis, if we haven't yet. Some of us are working full time now, and find it hard to make ends meet. Most of the scholarships do not cover all the needs either. So, we have to learn to stretch a dollar. Unfortunately, as most of us have realized, a dollar will only stretch so far. If we are

commuting from home, the gasoline prices have made themselves apparent. Thank God that the government did not add that extra ten to twenty-cent tax to gasoline prices. They not only would have succeeded in cutting fuel useage, they would have succeeded in cutting community college enrollment.

None of us are going to get around the pinch of inflation. If we take a bus to school and gasoline prices don't hit us, our very own canteen prices will. I think the only people that will not be hurt by this recession is the middleman. I think they are ripping the average consumer off. They declare they have to increase their retail prices because

their costs have gone up. They may say their costs have gone up 10% and so they tack on 5¢ to all of their 10¢ items. In actuality, the 10% increase of the 10¢ item comes only to 1¢, and they get away with tactics like this. The middleman has to be one of leading causes of inflation. I agree with Ford's plan for tax breaks to families earning less than 15,000 dollars a year, at least, this will help ease their rising costs due to inflation.

I also agree with most of Ford's other plans to cure inflation. Let's face it, we will have to try something to pull us out of this mess. If there is a chance of his economic plans working, they they are worth a try.

Let's hope that in the process of curing inflation, the students will not be forgotten by the administrators and economic planners. This is hitting the students as hard, if not harder, than any other citizens of this nation. We will become future leaders of this nation and we should make sure the needs of the students are heard and responded to. We should also make sure we are not being ripped-off by the middleman who is making a fortune off other people's suffering.

opinion



Conscious Matter

By Dereke Clements



The latter half of the 50's and most of the 60's were marked by parallel but not identical stages in the liberation struggles on our African continent and also in the United States.

During this period, an increasing number of African countries gained their political independence. With the accomplishment of independence, this broke the long chain of dominant imperialist oppression, of open, direct colonial control of most of the African continent. There are a few exceptions though; they are the NATO allied nations, U. S.-backed Zimbabwe, South Africa, and the Portuguese dominated countries.

In the United States, it was the time of Rosa Parks, of sit-ins with Martin Luther King, and the great civil rights movement, which was and still is essential. These happenings marked a stage in America of Black liberation struggles within the last stronghold of racist imperialism.

As these developments progressed, it became apparent that United States corporate monopolies would never adjust passively to Africa political independence, or even equality of Black citizenship in the U. S. It was the time in which the fiasco at the Bay of Pigs was followed by escalation of the "secret criminal war" in VietNam, and genocide in Indonesia and U. S.

The maneuvers and pressures of U. S. imperialism continued to threaten the independence of nations on the four continents. They are aimed especially at the Soviet Union and all other socialist countries. But they are more immediately directed against those countries in Africa and anywhere else that shows even the slightest sign of change in a non-capitalist direction. Which in essence, instilling a procedure of anti-imperialism which would safeguard their newly won independence.

As this struggle in Africa moved to its present stage, a parallel but not identical struggle was emerging in the United States. The massive racist violence against spontaneous riots in Watts, Detroit and Newark, and the assassination of Martin Luther King marked an end of one stage and the beginning of a new stage of Black liberation struggles in the U. S. Two which are related in more ways than one, are the overthrow of Nkrumah and the assassination of Martin Luther King.

Ghana's former chief Kwame Nkrumah was struggling to develop policies that would give substance to independence and also broaden anti-imperialist unity in the African world.

At approximately the same time, Martin Luther King was moving toward advanced political ideological positions carrying the struggle of the Blacks and other minorities beyond the goal of civil rights, which alone could not incorporate genuine equality. King recognized that the descendants of slaves could gain liberation only through a strategy in which unity and self-action of Blacks would be expressed by anti-monopoly formation. This strategy would bring the U. S. monopoly powers in confrontation with the majority of the oppressed and exploited people of all colors.

With the anti-monopoly strategy of King, and the anti-imperialist unity incorporated by Nkrumah, the U. S. imperialist tactics of survival overthrew Nkrumah and conspired the assassination of King.

These rebuttles by the U. S. can clearly be seen by comparing the difference in conditions of Blacks in Africa, and those in the United States.

In the Republic of South Africa, the only country of Black Africa with a substantial white population, Blacks are the overwhelming majority. Led by the African National Congress and the Communist Party of South Africa, armed struggle has become the alternative in gaining social progress. Realizing the goals of the majority; liberation

and self determination are instilled to defeat the white imperialist oligarchy, supported by Japanese as well as U. S., British, and West German monopolies. Even though Blacks are the majority, their aim is not continued separation from the white working class minority. Their aim is to unite with the white South African revolutionary, and then to separate the white workers from the poisons of racism so there can be unity between them (white working class) and the majority (Blacks) against the imperialist oppressors and exploiters (U. S.)

In the Republic of South Africa, the Black majority is locked into a territory where the non-Black population is a minority.

In the U. S. Blacks are a minority, but at the same time they are initial segment of the majority facing a common enemy... monopoly. Differences in skin color are used by monopoly capitalists to sustain division between the white majority and the Black minority. This division originated not in differences of skin color, but from a more inhuman system... slavery, which is definitely more profitable than a mere "skin strategy." This system was the basis for developing the differences in nature, characters of special oppression, and of course the exploitation of Black people as compared to white masses.

I believe the United States, being a very intelligent and imperialistic country, well recognized the coming of the Black Liberation Movement. With the fear of Africa becoming politically independent, this put the U. S. into serious contemplation.

When I look at the struggles of the peoples of Africa and those of my descendants here in America, I realize we all share a common heritage of experiences through centuries of struggle and oppression. So in my sight, I think its only natural that we keep a bonded unity between both Black Nations (African and American Blacks.) This will in turn unite the oppressed and exploited of every country and race, who are struggling against U. S. imperialism.

One reason I feel that U. S. and other imperialist countries will fall, is because of our free communications media. In the world of journalism, there are far more underground newspapers than ever before. Now the public is slowly but increasingly becoming aware of U. S. imperialism tactics such as: secret VietNam bombings, Watergate and even U. S. drug trade. I feel that more and more news of monopolies and the few who run such controls on the American society, it will cause public unrest in years to come.

In America today, the Black minority and the white majority are no longer separated by different econ-

Please turn to Page 12

essay letters

The Illusion of money
By Sue Donley

Upon reading a small insert in a recent woman's magazine concerning a \$40,000 a year household budget for a millionaire's wife it became apparent that here was the American Dream.

Not to be considered as attacking the rich it is necessary to state that the main point of interest in this article is money and man's addiction to it. Far too many individuals today are becoming governed by money and the status that it represents. Blame this situation on inflation, supply and demand, or whatever, but the fact remains that it does exist and will continue to be evident unless controls are established.

Government, both federal and state, is proposing many means of control over inflation. The largest impact has been registered with President Ford's suggestion of a tax surcharge on salaries for the future. State governments have raised and lowered taxes, discontinued expensive projects and initiated others to raise local employment rates. But the main area of control lies with each individual person or family.

Everyone has been filled with his or her share of conservation, ecology and diminished energy consumption. In recent weeks, even days, many news articles have been appearing on the scene that indicate in some cases that Americans are living beyond their means. Items are purchased for their utility only, with little or no importance placed upon durability or lasting qualities. We have become enmeshed in a disposable world.

Mid-century American living was at least a period of thriftiness and recycling. This may have been accomplished subconsciously but we need to return to this state of economics up to a certain point. It is beyond comprehension why homeowners and housewives in particular, will buy three or four products when one will do all the jobs effectively and quickly. It is a known fact that not everyone can cook, but are all the ready made food items on the store shelves necessary for survival? Man is definitely a social being but this appears dangerous in view of the fact that he is narrowing his range of skills and capabilities through dependency upon other social beings. Since the industrial revolution man has progressed in the area of technology but at the expense of his own abilities. All that seems to result is the spending of additional money to obtain more materialistic oriented feelings of security.

These ideas may seem vague and transparent to anyone who is into the materialistic cycle. They are not meant to pose solutions or to condemn causes but to awaken the reader to the fact that money is not a status symbol and in the long run the lack or excess of "the beautiful green stuff" may be the only governing policy of the U. S. In conclusion it becomes relevant for me to say---May I never be around to see financial security replace personal worth in my life.

Dear "J":

With regard to your column in the Sept. 30 issue of "Prospectus" about marriage and the single girl, we are writing you this letter to let you know what our points of view are about the article.

We read your column with great interest and we respect your point of view. It is true that women have problems, but doesn't everybody?

Your column states that marriage is a mistake. You will get out of your marriage what you put into it. Marriage may be a nightmare for you, but for many others--men and women--it is still one of the greatest institutions on the face of the earth. Think about this: Ask not what your marriage can do for you, but what you can do for your marriage.

Also stated in your column are words about drunken husbands who beat their wives. We're sorry that all you've know in your lifetime are drunkards and perverts who beat their wives, but if you really try, you'll find that the majority of men are sensible, level-headed people who look down on the few who do beat their women.

There are a lot of women who would love to have those "sweet" kids that you complain of. Show your children love and respect and in return they will love and respect you more than you thought possible. As it is, it seems that if love and respect were money, you'd be the poorest person in the world.

Finally, if you need as much sex as your article implies (it sounds like you're a lot more desperate for thrills than most men we know), advertise and we guarantee you'll get all the male companionship you can handle. The heck with your friends, family and neighbors--right?

We hope you read this letter with as open a mind as we read your article.

- Edward Baltimore
- Alphonza Brown
- Johnny Candles
- David Carroll
- Frank English
- John Enlow
- Marvin Hansen
- Ann VanPatten
- Jeffrey Peterson
- Charles Pugh
- Joe Schmittauer
- Rantoul

To the Editor:

Happening upon a "Prospectus" (Sept. 30 issue) I sat down to read it. After skimming other articles, my eye was caught by an article headed "A Column By And For Women". Being sympathetic to woman's rights, I was happy and anxious to delve into an article promising to discuss this issue. However, after reading it I was enraged. This article contained on the ravings of a spoiled, childish adult trying to blame her own inadequacies upon society at large; moreover, she manipulated the concept of "women's lib" to her own shallow end.

From the start, the article was doomed. The opening paragraph stated that the author was going to discuss the problems of women living alone compounded if she is married. Regardless that Ms. J fails to deal with the problems of women in general, one of the mistakes of her organization, she does not even discuss rationally or adequately the problems of a married woman living alone. It seems to me the focus of the article should have been the issue of extramarital sex. It became obvious that the author's main point, actually, was that she was unhappy. The only solution proposed was sexual adventures. The conclusion was to ignore one's neighbor's, friend's and family's antiquated judgements and plunge ahead.

Though Ms. J's conclusion may be valid in some instances, her unhappiness is not inherent in marriage as she proposes. I don't know where she got the notion that anyone feels that "having a husband insures happiness" or that having children is always bliss, but if this was her immature belief, no wonder she is having an eye opener. And if her house is laden with "screaming, yelling kids who are never satisfied with anything" then it is another indication of her own lack of maturity rather than society's fault. In essence, Ms. J has dug her own grave and is striking out at society instead of facing up to it.

Ms. J's solution of frequenting

bars and having short term affairs is obviously inappropriate as this point. Ms. J must become more mature before being able to handle the complexities involved in such a decision. Since she cannot cope with the responsibilities she has incurred thus far, she had better not take on any more activities.

Finally, this woman who is spouting, "if you are being stopped from doing something on your own because you are afraid of what the neighbors will think, or what your friends or family will think, go ahead and do it" doesn't have the gumption to sign her name to the article. To any reader this is an obvious contradiction. If she is aware of how poorly the article was written, and therefore, embarrassed to put her name on it so much the worse for it's publication and its readers. If this is what "Prospectus" feels is an example of writing "By and For Women" then I for one will not be among its readers.

Linda Kaufman
410 W. Healy
Champaign, Ill.

To the Editor:

It has come to my attention that the overall news reporting content of your publication leaves a lot to be desired. I have nothing against your writing staff personally, I'm mainly writing this letter to inform you that the Prospectus could use some improvements. Since I am myself interested in reading papers and writing papers, I really would appreciate more news stories, book critiques, and movie critiques.

This year the content of your publication seems to revolve around two main subjects: sports and advertising. I'm aware of the fact that a newspaper needs so much advertising business, but really in the excess of your publication it becomes absurd and boring after several issues.

The newspaper media is important for a junior college. The publication should cater to the literary needs and wants of an attentive circulation and not just to the jocks and the advertisers. As a lover and follower of good and enjoyable, yet knowledgeable, journalism I sure wish your staff would concentrate their writing talents and efforts on more pertinent and informative issues catering to the masses and not just the "cool groups" and/or whatever.

Leslie Grove

In response to the many letters received in the Prospectus office concerning the fact that we seem to present more sports and advertising than informative news, it is necessary to express the following feelings.

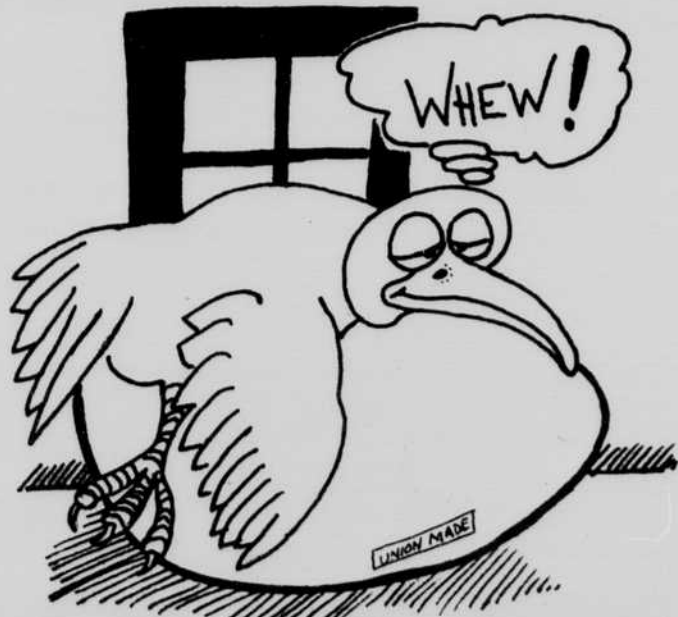
We are trying our best to put out a good piece of journalism. But the fact remains that we are undermanned in many areas. In previous weeks we have been unable to produce enough copy for a 12-page issue. When this happens, we are reduced to eight pages and some copy is then eliminated. Many articles, critiques and features have necessarily been shelved to be used in future issues as a result of this situation. Besides, a newspaper needs to have a certain amount of ads in order to support itself. Due the fact that we have no ad man, even this is impossible.

A newspaper needs reporters, writers and information sources. You, as a student of Parkland College, are the source of these needs. Without your help the paper can't print. It is not necessary for you to become a full-fledged member of the staff, but if you have something to say, say it. We are more than willing to print articles from outside sources. In fact, we relish the idea. So many of our own staff are working, going to school and, at the same time, averaging about three or four articles a week just to keep the paper going.

We want to make the Prospectus work for you and with you, but without your co-operation, we cannot accomplish this feat. A 16-page issue is our dream. Help us make this possible.



IN RETROSPECT... BY ED PELLUM



Strawberry Fields Supermarket Alternative

BY JESS WYN

"Let me take you down 'Cause I'm going to Strawberry Fields." I visited Strawberry Fields, the Food Co-Op at 1312 W. Main, Urbana, and if the address is familiar, perhaps you were a customer at the now defunct Earth Works.

Strawberry Fields was doing a brisk business when a friend and I arrived. My friend placed an order which included swiss cheese for \$1.45 per pound! The young man helping us was Steve Warsaw, a U of I student from Chicago. While he was adding our bill, my friend and I shared a large orange. We bought two more since the first was so good. They were 10¢ each.

I tried to interview Steve who was willing to rest his elbows on the counter and talk. But Mark Helfand, a U of I graduate, was soon swamped with orders and more people were coming. Wednesday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. is the only time the Co-Op takes orders. The customer pays at that time. On Saturday from 1 a.m. to 4 p.m. the customer can pick up the order.

Steve was busy, so we went outside and sat on the porch swing. It was almost time for my partner to go to work. We sat in the swing eating our orange and wishing we had a swing and a porch.

Several bicycles were parked on the sidewalk. I began to ruminate upon the difference between shopping at Strawberry Fields and Eisner. I was forced to admit there was little comparison.

Steve and Mark came out on the porch. My friend had left for work. "You must get some reward, Steve." Yes, he did. "We eat well" said Mark. It was not an interview, just three people talking. Something had to be done. The prices were too high at the Super Markets. True. Swiss Cheese at the Butcher Shop is \$2.10 per pound. Where does one buy wheat germ in large quantities? Onions for 12¢ per pound? Union lettuce at 34¢ per head?

They were busy again, and I was left alone on the swing thinking about going to the A & P to chat with the manager. A woman came out, I stopped her and got the following information: Her name is Eileen and she is a student by trade; she likes the people who work at the co-op; the vegetables are very good; she bought peaches ones that were hard; the prices are better than the prices at the other Co-op; she has been shopping at Strawberry Fields since the first week of school and has no complaints. Customers came and went.

A friend came by to place her order, but first she sat with me in the swing. She's one of the reasons I went to the store. At her home last week, she gave me a bite of Colby cheese from the Co-Op. It was a milk-tasting cheese that cost \$1.15 per pound. The Colby in my refrigerator cost \$1.39, yet its taste was inferior to hers.

"What would happen if the Co-Op could not find enough of a particular item," I asked? "No problem. The customer can get a refund or credit toward the next order." She told me she had had no difficulties.

I talked some more with Steve and Mark. (Paul Libersher, a third member of the Co-Op, looked too busy to be interviewed.) What I wanted to know was why they started the store.

Mark had been involved in the community before. He intimated that it was natural to found another Co-Op to offer cheaper food after Earth Works closed. They both agreed that an alternate to the chain stores was what they were offering.

But what about money? They have an overhead. "We're not trying to get rich," Steve said. "We just want to get something for our time."

Do they have any plans for expansion? Yes. They would like to have a station at Parkland where customers could place orders. The filled orders could be carried to Parkland for customer pick-up on Saturdays. They now have about two-hundred customers, but would like to reach more people. If they could buy in larger quantities from their Chicago sources, their customers could get cheaper prices-- the real aim of the Co-Op. They would also like to have a more varied selection of goods.

On my way home, I stopped at the Green Street Eisner. Munster was seventy-nine cents for eight ounces; cheddar was one-nineteen for thirteen and one-half ounces. Strawberry Fields forever.

WHO KILLED J.F.K.?

Participate in this provocative verbal and visual presentation using 100's of rare photographs and film of the assassination. These photos, unseen by the Warren Commission, reveal incontrovertibly that the President was killed by a (why tell you now-come and be present for this rare experience-- Tuesday, Nov. 5 at 11 a.m. in C-118)

Then, the following Thursday, Nov. 7, the film EXECUTIVE ACTION will be shown at 1 p.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m. in C-118.



Bob Sawyer studies Zion Canyon from on top of Angel's Landing, Zion National Park, Utah. Bob along

with others in the Field Course made the 4 mile climb from the

canyon bottom for better observation of canyon geology.

ever be an unobservant traveler again!"

Plans have begun for once again offering the Field Course in the summer, 1975. Interested participants will need to be in good physical condition for hiking, but, while previous courses in biology or geology are not required, they are helpful. Students this past summer paid an estimated \$335 which included transportation, food, tuition, books, etc.

P.C. Science Classes Visit Rockies In Summer

Backpacking through the Grand Canyon and hiking to a Glacial Lake in the Colorado Rockies were just two of many activities some Parkland Students participated in this past summer. The occasion was the Summer Field Course in Biology and Geology.

For a second year, Parkland students in Bio 220/Geo 220 toured the Rockies and Southwest Deserts by bus through various locations in Colorado, Arizona and Utah. Study areas included Grand Canyon, Zion, and Bryce National Parks and the group camped along the travel route. The purpose of the course was to observe a wide variety of ecological and geological phenomena and to see the interdependence of life forms to their physical environment. Instructors Earl Creutzburg and Gary Hendrix conducted the course.

Students in the course earned six credits in Field Biology and Geology during the tour from August 5 through 26. A total of 11 National Parks and Monuments were visited by the group with the trip's highlight being a 4-day back-

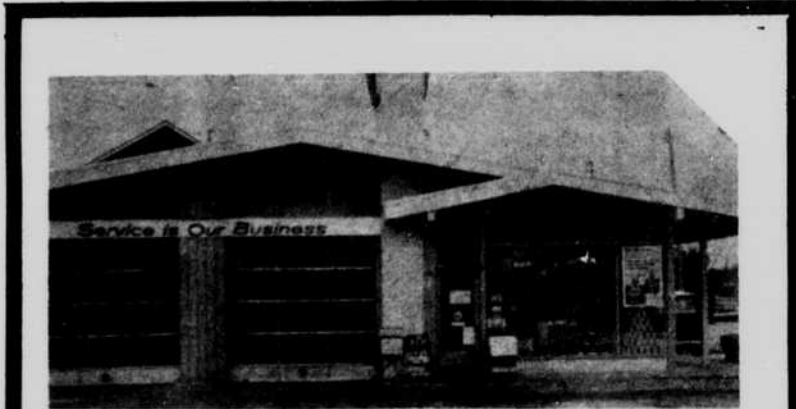
packing trip through the Grand Canyon. It started at the North Rim, continued down to the Canyon bottom, across the Colorado River, and up to the South Rim where an airplane transported the group back across the Canyon to their bus at the North Rim.

At the end of the course one student commented: "Everything I learned on the trip just whet my appetite. One bit of information leads to another. I don't feel I will

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ONE TWO BUCKLE MY SHOE

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SEVEN EIGHT LAY THEM STRAIGHT

NINE TEN BUBBY AND ZADIES HAS GOOD FOOD, BEN.

SOMEBODY TOLD ME HE'D GIVE ME FIVE DOLLARS IF I COULD SLIP THAT IN.

BUBBY AND ZADIES DELICATESSEN
603 E. GREEN

PC's Kater Is FM Disc Jockey

By Steve Andrada

The high-pitched clang of my Big Ben alarm clock usually strikes a responsive chord in the foggy depths of my brain at seven-thirty each morning, and no sooner is it off than with a swift movement of my left hand I change the subject, and switch on my faithful Panasonic. From its speakers, Mark Kater speaks to me and, with his voice and with the music he plays, convinces me that getting out of bed may not be such a bad idea.

Kater is the 6 a.m. to 9 a.m. announcer on WTWC, 103.9 on your FM dial, and has been up for quite awhile longer than I have. From the station, he will drive over to Parkland, where he has a double-major in Art and Music to attend his classes. And you thought that Ed Kelly was our only celebrity.

Kater, is entering his second year as a Champaign broadcaster. He worked at WLRW last year where he had the midnight to 5 a.m. slot. The show was done live, which is uncommon for that particular station as it is almost totally pre-recorded.

Ironically Kater went looking for a job, WTWC at last year, and was told by the former owner of the station that he lacked the 'Timbre' to be a DJ. Undaunted, he returned this year, and was giving a shot by the new management.

Born in Aurora, Illinois, Kater was raised in Naperville where he spent his formative years. After high school he traveled for a while, and ended up at the Career Academy of Radio Broadcasting in Chicago, a internationally unrenowned prep-school for would-be disc-jockeys. Though slightly turned off by the academy's AM maniac jock orientation, and its desire to 'create' a new voice for him, Kater got a third-class license (third phone,) and the right to broadcast over the air.

At this point, Mark was influenced by the Chicago underground jocks like John Platt at WGLD and Brother John at WDAI (then WLS-FM.) Their's was a low-key approach, revolving around items of community interest and music, rather than selling Clearasil. They and their counterparts were the first to go when those stations became commercialized, some voluntarily, others by force.

It was also around this time that the now-defunct draft-lottery system was in full swing, and Kater woke up one morning to find that he held the lucky number 67 in the lottery and was a genuine prospect for ground infantry in VietNam.

He opted to join the Air Force instead, and ended up on Taiwan, a location few servicemen find distasteful. He did his first broadcasting over there with Armed Forces radio, and did some television work as well. He produced educational films, usually wore civilian clothes, and in general avoided the messier sides of service life.

Back in the states, Kater had a short stay in Del Rio, Texas, a hamlet on the Mexican border, where he worked on what he described as a 'mickey mouse' AM station. Out of the Air Force for the first time in nearly four years, a short period in limbo ensued, before he settled in Champaign.

Mark started working at WLRW last February, and moved over to WTWC just a short time ago. His morning show is primarily spontaneous, programmed by Kater himself. The way the show goes depends on his mood, the kind of weather going on outdoors, and in general whatever other atmospheric conditions that affect the planet.

His style blends in well with the philosophy of the station managers who are attempting to reach many different kinds of people with a variety of musical tastes. It is literally a Bach to the Beatles kind of arrangement, with a bit of most everything else in-between.

A standing policy of the station is not to play the same cut off any album twice during a six-hour period. This is to avoid overplay (or overkill if you prefer) and middle of the road, stations as well as lend itself to open up programming.

Kater, who because of the hours he is on, tries to keep it mellow, plays jazz, mixes it up with folk, and easy rock. The day of our interview, he was into some John Hartford, Allman Bros., and Cat Stevens to name just a few, and to give an idea of what his show is like.

The station may lose a few listeners who turn it on and do not like what is being played at the moment, but it's their feeling that if you stay with them long enough, you'll hear something you'll like, besides being exposed to music that you ordinarily wouldn't be on a conventional format station.

Meanwhile, Mark is pursuing his academic career at Parkland, and is contemplating a transfer to the Communications school at the University of Illinois.

So, if on some frosty morning in the near future, coherent enough to think about the article you have just read, tune in on the Mark Kater morning show. Chances are it will be smooth and light, and will help get you in focus.

Local Jazz Bands Offer Entertainment

Jazz buffs on campus may not be aware that it is possible to hear good jazz at a number of places in Champaign-Urbana without spending a dime for cover charge.

University of Illinois big band jazz groups of around twenty members play regularly at the Thunderbird restaurant on campus evenings from nine to eleven or later. On non-home football Saturday afternoons the Embers restaurant in Champaign often boasts a big band from two to four p.m. This group is a community jazz band from Parkland College.

Two good smaller jazz groups currently perform in the area. The Ric Bendel Trio plays from five to seven weekdays at the Round Barn Restaurant in Champaign.

A contemporary jazz quintet, the Gekko Lizzard, can be heard at the Red Herring on campus every Sunday night from nine to midnight.

Much of the jazz performed by these groups is of professional calibre, and those who make an effort to hear these groups will not be disappointed.

P.C. Offers Transcendental Meditation Classes

Transcendental Meditation classes are being held at Parkland, and are free to the public.

Transcendental Meditation is a very natural and spontaneous way for the body and mind to gain deep and profound rest. The benefits of TM are numerous; included among these are (1) people actually begin to feel healthier, (2) the mind becomes clearer and as a consequence grades are apt to improve,

(3) relationships with others improve, and (4) the individual finds deep inner contentment. Another benefit is that the individual develops a more positive attitude, and he finds that the desire for the negative things in life falls off.

To be able to meditate, all that is required is the ability to think. TM is not a religion or philosophy; no one tells you what to believe or tries to sway you over to

their beliefs. TM is not a way of life. You do not have to devote your entire life to the practice of TM, all that it requires is 15 or 20 minutes twice a day. There is no diet attached to TM--no special foods.

Actually, what TM is, is a basis for activity. When people meditate, the metabolic rate of the body slows

Please turn to page 11)



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A BAG OF JAMAICAN WEED

BY CHARLEY GERBINO

"Sure is quiet."
"Yeah."
"See anyone around?"
"Nope."
"Go on up there," the tall one said, pointing up the hill, "and look in that shack. Might be someone there."

"Yeah. Good idea." He walked between the rocks and plants, and the green branches slapped against his stiff white uniform. He looked inside the wooden shack. Empty, except for a shovel up against the wall and rotting wood-frame bed. "Hey, Dillman. Nobody's here," he called back down lazily. They went along a path along the edge of the flowering dope plants and stood on the top of the hill and looked down at the road they had just walked on. It was empty, and the other side of the hill, although covered by tall and slender plants, was empty too.

The shorter of the two, Charley, or Aviation Boatwain's Mate Third Class Charles Wyatt, pulled his white hat off and took a long look around, on all sides of the hill below them.
"So where the hell is everybody?" he said aloud to nobody in particular.
"Let's hang around for a while," Dillman said, "because someone's got to be coming back soon."
"I don't like it. Let's get out of here."

"Calm down, boy, there ain't nothing to worry about. I'm taking care of you."
"That's what I'm worried about."
"Ah, c'mon Charley, it ain't so bad. Why this is a pretty place if there ever was one." He pointed out to the bay where a squat gray ship sat, the size of a postage-stamp drawing. "Look out there. You can see the ship." A helicopter, as small as a fly, lifted off the flight-deck of the ship and buzzed towards the island. "That's what we need. A damned helo."

"You're nuts."
"We could bring enough dope on to keep the whole shipstoned for the rest of the cruise. In just one trip."
"They'd catch you in a minute."
"I know that. I'm just saying that it would make life a lot easier if we had one. Hell, if the skipper can use the helo to bring his booze out for his parties, we ought to be able to bring out a little dope once in a while for the crew. To keep the morale up."

"The skipper doesn't have parties."
"Sure he does."
"How do you know that?"
"I just know it, that's all."
"It's still a stupid idea," Charley said, "and it won't and can't work. The helicopter grew bigger and buzzed behind one of the hills between them and the harbor. "Why don't we go into the town and look around? I didn't come on liberty to sit on a hill and look out at the ship. I've seen enough of it for a while."

He pulled a handful of leaves off the plant next to him and looked at it carefully. "Jesus, all the way to Jamaica and all I'm doing is looking at a bunch of leaves." He threw them away and they floated with the breeze. As they hit the ground a shout startled them. From between the green plants a loud voice moved up towards them. The both looked down at the side of the hill but couldn't see the source.
"What the hell was that?" Dillman asked.

"The owner, I guess."
"Yo see him?"
"Nope."
"An old farmer, carrying a long hoe, eyed them suspiciously as he approached them."
"Listen," Dillman said, "You sell us smoky-smoky?" He held his fingers to his lips and mimicked taking a puff from a cigarette. Charley pointed to a nearby dope plant.
"We got lots of money."
"Yeah, lots."

"Here, look," Dillman reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of ten and five dollar bills. The dark and tanned little farmer eyed the money and put his hoe on the ground. He didn't smile.
"Four hundred bucks," Dillman told him, as soothingly as possible. They stared at each other for a long moment, and finally the dried-up little man picked his hoe back up and walked away, waving for them to follow.
"See? What did I tell you?" Dillman asked his buddy as they quickly made their way back down the hill behind the Jamaican. "We're gonna get us a big old bag of the best weed in the whole world. There ain't a thing to worry about."

"Well, it surprised the shit out of me. I kind of figured it would be more difficult than this. You mean this is all there is to it? We give him the money and take the dope?"
"That's it, boy."
"I don't know. How are you gonna take it down to the harbor and get it out to the ship? You think of that yet?"
"Just watch the old master, boy, and I'll show you how. I got it all figured out."
"You're crazy. You can't just walk through town with a bag of dope."
"Why not? Who's gonna give a damn? The locals? They want you to carry bags. The bigger the better. How else they gonna make any money? Dope's a big business here."
"The waited outside the farmer's shack in the shade while he disappeared off through the shoulder-high cannabiss."
"Yeah, boy, we're gonna make a big pile of money off this. I figure we can sell all of it except for a couple lids. We can make that last for a couple of months. Depends on how fast we can smoke it."

The farmer walked back into view and carried a brown and crinkly paper bag under one arm while waving the other. He sang a strange light song and waved his free arm in time with the music.
The two sailors took the bag and checked the contents and then gave the old man the four hundred.
"We ought to try this stuff before we split," Dillman said.
"Naw, let's get the hell out of here. I don't want to stick around, out here where we can be seen, any more than I have to."
"How we gonna know whether this stuff is worth the money?"
"Fuck if I know."
"Yeah, I guess." He held out a handful of the dried leaves and inspected them. "This looks okay."
"Let's go then."

"Okay," The turned to the farmer and thanked him and went away, back down the side of the hill to the road. As the old man watched them get smaller and smaller, he counted the bills over and over and grinned his toothless grin.
Dillman grinned as they got out of the taxi down at the harbor. He carried the bag as innocently as if he were carrying his laundry to the cleaners. The small boats tied to the pier sat and rocked with the smooth waves, and everywhere you looked you saw white Navy uniforms walking about, filled with drunk sailors.
"You gonna take it out there like that?" Charley asked him.
"Well, no, not exactly. Let's go get some souvenirs first."
"Like what?"
"Like some of these neat little carved statues," he said as he picked one up from a cart. "How much?" he asked the vendor.
"Five dollars, maaan, cheap."
"Forget it."
"Okay, maaan, four dollars and a haalf."

He threw the statue back onto the car.
"Bullshit too."
They eyed the black bar girls standing in the hot sunshine waiting for business to pick up across the street from the piers.
"How 'bout some of that stuff there?"
"Jesus, are you kidding? I ain't that bad off yet."
"That one looks like a honey," Dillman said as he looked one of the girls over closely.
"Is she human? Looks like a gorilla to me."
"You're too picky, buddy."
"No I ain't."
The passed a tax-free store and the display window was filled with cameras and bottles of whiskey and rum and sweaters of all kinds.
"This looks like a good place. C'mon." The went in and fingered the silky negligees and bras with little slogans sewn into them. "Montego Bay Baby" and "See Doc's Beach."

"What a bunch of trash."
"No shit."
"Look at this," Dillman said. He held up a black silk pillow edged with bright yellow fringe. Across the front was a large and fancy scroll-work of words, sewn in gold thread. It said "Sunny Jamaica", and had a picture of a beach and palm trees under the words. "This right here is what we need," he said as he gave it to the other to look at.
"This?"
"Sure."
"But it's ugly."
"So what?"
"So nothing. Buy it if you want. What the hell do I care?"
The stood at the glass counter and

waited to pay for the pillow. Under the glass said expensive cameras, Nikons, Canons, Yashicas, all kinds, at good prices because the import duty hadn't been paid yet. The cameras sat on skin magazines of all kinds, at all price levels, from the one dollar kind that showed young girls throwing a beach-ball back and forth in the nude to the six dollar jobs that had relatively plain covers, but sealed plastic covers over them.
"Looky there," Dillman said quietly, pointing to the books, it was their turn at the cash register. "Oh yeah," he said to the cashier, "gimme some of these here." He pointed to the magazines he wanted, and the tanned Jamaican lifted the cameras up to get them. "That one, too."

They left the shop and went back out into the sunshine, and walked toward the piers. They passed a bar, and Dillman slowed down.
"Let's go back in there," he said.
They sat at a booth inside, away from the street. As they drank their beer Dillman pulled the stuffing out of the pillow and threw it under the table in a dark corner.
"What the hell are you doing now?" Charley asked.
"Just watch."

"Don't do that here, you wanna get caught?"
"Shut up." He took the dope and stuffed it into the tourist pillow and packed it tight. After he had squeezed all the dope in he zippered the side up and held it out for the other to inspect.
"So that's it."
"Yep."
"Very clever."
"Yep, I think so."
"Only it ain't gonna work."
"Why's that?"
"How many times you think that's been tried? I bet there's hundreds of guys in the brig right now at this very moment. And why do you think they're there? From smuggling dope on ships in faking pillows."

Dillman gulped the last of his beer.
"You're really confident, aren't you?" he asked, wiping his mouth with his bare arm. "You want another beer?"
"Naw."
"Let's go then."
"Yeah, what the hell. This place is a dump."
There were hundreds of sailors at the pier waiting to go out to the ship, and only a few liberty launches ran at any one time, so they both stood in the throng. Dillman carried the pillow and other little odds and ends in a shopping bag with little wrapped paper handles on it. He seemed clam, but the other fidgeted.

"I don't like this," Charley said.
"What's the matter now?"
"Goddammit, they're gonna catch you."
"No they ain't."
"Aren't you worried?"
"Be quiet."
"But they check everybody."
"No they don't."
"Anybody carrying a bag they do."
"You're a worry-wart."

Charley looked out at the ship which sat way outside the harbor. He looked back at Dillman who was standing there grinning like a fool.
"Well I don't know. Maybe I bet-ter not go back with you."
"You chicken-shit."
"I ain't chicken-shit."
A long boat pulled into the harbor and unloaded a hundred and twenty-five more white-uniformed sailors. The crowd on the pier urged forward, and filled it back up.
"C'mon," Dillman challenged, jumping into the boat.

"At least let me go on right in front of you," Charley said as he jumped in. "I wanna see how you do it."
"There ain't no mystery. I'm just gonna carry it on is all."
"Yeah, but you got enough stuff there to live in jail for five years. Don't you realize that?"
"Enough stuff to keep me from going crazy while were out on this stupid cruise," Dillman corrected.
The boat eased out of the harbor and into the bay. The water became rougher out here, and the boat tipped back and forth as it headed towards the carrier looming ahead of them.
"Now just be cool about it," Dillman whispered.

"Sure. Just be cool," the other mimicked, rolling his eyes.
The flight deck of the ship lay in front of them and cast a shadow down on the water. The long-boat idled into the shadow and stood still in the water. The boat's officer waited for the order to pull alongside. A long string of sailors

stood on the thin and tall ladder leaning up the side of the ship to the quarterdeck.
"Boat Captain," a loud speaker blared out, "Bring your boat alongside and pick up Liberty personnel."
"Aye aye, sir," the officer yelled at the immense steel sides. The carrier lay dead still in the water and the long-boat rocked like a toy as they all jumped up on to the platform at the bottom of the access ladder. The line slowly inched upwards, and they saw the men above them salute the officer there.
"Well, boy," Dillman said. "Here goes nothing."

They heard the other sailors as they saluted.
"Request permission to come aboard sir."
The line moved forward.
"Request permission to come aboard sir."
"Permission granted."
Closer.
"Permission to come aboard, sir."
"Permission granted."
One more.
"Request permission to come aboard, sir."
"Permission granted."

Dillman stepped towards the quarterdeck and faced aft. He saluted the flag on the fantail smartly and hugged the shopping bag under the other arm. He snapped around to face the Officer of the Deck and saluted him stiffly.
"Request permission to come aboard, sir."
Their eyes froze into each other for a long agonizing second as the officer looked him over. Charley held his breath as he watched them.
"What's in the bag?" the lieutenant asked evenly.
"Souvenirs, sir," he answered, still holding the salute.
"Let's see it."

"Yes, sir." He held the bag out to the lieutenant with his free arm and let it go a millenth of a second to soon. It fell onto the hangar deck and ripped open between them. As it ripped open the magazines flew about in a crazy confusion, and the pillow arched up in the air and fell at Dillman's feet. Two little

TIME

Time.
Slower than the Turtle, never catching the Hare.
Time.
Never ending, always traveling, round a geometric circle.
Time.
A hurried look, rush onward, late, no time to rest.
Time.
Precious to a few, squandered by many.
Time.
Deciding factors of war, joy, celebration.
Time.
Slower than the Turtle, never catching the Hare.
Susan Donley

WHISPER
Whispered words
crowded thoughts, jumbled with anxiety, distracting voices among the villages of the mind.
Patience shattered,
someone prying, seeking to destroy.
All in vain,
an unceasing battle; whispered words, begin again.
Susan Donley

LIMBO
By Otis Omar

in limbo
constant tumbling
changing heart
chameleon mind
I know the score
who cares
you might ask
but you don't
systematic
pre-arranged destiny
planted questions
pre-contrived answers
games
don't want to play
you will
it's the way

do you trust me
does it matter
the karass is made
the way it spoke to be
I know the answers
they're the same as yours
when you think about it
agreeing is good form
Susan Donley

carved-wood statues lay over and a hundred post cards flipped end over end in all directions.
"Oops. Pardon me, sir," Dillman said, looking foolish as he could. He bent over and started to pick up the cards and things. The lieutenant picked the pillow up and looked at it curiously. Just then the warm breeze floated through the hatch and flipped open a brand new copy of Playboy laying with the other magazines. Dillman busied himself with the post cards as the fold-out opened exposing the nicest set of twins a sailor could ever hope to see, and the girls looked up at the men gawking.

Everything stopped.
The lieutenant's eyes widened a bit, and then a bit more.
"Jesus"
With the mess picked up, Dillman leaned over and folded the center-fold back in place, and resumed the salute.
"May I have the rest of my stuff sir?"
The Officer of the Deck shook his head and held out the magazines that he had picked up.
"Yeah, here."
They stood there, saluting still.
"Permission granted."

Dillman stood there, unmoving, stiff. Nervously, the young lieutenant asked why he hadn't moved on.
"My pillow, sir. Can I have it back?"
"Here," he said, holding it out.
"Thank you sir."
He turned and walked into the hangar bay.
Charley faced aft, and after saluting the flag, turned and saluted.
"Request permission to come aboard, sir."
"Permission granted."

They both walked by the edge of a long row of Phantom jet fighters parked for repairs.
"Well I'll be goddamned," Charley said, laughing.
"Shut up," Dillman warned him.
"That was great."
"Shut up. We ain't safe yet."
"It's times like this a fella wants to stay in the Navy forever."
"Yeah," Dillman said, looking at him profoundly. "No shit."

Lit One

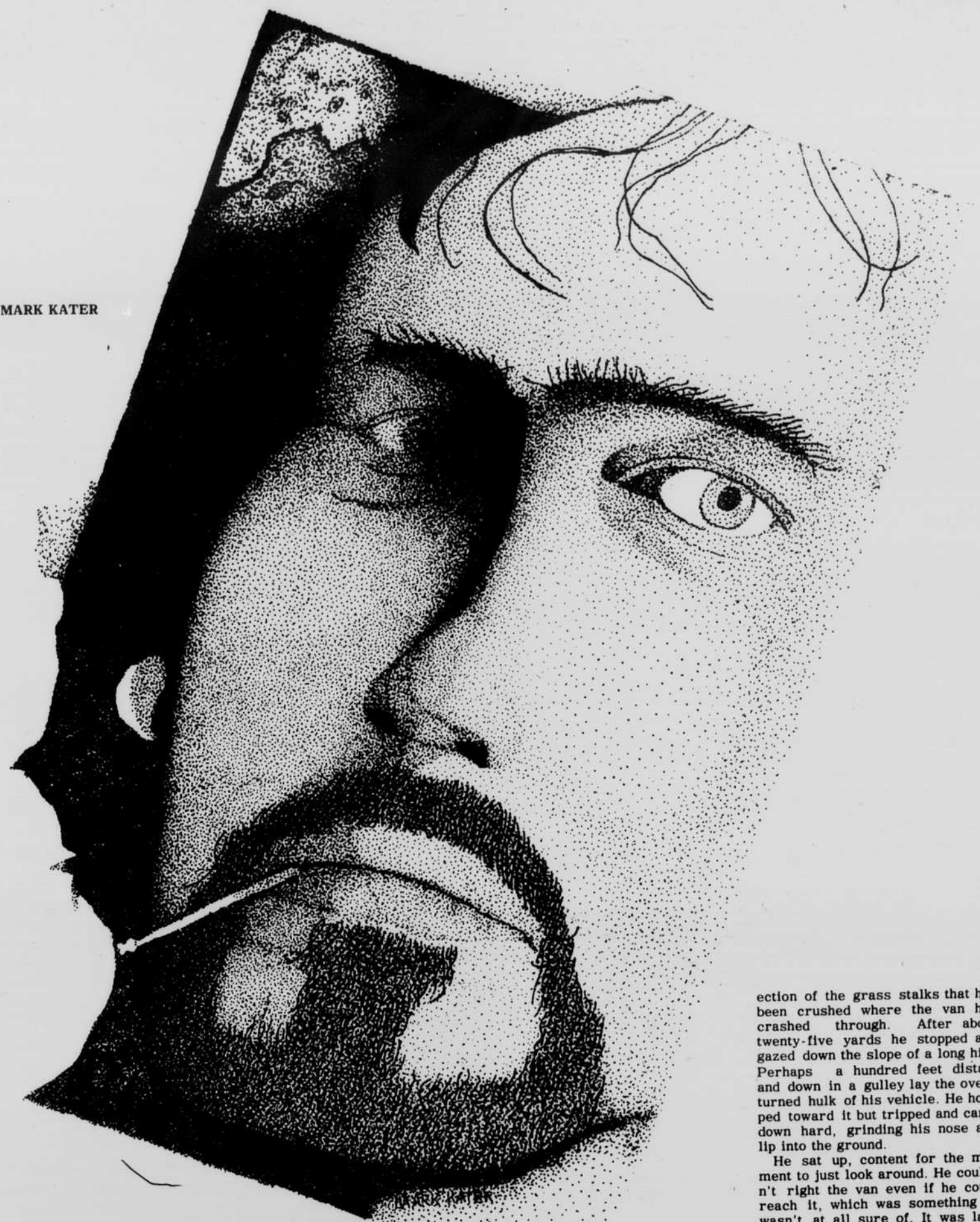
CHILD
By Dalton Bradley
childmothersson
growingup
moanin in disbelief
livin on relief
knowin that those who deceive
are those who believe
too much in others
they live, breathe
and feed on themselves
in self-perpetuating perjury

He peered through the mud-speckled windshield of his van and strained to see the mountains, lying like ghosts on the horizon. He could just make out their vague, dark outline against the purple of the early morning sky, and he thought how small and unimposing they seemed from this distance.
He glanced to either side of the narrow, desolate highway, that was so out of place in this unpopulated countryside. Not like Iowa at all; no fences, no trees, not even a telephone wire. He hadn't seen a car for a hundred miles at least. He was alone with his motorized companion and his thoughts. If he were to have a wreck, it might be several days before anyone drove down this stretch of road again.
He thought of being stranded out here. What if he ran out of gas? He quickly glanced at the fuel gauge and uttered a nervous laugh as he saw the needle registering nearly full.

The hitch-hikers came to mind. He had almost stopped for them but thought better of it and had kept going. Maybe they were still there, lying in the grass beside the road, waiting for a good samaritan to pull over. Oh well, it wasn't his worry. He never stopped anyway. Hell, might be an escaped convict or maybe some kinda dope fiend. No, it was better to play it safe and drive on than to take an unnecessary chance. Yet he still felt

Night, haunting and relaxing.
A chance to hide . . . no one sees.
Light a candle, fear, snuff it out.
The wind is shifting.
A revealing of the soul, open to itself.
Look, a way to change, to compensate for a loss.
Day, insecurity and doubt,
A chance to live . . . not alone . . .
Brilliant the sun, life, encompass it.
Susan Donley

By MARK KATER



a bit of guilt each time he didn't stop.

He opened the window a crack and the roar of the air rushing by startled him. The sound of the motor had become rhythmic, with its steady drone continually humming home the Detroit music.

It was beginning to make him drowsy and he closed his eyes for just a second. The sudden pull of the steering wheel and the lurch of the van jerked his head back and he saw the road veer off to the left and the velvet green hills jump up at him, looking more like mountains that foot hills. He frantically pumped the brake pedal as the vehicle rumbled through the tall grass that had lined the road for the last hour. The right front wheel struck something and he was pitched against the door. It came open and he fell out.

When he opened his eyes for the second time, he was staring up at a rich, summer-blue sky. A slight breeze rustled the tall strands of golden grass that grew all around him, and he raised up on one elbow to see over the wispy stalks.

His van was nowhere in sight. He tried to get to his feet and felt a sharp pain in his left ankle, and fell back to the ground. Putting all his weight on his right leg he scrambled up and hopped along in the direction of the grass stalks that had

been crushed where the van had crashed through. After about twenty-five yards he stopped and gazed down the slope of a long hill. Perhaps a hundred feet distant and down in a gully lay the overturned hulk of his vehicle. He hopped toward it but tripped and came down hard, grinding his nose and lip into the ground.

He sat up, content for the moment to just look around. He couldn't right the van even if he could reach it, which was something he wasn't at all sure of. It was laying upside down, with the wheels sticking up in the air, still spinning, as if treading some invisible road in the sky.

He turned and started crawling back toward the road. The ground was hard and dry, and he began to notice various pains he had not felt before. His hands were scraped and bleeding and his jeans were ripped down the side. His left hip ached and burned but he felt some relief when his hand touched the warm, hard surface of the highway.

He laid his head back and slowly raised his thumb into the air, praying someone would come by and stop.

The new car thundered down the highway, eating up the miles at almost two a minute. The man wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. Too damn hot he thought. He reached across the seat and pulled a beer out of the plastic cooler. The sweaty can felt good in his hand and he popped the top and stuffed it down into the opening. He raised the can and took a big gulp and felt the sweet bitterness roll across his tongue.
The windows were dusty and he had to look twice at the object beside the road up ahead. Looked like a man. As he drew nearer he could see that it was someone lying in the grass, propped up on one elbow, with his thumb high in the air.

He thought about stopping but decided against it. Instead, he roared on by and took another swallow of beer. Wasn't safe to stop for hitch-hikers these days. No, it was better to drive by than to take an unnecessary risk.

'Piano Man' Not Much Else

BY PABLO DUKE

Billy Joel, a young man on his way up as they say in the biz, showed a good measure of virtuosity on the ivories during his performance at the Auditorium last Thursday night, but at the same time, displayed painful shortcomings as a lyricist.

Joel, "the piano man", played fast and to the point with a generous helping of flourishes during the breaks. He kept the show lively, one tune following closely on the heels of the last, with most of the songs upbeat. His voice, too loud at times was generally clear, and was one of a man who likes to sing.

His piano playing had a definite classical influence, Copeland and Gershwin to name the most obvious. At one point in fact, he completely lifted a Gershwin riff at the end.

He has brought a synthesizer into the act ("the instrument of the future," he said later), but wisely used it infrequently. He didn't seem to know quite what to do with it, and consequently picked his spots poorly.

But again, his keyboard work was for the most part excellent, particularly good on "Root Beer Rag" which got him a standing ovation from the partisan audience, three numbers into the set.

During a post-concert interview with reporters, Joel curiously hedged on questions about his musical background, and finally gave a stock answer as to his major influences were: Beethoven, Brubeck and the Beatles. From where I sat, I heard Brubeck fleetingly, but that was about it. He did allow that he had studied class piano for 11 years.

Joel's poetry seems to be drawn mainly from experience and may be the worst I've heard since J. D. Souther. A song of his that was quite popular on the east coast, "Captain Jack", which came off to me as a spoiled brat's lament (Joel grew up on Long Island, N.Y.), is poetry only so far as every other line rhymes, whether it needs to or not. Another tune "Great Suburban Showdown", presumably the sequel to "Jack", is similarly bad.

"Roberta" however, in insipid love song to a hooker may have been the worst with such lines as "Oh Roberta/ I want you but I can't afford you/ . . . Oh Roberta/ I need you but my small change can't see you through", and so on.

At times, it occurred to me that Joel may have been being facetious with a lot of his words, but the musical arrangements were so elaborate that it wouldn't really make sense with satire.

During the interview, he admitted that he is neither a poet or philosopher, and that his words have no message, which is a good thing for him to say because he isn't and they don't. He is at least as adept as Harry Chapin at being wordy without saying a damn thing. He did provide some insight as to where his lyrics are lacking by saying that he generally writes his music first,

and fills in the words later. If it fits, it's cool.

Joel's sideman were generally indistinctive, perhaps in deference to the main man, who is always at the center of things, and who often drowns them out entirely. Don Evans, the guitarist, and Rhys Clark, the drummer, both L.A. session men, were probably the most competent with Doug Kretchmeyer on base, and Tom Whitehorse on pedal steel and banjo, hardly noticeable at all.

Billy's ongoing tour is to promote his new album, due out this week, called Street-Life Serenade. The title cut will probably receive considerable air-time because in Joel's words, "I'm hot right now." Perhaps, and if he gets any hotter perhaps his managers will be able to afford T-shirts for the roadies that say Billy Joe, instead of Steely Dan.

The Gifts Of Jackson Browne

By Mike Field

Jackson Browne has a rare gift of expression; the ability to say in a song what most people, myself most of all, think and dream of writing, but never do. It's as if he can go inside your head and read the thoughts there, then express them in songs the way most artists would like to, but very few can.

In his latest album, *Late For The Sky*, he used the same lyrical beauty that was evident in his previous two albums, *For Everyman* and *Saturate Before Using*, and combines it with improved vocals to produce perhaps his best effort yet.

Unlike *For Everyman*, which was written for David Crosby and dealt with finding the "answer" to life, *Late For The Sky* is primarily concerned with the events and changes Browne has gone through during his everyday life. In the title cut, he writes about the sadness in realizing that his relationship with a special woman is rapidly reaching an end. The slow, soulful, lead guitar of David Lindley is a fine backdrop to Browne's unusual voice, and the song comes off well.

In *Fountain Of Sorrow*, one of his best tunes to date, Browne sings of another lady friend and what they learned from each other in the time they spent together. Lindley's guitar is again effective as is the background harmony of Doug Windwood. It is noticeable in this song more than the others that Browne has been working on his vocals. There are virtually no sour notes hit as there were on his first and to a lesser degree, second album.

"Farther On" is about earlier years in his life and friends that helped him through hard times and listened to his dreams and troubles. Another song about friends is "The Late Show." In it Browne writes:

Maybe people only ask you how you're doin' cause that's easier, Than lettin' on how little they could

care. But when you know that you've got a real friend somewhere, Suddenly all the others are so much easier to bear.

Other songs on the album include "The Road And The Sky," "For A Dancer," "Walking Slow," and "Before The deluge," all dealing mostly with the direction Browne's life has gone and the characters he has encountered along the way.

A native of Orange County, Calif. Browne's music has been influenced by the vastness of the sea and mountains of the west coast, and his songs reflect a moody, melancholic atmosphere, sometimes getting a little heavy. Yet his lyrics hint that he doesn't take himself too seriously, and he'd rather the listener didn't either.

This album is definitely not boogie music, although "The Road And The Sky" comes close. It does have a ring of country to it, however, and Jackson Browne can only be considered a natural man. If you are already into his musical poetry, then "Late For The Sky" won't disappoint you. Put it on the stereo late at night and get out the headphones. If you're in any kind of reflective mood at all then Jackson Browne might just say a few things that are running through your head.

YOUR HEALTH

We still have some limited copies of your health manual. It is estimated by many experts that this will become a collector's item. Grab your copy NOW. Don't delay. Save a Life-It may be YOURS.

books

By Sue Donley

JAWS
By Peter Benchley, 311 pages, Doubleday, \$6.95.

... it survived only by moving. Once stopped, it would sink to the bottom and die of anoxia."

The novel *Jaws* by Peter Benchley is packed with action and moral dilemma. It is superbly written in a flowing easily-read hand and is laced with its share of worldly sex and oral vulgarities. The story of a great white killer shark is in actually a surface plot. The evolution of this theme is similar to many other novels of the time. We have a small resort town in the present time that is preparing for the influx of "summer people." During an evening swim, a young female is attacked by a shark and the remains of her body are found the next morning on the beach.

We are now introduced to some of the protagonists; police chief Martin Brody and his wife; Harry Meadows, the town newspaper editor; Larry Vaughan, major and real estate owner, as well as the various townfolk. The story progresses forward to the problem of closing the beaches in order to avoid another attack from the shark and at this point we see the development of an additional plot.

The decision is made to allow the beaches to remain open and as a result two other swimmers are attacked. We now see the unique interaction among the characters,

which in my opinion, is Benchley's true plot. We are able to view the town as it reacts under pressure and guilt as well as greed. The town becomes divided with shop owners and real estate agents who are anxious about business and money on one hand and on the other residents who are confronting guilt and anxiety over the needless deaths from the shark and who are beguiling their own lives.

Two more surface characters are added to the picture; Mark Hooper an oceanographer and Quint, a sport fisherman who is brought in to kill or capture the great white shark. As the story races along attempts to contain the sharks activities are met with failure and death. The death of people's souls is also witnessed as we see Martin Brody struggling to maintain his job, wife and conscious. Larry Vaughan is seen battling the forces of greed and corruption by drowning himself in alcohol and Quint is viewed trying to satisfy his alter ego through the ultimate act of capturing the white shark.

As Peter Benchley concludes *Jaws* it seems to me that it is virtually unimportant whether or not the shark is killed or captured. Instead, the confrontation of people and society is pushed to the forefront.

Upon completion of this book the reader may deem it necessary to ask himself this question: *Jaws*... does this novel pertain to the jaws of a white killer shark and the people he devours or the jaws of society, man and greed and how they can devour a town called Amity or any other town for that matter?

A Natural Apothecary is Illegal?

It Is In The State Of Illinois

The 'Apothecary' is a new health food store on campus, at 403 E. Green, C., across the street from Ruby Gulch. We deal primarily in vitamins, herbs, and food supplements, especially those tablets stronger than one MDR (Minimum Daily Requirement) or RDA (Recommended Daily Allowance). Besides promoting good health, there are also other products: the Old, Handrafted, and Intriguing. We can make your life a little better, one way or another.

'Apothecary' seemed an ideal name. It stems from Old English and has drugstore overtones. Perfect for a shop specializing in super-strength vitamins. Unfortunately, the pharmacists of Illinois liked it too, and our name appears to be in violation of the Illinois Pharmacy Practice Act, Chapter 91, sec. 5 g.

Sec. 3a (Definitions) states that "the term 'a pharmacy' or 'a drugstore' means and includes every store where: (1) drugs, medicines, or poisons are . . . sold . . . or (2) where prescriptions of physicians . . . are compounded . . . or dispensed; or (3) which has UPON IT or DISPLAYED WITHIN IT or affixed to or USED IN CONNECTION WITH IT a sign bearing the word or words 'Pharmacist', 'Druggist', 'Pharmacy', 'APOTHECARY', 'Drugstore', 'Medicines', 'Drug Sundries', 'REMEDIES', or ANY WORD OR WORDS OF SIMILAR or LIKE IMPORT, either in the English language OR ANY OTHER LANGUAGE . . ."

It took us a month to pick 'Apothecary' and we thought it fit our store perfectly. Now it has to be changed--by next Saturday!

--Name the Store Contest--

With 35,000 semi-literate people on the campus, we thought someone might be able to come up with another name. October 19 we will form a list of the best 25 names suggested. October 20 we will pick a new name!

--Prizes--

Suggestions that make the list:

A year's supply of Vitamin "C" (325 gms.)

The winner:

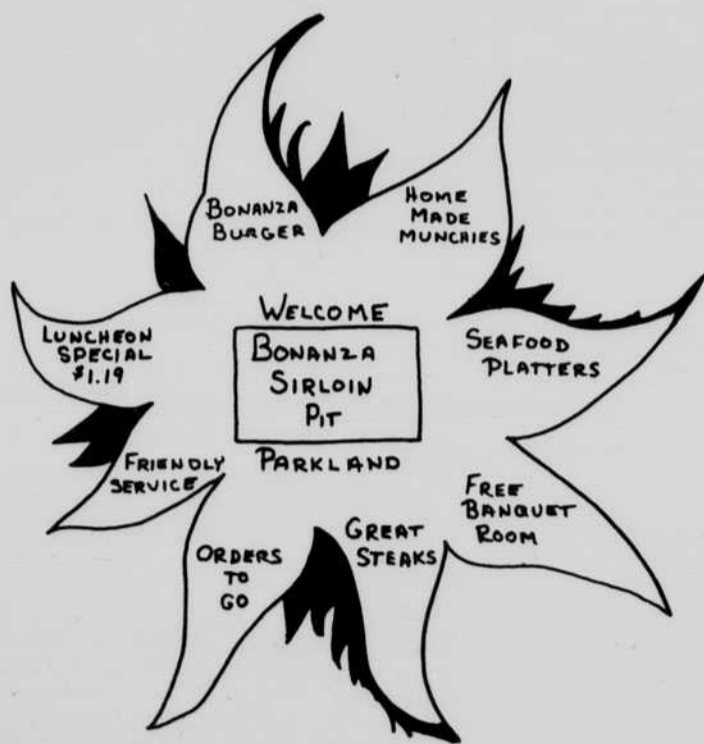
Bottle of our best "B" complex
Bottle of our best multiple vitamin
One each of all our candy bars
(over two dozen types)

20% Discount 'til June

Come in and look us over, talk to the people, rack your brains and submit a name.

OBVIOUSLY WE ARE LOOKING FOR A GOOD NAME!

NEAR I-74, I-72 & I-57



CORNER OF MATTIS & BRADLEY

In the Dark

With Craig Huff

"Duddy Kravitz was born on the wrong side of the tracks with a rusty spoon in his mouth".

Whatever happens to Richard Kirk in American Graffiti, the chap that went off to college in the end. He now plays the lead role in "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz".

"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" deals with the monetary adventures of same. Duddy is nineteen, Jewish, and on the way up the ladder of success. We first see him marching in a boys' academy parade, and it is foreshadowed in the scene that Duddy hears the beat of a different drummer. Not that he is clumsy; or out of step, oh no! Duddy is the kind of person that doesn't watch the crowd; the crowd watches him.

Action begins in Quebec, a city where France, England and America coagulate. The film centers around Moe's light lunch cafe, the gathering place of the Jewish neighborhood. Almost any time of the day, Duddy's father (Mike Cuzze) can be found inside. He's a professional taxicab driver and a personal friend of the boy wonder (the financial genius who made his fortune selling street car transfers for three cents a peice).

The rest of Duddy's family consists of a brother who is being sent to medical school against his will, a rich uncle who is paying for the schooling, and Zadie, the grandfather who instills in Duddy's head the idea that a man without land is nobody.

With the story of the boy wonder as incentive, and the idea of Zadie's his goal, Duddy begins the swim up the financial river of success like a salmon going upstream.

Fresh as a fawn, and just out of high school, Duddy finds summer employment as a waiter in a rich person's playground, a lake resort. Duddy, being very industrious as a waiter, finds time to fall in love with a little French sweetie.

Ah yes, with a girl by his side what self-respecting person wouldn't/couldn't conquer the world, well not necessarily conquer it, but at least buy some of it up. Buy, buy, buy, money, money, money, hyperactivity beyond control. I was exhausted at the end of the movie just watching the lad wheel and deal.

What is "The Apprenticeship of

A Column By And For Women

By Sue Donley

ABORTION FACTS

Under the auspices of the Fourteenth Amendment and its concepts dealing with personal liberty and restriction of actions by a state government, the US Supreme Court, through the decisions of Roe v. Wade and Doe v. Bolton invalidated state criminal statutes that prohibited abortion.

These policies are held true during the first trimester of a woman's pregnancy. During the second trimester the state can limit abortion to those situations where the mother's life is in jeopardy and in the last trimester the state is permitted to continue the prevention of abortion to preserve the life of the child.

In response to the courts' rulings, certain movements (National Right to Life Committee) have petitioned for a constitutional amendment to overrule the Supreme Court's decision. One such group is headed by James Buckley and advocates; the banning of all abortion except where the mother's life is endangered.

Because of the many pros and cons of abortion it has become a major issue and is of special concern to all women, whether the decision may be theirs to make in the future or strictly from the standpoint of an observer. As the Catholics battle the Protestants and doctors are charged with committing manslaughter, it is necessary for women to keep themselves informed concerning abortion.

The movement for therapeutic abortions based upon a mother's health and other reasons such as rape and the birth of a seriously deformed child are not new and have been considered for some 20 years. Until recently they have been viewed as a means of liberalizing all abortion standards. But the change

Duddy Kravitz"? It's Montreal Jewish life in the 1940's. It's the great dream of becoming rich. It's the futile search for something; and finding nothing.

I checked the green page sheet today and it said "... Duddy Kravitz" LAST NIGHT. It seems foolish to run a review "post-exitus", but don't feel bad if you missed it, because whatever you were doing instead was probably more entertaining.

Sorry Duddy, I ain't your buddy.

from this attitude has been swift, as can be seen by the 1970 rulings of New York State permitting abortions in the first 24 weeks of pregnancy.

Other areas that are being discussed concern the right of the mother to have a say concerning the fetal life. After all, the fetus is technically the combination of the female egg with the male sperm. Given this reality, state legislatures can enact statutes proscribing abortion without the written consent of the father. In fact, the state legislatures have overlooked many areas that could be limited and would protect fetal life.

The Supreme Court did leave two concessions to the "right of life" movement in that abortion can be limited in the third trimester and in the second trimester when dealing with the mother's life. The state legislatures have, in fact, ignored the making of new statutes to replace those overruled by the Supreme Court. Statutes could be established governing the following policies: Protection for women who do not want abortions but are being pressured into them by husbands and family; in cases where an unmarried minor is being forced to have an abortion against her will through parental command. In contrast to this, unmarried females could not affirmatively obtain abortions without parental consent.

Criminal statutes have never proved particularly effective in restricting abortions. Therefore it seems that constitutional amendments would again have little or no affect on the control of abortion and in fact may cause a return to the rise of deaths due to illegal butchery tactics.

The final result may be that all aspects of abortion will be confined to a moral and social sphere apart from the law. The abortion war is indeed a situation involving personal choice and personal consequences. But the main point to be stressed is that as a woman, you remain aware of all the aspects of abortion, its problems, decisions and solutions.

THE FEMALE FOCUS

It is harvest time, look about you! The field's crops are not the only ones to be harvested. There is a human harvest as well. Champaign has a special intellectual climate for nurturing that crop. It contains both Parkland College and the University of Illinois.

A definite advantage accrued from having two college level institutions is their combined potential for drawing outside expertise. Priscilla Jackson from the University of Michigan is one such example. She spoke on the many aspects of Continuing Education for Women, its background and progress over a surprisingly short period time, and its future direction.

Women's programs seem to have derived from many educational fields. The stimulus came from the Home Economics department at one university, from Psychology and Counseling in others and in Mrs. Jackson's case, from the Graduate School of Business Administration. She stressed the point that solutions seem to come from any juncture of people with problems and people with creative problem solving ability. Her most universally applicable point seemed to be that by discussion and introspection a problem can be given a label. It can then be manipulated and solved. She labeled the mobility of our present society a source of many problems feeling that it provides us with a rootlessness, a feeling of belonging nowhere.

The first restless group of women to receive attention seems to have been the housewife - mother whose children no longer required her constant attention.

Many women at this stage feel a loss of purpose. It is the well known empty - nest syndrome. Later, as the women's movement expanded, it became recognized that other ages and stages presented their own inherent problems. There are untold combinations of age, education, marital status, financial states, priorities and just plain wants and wishes.

Each of us combines a different set of problems, priorities and potentials. It is in the management of this total that one finds, or loses, or continues to search for personal satisfactions. Guideposts and directional signals abound in the Women's Program of Parkland.

The prudent farmer tends his crop with all the knowledge, tools and skills available to him. Surely ONESELF is worth the same nurturing care. The increased personal harvest will be greater than anticipated!

TAU EPSILON

A social organization of students interested in Data Processing and Computer Science. Tau Epsilon also serves as a service organization to the college.



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**Help Wanted--
Full Time**

NOTICE:

For further information on job listings (both full-time and part-time) please contact Homer Foster in the Placement Office X173, referring to the individual job number.

DENTAL HYGIENIST: General dental hygienist duties. MTuThF, 9-5 1/2 W&Sat. Salary, Negotiable. Location: Rock Falls, Ill. Will pay daily, hourly or percentage. Average beginning salary is \$37 to \$42/day. Job. No. 10-4.

**Help Wanted--
Part Time**

SECRETARY: Typing, filing, light bookkeeping. Telephone reception. Must be local resident so will be around during vacations. No experience required. \$2/hr. 12-4:30 or 5 p.m. M-F May pay more for right person. Job No. P10-3.

SALES CLERK: Work clothing and uniforms. Want residents of area. M&F, 5-9 p.m. Saturday, 9-5. \$2/hr. Job No. P10-4.

SECURITY GUARDS: Clock rounds. Must be person of integrity. No police record. Training program (will pay during training period.) Flexible hours. \$2/hr. Job No. P10-5.

NIGHT JANITORS: General clean up in store in downtown Champaign. TWTh 5:30-9 p.m. MF 9-1 a.m. Sun. 6-10 p.m. Salary, open at least \$2/hr. Job No. P10-6.

CARPENTER: Putting up paneling, framing board, insulating. Evenings and Sat. \$ 2.50-3.50/hr. 40 hr. job. Located in Mahomet. Job No. P10-7.

MECHANIC: Working on tractors (motors, transmissions, and rear ends) Case dealership. Combines and other machinery. Expanding business. 4 hrs/day and Sat. Would consider P.T. or full-time person. \$2.25/hr. for P.T. \$500 per month for F.T. F.T. workers working on rate pay making \$995/mo. Job No. P10-8.

Wanted

WANTED: Housekeeper to clean house 4 hours a week, any day Monday thru Friday. Pay \$3 per hour. Call after 5 p.m. 352-6979.

Roommate Wanted

WANTED: Female roommate needed to share apartment at Parkland Terrace. For more information call Cindy at 564-4316.

For Sale

FOR SALE: 1961 Pontiac, one owner, 63,000 miles, \$100 recent work. Will sell for \$195. Can be seen at Parkland. Phone 762-7266.

FOR SALE: 1965 black Chrysler New Yorker. Power equipped, good condition, AM/FM radio. Asking approximately \$400. For more information call 356-9601.

FOR SALE: 1974 12x55 Hampton Mobile Home. Leaving area and would like someone to take over payments with small down payment. Call 359-6555 after 5 p.m.

FOR SALE: Stereo equipment. Name brands at 20-40% off list price. Full factory warranty. Call Jim at 379-3652 after 6 p.m.

FOR SALE: Gerrard turntable with superscope amp. Sounds good. \$125. Steel string acoustic guitar. Excellent condition. \$100 firm. Electric range, Sears-Kenmore, 4 months old. Call 352-8419.

FOR SALE: 2 F78-15 new Firestone tires (not snow). Cost \$64, going for \$50. GM wheels, balanced, included at no charge. New

Holley 750 cfm dual feed, \$35. Underwood-Olivetti 10 column adding machine. Excellent condition. \$75. Call 352-6944.

FOR SALE: 1. 48 inch black light, \$10. 2. AIC Astro color column for your stereo. Green, red, yellow and blue lights, \$25. 3. Pioneer SX1000 TW AM/FM stereo receiver, 50 watts per channel, \$100. 4. Pioneer PL-A25 automatic stereoturntable, \$25. 5. Pioneer SR-202 solid state reverbification amplifier, \$25. 6. 2 Master work bookshelf speakers, \$25. 7. 2 Scat track tires and mags. Competition profile, 4 ply L60x15 Mags fit 5 bolt VW wheel. Phone 485-5306 any day (except Tuesday) after 6 p.m.

BLOOD

Give it away-the date and place is Wednesday, Oct. 23 from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the health services office-X202.

Help someone NOW. Help yourself LATER. Give. Plan NOW to give. Best of all-there will be Refreshments for all donors. That's YOU.

HEADING TO FLORIDA THIS CHRISTMAS?

sign up now for SCUBA LESSONS

PADS INSTRUCTORS-

Tom Menner, Jeff Mullen, Dave Ward
Cost \$65.00 Scuba equipment provided
Classes start Oct. 20th, 9 a.m.-12 a.m. Call 352-3118

YOUSE IN LAW

The Theta Epsilon law enforcement organization is conducting its next important meeting on Oct. 17 (Thursday) at 1 p.m. in R-321. All of you students in the law program should be present.

They are planning some real HOT activities and need your input. Also, some social functions sound great. In addition, there will be the fall election of officers.



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Spoon Returns To Champaign

BY WILLIE BROWNLEE

Rowland Garrett's 12-foot bank shot at the buzzer gave the Chicago Bulls an exciting 94-93 victory over former Illinois star Nick Weatherspoon and his Washington Bullets before a relatively small crowd in the U of I Assembly Hall last Wednesday night.

As Weatherspoon came out for the introduction of the Bullets' starting line-up, the fans began the familiar 'Spoon, Spoon' chant, and he responded by netting the first two points of the game with a 15-foot jumper.

The Bulls, Illinois' only pro basketball team who were playing without the services of forwards Chet Walker and Bob Love and all-star guard Norm Van Lier, still managed to overcome an 11-point Bullet lead in the third quarter.

They stayed on top until late in the fourth quarter when Washington's hot-shooting forward Mike RJordan hit a 20-footer with just five seconds showing on the clock. After calling time out, the Bulls had trouble getting the ball in-bounds, but center Tom Boerwinkle spotted Garrett open inside the lane to set up the winning bucket.

Game scoring honors went to Elvin Hayes with 23 points before fouling out midway through the final quarter. Chicago was led by rugged



Rowland Garrett, of the Chicago Bulls, attempts a pass against an unidentified Washington player in guard, Jerry Sloan, and Rick Adelman, who tallied 17 and 12 points respectively.

Weatherspoon finished with 18 points, hitting on 7 of 15 from the field, and 2 of 3 from the foul line. Spoon also pulled down eight rebounds.

Spoon wasn't quite satisfied with

the pro exhibition game played in the Assembly Hall Wednesday Night. The Bulls won, 94-93.

his performance for the night, but Bullet coach, K. C. Jones, had only praise for the youngster, saying that he had played a super-game both on offense, and defensively on the boards. He added that Spoon will probably be his sixth man when the season officially opens Oct. 19.

HORSEHOE RESULTS?

Stu Graham and Marty Zvonar captured the Horseshoe championship for the faculty division, while Bill Weber of Tuscola and Maurice Kocher of Pesotum ran away with the student division championship.

Stu and Marty demonstrated top flight form on their way to capture the first horseshoe championship of the college. They were both devastating in their attack using twisters and floaters throughout their matches. Second place was taken by Dan Anderson and LaVerne McFadden with a phantom player taking over for McFadden in the semifinals and finals. McFadden could not continue because of a condition caused by throwing knucklers and curves.

Bill Weber and Maurice Kocher were outstanding in their quest for the student title. Maury exhibited outstanding form and consistency in all his matches. Bill came through many times with timely "ringers" and "one-pointers." Second place in the student division was captured by Dennis Goldenstein and Jo Myers.

The wind was blowing and the air was brisk, but all worked up a sweat while battling for the titles. Carol Miles of the faculty threw a super "ringer" which landed about twenty feet from the stake and "had s" the rest of the way.

P.C. Wrestling Team To Meet

Parkland College Wrestling Team will have an organizational meeting on October 17 at 1 p.m. in Room B134.

Those unable to attend should contact Coach Don Grothe in Room B136.

TM COURSES

Continued from Page 5)

down, which means that the individual can get deeper rest. When this kind of rest is obtained, there is the ability for more dynamic activity.

In the practice of Transcendental Meditation, nothing is added to the individual; what happens is that the individual better develops and strengthens the abilities he already has.

If you think that you might be interested in finding out more about Transcendental Meditation, there are classes held every Tuesday in X-239 during the college hour (11-1). Everyone is invited to come.

Bart Wills Is Fast Freddy Winner

Bart Wills is this week's winner of the Fast Freddy Football Forecast.

Wills was the only entrant to predict nine of the ten games correctly as, for the third straight week, the Prospectus received a record number of entries. Wills' only miss was the West Virginia-Indiana game won by the Mountaineers.

Biggest problems for the predictors were California's sound thumping of Illinois, 31-14, and Illinois State's loss to Central Michigan. Only eight entrants, including Wills, foresaw the Fighting Illini's humiliation at the hands of the Golden Bears while 34 entrants selected the Cardinals to dump Central Michigan.

Bob Basler wins the unofficial "failure of the week" award, managing to predict the wrong team in all but three of the contests. Basler also chose to not pick a tie-breaker score.

Try your luck on this week's Fast Freddy--the season is fast drawing to a close.

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Fast Freddy's Football Forecast

Rules Of The Game

RULES OF THE GAME

1. Everyone, except newspaper staff members and their families, is eligible.
2. This official entry blank must be used.
3. Only one entry per person will be accepted; multiple entries will be disqualified.
4. No individual can win the contest prize more than three times during the season.
5. All entry blanks due in the Prospectus office by noon (12:00) on Friday, Oct. 18. No entries can be accepted under any circumstances after this time.
6. Winner will be announced in the next issue of the Prospectus and will receive a large pizza of his/her choice at any pizza parlor in the Champaign-Urbana area.
7. Circle the team you think will win in each game. Circle both teams for ties. Pick a score for the tie-breaker game. This game will be used only in case of ties and does not count in the total of 10 games to be predicted. Winner will be the person who selects the most games correctly. (All games played October 19.)

- Game #1 Michigan State at Illinois
- Game #2 Illinois State at Eastern Illinois
- Game #3 Purdue at Northwestern
- Game #4 Indiana at Ohio State
- Game #5 Northern Illinois at Southern Illinois
- Game #6 Michigan at Wisconsin
- Game #7 Iowa at Minnesota
- Game #8 Arkansas at Texas
- Game #9 Navy at Airforce
- Game #10 Alabama at Tennessee

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IUSA MOVIES presented at the Auditorium at the south end of the quad. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18 and 19, Fiddler On The Roof, Shown at 6:30 p.m. and 10 p.m. on Friday and at 8 p.m. on Saturday. Saturday, Oct. 19, Midnight in Lincoln Hall Theatre, Midnight Cowboy.

McKINLEY FOUNDATION will be sponsoring a number of classes on Sunday, Oct. 20 from 11 a.m. to 12 noon in the McKinley Building. The classes are entitled: "Faith and Ourselves," "Awareness-Male and Female," "Values Today-Looking At The Pieces," and "A Sermon Feedback and Feed Forward."

KRANNERT CENTER FOR PERFORMING ARTS
 Sunday, Oct. 13 Music For Two Guitars Great Hall 8 p.m.
 Tuesday, Oct. 15 Electronic Music Studio Theatre 8 p.m.
 Wednesday, Oct. 16 Will Helles at the Harpsicord
 Thursday, Oct. 17 Izhak Parlman - the Violin #1 on the Marquis

STAR COURSE will be presenting Fleetwood Mac plus Triumveart Assembly on Wednesday, Oct. 25 at 8 p.m. in the Assembly Hall.

CHANNING-MURRAY FOUNDATION SCHEDULE
 Monday, Oct. 14 No schedule
 Tuesday, Oct. 15 Voga class 4 to 6 p.m. - C Joe Hanson 8 p.m. - A Look at Housing Inspection-Poetry Workshops 7 p.m.
 Wednesday, Oct. 16 Body Work for Women 8 to 10 p.m.
 Thursday, Oct. 17 Free Films 9:30 to ?
 Friday, Oct. 18 Free Music 9 p.m. to ? - Randy Sabien 9 p.m. - Kojo and Rocket 10 p.m. - Baker and Niebling 11 p.m. - Open Stage 12 p.m. to ?
 Julia of the Spirits-film.
 Saturday, Oct. 19 Bakers and Miebbling 9 p.m. - Lucinda McCray 10 p.m. - Mark Hamby 11 p.m. - Open Stage 12 p.m. to ?

Parkland Events

Monday, Oct. 14
 Columbus Day - College Closed

Tuesday, Oct. 15
 X117 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Newman Club Business Meeting
 L111 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. Nursing 101 Special Session (Approved Fischer 6/11)
 C118 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Candidates Debate-Republican Club (Weichman 7/17)
 X150 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Reserved for coffee and "talk"
 X230 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Road Rally Club

 X230 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Road Rally Club
 X148 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Recreation Club
 X227 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. CHI
 L228 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Karate Club
 X239 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Meditation Society-Introductory
 X218 10:30 a.m. to 12 noon Ad Hoc Committee Mtg. - Curriculum Development
 College Center Reception Area 10 a.m. to ? BSA Sloppy Joes and Polish Sausage
 X238 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. BSA
 Golf-There-Sectional Tourney

Wednesday, Oct. 16
 C118 and X220 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. HOLD-ISSC Annual Seminar for high school.
 Counselors (Gunji 8/29)
 L111 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Monticello's Women's Club Tour-Kunkel (9/4/74)

Thursday, Oct. 17
 L111 8:30 a.m. to 12 p.m. Leukemia Symposium (Joanne Huff-7/22/74) or C118 6:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.
 X117 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Coffee Reception Area
 X228 1 p.m. Karate Club
 X227 1 p.m. CHI
 X148 1 p.m. Recreation Club
 M130 1 p.m. Pi Sigma Iota
 X231 1 p.m. Veteran's Club
 X239 1 p.m. Meditation Society-Preparatory
 R321 1 p.m. Theta Epsilon (law enforcement)
 L111 1 p.m. Dental Hygiene
 X226 1 p.m. Sigma Theta Omega
 L244 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Red Cross (Fischer)

Friday, Oct. 18
 X161 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. Nursing Association
 Golf-CIAC Meet-there

Saturday, Oct. 19
 Cross County-There DuPage

Sunday, Oct. 20
 X218 and L111 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. National Executive Board Meeting

Library To Be Closed

The library will be closed for the following holidays: October 14, 1974--Columbus Day, and November 11, 1974--Veterans Day. Employees should not report for work on the above two days as classes will be canceled and all college offices will be closed. The library will be open on Saturday, Oct. 12, and Saturday, November 9 its usual hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

PROSPECTUS
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Does P.C. Architecture Promote Learning?

Two years ago, when Parkland was still downtown, Professor Brian Kesner and his students from the Department of Architecture at the U. of I. began studying how our physical facilities affected student and faculty uses of the environment. Last year they watched our move to the new campus and noted adjustments to it.

This year they want to find out what is really going on here: what we think about it, what it means to us, what we use it for, etc.

Many aspects of the design for the new campus were considered innovations for a better total learning environment. Now is a good time to find out how its working; which will be helpful for the design of other community colleges around the country.

Throughout the year, they will be observing how we use the campus and interviewing individual students and faculty, but they would like to begin with some informal discussions with small groups of students and faculty at Parkland. They are asking you to meet with them, if you are interested or curious.

If you are interested in joining in with one of these discussions, please leave your name on one of the sign-up sheets (posted on bulletin boards near the snack bar and near the students activities office) or just show up.

The following discussion times are scheduled:

- *Tuesday, Oct. 15 at 9 a.m. in Room X150.
- *Tuesday, Oct. 15 at 11 a.m. in Room X226.
- *Wednesday, Oct. 16 at 3 p.m. in Room X150
- *Thursday, Oct. 17 at 8 p.m. in Room X150.

Both students and faculty are invited to participate and say what they think.

Hands Across The Water

(CPS)--Mrs. Marietta Lazzo of Park Forest, Illinois, has come up with a novel idea for celebrating the nation's Bicentennial.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," Mrs. Lazzo has suggested, "if enough people on July 4, 1976, join hands along some of the nation's highways to make one great human hand-clasped chain from shore to shore across our country?"

Using an average of her and her husband's measurements, Mrs. Lazzo estimated that at least 3 million people, arms outstretched, would be needed to complete the chain.

A human chain, noted Mrs. Lazzo, would serve as a reminder that "it takes all kinds to accomplish most purposes."

Mrs. Lazzo's proposal was greeted with enthusiasm by her congressman, Rep. George O'Brien (R-Ill.). "A most imaginative idea," said O'Brien and promptly introduced the "human chain" idea to Congress.

"Despite the logistics problem that Mrs. Lazzo's plan would undoubtedly entail," O'Brien told the House, "I do believe it merits consideration."

PROSPECTUS

The Prospectus is a student publication, and does not necessarily represent in whole or part the views of Parkland College administration, faculty, or students.

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Mrs. Lazzo's idea was then shuffled to the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration for further review.

CONSCIOUS MATTER Continued from Page 3

omic systems. By this I mean that Blacks are no longer working for nothing or mere pennies. So now it seems that only the power of monopoly-created racism maintains disunity between Blacks and whites. What makes monopoly-created racism so cruel is that it is an endless discrimination against, and a super-exploitation of the Black minority.

And whenever there exists a threat to imperialism and the ec-

onomic interests that support it, in the form of leaders like the Kennedys, Nkrumah, King, Malcolm X, and others, I believe the structure will continue to rise against them with political overthrow and assassination. History will repeat itself until power is in the hands of the masses.

r-r-r-bit ★
 ★ October 22, 1974 ★
 11 a.m. till 1 p.m.
 College Center
 ★ ★ ★



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