

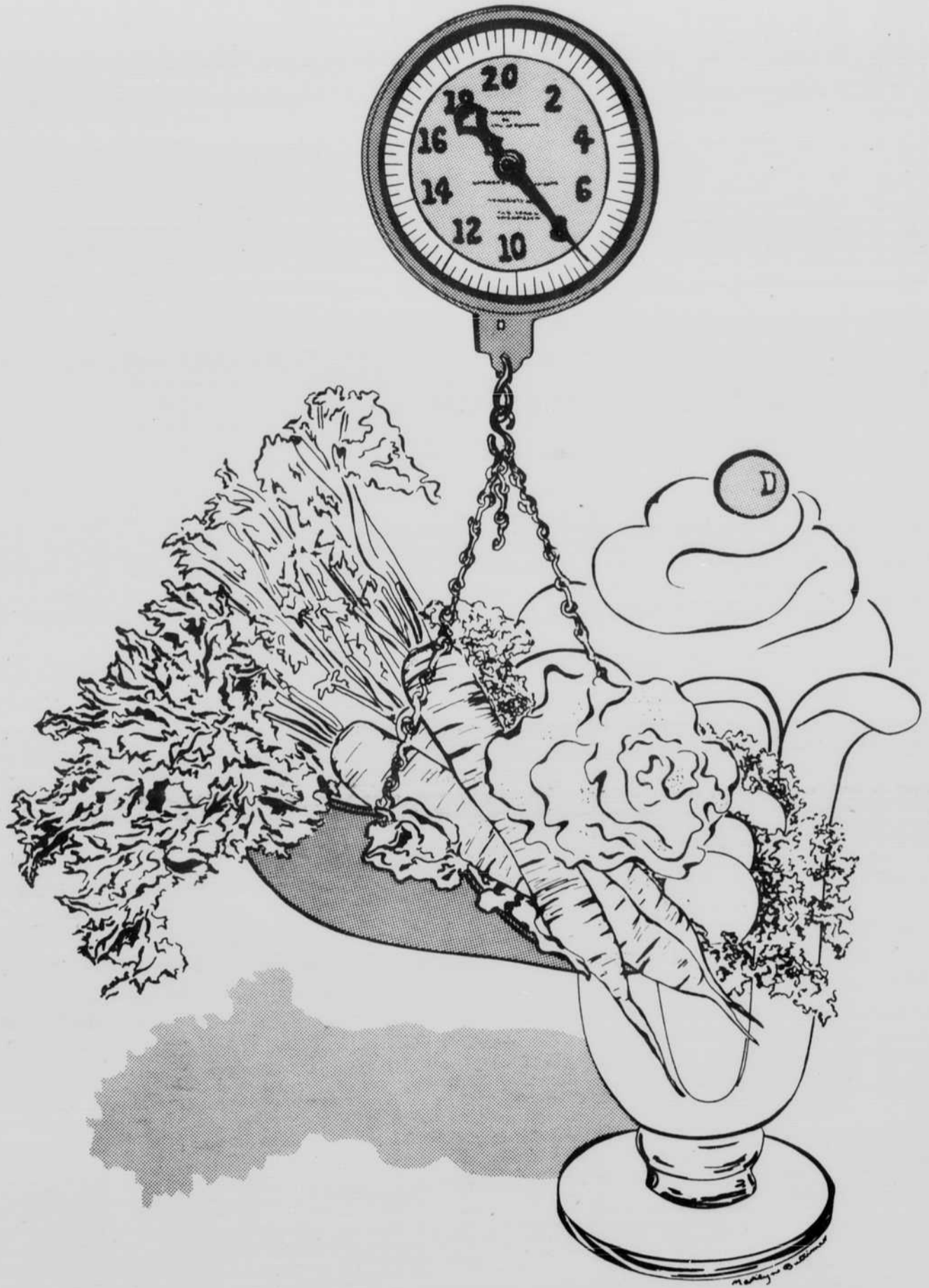


## In Today's Prospectus

Featured in this week's paper is IMAGES, Parkland's literary supplement. This eight-page special edition, under the direction of Teri Blackmore, contains stories that should appeal to everyone written by Parkland students. Images contains the following stories and poems: "Confessions of a Dieter," "This Will Be a Story to Tell Your Grandkids," "A Sunday Afternoon," "My First Love," "The Wind," "Prelude to a Pizza," "Visitation For the Living," "Dreams of a Champion," "Much Ado About Nothing," "What I've Missed." The stories and poems are complemented with graphic illustrations done by Juanita Gammon's illustration class.

The Amazing Kreskin will be appearing at Parkland on April 18 at 8 p.m. in the gym. Read about what he thinks of himself, being "kreskinized," and his \$50,000 challenge on page 12.

To catch up on PC happenings, look to pages 2 and 11. There are a lot of workshops and other activities you won't want to miss.



# See 'Confessions of a Dieter' in Images



**We have some day old donuts**

## Preregistration for fall semester begins April 16

Preregistration for Fall Semester 1979 will begin Mon., April 16 and continue through April 27. Full-time continuing students should plan their schedule of courses with their assigned faculty advisor. Advisor lists will be posted in the College Center.

New full-time students should select their program and courses in consultation with a counselor.

A printed course schedule will be prepared for students who have preregistered and will be mailed to the student before the regular registration period. Registration is completed upon payment of tuition fees.

Students who do not preregister early may find some sections and classes closed. Remember: registration lines are avoided by preregistration.

## Biofeedback answered

"What is Biofeedback?" Don McGrogan, Carle Clinic psychologist, will answer this question and explore other issues

in relation to biofeedback on Tues., April 3, from 7-9 p.m. in room L-159 at Parkland College.

In a program sponsored by the Charles W. Christie Foundation Center for Health Information and Parkland College, McGrogan will discuss how biofeedback works, explain current uses of biofeedback in treatment, and demonstrate biofeedback equipment. The program is free and open to the public, but registration is preferable.

For more information or to register, call the Center for Health Information at 351-2334.

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## Parkland College

# News in brief

## Child's Play to give very first performance

Child's Play, Parkland College's newly formed children's theater, will give its first performances of the year on March 31 at 10:30 a.m. and 11:15 a.m. in C-140 at Parkland.

The performances are given in conjunction with the Story Shop held on the same day, and are also in recognition of the International Year of the Child.

Story shop, held annually at Parkland since 1975, is a program designed to encourage interest in creative writing among elementary school children of District 505. Child's Play will dramatize five stories written by young authors attending the Story Shop, will teach the 63 participants some basic mechanics of theater,

and have the children write plays for impromptu performance.

The five stories to be performed are "Awkward Harold and Weird Charlie" by Tim Wait, grade 5, of Washington in Monticello; "The Men from Mars" by Tom Benefiel, grade 4, of Gibson City Grade School; "The Raindrop that Ran Away" by Bill Egolf, grade 3, of Cissna Park; "The Pig Fish" by Timmy Kaufmann, grade 1, also on Cissna Park; and "Hillbilly John" by Brian McClure, grade 5, of Gibson City Middle School.

Child's Play is composed of two Parkland students, Gigi Faraci and Karl Potthoff and three non-students, Vic and June Podagrosi and Barb Coates, the wife of Parkland's Theater Director, Jim Coates.

## Two courses added to roster

Two General Studies courses have been added to the roster of half-semester offerings at the Rantoul-Chanute Area Learning Center.

Studio Drawing I (GSC 508-090) teaches fundamental drawing skills while exploring various media. The one-semester hour course meets on Thursdays from 6:30-9:30 p.m. at the C.A.F.B. Hobby Shop beginning March 29.

Conversational Spanish I (GSB 578-090) places emphasis on oral communication and practical vocabulary. Worth two semester hours, the course meets from 6:45-9:30 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays beginning March 26. The exact meeting room will be announced later.

Registration will occur from 8 a.m.-4 p.m. in room 210 of Building P4. For more information, call 495-4201.

## Astronomy Club to have slide show

Parkland's Astronomy Club returned from a trip to North Dakota, where the club members saw and photographed the total solar eclipse of February 26.

Desiring to share its experiences with all interested members of the campus community, the club plans to present a brief discussion of its trip on Thurs., March 29, at noon in C-118. Featured will be slides and pictures of the eclipse.

Photographs from the eclipse will also be shown this week and next in the display cases near the information desk at Parkland.

## PC to host speech contests

The annual Phi Rho Pi Regional Speech and Forensic Championship will be hosted this year on March 31-31 by Parkland College.

Teams from six states (Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois) will compete for first through third team placings; 200 individual contestants will vie for first through fifth placings in nine events.

Titles will be awarded for Interpretation, Persuasion, Extemporaneous, Impromptu, Informative, Duet Acting, Rhetorical Analysis, Interpreter's Theater, and After Dinner.

The tournament will be directed by Micheal Van Strein of Richland Community College, Decatur, and co-hosted by David Jones of Parkland College.

## Illinois Bell rep. to speak April 3

Can you control light coming out of a paint can? Can you talk through a piece of glass?

Illinois Bell speaker, Walt Lyman, will demonstrate those processes in a program entitled "Hear the Light" which is coming to Parkland April 3.

The noon program, sponsored by the Parkland Electronics Club and T.J. Parro, Senator of Convocations, will be held in room L-111.

"Hear the Light" is an explanation of the combined efforts of the Bell System companies to perfect a new communications system called "lightguides."

The entire program is slated to last one hour and will involve several pieces of expensive equipment.

## Refresher course

An eight session Refresher Workshop for the Emergency Medical Technician (E.M.T.) will be held at Parkland College in room L-143 in April. Exact dates and times are: April 2, from 6:30-10 p.m. and April 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, and 25 from 7-10 p.m.

Some of the topics to be covered during the workshop include: reviews of oxygen therapy and C.P.R.; burns, shock, bleeding; heart attacks; and medical, environmental, and pediatric emergencies.

Completion of a basic E.M.T. program is a prerequisite for attending the Refresher Workshop. Approved by the Illinois Department of Public Health, Division of Emergency Medical Services, the E.M.T. Refresher Workshop is worth 60 points toward Illinois and National Registry recertification at its completion.

The fee for the E.M.T. Refresher Workshop is \$25 per participant. For more information or to register, contact F. Robert Owens of the Parkland College Life Science Division at 351-2277.

## Weight control program starts

A four-week weight control program combining classroom sessions and individual dietary implementation will be presented Wed., March 28, through April 18.

The program focuses on determining ideal weight through consideration of energy output and food input, good nutrition and how to obtain it, and different diet approaches.

Instructors for the course are Debbie Sandage, dietician at Burn-

ham City Hospital, and Mary Ann Novasque, registered dietician and graduate assistant at the University of Illinois Department of Medical Dietetics.

Sponsored by the Charles W. Christie Foundation Center for Health Information and Parkland College, classes will meet each Wednesday from 7-9 p.m. in L-159 at Parkland. Registration is limited; to register, call the Center at 351-2334.

## Prospectus Staff

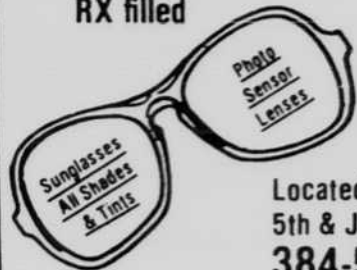
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# IMAGES



**This Will Be A Story  
To Tell Your Grandkids**

on page 4



—for those who like adventure and romance

# 'THIS WILL BE A STORY...'

—Rebecca Wade

My husband almost spent our wedding night in jail. We were on our way to the Great Smoky Mountains for our honeymoon, and with the interstate coming up the car needed to be filled. We kissed as we left the car to use the restroom. I remember the gas attendant smiled.

We had traveled eight miles when we saw the flashing red light in the mirror. We pulled the car over to the berm.

"Honey, look in the pocket and get the registration for the car."

"Were you speeding?"

"No."  
"It's probably just a routine check. I love you." "I love you." If it had been winter the kissing would have steamed the windows.

The policeman didn't get out of his car and neither did we. My husband held my hand and told me everything would be all right.

Soon another police car pulled in front of us. A little later a third car parked across the street.

They walked towards our car with guns ready. One officer opened the door and said to my husband. "Out of the car.

Spread your legs! Hands on the roof!" I'd seen a frisking on the movies, but it was another story with my new husband.

My husband joined two policemen in the car in front of ours. I started to shake. The other officer came back to talk to me.

"Ma'am, where do you live?"

"I'm from Bedford, Indiana."

"How old are you?"

"I'll be eighteen next month."

The officer handed me a piece of paper which he asked me to read.

"HELP — I'M BEING KIDNAPPED IN A 1969 FIRE-BIRD. LICENSE NO. 32A 5410."

"Ma'am, did you write this?"

"No sir, this man is my husband. We were married yesterday." I remembered something that might clear up this mess. "I've got it sir, here's our marriage license."

My husband answered questions similar to mine. The officers believed us and my husband was allowed to come back to our car. The police wanted us to know the seriousness of the practical joke.

"This bulletin is being broadcast through the entire state of Indiana. The gas attendant found the note in your tank when he serviced your car. We had to check it out."

"Could I keep the note for a keepsake?"

"I'm sorry Ma'am, this will have to be kept for evidence." Waving goodbye they chided, "This will be a story to tell your grandkids."

*Rebecca Wade has an interesting job teaching kindergarten for Seventh Day Adventists. She also teaches piano and organ, and is planning to continue her education in Elementary Education.*



## The Wind

—Pamela Healy

The night is overcast and the wind is blowing. My thoughts fit the night. I stand at the window watching the treetops bend and the clouds rush by.

As I open the door, the wind throws it wide. Stepping outside, I feel its energy as it rushes on and on. I walk into it letting my hair blow out of my face. I can see a long way. I walk for a long while breathing the cool air.

Leaning into the wind, I walk faster and faster. I leave the lights of town for the open fields. It is dark, but I can still see plainly.

I unbutton my jacket and it billows like a sail. Turning in circles, I feel the wind help then hinder me as it catches, then releases my jacket.

Finding an open field, I lie on the grass listening to the trees groan as they bend. I watch the clouds scurrying past and relax.

The wind picks up and I remember it may rain. I start home knowing I am miles away. I run, but I soon tire, so I

walk as fast as I can. The rain starts coming down harder and harder. I am drenched and I can't see. My jeans feel heavy. The wind is biting through my wet clothes. I try to run, but can't.

The lights of town are close. Looking around, I realize I don't know anyone and home is a long way. I bend my head and lean toward home. The wind is behind me but it blows my hair into my eyes. My glasses are wet and foggy.

I walk and walk. My steps slow down as my clothes become heavier and I grow more exhausted. My one recurring thought is that I'll be home soon. I walk and walk. Seeing my house, I run. I stumble up the steps, fumbling for my key. Finally, the door is open and I can feel the warmth. I am home!

*Pamela Healy is in Business Administration and keeps busy by working part-time. She enjoys sports, raquetball as one of her favorites, but also likes working on handicrafts.*

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# What I've Missed

—Scott Wildemuth

When I think of what my life could claim,  
Not much comes to mind.  
All I can think of is what I've missed;  
The things that haven't been mine.  
And what I've missed most  
Is the sweet touch of love—  
One and one, a woman and me.

I'm sure such love exists;  
I've seen it  
I've heard it

I've even felt it—  
But only when the music comes.

Music made from love and  
Music made of love and  
Music made for love.

Music that graces my mind  
With dreams of what could be.  
Of serenades under the summer moon  
Encored later in a more private room.  
Of quiet candles and glowing faces  
And whispers that warm the empty spaces in the heart.

Music that teases my soul  
With words I wish were speaking of me.  
Of giving and needing and caring  
And smiles that were made to be shared.  
Of laughing and kissing and sighing  
And love that deepens when she and I are apart.

And the music plays on.

Then,  
From my heart,  
Springs the love I have to give:  
It flows with the beat, filling my body—  
Inch after inch after inch of my body—  
In search of escape.  
And I dance and I move and I reach;  
Anything to set it free, for Love in the Arms of Love  
Is what I want to see tonight!  
It feels so good, and  
I'm so close to touching—  
Just a little farther!  
Dance!  
Sway!  
Reach!  
Just a little farther!  
Just a LITTLE FAR. . .

But the music fades.  
My love, now exposed to emptiness, becomes chilled.  
So I snuggle up in my bed  
alone  
And having no one to hold me,  
I think of what I've missed.

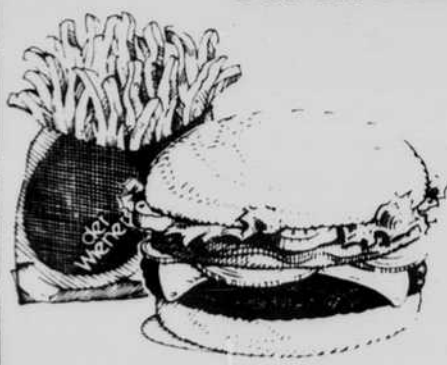
*Scott Wildemuth is currently majoring in English, but enjoys all the arts, such as drama, (he's worked on Parkland's last two plays) and music—composing lyrics.*



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## Confessions Of A Dieter

—Marg Volk

I stared at myself in the mirror. Could that be me? That short stocky female gazing back, with plump stomach and chubby cheeks? Disbelief. I reached into my closet. This would be the test. If I could only squeeze into my tight green pants my fears would be allayed. Defeat. Even breathing in, the button wouldn't fasten and the zip was caught, unable to transcend the wide expanse of the flab. Decision. No use putting it off any longer; the time was ripe for a diet.

After the initial resolve, which type of diet posed another problem. The varieties were limitless. I browsed through some women's magazines, toying among the

low carbohydrate diet, the all egg diet, the protein full diet, the banana and milk diet. None seemed particularly appealing or appropriate. What? Give up beer, fish and chips, sweets, even bread and potatoes, the staple diet of millions? Would life be worth living? I consoled myself with the thought of the new nymph-like figure I could (and would) have in a few weeks time.

Resolving on a diet was one thing, putting it into practice was another. I eventually decided on the all-egg diet. Only eighty calories per egg. I reckoned I could eat at least eight eggs per day, in addition to my sugarless tea and coffee. The next day, I enthusiastically began my ordeal. Breakfast consisted of two soft-boiled eggs, rye-krisp and tea. Lunch was three hard-boiled eggs and milk, followed by a

supper of three poached eggs. My first day was over. I had kept strictly to my plan and lying awake that night I congratulated myself on victory. Victory, it seems, is short-lived.

**What? Give up beer, fish and chips, sweets, even bread and potatoes, the staple diet of millions? Would life be worth living?**

Hours later I was still awake, stomach growling, tossing and turning, trying in vain to resist the temptation to raid the icebox. And never is resistance lower than at three o'clock in the morning — a whole four hours away from those two big, brown, grade-A culinary delights. Willpower to the wind, I ran posthaste to the

refrigerator and sank my teeth into a fat chicken leg, quickly followed by a hunk of cheese and three doughnuts. As if that weren't enough, a mug of pop had to wash everything down. Calories and guilt overwhelmed me, but sleep overwhelms even guilt. After all, I could begin my diet tomorrow, in earnest. Everyone knows it's best to embark on a diet on a Monday — a fresh new start for the week, I reasoned drowsily.

After the first pitfall, my next few days went well. I abandoned the egg diet (as versatile as eggs are, even they have their limits) in favor of the eat - what - you - like - if - it's - not - over - one - thousand - calories - a - day - diet. Instead of counting eggs, I counted calories. If I so desired, I could eat even chocolate cake, so long as I weighed it, assessed the damages (calories) and kept a

strict record of each nibble I took. My calorie booklet was forever on my person, to be reached for in extreme emergencies. If temptation was beginning to overpower me, I could rapidly look up the number of calories the offending food-stuff was comprised of and hopefully the shock would return me to the straight and narrow.

My social life deteriorated, but so did my waistline. I refused all invitations out to dinner, if I knew a salad was not included in the bill of fare. Instead of beer, my strongest drink was grapefruit juice. A second helping was taboo, dessert became a dirty word, and Smorgasbords were avoided like the plague.

I decided I wasn't losing weight fast enough, only counting calories. Reinforcement with exercise was needed.

Instead of riding the bus everywhere, I walked. And I suffered. Became my house was almost three miles from the city, I had to set out at least two hours early to arrive at college punctually. Of course an eight o'clock class was the worst! I would arrive exhausted and unable to keep awake. The lecturer did not appreciate my snores accompanying his dulcet tones. Even after classes, I had to forsake my usual practice of meeting friends in the bar, in order to begin any long trek home, while it was still daylight.

Needless to say, my walking to college did not last long. Three days, in fact, was enough for me to rationalize that instead of wearing myself out gradually mile by mile, I would benefit far more from exercise classes. And, of course, there would be other "fatties" who would

surely encourage and motivate me. I was wrong. It didn't take long to realize my Keep-Fit class was nothing more than a Keep-Talking class. It consisted of a group of ladies who enjoyed meeting every week, but to whom class was only a prelude to arranging their next meal out. The fact that the building in which the classes were held was situated between a pub and a pizza parlour did not help matters.

That first night, I left with the best intentions of catching the bus straight home, only to be swayed by the poignant aroma of freshly cooked pizza. I paused, groping in my bag for my trusted calorie book. Surely seeing over two thousand calories in black and white would deter me from putting a foot over the threshold of that Italian den of iniquity. But it was late, I was hungry, and I

discovered with feigned regret that my booklet was safe at home. Peering through the window, I spied my fellow exercisers committing the primary sin of all weight-watchers

**Food.**

**I would dream of it, night and day, while my stomach growled in adamant longing.**

— munching on that forbidden fruit, blissfully heedless of calories. Muttering words to the effect of, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," I rushed through the swinging doors and minutes later joined my companions in devouring a huge mountain of pizza, garlic bread and carbohydrates.

Other enticements abounded. The temptations of stopping between classes for a quick snack, the lure of the candy machines, and the magnetic attraction to the bar for a relaxing pint. Not to mention the pressures from my peers. "A little of what you fancy does you good," was quoted to me. (Always by my slimmest of friends.) But I was determined, and again and again I reminded myself, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." Strange, I thought, how much more important something becomes if you cannot or should not have it. Food. I would dream of it, night and day, while my stomach growled in adamant longing.

After seven weeks the day of reckoning came. Apprehension. Gingerly I stepped onto the scale, heart pounding, eyes closed. Appraisal. Slowly

opening one eye, I caught sight of the marker. It stopped wavering and finally settled on eight. Only eight stones! I gasped and ran to the closet for the final test. Pulling on my green pants, I saw the button close and the zip fly up without hesitation. Elation!

Running down the road to the sweet shop, I stopped only to smile at myself as I envisioned the mountains of pizza, fish and chips, beer and bread, I was going to consume in the next few days.

*Marg Volk is from English originally and moved here with her husband 3 years ago. She is in her second semester as a full-time Liberal Arts student.*

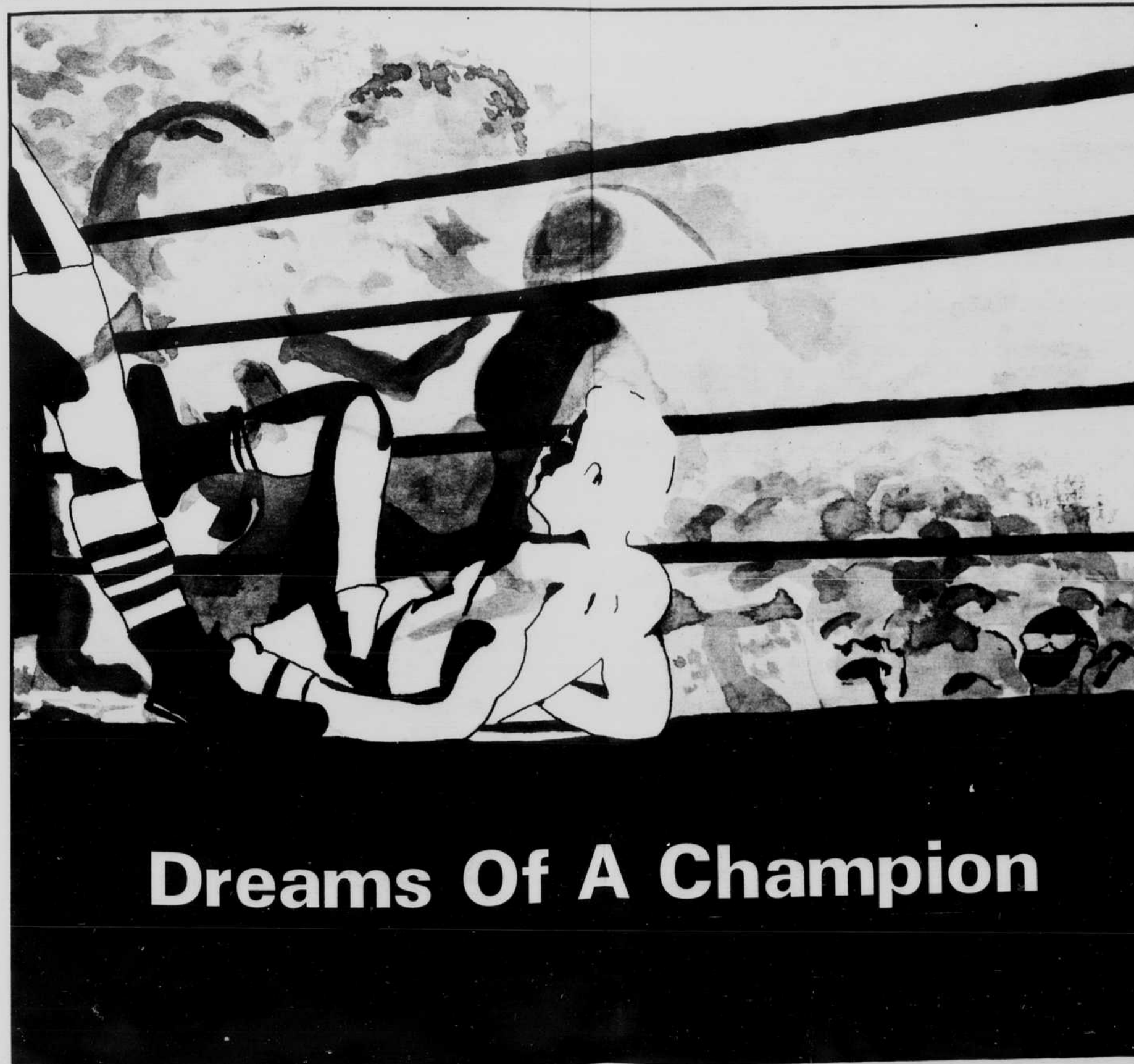
—Dean Meador

Pity not an old worn out club fighter whose fading dream of glory never dies, few experience the life that he's living even fewer want to ever really try. He's learned to perform at the sound of the bell it's do or die there's no tomorrow, how one man's cause for celebration can be another man's pain and sorrow. He hangs onto the memory of boyhood heroes in this game . . . it's merely flesh and blood, the echo of old time warriors cheer him onward swears one more fight, then he'll hang up the gloves. Moves with cat-like quickness and caution into a four corner arena called the ring, spectators in the gallows grow hungry who will ever know the pleasure that it brings?

After the thunder roared . . . Did you dream?  
After the lightning cracked . . . Did you sleep?  
Did you see the glove that came from nowhere?  
Did you hear the roar of the crowd as you hit the floor?  
Did your spirit cry out . . . that you'll never be broken!  
Did you feel your face turn slowly into stone?  
Do you think that the scars will ever heal?  
Did you hear the crowd . . . scream out for more????

Hurt & dazed/you enter a cold empty yellow room see the ghosts of champions fighting through the haze, see yourself in front of cake and flickering candles making a wish of being a famous fighter someday. In the yellow room/you wait for the phones to ring end of the tunnel is near/yet hard for you to ever reach, the archers intent was deliberate/his aim was true caught you motionless in motion/knocked out on your feet. See the warriors of courage, they are pointing skyward to gladiators/who were legends in their own time, see how the survivors of war/experience much of the same pain how the smoke and the minutes/escape under the lights. Only a matter of time, till a younger man comes along takes your place . . . and sings a slightly different song. Did you hear the roar of the crowd as you hit the floor???? Did you hear the crowd SCREAMING OUT FOR MORE????

*Dean Meador knows what he is talking about on boxing, for he makes it an active hobby. Besides boxing he also collects records, and is currently putting together a show for England, featuring Bob Dylan.*



## Dreams Of A Champion

## Much Ado About Nothing At All

—Bill Morrow

Interestingly enough, I don't write to rhyme. You can have all that stuff, who has the time? Prose is my bag, it's simple, direct. What else can give you that positive effect?

Now don't misread me, I like rhyme, too. But sometimes it seems like gobble-de-goo. Poetry's obscure, intentionally that way, But there must be a cure, there must be a way.

Poets, as a rule, should be sincere, Then why do they make poems so damn unclear. Prose writers unite, stand up and fight, Poets are bums, and we're in the right.

Now take John Cheever, his message is frank, Life in suburbia is decaent and rank. Contrarily take Cummings, renowned as a poet, Buffalo Bill's defunct, so nobody knows it?

Poets could do it if they only tried, To be so concise, to be cut and dried. They could write neat sentences, and stack up those words, Instead of that drivell, that unholy curd.

I'll bet you're saying with malicious delight, That he can't do it, he can't even write. I love to write prose, don't misquote me now, I'll never write poetry, I just don't know how.

*Bill Morrow says he really can't rhyme and this was his first venture at it. He works as a machinist, full-time, and majors in computer science math.*



# Prelude To A Pizza



When the record ended, Dina turned off the stereo and telephoned home. "Mom? Robin's mother is taking her out for a pizza and she's taking Claire and Ann with her. Can I go too, Mom? Please? . . . Oh, thanks Mom." Ann's call home for permission was quite similar. Now all we had to do was wait for Claire's parents to come home.

Unfortunately, Claire turned the stereo back on and the dancing resumed. Each song seemed to be louder than the one before. My head began to throb with each beat of the music. Just when I thought my ear drums would burst, Claire's father, Patrick, walked in. The girls immediately swarmed around him asking if Claire could go too.

"What?" he teased, "I can't hear you." They pulled him over to his easy chair, sat him down, and began rubbing his arms and patting the bald spot on his head, while shrieking that Claire go with us. Ignoring their voices and pretending only to hear Leif Garrett's words, he shouted back at them, "What's that? You're a wanderer? A wanderer? You wander 'round and 'round and 'round?"

When Claire's mother, Joan, walked in, the girls rushed to her with their pleas. She shouted, "Turn that darn thing down."

Ann turned the stereo down, but just slightly. I could barely hear Claire begging, "Please, Mom. Everyone else gets to go."

"Well, I don't know," Joan replied. She sat on the couch and turning to me, continued, "A fourth girl might be too much. Are you sure you want to take Claire along?"

I heaved a sigh and replied, "Frankly, I don't care if she comes along or not. I just want to get out of this madhouse with its blaring music and relax in some quiet pizza parlor."

Patrick, feeling neglected, had come over by the couch to hear our conversation. He eyed me quite seriously for a second, then the stereo. He turned to me again with a knowing smile and commanded, "Go! And take all those screaming brats with you."

The girls ran out of the house squealing with delight. I dragged myself off the couch and followed with a tired pace. I had barely closed the door behind me when the stereo became abruptly silent.

—Sandy Nugent

It was Thursday. I'm always tired on Thursday — the one day I have a whole day of school. This day had been unusually strenuous and I was

exhausted. I wanted to go home and slip right into bed. But Thursday is also the day for disco dance class which my daughter, Robin, and her

friends attend. After class, Robin does not like to wait at home alone for me, so she stays with her friend, Claire, until I pick her up.

As I got out of the car, I could hear the stereo blasting from Claire's house. Thinking it futile to knock, I just walked on in. There in the living room were four pre-teenagers practicing what they had just learned in their disco dance class. They were wearing their newly acquired bright orange tee shirts with "Disco Kids—Urbana Park District" printed in shiny red letters. They had added their own teeny-bopper touch: a long hot pink scarf tied loosely around their necks, signifying they were genuine "Pink Ladies" like Olivia Newton-John in "Grease."

They shouted "Hi!" and continued gyrating their shapeless bodies to the beat of "Hot Blooded." The lyric

asked, "Come on, Baby! Do you do more than dance?" I noticed these "babies" could barely dance. I only hoped they paid no more attention to the lyrics than they did to the color co-ordination of their costumes.

When the record ended, they all circled around me, Robin squeezing tightly to my arm. "Mom, will you take us out for a Pizza? Please?" she begged, followed with a chorus of "Pul-eeze?" from the rest.

"Okay, that sounds like fun," I said. They let out a cheer which actually drowned out the music. When the cheer ended, they realized they were missing Frampton with their favorite, "Signed, Sealed, and Delivered." Quickly they took their places and resumed dancing. Figuring my popularity had ended, I slouched down on the couch, consoled by the fact that I was too tired to cook supper anyway.

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Sandy Nugent has three children total, two girls and one boy. This semester she is enrolled part-time at Parkland in a Ceramics and Design course.



—Candy Aguirre

"Jerry, the Hamiltons called and they want to know if we'd like to come over for a drink. How about it?"

"Are you kidding! The Broncos are facing the Vikings today and this will be a tough game for the Broncos."

"Oh, and they can't possibly win unless you're glued to the set to cheer them on?"

"Carol, you just don't understand! Last year the Broncos went to the Superbowl! They're a great team, and on top of that Lonnie Perrin, who used to play with our own Fighting Illini is on the team. I've waited a long time to see a U of I player make it in the big time! This may be the year!"

"Every year is your year. Last year it was the Cowboys, but you seemed more interested in the cheerleaders than in who was winning the game!"

"Well, you said you'd like our daughter to be a cheerleader when she gets in school; I'm just watching the Cowgirls so I can learn their techniques. That way I can teach them to Judy when the time comes."

"Uh huh, sure honey, you're all heart!"

"I'm just trying to be a good father."

"Well, you look more like a dirty old man! Now how about taking me over to the Hamiltons. I promise, the game isn't decided by the amount of people watching on T.V. They probably won't even notice you're not here."

"Carol, I'm watching the game. I work hard all week and all I ask is to relax on Sunday afternoon and watch football. I love football!"

"Oh, get off it, it isn't just football, and you know it! In the summer it's baseball. I swear, if I have to go through another summer of 'Hey, Hey, Holy Mackerel, the Cubs are on the air, I'll scream!'"

"Calm down, honey, you're getting hysterical over nothing."

"Nothing is right! Nothing is watching grown men beat each other up while they try to beat each other to one end or the other with a ball! It's crazy, and you're crazy for ruining every weekend for us by being glued to that damn set!"

"Now, Carol."

"Don't Carol me, there's a whole world out there, fun things to do, exciting places to go, and what do we do? We lock ourselves in here with the Broncos, Cowboys, Bears and God knows who else!"

"All right, all right, I give up, I'll go, but if Lonnie has a 95 yard run, or there's a controversial play and I miss it, you'll have to live with it."

"That I can live with!"

## A Sunday Afternoon



Candy Aguirre has a unique hobby besides creative writing. She trains and shows German Shepards for obedience trials, something she has done since she was 13.



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## Visitation For The Living

—Doug James

People with ten gallon faces  
Arms like weeping willows bend  
Plaster the wood grain walls of heaven

Trembling voices speak gentle hushings  
White gloves wiping black smudged cheeks  
Bodies entangled in tight embrace

Bitter flowers outline the form  
Eyes fixed upon the satin  
A dreamy look that will not wake

One last glance that's not forgotten  
They turn to leave the air too thin  
The door blows open; the soul to take.

*Doug James spends a lot of time at Parkland working in the library and as a student in Social Work. He plans to transfer to the U. of I. in the fall to earn his degree.*

## My First Love

—Dan Bortner

Not knowing anything about sex, I often wondered why I chased those little neighbor girls. Running through back yards, across alleys, up and down stairs, eventually tackling my choice in a good grassy area, where I could wrestle her over on her stomach. To climax the event, I'd pull her panties halfway down, and give her cute little bun a whack with the palm of my hand. Then I'd jump up and run as fast as I could, so she couldn't hit me.

Mary was my favorite, a first grader, and a full year older than me. Tenth in a family of fourteen, she could run, jump, and fight as well as any boy on the block our age. She lived next door, so we played together, when she wasn't in the mood for dolls.

One bright summer day I was playing next to my house when Mary came dashing up to me and grabbed my hand.

"Come with me," she said. Leading me up the steps to her front porch, she turned and said softly, "My parents aren't home, come on in." Stunned, I followed along, not able to say a word.

As we walked into that huge, pea green living room, I noticed the scent of fresh perfume. She led me to a big, soft-looking sofa — and threw me down on it as hard as she could. The next thing I knew, Mary was on top of me, giving me the biggest kiss of my life! All of a sudden, a car door slammed in front of the house.

"My parents are home!" she whispered in horror as she climbed off of me. Grabbing my hand and jerking me off the couch in the same motion, we ran out the back door through the kitchen.

My family moved two weeks later, and I never saw her again, but the memory lingers on.

*Dan Bortner is a full-time student in Micro-precision. He not only has a talent for writing, but is currently holding Parkland College's title as chess champion.*

## STAFF BOX

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Marilyn Buttimer  
Charlene Coutre  
Becky Davis  
Lisa Hinton  
Dale Stackler  
Jeff Steely

I have a friend who has this problem.

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• For Sale

**FOR SALE**—1 Yamaha 6 string Guitar for sale. Excellent condition. \$100. Call 344-4588 for more details.

**FOR SALE**—Accounting Principles Workbook, Chapters 1-14. Never been used. \$5. 351-2266 before 5. Ask for Cathy.

**FOR SALE**—I have a practice set for Acc. 102 — Twin City Electronics. \$4.50. 897-6585.

• Lost & Found

**LOST**—In Ladies "Center" restroom, March 12—12:00-1:00 p.m. White Stag ski jacket, blue, tan, cream and rust colors. PLEASE . . . IT MEANS A LOT TO ME! 586-3277 or 359-4828 or stop at Admissions.

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## Spring workshops to begin

Spring is traditionally a time for fresh starts, and Parkland is offering four approaches to a fresh start, beginning April 2. Expand your interests and discover yourself by sharing with other women in one of Parkland's five-week Women's Program Workshops.

Each workshop focuses on a different topic for women. "Non-Traditional Careers for Women" (WPR 111) explores new career options, math and tool avoidance, job entry, and counseling. Section 064 meets on Wednesday from 7-9:30 p.m. in R-118

"The Handywoman" (WPR 114)

provides an orientation to tools, discusses basic repair and household maintenance. Section 064 meets on Tuesday in L-216 from 6:30-9 p.m.; section 065 meets on Wednesday in the same room at the same time.

"Child-Rearing—Free To Be You And Me" (WPR 119) explores methods of helping children form their identities without unnecessary role confinement. Section 060 meets from 1-3:30 p.m. on Thursday in X-220; section 064 meets in the same room on Monday from 6:30-9 p.m.

"Surviving On Your Own"

(WPR 120) considers financial planning, single parenthood, and loneliness, and stresses the development of skills necessary for adaptation to changing life situations. Section 064 meets on Thursday from 6:30-9 p.m. in c-227.

Registration can be done by mail or at the Admissions desk; the registration deadline is March 30. Each workshop costs \$10 per participant; checks should be made payable to Parkland College.

For more information or assistance with registration, call the Parkland College Women's Program at 351-2429.

## New workshops Parkland radio station will air health programs

Two Agri-business workshops featuring topics of interest to home- and land-owners will be held at Parkland College on Mon., April 2.

"How to Select, Plant, and Care for Home Ornamental Plants and Trees" (WKSP 714) will consider the best plants and trees for this area and what each requires from a maintenance standpoint. The workshop will be held in room X-323.

"Selecting and Purchasing a Horse" (WKSP 715) will discuss basic principles of horse selection, breed types and uses, and conformational defects. This workshop will occur in room X-324.

Both workshops will run from 6:20-10 p.m.; participants should plan on attending only one session. Each session will cost \$5 per participant. Registration will take place from 6-6:20 p.m. on the day of the workshop at the workshop location.

Radio programs focusing on Community Health Interests are presented on Thursdays from 10-10:30 a.m. over Parkland's radio station, WPCD, 88.7 FM.

Upcoming programs on Drug Abuse, Alcoholism, and High Blood Pressure are call-in, whereby listeners may participate in the discussion by calling 351-2222.

Mike Gibson and Jim Parker, counselors at Gemini House, will answer questions on drug abuse on March 29. On April 12, John Renshaw from the Champaign County Council on Alcoholism will field listener questions on alcoholism. Questions on high blood pressure will be answered on May 3 by Paul Barton, M.D., from Christie Clinic.

Other programs to be aired include discussions of Animal Transmitted Diseases, Hearing Aids, and the "Empty Nest" Syndrome.

Dan King, D.V.M., Parkland, will discuss animal transmitted diseases on April 5. On April 19, hearing aids are the topic of the day, presented by Mary Reynolds, audiologist at Christie Clinic. Lee Nettin, Parkland counselor, will explore the "empty nest" syndrome on April 26.

The series, sponsored by the Charles W. Christie foundation

Center for Health Information and Parkland College, is available on tape for later listening.

For more information, call the Center at 351-2334.

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## Correction

Due to the fact that April 3 is an election day, the first Food for Thought program scheduled for April 3 has been cancelled. The April 3 program entitled "Medicare" had been rescheduled for May 15. Thus, the first Food for Thought presentation will be on April 10, "Blood Pressure."

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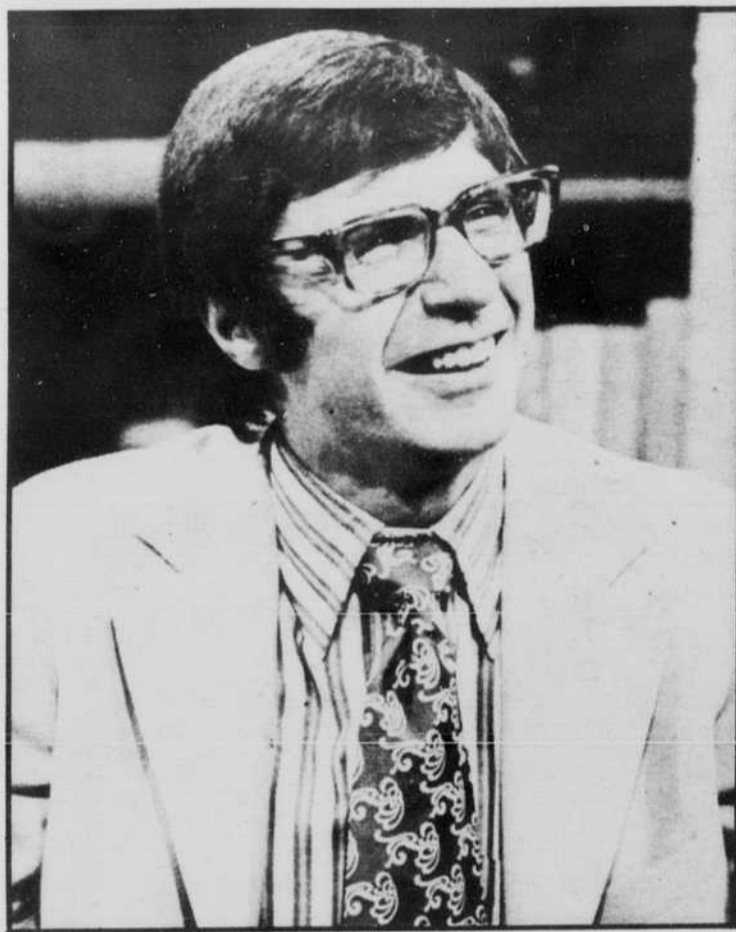
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# An interview with Kreskin



Kreskin is one of the country's most popular and baffling mentalists—a brilliant showman who mixes hypersensitivity, suggestion, ESP, and the clever mechanics of the traditional magician to entertain his audiences. He openly discusses these aspects of his career and his performances, his opinion of the psychic field, and his philosophy of life and the universe.

The Amazing Kreskin will be appearing at Parkland College April 18 at 8 p.m. in the Gymnasium on the college campus.

Following is part of an interview with Kreskin which appeared in *Psychic* magazine.

**Psychic:** Are you psychic?

**Kreskin:** If you're asking if I manifest phenomena that fits in the category of being psychic, I would say, yes, under certain conditions. But I would prefer to say that what I do is hypersensitive or hypernormal, rather than extrasensitive.

I think a great deal of phenomena that happens in the field of parapsychology is related to the senses in terms we've never been able to compartmentalize. We have blurred it by saying it's ESP.

If a person thinks about it, ESP is an abortive contradiction. It suggests that we have an ability to perceive beyond our senses. How can we have a sense beyond our senses? Maybe we should just expand the five senses to six or seven or even twenty two.

### We have blurred it by saying it's ESP.

So in this light, I would say that I do manifest some of what we call ESP. But I don't do it under any conditions; I have to control my conditions.

**Psychic:** Then you're saying that you are not a psychic?

**Kreskin:** That's right. I am not a psychic. I don't give readings and I don't predict the future.

But I have produced manifestations that perhaps are attached to the psychic side—or the hypersensitive side as I call it—a lot of which I don't yet understand. Obviously, something does happen and suddenly I'm talking about things I shouldn't be able to know, and I don't even understand why they're coming to me.

## Kreskin is offering a \$50,000 challenge

Fifty thousand dollars is on deposit in a Phillipsburg, New Jersey bank, and internationally famed mentalist, entertainer, author Kreskin expects it to remain there for quite some time, unless, anyone can demonstrate, under scientific conditions, "Psychokinesis"—the controlling or changing of a physical object by thought power.

If this extraordinary feat is challenged and proven successful by another individual, Kreskin will release \$50,000 to that individual. "This challenge will last 'till the day I die,'" states Kreskin.

Aside from more than 200 appearances on the "Mike Douglas" and "Tonight" shows, Kreskin has worked with dentists and physicians and acts as a consultant

to a clinical psychologist. On occasion, he is called on to work with witnesses to crimes where a case might hinge on unearthing forgotten details of a crime from someone's subconscious.

**Psychic:** How do you describe yourself, then?

**Kreskin:** I suppose as a hypersensitivist, a mentalist, and also a mental wizard.

People have asked me why I don't call myself a sensitive or some kind of psychic name rather than a mentalist. There's a reason. I decided very early in my life that I have to be brutally honest about my work because I believe in it, and because I have such a bad memory that if I had to cover up I'd be in a real mess.

As for my own ability to pick up information through telepathy or however—and people could say it's a kind of muscle reading or cues given unconsciously that I perceive which very well may be a factor—Dr. Harold Hansen and a number of others with whom I've worked, have said: "It's perhaps better you don't know everything that's happening when you're presenting your program, because obviously at some point in your show you're harnessing something more than you'd be able to if you were self conscious of what's happening."

### I have such a bad memory that if I had to cover up I'd be in a real mess.

Now in the classic literature during the early period of the British Society for Psychical Research a word used to describe thought perception was hyperaesthesia, whereby an individual becomes sensitive to the slightest details and the slightest changes in smell and other sense functions. Perhaps I utilize this, on a subconscious level, without being

aware of it.

Also, I have developed to a point in my work whereby I can apply suggestion non-verbally; perhaps even here some telepathic force enters in. So it is not unusual in my program for me to have someone respond to a suggestion I did not verbally give. People will no doubt ask "Did the subject somehow sense by my motions the response desired?" I don't think so.

But I have to qualify this, by saying that I cannot totally control the ESP factor. Fortunately, I have enough of a foundation with what ability I may have in creating suggestible responses, utilizing my magician's repertoire, and so on, that I can build on this foundation and play by ear until I create the proper tone. It may take ten to fifteen minutes, but my audience isn't aware that my program is changing format, because everything is part of it.

As for the term "mentalist," I use it because of what I do and because of the free license I have as an entertainer to extend myself and my program.

**Psychic:** What are some of your classical tricks and how do you do them?

**Kreskin:** In these cases, I don't use the word "trick" but rather "effect," because of the mental effort involved. One I like to do is have someone pick a telephone directory at random from a large pile of directories, open it to any page, and then put his finger on a specific name—a name which I have written out before the test.

How is this done? I can't explain it fully, but what I do is create such a rapid, intensive rapport with the subject that I cause him to respond to my thoughts, directing him somehow to the correct directory, the correct page, and then the word or name I want—sort of telepathy in reverse.

The last part is done by asking the subject to rotate his arm about the page, tightening the circle with each rotation. While he's doing this and my back is to him, I mentally visualize the circle and where the hand will stop—or should stop. Somehow by mental imagery, by suggestion, he picks up nonverbally what I desire—his feeling and doing it.

### Correction

Mary Tangora, chairman of Student Services, was not included in the credits for bringing Kreskin to Parkland in an article in the last issue of *Prospectus*. She has done a lot of the work and should have been given credit for it.

## PC to get Kreskinized

Modern science had given the world 'sanforized', 'energized', people have been 'organized' and 'televised', and products have been advertised, but the world had really not experienced anything until it's been "Kreskinized."

"Kreskinized" (verb): To dramatically introduce an idea into someone's thought pattern. To perceive another pursuing thoughts or introduce an idea into their thought processes by natural and scientific means but in a manner that is dramatic and amazing.

Internationally famed mentalist, entertainer, author, Kreskin had been performing this amazing feat to millions around the world via live concerts in theaters, night-clubs and university campuses, and on television internationally with "The Amazing World of Kreskin," and more than 200 appearances on network tv shows. He is amongst the top ten highest paid lecturer entertainers in the U.S.A.

Being "Kreskinized" live or on television is just one phase of this

multi-faceted personality. A master in his field, Kreskin is a renowned author, *The Amazing World of Kreskin* from Random House, and five years ago he launched Kreskin's ESP game marketed worldwide with sales in the millions.

Kreskin has also worked with dentists and physicians and acts as a consultant to a clinical psychologist. He's the enemy of all professed psychics, mind readers, mediums and charlatans, who attempt to guide people's lives. Kreskin has a standing offer of \$20,000 for anyone who disproves his claim that he uses no confederate or secret assistance of any kind.

Kreskin holds an A.B. degree in psychology from Seton Hall University and has been granted an Honorary Doctorate by that school for the study he has made in the field of ESP over the past several years.

There is something truly unique about being "Kreskinized." It's a feeling one never forgets.

Sports will return next week. See our coverage of PC baseball and track in the April 4 issue.

## THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE



By TED RICHARDS

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