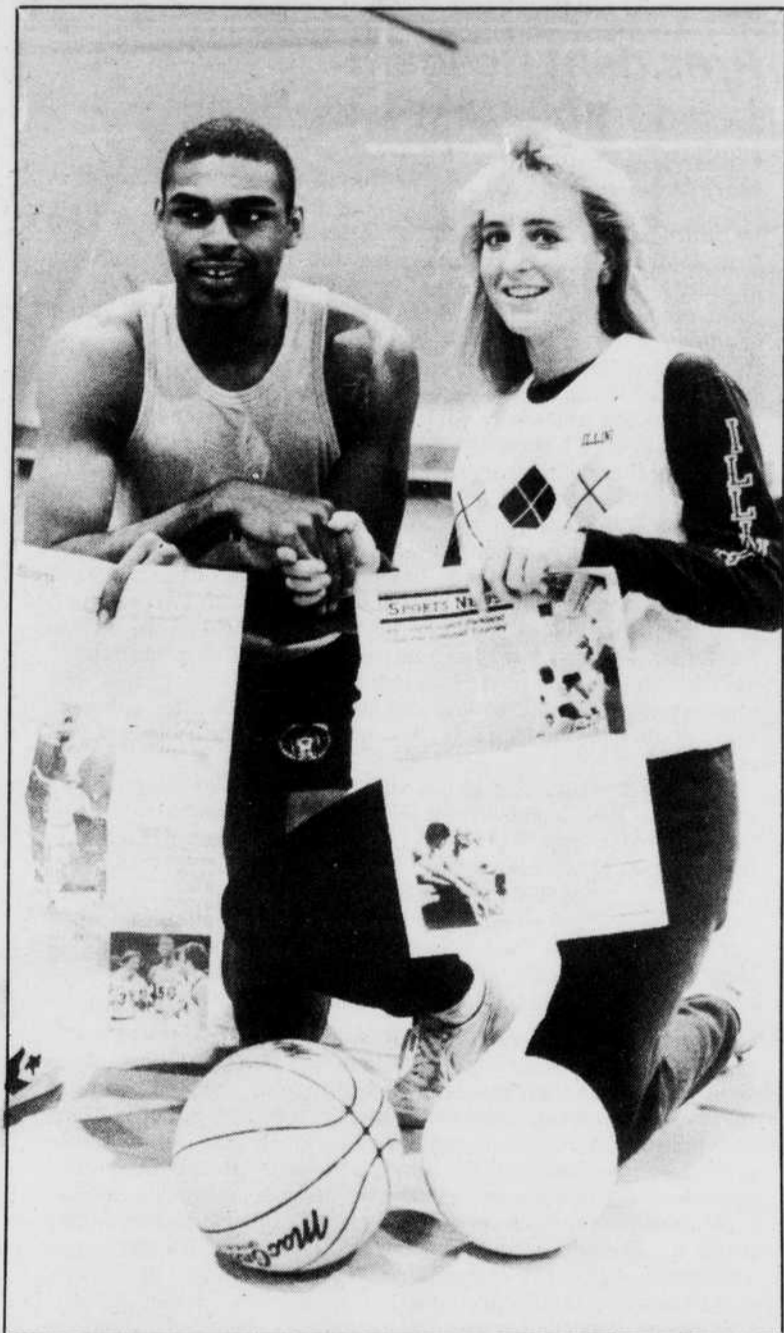


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University of Illinois and former Quincy point-guard, Bruce Douglas, poses with Parkland College volleyball player, Jill Mullen, at Huff Gym last week. They are featured in the sports section along with four other athletes on pages, 10, 11, and 12. photo by Chino Barreto



General Motors recently donated five cars to Parkland College to be used in their new S.E.T. (Specialized Electronics Training) program. Parkland is the only community college in Illinois to provide the S.E.T. program, and is one of only 40 community colleges throughout the country to have such a contractual training agreement with GM. The cars donated to Parkland are: a 1984 Monte Carlo; a 1984 Pontiac Fiero; a 1985 Cadillac DeVille; a 1985 Olds 98; and a 1984 Buick LaSabre. Attending the presentation were from left to right, Jim Sullivan, owner, Sullivan Chevrolet, Champaign; Jim Peck, general manager, Twin City Motors, Champaign; Jim Watts, Manager, General Motors; Bill Szelag, GM regional college coordinator; Bergen Parkhill, owner Parkhill Motors, Champaign; Ernie Rogers, owner Rogers Chevrolet, Rantoul; and Wayne Weber, general manager, Worden-Martin, Inc., Champaign. photo by Chino Barreto

The Prospectus

Parkland College

Parkland College
2400 West Bradley Avenue

Wednesday, October 31, 1984—No. 10—8 pages
Serving Parkland College and the Parkland Community

Equine Management Program going strong

Parkland's teams place high

by Shirley Hubbard

Situated in an alcove over in B-Building, the Equine Management Program people at Parkland College escaped my attention until recently when I found that a number of students in the program had placed quite well in several competitions during October this year.

Gayla Sargent, an instructor in the program, said, "This may be our best year so far."

The Equine Management Program emphasizes management of horse operations or businesses, and includes

courses in horse breeding, training, equitation, and selection.

Many of the graduates of the program have secured top flight jobs in the industry. Some have placed with top thoroughbred breeders in Illinois including Horizon Farms, in Barrington. The positions range from Broodmare managers, young stock handlers, foal watchman, to barn managers. One graduate is the assistant trainer to Bill Freeman of Texas, one of the top cutting horse trainers in the U.S. Three of the program's graduates worked as horse program instructors in Girl Scout camps.

Nelson; Bruce Henrikson; Pattie Short; Jennifer Gladson; and Gayla Sargent seem to be a winning combination.

The aspect of the program gaining more public attention this year is the Horse Judging Team, coached by Gayla Sargent. Sargent teaches most of the on-campus courses. She has had numerous years of experience in the horse industry and is currently working toward a Ph.D. in equine reproductive physiology.

The Horse Judging Team is open to all Parkland students but is usually composed mostly of equine management students.

Horse Judging Team—Fall Competitions

All competitions were combined two and four year schools.

Morgan Nationals in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Oct. 8.

Two teams were allowed to judge and both placed in the top ten, with team 1 finishing 6th and team 2 finishing 9th. The ten senior division teams competed.

Team 1

Duane Ash—Danville
Susan Smith—Champaign
Carolyn Breymeyer—Watsoka
Cathy Klingler—Glen Ellyn

Team 2

Mike Potter—Westville
Jody Conway—Argenta
Michelle Bland—Champaign
Monika Tross—Champaign

Arabian Nationals in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19 (only 1 team allowed to judge)

Michelle Bland was the top individual in performance judging. There were 21 collegiate teams, 105 individuals.

Quarter Horse Congress held in Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 22 (only 1 team allowed to judge)

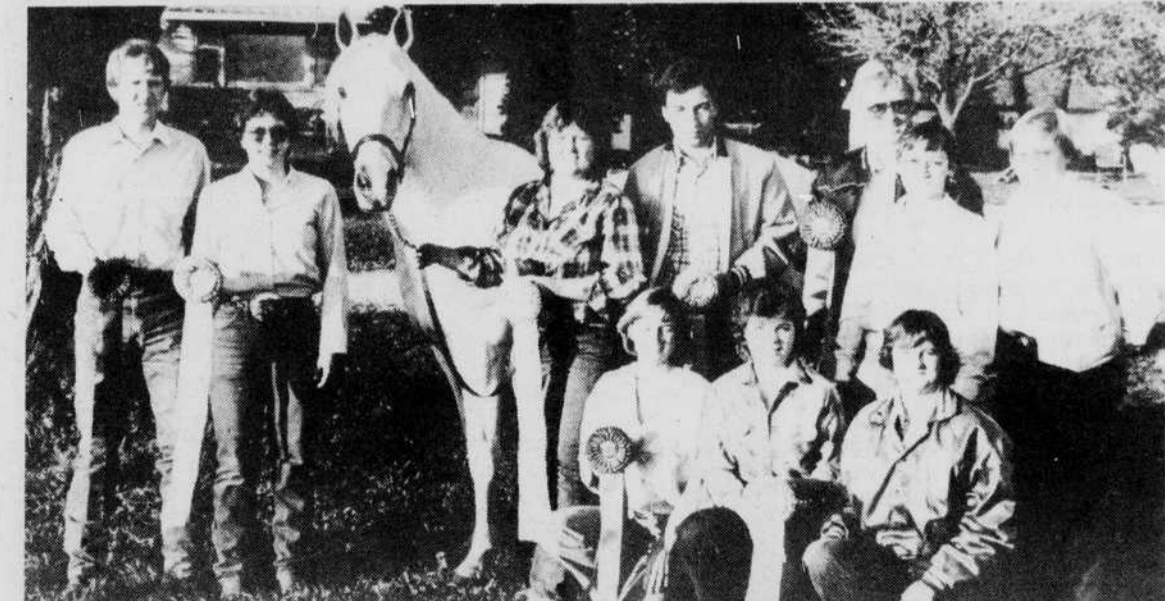
Mike Potter was in the top twenty individuals in performance judging with 33 collegiate teams, 165 individuals.

The hard work of students and the program's excellent staff, including Dr. Tom Monfort, nationally recognized D.V.D.; Dr. Paul Curtis; Kyle Wittler; Don

The college maintains several horses for the equine management students to work with. These continued on page 8



Michelle Bland, pictured above with Ben, an Arabian Gelding, was the top individual in performance judging at the Arabian Nationals in Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 19. There were 21 collegiate teams, and 105 individuals. photo by Chino Barreto



Parkland's Horse Judging Team has placed at the top or near there in most of their competitions this year. Pictured above are, bottom row, Susan Smith, Jody Conway and Cathy Klingler; top row: Duane Ash, Michelle Bland, Ben (an Arabian Gelding), Monika Tross, Mike Potter, Carolyn Breymeyer, Gayla Sargent and Chris Maurande photo by Chino Barreto

C.A.A.R. responds to Mohn

Dear Editors:

I am writing this letter in response to the letter written by Alan E. Mohn, published in the Oct. 25 issue of the Prospectus. He stated in his letter that the ad, "When a President talks, people listen," did not deal with the issues. He also wrote that this ad was part of a dirty campaign because it quoted Reagan out of context and misrepresented Reagan's views. In reality the ad did none of the things he accused it of doing. The ad dealt specifically with the issue of nuclear weapons and the possibility of nuclear war. It also accurately quoted Reagan, in context, when he made the now infamous statement on August 11, 1984, before his weekly radio broadcast was to be aired. For those who may not remember (or for those who do not want to remember) Reagan had not realized that the radio station was already on the air when he jokingly made the statement. Granted it was a joke, but this "joke," when considered in the context of Reagan's foreign policy for the last four years, is frightening. The situation that the world is currently in is that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. each have more than enough nuclear weapons to destroy all life on this planet. Given this situation the same and logical policy should be to keep tensions between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. at a minimum, this is only possible through continuous dialogue and negotiations to work out our mutual complaints and fears. Reagan has done just the contrary during his term; he is the ONLY U.S. President since Hiroshima not to have a summit meeting with the Soviets. He finally met with foreign minister Gromyko 6 weeks before the Nov. 6th elections (I wonder why?). He has escalated the arms race to its highest peacetime level and has stationed Pershing II and Cruise missiles on U.S. military bases in Western Europe (against the will of a majority of Europeans). This last mentioned action is perhaps the

most serious since cruise missiles can fly under Soviet radar detection, and the Pershing II when fired from Western Europe, can hit Moscow in 10 minutes. With Pershing II missile technology the transit time of missiles has been significantly reduced, thus causing a total reliance on computer technology, since there would not be enough time for human judgement. U.S. computer technology, being the best in the world, had 47 malfunctions since 1979 at the Omaha Strategic Command Center. One such malfunction involving a 29-cent computer chip simulated an attack of incoming Soviet missiles; fortunately human intervention found the malfunction in 20 minutes time. If a similar incident happened to the Soviets the 10 minute transit time of the Pershing II missile from West Germany would not allow enough time for human intervention.

In conclusion, we in CAAR stand behind our ad and its accuracy. We also feel that this is just one of many frightening statements made by Reagan in the last four years (eg. in 1981 Reagan stated that, "We (the U.S.) could fight and win a nuclear war and that it probably would be fought in Europe.") These statements made by Reagan are all a matter of the public record. Anyone who wishes to verify it will find this to be the case. I hope that the ad we ran in the Prospectus will have an influence on those undecided voters or if we're not expecting too much on those who are considering voting for Reagan. This election is perhaps the most important in U.S. history since the future of the country and the survival of the planet could be decided on who is elected in this election Nov. 6.

DAVID JOHNSON
Member of
Coalition Against the
Arms Race

**Make your voice
heard — VOTE**

**on
NOVEMBER 6, 1984**

Dear Prospectus Staff . . .

In reply to the letter from Alan Mohn, I would like first to point out that we certainly did wish to claim responsibility for the "When A President Talks, People Listen" ad. Hopefully, Alan and the rest of the Parkland community read the production manager's apology for accidentally leaving our name off of the ad.

As to Alan's claim that the ad did not deal with the issues and his comment that its nature was negative: nuclear weapons and war are not only the most important issues of this campaign, they are THE most critical issues the country or any other have ever faced. And certainly it is difficult. No, let's say impossible, to find anything positive in Mr. Reagan's little "joke" of Aug. 11; perhaps that fact accounted for the ad's "negative" nature.

Finally, it warms my heart to hear that the Republicans will stand behind their ethics—oops, wait a minute, I was assuming that their ethics would stop the P.C. Republican Club Vice-President from jumping up in the middle of a candidate's speech and shooting at her for several minutes (no, it wasn't question and answer time). Maybe they mean that they're going to START standing behind their ethics. Perhaps that means

we can count on them to encourage people to stop taking down the flyers that CAAR pays for and puts up and perhaps it means we can count on them to encourage people to stop defacing the posters we put up.

But I think what they really mean is that they're already standing behind their ethics — it's just that their ethics are pretty different from most people's.

Cindy Mann, President
Coalition Against
the Arms Race

StuGo News

Appointments were made to several StuGo committees at their regular weekly meeting Thursday, Oct. 25.

Mike Thomas is Convocations Director, Joe Molinary is Convocations Senator, and Melanie Rodriguez and Rob Walters are committee members. Mike Donaldson has been appointed Treasurer of Student Senate.

Several organizations were officially chartered. They are: Association of Pharmacy Technicians, and Role Playing Games Association.

Daryl Bruner was appointed to the vacant Senator post.

Grievance committee members are Donna Hyatt, Mike Owens, and David Kalusa.

Kent Brown asked for Nov. 2 to be named Lady Cobra Day to honor the women in sports at Parkland. That is the day that the women's volleyball team will start palying in the sectional tournament.

Sharing of problems essential to recovery

October 23, 1984

To the Editor:

This is in regard to the article on mental and emotional health problems in the Oct. 10 issue by Jeanene Edmison.

I admire her courage in both fighting her condition and in speaking out about it publicly. She is to be commended for her determination to get well and for her honesty in writing about the struggle.

I could identify with most of what she had to say. I'm a manic-depressive, am on medication, have been hospitalized several times and have had a series of shock treatments. Like the writer of the article, I am also coping with the aftermath of divorce and am a student here at Parkland. People with mental and emotional illness are as crippled as our fellow students who are in wheelchairs and on crutches. The only difference is that when you pass us in the halls, you can't see that we, too, are struggling to function. As one of my many psychiatrists once said, "Yes, you are handicapped like a person in a wheelchair, probably worse, but you can get up and walk." That was almost 20 years ago, and though I haven't got it licked, I'm still trying, and making very good progress.

I wonder if Ms. Edmison realizes what that article meant to those of us who share her plight and our families? Thank you for being so candid—it really helps.

RMM

President Reagan: Leadership that's working

Editorial by
Mark Matthews

Critics who have scoffed at television during the past Presidential elections and debates for emphasizing political strategy and poll results rather than issues, have little to complain about in this race. News coverage—so far, as well as the candidate's own commercials, have made it clear that President Reagan and Mr. Mondale embrace difference philosophies of government so far apart that there can be no doubt in any voter's mind as to how and where each of them would lead America.

With both men's records and positions so well known, it is not surprising that polls report only seven percent still undecided as to how they will handle their ballots on Nov. 6. Nor should the bitterness of this campaign be surprising.

It was born of frustration, the need of the Democrats to find fault with a popular President who has proved he is an inspiring and successful leader. With the need of the Republican Party behind him, Mondale, who although he played a key role in the Carter Administration that has been generally described as a "disaster," has put together a powerful coalition of special interest groups. His issues could not be more clear and his philosophies more opposed. Now, in 1984, the question is, which of the two philosophies will prevail.

It has been interesting to me, that in the last four years, we as Americans, have regained our self-respect, and the confidence of the world. How others perceive us certainly is vital, in assessing the condition of our country.

In the four years that President Reagan has been in office, federal taxes are down, interest rates are nearly half of what they were four years ago, the average American has more of his income to spend and save. And employment is at an all-time high for blacks and close to it for whites.

Besides attacking President Reagan's record, Mr. Mondale offers higher taxes, annual summit meetings with the Soviets in Geneva, (despite their insistence to willingly sit down with us), less money for new weapons systems such as the B-1 bomber, and the MX missile, increases in some welfare programs, and plans to reduce the budget deficit. What he offers—at the taxpayer's expense—is to win the endorsement of his special interest groups.

Mr. Mondale's attacks on the Reagan Administration completely avoid the accomplishments in the areas of: Civil Rights, Social Programs, Aid to the elderly, Job Training, Equality of Women, and Preserving the Environment.

Somehow, too, the Democratic candidate's record of judgement leaves quite a bit to be desired. There was a time after the Democratic convention when Mr. Mondale allowed a photograph to be taken of him riding 'piggyback' on his daughter's back, which seems to be silly, tasteless, and why he let it happen, no one really knows.


Then there is the matter of his running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, whose record, that he and his aides studied for 48 hours to make certain they had the best-qualified Vice-Presidential candidate. Then there is the furor over the relations with her husband's real estate business, their questionable borrowings and tax problems provided an inauspicious beginning.

While these examples of Mr. Mondale's poor, or at least doubtful, judgement are not exactly earthshaking, it does reveal a man who makes spur-of-the-moment decisions without consideration to what the results of those decisions might be.

Can anyone doubt that during the past four years, during President Reagan's first term, there is a new spirit in our country today? It is that spirit based on confidence that we ARE better off than we were four years ago, the problems we have CAN be solved, and the future of our country today IS bright. We as Americans, are NO longer embarrassed to voice pride of our country. The word 'patriot' is no longer a DIRTY word because President Reagan has shown the world that he is a strong, resourceful person. His actions in Government have lifted us to National prosperity from the depths of the "disaster" days, because he personally is a strong, decent, and straight-forward American. I endorse President Reagan and urge his re-election.

OBSTETRICS
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JACK D. BRODSKY, M.D.
LEWIS TRUPIN, M.D.
SUZANNE TRUPIN, M.D.
BARBARA MCFARLIN, N.M.



Barbara McFarlin, N.M.

The partnership of Drs. Greenstein, Brodsky, Trupin and Trupin are pleased to announce the appointment of Barbara McFarlin, Nurse/Midwife to their staff.

A graduate of the University of Illinois Midwifery Program, Ms. McFarlin is trained in office gynecology, family planning counseling and the performance of annual physical examinations as well as nurse midwifery for hospital deliveries.

THE DOCTORS BUILDING
301 EAST SPRINGFIELD
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS 61820

Spring Registration

Presently enrolled full- and part-time students may register or reserve courses for the Spring Semester by appointment only during the week of Nov. 12-16. Appointment cards may be picked up beginning Monday, Nov. 5, at 7:30 a.m., in the Admissions and Records Office. Fall 1984 I.D. cards must be shown.

Sargent actively involved in politics

by James Costa

If you are a member of the staff or the student body at Parkland, it is likely that you have come across the name of Mary Lee Sargent. Mary Lee has been a history instructor here for seventeen years.

Sargent grew up in Dallas, Texas, in the heart of the deep South. After attending high school she enrolled in Southern Methodist University in Dallas. She studied European and American History in Graduate School at the University of Texas at Austin. It was while she was growing up and attending college that she became active politically.



Mary Lee Sargent participates during a lecture given by Sonia Johnson at Parkland.

She first became politically active at the age of ten. She grew up in a family where her parents were anti-racists. They explained that they lived in a "Jim Crow South" where segregation of minorities, in particular the Negro race, was the accepted standard for that society. Sargent saw firsthand the cruelty that was directed toward Black and Hispanic people and the hatred and superiority that the whites felt.

When before she didn't know, afterward she understood and she decided to do something about it. She was determined to make a stand against segregation by sitting next to black people on the buses.

Looking back on it she saw how dangerous it was because those actions could have caused some negative consequences to occur against the minorities. She realizes

that her impulses were good, but the actions were foolish.

Her political involvement became heavier and more involved when she entered SMU. She got immersed in the movement to desegregate the campus town. She was part of sit-ins that were becoming popular in the late 50's and early 60's.

In 1962 she went to the University of Texas where she fought to integrate the city of Austin. Mary Lee, with many others, directed their protests toward the lunch counters. At that time lunch counters were a big issue for they prohibited blacks from entering them.

Later Miss Sargent found herself involved in another cause—the anti-war movement. "The Vietnam War burst into the American consciousness in 1965 when the government committed massive numbers of troops in Vietnam." She became involved because she has been a life-long pacifist and the war went against what she stood for.

It was in 1965 that Sargent first came to Champaign-Urbana. Here she continued her participation in the anti-war movement, for the war was getting larger and the American youth were becoming caught up in the cause for peace.

In 1968 she joined the faculty at Parkland as a history instructor. She found that there was an active anti-war movement occurring on campus involving students and staff. In the college center there were teach-ins and every day there appeared literature on the war and the movement to end it.

In 1970 student government voted to join the other 400 colleges and universities that went on strike to protest the U.S. invasion of Cambodia and the murder of

students by the National Guard at Kent State University in Ohio. The Civil Rights and the Peace Movements were at their peak at this time, and after these incidents it began to die down. It was after 1971, when troops were beginning to pull out of Southeast Asia, when the movement died out.

Today the peace movement is growing in strength again, and she is part of it. Sargent said, "I went to England last summer to visit the Greenham Common Air Force Base. I joined the protest where women have been camped for three years to protest the U.S. Pershing and Cruise missiles." She is currently a member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

It was in the late 1960's that she found herself involved in another cause, the Feminist Movement. Since that time she has worked actively in the movement for women's rights.

Sargent deveded and teaches the course Women in History. She has been an organizer and volunteer at a Woman's Place since 1972. Woman's Place is a shelter where battered and homeless women can go.

In 1981 Sargent and other women formed A Grass Roots Group of Secondary Class Citizens to protest the failure of Illinois legislators to ratify the ERA. In June of 1982 they chained themselves to the doors of the Senate for four days and nights. They chose June because on June 30 ERA would go down in defeat and the process would have to begin again. The January '83 issue of LIFE features a photograph of the group chained to the door.

Today she is making her first attempt to be elected to office. She is running for the University of Illinois' Board of Trustees on the Citizen's Party ticket. The Board of Trustees, is "a legal body which governs the University of Illinois at Champaign, Chicago, and the four medical schools. It is responsible for spending a half billion dollars of the taxpayers' money. "I entered the race to raise issues of concern to students and employees of the University. In the past the Board has been dominated by rather conservative business and professional people who were hand-picked by the Alumni Association. In my view the concerns of the students and workers were not addressed by the Board."

There are many issues that Sargent supports. These are:

- The tuition should be lowered and financial aid increased. In five years there have been five increases in tuition which has almost doubled the cost of fees since 1980.

- Affirmative action in promotions and hiring of women and minorities.

- Direct participation by students, faculty, and staff in University decision making.

- Improved working conditions for non-academic and academic staff: 9:00 to 5:00 work day for non-academic staff, board cooperation with collective bargaining units.

- Ending the University's investments in South Africa

- Stopping weapons research

and CIA recruitment on campus

- Day care for students and staff

Being a political activist is a character trait of this fascinating and controversial figure. Mary Lee Sargent has been a leader for many years and being elected to the U of I Board of Trustees would put her on the first rung of the political ladder. You can expect to find that you will be hearing more about her as the years go on.

Women's Workshop teaches acting versus reacting

Joan Krohn is like most women; her life keeps changing directions. But, unlike many individuals, Krohn sets goals, plans life changes, and therefore, she has realized some of her dreams. She says she concentrates on "braiding the threads of (her) life into a strong rope, that shows direction and firmness."

Krohn will share her experiences and knowledge at Parkland College's Lifespan Planning Workshop for Women. Women who are in various stages of setting goals and assessing expectations for their lives will benefit from Krohn's experiences in exploring life options and attitude changes.

The two-session workshop will be conducted Friday, Nov. 9, from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m., and Saturday, Nov. 10, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. There is a \$15 registration fee which includes coffee, doughnuts, and lunch. Registration by Nov. 5 is required.

Participants should plan to attend both workshop sessions. Those who are interested in attending may contact workshop coordinator Bev Zollinger in Parkland's counseling office, 351-2219, for further information.

Because women's lives are often filled with child care, careers, housekeeping, and more, Zollinger believes that "women often don't feel entitled to take the time to sit down and think about goal setting . . . they tend to react instead of act." This workshop she said, "will give them an opportunity to learn how to act instead of letting things happen to them. They will actually be in charge of . . . the things happening."

Krohn and Zollinger are firm believers in self-awareness and understanding and the keys to making meaningful life choices. Lack of "hard thinking" before setting a goal can lead to failure and disappointment because the goal is unrealistic and impossible to achieve. Workshop participants will have time to explore their feelings, think about their goals, and talk to other women also involved in goal setting.

During the workshop specially trained facilitators will lead groups of women in a series of exercises designed to increase their self-awareness. The women will reflect on and evaluate their personal goals, needs, and abilities. The relationships between life planning and stress tolerance, self-concept, feelings and emotions, personal needs, expectations, and communication styles will be explored.

In the small groups participants will share ideas, suggestions, and feedback with other women who are also in the process of evaluating their lifestyles and formulating goals. This workshop will be a "non-judgemental, open place for sharing one's ideas, thoughts, and feelings," said Zollinger.

Several women who participated in past lifespan planning workshops view it as a turning point in their lives. These women say the workshops helped them to focus on what they really wanted to do with their lives, increased their self-confidence, and taught them a sound decision-making model which they used to make meaningful life choices.

Some of the women decided to return to school, enrolling in high school equivalency courses, in undergraduate degree programs, or graduate school. After learning to trust their own feelings, others planned career changes, deciding to work at what they wanted, not what someone else wanted for them.

A rural farm woman, married for over 30 years, decided she deserved college, too. After all, she reasoned, she had helped send all three of her children to college. At age 53 she graduated from Parkland, eventually became a trust officer in a local bank, and is currently enrolled in the Board of Governor's degree program at Eastern Illinois University. She said the lifespan planning workshop gave her a clearer picture of what she wanted to do with her life. Talking with other women helped her stand back and get a better image of herself.

Krohn is currently in the midst of a major life change herself, one that has been planned for, explored, and evaluated. The day after she gives the keynote address at the Lifespan Planning Workshop for Women she will move to New Mexico and begin a new position as social worker/consultant in New Mexico's Department of Human Services. She has previously been employed as a Department of Children and Family Services caseworker, as director of social services at Burnham Hospital, and as an instructor both at the University of Illinois and Parkland. Krohn is currently the coordinator of Parkland's Long Living Program, a community service program for retirees.

Deluxe Burger, Bag of Fries

\$1.29

A juicy quarter-pound patty of 100% beef, your choice of lettuce, pickles, onions, ketchup, mustard, or mayonnaise, on a knot-top bun. (Cheese and tomatoes extra.) Plus a bag of our crispy, golden fries.

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Room X-155 and meet the staff!

Find out about making a contribution to yourself and to Parkland.

Witches, vampires, werewolves, and ghosts run amok

Halloween brings out the supernatural

by Mike Dubson

Halloween is a favorite American holiday—a time to dress up in silly or scary costumes, go trick-or-treating, or carving a grinning jack-o-lantern. Halloween comes from an old Celtic holiday called "Samhain," which means summer's end, a celebration of the winter season which began on Nov. 1, where the Celts dressed up in scary costumes and the night skies were illuminated with bon fires that lasted a week. The point of the occasion was to get rid of their frustrations and anxieties, translated as being evil spirits.

With the advent of the Christian religion, the holiday was promptly Christianized. November 1 became All Saints Day, also called All Hallows Day. Oct. 31 became All Hallows Eve, and the ritual of dressing in scary costumes to scare off demons and evil spirits.

Over the years, the supernatural images behind Halloween have grown benign, but among the people in the world who take witchcraft seriously, Halloween is one of four main Great Sabbats for witches. To the pagan Celts, Halloween was a festival for the dead, looked upon not in a gruesome fashion, but as a door from this world to the next. On Halloween, it was believed that the spirits of the dead, as well as all sorts of goblins and spirits walked the earth.

Witches

Witchcraft is an ancient religion that worshipped a horned god and a moon goddess, two deities that are supposed to represent the male/female aspects of nature. These gods are known under a variety of names and appear in a number of religions. Witchcraft was an old religion that was suppressed by the rise of Christianity, and this, as well as the superstition which ran rampant during the dark ages, was responsible for the witch hunts and many of the things we've come to believe today.

The word "witch" at one time could mean either a male or female witch, and later on "warlock" came to mean males exclusively.

During the middle ages, the practice of witchcraft was a crime punishable only by death. It was believed that a witch had a special mark on his body, placed there by the devil when the witch was given his powers. Any blemish or wart could be considered a witch mark. Witches are supposed to be unable to say the word "Lord," but could easily cry "Satan." Witches were supposed to be served by a familiar, a demon in the form of an animal, usually a black cat. For this reason,

thousands of cats were cruelly tortured and executed during the witchcraft trials. If a witch was on trial and a fly was seen buzzing around his face, it was claimed it was his familiar trying to aid the witch.

Witches met in groups of thirteen called covens. They held an Esbat every month, which was a regular meeting. They also had four Greater Sabbats (Candlemas, May Eve, Lammas, and Hallowe'en) and four Lesser Sabbats (the two equinoxes and the two solstices).

Whenever someone was accused of witchcraft, the jurors had to obtain a confession from the witch so there could be a "fair" trial. A confession could either be voluntary or forced. If voluntary, no respite was given, because witchcraft was a crime punishable only by death. If forced, torture was used to get the confession. There were several methods.

The accused laid on the ground, then a large board was placed on top of him. One by one, heavy stones were piled on the board until the witch confessed. If the witch died, it was said the devil killed him to prevent him from confession. Another test of guilt was to severely bind the witch and toss him into a large body of water. If the witch floated, he was taken out and killed immediately. If innocent, he would drown, but at least he would die with a good reputation.

Once someone was accused of witchcraft, there was no way out of it. People who did not believe in the witch hunts were too afraid to speak out against them for fear of being accused of being a witch. Even if the accused had a verifiable alibi, it was said the devil had taken the witch's place so he could attend the sabbat.

Anyone who was different—shy, unattractive, or perhaps psychotic or neurotic—could be accused of being a witch. Those that had discovered hallucinogenic plants and used them would be accused of witchcraft because they'd see visions.

The reason witchcraft was considered such a terrible crime to the early Christians wasn't the feats of magic a witch was supposedly able to perform, but because he was to have made a pact with the devil.

The devil has not always been considered evil. In the Bible, Satan was first mentioned in the book of Job. He was permitted to punish men for their wrong doings, and he did so with relish. It wasn't until the New Testament that the devil was mentioned as being evil.

All religions have a devil, someone that can be bled for man's shortcomings and the catastrophic acts of nature. The Moslems have a devil called Iblis, and the Buddhists have a devil called Mara.

The word "devil" comes from Greek origin, meaning slanderer or false accuser. It also comes from the Indian word "Devi" meaning God. Sex has always been associated with the devil, since it has to do with the body, and God is associated with the things of the mind and spirit. The devil was used to explain the natural biological instincts in men. Some creeds went as far as to say that God formed the upper half of the body, while Satan formed the lower half.

In ancient times, people were afraid of demonic possession. Lack of medical knowledge encouraged the problem. An epileptic in the midst of a seizure was considered demon possessed. Some priests who ate certain plants said they could see the air just full of demons yearning to possess. Demons were believed to enter the body through breathing or eating. The tradition of putting a hand over your mouth when yawning came from the fear a demon might fly into your body and take over your soul.

Witches were believed to have the power to summon up demons, but even the witches weren't safe from their demonic wills, and they had to stand inside a magic circle drawn on the floor.

These beliefs and occurrences gave rise to the belief of vampires. It was believed the vampire was a corpse who rose from his grave at night to feed upon the blood of the living. Looking gaunt and pale, after feasting on a victim, the vampire would appear healthy and ruddy. Vampires had intelligence and a will, but no soul. It was believed that a person's reflection was his soul (this was in the days when mirrors were rarities), and since a vampire had no soul, he cast no reflection.

It was believed a person would become a vampire if he broke a mirror. His soul would escape. If a cat jumped over a grave, the corpse inside would become a vampire. If a person was buried in unhallowed ground, he would become a vampire. It was believed the soul floated in the blood, and the victim of a vampire would lose his soul and become one too. If someone died without confession, or without church sanction, he would become a vampire.

People were afraid enough of vampires they went to some drastic attempts to keep them in their graves. Pounding a maple stake through the heart was a start, but the job wasn't complete until after they'd chopped off the arms and legs and the head, usually with the shovel used to dig the grave. This process was done alive as well as dead. After all this, the remains still might be burned and the ashes scattered. Anyone who was anti-social, cruel, or a night owl might be accused of being a vampire.

There were "real" vampires—sadistic people who killed and relished in it. Many mentally unkind might have been "vampires," and there are people today who believe they are vampires and try to drink the blood of the living. Two well known "vampires" in the Middle Ages Europe were Vlad IV and Countess Elizabeth Bavyory of Hungary. Vlad IV was a sadist who murdered and tortured people for kicks. He was a Romanian king who wore a dragon symbol on his clothes. He was called Dracula, which means dragon or devil. The Hungarians later translated the name to

Dracula, which is the name Bram Stoker took for his fictional vampire in the nineteenth century. Countess Elizabeth Bavyory was a young woman who found it beautifying to kill young virgin maidens and take baths in their blood. In addition to these activities which she felt would help her retain her youth and beauty, she tortured and murdered hundreds of maidens at her castle.

A creature connected to vampires is the werewolf. In Europe, it was believed for centuries that man could turn into a wolf, run amok the countryside and kill livestock and other humans. But were-ism is a worldwide idea. There were were-tigers, were-lions, were-bears.

The belief of werewolves may have begun when primitive man used to dress in animal skins before he went hunting in order to capture his prey.

People who were naturally ugly, hairy, or disfigured might be accused of being a werewolf. If someone appeared badly scratched one day, he might be accused of werewolfism because of running through the woods. A child born with a caul, with teeth, or on Christmas Day would become a werewolf. If a person donned an animal's felt, he would become a werewolf.

One of the oldest symbols of Halloween is the ghost. Although characteristically dressed in a white sheet, clanking chains and moaning, ghosts, according to modern definitions, will appear as they looked at the time of death.

The ghost is simply the spirit or soul of a dead human being.

There are four different types of ghosts. Experimental Ghosts: This person doesn't have to be dead to be a ghost. By way of telepathy, he can project his image to another place, either consciously or unconsciously.

Crisis Ghosts: These ghosts appear immediately before or after someone's death. It has to be within a twelve-hour period either direction for it to be considered a crisis ghost. The reason for this is usually the highly charged emotional state of the dying and the survivors.

Post Mortem Ghosts are ghosts belonging to someone who has long been dead. Usually they have some reason for hanging around, whether it's to aid or bedevil, or to just keep an eye on someone, or to try to finish a job begun while alive.

Poltergeists are a most interesting form of ghost. The word comes from two German words: *Polter*, meaning noisy, and *geist* meaning spirit. These ghosts are supposed to throw dishes around, move furniture, break things, bang on walls and doors, and set fires. Parapsychologists believe poltergeist activities are a projection of a subconscious mind of a living human, these emotions take on the form of energy.

Some people are lucky enough to be sensitives meaning they can sense or stimulate ghosts better than others. These people can end up being mediums, holding seances to contact the spirits of the dead. Chances are if a ghost wants to make an appearance, he will (or will not) seance or not.

So, what would Halloween be without a good rundown on witches, vampires, werewolves, and ghosts? Just another day, right. It's folks like these that make life exciting . . . wait a minute . . . what's that guy in the black cape trying to get in my window for . . . I never should have tried to write this at Midni



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Join us as we
cook up a cauldron
of thrills and chills
to enhance your
Happy Halloween

Penelope, don't make an ash of yourself!

Interview with Auntie Miranda

by Mike Dubson

Miranda Margaret Rutherford LeGreed, better known to her millions of fans as Auntie Miranda, is a renowned advice columnist, author of "Advice From the Duodenum." Auntie Miranda is of considerable, yet unknown age, definitely mentally unbalanced, and not especially polite to those she's about to cast a spell upon.

Auntie Miranda was born and raised in the heart of Transylvania, and she has spent much of her adult life there. A habitual world traveler, Auntie makes frequent trips to various places such as the Alps, the Bering Strait, and the Amazon jungle. She travels regularly to Champaign-Urbana to pick up her mail and turn in her column. Originally she wanted to enroll in a night class at Parkland this semester, but there was no Black Arts 101 offered. She was refused admittance anyway because of her eccentric habit of travelling the hallways by broom. She was allowed to write for the paper from Transylvania because she threatened to turn Bradley Avenue into a river.

Auntie is married to Dr. Simon LeGreed, a successful Transylvanian mad scientist, and they have two living children, Felicia and Kennica. Auntie comes from a traditionally large, dead Transylvania family, and she enjoys a close family life. I spoke with Auntie Miranda (on the last Friday 13 she was in town) about her work on *The Prospectus*, her busy schedule, her family and the life she leads in Transylvania.

What is your occupation, Auntie Miranda?

I'm a witch! Can't you tell by the way I'm dressed?

How does it feel to be a witch?

It's a lot of fun most of the time. You still have to go to the bathroom, unless you're real good at your bladder control spell. It's fun to fly around on your broom, although I am going to need safety belts installed. It comes in handy when somebody makes you mad because it's easy to get revenge. It also removes the need for credit cards—all I have to do is wave my wand and I have what I want. I've learned how fortunate I am from the letters all those mortals write me. The experiences I've had as a witch helped me get my job as columnist. Well, that and my threat to turn the Editor of the *Prospectus* into a sheet of typing paper.

Does writing the column pay well?

Not too well—you get paid by the inch. It's a good thing they don't

pay me for quality! I enjoy doing it though, because it's almost as much fun as an evil spell and a lot more effective!

What's it like to live in Transylvania?

It's a real swinging place, but it storms a lot. It's always foggy and cold, and the wind never stops blowing, especially at night. It's night a lot there, too, but I think it's because we all sleep all day long. There's too many haunted castles over there, and the cemeteries always look like construction sites because people never stay in one place there from day to day. There's a lot of werewolves running around at night, too. It's really a beautiful country.

How do you write your column?

Well, after I get somebody's letter, I read it over really carefully, then pull out the old crystal ball, mumble the magic words, and the answer comes to me. Then I sit down at my word processor and go at it. Transylvania's getting to be so modern it's depressing. Soon people are having the graveyards right outside their back doors taken out.

A lot of your readers have said you have a dirty mind. What do you have to say to that?

Well, I think that's a lot of . . . CENSORED

Just exactly what do you think you have to gain by speaking to me like that?!!?!!?

I'm letting off steam without turning you into a teapot! Keep aggravating me, snoop, and you'll be writing an article about life as a door stop!

What does your husband do in his laboratory?

I don't keep track too much of Simon's work, except when he has an explosion that blows the door off the lab. He invents a lot of things there to use around the house, or ugly aids to help all the young girls in Transylvania look like me. He makes a lot of love potions, hair removers, and sex hormones in his lab. He also made our neice Moronica, and he's working on another robot since we'd both love a grandchild. Moronica takes a lot of his time. He's always got to change her oil or tighten her screws.

Is it dangerous living with a mad scientist?

Only when he thinks he'll be smart and tries to build something stupid like a nuclear powered toaster. We're still getting fallout from that! He blew up one of our castles once. Then he gets pretty crochety when his inventions don't sell well—and they usually don't.

Is that why you're always trying to sell his inventions in your column?

Yep. People in Transylvania don't need the stuff he makes, and they don't have the money for it. You Americans are really materialistic. Somebody over here's going to want some Pretty Kitty Cat Food, Cadaver Helper, or Ever Web, and you can all afford the outrageous prices I charge. Right now he's working on a new beauty cream: Swamp Mud Lovely. We should clean up on that one.

It's pretty slow. Most of the people are peasants and they don't have jobs. It's against the law. The rest of the people don't have any money because they don't work. They don't work because they're dead. Being dead seems to be the number one occupation over there. I know one charming fellow with a Ph.D. in Dead. All the people in Transylvania with any money are either vampires or werewolves, but that's economic class structure for you!

Tell us about your family.

Gee, I was afraid you'd ask. We're just ordinary Transylvania folks. Nobody's gonna wanna read about us. There's just me and my sister Mary left. My folks and brothers and sisters all got killed last time that abominable Van Helsing was over there, staking everybody out. Mary's a vampire, but she's kept herself under control pretty well ever since her 200th birthday. Padlocking the lid of her casket has helped, too. Mary and her husband Archibald have four kids.

Before Simon and I were bringing in any bread, Archibald used to support all of us. Anytime the kids wanted anything, all they'd have to do was say, "Father, write out a check," and he went at it. Well, Archibald ran into some serious financial difficulties, so he hired a financial advisor, John Stone. Then it was, "John, can we afford it? Father, write out a check." John never had a chance to do his job, and Archie still was writing out checks. We're lucky all our creditors are afraid to come to our haunted castle to get their money for all those bad checks. Archibald's revolted a couple of times since, but his daughters took the family jewels and chained them in the icebox. Now Archie stays in line.

Mary and Archie have twin boys, Horace and Boris. Horace is a werewolf. One time a couple of years ago during his transformation, he fell in love with a cute she-wolf named Tommy-Sue, and now even when he's a man . . . or, uh,

sort of anyway . . . he still has this thing for Tommy-Sue. Tommy-Sue wants no part of him! Every time Horace changes, he rips out of his clothes, kinda like the incredible hulk. There for a while, his sister Monica was keeping him in clothes, and every time the moon was full, you could hear Monica howl, "God, there goes another pair of pants!"

Boris is a real playful lad. He likes to take naps at semi-truck weigh-in stations. Once, he drank some nitro-glycerin and jumped off a cliff. He was decorated with 497 badges of bravery during the Transylvanian civil war until they found out he was stepping on those land mines on purpose.

Archie and Mary also have twin girls, Monica and Moronica. When Monica was born, they were so disappointed because they wanted twins, they hired Simon to manufacture a robot just like her. The girls live in America now. They each have competitive . . . uh . . . escort services that operate from the back of city buses.

Monica was married once in the last century, and she has a daughter, Penelope. One time when we were all on holiday in America, Penelope wanted to spend the night with Grandma Mary. Well, some rat fink at the hotel called the health inspector on us. He came by and snatched a body out of the coffin, took it down to the morgue, and had it cremated. Later on, we found he took Penelope by mistake. Now she just sits on the mantle and urns her keep. Once in a while, she makes an ash of herself, and we threaten to get out the vacuum cleaner. The little dust devil always settles down then.

Our daughters are carrying on the family escort service in various parts of the country. Kennica's out east, mingling with all the hotshots in Washington, and Felicia's all the rage in the San Fernando Valley.

Me, I've sort of kept everybody in the family together—especially Boris. Now I've got my own career going, and I just don't have the time any more.

Good Heavens! That's quite a story! Have you ever thought of writing your autobiography?

Nah. Nobody'd ever believe it!

What does Halloween mean to you, Auntie Miranda?

It's my favorite time of the year! I get to ride around on my broom and cast spells on innocent mortals. It's great. Other than that, it's just another day. In fact, it is just another day. I do that all the time.

Will you be busy tonight?

You bet your casket lining I will! The Witches Union meets at dusk, and we have a few brews and elect our Halloween Queen, and then it's off we go. I'll be flying over the Alps sometime around Midnight, and I'll drop down and pick up Boris. He's been sky-diving without a parachute again. The Witches Union meets at dawn, and we give an award to the witch who's done the most mischief.

What all does the Witches Union do?

It sets the dress code. Sets the prices we witches can charge mortals for magic. Sets the laws on what we can or can't do to mortals on Halloween. We witches are getting a little ticked off—they're getting tighter and tighter on their regulations. Halloween's getting to be pretty boring.

How do you get in to the Witches Union?

You have to be a Transylvania resident, be older than five hundred years, and promise to only cast your spells in a foreign country. The dues are getting pretty steep, but they're worth it just to attend the Christmas party.

Why do you cast all of your spells in America?

Transylvania's too old, and it's already a wreck. They don't want us to be wiped off the face of the earth. America's young and strong—it can handle five hundred witches zooming over here on broomstick to toilet paper your trees, kill your crops, soap your windows, and siphon your gas.

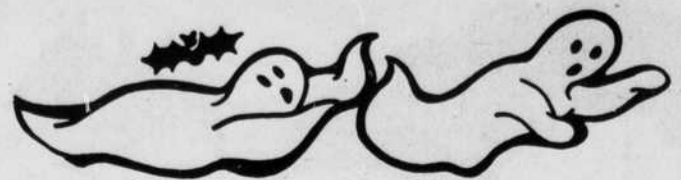
What do you plan for your future?

Getting my column syndicated nation-wide. I want to be a super star and make a lot of money so I can afford to move to America. I'm over here so much, and flying across the Atlantic ten times a week makes for a lot of wear and tear on a witch's broom. I've got to replace the straws in my broom at least once a month. I'd like to be able to walk into a room and have people clammering for my autograph. Now, they just turn and run in terror. I can't imagine why, can you? I could put a spell on all of you and make you want my autograph, but it's no fun that way.

Well, Auntie, is there anything else you'd like to add?

Nah. Just don't forget to put the hex signs on your doors tonight, and hang garlic around your windows. Have a happy Halloween!

Creative Corner



Trip to a Graveyard on a Moonless Night

by Jeffrey M. McCoy

"I know what we can do," Jerry said enthusiastically. "We can go out to old Stranglin' Sam's grave."

Every small town has at least one, if you look for it long enough. Some dark, secluded or semi-secluded spot that just naturally has a bad reputation. It can be a house with a history of strange deaths, or a wooded glen where the sounds are not limited to the friendly noises of the forest creatures. Sometimes it is something as simple as a country graveyard. Or perhaps one grave in particular.

They were sitting in the pizza place, finishing off the last of their pepperoni and cokes, discussing what they could do next, when Jerry came up with the idea.

There were four of them, two boys, two girls. There was Jerry, the laughing, smiling jokester of the group; Roy, the fun-loving basketball player, tall and lean; Linda, popular and smart as a whip; and finally Carol, quiet and speculative, prone to deep thought. They were frequently seen together or in groups of two and three at both the pizza place and many other of the hot spots around town.

"That's a great idea," said Roy, grinning. He grinned a lot, a big, crooked grin.

"I—I don't think that's such a good idea," said Carol nervously. Her straight, auburn hair shimmered in the overhead light. When she looked upwards the light also caught her thick glasses, causing her momentarily to sparkle and dazzle like a diamond.

"Aw, come on, Carol, it'll be a blast," said Linda, cheerfully. Her hand darted up to brush a long strand of curly black hair from her eyes, a constant, habitual movement.

"I just don't like it. It's . . . spooky." She shuddered.

"Aw, be a good sport, fraidy-cat," Jerry said. He then shifted to his best diabolical voice. "It'll scare you to death." He laughed like Renfield, the maniac. Linda and Roy broke into helpless spasms of laughter and even Carol managed a strained smile.

"So, what do you say, Carol?" asked Linda. "How 'bout it?"

Carol blinked. The thought of running around a deserted graveyard in the middle of the night did not appeal to her in the slightest, but she knew she had to go along if she wanted to stay friends.

"Well, alllll right," she said finally. "But no weird stuff."

"Don't worry about it," said Jerry, mischievously. "If any hands pop outta graves, I'll throw Roy there at 'em while you run."

Roy sucked up an ice cube from the remains of his coke through a straw and spit it at Jerry's glasses. "Asshole," Jerry said jovially and broke into a fit of laughter.

Five minutes later they stumbled out of the restaurant into the cool autumn breeze. The night was pitch black, the moon obscured by countless clouds. Jerry threw back his head and howled like a wolf. "You nut," laughed Roy.

They piled into Roy's car, a lime-green Pinto with a bad transmission and a clogged carburetor. It made a series of grinding, tortured noises before it finally coughed into life. It shuddered and bumped down the road.

As was their custom, Roy and Linda sat in the front seat, Jerry and Carol in the back. While Roy

and Linda seemed to make the perfect pair, the basketball player and the cheerleader, both popular, Jerry and Carol seemed to make a strange couple. Jerry, the fun-loving science major who had a great love for horror and "sci-fi" movies, and Carol, the shy, thoughtful English student, easy to cry at romances, seemed to be entirely opposite. Yet somehow they got along well. In fact, they all got along well.

Jerry reached into a cooler on the floor and pulled out a Pepsi. He offered more to the rest.

"Yes, please," Carol said quietly, pushing up her glasses.

"Yeah, I'll take one," said Roy, reaching back to take the offered can. He would have preferred a beer, but the cops around there were killers about that sort of thing and he couldn't afford to get nailed with beer in his car.

They sat quietly for awhile, sipping their pops, before Linda spoke up. "Forgive me for asking a stupid question . . ."

"Like usual," said Jerry.

Linda stuck out her tongue, then went on. "Why do they call him 'Stranglin' Sam'?"

Roy sighed. "That goes back a long way. Like nearly fifty years. My dad's always talking about when he went out to Sam's grave when they were our age . . ."

"My dad's the same way," interrupted Jerry.

"Thanks for buttin' in, retard," said Roy half-seriously.

"Screw you," shot back Jerry goodhumoredly and flipped him off.

"Anyway," Roy continued. "My granddad told me the story years back. There used to be a guy around these parts named Sam Morgan. Meanest cuss you'd ever not want to meet. Had a grudge against just about everyone and took it all out on his poor wife. How she could stand it I don't know . . ."

They had reached their turnoff. "Here we are," mumbled Roy as he maneuvered the clumsy Pinto onto the small country road.

It was more of a rut than a road, a twisting, bumpy trail of dirt that led its rambling way into the hills. The cemetery was hidden deep within the surrounding woods.

"Anyway," Roy continued once again, "the story has it that one day Sam found his wife with another man. He just freaked out, like my granddad says, 'flew into a rage.' he caved in the guy's skull with a wrench and strangles his wife. That's how he got his name."

"Anyway, by the time the sheriff arrived he got hold of a gun. He traded some shots with the sheriff and when he got down to his last bullet, he blew his brains out."

"Yuck!" exclaimed Linda.

"Anyway, they buried him up here in the old graveyard. And ever since the place is supposed to be haunted. People been comin' up here for years. I got taken for the first time when I was twelve. Anyway, that's the story of Stranglin' Sam."

"Told by a consummate storyteller," said Jerry in his best British accent.

Yet despite their light remarks a sudden, overwhelming oppression, a feeling of dread and despair, was bearing down on all of their souls. The deeper they moved into the woods the greater the feeling increased. Carol stared fearfully at the surrounding landscape.

Twisted, ugly trees clawed at the sky with ragged, bare branches. They looked as if they were calling to the heavens for supplication . . . or in anger. A cold wind whistled through the naked trees, causing

them to sway and creek ominously.

Roy turned on the radio in order to get his mind off the deathly silence which had suddenly filled the car. Static blared from the radio and he quickly turned the knob. The mellow tones of the local station's elevator music filled the car.

He glanced up at the road again quickly and the breath caught in his throat. A pair of red eyes glared at him mercilessly while a darkened shape hurled itself into his path.

"Holy!" he shouted as he served the car to avoid a disastrous collision. The small Pinto slid perilously close to the ditch, madly spinning tires spewing gravel everywhere.

The car jerked to a stop.

"What was it?" Linda breathed.

"A deer . . . I guess," mumbled Roy. He was certain it had been a deer, but just for a second . . . he wasn't so certain. Those eyes.

He carefully pulled the car back onto the dirt road and resumed their journey, at a considerably reduced speed. Linda took over the radio for him and soon the modulated noise of their favorite rock station filled the car.

They rounded a steep bend, moved up a short incline, and there it was. "Here we are," Roy said uselessly.

He parked the car in the grass before the graveyard. There was no fence or gate of any kind surrounding it; the road just cut off abruptly and there it was. They piled out of the car, slamming the doors behind them. Roy left the keys dangling in the ignition.

Jerry let out a series of wolf howls and various war hoots as they entered the cemetery. "Sssh," Linda hissed, annoyed.

"Aw, who's gonna hear me?" he challenged. He uttered an evil, Vincent Price chuckle.

It wasn't exactly proper to call it a cemetery. It was more a disconcerted jumble of worn, weathered gravestones, seemingly tossed about like children's blocks. Thick grass that hadn't been mown in decades and various weeds clogged the spaces between the stones. Vines completely overgrew and obscured some of the stones. Thick trees, of the same dead variety they had observed on the road, were scattered throughout the entire area. They were constantly forced to dip their heads to avoid low-hanging branches and twigs clawed and snagged at their clothes. Vines, as if with a life of their own, clung and gripped at their ankles. And over the entire area, thanks to the thick, wind-cutting coverage of the trees, there brooded an atmosphere of almost tangible silence. It was a place that spoke of long, uninterrupted years.

Yet everywhere there were signs of recent, and frequent, visitations. Empty pop cans and beer bottles were spread throughout the weeds. Graffiti, mostly of the four-lettered variety, was scrawled across many of the stones. Some of the other stones had been overturned by the more malicious visitors over the years.

Despite the pitch blackness Roy made his way between and around the graves with practiced ease. Linda followed close behind him and Carol stuck with them as if glued. Despite the closeness of her friends her heart pounded and she felt a tightening in her guts. For some strange, undefinable reason she was terrified. She stared, with wide, rabbit-like eyes, at the tombstones surrounding her, crouched like huge, shadowy

forms. The tree branches rattled in the wind like dry bones.

A hideous form leaped from behind a tombstone, screaming insanely. Carol screamed in terror and nearly collapsed against Linda.

"Jerry," Linda said crossly. "You asshole."

Jerry was giggling his head off. "Hey, sorry," he said between spurts of uncontrollable laughter. "But you should see the look on her face!"

"Are you guys coming?" shouted Roy from across the cemetery. "It's over here."

They quickly made their way toward the sound of Roy's voice. Jerry, still bent over with laughter, tripped over the grassy mound of a grave. He crashed awkwardly to the ground. Still laughing, he stumbled to his feet.

They gathered around the grave. The stone was very small, but at least he had one at all. The Morgan's had been fairly well-to-do for their time, and even though Sam Morgan was the black sheep of the family, they had nonetheless paid for a stone for him and his wife. The family had been against it every step of the way, and the town was shocked and scandalized, but Sam's brother Phillip had insisted upon it. He said that, regardless of what his brother had done, he still deserved the decency of being buried like a Morgan. So the stone had gone up.

It was a simple stone. It listed only Sam's full name, George Samuel Morgan, and beneath that the name of his long dead wife. It was followed only by the dates of their births, and finally, the date of their deaths. November 1, 1934. Fifty years to the day.

But the past fifty years, and the local population, had not been kind or respectful to Sam's grave. Obscenities and various symbols, mostly crudely drawn swastika and pentagrams, were scrawled over almost the entire surface of the stone. Empty bottles and rusting cans littered and covered the spot, uncleared in decades. Sam's first name, George, had been crossed out and the word "Strangling" had been written in its place. Beneath the dates a poem had been written by a disrespectful hand:

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Strangling Sam burns in Hell,
and you can too!

For fifty years people had been coming to this spot, paying their own perverse form of homage and respect to this grave. And no one had ever questioned, to themselves or to others, how Sam would feel about it if he knew, if he might be offended or angered in any way. No one had cared.

They gathered around the grave, heads bowed and silent. Even Jerry was silent for once. For a time the only sound was the rattling of the tree limbs as the wind whispered through them. The moon peeked out for a few seconds from behind its cover of clouds. It cast an eerie shine onto the gravestone, making it seem to glow. The moon, as if satisfied by what it had seen, disappeared back behind the clouds, throwing the scene back into thick darkness. The grass rustled secretively.

Finally, Roy lifted his head. "Well, I guess that's it. Let's go."

They all turned away, all except Jerry, who continued to stand, head bowed, as if in silent prayer to an unknown deity.

"Hey, come on, Jerry," Linda said. She reached out and pushed his shoulder.

It all happened with such sudden, overwhelming speed that they all leaped back in utter surprise.

Jerry spun around, and in that instant the moon decided to have another peek and cast its terrible glow upon Jerry. His face had gone white, a dead, hideous white. His face was contorted and twisted maniacally. His eyes had rolled upwards into his skull, yet still he somehow saw them. The sounds he was making were unintelligible, guttural, feral.

Like striking cobras, his hands darted forward and attached themselves to Linda's throat. He started to squeeze. "Slut!" he screamed. "Lying, stinking slut!"

With a groaning, grinding sound, the tombstone fell off its pedestal and crashed onto the grave.

Carol started to scream then, a piercing, insane sound. Linda's gasps were coming out harsher and harsher as his grip inexorably tightened. Finally managing to shake off his shock, Roy stumbled forward.

"Let go of her, Jerry!" he shrieked at the mad thing before him. "Let go!"

Roy rugged and pulled at Jerry's arm, but his grip was like steel. Roy drew back his arm and made a fist. He didn't want to, but he had to.

He punched Jerry in the face with all of his strength. His hard fist connected with soft flesh. Bone cracked. Jerry's head snapped back as if on springs. But it seemed to have absolutely no effect.

Roy punched him three more times, in quick succession. Bone and cartilage crunched. Blood streamed from the nose. Three teeth were knocked loose. The thing that had been Jerry just ignored the terrible pummeling, continuing to strangle the life out of Linda.

The last reserve of will which had been holding Carol together finally broke and she flew headlong into screaming hysterics. She turned and ran, with all the speed that she could muster. Screaming like a madwoman, hair streaming behind her like a hideous banshee, she ran deeper into the woods.

She threw quick, furtive glances behind her. Already the horrible sights and sounds were disappearing, to be replaced by the deep, heavy silence of the woods. She turned her head around . . . too late.

Her last conscious impression was of the tree branch rushing towards her at breakneck speed. The branch crashed into the bridge of her nose. Her glasses broke with an audible snap.

She fell backwards to the ground, barely conscious. The grass rustled faintly beneath her.

Roy started to step forward again, intending to do something, anything, to stop the madly ranting creature. He paused in midstep when he felt the tug at his ankles. He glanced downward and his face twisted into a grimace of shock and horror.

The vines that covered the ground were moving of their own accord, slithering up his legs, twisting and coiling themselves firmly about his feet and ankles. He recoiled in revulsion, desperately trying to jerk and pull his legs free. The vines gave slightly, then pulled back with their own fearsome strength.

Roy lost his balance and collapsed heavily to the ground.

continued on page 7

..... especially for you!

Doom Story— Nathaniel Dark's identity is exposed

Part 4
August 25, 1984
8:30 p.m.

It was 8:30 on the twenty-fifth of August in the nineteenth hundred eighty-fourth year of our Lord and I was busy pacing the floor. Mark was half hour late and I was getting worried. I could not help but wonder if maybe dear, sweet Nathaniel had got hold of him. I knew that if Mark was eliminated in this stage of the game then all hope was lost. The only way that we can even hope to find a way to defeat Mr. Dark was to find his real identity. Once we had done that then a plan of attack could be formulated.

There was a knock at the apartment door. Thank God, I thought. I nearly tripped over the kitchen table getting to the doorknob. I hoped it and there was Mark and Lynne smiling away.

"Where the Hell have you been," I exclaimed as I pulled them into the living room.

"You know," Mark began, "some people say 'hello' and then invite them in. That is how normal people do it, but no, not you. Sam, old pal has to ask people who come to their door where the hell they have been and then throw them into a room. That is not a way to make friends." I thought he was upset until I saw the smile across his face. I began, as did Mark and Lynne to laugh. It was a deep, hearty, open laugh. It was the last I was going to have for months.

A few minutes later I gained enough of my composure to ask him where he had been.

"We were late because we were busy . . . ah . . . doing other things."

"I just bet you were," Lynne's face was turning a bright shade of red. I had one more crude comment coming up. I couldn't resist.

"I'm glad that you two got over your initial shyness. Communication of one's feelings help relationships."

Finally, Lynne couldn't stay quiet any longer. "Sam. Has anyone ever told you that you are an egotistical s.o.b.?"

"God, I hope so. I would hate to have all this hard work go unnoticed." We smiled. All of us knew that we weren't taking each other seriously, at least for the moment.

I changed the subject. "Gang, playtime is over. Tonight we have to find out who Nathaniel Dark is, or by tomorrow we will not be around to worry about it."

"What do you mean," asked Lynne. I forgot that the only ones who were sure that there was something evil about Nathaniel was Mark and I. The others think that she was raped, and that does include Lynne.

I sat them down and I explained the whole situation involving Dark and the last several nights. I told them about Lee Gardner, Matt St. Clair, and the events of last night. Lynne's face turned white as a sheet when I told her of the murder of the janitor. She gripped Mark's arm hard enough to draw blood.

Lynne was the first to speak after I had finished. "Sam? How do you propose we find his identity?"

"I think that the answer is on that piece of film that caused Shelley to go nuts. If we can look at it we will have taken the first step in defeating the monster."

"Looking at the film should be no problem," she stated.

"No? Why not?"

She looked at me and said, "I work at the television station."

Mark and I fell off the couch. It was obvious that we didn't have any idea that she worked at the station. I couldn't believe this. Neither could Mark.

"Why didn't you tell me," he asked.

"We were too busy the last couple days to tell you anything about my job."

"True," was all he could say.

"We have to go now. Is that a problem," I asked her.

"No."

A moment later we were off for a night of adventure and excitement. It was going to be an evening that none will ever forget.

Somewhere, someone was laughing a deep, robust laugh that sent shivers up my spine. Was it a trick of the mind or were we being watched, I never knew.

It was a little after nine that evening when we reached the building that housed the television studio and equipment. Lynne talked to the lady in charge and we were led in the screening room. Within ten minutes of entering the room we were ready to see the footage.

The film piece that we were viewing dealt with the murder of the security man at Landpark College. I felt sadness rise in me when I finally learned who died. The man's name was Houston Moon. The newspaper article never said his name because at that time his remains were unidentified. I like him a lot, why did he have to die?

"Stop," I cried. I almost fell out of my seat. Nathaniel was in that film.

I turned to Lynne. "Lynne roll the film back to where they are bringing the body out of the college. I saw someone in the crowd."

"No problem," she replied and within seconds we were staring at a still frame of Nathaniel Dark.

"So? It doesn't help," Mark said.

"Lynne, move the film forward at a slow pace. I got a glimpse of something that I am not sure of."

As the footage moved forward we saw Nathaniel seem to shift and he became Lee Gardner. A second later he changed his form once again and this time he became Matt St. Clair, and that was where the film ended.

"Oh my God," Lynne exclaimed. There was a look of absolute terror in her eyes. It was the same one I have been getting in the several days and nights.

"What are we going to do," Mark asked full of fright.

"Destroy him." It was clear and calm.

The thought sounded mad but it was the only option left.

"Who is the monster," Lynne asked quietly.

I answered, "It is a devil who has come to make an example of us. Tonight he will destroy all of us plus the others, and once he has done that he will have fulfilled his pact and his reign of terror will begin. Earth will be the battlefield and all will die. In other words we have to kill him before he kills us."

"What time is it," Mark asked.

"It is close to ten," Lynne responded.

"Let's go. The time has come. There is not a second to waste." I was beginning to panic. I had to push the feeling down to keep myself from going out of control. That was something we could ill afford.

We got up to go. I didn't worry about the equipment because someone will come along and take care of it.

Lynne stopped and pressed herself against Mark. Her lips touched his in a long, loving kiss. She whispered to him, "I love you." If you were there you would have known that she meant it.

Mark looked at her and smiled. "Love you, too, Lynne."

It was amazing. Even among death and coming destruction love rises above all. It is a hope for the future.

We left at 9:50 p.m. There wasn't much time.

10:00 p.m.

It was ten that evening when we reached the parking lot of Landpark College. The sky was gloomy and there was a massive hint that there was a storm brewing. The air was oppressive and my stomach was starting to flip-flop from nervousness and fright.

"Sam, look," Lynne yelled.

I looked up and I slammed my foot on the brake. The clouds had transformed themselves into a face. Out of the eyes lightning was flashing striking the ground around the college. The pseudo-mouth was open wide and we could see a glow, fiery and red, and the mouth was shaped in a grin. From somewhere deep in the corridors of our mind was the mental sound of Evil laughing, taunting.

Lightning flashed all around my car and I put the pedal to the metal. Nathaniel had the idea that we would be too scared to go on and that we would be easy pickings. Well, he was wrong. I was mad, and nothing was going to stop me.

I crossed over the grassy hills that are artificial and I headed for the loading dock. Thank the Lord for car chases. Strange. Mark and Lynne are silent. I was thankful for that because it would have distracted me.

A few seconds later I hit the pavement going to the loading door, and the moment I did that a powerful gust of wind came up threatening to tear the steering wheel out of my hand.

"Hang on, guys," I yelled. "We coming in

for a landing."

Lynne curled up in the back seat and waited for the coming crash. Mark clung to the dash and watched, silently as the brick wall came up to meet us. At the last second I put my foot on the brakes as hard as I could and I turned the wheel with all of my might. To this day I am not sure how I did it, but we missed the wall.

Thunder was crashing and the sky was alit with the light of a hundred balls of lightning. They came from across the far parking lot and headed for us. It seemed later as if they were in marching order, almost like an army coming in for the kill. Time was running out.

"Mark, grab Lynne! We have to get inside before those balls hit us, unless you don't mind being fried."

It was easier said than done. The wind was rising and I was finding it difficult to stay on my feet. Somewhere above the thunder I heard a crack and the crash of a tree onto the ground to my left. The intensity of the rain was increasing to a point where I could not see the others. For a moment I thought they were lost forever, but I spotted them. They were running. I could see why for behind them was the light brigade.

I waited until we were together and then we ran for the door situated on the loading dock. It wasn't locked, but I could not get it open; the wind was holding it shut.

"Help me," I screamed.

The door fought to stay closed, but it lost.

It suddenly swung open and we had finally gained entrance to the college. And not a second too soon. The light objects were right on our tails. We dived inside and slammed the door shut behind us before they could get in.

There we were, sitting in a dark, lonely corridor soaked to the bone wondering what the hell we were up against. The others were smiling, and I couldn't figure out why. So I asked them.

Mark gave me an answer. "Sam, can't you see? If he wasn't frightened of us he wouldn't have tried so hard to get rid of us. don't you see, among us is the power to totally defeat him and he is scared. We have won our first battle."

So, it came down to us. Somehow I didn't quite figure it out that it would be like this. We will make an interesting team. A determination like nothing that I have felt before welled up in my soul becoming like steel.

I whispered to myself, "Nathaniel, tonight you will die, at my hands."

I looked at the others. I suddenly felt a love toward them I can not explain to this day. All I know it was a force that helped us that night, and I am thankful for it.

"Come on, lady and gentleman. Let us go and meet our destiny."

Our destiny was as glorious and tragic as any epic could be. We linked arms and we were off to battle the destroyer of worlds.

(continued next week)

Graveyard

The long, graveyard grass rustled faintly in his ears and he cried out in horror as he felt the grass start to envelope him in a cocoon.

He thrashed wildly from side to side, struggling with all of his strength against the tenacity of the bands. As he thrashed, his eyes came upon a hideous sight.

Linda hung like a limp rag doll, eyes and tongue bulging grotesquely, face bloated and black, in the grip of Strangling Sam. For it was Sam now, not Jerry anymore. An actual, physical change had occurred in his appearance, in the shape of his body. He seemed stunted, hunched; his arms appeared long and massive, like an ape's. Foam dripped from his mouth like a mad dog. His eyes were dark, burning coals.

His fists gave a final, spasmodic twist before finally releasing

Linda's thorax. Her broken, dead body shriveled to the ground.

Sam slowly turned to the inert form of Roy. He started to cackle, a cracked, repulsive sound. He started to advance on Roy, arms extended, hands spastically clutching and unclutching. "Bastard," it whispered in its hoarse voice. "Dirty, stinking bastard."

"No!" screamed Roy. With a strength born of pure panic he strained against his bonds. And they gave!

Tearing free of his bonds, he struggled to his feet. He stumbled in a complete circle before he was able to get his bearings. Vines clung to his arms and legs, but he ignored them. A high, shrill screeching filled his ears; he wasn't aware that it was his own screams.

He ran with all the speed he could muster, ran without aim or direction. He just wanted to get away.

When he reached the car he didn't even bother to stop himself, letting momentum bounce him off the side. He tore open the door, tearing three of his fingernails to bloody rags, and tumbled into the seat. For several nightmarish, horrifying seconds he couldn't find the keys before his fingers found them in the ignition. He turned them frantically.

For a split second, Sam appeared before him. Then the Pinto slammed to him headon. He went beneath the tires, the car rolling over him with a twin thump-thump.

Roy spun the car in a full circle. He desperately tried to maneuver the Pinto down the narrow, twisting road, unaware that he was

doing eighty. By the time he had returned to some semblance of sanity he was nearly three miles from the cemetery.

He slowed to the easier-to-handle sixty m.p.h. "Oh, Jesus," he croaked, his throat so constricted he could barely speak. "What am I gonna tell everyone?"

Even as he felt the icy grip on the back of his throat, he saw the maniacal face of Stranglin' Sam in the overhead mirror.

"Finally," sighed the young hiker. She had been on the road for the better part of the night and it has started to look as if she was never going to get a ride. She hated hiking at this time of the year, but she had no other choice. There were a lot of weirdos out at this time of the year, with Halloween and all.

The car was a real clunker and looked as if it had been in one crash too many. But then, beggars can't be choosers.

The driver opened the passenger door. She slid into the seat, tossing her bag into the back.

"Thanks for picking me up," she said to the driver. "You're a real lifesaver."

"Anytime, little lady," he said. He offered her his hand. She took it. His hand seemed like a real creep, so huge and monstrous. But he seemed friendly enough.

"Where you heading?" he asked. "Anywhere but here. By the way, my name's Julie."

"I'm Sam."

continued from page 6

HOW IMPORTANT IS ONE VOTE?

- In 1645, one vote gave Oliver Cromwell control of England.
- In 1649, one vote caused Charles I of England to be executed.
- In 1776, one vote gave America the English language instead of German.
- In 1845, one vote brought Texas into the Union.
- In 1868, one vote saved President Andrew Johnson from impeachment.
- In 1876, one vote changed France from a monarchy to a republic.
- In 1876, one vote gave Rutherford B. Hayes the Presidency of the U.S.
- In 1928, one vote saved Selective Service—just weeks before Pearl Harbor.



Equine

continued from page 1

horses are usually donated to the college and currently include an Arabian, two Morgans, a Saddlebred, a Pinto, and a Thoroughbred.

In addition, Mr. Charles Lebar of Barrington, Ill., is allowing the college to manage several of his broodmares and young horses, along with his outstanding stallion, Major Kest. Major Kest will be available for breeding purposes this spring to approved mares. He is by the well recognized stallion Pretense and out of a Dr. Fager mare. According to Sargent, "This is some of the best thoroughbred breeding in the U.S."

She also said, "We feel that our program is on the threshold of becoming one of the best in the nation."

If you would like more information about the Equine Management Program, contact Gayla Sargent in B-127, phone 351-2213 or Kyle Wittler, in B-126.

How to register early for the spring semester

Presently enrolled students at Parkland College should plan to register for the spring semester during the Course Reservation Period scheduled for Nov. 12-27. This course reservation procedure gives preference to students presently enrolled for the fall semester and reduces registration lines. The procedure is as follows:

NOV. 5-9 During this week presently enrolled students should obtain an appointment card at the Office of Admissions and Records (X163) to reserve courses for the spring semester. Only a given number of appointments will be scheduled for each hour so that students can plan to reserve courses at a convenient time and can avoid long lines.

NOV. 12-27 During this period, after completing an enrollment form in consultation with an advisor or counselor, students should report to the Office of Admissions and Records at the specific time of the appointment and register for courses for the spring semester. Students must present their appointment card and a completed enrollment form listing their courses.

TO COMPLETE REGISTRATION—Students may pay tuition and fees to complete registration at one of three times: 1. By mail through Jan. 8. 2. In person through Jan. 10. (Above options 1 and 2 avoid registration lines). 3. At the on-campus registration, Jan. 14, 9 a.m.-3 p.m. ONLY.

Part-time students must pay tuition and fees at the time of registration.

PC Happenings

Operating room legalities

A workshop on the "Legal Responsibilities and Accountabilities" of operating room personnel will be held at Parkland College from 7 to 9 p.m., Thursday, Nov. 8, in room L111. There is a \$5 registration fee. Mail registration for the workshop, WKS 851-094, is requested, but not required.

This workshop is for operating room nurses, surgical technicians, risk managers, quality assurance personnel and others interested in legalities related to this topic. It is being sponsored by the Committee for Operating Room Continuing Education and Parkland.

Workshop on memory disorders

Living with a spouse, parent, or other relative who has Alzheimer's disease or another memory disorder can be difficult, depressing, and demoralizing. An individual who was once mentally alert and active, now can't remember what happened yesterday. Family members often need just as much assistance and support as the individual.

Parkland College is having a one-day workshop for relatives of those with memory disorders, and for professionals who work with these individuals. Titled "Understanding Persons with Memory Problems — Alzheimer's and Related Disorders," the workshop will be held from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., Thursday, Nov. 15, in room L111 at Parkland.

Roger Weise, M.D., a gerontologist and specialist in treating Alzheimer's disease, will focus on the medical aspects of this disease and related disorders. The practical aspects of dealing with individuals who have memory problems will also be discussed.

Participants will gain insight into the causes of memory problems and learn to formulate coping strategies. Tips to trigger memory and increase tolerance will be given. Information about community services and support groups available to help meet the needs of these individuals and their families will be provided.

Individuals must register for the workshop by Nov. 9. Mail registrations should include payment of the \$10 workshop fee. Registration forms and a workshop schedule are available by contacting Bev Keffer at Parkland.

CLASSIFIEDS

• For Sale

1976 Monte Carlo. Lt. Blue with dark blue vinyl top. \$850 or best offer. Call 359-9363 after noon.

FOR SALE: Discounted Fitness Center Family Membership, \$100 including transfer fee. 352-0233 or 359-7874.

1981 Plymouth, Horizon, TC3, black with red stripes, sun roof, a/c, am/fm stereo cassette, rear window defroster, red cloth interior, 4 speed, 4 cylinder, 2.2 Lt. engine, good condition, 41,000 miles. Price negotiable. Call 1-568-7870.

1981 Ford Escort GLX wagon: PS, PB, Air, AM/FM-Tape, Amplifier, cruise, trouble sentinel, aluminum wheels, luggage rack, 4-speed, 36,000 miles. Has transferable 5-year 150,000 mile warranty—\$4495. Call Parkland Ext. 329 or 1-586-2406 toll free from C-U.

Standard Poodle puppies, championship pedigree, silver, \$300, each. Will be six weeks old Nov. 18. Call for early selection. 1-643-7416.

1979 Yamaha XS650 special. Completely rebuilt motor, new tires, new battery, red, pull-back bars, mag wheels, 13,300 miles on bike, only 200 miles on engine rebuild. \$925. Call 1-586-2406 toll free from C-U or 351-2213, extension 329 at Parkland.

'79 Chevy Monza. Power Steering, Automatic, Air, Hatchback, AM/FM Cassette, Louver on Hatchback, Rear Window Defogger. Call after 5:30 p.m. 1-469-7407. Asking \$2,750.

1974 Chevrolet Pickup Truck. Lots of rust but runs great. \$400 Tonneau cover for Subaru Brat \$40.

1979 Yamaha XS650 Special, red, mag wheels, pull-back bars, only 300 miles on fresh engine with welded crank, new tires and battery, winter priced at \$795. Call Parkland 351-2213 extension 329 or 1-586-2406 toll free from C-U.

CHRISTMAS WISHES! DOLLHOUSE KITS FOR SALE. One, two, four, and six rooms. Precut plywood, stain or paint. Decorate to your own taste. WHOLESALE priced from \$7 to \$20. Call 643-6605 after 5:00.

19" portable Sears color T.V. Perfect condition. Call 359-1054.

Fold-down wheelchair. Like new condition. Asking \$100. 356-4209

FOR SALE: 3 Abyssinian Cats, All female. 1—7 months old; 1—1½ years old; 1—2½ years old. Very affectionate and a real conversation piece. Call 356-0811 after 5 p.m. Monday through Friday. Ask for Stephanie. Or contact an Animal Health Technology Instructor here at Parkland.

FOR SALE: TRIVIAL PURSUIT GAME (practically new), \$20; MEN'S 9D LAREDO COWBOY BOOTS (from Texas—worn twice) \$40; BUNDY ALTO SAXOPHONE, \$125; GE MINI CASSETTE RECORDER, \$35 (originally \$60). Call Marsha, 1-736-2200 or leave message at 1-736-2380.

• For Rent

2 Bedroom duplex St. Joseph, Central Air, Carpeted, Storage Shed, Large Yard. \$260/month. Call after 6:00 p.m. 1-469-7407. Available anytime.

• Services

EXPERIENCED hair designer seeks new clients: specialties include conventional hairstyles, punk and new wave cuts, perms, tints, streaks, frost tipping, and lightening. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00. For free consultation call Krista at 352-9705.

TYPING DONE QUICK and efficiently. \$1.00 per page. Call 359-8010/day, 762-2658/night.

• Miscellaneous

REWARD FOR LOST CALCULATOR: Sharp EL5100 calculator. Lost on 8-31-84 by phones. Please call 356-7627.

• Roommate Wanted

Spring semester. 1 female. \$128.00 per month plus utilities. Close to school, 2 roommates. Own bedroom. Phone 352-8740.

"Considerable" or Christian, Mature Female! Private bedroom, 1½ large closet, dishwasher, fireplace, (pool) looking for someone who's clean, quiet, likes cats. Sharing shower, kitchen for \$150.00/month, ½ utilities. Located in Urbana near busline . . . 337-1868.

• Ride Needed

Looking for mature, considerable female who can take a considerable, mature female who needs a ride to and from Chicago for \$\$. I need to be there Friday, Nov. 2 and back Nov. 4—Sunday . . . 337-1868.

• Help Wanted

WANTED: Babysitter in my home (southwest Champaign), Friday afternoons 12:30-2:45 p.m. for 2 year old who naps. \$2.00 hour. 356-9047.

WANTED: Campus rep to run spring break vacation trip to Daytona Beach. Earn free trip and money. Send resume to College Travel Unlimited, P.O. Box 6063, Station A., Daytona Beach, Florida 32022, include phone numbers please.

• Opportunities

ADVERTISING SALES POSITIONS AVAILABLE for this newspaper. Hours flexible. Clientele list available. For details leave name and number in X155 or X153 or call 351-2216 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

• Personals

All classified ads are free to Parkland students, faculty and staff. Ad forms are available in the Prospectus office, X-155. Deadline: Thursday noon for next Wednesday publication.

JIMMY S— You, Sebastian and I will get together at my place sometime soon. Love. . .

Dear Roman and Russian, Asprin and Midol may not work, but I bet my Southern touch would. Most things are easier than we are scared. Scared Too

Dear R and R, Did you hear the one about the roving reporter and the baitman's daughter? ST

Dear Roving Reporter, Are you any relation to Roman and Russian? Southern Touch

Dear Calm, Cool, and Even Tempered, I need some advice. I have such a temper that my friends have nick-named me Saint Helen. What can I do about this? The Firey Saint

Dear Flying Fingers, I've always wanted to be able to fly. Do you give lessons? Anticipation



• Placement

Dear R & R It's Halloween. What can I say? Want to take a ride on my broom with me?

The Southern Witch (or would you spell that with a B?)

Dear Joan, Thanks for the foundation blocks from "Surviving on Your Own." Good luck in New Mexico. Shoot for the stars!

Shirley Hubbard

Dear Auntie Miranda, Happy Belated Birthday. Hope you had a ghoulishly happy time on your trip down memory lane.

An Admirer

Dear Mikey, Did you eat anything good on your birthday?

The Connoisseur

Dear J.E., I've missed your wit, wiles, and whimsy while you were whiling away your time on your latest whim. Gallstones are no excuse. You know that tyrannical terror of an editor goes into a terribly tiresome tizzy when we don't meet deadlines.

Tribling Tom Follery

Dear WMCH, Skateland has been so dull lately without the life of the party. Won't you please quit "Beating Around the Bush" and get "Back on the Road Again" and "Walk this Way."

Lonely Without You

• Wanted

CLASSIFIED ADS in the Prospectus are run free of charge for students, faculty and staff of the college. The following rules should be followed:

- Copy should be typewritten
- Copy deadline is Thursday at noon.
- Classification under which the ad is run should be indicated
- If the ad is to run more than one issue, number of times should be indicated.
- Limit of 35 words
- Personals run only one time.

The Placement Office is providing this bulletin as a free service to the students of Parkland College and potential employers. Opportunities are listed below for both part-time and full-time positions. Where a distinction is made on the basis of age or sex, this has been done due to the fact that the employer advised this office that the designation for such employment in the employer's opinion is a bona fide occupational qualification. Before applying, please contact the Placement Office for the interviewer's name, phone number, and additional information.

Questions regarding student employment at Parkland College should be directed to the Placement Office (X259). If you have any questions regarding the Placement services of the college, you may contact Russ Mills in the Placement Office, 351-2200, Ext. 412.

PART-TIME JOBS

- P10-41 Sales. Insurance. Bement. Days/hours are flexible. Working on commission.
- P10-42 Bartender and Waitress. Farmer City. Days/hours are flexible. Salary is open.
- P10-43 Sales Clerk. Part-time temporary through November and December in Christmas supply area. Champaign. Begin Nov. 1. \$3.35 hour.
- P10-44 Sales. Hardware. Prefer someone with retail or hardware experience. Urbana. One evening 5-8. Every Sunday 11:30-5. Saturday would vary. \$3.35 hour.
- P10-45 Food Server. Must be well groomed and congenial. Three different shifts. Champaign.
- P10-46 Housekeeping. Vacuuming, dusting, emptying trash, general duties. Urbana. Saturday and Sunday, 4 to 8 hours each day. Can work each weekend or possibly alternate weekends.
- P10-47 Cook. Short order cook. Cooking, cleaning, customer service and running cash register. Urbana. Evening and weekend hours. Should have pleasant personality and the desire to interact with customers.
- P10-48 Technician. Entry level. Growing company, broadcast engineering, two way radio, advanced telephone system. Opportunity for exposure in many exciting areas. Good advancement. Champaign. Hours are flexible. Salary is open.

FREE CLASSIFIEDS for Parkland Students, Faculty and Staff

Cleaned your closet and wondering what to do with all your discs? ADVERTISE! Free of charge!

ENTERTAINMENT

Artist struggles for identity

by Kathy Hubbard

Fear of Flying was written almost twelve years ago but I didn't discover it until recently. I read an excerpt from Erica Jong's newest novel, *Parachutes and Kisses* and was so impressed that I ran to my local library and checked out every book I could find by her. It turns out there are three books by Ms. Jong with the same heroine. First, *Fear of Flying*, then *How to Save Your Own Life*, and finally, the soon to be published *Parachutes & Kisses*.

These three books chronicle a woman's growth from an insecure neurotic housewife to a strong independent artist. Isadora Wing (our heroine) tells the story of her life, how she grew up wanting to be a great writer. This conflicted with the time period in which she grew up which said that women could not be artists, only wives and mothers. Consequently, Isadora starved herself until her periods stopped as a way to rebel against the confines of womanhood. This instigated a visit to the first of many psychiatrists Isadora was to see over the next several years. She even married one.

Ms. Jong offers some insight into the psychiatric profession she comes to know so well. She shows that psychiatrists have as many faults and hang-ups as the rest of us and that there are a lot of flaws in psychiatric therapy. One particularly illuminating passage is about the psychology of artists as perceived by a doctor speaking at a convention in

Vienna. This doctor informs his audience that artists as a group are "weak, independent, childlike, naive, masochistic, narcissistic, poor judges of character, and hopelessly immersed in Oedipal conflicts." These conclusions are drawn from analysis of Leonardo, Beethoven, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Donne, Virginia Woolf, and an unnamed woman artist treated by the analyst. Surround by these kinds of beliefs, it's no wonder that Isadora had problems.

Ms. Jong goes on to tell about Isadora's romantic encounters. Her first husband was an animated eccentric man who came to believe he was Jesus Christ. Her second husband was the exact opposite, a reserved quiet psychiatrist. Isadora says her love life consisted of a series of affairs where she got involved with men as antidotes to the men who came before them.

Throughout *Fear of Flying* Isadora is in conflict with the two sides of her personality: the woman who wants to be secure, to stay home and raise kids, and the woman who wants to experience life, have adventures and take risks. The one thread that holds her together is her writing. It gives her life purpose and meaning and keeps her from falling apart when everything looks grim.

Fear of Flying is an excellent novel. Erica Jong has an endearing honesty interlaced with subtle humor that make her books a delight to read. If you haven't read anything by her yet, I heartily recommend that you do so.

McLain family to appear at Krannert

The McLain Family Band, performing original and traditional bluegrass music, folk and classical compositions, will appear at 8 p.m., Friday, Nov. 2, in the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. The McLains, who appear in over 150 concerts annually, will perform in the Foellinger Great Hall in this Marquee Choice Series event.

The McLain Family Band has become internationally known as one of the most creative groups performing traditional bluegrass music. Their busy performing schedule has taken them to 62 foreign countries as musical ambassadors of the U.S. State Department and to 49 states.

Having 17 years of performances to its credit, the McLain Family Band combines the vocal and instrumental talents of father Raymond (guitar and accordion), son Raymond (fiddle and banjo), daughter Ruth (mandolin and bass), son-in-law Michael (guitar

and harmonica), daughter Nancy (bass and mandolin), and son Michael (banjo and mandolin).

Great favorites on symphony orchestra "pops" concerts, the McLain Family Band has been featured with leading pops conductors such as Erich Kunzel, Mitch Miller and Richard Mayman in over 100 appearances with orchestras, including those of Cleveland, Atlanta, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, Oakland, Baltimore, Rochester and Phoenix, as well as the Houston Pops and Calgary Philharmonic. They have also appeared at Carnegie Hall, the Grand Ole Opry, the Kennedy Center, and the 1982 World's Fair.

Tickets for the performance are priced at \$9, 8, 7, for the public, and \$8, 7, 6 for students and senior citizens. Tickets are available at the Krannert Center Ticket Office now. For credit card sales, phone reservations, or information, please call 333-6280.

Top ten hits

compiled by Mark Matthews

1. "Hard Habit to Break" Chicago
 2. "I Just Called To Say I Love You" Stevie Wonder
 3. "Lucky Star" Madonna
 4. "Caribbean Queen" Billy Ocean
 5. "Purple Rain" Prince
 6. "On The Dark Side" John Cafferty/Beaver Brown Band
 7. "Who Wears these Shoes?" Elton John
 8. "Some Guys Have All The Luck" Rod Stewart
 9. "Out of Touch" Hall (Oates)
 10. "Wake Me Up..." Wham!
- Week of Oct. 28, 1984



American Playhouse season opens

The television premiere of "Testament," Lynne Littman's critically acclaimed feature film starring Jane Alexander and William Devane, opens the fourth season of "American Playhouse." The weekly drama anthology series also features presentations starring Robert Duvall, Alan Arkin and Mason Adams during its fall season.

"Testament," airing in November on WILL-TV/Channel 12, tells the story of a nuclear holocaust. Jane Alexander received a 1984 Academy Award nomination for her performance in the film. The screenplay by John Sacret Young is based upon a short story by Carol Amen.

This season, "American Playhouse" also presents Morton Neal Miller's "A Matter of Principle," starring Alan Arkin and Barbara Dana. Based on the story by John Weaver, it is a Christmas tale set in the hills of Virginia. Arkin portrays Flagg Purdy, a humorously tyrannical father of 12 who runs his life and family on strict "principles." He does not believe in West Virginia, in letting his daughters leave home

or in Christmas. When Flagg's favorite daughter and her fiance make Christmas happen for the first time at the Purdy house, Flagg's wife learns a lesson in women's liberation and that love is more important than pride. "A Matter of Principle" is directed by Gwen Arner.

Later, "American Playhouse" offers "Solomon Northup's Odyssey." This factually-based drama is about a little-known but historically important black man, Solomon Northup, who was kidnapped into slavery during the mid-19th century. Filmed on location in Savannah, Georgia, the drama recreates the true story of a free black man from Saratoga, New York, who spent 12 years experiencing the cruelty of enslavement on various plantations in the south.

Former Life magazine photographer Gordon Parks directed the film; the award-winning script was written by Lou Potter and Samm-Art Williams. The film was produced by Past America, Inc., headed by Shep Morgan, who also served as executive producer. Yanna Kroyt Brandt is the producer.

"American Playhouse" also features "Tomorrow," Horton Foote's 1972 adaptation of William Faulkner's short story of the same title. Foote recently received an Academy Award for his script "Tender Mercies." Robert Duvall, who won a 1984 Academy Award for his performance in "Tender Mercies," stars in this story of a poor, solitary cotton farmer with

an enduring capacity for love.

Duvall portrays Jackson Fentry, a Mississippi cotton farmer who finds an unsuspecting woman, Sara Eubanks (portrayed by Olga Bellin), obviously in the advanced stages of pregnancy. "Tomorrow" tells of the love which grows between Jackson and Sara, carrying them through the ordeals of a harrowing pregnancy and birth, and culminating in a baffling murder trial. Filmed on location in Mississippi, "Tomorrow" was directed by Joseph Anthony.

The fourth season of "American Playhouse" also includes dramas based on the writings of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Katherine Ann Porter, Kate Chopin, Kurt Vonnegut, and James Baldwin.

Music madness

Compiled by Mark Matthews

Well music fans, here it is Halloween, so I thought I would put together a list of records appropriate for the forthcoming haunting day. Which when you actually think about it, is a scary aspect. I had thought of having someone else "ghostwrite" this article, but the thought of paying to have it done sent "shivers" down my back.

So, realizing that in the year of "Ghost busters," a halloween list was a grave necessity. Most of these songs are available, although I doubt it will be a thriller searching for them today!

"Ghosts" Fleetwood Mac
"Ghostriders in the Sky" Outlaws

"Ghostbusters" Ray Park Jr. (just a thought?)
"Spooky" Atlanta Rhythm Section
"Devil Woman" Cliff Richard
"Devil's Gun" C.J. (Co.
"Devil in Disguise" Elvis Presley
"Monster Mash" Bobby "Boris" Pickett
"Spirits in the Material World" Police
"Witch Doctor" David Seville
"Superstition" Stevie Wonder
"Thriller" Michael Jackson

And, of course, let's not forget anything that is by KISS. Hope this list will help as you hunt for haunting hints tonight, as you go howling around town. Enjoy Halloween!!

Illini make music video

by Mark Matthews

Illini's Jack Trudeau—a rock star?

Well, not exactly, but Bruce Springsteen — as well as a few other rock singers—will be appearing in a video with members of the Illini football team.

The project is the creation of the University of Illinois Homecoming committee and CBS records. It seems like only a dream at first in the minds of some very creative people, until it began last summer, when the Homecoming committee asked for the cooperation of the record company, to be able to put together a music video to be used for this year's Homecoming Pep Rally. Local publicist for CBS, Robin Secola, agreed to help.

The result was... or rather will be—a video featuring the works of CBS artists like Bruce

Springsteen, The Jacksons, Denise Williams, Billy Idol, Dave Edmunds, and Huey Lewis and The News, along with the members of the Fighting Illini football squad.

As an introduction to the video, the football players will act, dance, and clown around according to a script provided by Secola. The Homecoming committee plans to show the video on two 20-foot by 30-foot screens at the pep rally, to be held Nov. 2, at Memorial Stadium, here in Champaign.

Robin Secola, of CBS publication, says there may be a possibility it will be shown on local cable television, even MTV. Exactly which players will appear is still up in the air. Film maker Arnold Rudnick, who was hired by the Homecoming Committee, will be filming the local segments this weekend (Oct. 27-28).

Videos need to be rethought

by Mark Matthews

It seems that everyone has discovered the visual medium. But I think what has hurt not only the radio industry, but the record companies too, is the numbers, demographics, and surveys. It has become a threat to the visual medium. Record companies have to rethink what they are doing and what they can do with VIDEO.

Because the money spent on videos is non-recoupable, record companies tend to be careful about how they spend their money these days. Given the fact that I am on the other side of the fence, being a radio DJ, it might seem kinda dumb for me to say something like this, but I feel that the record companies could probably spend their money wiser. Why spend a quarter of a million dollars on a video to show on television if it is going to be shown for nothing?

You can probably spend a little over twenty thousand dollars for the same thing. I'm not saying that you are going to create some fabulous video, but... well, like take for example David Bowie, who is a leader in video, who spends that kind of money on his clips, but it hasn't reflected in his album sales lately.

I recently saw a statement by the rock group Duran Duran in one of the video magazines, in which they said they didn't care if their videos sold any records! They don't care

if they sell any records?! They are more concerned with creativity in another art form?? I don't think the record companies or music industry can afford to support another art form! The industry has to support selling records. If we are going to get into another business such as an Art Form, then deciding whether it is visual, let's treat it as such. Videos will have to be sold, money will have to be made, and the people making those videos will really have to be very creative.

The idea of the cable networks and TV networks getting involved if they want to use the videos, because it's one thing to cut a record and give it away for a promo copy; it is quite another to shoot a video, because, now, you are talking REAL money!

Creativity HAS nothing to do with the amount of money spent on a video. In fact, one often becomes much more creative when there is less money. Once the record companies have gotten into the video business, and start to sell the videos that they have made, then a whole new era will begin in the music industry.

Then, I'll be the first to say, "Sure guys, let's make a video, spend a couple hundred thousand dollars. Make me part of it, sell the video, make the money back, and we'll have fun in the process."

I am such a ham when it comes to being in front of the camera.



SPORTS

Clifton, Payne enjoy spiking and dunking in their sport

by Tom Woods
Prospectus Sports Editor

When former Quincy Senior High School basketball player, Michael Payne, dunked, 4,500 fans watched, listened and reacted. When Parkland College volleyball player, LeAnn Clifton, spikes, less than 50 people watch, listen and some react.

The Quincy basketball tradition is infinite because Blue Devil fans have been packing the gym since the first basketball game was ever played in Gem City on the banks of the Mississippi River on the western frontier of Illinois.

"We played for the fans, we expected them to be there," explained Payne from his apartment in Iowa City, which he shares with teammate, Greg Stokes. "Quincy basketball games are like Saturday Night Live because we are the show and it's a socializing

City teams, and they all said the same thing: 'We hate going all the way down there to lose in that dungeon of yours.'"

Lady Cobra, LeAnn Clifton, has the green light from Randy Henkels to talk about the Cobras' Pit, and several players from around the area have expressed their dislikes about playing at Parkland.

While walking to my car after the Lincoln College-Parkland volleyball game, I overheard one Lincoln athlete say, "I am not going to go back in that place and play that team if you give me fifty dollars."

I had a poster with me that said, "Check us out now . . . cause we bad!" I showed this confused young woman the poster and told her she could have it if they would come up to see us again sometime. She took the poster, and I walked away roaring with a sinister laugh.

after I rebounded, I scored."

"Bruce (Douglas) had a lot to do with my points because of his nifty passing and "alley-hoop" assists," Payne explained.

Clifton can almost repeat Payne's words verbatim, except in a different language.

Rebounding in basketball is like blocking or receiving an opponent's hit or spike in volleyball. Scoring comes from a successful hit or a spike, and most of my spikes are set up by Jill Mullen just like Bruce Douglas to Michael Payne."

Both Payne and Clifton were and are All-American candidates in their respective sport. Payne went on to earn All-State honors along with All-American recognition. Clifton earned All-State honors last year and is a shoo-in for the label this year. What remains to be seen is whether or not she will earn All-American status.

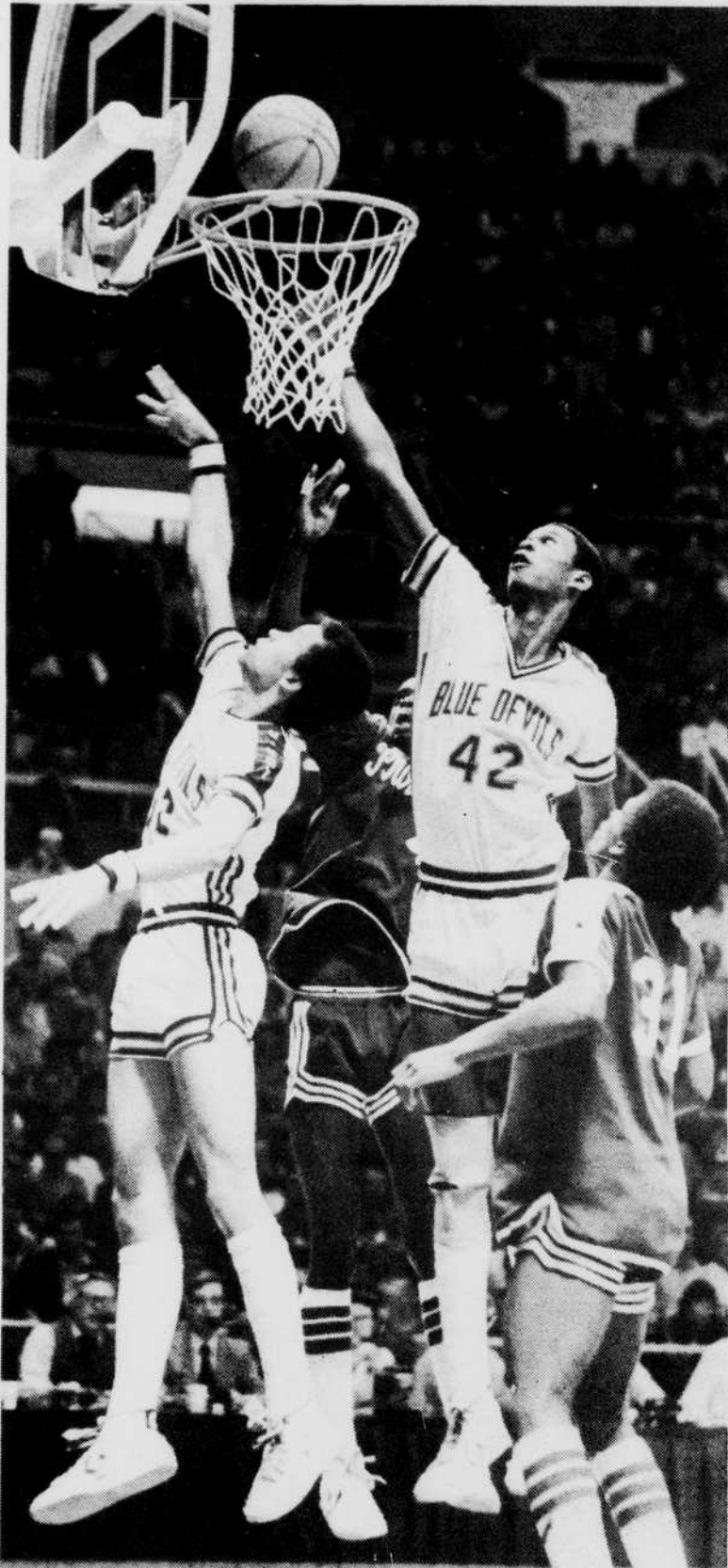


photo courtesy of The News-Gazette

Quincy's Richie Hawkins (32, left) and Michael Payne (42, right) struggle to tip the ball in the basket during the 1981 Championship game with Proviso East, the Blue Devils won 68-39.



photo courtesy of The News-Gazette

That's Quincy's Bruce Douglas (24—"sit Down!"), Richie Hawkins (clapping), Michael Payne (first), showing their satisfaction of winning the 1981 Normal Super-Sectional over Kankakee Westview, 72-44.

session for the people of Quincy."

If Quincy basketball games are show, Michael, then what happens when opponents invade your television studio?

"They wait in the lockerroom until the lights come back on," said Payne.

Then what?

"They leave after 32 minutes of performing."

During Payne's senior year, each team that visited Quincy Universal Studios left disgusted after being video taped by KHQA-TV in Quincy, and then were forced to listen to the Jerry Leggett Show on the local Quincy radio station on their long trip home.

"I talked to some guys who played for Galesburg and the Quad

She rained some indecent words at me, and I simply said, "Your mama's gonna beat you with that poster when you get home and then put fifty-dollars in your pocket!" End of conversation . . .!

The difference between Quincy's fans and the Cobra fans is approximately 4,453 human beings. The difference in enrollment concerning the two schools is approximately 7,000 students, in Parkland's favor!!! On top of that, Parkland's gym seats only 1,800. What is the deal, people - teachers - students? Get the lead out.

LeAnn Clifton and Michael Payne's uniform numbers portray the contrast in their respective sport. Clifton wears 24 and Payne sports 42.

Despite the difference in their numbers and choice of sports, Payne and Clifton's positions are relatively similar. At Quincy, Payne played center; comparatively, Clifton holds down Parkland's front line as a middle hitter.

"My main purpose was to rebound," said Payne. "Then,

Randy Henkels has recommended her to the Board who decides on who will join this elite group in America.

"She's an All-American candidate, and I think she deserves the recognition."

The Parkland student body should all support LeAnn Clifton in her quest to match Michael Payne's accomplishment in 1981; in turn, the Cobra students should support Michael Payne in his quest for All-Big Ten and All-American honors even if he plays for Iowa.

• Payne averaged 17.5 points a game his senior year at Quincy. He averaged making eight baskets, while only averaging one made free throw in two attempts. Parkland College basketball coach, Tom Cooper, using Centennial coach Coleman Carrodine's sentence structure, could ask the obvious question: How could a man 6-foot-10 averaging 17.5 points a game possibly only average two free throws a game? Cooper would have provided the answer: he should have shot 10 a game, made seven, and averaged 23.5 points a game.

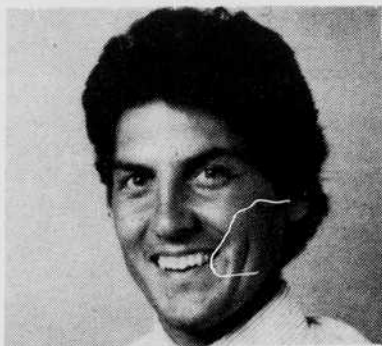
Henkels, Leggett share similar philosophies

by Tom Woods
Prospectus Sports Editor

Quincy Senior High School coach Jerry Leggett, and Parkland College volleyball coach, Randy Henkels, are separated by 195 miles of Illinois farmland and Interstate 72 and 36, but they share similarities in coaching philosophy despite the distance between schools.

Henkels is a firm believer in emphasizing team cohesion and friendships on and off the floor. Winning is important, but Henkels believes if he can accomplish team unity, numbers will appear in the "W" column.

"We are all here to accomplish goals, but the important ones have nothing to do with winning and losing," said Henkels.



RANDY HENKELS

Leggett, on the other side of the state, is in a different situation, but basically feels the same.

"I want the players to be better people because of their relationship with me as a person; I admit when I make a mistake, and I want the players to do the same."



JERRY LEGGETT

Leggett incorporates a family approach and uses the Douglas family as an example: "They are all so close to each other; they support and stick up for one another and that's how a team should be."

Volleyball scoring averages

Games	PCTP	OTP	RDGS	RDMTCHS
1. 1-11	338	263	17-8	8-3
11	13.5 avg.	10.5 avg.	17-8	8-3
2. 12-22	422	247	39-15	17-5
11	14.5 avg.	8.5 avg.	39-15	17-5
3. 23-33	330	129	62-15	28-5
11	14.3 avg.	5.6 avg.	62-15	28-5
4. 34-44	325	161	82-18-1	37-6-1
11	13.5 avg.	6.7 avg.	82-18-1	37-6-1

Joni Mullen, Hawkins use instinct to play defense

by Tom Woods
Prospectus Sports Editor

Former 1981 Quincy Senior High School basketball player, Richie Hawkins, earned a nickname during his "street" playing days in Quincy contrary to its usually understood connotative definition: "Ice."
"The fellows put this label on me, not because of my offensive skills like George Gervin, but because I had the tendency to freeze offensive players when I was on defense."

Editor's Note: The fellas involved were probably Bruce Douglas, Keith Douglas, Michael Payne, and Dennis Douglas, etc.

Parkland College volleyball player Joni Mullen, who attended Tolono Unity High School, gained a nickname that refers to a doctorate degree in a given field of education: "P.H.D. in Defnese." Joni was given this nickname by two individuals: Randy Henkels supplied the defense, and Tom Woods added the P.H.D.

Both athletes share several

If a player says he wasn't all that effective on offense, then this writer checks the statistics: Hawkins averaged 10.5 points a game (not bad for defensive ace), was second in shooting percentage (.611) only to Michael Payne (.641), and was the fourth leading rebounder (127).

This reporter senses a little modesty in Hawkins' attitude, which would be traced to heredity in that his father, Jack is a Baptist minister in Quincy and can accurately be described by this writer as unassuming.

Joni Mullen, on the same token, shares Richie Hawkins' modesty in that she firmly believes her defense is her strong point.

"I have always liked defense and felt it was my best contribution on the volleyball court," Mullen analyzed. "On defense, I like to pass more than spike because it gives me a good feeling to know I've helped someone else out."

Joni and Hawkins' attitude toward roles on their respective teams enabled Randy Henkels and Jerry Leggett the luxury of assigning each starter a role

"Chicago Phillips and Lincoln were the toughest; we beat Phillips and Carl Golston 76-75 in overtime at Quincy, and we beat Lincoln 64-58 at the Decatur Eisenhower Sectional."

Mullen agreed with Hawkins, explaining that this year's opponents are on a higher level than last year.

"It seems like all the teams are better; it forces us to be mentally ready for each game," Mullen analyzed. "We've played four teams that were ranked nationally and beat two of them. We learned something from each game."

Hawkins and Mullen not only learned something from each game they played, they learned something unique about each other's personality on the floor.

"Richie said he let his instincts play a major role in his performances," Mullen said. "This applies to my philosophy on defense perfectly."

Hawkins has long since retired from competitive team basketball; he lives and still plays basketball in Chicago, but is content to keep his number 32 retired.



Photo by Chino Barreto

similarities, but one of the most important aspects of their attitudes rises from their desire to be as good defensively as possible.

"I wasn't a great scorer in high school, so my main thing was to play tenacious defense on the 1-2-2 press and when we were back," explained Hawkins, "I wanted to play some man-to-man, but Coach Leggett is a firm believer in his philosophy. Defense is 10 percent technique and 90 percent desire."

instead of facing mass confusion during every contest. Teams with role players who perform as a unit have been traditionally strong throughout the history of athletics. Mullen and Hawkins each explained that this aspect of team cohesion was and is critical when one considers the caliber of competition on the Blue Devil and Lady Cobras schedule.

"We played some competition my senior year which made us a better team," said Hawkins.

"I like playing ball in the summer with some of the guys, but that's it," said Hawkins.

Mullen, however, must concentrate on Friday's Sectional tournament here at Parkland when the Lady Cobras host Lincoln Trail and Lincoln Land.

"I am looking forward to it," said Mullen.

Richie Hawkins said he wants to be the first to know how the Lady Cobras fair on Friday. I wonder why?

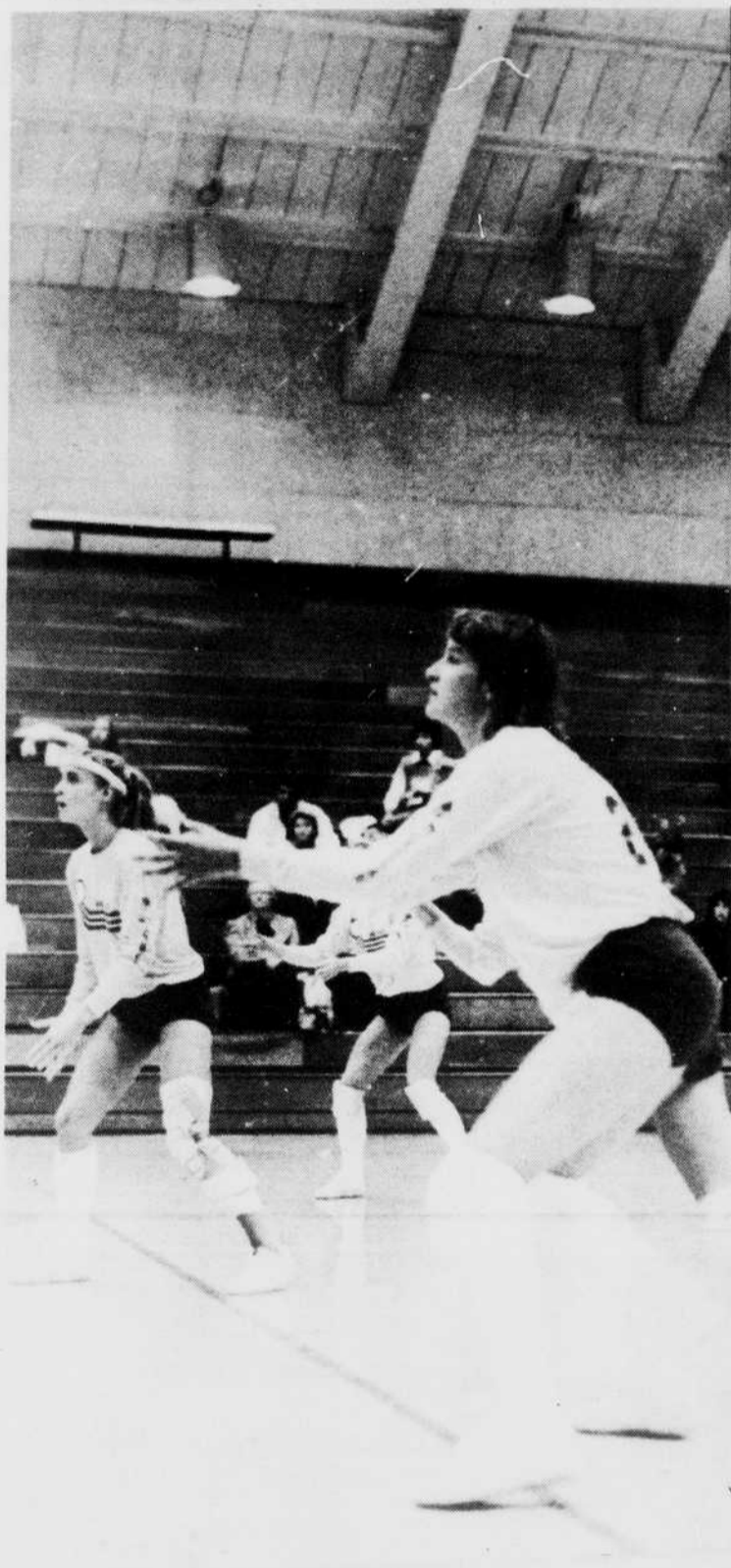


Photo by Chino Barreto

Parkland's Joni Mullen (left) and LeAnn Clifton (right) anxiously await the opponent's serve. Parkland's record is 37-6-1. On the right hand side of the page is Joni Mullen talking to Richie Hawkins who now resides in Chicago.

Cobra harriers end season

by Dennis Wismer

The Parkland women's cross country team ended their season on a sweet and sour note Saturday.

On the sweet side Parkland finished in five of the top six positions at the Region 24 cross-country meet at Danville V.A. golf course. Another bright spot was that the Cobras were the only school to have a full five runner squad.

Through the first two miles Mary Beth Schriefer and Terri Stewart both of Parkland traded the lead. On the third and final mile Stewart surged to break Mary Beth's proverbial back and established her 14 second victory margin.

Marti Crist, the next Parkland

runner to finish, took 3rd only 35 seconds behind Schriefer. Cyd Vest and Cyndee Royse finished the race in 4th and 6th for Parkland.

The sour side of the meet was the fact that the Cobras didn't qualify for nationals. Coach LaBadie figured a time of 19:30 would qualify the girls for national competition.

Once again looking on the bright side, Parkland can be proud that our women's team valiantly strived to succeed even though most of the season they were short-handed (short-legged?). Let's hope more women will join cross-country at Parkland and show the determination and class the Cobra's women team has in 1984.

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SPORTS NEWS

Jill Mullen, Douglas portray thinking person's position

by Tom Woods
Prospectus Sports Editor

Human beings compare and contrast situations, objects, future and past occurrences every day, whether they are three years old or twenty-four years old.

As a sports writer, when I am covering live action, my job is to analyze, interpret and then produce copy; when I write a feature story, my job could include a story about a person, or comparing and contrasting individuals and occurrences.

This feature article is similar to many comparison-contrast stories (Eric Smith-Roger McClendon; James Worthy-Julius Erving, Dave Sarff-Mark Makeever, etc.) in that we are analyzing six exceptional athletes who share similarities as well as differences in their respective sports.

Let's start our story at the beginning. Jill Mullen is a 5-foot-6 sophomore from Tolono Unity High School where she played volleyball, basketball and ran track. She is currently in her second year as a starter for the Parkland College volleyball team, and handles the setter duties on offense. Last year she played the outside hitter position, but in high school she was right at home as the setter for the Rockets.

Bruce Douglas' name is synonymous with basketball. He was born and reared in Quincy, Ill., (the basketball capital of the world) and started for the famous Blue Devils three years and was sixth man as a freshman. For Quincy, he was a 6-3, 195-pound point guard who could do everything humanly possible with the orange pumpkin. Douglas is now a junior at the University of Illinois and an All-American candidate just like he was during his junior year in high school (1981) when he led one of the most devastating teams in the history of Illinois High School basketball to the state championship in the Assembly Hall.

Douglas' statistics during his junior year: G: 30; FG-FGA: 255-449; PCT: .570; FT-FTA: 75-117; PCT: .6741; REB: 161; REB AVG.: 5.4; TP: 585; AVG. 19.5

Jill Mullen and Douglas share a similar bond in their quest to be successful athletes: Mullen is the setter which compares favorably to Douglas' point-guard position at Quincy.

from the present and the present-past because each of the six athletes being compared in this three-part feature are active at the present time.

Jill Mullen's position as setter requires her to concentrate each second the ball is in play; it is a position that absolutely must be filled by someone who is a natural leader.

"I am primarily responsible for setting up my teammates to score

"I am primarily responsible for setting up my teammates to score points; my position is very similar to Bruce's because we must direct traffic."

—Jill Mullen

points; my position is very similar to Bruce's because we must direct traffic," said Mullen. "The setter must rely on instinct a lot and have good peripheral vision in order to see everyone on your side of the court as well as the opponents' side."

Douglas explained that the coach is responsible for giving the athlete the freedom to use his or her talents to make decisions. "Coach (Jerry) Leggett trusted me to do the things he wanted me to do such as leading the fastbreak, passing to Michael Payne for the "alley-hoop" dunk-shot or whatever the case may have been."

"I enjoyed the position because it was a challenge and I had fun challenging the challenge. Jill and I must have a confidence in ourselves or we wouldn't be playing the position; it's a thinking person's position," added Douglas.

Jill pointed out the person makes the position and not the reverse. "The position of point-guard or setter wouldn't be available if it weren't for the athlete first and that goes for any position in any sport."

One of the few differences between Mullen and Douglas stem from the teams they hail from.

Mullen of Parkland College and Douglas from Quincy Senior High School and the fact that the Blue Devils recorded a 33-0 mark and won the state championship, while the Lady Cobras have a 39-6-1 record into this Friday's showdown with Sectional opponents, Lake Lane and Lincoln Trail. However, both teams had something common in the opponents they played during the course of the season: each team played four schools that were either ranked nationally or in the state of Illinois.

• Quincy's ranked opponents: Chicago Phillipps (76-75 OT win), Rock Island (61-49) and 66-57 victories), Lincoln (64-53 victory), and New Lenox Providence (47-42 victory).

• Parkland's ranked opponents: Kiswaukee (15-12, 15-10 wins); Lincoln (15-5, 15-5; victories), Illinois Central (11-15, 7-15, 10-15 setback), Carl Sandburg (9-15, 5-15 setback).

Jill Mullen and Bruce Douglas exemplify the talented thinking person's athletes; they both respect each other and their teammates' skills which is why they are playing the "giving" positions of setter and point-guard.

The last difference between Quincy's 1981 state champion team and Parkland's volleyball contender is simply the Blue Devils were unstoppable in post-season competition that year; let's all hope that in three weeks we will end this comparison-contrast story by having the luxury of saying that both the 1981 Blue Devils and 1984 Lady Cobras ended their seasons as champions. GOOD LUCK, LADY COBRAS!!!

The Lady Cobras host the Sectional Tournament this Friday night against Lake Land and Lincoln Trail.

Free popcorn and Pepsi will be available at the gym Friday night during the tournament.



photo courtesy of The News-Gazette

Quincy's Bruce Douglas
6-3, 195 Junior
Avg. points: 19.5
Avg. rebounds: 5.4
Graduated: 1982
Nickname: "Smooth"

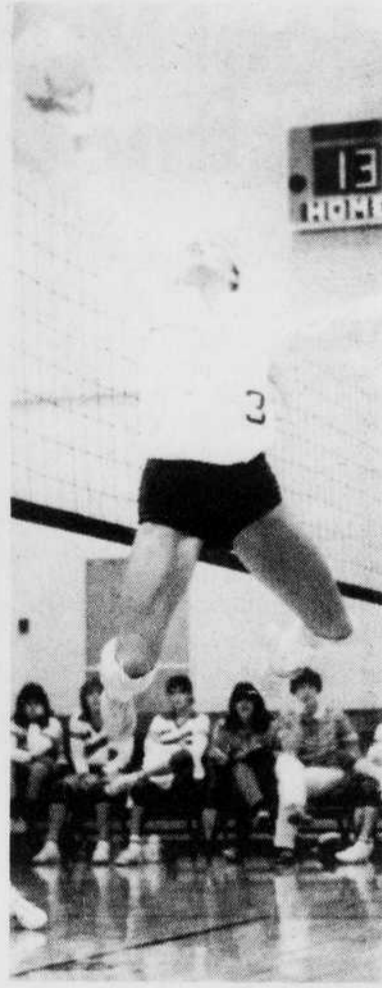


Photo by Mike Moffett

Parkland's Jill Mullen
5-6 Sophomore
Tolono Unity High School
Graduated: 1983
Nickname: "Energy Source"

Cobra harriers end season

by Dennis Wismer

The Cobra cross-country team fought wind and injuries Saturday, Oct. 27, in their quest to gain a berth in the NJCAA tournament in Kansas Nov. 10.

The wind contributed to the slow times that prevailed for all the runners.

The other factor contributing to Parkland's inability to qualify for nationals was illness and injury.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

1. Leon Archer (SR)	27:07
2. Rod White (D)	27:31
3. Adam Eggherman (P)	28:09
4. Kent Boyd (LL)	28:17
5. Scott Colver (D)	28:23
6. Mike Ross (SR)	28:36
7. Kent Walker (SR)	28:51
8. Troy Knight (P)	29:01
9. John Castillo (P)	29:31
10. Mike Demaree (SR)	29:39

These foes proved to be more than the Cobra effort could defeat. Since Shawn Kirby and John Donahoe hadn't completely recovered from earlier injuries

Paced by Adam Eggherman's third place finish and Troy Knight's and John Castillo's head cold, these athletes were unable to perform at their best.

Four times during the race the competitors had to run into a stiff head wind including the final 600 yards. Although the mind was willing, the body was not up to par.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DIPLOMAT IN IRAN AND A STUDENT IN GRENADA?



1983: Student kisses American soil after being rescued by U.S. Army Rangers in Grenada.

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN.



1980: American hostage in the custody of Iranian terrorists.

"Jill and I are both responsible for quarterback of our respective teams, and the only differences I see at this point is the fact that I play basketball, and she plays volleyball."

—Bruce Douglas

"Jill and I are both responsible for quarterbacking our respective teams, and the only differences I see at this point is the fact that I play basketball, and she plays volleyball; moreover, you are comparing athletes of a team from the present with athletes from a team of the present-past," said Douglas just before the first day of practice at the U of I two weeks ago.

Douglas was correct when he stated the similarity of athletes

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