Inside you'll find:
- Pizza parlors
- Computer dates
- Concert reviews
- Dance crazes
- Women's Year
- The campaign game
- A bicentennial sellout
- A year in the life of Flush Bizbo
- A day in the life of a University
- An NCAA title for Illinois
- Spoking fun at bicyclists
- Champaign after dark
- The Herpes invasion
- A C-U tennis racket
- Pulling an All-Niter
- The Fighting Illini
- Famous alums
- And more.

- University of Illinois Magazine Format Yearbook -
This is Illio’s third year as the University of Illinois “feature magazine.” It may seem strange to call a 400 page yearbook a magazine, but a look at Illio 76 will explain.

Photographs, illustrations and text have been combined to present an in-depth look at the 1975-76 school year.

We’ve covered the spring and fall semesters, and included a photographic look at the summer term that everyone seems to forget.

On a national level, the year’s events have included the celebration of International Women’s Year, the selling-out of the Bicentennial, the beginning of another presidential battle and the radicalization of a newspaper heiress.

As the economy continued to crumble, many students seemed to exist in an economic bubble. Illio 76 has examined the varied values and lifestyles of University students.

Those who aren’t worrying about their chances in the job market are enjoying the Champaign nightlife, finding a temporary peace with Transcendental Meditation, meeting true loves through a computer and basking in the warmth of Illinois’ first NCAA Title in track in 10 years.

It’s been a memorable year. Illio has tried to capture the spirit of 76, with an emphasis on the present and a perspective of the past.

Enjoy —
the Editors

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From the minute he wakes up in his limited edition commemorative brass bed, pulls on his all-American underwear, clothes and shoes, brushes his teeth with star-spangled toothpaste and drives to work in his gas-drinking luxury car of bicentennial styling, to the moment he slips on his patriotic red, white and blue prophylactic, an American has ample opportunity to show just how much he loves his country by opening up his pocketbook.

Kinney's, for example, is cashing in on the Bicentennial by changing its image from a youth-oriented, hip boutique to an "All-American Shoe Store."

The White Owl cigar manufacturers are offering "limited edition" bicentennial cigar boxes decorated with a choice of early American flags, pioneering scenes, pictures of traditional American modes of transportation, or symbols of liberty — all commemorating "high lights from American history."

Duz laundry detergent is promoting their commemorative bicentennial glasses, ("Anyone would be proud to display them," according to the product's commercials), which are being packed inside each box. The ads also stress "The Pure American Value" that customers buy with each box of Duz soap.

Some lipstick makers, not to be outdone, have come out with imaginative lines of bicentennial lip colors with matching nail polishes.

The distilleries of the United States have their own addition to the birthday party: "limited edition" bicentennial decanters and bottles."
of every size, shape, color and cost. The most unusual bottles to be offered thus far are ceramic decanters of turkeys with “Spirit of 76” banners across their white meat and commemorative flags decorating the ground beneath them.

With every new commemorative toy on the market and every old product redesigned to fit the theme, America is drowning in the commercial spirit of the country's 200th birthday.

The names of our beloved Founding Fathers have not been forgotten. Ben Franklin is alive and well and living in Champaign, promoting Capitol Motors. By the end of 1976 every famous figure from the revolutionary days will more than likely have had his and her name prostituted by trite advertisements and obnoxious jingles.

What is forgotten in the selling of the bicentennial is what the revolution stood for. Any fourth grade student can probably tell the tale of George, Martha, Tom, Betsy and the gang and what they did for the country. But how many of the millions of tourists flooding New England, and Philadelphia in particular, will be able to appreciate that story? The enormous tourist lines, high prices and Japanese-made mass produced souvenirs have come to symbolize America. The pioneer spirit is fading as each old frontier is overrun with factories, billboards and neon lights.

But there are some people who are glad to tell the American story — for a price. Newsweek has a collection of Founding Father books for sale, complete with four complimentary handsome, colonial coin replicas. Time and Life publishers are each offering a special Bicentennial Edition. The Chicago Tribune has taken the publishing of the Bicentennial a cultural step further by presenting bicentennial art prints — the entire 200 years of American history reduced to 16 easy-to-frame pictures.

The commercialism and reiteration of the bicentennial theme on television and in the print media aren’t totally wasted, according to Jean Rochford, a member of the Champaign County Bicentennial Commission. The ads serve to remind an otherwise forgetful public. “Maybe it’ll make people realize it is the country’s 200th birthday when they wouldn’t otherwise,” she said. “But it can go a little too far. We’re trying to make sure it’s not a buy-centennial.”

The Champaign County group, operating in conjunction with the government’s nation-wide Bicentennial Commission, is working on projects under three national themes: Heritage, Festival and Horizon. Local plans include marking all landmarks in the county, producing an heritage pagent around the 4th of July, and revitalizing the land around Boneyard Creek.

Rochford admitted that the Boneyard project will be a lot of work, but said the outcome should be well worth it. “It is supposed to be something that will be lasting and more of a challenge,” she explained.

But there is another group besides the governmentally-run Bicentennial Commission: The People’s Bicentennial Commission (PBC). Instead of just throwing a big birthday party for the nation, the PBC is working to rekindle the spirit of revolution and freedom that stirred the colonists in 1776.

“Taking the revolution out of the Bicentennial is like taking the Christ out of Christmas,” according to William Peltz, local organizer for the PBC and Champaign resident.

Peltz said the group is staging their own campaign in the 1976 election on a “Common Sense” slate. “We’re running a whole campaign with the ‘candidate’ being the ideas we have,” he said. Among those ideas is the need to halt the movement of U.S. corporations to other countries, an action which drastically reduces the jobs available in this country.

“The basic structural problem is the existence of a few hundred corporations that reach all over the globe and affect the economy by transferring jobs abroad,” Peltz stated.

He said one solution would be to have the government act as a bank to buy out industries and make them into worker controlled shops.

Locally the PBC has been working on such issues as getting builders of student housing to comply with local building safety standards. One example of their action came when they claimed the Trigon apartments were fire hazards and called for an investigation.

“Now the thing we’re trying to concentrate on is our broadside press,” Peltz explained. The press, owned by the PBC, will be used to print opinion pamphlets like those popularized by Thomas Paine.

“We’re trying to concentrate on getting the information out politically and build a whole core around this printing press and propaganda,” he said. Then the pamphlets will
"Taking the revolution out of the Bicentennial is like taking the Christ out of Christmas."

and equality — is really what the Bicentennial should be about.

But as degrading as the commercials are, they do stress a theme that is unfamiliar to many people under 30 — patriotism. Educated in a period of anti-war, anti-establishment, anti-American protests and Watergate ethics, patriotic pride has often been hard to come by on high school and college campuses. Flags were used to patch jeans and to burn in protest. It seemed as if the politicians running the country only raised taxes and increased the defense budget.

But as the Vietnam War came to an end, protesters turned toward the personal issue of finding a job to meet the failing economy. Leftist spokesman Paul Soglin was elected mayor of Madison, Wis. Tom Haydin, a defendant in the notorious Chicago 8 trial, entered the political scene as a candidate for a Senate seat.

Enter the Bicentennial. Enter American pride. Enter revivals of Harry Truman, Mark Twain and other heroes. Enter the honesty of Betty Ford and the friendliness of Jerry.

The way was being paved for a new American pride, giving some people the first taste of patriotism they have had since they pledged allegiance to the flag in grade school.

Then enter the ingenuity of American advertisers, who jumped on the bandwagon and have been overselling the bicentennial ever since. Maybe some of the messages are sincere. But when hotel czars Conrad and Barron Hilton buy a page in Time magazine and fill it with a letter from Uncle Sam to Santa Claus, that's going to extremes that the public may not be ready for. Uncle Sam ("address any mailbox") asked Santa to give the American people "a revitalized sense of values, of prudence and compassion for one another."

The American sage continues: "I would like you to give them, if you can, a new vigor and joy in life . . . in the simple things of life."

Such simple wishes are touching, but hard to swallow from the men who control a multi-million dollar enterprise. More than words are needed. In the spirit of the American revolution, action is needed to help the country move toward any kind of realistic goals.

Bicentennial activities promise to provide a lot of good times to people across the country. And there is no reason to throw away the star-spangled underwear or stop collecting commemorative stamps.

But without some sincere, lasting action, the Bicentennial year might explode and then fade like any other firecracker.
It starts slowly every year. As the warm weather lingers, everyone holds onto summer a few days longer. Then, at the last minute, the leaves take on a golden hue. Nights come earlier. Faces tingle from the cool breezes. By Homecoming there is little doubt that autumn has caught up with Champaign-Urbana. Another year is slipping away, leaving behind one final colorful panorama.

by Margaret Kriz
by Margaret Kriz with Judy Osgood

"The Administration of this University stinks!" according to a comment on an anonymous questionnaire.

Perhaps the emotion stems from the onset of finals or the accumulated frustration of another semester of papers, exams and long term projects that have been put off to the last minute. But the feeling is one felt by almost every student some time during his or her college career.

Along with this feeling of discouragement, over half of the 100 students questioned in a survey taken in December 1975 at the Undergraduate Library said they are not sure whether they are getting their money's worth of education from the University.

But is college in general a farce? Not really. Approximately 99 per cent of the students surveyed said they are at the University of their own free will and agreed that what they get out of their education once they are in school is primarily up to them.

But what all the work is worth once the diploma is in hand and the cap and gown are folded and put back in the box is a big question on students' minds. More than half of those questioned said they believe that the bachelor's degree of today is about as prestigious as the high school diploma was 10 years ago.

Because they feel their futures are uncertain, some students become detached and casual about everything. According to psychoanalyst Dr. Herbert Hendin, such attitudes help students avoid a painful reality. After conducting interviews with 500 students from Columbia and other universities, Hendin concluded that many students treat life "like a series of one-night stands." They look for momentary pleasure instead of meaning, significance or continuity.

Maybe the crowds at Boni's or Second Chance every weekend would agree that they are trying to have fun while they can, instead of worrying about what comes after graduation. But only one-third of those surveyed said they believe most students at this University go to school mainly to have a good time.

But students are still out to have some fun. Temporarily isolated from the real world of job hunting and the problems of the rest of the American society, the campus is no den of bookworms or forum of worriers. It is a town with weekends full of filled-to-capacity bars, midnight movies and independent, fraternity and sorority parties.
The University, with its high admission standards, waiting lists and nationally-ranked departments, is both a prominent institution and a student center. And the educational quality of this school has been impressed on its students. Almost all of those questioned agreed that getting a degree from Illinois means more than getting a degree from many other Universities.

All of the students feel their college degrees will make a significant contribution to their lives, which for many means obtaining a secure job in today's unpredictable economy. The state of the economy and tight job situations in almost all fields has created more anxiety on college campuses and more tension than students would normally feel, according to 86 per cent of those questioned.

Charles E. Warwick, assistant dean of student services, agreed that financial matters are increasing the pressures that today's student must withstand. Bread and butter issues have replaced the theoretical concerns of the revolutionaries of yesteryear. Warwick said students are submerging themselves in their work instead of thinking about protests. Nearly three-fourths of the responses agreed, with only three per cent claiming to be more concerned with movements and causes than with the economy and unemployment.

Maybe the economy promises to pick up or even to completely recover. Maybe the job market looks as it it could open up any day. But for the students graduating this year, such optimistic predictions may be unreachable pipe dreams.

More than half of those surveyed said they often wonder what they are doing at the University and where they are going with their lives.

While an undergraduate degree will normally only take four years, they are four emotion filled years. Warwick said he has noticed more students questioning the value of college. He said this attitude makes many student lose the motivation they need to do well in school.

They may not feel the administration "stinks", but the prevalent frustration may make students feel school is like being trapped in a maze — when one paper is completed another is due. And there is always another test right around the bend.
As I once sat beneath a tree
A tiny bird sang songs to me
I lured him down with crumbs of bread
And smashed his mother fucking head

Jed the Red sat quietly in a carrell at the Undergraduate Library. Suddenly, he reached into his backpack, took out a green Bic Banana and began to diligently scrawl his name on the top of the desk. The entire process lasted 15 long minutes. But he was proud of the finished product: flamboyantly festooned in Roman Gothic were written the words, "Jed the Red was here."

Who is Jed the Red, and what was he doing at the library? He is a member of a student gang of graffiti artists who descend from dorm rooms, apartment buildings and sorority and fraternity houses with spray paint or felt tip pens to make their colorful and costly mark in the teeming anonymity of the Big U.

Psychologists have explained the graffiti phenomenon as a youthful effort to express their personal identity. But, whatever the cause, the effect is clear — more people are marking, carving, drawing, scribbling, revealing, composing and recording on University desks, walls, johns and buildings than ever before.

Despite the growing number of people who have joined the gang, the activity has not and probably will never receive public acceptance. In fact, the graffitist is one of society’s most loathed members; he breaks the rules without bothering to cover up. We can forgive the politician, a public liar who is at least willing to cover his errors, and we punish the graffitist, often a secret prophet, simply because he refuses to conceal his crime.

"If I’m going to bother writing on the walls," says Sick Sam, a 3-year member of the gang, "I’m not going to erase it. That would be defeating the purpose. I want people to read what I write. It’s sort of like screaming my ego across the campus."

So, the graffitist goes to extremes to make sure his writing is permanently embedded within the confines of the University. A graffito (short for one graffiti) is often carved, a pen is preferred where a pencil would suffice and nothing makes the graffitist happier than to fingerpaint his message in wet cement; when it dries there is a concrete remembrance of his writing for posterity.

Graffiti comes in various styles. Probably the most popular is the filthy limerick, the inviting telephone number or the obscene drawing. This type, however, has the least virtue. But what it lacks in quality, it makes up in quantity. Nearly every bathroom wall is decorated with the likes of, "For a good time call _______."

Slowly and almost unnoticed a second type of graffiti has
emerged; the political graffiti. The Men's and Women's restrooms have become political forums. It is where issues are discussed forthrightly ("76: Kennedy and Eagleton — Waterproof and shockproof") and images are created with the pithy elegance that only privacy can afford.

With this type, the graffitist can stage his own ideological storm. World leaders are deflated ("Fuck Nixon") and liberation is demanded for Vietnam, Greece, Spain, Palestine, Patty Hearst and the Enema Bandit. More important, revenge is summoned on behalf of Joan Little, Kent State, Attica, The Chicago Seven and Lou Gold.

Another type of graffitist in evidence are descendents of Kilroy and relatives of Jed the Red. Unlike their political counterparts, they have no obvious social program, preferring only to scribble their first names and perhaps, points of origin or outstanding characteristics. For example, "Nick the Nose," "Jo Jo '76" or "Jill the Jap."

Lovers generally fall into this category of graffiti. They carve their relationship into trunks of trees, "Jean Loves George" (though this practice was thought to have gone out with dinosaurs) to signify and thereby establish its permanence.

Perhaps the graffiti which is most fun to read is the participatory graffiti, a running conversation between one graffitist and another: Someone wrote, "My mother made me a homosexual." Someone replied beneath, "If I supply the yarn, will she make me one too?"

Subtly contrasting the legal eloquence of Benjamin Cardozo (which is plastered on the law school walls) is the last, and probably the most ingenious of all graffiti; legal graffiti. This type of graffiti finally enables law students to apply legal principles and terms they have emmassed.

Example: "The stink from the guy in the next stall is bad enough to be a) an intentional tort b) an emanation from a penumbra c) res judicata d) odor ipsa loquitur e) symbolic speech (but with clear and present danger of community harm) 4) smelly decisis."

The graffitist's cultural mark is not limited to bathroom walls and desk tops. The bumper sticker and the pin-on button are blatant commercializations of the graffiti medium (although they have been diluted for public consumption), "Honk If You're Horney," a sticker plastered on many a car's bumper, can probably be traced back to somebody's bathroom.

Still, it is becoming more and more difficult for the graffitist to keep his message permanently inscribed. Every summer the University spends thousands of dollars freeing the walls of student outbursts. And the latest frontal attack on graffiti is the growing use of textured paint; the purpose, of course, is to discourage, confuse and disperse. However, the truly determined graffitist will always prevail, despite the medium's difficulties.
If they could see me now

The University of Illinois has had its share of successful graduates. At one time or another, most people have heard of the likes of Red Grange, Dick Butkus, Hugh Hefner or Mark Van Doren. Here are a few more famous Illini.

by Greg Miller

Nelson Algren

"Living here is like being married to a woman with a broken nose; there are loveliers lovelies, but none so real."

Writer Nelson Algren's quote about Chicago sums up his relationship with cities and the people who stock them — he loves them but recognizes the poignancy of their ugliness. And the love affair continues through all his works.

Born in Detroit in 1909, the 67-year-old novelist had spent most of his later years in Chicago. Although it was several years and many miles before he finally settled there, Algren's identification with the city is strong.

During the Depression Algren managed to graduate from the University, work as a migrant laborer and sell coffee door-to-door. Stranded in a gas station in Rio Hondo, Tex. in 1933, he wrote his first short story, "So Help Me," which ended up in Story Magazine.

A journalism student who never spent more than random days on a newspaper, Algren worked in a Works Progress Administration Writer's Project in Chicago from 1936-1940 and spent the first years of the 1940s with the Chicago Board of Health working on venereal disease control.

His first success came in 1942 with the publication of "Never Come Morning," which led him to be compared to James Farrell and Richard Wright of the Chicago School of Realism.

A stint in the Army medical corps temporarily cut his writing career short during World War II, but in 1947 Algren published "The Man With the Golden Arm," a tough book about a down-and-out drummer that gained Algren national acclaim and fellowships from the Newberry Library and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He won the National Book Award in 1949 for the same book, furthering a reputation that would make Hemingway place him alongside Faulkner as the best of contemporary writers.

In 1956, he detailed Southern slumming in "Walk on the Wild Side," which, like "Man with the Golden Arm," was made into a movie.

"I always think of writing as a physical thing," Algren said. Essayist Chester R. Eisinger agreed. He noted that Algren's writing is more emotion than thought, more mood than ideas. "His allegiance is with feelings."

"He is the poet of the jail and the whorehouse; he has made a close study of the cockroach, the drunckard, the pimp, the garbage of the street and the spit on the chin. He has a truly cloacal view of the American experience . . ."

Despite his fame, Algren's best years have been spent in the shadow of Chicago's "El" and the city's West Side Polish neighborhood. But last year, he sold his three-flat apartment house at 1958 W. Evergreen St. in Chicago and moved to a six-room apartment in an Italian neighborhood outside Patterson, N. J. Algren's reason: he just didn't like what had happened to his city. "There aren't any neighborhoods anymore."

Roger Ebert

His tousled brown hair surrounds a cherubic face that looks angelic or studious, depending on the photograph. But inside that head is a consuming love for movies that encompasses not only the grace and subtlety of an Ingmar Bergman but the raunch and soft porn of a Russ Meyer. His name is Roger Ebert.

A product of Urbana, Ebert has used his post as film critic for the Chicago Sun-Times as a springboard for a variety of film-related activities that have placed him among the top cinema buffs in the nation.

Besides his reviews, which are syndicated in more than...
100 newspapers nationwide, Ebert's writings make frequent appearances in magazines and journals. Esquire magazine has published his chatty, revealing interviews with stars like Paul Newman, Lee Marvin, Groucho Marx and Kirk Douglas. And at one time or another, his opinions on the art of movies have found their way into the New York Times, Saturday Review/World, Film Comment and the American Scholar.

In 1972 he became the only Chicago-based critic to be admitted to the National Society of Film Critics and in 1974 his reviews and in-depth essays brought him a Pulitzer Prize for criticism, the first time a film reviewer was honored in that category.

At 34, Ebert remains enthusiastic about the movies and their ability to magically grip the viewer. Going to films, he has said, is "a nice, dumb experience."

Ebert's career in newspapers started with an on-again, off-again relationship with the Champaign-Urbana News-Gazette that began in high school in 1958 and continued for six years. Almost without stories at the Gazette he became 1959-60 editor of the Urbana High School paper, the Echo, entered journalism school at the University and became 1963-64 editor-in-chief of the Daily Illini.

A high school football story written for the Gazette led to a 1960 Associated Press sports writing award, and Ebert's reporting on world affairs in The Daily Illini resulted in a 1963 citation from the Overseas Press Club for best coverage in a college daily. He was also 1963-64 national president of the United States Press Association.

After graduation, Ebert set out for South Africa and the University of Cape Town where he did graduate work on a Rotary Fellowship. In 1966, he entered the University of Chicago with the thought of earning his doctorate in English. But that idea fell by the wayside after he joined the features staff of the Sun-Times the same year and moved up six months later to become the paper's film critic.

Not content to work only in newspapers, Ebert has branched out into movies and television. In 1969, following a letter to soft porn filmmaker Russ Meyer, Ebert was asked to write the screenplay for Meyer's big-budget sequel to the money-making "Valley of the Dolls."

Ebert took a leave of absence to enter the world of moviemaking with "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" and turned out a story line that went as far beyond the original movie as possible. As one reviewer quipped, it took off where the first film left off and never looked back.

"It's a camp, exploitation horror musical that ends with a quadruple ritual murder and a triple wedding," Ebert calmly explained before the film's release. Other critics were not nearly so restrained in their comments once the movie came out.

For the 1973-74 public television season, Ebert hosted and co-produced "The World of Ingmar Bergman," a weekly series where he introduced and analyzed 20 Bergman films. The show won an Emmy nomination.

While capable of insightful analysis, Ebert likes to get swept away with the fervor of film action. Spending a lot of time grappling with symbols and deep meaning is "anticinematic," he once explained. To him, movies are fun.

"Movies communicate great emotions. The best directors have always known this, and they have always been able to find ways to support ideas in emotion like fruit in jello."

The best movies, he said, "find an emotional context and don't worry about messages and symbols."

### Steve Goodman

**by Nina Ovryn**

Not every University of Illinois success story has a diploma behind it. In some cases a combination of talent and charisma will suffice for the most prestigious sheep skin. So much for college education. So much for Steve Goodman.

The 28-year-old singer-songwriter from the north suburbs spent only three semesters at the University of Illinois from 1963-64, flunking everything but a French class that he passed by sleeping with the instructor.

Goodman's dark eyes twinkle as he tells the story: "came the end of the semester and she said, well you get an 'F' in French and an 'A' in, uh, extracurricular activity, and that comes out to a 'C' so you pass."

Steve Goodman is a short stub of a fellow with an intense stare and the most impish of grin. He speaks in a slow southern drawl that belies his Chicago background as he talks about the hard times that followed his departure from Illinois.

He wanted to live off of his music, but ended up as an orderly in New York City for a year and a half. He drifted to the West Coast and played with Kris Kristofferson for a while before being "discovered" by Paul Anka.

Anka and Kristofferson produced his first album, titled simply "Steve Goodman."

The album contains a recording of his elegy to the passing of the passenger train, "The City of New Orleans." The title refers to a now defunct Illinois Central train which ran from Chicago to New Orleans, and which thousands of Chicagoans took to get to and from Champaign. Goodman says he wrote the song while on his way to the University.

"City of New Orleans" is generally acknowledged to be one of the best folk songs written, but Goodman is rarely connected with it. Arlo Guthrie's version of the song brought it into the national limelight.

Goodman bears no malice towards Guthrie. "Arlo read it real well. He made it sound like a train song," he says. "If we'd cut it like that, we might have had a hit on our hands."

Goodman has become an integral part of the Chicago folk
scene, playing such northside coffeehouses as the Quiet Knight and Amazing Grace. A favorite place is the Earl of Old Town, owned by mentor Earl Pieanke. He is frequently sighted there in the company of such Chicago luminaries as Bonnie Kolac, Fred Holstein, Ginnie Clemens and John Prine.

Another friend of Goodman's, David Bromberg, is responsible for Bob Dylan's presence on the "Somebody Else's Trouble" album. Goodman says he told Bromberg that he needed a pianist. Bromberg turned up at the recording studio two hours later with the pianist — Dylan. "He asked me if I could sing harmony," Goodman says. "I thought about it and said 'Why not.'"

"It's no big deal," he says and shrugs, but Goodman can't hide his pride. Dylan's presence on the album is indicative of Goodman's growing status as a singer. He has been ranked alongside Guthrie, Dylan and Pete Seeger as a great folk talent.

Although Goodman denies it, he is capable of building a firm emotional relationship with each audience. At a recent University concert, Goodman played for two and a half hours to an enthusiastic crowd which responded to him with 12 standing ovations.

Although Goodman's reaction to his success was genuine puzzlement, he shouldn't have been surprised; he's at his best in front of an audience.

The phenomenal Goodman charm is at its best in a performace composed of songs, bad jokes and a rambling on stage rap. It's a show that lacks any semblance of structure and Goodman manages to carry it off with a quick wit and chutzpah.

His songs are filled with a sense of humor and compassion that envelope the audience in their warmth.

"I had the time of my life," Goodman told the Auditorium crowd, who obviously felt the same way.

And the feeling is that Steve Goodman can keep on giving his audiences and himself the time of their lives, he is not going to change a thing about the organized chaos in his lifestyle.

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**Philip Handler**

He has the dignified air of a gentleman scientist — tall angular, balding, with perceptive arching eyebrows. But being gentlemanly doesn't keep Philip Handler from speaking his mind.

A biochemist by profession, Handler, at 58, presides over the prestigious National Academy of Sciences, a self-electing elite of some 1,000 scientists and engineers who advise the national government. Historically, the academy has tended to speak only when spoken to, but since Handler took charge in 1969 the academy has had a voice — his.

The list of Handler's credits in public service runs page after page, tracing more than 20 years.

In that time, he's developed a voice that he feels obliged to use, whether it rises in favor of increased support to research or a realistic, pragmatic approach to the use of science in public policy.

People have become disillusioned with science, and the problem has come from people expecting too much too soon, Handler told the Wall Street Journal last year. "All too often, questions are raised after the fact. After we put 110 million autos on the road, and worry about what their exhaust does to our health, it's too late.

"And then the government wants instant answers — what are the health effects, how extensive are they? And the reality is that there's no body of scientific data to lean on. If you really want these answers, you have 10 years of research ahead."

He claims that scientists and policymakers must recognize their specific roles and coordinate their efforts to improve society. His experience allows him to speak from both perspectives.

Handler didn't start out at Illinois, but it wasn't until he arrived and spent some time at the University that he started to move up in the world. After graduating from the City College of New York at age 18, he came to Urbana, earning his master's degree in 1937 and his doctorate two years later.

Much of his time at the University was spent in a U.S. Department of Agriculture regional soy bean laboratory. On graduating, he left beans for biochemistry at Duke University where he joined the faculty. He found it to his liking and stayed. Handler is currently on leave from Duke, where he is chairman of the Department of Biochemistry-Genetics.

His research areas include evolution, enzyme action and amino acid metabolism. He has written hundreds of papers and scientific articles and is co-author of the best selling text, "Principles of Biochemistry," which is used in more than three-fourths of the nations medical schools and has been translated into several languages.

Handler's public work began in the 1950s, first with the National Institute of Health, and swelled to a list full of overlapping association with foundations, associations, colleges and study groups that is difficult to keep straight.

He was a member of the National Advisory Health Council from 1958-62, a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke, and a consultant at various times for the Veteran's Administration, the Atomic
energy Commission, the National Research Council and dozens of others. Though an advocate of the ability of science to help solve our problems if given the time and funding it needs, Han-ther has expressed doubt in the past few years that the developed nations of the world are willing or able to come to terms with the problem of world hunger. As he said in a speech in 1974: “Cruel as it may sound, if the developed nations do not intend the colossal, all-out effort consummate with task, then it may be wiser to let nature take its course, as Aristotle described it: ‘From time to time it is necessary that pestilence, famine and war prune the luxuriant growth of the Human Race.’”

To cope with our problems, he has said, all science can do is supply facts; the policymakers are left with the responsibility of putting that knowledge to use.

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Gene Shalit

Some months ago, Gene Shalit was sitting behind the news desk of NBC’s Today Show, waking up millions of sleepy-eyed Americans with one of his regular movie reviews.

Speaking in an eastern accent that occasionally seems to get caught in his mustache, Shalit was having trouble controlling his enthusiasm about the film he was reviewing, an epic entitled “Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell.” They take a hairy monster with the strength of 10, swat f the top of his head and implant the brain of a violin professor,” he explained, hardly pausing before telling viewers the result. What was it? “A hairy Heifetz who can ring down the house with his bare hands!”

Such craziness is the stock-in-trade of the 44-year-old Shalit, who has been said to resemble a “free-lance anar-chist,” but perhaps looks just as much like a man who recently stuck his finger into a wall socket and enjoyed the sensation. What he really resembles, though, is a man who enjoys his job.

As Today’s three-weekly film critic, Shalit is a friend of entertainment who punctuates his reviews with the same kind of zesty fun and zinging one-liners that he’s been writing for more than 20 years.

Son of a Lithuanian pharmacist from Morristown, N.J., Shalit’s career in journalism started in fourth grade as editor of a school paper called the “Forlorn News.” After entering the University in 1943, he dwelt on more sprightly topics, cutting a broad path through The Daily Illini while serving in a variety of writing and editorial positions.

As a sophomore in 1945, he became the first underclassman sports editor in the paper’s then 73-year history. Besides writing the “Campus Scout” column, which he filled (according to custom) with gossip and poems, Shalit wrote sports stories and even a sports column titled, characteristically enough: “What SHALIT be?” He also wrote sports for the Champaign-Urbana Courier.

After graduating in journalism in 1949, young Shalit, still sans the mustache and frizzy hair that would become his trademark, headed back to the East Coast, started his own public relations firm and began a career as a free-lance writer that continues today. Besides doing a monthly entertainment column for the Ladies Home Journal, Shalit has occasionally contributed articles to Newsday and Sport magazine. And before Look closed, Shalit was the magazine’s film critic.

His Lithuanian background showing, Shalit wrote a bitingly funny adult comic-coloring book titled “Kruschchev’s Top Secret Coloring Book; Your First Red Reader.” Page after page of line drawings were accompanied by pointed captions such as this one that appeared with a picture of a radio:

“See our radio.”

“It has such a big dial.”

“How many numbers it has.”

“How come it only gets one station?”

Shalit began broadcasting in 1971, doing book reviews on NBC’s Radio Monitor. His break into TV came after an NBC executive asked him: “Do you think you can talk out loud the way you write?” It obviously was decided he could.

Whatever he reviews, be it books, movies or television shows, Shalit follows Shalit’s Law: “The intensity of publicity is an inverse ratio to the quality.” As a former publicist he should know. And his disdain for the most dubious achievements of PR wizardry has lead to such graphic displays as reading the publicity kit for “The Great Gatsby” on the air while holding his nose.

While not a high-brow critic in anyone’s book, Shalit nonetheless maintains some high-minded ideals about television and movie content, frequently attacking gratuitous sex and violence and urging support of quality public TV.

A man who goes about his job with an exuberant sense of fun (hard for anyone who must get up before dawn to do morning TV), Shalit doesn’t hesitate to wax sentimental and retains a measure of affection for his alma mater. On a show spotlighting the state of Illinois, Shalit did a brief piece on the University of Illinois, mentioning some of its more famous graduates and punctuating the report with a clenched fist and a shout of “Oskee-Wow-Wow!”
On a cold day in March 1868, a horse-drawn cart made its way down a muddy lane between farmhouses and pastures. The cart, laden with a bed, stove and clothes, was bringing one of the first students of the new Illinois Industrial University to the only building on campus.

On a hot day in August 1975, hundreds of station wagons and U-Hauls traveled crowded highways carrying over 35,000 students, their clothing, stereos and televisions to that same institution, known today as the University of Illinois.
Few students who lounge on the quad today realize that Model T's once drove on the scene.
Seventy-seven students came to the University in 1868, each paying the required $4 for housing and $15 for tuition. The housing fee reserved spaces for students on the top two floors of the one University building, and the students could purchase coal for their stoves wholesale through the school. Few other provisions were available.

Early students nicknamed their single University building “The Elephant.” In addition to serving as a dormitory, the building provided space for classrooms, meeting rooms, a dining hall and a chapel.

Today’s students don’t have to worry about purchasing coal to warm their rooms. The new problems, however, are more fundamental — a student has to worry about being assigned to a room at all. In 1975 over 9,500 freshmen students tried to live comfortably in rooms designed for 9,004 students, and paid a $1,360 housing fee for the privilege.

In 1862, when Congress passed a bill providing federal land grants to aid state universities, Illinois began working to make college education available to more people.

But before plans for the new school began to take form a battle developed over where it would be located. Urbana was selected over other sites probably because its city supporters had a knack for winning and dining the state selection committee members.

John Milton Gregory was hired as University regent, a title which was later changed to University president. Although he had little to work with, it was up to him to form an educational institution from a plot of farm land, a five-story building and the minimal funds offered by the state.
Gregory hired instructors from across the country, developed a curriculum and began advertising to attract students.

The Illinois Industrial University was the first public college in Illinois. There were 12 other colleges in the state at that time, but all were private and several were women's seminaries.

The new school had only two entrance requirements: students had to be at least 15 years old, and had to pass a 65 question examination with a minimum 70 per cent score. Although this may sound easy, the questions would probably baffle today's students —

1. Describe the Leyden Jar, and explain its theory.
2. Through what waters will a vessel pass, and in what direction sail, in going from Glasgow to Adrianople?
3. In exchanging gold dust for cotton, by what weight would each be weighed?

Once accepted by the school, first year students had the option of taking such courses as astronomy, history of inductive sciences, evidences of Christianity, elocution and penmanship.

Students received a "practical" education as well. In addition to attending daily classes from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., each student was required to complete two hours of manual labor and three hours per week of military drilling under the instruction of a Civil War officer.

During their two hours of labor the students began to shape the new University. They planted shrubbery, trees...
and flowers, repaired the building and put up fences to keep farm animals from wandering on campus.

The University slowly took shape. In 1868 a library was built, housing $1,000 worth of books and government pamphlets. By 1871 the first monthly student publication, The Student, was printed. Four years after the school opened, a second building, the Drill Hall and Machine Shop, was added to the campus.

As the Illinois Industrial University expanded, there was some question about direction of educational growth. Gregory stressed the need for a liberal education to include literature, language study and philosophy. Opponents wanted to eliminate such “frivolous” studies and keep agriculture and industry related courses prominent for men. Education for women was to consist mostly of learning the arts of elocation, music, gardening and raising poultry. But through Gregory’s perserverance, the University developed into more than a technical institution.

When Gregory resigned in 1880, 27 male and three female faculty members were employed by the University. Student enrollment reached 434 — 322 men and 112 women.

The University has since expanded to include three campuses across the state with over 175 buildings in Champaign-Urbana alone.

John Milton Gregory’s dream of a far ranging University has come true today. And as written on a stone marking his grave between Altgeld and the Administration Building: “If you seek his monument, look about you.”

photographs by Tom Harm
The lecture hall is quiet except for the rustling of test papers. A teaching assistant paces the aisles, watching for cheaters but hoping not to see them. Then he sees a small piece of paper flutter out of a student's hands to the floor. The student knows he has been caught, but puts his foot over the cheat sheet. "Lift up your foot," the TA tells him. Nervously, the student does so and they both look at the floor. There is nothing there. "Sorry," says the TA, embarrassed. He walks away and the student peels the paper off the bottom of his shoe.

He was lucky. Every semester, dozens of students are caught cheating. Last year, two students were dismissed for "academic irregularities," according to Tom Morgan, executive director of the office of discipline.

The rigors of academia have inspired a number of creative ways to cheat. Some students write answers on their cuffs, on tiny pieces of paper inserted in clear pens, or on the bottoms or sides of tennis shoes. Some even write key formulas on their desk tops the day before the test.

Who cheats and why? Ed Diener, professor of psychology, did a study of 402 students in 1972. The students took a survey which divided them into Jesus people, the very religious, the unreligious and atheists. Later on that semester, they were asked to take home one of their exams and grade it. Diener found that over half the students gave themselves better scores than they deserved or changed their original answers, and that religious sentiments made no difference in how much a person cheated. He also found that an equal number of males and females cheated.

Students themselves give various reasons for cheating. One girl explained that although she feels cheating is wrong, she has cheated occasionally when she felt that her grade was in jeopardy.

"I've never cheated on anything important," said another student. "But that's just my rationalization." He said he frequently checks his answers with a neighbor and admitted he would probably cheat on something "important" if he was desperate for a grade. "Morality doesn't enter into it, I know it's wrong."

"It's a double standard, I know," said one. "But I feel premeditated cheating is more wrong than checking answers."

Statistics are understandably hard to obtain, but the consensus seems to be that undergraduates cheat more than graduate students and that there is a higher incidence of cheating in pre-med courses. "Cheaters are a terrible burden to other students," said Doug Applequist, professor of chemistry. "How can they compete? It's very frustrating for them."

Although several students said they would not ever cheat, they readily admitted giving help to neighbors or friends during exams.

"A very good friend of mine would always sit next to me and copy off of my test," said one student. "Then one day we wouldn't let him and he got mad and wouldn't talk to me."

At the next test he sat next to someone who was really smart and copied off of him. He cheated on every test and got an A for the course."

Officially, a student can be flunked or dismissed for cheating, but usually an incident is handled by the professor.

Opinions vary widely among faculty and staff as to how cheating should be handled. Morgan feels that all cheaters should be expelled. "They always have the option to come back," he said. "Then they prize going to school and are more mature."

Most professors, however, do not have as stringent views as Morgan.

Applequist said, "The best way to handle cheating is to try to prevent it. I usually turn cheaters over to the department head, but if I see someone peaks at another's test, I just move him."

Administrators and teachers realize that there will be cheating as long as there are stressful situations which induce it. One solution was tried at a private university. There cheating was not only allowed but encouraged since professors felt students would learn more by comparing answers and teaching each other than they would in a regular test situation.

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**Cheaters of the Year**

First prize in cheating unanimously goes to the ingenious student who managed to not only cancel a final for himself, but for his entire class. His method? Taping a note to the door of his test room announcing the professor had been called out of town and there would be no exam. Since it was the last day of finals, the class took off and the teacher wound up with an empty class room. Honorary mentions go to:

The "Dress-Up" Method--The female coed wears a dress to the exam and writes vital information on her leg. She just lifts up her skirt to take a peek and has an instant defense if someone attempts to check out her resources.

The "Cold" Method--Important facts are jotted down on a piece of kleenex and the student periodically sneezes to refresh the memory.

The "Math" Method--Key information is written on calculator buttons.

The "Get-the-Lead-Out" Method--Vital facts are printed on transparent tape and wrapped around one's pencils.
"I can't wait to get out of this place" seems to be a current cry around campus. Blame it on the atmosphere, the people or the Midwest — almost everyone falls in a rut every now and then and gets the urge to leave town.

Although some may not realize it, there is a way to get away from it all. In fact, there are several if you'll settle for a weekend or even a day of escape. All it takes is a little looking around to see that this University is within reasonable distance of all kinds of getaways for all kinds of people.

For the student who prefers the big city for a change, Chicago is close and easy to get to by bus or train. It's possible to spend a Saturday or even a whole weekend in Chicago for a relatively low cost. About $20 will pay for a room in either the near north or downtown areas. Old Town, Michigan Avenue and State Street are great places for shopping or just looking around. Take a walk to the Field Museum of Natural History, the Shedd Aquarium or the Museum of Science and Industry. Sample the art galleries along Ontario Street by day or the folk music along Lincoln by night. You can even catch a performance of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

If this is too familiar, you can try St. Louis for a change. About $30 per person will pay for three days and two nights double occupancy in the area around Six Flags Amusement Park. Some Six Flags packages even include the use of a Vega with unlimited mileage. St. Louis also offers the 630-foot Gateway Arch and the famous St. Louis Zoo.

Cities, of course, aren't for everyone. The nature scene is for those looking for rest and relaxation outdoors style. With only a day to spare, Allerton Park in Piatt County is perfect for picnics and "tame" hiking. For easy access, there's Lake of the Woods in Champaign County. Kickapoo

Weekend
by Andrea Horwich
Creek State Park has some challenging landscapes, plus camping facilities.

If you have more time, Turkey Run near Crawfordsville, Indiana, is farther away but worth the trip. The camping rates are cheap and the natural creeks and cliffs are free. Shades State Park, a few miles away, is equally good. It's not as well known as Turkey Run, but the park is only a mile away from Pine Ridge Nature Reserve. The cliffs are steeper, higher and even more breathtaking at the nature reserve than those at Turkey Run. However, for those not up for that kind of serious climbing, there are milder trails back at Shades Park.

Besides hiking and camping, canoe trips can be arranged near both parks, although rates are somewhat steep. Horseback riding, another favorite activity, is found at the Big Q Ranch in Paxton for $3.50 per hour on weekdays and $4 on weekends and holidays. The people are friendly and the guides let individuals ride according to their ability.

City and country aren't the only escapes. For those historically inclined, a jaunt to Springfield can last a day or more. Aside from the Illinois State Government buildings, the Old State Capitol is still around. There are also driving tours that you can take around the city, where Abraham Lincoln lore abounds. You can glimpse into the pasts of all kinds of people, via Abe Lincoln's home, law office and tomb and the home of Vachel Lindsay.

All it takes is a little looking around to see that this University is within resonable distance of all kinds of getaways for all kinds of people.

Twenty miles northwest of Springfield is New Salem State Park in Menard County, which offers you a chance to walk through the log cabin village and view crafts and activities of Lincoln's time, including candlemaking, baking, the blacksmith's trade and the operation of an old grist mill.

Not far from there is the Illinois Country Opry, the third largest country music show in the nation. In addition to its own talent, top Nashville performers appear regularly.

A weekend getaway can prove to be a well-needed and invigorating change from campus and Champaign-Urbana. There are spots for both the rich and poor, as well as the mobile and the careless. With some imagination, planning and the desire for a change of pace, anyone can take a weekend vacation and come back to classes with a fresher outlook.
A separate peace

photographs and text
by Shiela Reaves

Turning on to the wide streets, a sign welcomes visitors to a "town of progress" while cars pass the black horse-drawn carriages.

From across the street a man in black garb waves and slows his walk. Charmed tourists approach him, eager to talk to a figure from the past.

They are Amish and their town is Arthur, 35 miles south of Champaign. Their ways are simple, if not barren, trying to preserve 17th century life.

Discarding electricity, plumbing and engines, they cling gently but firmly to their traditions. They live frugally by farming or running custom shops which also serve as tourist spots.

But one cannot mix the austere beliefs of a people fighting change with a complicated world where change is a way of life.
What a way to make a living!

Lisa Wigoda

by Elaine Raffel

Champaign Cycle Co. owner Jim Harding found a market for bicycles in Champaign-Urbana, but feels that working in a university town is consistently a challenge.

It may not be the easiest or the quickest way to make a buck, but according to several Champaign-Urbana businessmen who have opened up shop within the last six years, being self-employed can be rewarding, challenging and exciting.

According to these relatively new shop owners, a college education did not specifically prepare them for the business world, nor was it a prime influence in the type of store they chose to open. Opinions about whether or not a college degree is beneficial to the individual who plans to open a business vary. While some owners and University people say an education provides an important, solid and varied background, others say universities offer only limited training and may even steer prospective businessmen in the wrong direction.

Some C-U businessmen, all in their 20's, have various reasons for becoming self-employed. These factors range from exceptional skill and interest in a particular field to the inability to locate a job in connection with their majors. Other say that their businesses were opened to obtain financial stability.

Reasons for choosing to run stores in a university town also differ. Some say they like the atmosphere and people on a college campus, while for others the C-U area is home.

Ralph Senn owner of Garcia’s pizza, said the college community is his market, and his business is geared entirely to this tightly-knit segment.

About the advantages four years at the University of Illinois had on the business, Senn, a 1969 graduate in advertising, said, “With a college education I should be able to

Two Good Vibes owners do some of the necessary paper work that goes along with running a business.
make a pizza."

Garcia's first opened in April 1971 with only Senn and co-owner Joe Ream working. Now there are four parlors and about 160 full and part-time workers.

Despite the success of the business, Senn said he had not always planned to open a pizza place. After graduation he applied for several jobs in the Chicago area. "You can walk out of college with a degree, but nobody gives you your first chance," he said. "So instead, Joe and I decided to make our own company and hire us."

Neither Senn nor Ream had any previous business experience and soon learned there was more to running the company than simply producing a product. "We found that being customer-oriented was an essential part of being successful. By providing quick service, a nice view and quality food, we make our customers happy and comfortable."

Combining originality, creativity and determination, one idea metamorphized into another for Garcia's owners, beginning with their Flying Tomato Brothers theme. "Some ideas were so crazy we figured they'd have to work," Senn said. "The nice thing is that since it's your business and your money, it's your decision."

Lester Karplus, owner of Butterbur's Inn, a health food restaurant in Urbana, said the opportunity for creativity and the liberty to initiate change are two of the major benefits of being self-employed. Knowing what will be successful comes mainly from experimentation and learning from mistakes.

"You don't always make as much money, but you've got a lot more freedom to do different things," Karplus said. "There are many subtle rewards not found when you're working for someone else."

Unlike Garcia's market, which caters to students, Butterbur's Inn depends on the community for about 60 per cent of its business. Similarly, however, Karplus said he saw a potential market in the C-U area, and opened his vegetarian restaurant when the opportunity arose.

Karplus was also a UI graduate, receiving his degree in philosophy in 1974. After working in Champaign for a mental health center, he soon found his role very ineffective and was disappointed with the center's method of doing things. "I tried other places and other communities and didn't find the situation much better so I decided to start my own business."

"School prepares you in the wrong direction to go into business," he said. "Students should learn more about social adaptability and problem solving."

A different viewpoint, expressed by Nathan Helman, chairman of a counseling service affiliated with the Small Business Administration (SBA) in Chicago, is that the lack of an adequate business background is one of the main reasons for a shop failing. Helman said he tells prospective owners that they've got to know about marketing, management and financial management so they know what their problems are and how to meet them.

"You can walk out of college with a degree, but nobody gives you your first chance."

Both Senn and Karplus have been successful, corresponding with a 1974 Dun and Bradstreet study showing that restaurants are one of the least likely businesses to fail. The failure rate per 10,000 eateries last year totaled only 19 per cent, compared to men's clothing at 73 per cent and women's wear at 62 per cent.

Steve Wieman and Ray Marion, who graduated from the University in the early '70s faced a large failure rate (40 per cent) when they opened an audio and high-fidelity shop in Urbana in May 1974.

Wieman said their goal in opening Pro Musica was to "put some integrity back into a business which has virtually become corrupt."

He likes to perform an educational function and talk to customers about hi-fi the way the professionals do. "It's disturbing to see how naive and susceptible people are to mass marketing techniques," he explained. "At a certain
point in time you have to speak up. I did it by opening up this business."

Money was not a top priority or expectation with Pro Musica, according to Wieman. "We want to be straightforward and truthful with customers, although it's not always the best way to be," he said. "The trick is finding a palatable way to tell them the truth."

Wieman and Marion, who run their business in the living room of a house to reduce overhead expenses, have found their setup to be extremely beneficial. "We don't want to put pressure on ourselves to say anything we don't want to say," Wieman said. "We can also maintain a more personal relationship with our customers."

When one feels strongly about a product or service, Wieman believes that running a business in that area can be very satisfying. He said people are shallow if they're not really interested in what they're selling.

He feels his success with Pro Musica came about in spite of, rather than because of college. "Universities aren't business or career-oriented," Wieman said. "I did what I wanted to get something out of school."

University Commerce Dean John Lars Johnson said there are very few students at the University who have expressed an interest in starting their own business. "Most don't specifically say that's what they want to do. Usually they'll go out and work for someone else first," he said.

"University students make you stay on top of it all. They just don't accept something, they want to know why."

Johnson feels that it's more profitable for an individual to get training at a larger and comparable agency. "One should get involved in a profession in order to learn," he said.

When it comes to a college education, Johnson feels the businessman should be a "generalist." He suggested basic business courses along with classes in organizational management, behavior, accounting, psychology and marketing. Combined, he said, these will provide the student with a good general business and cultural background.

He also acknowledged the importance of getting both educational and practical experience.

In 1969, only eight of 631 business schools offered courses in starting new businesses. In 1974, the number grew to 59, and 12 more universities were making plans to add courses in this area.

Generally, the main advantages of small businesses are their flexibility, the ability to concentrate on smaller market segments, more incentive to give special attention to the customer and the opportunity to produce a better product. The biggest problem is the cost and availability of capital.

According to Jim Harding, owner of the Champaign Cycle Company, being capitalized properly is important before starting out in business "unless you dig starving."

Harding said when he opened his shop in 1969, there were several things he hadn't previously realized about going into business. "I should have borrowed more money, built up an inventory and then paid back the loans. Instead I just tried investing the turn-over," he said.

Location is also a key consideration, according to Harding, who has one shop hidden a block off of Springfield Avenue near Country Fair Shopping Center in Champaign and a second on-campus. "You should get a place where people can see you, even if it's a higher rent," he said.

Even more basic, Harding stressed the need to check out the town one wants to open up shop in. "It's important to make sure the town is not saturated with your product," he said. "Before investing, one should check the turn-over of businesses within a community, as well as the types and ages of individuals in the area."

Because of the University, Harding felt there was the need for a bicycle shop and enough potential customers to be successful.

However, he said working in a college town is consistently a challenge. "University students make you stay on top of it all," he said. "They just don't accept something, they want to know why."

Before opening his own stores, Harding had worked in a bicycle shop during high school, but had no formal business experience. He spent two years at Southern Illinois University in the design curriculum, but after seeing what he called the "politics of design," he decided to quit school and go into business for himself.

According to Seven Firstzta, a co-owner of Good Vibes stereo shop in Campustown, one can learn more about busi-
ness, management and people on-the-job than anywhere else.  

"When you own a business, you're involved in all aspects of the decision-making process and responsible for the consequences of those decisions," he said. "There's also the inclination to take a more intense interest in your job when it's your own money at stake."

First chose to invest in Good Vibes because he likes music, had previously sold stereo equipment and saw tremendous opportunities with the company.

He said he thought about interviewing after graduating from Illinois in 1974 with an economics degree, and even went so far as to buy a suit.

"But I found the idea of working for a big company where no one knew who I was appalling," he said.

First decided to stay in the C-U area because people on a college campus are "constantly having a good time and there's more interaction than in a large city."

Walter Jones, owner of The Donut Shop in Urbana, has different reasons for opening up his shop near the University campus. Jones said he invested money in the business because he needed a way of generating income to finish his and his wife's educations. Hoping to eventually get into medical school, Jones is currently a psychology graduate student working on his Ph.D. He also received a business degree from Loyola in 1969.

Jones said he has learned that a self-run business can be extremely profitable. "The stories about retailers and busi-

'Every customer is your boss, and that can be awful.'
Man, which one of you beautiful chiquitas is Carmen?! Blonde hair—shoulder length—and wearing a bright red shirt! Hotcha! Carmen? Carmen?!
The Match Game

by Elaine Raffel

illustrations by Becky Stringer

Everyone fantasizes about that special person in this world meant only for them — the person who will make their hearts throb and all their dreams come true. Certainly such an individual exists for us all. But unfortunately, the search for that "one and only" could take days or even years to complete.

Most typical students just don't have that kind of time to spend. No matter how much they may want to find their mate, or the number of hours they're willing to devote to the hunt, the end result may still prove futile.

Last fall, however, the Illini Union Student Activities (IUSA) program board sponsored a computer dating service designed to match interested students with compatible partners. According to chairperson Barry Weinberg, his first impression of the idea was that only losers would utilize such a service. "Eventually, though, I saw it as not only possible, but a new and different possibility," he said.

IUSA orginally got the idea for the project from Indiana University, where it was done in the spring of 1975. Using Indiana's questionnaire format with a few variations, Weinberg said the "everybody's doing it" theme was adopted.

The form itself stated the program was for everyone — jocks, jerks, junkies, hippies, Greeks, dormies and townies. IUSA would not guarantee a "dreamdate," but predicted that the sharing of interests, attitudes and values could lead to a rewarding friendship.

"The basic idea was to meet new people and have a good time," Weinberg said. "It was not intended to be taken too seriously."

About 5,000 students at the University decided to try their luck, 3,200 males and 1,800 females. This 1.7 to 1 ratio is only slightly higher than the 1.5 to 1 ratio of all students on campus.

Weinberg said that IUSA had hoped for more balance and that "more people would have been matched that way."

The program was organized so that respondents filled out a form, stating general background information, interests and attitudes. Physical appearance qualifications and certain disqualifying factors (age, sex, height, nationality, religion and marital status) limited potential matches. All questionnaires were then fed into the computer, responses compared and the closest mates were reported.

Students received print-outs with the first names and telephone numbers of three to 15 prospects. Those who could not be paired off received refunds.

According to Weinberg, over 500 individuals were given their money back.

"The problem was a shortage of female applicants, and that some people were too specific about what they wanted," he said.

Along with the names, IUSA included money-saving coupons to campus bars and restaurants.

Of the students who signed up, most said they did so out of curiosity and to see what would happen.

Senior Louise Gilmore said she tended not to meet anyone out of her curriculum and wanted to get to know different kinds of people.

"It was a funny and sort of risky thing to do," she said. "I wasn't worked up about really meeting someone. I wanted to meet some new friends and maybe somebody to go out with occasionally."

Gilmore said she played pool, pinball and went drinking with her matches.

"One guy, especially, is a good, solid drinking partner," she said, "and another I really liked."

Because the program was sponsored by the University, Gilmore said she felt more comfortable about going out with the people who called her. "Actually, meeting through the computer is not all that much different than falling drunk into someone's arms at a party."

Senior Scott LaCoursiere said he transferred from a junior college and wasn't meeting any people, so he decided to sign up. Unlike many of the other respondents, LaCoursiere said he had serious intentions about meeting a mate.

"Most of the girls I talked to asked a lot of questions," he said. "One even wanted to know my plans for the future."

Two of LaCoursiere's matches were roommates and he said he didn't know what he planned to do about it.

A similar situation occurred in an apartment of four females who signed up. According to Junior Claudia Franz, one guy came over and asked for three of them. The computer also matched one of the woman's boyfriend with another of the roommates.

"We all just did it for fun," Franz said. "The phone never stopped ringing."

Junior Nancy Guadagnolo said she crossed off a few after talking to them on the phone. "I decided one wasn't for me when he asked me what I jived to and if I scuba dived."

Although meeting matches was novel at first, Junior Gloria Hinrichs said she just didn't have time to meet all of her prospects. "I got 15 names and have only contacted six."

"All of them were different, too," she said. "The questions were too general to pin point an ideal mate."

Weinberg predicts, IUSA may repeat the program, although he said it wouldn't be right away because "It would lose its originality."

"It's good to see people are adventurous and willing to try something different," he said. "And for $3.50, it's a relatively inexpensive way to have some fun."
"Hi. Is Emily there?"
"This is Emily."
"Hi. My name is Bernie, and, uh, well, I should be on your list."

"My list? Oh! You mean computer dating? Listen, would you mind calling back later? I've got this group of people over working on a class project. OK? Thanks. Bye."

Ah, I thought to myself as I heard the beautiful click of the telephone resounding through my brain. She sounded nice. So what if I have to wait another two hours to talk to her? We had a 96th percentile match-up of attitudes and values. What could better indicate that we were made for each other? So what if she talks fast?

"Hi. Is Emily there?"
"This is Emily."
"It's Bernie again."

"Listen, I'm really sorry, but I'm on the other line. How about if I call you back in three minutes? OK? Thanks. Bye."

So what if each one of Emily's minutes is three to the rest of the world. She's still OK by me.

"Is Bernie there? Hi. This is Emily. Listen, I really am sorry I took so long, but it was long distance. Anyhow, howaya doing?"

"Oh, pretty good. How about yourself?"

"The same. I've been really busy lately. Lots of homework and things."

"Yeah. Me too. Uh, what do you study?" (Real darn original, I though to myself.)

"I'm in advertising," she said.

Finally a plus, I thought. I was in it for a year. We've got something to talk about.

Just then there was this funny clicking sound.

"That's our other line. Hold on for a minute, OK?" Click. She sure is a busy one.

Click, "I really am sorry, but I got another long distance call. Could you call back in a while? OK? Thanks. Bye."

Somehow, the vision of sweet Emily molded of fine cane sugar was getting rained on and starting to ooze out of shape.

"Hi. Emily?"

"Bernie? Listen, I'm sorry, but I'm still on the other line. Could I call you back? OK? Thanks. Bye."

I could see it was time to be moving on. There's more than one fish in the sea, like my dad used to say, and there's a whopping 13 names on my list.

...I'll call you
by Bernie Schoenburg

"Hi. Is Emily there?"
"This is Emily."
"Hi. My name is Bernie, and, uh, well, I should be on your list."

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"Listen, I'm really sorry, but I'm on the other line. How about if I call you back in three minutes? OK? Thanks. Bye."

So what if each one of Emily's minutes is three to the rest of the world. She's still OK by me.
“Hi. Is Sandy there?”
“That’s me.”
“Well, hi. This is Bernie. I’m one of your computer people.”
“Oh, hi.”
Conversation.
“I gotta make some conversation.”
“Uh, what do you study?” (My originality is almost too much to take, I thought.)
“I’m in outdoor recreation. Right now, I just about live to go camping. I go hiking a lot and I go skiing as often as I can. I like swimming, too, and I go over to the IMPE pool a lot.”
How can this be? Our highest matchup was a 91 in shared interests. But the things she likes to do are exactly those things I have no interest in whatsoever. Ah, well, no reason to stop now.
“You feel like going out for a beer or something?” I said. “I don’t drink beer.”
Now I know somebody made a mistake. “Well, how about a cup of coffee?”
“Ooh. That sounds good. That way we can check each other out.”
“Uh, yeah.”
I got to Sandy’s apartment about a half hour later. It was right near campustown. When she came downstairs I was impressed.

We walked over to Buddies and Zadies. I figured the atmosphere would be pretty good to talk.
“Can I help you?” asked the guy behind the counter.
I ordered hot chocolate. Sandy said she wanted tea.
“What do you mean, tea? Look behind you. We got all kinds,” the counterman said.
“Peppermint,” she said.
We walked back and found a little table against the wall. The conversation wasn’t exactly coming easy. She kept talking in almost a whisper and I kept saying “What?” It wasn’t exactly the most romantic of situations.
Finally, after a long 20 minutes, we left. I started walking in the direction of her apartment, but I noticed she was just standing there on the corner.
“I’m going to Murphy’s,” she said.
I stood there looking at her with my mouth kinda half open. I couldn’t figure out what to say.
“Does that mean good night?” I finally got out.
“Yup,” she said, and disappeared into the pub.
I walked home, tried to put all the absurdity of the night out of my mind and went to bed. I couldn’t help being just a little excited, though. I still had 11 names to check out ....
In the mid-60s, two Columbia students announced they were living together without a marriage certificate. They got headline coverage in the New York Times and a cover story in Life magazine. Today that announcement would get little more than a raised eyebrow.

Cohabitation, no longer just an experimental fad on university campuses, is being both practiced and accepted by a rapidly growing number of students. The decision to live together is being made thoughtfully and carefully. Cohabiting couples tend to put more value on the emotional attachment, sharing and companionship they receive from the relationship, than they do on the sexual aspect of the arrangement.

According to Eleanor D. Macklin, a Cornell University social scientist, the number of students deciding to live together has grown because happiness is now a greater concern. Other reasons are the change in attitudes of and about women and the availability of effective birth control. College relationships have also become more intensified, open and equal, therefore influencing couples to do what they want to, rather than what they feel is expected of them.

Studies conducted by Macklin have shown no decline in scholastic performance, no increase in promiscuity and no excessive emotional problems resulting from cohabitation. Students also are not viewing their residency as a trial marriage, but prefer to consider it a way to know someone more intensely and intimately.

This University has followed the pattern of other campuses with the number of cohabiting students increasing every semester. Upperclassmen are more likely to be involved in cohabitation arrangements because of University housing regulations for freshmen and sophomores. Other
Students are viewing their residency as a way to know someone more intensely and intimately.

studies have shown that participants generally come from larger cities, are in communication-oriented majors and do not have strong religious convictions.

The personality of the cohabiting individual cannot be generalized. Couples who decide to live together are as different as their reasons for doing so. As the trend expands, the "liberal or free-spirited" individuals are no longer the only ones taking part.

Despite the significant growth of acceptance by college-age people, parental approval is not as readily attained. Surveys taken at Cornell showed that over 80 per cent of cohabiting students kept their living arrangements secret from their parents. The situation at Illinois is similar and most students do not want to identify themselves when interviewed on the subject. They seem more comfortable using their first names though no one was at all ashamed of his or her living situation.

"It's not that I don't get along with my parents," said Pam, a senior in political science. "But it's because we are so close that I wouldn't want to tell them. I know they'd be hurt, and even though I'm a legal adult, I still feel responsible to my parents."

Alan, first-year law student, said, "My parents really like Pam and for that reason she doesn't want me to tell them. I'm not exactly sure how they'd react."

Tim, a senior in biology, said he is sure his parents know about his living situation, although he hasn't come out and told them. "They don't want to admit it to themselves, so to keep things peaceful, I haven't talked openly about it. Somehow, though, our place just doesn't look like one that a group of guys would share," he said.

The arrangement at Tim's is different than most other cohabitation setups. He lives with Nan, a senior in communications, and they share a house with their two closest friends, Tom, a senior in business and Ann, a senior in communications.

Even though Tom and Ann aren't dating, Nan said the four of them now have a better and deeper friendship. "It's not an ordinary situation and people often look twice when they find out. But we all work to keep it running smoothly," she said.

Nan added that it has also worked well because her parents think she is living with Ann.

Marla, a senior in home economics, said she told her
“Marriage has its place in time, but now it would hamper our goals.”

parents about her arrangement from the start. “At this stage, I don’t ask for approval anymore. I just try to make them understand what I do,” she said. “Of course my father was apprehensive at first — afraid I might get hurt. But once I convinced him that I wasn’t afraid, I think he accepted the situation completely.”

Marla lives with Jay, a first year medical student, who said that parents in general think living together is precursory to marriage.

“It’s not necessarily true,” he said. “Marriage has its place in time, but now it would hamper our goals in finishing school. It’s possible, but just not yet. There’s so much more we both have to do.”

Nan said she and Tim have also discussed the possibility of getting married. “We talk about it, think about it, but have no plans.”

Tim said, “We just don’t know what we’ll be doing next year after graduation. We’ve got to consider our jobs.”

Individual career plans are a primary factor in postponing marriage for some cohabiters. Pam said, “I put too much into my education and place too much emphasis on my career to forfeit it for marriage. This is not to say I can’t have both, but Alan and I are going to look for jobs at opposite ends of the map. We just accept one another’s decision.”

This liberated viewpoint is becoming more common among college women. But despite the abandonment of former sex roles where careers are concerned, many of the typical male-female stereotypes still prevail in most cohabiting arrangements.

Marla does both the cooking and the grocery shopping, although Jay washes the dishes. “We try to split the household duties,” Jay said, “but I’m not as conscientious.”

Marla, however, rationalized, “He’s got more school work, so I have time to do more.”

Tim, Nan, Tom and Ann have also tried to divide work evenly by rotating four main household jobs every week. They each take a turn at cleaning the kitchen, living room, bathroom and taking out the garbage.

Yet, Ann admitted she and Nan still wind up with most of the work, although this claim provoked a loud protest from Tim and Tom. “She’s talking about the menial work,” Tom said in reference to dishwashing. “We do the handyman chores.”

Obviously, minor disagreements are inevitable in any living arrangement. Marla said she and Jay both decided at the start that if they ever felt the need or desire to go out with someone else, they were free to do so. “But so far that hasn’t happened yet,” she said.

Tom was open in saying that periodic arguments do take place. “Yet we always find a way to compromise and work it out,” he said. “We all gave it serious thought before moving
in. Once the lease was signed, we each accepted responsibility for a quarter of the rent, even if we moved out.”

Alan said he and Pam try not to let themselves argue over unimportant issues because they’re determined to prove that their living together was the right decision.

“We fight less now than before we shared an apartment. I think it’s due to a conscious effort to get along, as well as a deeper understanding of each other’s feelings,” he said.

Pam did accept a date once while living with Alan. “This adorable guy in one of my classes started paying a lot of attention to me, and naturally I loved every minute of it. When he finally asked me out for a drink, I just couldn’t say no. Because of Alan, I told him I’d meet him and I guess he took that as a sure sign of the liberated woman. But unfortunately he insisted on taking me home. I hoped Alan had gone out, but there he was sitting up, waiting for me.

“The guy never did call me back,” she added.

The question of privacy is another consideration before making the decision to cohabitate. Jay said their apartment is big enough to have privacy. “It’s a matter of respecting each other’s needs, including the need to spend time alone.”

Pam said she feels she has improved her study habits since living with Alan because they no longer feel the obligation to entertain each other. “If I want to study, I don’t have to feel guilty for not talking. No explanations are necessary,” she said. Jay and Marla also related the scholarly benefit that living together has shown. “The time I save from not having to go back and forth between apartments alone is enough to make a difference in my school work,” Jay said.

The cost of keeping two separate residences, but spending most of the time together, leads to another advantage of cohabitation.

Tim said he and Nan practically lived together their junior year, but had to pay for two separate apartments. “The money was a big part of the hassle of living by ourselves across campus from each other.”

Marla and Jay, however, admitted that they aren’t saving any money, because what they save on rent they put into the apartment.

“Our place has become a home instead of a transitional stop-over. I enjoy spending time here,” Jay said.

Tim also said he feels living together makes him feel differently about where he lives. “We’ve got such a nice house, I just don’t care to go anywhere once I get home.”

Pam summarized her feelings: “I know Alan’s there because he wants to be, not because he has to be.”

According to Marla, couples get closer from living together. “I found I didn’t really know Jay until we got our own apartment. Now I know every mood, every movement. If we do end up together we’ll know for sure it’s the right thing. It’s a good way to enter a marriage.”
Summer in C-U
...time to take it easy
photographs by Chris Walker
Dope scene: going to pot

by Alyson Sulaski

"Half the people I know smoke dope," says Jim, a sophomore in business. "It's all over the place. You don't go to a party too often without seeing somebody turn on.

"It's not hard to get the stuff. One guy I know usually gets it for me and my friends. When we want it, it's no problem."

Another University student said that most of the people on her floor smoke a lot. "But I just do it once in a while, like on weekends or something. I don't think it can really hurt you, as long as you don't do it ALL that often," she said.

JoAnne, a freshman in LAS noted that you can walk through the dorm at any time of the day and smell marijuana coming from somewhere. "But I don't use it because I think it's too risky — I'd rather be caught drinking."

One student disagreed saying that smoking is better. "It's not as messy as getting drunk and you don't have to worry about getting sick or having a hangover. That's enough of a reason for me."

And that may also be enough reason for the more than 50 million people of all ages who will have smoked marijuana by the end of 1975, according to one drug study.

One out of every seven Americans has already tried it and most students agree that marijuana use is rising on campuses today, while the widespread use of the "hard stuff" has diminished.

Last year, the Metropolitan Enforcement Group (MEG)
Stick this in your pipe... By Arnold Cook

If marijuana was the fad of the 1960’s, it has now emerged as the sensation of the 70’s.

Statistically, this is an undisputable fact. Figures for 1965 show there were only a few million Americans who had used marijuana, the vast majority having only tried the drug. In 10 years these figures have skyrocketed. The National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse now estimates that over 30 million Americans have tried the drug, and nearly half of these smoke on a regular basis. The number of heavy or daily smokers is unknown, but 5 million would not be an unreasonable guess.

The number of arrests for possession and sale of marijuana has paralleled the steady increase in use. In 1965, only 18,800 persons were arrested for marijuana-related offenses. This figure jumped to 292,200 in 1972, and by 1974 reached an amazing 420,000. Over 90 percent of these arrests were for simple possession.

The expense of prosecuting and processing marijuana-related offenses is also increasing steadily. Illinois spent $20 million in this area in 1975.

The legal status of marijuana has gone through drastic changes in the 1970’s. The realization of the relative harmlessness of the drug has been accompanied by a number of sound arguments for the removal of all criminal penalties for private possession and use.

Criminal laws punishing marijuana smokers are widely viewed as an ineffective deterrent to use. The laws are selectively enforced and penalties are unreasonably harsh and disparate among different jurisdictions. Some argue that they engender disrespect for all laws and distrust of both the agents and institutions of the government.

Public officials across the country believe the criminal penalties for marijuana stifle the already overburdened criminal justice system with the processing of thousands of minor arrests. Others argue that busting the marijuana user diverts costly law enforcement resources away from the control of serious crimes. And there is almost unanimous agreement that the marijuana laws destroy the credibility of drug education programs which seek to inform youth of the very real dangers of hard drug use.

NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, a non-profit, public-interest lobby, came into existence in the early 1970’s. Rolling Stone magazine said of NORML, “it is not the only group working for marijuana reform, but it is the most prestigious and the most successful organization: it has set the style for an effective approach to the issue.”

NORML played a leading role in decriminalizing marijuana in Oregon in 1973. An Oregon district attorney, Pat Horton, reported the success of this new law, which would make the penalty for possession of small amounts of the substance similar to a parking ticket.

Horton said the Oregon courts have been unclogged and the police have more time to pursue serious crimes. Of equal importance is the substantial improvement of respect for police by young people.

A number of influential people and organizations have endorsed recommendations for decriminalization of marijuana. These include the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, the American Bar Association, the National Council of Churches, the National Education Association, the American Public Health Association and the Governing Board of the American Medical Association.

The list of personal endorsers include William F. Buckley Jr., Ann Landers, Illinois Senators Charles Percy and Adlai Stevenson III and Representative Abner Mikva.

Apparently, some state legislators have been influenced by the success of decriminalization in Oregon. In the past 18 months, Alaska, Maine, California, Colorado, Ohio and the District of Columbia have passed legislation decriminalizing private use. It now appears to be only a matter of time before a number of other states follow suit.

What will become of the “sensation of the 70’s”? Some people contend it is only a fad that kids will soon tire of. But Consumer Reports said, “It is now much to late to debate the issue of marijuana versus no marijuana. Marijuana is here to stay.”

made several drug arrests on campus that resulted in panic among many student drug-users. Some believed that there was a statewide effort to catch drug-users, since dorms were raided in a similar manner just a few months earlier at Illinois State University and Southern Illinois University.

The MEG unit is made up of individuals representing Champaign, Rantoul, Urbana, the University and the state. They are sent to investigate problems after being contacted by any of those cities’ police departments.

In early February 1975, a freshman in LAS was charged with possession of drugs after University police allegedly observed him holding a plastic bag containing suspected marijuana in a basement hallway of Oglesby Hall.

On February 18, narcotics officials searched the room of a freshman in Fine Arts at 7 a.m. He was charged with unlawful possession of 30 to 500 grams of marijuana.

Under the Canabis Control Act of the Illinois Revised Statutes, possession of over 30 grams of marijuana is a felony punishable by one to three years imprisonment for first offenders. Upon conviction, first offenders are eligible for a reduced sentence of one year probation. After one year, the offender’s record may be erased. The penalty for person previously convicted of unlawful possession is one to ten years.

Another drug raid occurred in the same month at the University and two male students in Engineering were ar-
rested and charged with possession of drugs after MEG agents entered their Weston Hall room on Feb. 25. Bond for the two students was set at $5,000, an amount labeled "extreme" by Student Legal Service Attorney Robert Finch.

Many believed that the student arrests were based on some type of informant system.

"Everybody is telling everyone else that they should be really careful about who they talk to and what they say — I'm pretty sure the cops have paid off people to narc on us," said one dorm resident.

 Witnesses in Weston Hall said a young black who called himself Duane, was seen during the week asking residents where he could buy marijuana. The witnesses said he flashed a large amount of money and didn't seem to care about the quality — just as long as he got some.

MEG agents searched the three rooms that the unidentified man had visited, according to witnesses. They said no other rooms were searched.

On March 4, 1975, Champaign City Councilmember Mary Pollock, 2nd, criticized the city's participation in the MEG's crackdown on students.

"Why are we participating in this drug policy?" Pollock asked during a city council meeting.

"These are petty crimes that many people don't even consider crimes anymore," she said.

Pollock also said the drug raids made police action look irresponsible and she criticized them for not making any major heroin busts in past years.

She claimed that about 80 per cent of the constituents of her predominantly-student district may use marijuana.

Charles Moore, campus security investigation officer, admitted that the informant system is used in drug investigations throughout campus. If a person convicted on drug charges agrees to help reveal his sources or other sources, it is taken into consideration by the state's attorney, according to Moore.

"For every person who is pushing drugs," Moore said, "another four people become drug users."

"I have no sympathy for pushers," he added. Moore said he had been an undercover drug agent for four years and had seen "the mess that people heavily into drugs can get into."

The street drug culture, however, is different than the campus drug culture.

Officials in the housing division and at McKinley Health Center said that illegal drug use among students has decreased in the past several years. Random questioning of students also showed that most do not feel the use of hard drugs on campus is widespread.

On the other hand, stimulants, especially speed, are relied upon heavily by many students, especially during finals week. "But that's the University's fault," agreed the consensus in one sociology course.

According to Dr. Powelson, marijuana is "the most dangerous drug we have today." Dr. Powelson said that after observing some 1,000 patients, he has concluded that smoking marijuana in even small amounts can damage thought processes, heighten hostility and induce temporary loss of memory as well as paranoia.

Heavy users, he said, can suffer effects ranging from insomnia and loss of appetite to sexual impotence.

But there are other officials who say that students are in danger of developing an alcohol problem because they are drinking more than they used to. Some attribute this to the Illinois General Assembly's lowering of the drinking age to 19 for beer and wine in the fall of 1973.

For many years, alcohol consumption was prohibited in the residence halls. But after the drinking age was lowered, the University allowed personal consumption of beer and wine in University housing.

Arthur Nikelly, a psychologist in McKinley's Mental Health Division, said he believes that drinking is far worse than smoking marijuana.

"If you drink four dry martinis on an empty stomach every night before going to bed, it will kill you," he said.

"Marijuana won't."

Nikelly said he does not think there is any drug problem at the University and recalled that he has not counseled a student having drug problems for about five years. Other psychologists at McKinley agreed that they had not handled any drug cases for several years.

Typically, students are just occasional users of grass, according to Nikelly. "And grass is not dope," he said. "I think society overreacts."
They were strolling down Green Street hand-in-hand, the balmy spring breeze rippling across their T-shirts. "Express Thyself" was emblazoned across the woman's shirt. Obligingly, her partner's read, "Muck Fichigan."

The humble T-shirt. How infinite in variety. How perfect a medium for any message. For every cause, there seems to be a shirt and a slogan to go with it. If the slogan fits, wear it. If the cause is just, then it needs airing — or rather, wearing. T's advocating liberation of women and marijuana, for example, were especially in vogue this year. So too were shirts implored students to boycott Norwegian seafoods and to support Mayor Daley's Neighborhood Projects.

Of course skivvies can do more than just advocate. They can sell. And admen apparently know it. Walking billboards, students loping to class wearing the Olympia, Coors or Budweiser brand subliminally seduce countless collegians. The back of a B.V.D. provides a lot of free advertising space for everything from cigarettes to shock absorbers to panty hose. If Schlitz is the breakfast food of gods, what better way to prove it than to tattoo the trademark on countless sets of rippling pectorals. If Vail offers the most challenging slopes in America, put the message on a female with similar topography.

For the philosopher who believes the world is too much with us and T-shirts should not be solely the tool of Madison Avenue, custom-printed epigrams are the thing. Theists sport religious motifs and usually quote St. John. Existentialists prefer selections from Dorothy and Toto in Oz. Agnostics and those who figure all's right with the world no matter where God is, settle for noncommittal happy faces.

Not surprisingly, in the age of Warhol, art is where you find it and also where you wear it. Whether fashionable or facetious, underwear today is not considered unbecoming and is worn to be seen, touched, read and admired.
A little night music and a foot-long chili dog

by Kay Severinsen
It was 10 p.m. when the mob descended on the Illini Union, rock'n'rolling, shooting pool, jiving with live bands and gobbling down footlong hot dogs.

At 3 a.m. they wandered out, leaving behind a union strewn with debris and littered with lost mittens. The five hours of free or cheap entertainment in between all this was called the All-Niter.

It was a chance for students to learn the Charleston, thrill to the "War of the Worlds" and old Popeye cartoons, boogie to the Cimmeron Show Review, Weapons of Peace and members of the Ship, and elbow their way through wall-to-wall people. For the competitive, there was bingo, bowling and billiards at reduced prices.

Many stopped to refuel themselves with hot fudge sundaes and other goodies, while others stopped altogether, crashing on couches, chairs and even floors.

Still, enough bright-eyed boogiers and invigorated insomniacs stayed until closing to make it a successful study in mayhem.
by Pamela Abramson
illustrations by Liz Lillehoj

It's 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 11 of us are sitting comfortably on card table chairs; bodies relaxed, eyes shut. A soft-spoken male voice is telling us to let the thoughts flow naturally into our minds. That's easy enough, I say to myself. But the first and only natural thought that comes to mind is just what the hell I'm doing here.

No one has forced me, however, or anyone else in the group to spend this perfectly gorgeous late summer day sitting still with our eyes closed. In fact we've all paid good money to check out, for our different reasons, the organization holding this training.

Its name: Transcendental Meditation (TM). Its aim: to help people reach their potential through proper training of the mind and body.

Some have come because it's chic. "I'm a meditator" has in some circles becomes as common a cocktail party item as the dismal state of our economy. Others have come for a more practical reason: to upgrade the quality of their lives.

But as a self-admitted skeptic, I signed up to explore the Far Eastern rigamarole that has launched over 450,000 Americans into the oozes twice a day for 20 minutes.

Besides, any course that would teach me to stop breathing so hard, decrease my oxygen consumption, lower the concentration of lactate in my blood, synchronize the beta spindles in my brain, reduce my heart rate, speed up my reaction time, increase the growth rate of my intelligence, improve my memory, decrease anxiety, reduce my level of depression and lower my blood pressure was worth looking into.

In addition, I could learn to stop smoking, improve my resistance to infectious diseases, behave better if by chance thrown in jail, win football games if hired as quarterback for the New York Jets (It works for Joe Namath) and get rid of any bad habit that happens to stumble my way the rest of my life.

So for the student fee of $65 ($125 for adults and one week's allowance for children under 12) I joined the consciousness revolution. I would not have believed at the outset that a person with evenly paced habits could become involved in the teachings of a long haired, flowing-bearded Indian Guru swathed in white robes and never seen without two dozen multi-colored roses in hand. But after three months of meditation, I have to admit, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has a point.

My first TM lecture was held at the University SIMS (Student International Meditation Society) Center. On the table in our room were over three dozen reprints from the Congressional Record to The New York Times, extolling the virtues of TM, complete with color charts and bar graphs of stress relief.

And lest you think participation in this revolution is limited only to the young, the fad junkies or the professional salvation-seekers, my TM group consisted of four "straight-laced" students (myself included), a middle-aged couple who owned a meat packaging company, a 50-year-old mausoleum salesman, a 40-year-old PhD candidate, a 26-year-old biochemist and a young truck driver and his wife.

Our instructor, Marty, a 23-year-old clean-cut disciple of the Maharishi, came garbed in sports coat and tie and sat before the class for the next two hours smiling. "Anyone capable of thinking a thought can meditate," he said. "And as we meditate we expand the conscious capacity of the mind. Our potential for accomplishment increases, we are experiencing four times the deep rest that we experience in
sleep, our problems and stress will transcend, our minds will be stronger."

He promised students better grades and told everyone they would improve relationships with others.

If we were interested in learning the technique, we had to sign up that evening and come to another lecture the next night. We would receive a personal interview and then be initiated on the weekend. That was it. TM must have made Marty a skillful salesman. All 11 of us met the following night, same time, same place.

"Previously, we had three states of consciousness," Marty said at the next meeting. "Walking, dreaming and sleeping. This is the fourth state, cosmic consciousness — the field of pure consciousness, the home of all knowledge."

Hands shot up in the audience. "Is this like yoga?" "Does TM replace Jesus?" "Do we have to give up anything in our normal lifestyles?"

No to all three questions, according to Marty. Yoga monks must meditate for 25 years to reach the same results. TM will give you in two weeks. TM is not a religion, it is not even a philosophy. It is just a preparation to achieve greater fulfillment in life. You don’t have to forfeit your usual habits. But meditators have found they give up drugs, alcohol and nicotine.

TM works on the sound value of a thought, Marty said. Each of us would receive our own personal "mantra," a Sanskrit word which has no meaning to our ears. Each teacher parcels them out to his initiates based on a secret formula learned in the teacher training program and an interview with the would-be meditator. No one ever learns what this formula is, but Marty assured us that the mantra would be right for us.

"Never tell anyone your mantra," he continued. This included our wives, husbands, children, mothers, fathers and even house pets. "We have found that meditation works best when you keep your mantra a secret. It is yours, specially selected for you." (Even though there are only 17 mantras and over one million world-wide meditators.)

I decided that I would heed his advice, for fear the Maharishi would put a whammy on my meditating and my $65 would flow down the drain.

That evening we filled out questionnaires (name, birthdate, address, occupation and a capsule summary of our mental health) and made appointments for Saturday to receive our mantra. Our instructions were to bring six to 12 fresh flowers, two to three pieces of sweet fruit and a clean white handkerchief to offer as thanks to Guru Dev (Maharishi’s "Divine Teacher"), the man who made this whole thing possible. He suggested not to eat a big meal before we learn to meditate and not to use any "recreational chemicals."

Hands shot up again. "What kind of flowers?" "What kind of fruit?" "What's a recreational chemical?"

Armed with two small ripe peaches, a Fruit-Of-The-Loom handkerchief and a half dozen Campus Florist specials, I arrived at the Center early Saturday, ready to give my Jai (Sanskrit for thanks) to Guru Dev.

I was ushered into a room reeking of incense, and Marty and I stood before a table that had three bowls of rice, salt and sandal wood. Scotch-taped above the table was a colored reprint of the Great Guru.

For 10 minutes, Marty chanted some Sanskrit jumble and played around with the three bowls on the table. For 10 minutes I complained, to myself of course, that I had just spent the only earnings I had managed to save after a long, hard, summer job. I no longer wanted to spend the money to learn to meditate. What I really had wanted was a tape cassette recorder. I had an urge to grab my Fruit-Of-The-Loom, daisies and peaches and run — quickly. But I had already paid the price and realized there was no turning back. I waited for Marty to stop his singing.

"That's the ceremony," said Marty and he proceeded to tell me my mantra. We repeated it together and then alone.

"Now, just keep it to yourself and if thoughts come, let them come. Don't try."

I meditated for the next 20 minutes. My thoughts? ... He must have screwed up my mantra. It can’t be mine. It doesn’t sound like me. He must have flunked his mantra hand-out course. I detest it. But the next thing I knew,
Marty was asking me to open my eyes. “Take a couple of
minutes to come out,” he said. “Was it easy?” Yes. “Was it
pleasant?” I guess so. “Did the mantra change — get faster,
slower or disappear?” Yes, yes, yes. “Did thoughts come?”
Yes. “Good”.

This is how easy it is to meditate, Marty said. He gave me
my handkerchief, I ate one peach and left the rest.

We met back at the Center the following evening to
cuss over our experiences and ask questions. The group seemed
to have a polite but persistent feeling of, “You’ve got to be
kidding. Is that all there is?”

Marty asked his questions. “Did anybody forget his man-
tra?” Most of us weren’t sure that the mantra we left with on
Saturday was the same one we arrived with on Sunday “Did
the mantra show up when it wasn’t TM time?” I had had a
mantra flash in the shower that morning but most people
suppressed theirs. “Did people fall asleep while meditat-
ing?” One woman not only slept through meditation, but
slept the remainder of the day. “Did thoughts come?” We
all had thoughts.

Then he conducted a group meditation. Close your eyes,
onpen your eyes, close them again. “Did you experience some
quietness, some silence, some yes?” Do your meditation, then
take two minutes to come out when you’re through. “Was it
easy? Was it pleasant? Did thoughts come?” Yes. “Good.”
The mantra should come as easily and effortlessly as the
thoughts. We do not concentrate, we do not try. Any ques-
tions?”

Another hand in the group. “Do a lot of people think this
is a waste of time? Is there a wrong way to meditate? I’m
just not feeling those positive effects.”

Marty insisted there was no wrong way to meditate and
the promised miracles were yet to come. He urged us to
come to follow-up sessions, where our TM technique would
be further examined and expanded.

I left the center craving more than ever a pocket-size
Panasonic recorder. What had I just done with my life’s
savings? Still, I kept up my two-20 minute meditations
daily just to see if there were any changes in my life.

Then early one evening, only two weeks after initiation,
my roommates were busy preparing dinner and managed to
trigger off the fire alarm. The shock was immediate, I was
rudely awakened from a very deep relaxation. Had I reached
the pure consciousness that Marty spoke of? Did it take a
jolt out of meditation to make me realize that TM was
working for me?

That night I forced myself to notice the changes, if any
that had taken place in my life. It wasn’t like I lost 20
pounds or changed my hair color, but the changes were
really taking place. For the first time in my educational
training, I was caught up in my work. I hadn’t even noticed,
but when I went to read my political science text book, I was
two chapters ahead of the professor. I was even experiencing
some relaxation and I was getting along with my room-
mates. So Marty was right after all, at least partly.

I still bite my finger nails, and after three months of
meditation I still have problems. I experience nervous
tension and even have had sudden outbursts of anger. But I can
cope with my problems easier and those nervous tensions
and sudden outbursts are few and far between.

When I started my training I had no self-image prob-
lems. I knew who I was, and the only problem was facing up
to it. I had my good habits, my bad habits and I didn’t want
to part with any of them. I had all the love I could handle
and enough friends to help keep me happy and busy. I, like most
people, just had the desire for self-improvement. A desire to
do more, grow more and expand the boundaries of my life.

Today I am more energetic, even-tempered and produc-
tive. One day, medical research may prove that I have
learned to control my nervous system in ways never before
thought possible. Even if the research never materializes, at
least I can say that TM has helped me cope with the frustra-
tions and pressures that are all too common in my life.

I’m sorry to have to say this, but Jai Guru Dev.
The Continuing Adventures of Flush Bizbo

We're going to the Bard Man.

I dunno, Rex, we might run into some winos or something like that.

No flush, these are student bars—ya know, beer, girls, good times.

Could we just go to the student union and play Bingo?

Act frat.

Boley's

Here's an ID for ya... just show it to the guy at the door.

Just take it flush... you won't get in trouble.

But Rex, this isn't my picture on it!

I dunno about this place......

Doiley's sounds kinda off limits.
Hey, flush, whatta ya think of those two ladies over there!

The one on the right is mine!!!

I don't think I should be here, Rex.

I don't think I'm cut out for this, Rex.

Ah, 'cmon, flush.... This the bar scene.

Well, you sit here and watch. This is how Evanston boys do it.

I'd just rather sit and listen to music.... Grand funk... ya know?

Boy, that Rex is cool, but he's pretty wild.....

Oh, nooo

In sergent amdecker, this is my partner, sergeant heinemen, of the bar patrol. What's that you're drinking, son?

A likely story - book him Joe!

Oh, I'm not drinking it, it's for my roommate, Rex, he went to the bathroom.

Illustrated by Nina Orens.
Who else would register for the bus to Willard airport but not register for the aviation class? Who else would be stuck in temporary housing on South Farms with a steer and a frat rat for roommates?

Who else would be seduced while explaining class notes to Dixie, a smooth-talking freshman with notches carved in her bedpost?

Who but Flush Bizbo, WPGU's answer to the Screwwiversity of Illinois. What began as a gag in the fall of 1975 has burgeoned into a cult of Bizbo devotees who religiously huddle around their radios every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to listen to the pathetic plights of the University's typical freshman.

Flush was born last September when Stewart Oleson, a disc jockey for WPGU, brought a tape into the station for his friends to listen to. The tape resembled an old-style 30s radio program, complete with dramatic music and oily-voiced announcer. Flush was on his way. Before long, Oleson, Mike Pappademos and John Bargh were producing a 30-second program which ran at 12:40 P.M. three days a week. Bizbo, played by Oleson, is, in Pappademos' words, "your basic nerd." He speaks in a pre-pubescent falsetto, wears Dad and Lad slacks, penny loafers and a perpetual look of bewilderment.

Rex, Flush's roommate, is just the opposite. Rex (Pappademos) belongs to a fraternity, drinks beer, picks up girls and does everything which is new, a little frightening and a little above Flush's head. "Wow, that Rex sure is cool," Flush would often squeak in admiration. Later he began to realize that Rex wasn't quite so cool as he first thought. After all, there isn't much that is good about Rex, except that he tries to show Flush the ropes of college life.

Just as Flush is the stereotype of a naive freshman, so Rex is the stereotype of a frat rat.

Flush's other roommate is Angus Black, a steer, whose remarks are usually limited to expressive "mooos." Angus is a minority student, having been raised in an underprivileged area of the Kansas City Stockyards. In fact, he had to go to work at an early age to help his family make ends meet. Despite his past, Angus is really more together than either Rex or Flush.

Armed with these three characters and an ironic, sometimes subtle, sometimes outrageous sense of humor, Oleson and company have launched an all-out attack on the administration, student housing, curriculum advisors, Greeks, drinkers, non-drinkers, minorities and majorities.
As a result, they often strike at real problems with hilarious irony. Take for example the time Flush took his bus final in the C section of the Assembly Hall. As he started to fill in the 5,000th and final blank, he realized that he had already filled it in. Which question had he skipped? He had only 30 seconds to try to figure it out. Nearly all of the situations Flush encounters are based on fact. It really is true that you cannot take Economics 102 without first taking 103 and you can't take 103 without taking 102. But Flush always seems to get the raw end of the deal. In addition to being caught in a bar by the fictitious Bar Patrol, he is the "lucky" student to win a $5,000 tuition raise on the "John and Jack Show." (John Corkbelly and Jack Felt-A-Bun.)

By the end of the fall semester, Flush's popularity had snowballed. The producers quickly put together an album called "The Best of Bizbo" which nearly sold out 200 copies at spring registration. By March they began selling their second pressing.

Flush's show became so popular that this semester it began running at 8:15 a.m. and 6:15 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a schedule which puts a real strain on the imaginations of its three producers. Sometimes, Pappademos said, they feel they have exhausted every possible situation. But somehow things keep turning up.

A lot of work goes into each minute show. Preparations might take several hours, even though they now know their characters so well, they can often ad-lib. "We've even started calling each other Rex and Flush instead of our real names," Pappademos said.

Apparently, Flush has a wide listenership. He gets fan letters and calls at the station and has been heard on "Back Talk," a WPGU call-in program, and during half-time at basketball games.

Several shows featured Flush's UGSA campaign after which he actually received 76 out of 965 votes in a special February election on campus. Even his roommate Angus, received 55 votes, which says something either about Flush or UGSA.

In another Bizbo episode Flush was comforted about pre-enrollment by the friendly folks at General Curriculum with Twinkies and milk. Later, a large box of Twinkies arrived at the station, courtesy of General Curriculum. The creators of Flush Bizbo are impressed by the response to their show. "It's a thrill," Pappademos said.
The snack bar at Men's Residence Halls (MRH) doesn't appear to be the ideal place to study for final exams. It's poorly lit, and there's a constant, distracting din of ringing bells from pinball machines, only occasionally broken by the music of Grand Funk on the juke box. Twice nightly, a janitor asks everyone to move to the other side of the room so he can sweep.

Yet the MRH snack bar, along with other late night eating places, has its own following of semi-serious students who come there to spend sleepless nights of study — at least during final exam week.

Oscar Bertrang, the janitor who mops the MRH snack bar on weeknights, has seen them all. He's had his job four years.

"A lot of these guys, like Mark over there, are studying all the time," says Bertrang. "Now Chuck here, he's been playing pinball 14 hours a day until recently."

They only come out at night

photographs and text

by Chris Walker

Chuck looks up and smiles. Terry Riley agrees most people at the snack bar "take more breaks than study," but has his own peculiar reason for going there. Riley says that in the "good atmosphere" of the snack bar he feels less guilty about not studying than if he goes to the library and doesn't study.

The vending room at the Illini Union also boasts its share of regulars, and has a decadent atmosphere not found at MRH.

The vending room is poorly ventilated, and even in December it is a bit over-heated. By morning, the combined smell of stale coffee and cigarette smoke produces a rather putrid odor.

Robin Miller, a pre-medical student studying for a microbiology exam, proudly tells of her nickname "Queen of the Vending Room."

And Julie Stopa, studying for a calculus exam, says coming to the vending room was just "sort of a bad habit" she got into. She says she likes it because "you can always get up and get a cup of coffee."

The same holds true for Bubby and Zadie's Delicatessen on Green Street, but at Bubby's the coffee is a little better. The "quietude" also seems to attract more serious studiers, like Judy Renaud, who stays up nights at a time during finals.

When does she sleep? It just could be she'll wind up dozing on top of her books in the early morning hours.
Opposite Page: Robin Miller, queen of the Illini Union vending room. Clockwise From Top: Julie Renaud finds quiet at Bubby and Zadies. "The grades from all-nighters perpetuate all-nighters," she says. Jim Fialkowski at the MRH Snack Bar. "The dorm is too quiet." Steve Beltran relaxes at the Illini Union vending room with friends. Oscar Bertrang tries to be "considerate of where (students) are sitting" as he cleans the MRH Snack Bar.
Pizza — chewy cheese nestled over spicy tomato sauce with mouth-watering toppings — is a favorite late night bite. It’s a typical meal for a typical University student. And Champaign-Urbana certainly provides enough variety to satisfy almost everyone’s tastes.

On weekend nights, Garcia’s and Papa Del’s are so crowded that lines form outside. But most are willing to wait, whether it’s one hour inside of the restaurant or several at home before it’s delivered. The tastes of 35,000 students have made pizza big business in C-U. So to cash in on the profits, it seems everyone and his tomato-loving brother are trying their luck at setting up a place to peddle their pieces.

Gimmicks are a big part of the booming pizza business. Due to the intense competition, advertising and unique promotions are a major priority. But whether it’s flying balloons, old-time movies, two pizzas for the price of one, free ingredients or seductive ads, the parlor a person patronizes ends up a matter of individual taste.

In addition to being delicious, pizza ingredients are also healthy. A study in Consumer Reports compared a variety of “junk” foods and found that the Pizza Hut Supreme, made with tomato sauce, cheese, ground sausage, pepperoni, onions and green peppers is the healthiest of all. And a piece of pizza contains more proteins and less calories than most “junk” foods.
Irene Downey, assistant professor of foods and nutrition at the University, cited another reason pizza is so popular. "People are becoming more informal in their eating habits and they tend to do more snacking. Pizza definitely fits into this pattern," she said.

Champaign's pizza parlors try to play on this informality by making pizza fun. The gimmicks of balloon rides, movies and WPGU pizza give-aways try to show the enjoyment of eating a succulent pizza.

Garcia's is probably the leading promoter in Champaign. They cheese it on thick with their marketing techniques.

According to owners Ralph Senn and Joel Ream, they direct their attention to the college students. "Our ideas go best with the college market because we're really just out of college ourselves. We can understand the college student," Senn said.

Garcia's promotional techniques — the tomatobile, balloon, employ workshirt uniforms and the introduction of whole wheat crust — are novel ideas which have added to the Tomato Brothers' success.

Garcia's pizza is modeled after Uno's and Due's in Chicago, Senn said. "When we were students, fraternities would send their pledges to Chicago for a good pizza. There was definitely a market here for good pizza."
So the Tomato Brothers started selling pan pizza in Lando Place in 1971 and expanded to selling pizza by the slice two years ago. Although it took awhile for slice pizza to catch on, Garcia's now sells 30 times more pizza than it did the first year.

Whole wheat crust, a concession to Senn’s health-food-nut sister, serves six per cent of Garcia’s customers.

Garcia’s also makes waiting for pizza easier, too. Pinball machines are available for entertainment in all the campus locations. A sign at the front door, however, reads: “If you are in line to here, you will be eating in less than four minutes.” With several cashiers and assembly-line serving methods, Garcia’s usually makes good on this claim. Finding a place to sit and enjoy the piping-hot pizza before it gets cold is the real problem.

Lotta Tomata, often confused with Garcia’s, may be similar in decor, with its two-story design, wooden tables and tomato emphasis, but in taste it doesn’t compare. Lotta Tomata pizza has either too much tomato, too much crust or not enough cheese, depending on the day.

Contrast this usually-empty business with Papa Del’s, which has the best pizza on campus. Papa Del’s was so busy last year that it opened up the Pizza Factory, putting in four times as many telephones to try to accommodate its pizza load, according to owner Robert Monti.

Monti, who was dubbed Papa Del during his fraternity days, said that now a diligent caller should be able to get through to Papa Del’s in 10 to 15 minutes on a Saturday night, instead of waiting five hours for a connection.

On Saturdays, Papa Del’s serves about 1,000 pizzas and approximately 800 on Sunday. The restaurant makes a nine per cent profit on each pizza, Monti said.

The best thin pizza is sold at Timpone’s, a small restaur-

ant in Thunderbird Court. The restaurant was originally opened in 1948 by Ray Timpone, and the recipe used today is derived from his Italian grandmother’s.

According to Timpone, quality is not as important as it used to be, and students are just satisfied if you fill them up. “Years ago they were more particular,” he said.

The restaurant is now owned by Timpone’s son, who frequently discounts the price of his pizza. “I like to make it cheaper for someone to buy my pizza,” he said.

Actually pizza owners have no need to worry. Garcia’s, Papa Del’s, Lotta Tomata, Pizza Hut, Angelo’s, Dom’s Patio Villa, Guant’s, Illini Inn, Italian Pizza, Manzella’s, Moni-
cal’s, Pagliai’s, Pizza World, Shakey’s, Treno’s and Village Inn are all busy every weekend. Buying pizza is what Universe-
ty students seem to do best.

Pie of my dreams
by Margaret Kriz

It happens to me every Saturday night in a recurring nightmare.

I wake up in a small room furnished only with a stool and a table, on which sits a telephone and telephone directory. The room is filled with the irresistible aroma of pizza and the uncanny need grows in me for a simple cheese pizza to go.

I grab the phone book and flip through the yellow pages until I get to the “p” section. To my dismay, there are 20 pages of pizza parlors, all with Italian names and tasty promises.

As the need for a bite of bubbly cheese on a sea of tomato sauce continues to grow, I start calling the numbers. My mind is boggled when every attempt is answered with a busy signal, alternating with a person laughing at me.

Obsessed, I dial faster and faster until a voice finally responds: “Zymaninatti’s Pizza Euphoria — We grant your every wish.”

“Hello, I’d like a cheese pizza to go,” I say in a relieved voice. I begin to think I may actually get my piece of pizza.

“What do you want on the pizza? We have sausage, mushrooms, peppers, anchovies, shrimp, bacon, olives, hard-boiled eggs, walnuts, grapes, carrots, pork chops, cornflakes, pineapple chunks and 34 flavors of jelly beans.”

“No, no, I want a plain, unadulterated cheese pizza with out anything on it.”

“What do you mean with nothing on it?”

“That’s all. Just cheese.”

“You’re kiddin’ ... Hey Charlie, can you believe this chick — she wants a cheese pizza with nothin’ else on it. Yeh ... that’s a good one. Well, look, that’s gonna be extra.”

“What do you mean?” I ask incredulously.

“Well, as we add ingredients, our overhead costs decrease. But a plain pizza is a pretty special order,” he explains.

“Now do you want notebook paper-thin, medium fingers-
thin, mucho-thick or macho mucho-thick crust?”

“Who cares? I just want a pizza, just a plain old pizza,” I cry. The walls of the room are beginning to close in on me and I cling to the phone. “Please, just pick a size for me. Would you?”

“Okay lady, okay. I doubt you could handle anything bigger than our medium finger-thin.

Now we have some special features available too. The pizza can be shaped in a heart, the letter ‘I’, the Alma Mater, the state of Illinois, the United States or any foreign country, including Bangladesh.
We also can have the anchovies arranged to spell out the name of a loved one or even your mother-in-law. And we have a real popular feature for the kiddies — a pizza in the shape of Elton John’s head with luminous, sequinned glasses over the little jellybean eyes — and it’s all edible!

“Come on. Just a plain round pizza will do,” I wail. “We can also dye the pizza to match the colors of your sorority or fraternity,” he adds.

“No! Just give me a plain cheese pizza. It can’t be that hard,” I sob. “Why can’t you understand?”

“Well, there’ll be a 10 hour wait for this unusual order,” he states flatly as he slams the receiver in my ear.

I sit and wait for the pizza, as the dream continues, with a gnawing in the pit of my stomach that begins to fog over my mind. I am startled into reality 10 hours later by the roar of a motor getting louder and louder. Looking out the window I see a helicopter hovering next to the building. The helicopter is shaped like a huge anchovy with the words “Zymaninatti’s Pizza Euphorium” printed in luminous tomato-red paint on the side.

A man in an asbestos suit then comes to the door carrying a tinfoil envelope. “Hot from the ovens,” he says as he hands me the bill: $12.58 for the pizza, 50¢ for delivery and $5 for gas.”

I pay him and rush to the table to open my long-awaited delicacy — a simple, round cheese pizza.

But something is wrong. The order has been mixed up. I am stuck with a purple and green chocolate chip pizza in the shape of the Statue of Liberty. I fall to the floor and start to cry.

When I wake up, my pillow is half chewed and pulled apart on the bed. My eyes are wet and my alarm clock is thrown across the room.

The dream has occurred several times now and I don’t know what to do about it. All I can figure is it must have been something I ate.
Sexist ads:

by Elaine Raffel

illustrations by Nina Ovryn

She leans up against the car dressed in a skimpy bikini. Her smile—like a goddess, her hair—like golden silk. Is she trying to sell bathing suits? Toothpaste? Shampoo?

No, the half-naked, young sex-pot is promoting a car muffler. And believe it or not, she'll probably sell some.

Advertisements can sell products. In a society where consumers are bombarded with suggestions on how to spend their money, people often require help in deciding what they want or need. Information is essential and persuasion acceptable. But when ads become abusive or offensive, it's time to draw the line.

Take for instance, the camera buff. There's no better way to find out about new products than to consult advertisements. But what about the developing company who introduces a quick, new technique with a photograph of a half-dressed model and the words "See how I can be made in 10 minutes?" It can only be assumed that the firm chooses to sell the lady, not the method, and intends to ignore the possibility that a woman may be able to work a camera.

Sexist advertising is one of those sad-but-true situations. Many ads portray women as incompetent or empty-headed. They are seen as neurotic housewives, ready to commit suicide if their husbands are seen with "ring around the collar," or as sex objects, ready and willing to "move their
Women under the influence

tails for you." The implication is that a woman alternates between the kitchen and the bedroom, and her main purpose in life is to serve man, child and animal.

Consider these examples: A land developing company in Nebraska boasts, "We can take flat, uninviting areas and develop them into attractice, exciting places of interest." A bowling alley suggests, "Have some fun. Beat your wife tonight." And a Texas employment agency states, "There are 18,000 women in Beaumont, Texas who'll do almost anything for money."

Insulting? No doubt, but it get worse.

The men's department of an Iowa clothing store asks: "Men! Wouldn't you like to get into our pants?" And the illustration is of two foxy, young women.

There's little question, with the overall awareness and growing respect of women's capabilities, that these derogatory ads wouldn't get by without complaint. More and more women are writing letters and refusing to patronize businesses that insist on portraying females in a condescending light.

Studies have shown that the majority of criticism is coming from younger, better educated and more articulate women. Female college students, in particular, are becoming increasingly sensitive to sexist ads. When the headline of a jewelry store ad, directed towards men, describes "Your graduation gift to her," women know they're in trouble. Their fears are quite reasonable too, because the copy states: "Now, starting your career, shouldn't she wear a symbol of your success?"

At the University of Illinois, the Women's Student Union (WSU) has organized a task force against blatant sexism on campus. According to coordinator Peggy Arnd, the group's goal is to affect the behavior of various people within the University who are guilty of sexist practices.

The task force asks individuals to submit ads they find that are particularly offensive. "A sexist ad is one that attempts to sell a product at the expense of women," Arnd said. "We intend to write letters and file complaints with establishments whose ads are insulting.

At the start of the 1975-76 academic year, a pizza parlor, then new to Champaign-Urbana, offended many students with its advertising. Lotta Tamara, with her seductive pose, enormous chest and coy expression introduced herself to the campus area with the announcement, "I'm Open." But due to pressure from WSU and other University people, the ad was first toned down to "We're Open" before the words

(continued on page 69)
oh, I just love washing floors!
were entirely eliminated.

Dave Fernandez, manager of Lotta Tamata, was emphatic about keeping the picture in the ad. He acknowledged that he received numerous complaints, but failed to change the advertisement's theme.

It's hard to measure the effectiveness of such a campaign. If the goal was to draw attention to the restaurant, Fernandez succeeded. Arnd said the objections made to Lotta Tamata only gave the business free publicity.

The Daily Illini has no set rules regarding the type of advertising it will run, although the ad office would like to establish a policy on advertisements offensive to a particular group of individuals.

WSU members were also critical of an ad for fraternity rush. It pictured cartoon drawings of two guys discussing the benefits of fraternity life. According to these male underclassmen, their reason for signing up for rush was because of the “hot chicks” going into the sororities.

Probably the most blatant example of sexist advertising in the campus area was done by the Wash-A-While Laundry in Urbana. The ad, which pictured a well-developed, partially nude woman wrapped in ostrich feathers, read: “Let Mr. Wash-A-While keep the clothes on your back.”

Why does this kind of ad keep reappearing? Part of the problem lies with males who believe women are satisfied with their traditional homemaker, fashion or sex-symbol role. The recurrence of sexist advertisements serves as a reinforcement to existing attitudes. Believe it or not, women do buy things besides cleaning products, make-up and food. Strange that so many advertisers don't know women also purchase gasoline, cars, insurance, airline tickets, stereos and books.

This does not mean that ads for personal care products are unnecessary. It would be foolish and untrue to imply that women don't want to be attractive. The point is that a woman wants to look good to please herself, rather than only to allure, entice or hold on to a man.

It's ironic how sexist ads suggest that a woman's main goal is to catch a man, but then, once she's nabbed him they show her slaving away in the house. It does, in a rather subtle way, make women out to be either masochistic, downright foolish or both.

Is there any chance women could be so ludicrous?

Advertisers for a pen company seem to think so. Their ad reads: "You may as well give her a gorgeous pen to keep her checkbook unbalanced with. A sleek and shining pen will make her feel prettier, which is more important to any girl than solving mathematical mysteries."

And obviously the ad men for a furniture store also had the same impression of women. Their advertisement goes: "Justice is when you let HIM make the big decision, like what to do about Vietnam, and you select the furniture."

Fortunately some progress has been made to raise the standard of women in ads. Some advertisers are abandoning the sex stereotypes, portraying females as career-minded women who have more to do than clean their house and read Harlequin Romances. It's a pleasant and refreshing change to hear a woman say on a commercial, "Don't call me a housewife. I'm not married to my house."

A valid point is made by ad agencies when they claim to be in business to sell a product and please their clients. That's actually what the advertising world is all about. But it can be done by showing the women in the household only when it is an appropriate environment for the advertised product and by emphasizing individuality rather than sexuality.

But as long as there are still men saying, "My wife, I think I'll keep her," after the poor woman has shopped, cleaned, taken care of the baby and cooked dinner, there's still a way to go.
by Joe Klaus

Some owners tack up signs: “Maximum browsing time 15 minutes.” Others seal their merchandise in plastic bags. It's a business where window-shopping is nonexistent and browsers are discouraged. What kind of customers will agree to such rules? Those who frequent adult book stores have little choice, learning quickly that if they don't plan to buy, leave it alone.

Pornographic bookstores is a $6 million industry. Obviously a profitable business, it brings in sales equivalent to those made on high school and college text books and surpasses sales of pre-recorded tapes. Expenditures are high, but returns balance them out. The conclusion is that erotica is in great demand.

Adult book stores can be found in any large urban community. In Champaign-Urbana, there are five shops. Three are located in downtown Champaign, one in Urbana and one on campus. Each business is stocked with a variety of merchandise offering to tickle one's fancy.

Eroticism as a source of entertainment has been around since the lustful and aesthetic senses of man have existed. Yet where to draw the line between artistic nudity and offensive pornography is a matter of personal judgment.

Most adult book stores are monotonously similar. They sell the same merchandise from standard distributors at roughly the same prices. Usually only the shelf arrangements differ.

Magazines are the most popular item and each store has scores to choose from. Publications are categorized as either “hard” or “soft” pornography. “Hard” porn magazines contain defiant displays and carry the warning that “if you find sex offensive, don’t purchase this magazine.” Most range in price from $4 to $10. Some readers consider them “educational,” providing explicit directions for the most inexperienced reader.

“Soft” porn is more fictionalized. The stories are about the gamut of human emotions, although all generally result in excessive sexual promiscuity.

A number of magazines are also published about things other than normal heterosexual relationships. These describe in detail the private lives of everyone from dog lovers to military personnel. Still another topic is the painful side of sex, ranging from “Hit and Run” to “Bonds of Pleasure.”

Digests, also available, are relatively the same in content as “hard” magazines but fail to sell because there are no erotic photographs on the covers. Instead, they are labeled as if they were clinical or scientific texts.

The second most popular attraction in adult book stores are excerpts from eight millimeter movies. They are “hardcore” films, showing every conceivable variation of the sex
act, ranging from threesomes to animals to whipped cream. A quarter automatically triggers the movies to run a fraction of the whole film, while an entire movie costs a few dollars. Films are viewed in stalls from behind a black curtain or in locked wooden booths. The same movies are on sale at prices up to $65.

In glass display cases is paraphernalia, better known in the business as "plastic marital/love aids." These bizarre, less-than-scientific devices are designed to satisfy even the most unusual libidos.

The adult book stores offer still other sensual things for adult entertainment. Box games like "Strip Tac Toe" and "Adultery" involve more physical expenditures than just throwing dice. Also available are greeting cards, patches, newspapers, records, tapes and coloring books, all intended to stir arousal in one way or another.

Patrons to these shops are not stereotyped perverts, but ordinary students, gas station attendants, fraternity members, businessmen, college professors, family men and lovers. About 95 per cent of the customers are male. Some owners believe this results from the double-standard imposed on young girls, making women more sexually inhibited. One proprietor said, "Ladies are not really as liberated as they think they are."

Another reason for the lack of female participation is that magazine formats are primarily designed for males. Although couples are pictured, women outnumber men, appeals are generally geared toward lustful male urges and pictures usually contain only parts of the male anatomy in contrast to completely nude females.

Language is also a factor. While the sexually active man is called a "stud," his equally active female counterpart is labeled a "slut."

The C-U book stores are not dependant on student business, which makes up only 15 to 20 per cent of the total business. College students basically browse, according to owners. The stigma attached to these shops may also cause some embarrassment, although proprietors claim that God created the act of physical love and people should not be ashamed of it. Some opponents feel that pornography and adult bookstores create perverse sexual behavior. This is countered by the argument that most sexual behavior is first experienced during adolescence.

Recent legislation has lowered the legal age to enter adult book stores from 21 to 18 in this area. The effects of a 1973 Supreme Court ruling allowed the local communities to decide what is considered obscene. Presently, no complaints appear threatening to the C-U business. In fact, the only contact local adult book shops have had with the police are those involving attempted robberies.
A massage is no mere backrub in Champaign-Urbana. At the very least, it has become a blissful bath in Crazy Foam, a sensual sprinkling of talcum powder or a muscle-melting experience with oils and lotions. At the very most, parlors such as Tender Touch, Pleasure Palace, Majestic Massage and Holiday Massage represent sexual opportunities—or fantasies—for University and area males.

And there's the rub—many local residents scorn the slightest hint of prostitution or sexual contact in massage parlors, while the patrons often crave it.

"It's a drag, man," complained two disappointed customers who had traveled from Danville to fulfill their expectations at one particular parlor. "They aren't no whorehouses. Hey, you know where I can pick up some chicks? You know where any (prostitution) Houses are around here? That parlor on Clark is a rip-off. Straight business. Straight business."


The Champaign City Council sought to quell any over-the-table activities with an ordinance that went into effect Nov. 10, prohibiting all sexual contact within massage parlors and providing for the licensing and inspection of parlors and employes.

Pleasure Palace masseuses, inspectors would fail to expose anything in their establishment. The customer enters into a comfortable lounge scattered with Playboy Magazines before he reaches his private room with dim lighting and soft music. The Pleasure Palace promises that the only transactions are sensual massages and interesting conversation. Nothing more.

"If someone is interesting the time goes fast," one masseuse said. "We get people like talkative truckers who have driven all day, and sometimes, wives even come in to get gift certificates for their husbands.

"Old business men come during the day and younger guys at night—that's why we like to work at night. Older guys give us more trouble because I guess they figure they've got nothing to lose. They say, 'How about it, honey?'"

At Holiday Massage, before the Champaign ordinance took effect, a man behind the counter gave one young client the rundown of options: "Your basic massage is $20 for an half hour, but for an extra $5 you get to massage the girl half the time. That's right. For $30 you get a topless massage and for $40 you do it on a waterbed."

Although one masseuse admitted male bodies become "like pieces of meat" after so many skin rolls, most generally agree their nimble fingers are best complemented by their attentive ears. Some patrons merely need someone to talk to.

"I've massaged some people so depressing that it almost makes me cry," an University student and part-time masseuse said. "I had one person cry about something that happened to him three years ago, so I started hollering at him because he was feeling sorry for himself. But the more people talk, the less likely they are to hassle you."

And no client is in any position to hassle when covered with a layer of Crazy Foam or sitting in a bubble bath, two of the imaginative massages enjoyed at local parlors. Various applications are rubbed and caressed over most of the prone body, both stimulating and relaxing the subject who pays well for the sensation.

Pleasure Palace masseuses earn $4.50 for each $10 massage, allowing part-timers to pocket up to $8,000 a year. But they admit the proliferation of parlors has hurt business. "I don't see how they stay in business," one potential customer wondered after exiting Holiday Massage without having had a massage one Friday night. "There's about three lonely girls in there right now."

If there is a lack of business, it can't be blamed on a lack of advertising. Males are lured with enticements of "all female staffs . . . total privacy . . . pampered bodies . . . waterbeds." Urbana's Tender Touch even publicized its massage abilities in Chicago newspapers.

The stiff competition to "cater to your needs" prompted one masseuse to remark, "I don't think they know how to give a massage over at the other places, but I'm not supposed to say anything."

Many customers also like to keep their experiences undercover. One masseuse claimed that patrons often pass her on the street and act like they've never seen her before, especially if they are University professors.

But not everyone keeps their story to themselves. The strict Champaign ordinance and continuing sexual disclaimers by masseuses don't seem to dampen the fantasies of some student customers. Two such massage-seeking buddies loitered in front of Holiday Massage several minutes one night before one succumbed to his nervousness and departed, leaving his partner to the test. The partner finally left the scene and returned to his dorm an hour later, laughing over his concocted story.
"I was supposed to get a massage in there," he chuckled.
"I didn't get one because it was too expensive. My friend
went back to the dorm, but he thinks I went on in. I've got a
great story but I don't know if he'll believe it because I'm
not all hot and sweaty. I think I'll call the masseuse ... Nanette. Yeah, Nanette sounds like a masseuse. He'll go
crazy. Oh, what a story!"
Where had he really been?
"... down the street at Howard Johnson's eating an ice
cream cone."

Get off my back ....a masseuse's point of view

by Shirley Grossinger

Editor's note: Grossinger, a December graduate in English, is
a professional masseuse in a Champaign massage parlor. She
gave this account of typical customer reactions to the "back
alley" massage parlor image:

It's 2 a.m. and the 30th customer has just walked through
the door. You realize he has probably never been in a mas-
sage parlor before, so you should try to be helpful — but,
God, are you tired and would you ever like to be RUDE.
Besides that, you know beforehand every single thing he's
going to say and you just wish he'd hurry up and say it so
you can go sit down for the first time in six hours. He looks
like a nice guy, so you don't want to be nasty — but oh —
the things you're thinking.

Woman: Hi there! Would you like a massage?
Customer: Uh — I don't know. What do yo have?
Woman: (VD, crabs, lice and a bad headache.) We have six
basic massages —oil, lotion, powder, body shampoo, alco-
hol and vibrator. They are given on a time basis — $8 for 20
minutes, $10 for half an hour.

Customer: What's the $40 massage?
Woman: (You get a room inside of a motel in the park-
ing lot.) You get two hours of massage, shower and sauna,
with your choice of massages.

Customer: Well, my friend is in the car. Let me go ask him.

Woman: (Boy, if this one is bad, I wonder what the one in
the car is like!) Okay, bring him back with you for a mas-
sage.

Customer returning from car: Do we get our choice of girls?
Woman: (Yes, pick ME, pick ME, pick ME!) No, we only
allow requests if you've been here before.

Customer: Do you give massages?
Woman: (Only during commercials.) Yes.
Customer: What do the other girls look like?
Woman: (Atilla the Hun, Lassie and Porky Pig.) You'll like
all of them.

Customer: Okay, we'd each like to try half an hour for
starters.
Woman: (I'm done in already!) Okay, come with me.
Customer: (Chuck, chuckle.) I'd love to.

Later in the small, dimly-lit room:

Masseuse: Hi there! My name is Jane and I'm your mas-
seuse. What kind of massage would you like?
Customer: I don't know. Whatever you want to give me is
okay.

Masseuse: (Good — I don't want to give you anything. I'm
leaving.) How about a powder? It's a real light touch, velvet
massage.
Customer: Good ... Well, aren't you even going to take off
your top?
Masseuse: (Oh yes. What fun. I really get my jollies when
guys google over me.) NO!

Customer: Not even for a tip?
Masseuse: (Yeah — I'm just dying for your 50 cents.) NO!
Customer: Well, surely you'd take some amount!
Masseuse: (Nothing, no price, no how.) About $1.60.
Customer: Well, it doesn't hardly look like it's worth it.
Masseuse: (If you're fool enough to pay it, I might be able to
find someone in here who'd do it. Maybe Bonzo our bull-
dog.) Good.

Customer: How about a screw for an extra $20?
Masseuse: (Oh my God — I was dying for you to ask! Yes,
yes, YES! I've never done it with a man 40 years older, three
times uglier and 200 pounds heavier than me. What ecstasy,
what divine ecstasy!) NO!

Customer: Don't you do anything in here?
Masseuse: (Yes, I tap dance and sing.) I give massages.

Customer: What if I paid for another half hour?
Masseuse: (You can then see a videotape of some of our
handsomest customers taking a shower.) You can have an-
other straight half-hour massage.

Customer: No thanks! Maybe another time.
Masseuse: (I hope he does come back. Then he wouldn't ask
all those ignorant questions again.) Well, come back.
Customer: Thanks.
Masseuse: (And thank God! Another guy introduced to mas-
sage parlor procedures.) Have a nice day!
In four years Champaign-Urbana has grown from a community which offered one rather run-down gay bar in a decaying, rat-trap hotel, to its present position as the gay Mecca for East Central Illinois.

Downtown Champaign now offers two thriving gay discotheques which draw their patrons not only from the local community, but also from neighboring cities and universities in Illinois and Indiana.

This year a Gay Christians group, a Gay Speakers Bureau,

The progress of gay liberation has not been the result of radical militant gay faction, but an awakening of the American public to the problems facing gays.

a Gay Switchboard and Gay Information Center have been established by the official campus gay organization, the Gay Illini.

The national gay movement has accomplished much in the past ten years. Recently, American psychologists and psychiatrists voted to no longer consider homosexuality a mental illness. Gay issues received widespread attention this year when gay Air Force Sergeant Leonard Matlovich, was discharged for admitting his homosexuality. Matlovich has contested his discharge and his case has moved to a higher court. However, some gays in the news have been less than enthusiastic about the coverage they have received. When Oliver Sipple thwarted Sara Jane Moore’s assassination attempt on President Ford in San Francisco, he did not expect his homosexuality to be publicized nationwide. But a probing press brought it to the front page, despite his desire for privacy.

With the 60s came the advent of many political, radical and often militant gay organizations. The event that many believe marked the birth of the gay movement occurred in Greenwich Village gay bar in 1969. Police who periodically raided the bars normally met with little resistance, but on this occasion the patrons resisted, demonstrating a new gay pride that has been growing ever since.

Many gay groups lost some of their spark during the early 70s but they remained active, confronting, and educating a naive American population about the gay culture.

The progress of gay liberation has not been the result of radical, militant gay factions, but rather an awakening of the American public to the problems facing gays. The past secretiveness of the group has hindered its acceptance and recognition in the heterosexual world. The coming out of many prominent gay figures (author Merle Miller and singer Johnny Mathis, for example) and the basically sounding coverage of the movement by the news media have resulted in immense advances for the movement.

Some gays however, still keep their homosexuality secret for fear of losing their jobs and being discriminated against.

Some gays keep their homosexuality secret for fear of losing their jobs and being discriminated against.

in other ways. In some cases, lesbians have had their children taken from them on the assumption that a mother’s sexual preference will harm her child. Often it seems the public refuses to understand that gays are not monsters, but perfectly normal human beings with many of the same values as anyone else.

Once the public learns what gay life actually entails, the question of acceptance is one of sensibility rather than sensitivity. Elaine Noble, a member of the Massachusetts legislature, used her homosexuality as an issue in the election to gain the confidence of the voters. Common sexual stereotypes of the virile, burly male and dainty simpering female
are slowly becoming obsolete. Current fashions, careers and lifestyles promote the idea of unisexuality in society. But total revamping of such stereotypes will still take a long time.

The University has followed the national trend of gay acceptance. When the campus Gay Liberation Front of the 60s died out, the Gay Student Alliance emerged, later becoming the Gay Illini. The growth of the Gay Illini from a gay pride and awareness organization to a political group shows the healthy development of the movement on campus.

Champaign's two gay discos, Giovanni's and Balloon Saloon (called G's and BS by their patrons), often draw crowds of 200 to 400 customers on an active weekend night. Wide varieties of people, including drag queens and members of the leather culture can be seen at both bars, but these people are only a small part of the whole gay community. For the most part, the average gay is indistinguishable from his heterosexual peers.

Historical figures such as Leonardo da Vinci and Alexander the Great are often included on the list of famous gays. Yet far more impressive is the variety and scope of the gay culture today.

At BS and G's one sees students, professors, high-school dropouts, doctors, lawyers, plumbers, businesspeople, truckers, morticians - practically all professions and occupations are represented.

The Champaign gay bars at first glance look like any other disco. The one difference is that people of the same sex can be seen dancing together. Few outward sexual displays are shown, and certainly wild tales of orgy rooms and blatant fornication in the bars do not hold true in the establishments.

Most gays hope that with time people of all sexual lifestyles will be able to coexist openly in a more educated, open-minded and enlightened society.

There is, admittedly, an air of superficiality in the bars which is difficult to erase. But few would deny that these feelings also exist in many other popular campus locales. The reasons for going to a gay bar are the same as for any other bar on campus. Some of course, go to find sexual partners. Others go to dance, socialize with friends, drink or play pinball or pool. For those who seek partners, the bars may be helpful. But many find this search a lifelong one. It is true that only a few gay relationships are as lasting as conventional marriages, perhaps partially because there are no legal restraints or the responsibility of children.

Possibly the main reason for the transient nature of some male gay relationships is the belief that men are promiscuous creatures with little sensitivity. Today, however, gays are looking for lasting relationships and are no longer satisfied with only indiscriminate sexual encounters.

The Gay Illini, and American gays in general, have become a visible subculture in society. Still, in some areas, there is only lukewarm toleration of the gay culture, leading gays to segregate themselves from the rest of society by establishing exclusively gay bars, clubs and restaurants. Most gays hope that with time people of all sexual lifestyles will be able to coexist openly in a more educated, open-minded and enlightened society. Only when all the closets have been abandoned by their gay inhabitants will the gay movement have achieved its goal.
The year that was 1975-76

Enema bandit canned

Fear of the ski-masked intruder with a notoriously unusual mission was eliminated this summer when the "enema bandit" was arrested and sentenced in northern Illinois.

Michael Kenyon, a 1968 University graduate in accounting, allegedly admitted he was the "enema bandit" when police apprehended him in connection with robberies in two Chicago suburbs.

The bandit first appeared in Champaign-Urbana in 1965. Early victims who had been bound and given an enema at gunpoint said he seemed to delight in bragging about himself and his past criminal exploits.

"If he hadn't given statements to the police, there's no question in my mind that he would have remained at large," Robert Steigmann, Champaign County assistant state's attorney said.

He was originally charged with six counts of armed robbery, burglary, aggravated battery and unlawful restraint, but all charges except five counts of armed robbery were dropped in plea bargaining. "Administration of an enema with the threat of force is not covered by state laws against deviate sexual assault," said Steigman.

Brenda Russell

Cops n' goblins

The goblins may get you if you don't watch out, but last Halloween nobody knew exactly who was getting whom over what. At least 18 persons were "gotten" by Champaign police and herded off to the county jail, costumes and all, following a Halloween street disturbance on the 700 block of South Sixth Street. Most of those arrested faced charges of disorderly conduct or mob action and were released on bond after a few hours. Police had been called in to break up a crowd of 200-300 Halloweeners who had gathered in the middle of Sixth Street for the witching hour.

Reinforcements arrived as several persons began to rock the empty squad car. Objects were hurled through the air. One Champaign officer was hit in the face by a full can of beer, resulting in a seven-stitch injury.

No student injuries were reported, although police, wielding billy clubs, moved through the crowd with the snapping police dog, pushing people to the ground and tossing them toward the sidewalk and paddy wagon.

The following Friday night was even more violent, as two University students were stabbed in separate incidents. Six campus buildings were also damaged, some extensively, in a series of well-planned fires thought to have been set by the same arsonist.

Holly Hali
Barring the age limit

To the east lies the land of golden nectar. Last November, the Urbana City Council exercised its home rule power, allowing 18-year-olds to drink beer and wine.

The owners of Treno's, the Thunderbird and Timpone's had complained enforcement of the state law was difficult because large numbers of underage students frequent their campus establishments. Besides, it's awfully hard to refuse good customers.

A duplicate proposal in Champaign was voted down, 5-4, by the City Council. Illegal drinking in Champaign is still illegal but still unenforceable.

The new Urbana law may have made drinking legal, but as one student has said, "It used to be more fun when it was against the law."

John Benson

Little big steal

If a designer is lucky, a 10-minute doodle may pay off. But it is not unusual for a company to hire a firm specializing in corporate images and pay a six-figure price for a new logo and identification program.

William Korbus, a University graduate in graphic design with a masters degree in journalism, probably worked more than 10 minutes on his solid red 'N' for the Nebraska Educational Television Network's (NETV) logo.

But it was only after 14 months of research and public opinion tests that NBC settled for the red and blue abstract 'N' submitted by the Manhattan firm of Lippincott and Margulies. The entire corporate identification program, which has been in effect since the first of the year, is costing NBC around $1 million, according to the network.

The NETV art director's design, produced on salaried time, automatically became the Nebraska station's property. Korbus estimated that it may have cost only an additional $100 to put the logo on the air in June.

Glenn Hanson, associate professor of journalism, called the whole thing "just hilarious. Everybody always likes to see the big guy get the shaft from the little guy."

But Hanson, Korbus' former typography professor can't understand how the design firm could have spent so much time and money on research, only to come up with a logo already in use in the same medium.

On the other hand, WPGU-FM, the radio station staffed and operated by students and owned by the Illini Publishing Company, deliberately used the design of another station for free.

The staff working on the new logo in 1973 saw an ad for WCAU-FM in Philadelphia and liked it enough to incorporate its basic design, which is not a registered trademark.

Holly Hall

Sky's the limit with University tuition

Administrators seem to reason that student resources are bottomless pools of wealth to be dipped into by a University drowning in financial straits.

According to University President John Corbally, a tuition increase could answer University budget problems lately triggered by approval of Master Plan Phase IV by the Illinois Board of Higher Education.

This outline of long range higher education policies predicted that tuition will need to increase approximately $60 a year per student until 1980, as increased enrollment and programs will meet with hog-tied state funds.

Gov. Daniel Walker, who doesn't think a tuition hike would solve financial woes, said he would veto any bill proposing the same. The University Board of Trustees also opposes Corbally's plans for rate increases.

But the Assembly Hall, Student Services Building, McKinley Healy Center, Illini Union and Intramural Physical Education Building all threaten to reduce service next year if student fees are not sufficiently increased to cover the lack of state funds and increased operating costs.

Judy Osgood
Who made the salad?

A non-profit organization is officially in charge of Levis Faculty Center operations. At first they ran the food service but they lost money. The Illini Union controlled food service operations when the sponsors verged on bankruptcy last fall. But because the University hadn't asked the Union Board if they wanted the contract in the first place, it expired in 90 days.

Now, the Macke Co. of Illinois, a private firm, is running the food service although Tony Courrier, acting Union director, said that the Union had made money at Levis. The University still officially owns the building and provides heat, water, electricity, maintenance and police protection at a non-reimbursable $55,000 per year. Explains Chancellor J.W. Peltason, "The center is an important arm of the University, supportive of its faculty and staff and their need to interact with others professionally and socially."

An Illini Union Board recommendation that the University Board of Trustees allow students and all faculty and non-academic staff to patronize the center was turned down by the sponsors early in 1976.

Bernie Schoenburg

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Frigidaire would be proud

Many students who rent refrigerators from the Undergraduate Student Association (UGSA) may wonder where their money goes. This year the funds enabled UGSA to become involved in such controversial issues as opposing tuition and housing hikes and financial aid cutbacks.

The steering committee also approved restructuring changes to allow all undergraduates to vote after attending three consecutive meetings.

But there were problems keeping the members they already had. Eight members resigned since November, and two special elections had to be held.

In the September special election, members of the Return of the Bear Federation gained the open steering committee seats on the platform of abolishing UGSA.

In November, when the steering committee passed other reforms instead of acting on the Bear's ideas, two members of the slate resigned. Weeks later, two other committee members also resigned. And on the eve of the UGSA second special election, the third member of the Bear slate resigned.

Winners in that election were hardly in office before the regular UGSA election in April. And campaigning began all over again.

Alyson Sulaski

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Spendor in the grass

A marijuana smoker's dream—paid to get high and watch stag films.

But before Dr. Harris Rubin, a Southern Illinois University researcher, could begin sex-pot experiments, he needed a grant of immunity from the National Drug Enforcement Administration.

Rubin wanted to prove pot smoking hinders sexual performance. Opposition quickly formed. The Eagle forum, a group from Morton standing for "God, home and country," branded the experiment "immoral, obscene, and a waste of United States money." They didn't mind the pot; they objected to the films.

"It's against the law to show pornographic films, yet the government is doing it, showing the movies free," said spokeswoman Rosemary Thompson. "What kind of logic is that?"

The experiment received a two-year grant for $121,000 from the National Institute of Drug Abuse to test the hormone levels and sexual arousal in males who smoked pot and then saw porno flicks.

They justified the research, saying "Maybe this will work where jail sentences failed to make people quit using pot."

Kay Severinsen
Gimme shelter

Calls for rate hikes in University-approved housing, abolition of the 60-hour housing requirement and possible construction of hi-rise living complexes were studied by various groups on campus in response to general inflationary trends and student demands for greater flexibility.

In open hearings, administrators announced that the Housing Division would raise rates by 9.1 per cent, or about $124.

The Council of Dormitory Presidents (COP), the Undergraduate Student Association (UGSA) and the Student Housing Advisory Committee (SHAC) have recommended alternatives to such a rate increase. The organizations were generally in favor of an increase in state support funds to housing.

Results of a Housing Division study have shown that reducing or completely abolishing the 60-hour housing requirement would help alleviate some of the crowding in dorms. The vacancy rate in private housing would be lowered from 4.0 per cent to 2.88 per cent.

While such a shift in student housing preferences might prompt the building of new, more expensive student apartments in Champaign-Urbana, the proposed hi-rise zoning change in Champaign was opposed by the University. An ad hoc committee favored a more comprehensive change, taking into consideration such things as bicycle and car storage and traffic, open space, mass transportation and aesthetic desirability.

Judy Frankel

Rape prevention has taken to the streets.

Women's Wheels, which provides rides for women who would otherwise have to walk alone at night, is one of two such programs on college campuses in the United States. An all-University program with several departments involved in its operation, Women's Wheels has access to two University cars for transporting female students within the Champaign-Urbana city limits at night. The volunteer program is based on a taxi-service principle, Peggy Kubisiak, the Women's Wheels advisor, explained. Volunteer drivers pick up individual students who have called the service's dispatcher.

When it began operation in December 1974, Women's Wheels was an experimental project of Campus Affairs and Services. The free ride service, now a permanent University program, is more in demand as students discover its existence, according to Kubisiak. She estimated that the service receives about 50 to 60 calls on week nights and about 60 to 70 calls on weekend nights.

According to Women Against Rape (WAR), the rate of rape or rape attempts, as reported to Champaign-Urbana or University police, has at least doubled since the ride service began.

Women's Wheels organizers, however, are optimistic about the program's potential. "Everytime we pick up one female and stop here from walking alone," emphasized Russ Knowles, coordinator for the University police and Women's Wheels, "we have reduced the possibility of rape by one."

Peggy Goodzey

Free-wheeling women

Vera Correy 1976

79
photographs by Shiela Reaves and Evelyn Turner
Lobbying for ERA

by Peggy Goodzey

“ERA now!” the crowd shouted at the State Capitol rally. There were glamorous middle-aged women in expensive pantsuits, with perfectly-coiffed hair, college women in blue jeans and sweatshirts and toddlers in Bicentennial costumes.

Although vociferous members of “Stop ERA” have been a major hindrance to the passage of the amendment first proposed over 50 years ago, supporters are confident that the public wants equal rights for women and that election-minded legislators will respond, even if it’s been “200 years too long, 200 years too long...”
The Candidate Game
Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent

by Steve Slack
illustrations by Tom Stipanowich

1876. One hundred years a nation. The country was looking for a President. But everything was sour. A war that pitted citizen against citizen and scorched the soil of the nation had just ended.

A President had been murdered. His successor impeached and nearly convicted.

The Panic of 1873 had become a depression. The economy stagnated. Men longed for work, for something to keep their hands busy. Something besides guns and corpses.

Washington was rife with scandal. Malfeasance and corruption had destroyed the administration of Ulysses S. Grant. Members of the Cabinet, foreign ambassadors, and even the President's personal secretary were under investigation for theft and fraud.

At the same time, the nation was gearing up for its Centennial celebration a frenzied tribute to commemorate the dream held by generation of geniuses five score earlier.

1976. A nation for two hundred years. The country is looking for a President. There is no want of applicants, yet the candidates are uninspiring.

In some inexplicable way, the gulf that separated the venal, self-serving politico of 1876 from the great experiment of 1776 has not closed. And yet, despite all that is disgusting, contemptible and corrupt in government today, an election year signifies the chance for a new beginning.

Gerald Ford, President by accident, is candidate by self-acclamation. He wears the armor of incumbency strangely. Somehow, it doesn't seem to fit.

His detractors call him the President of Grand Rapids, his home congressional district. They accuse him of possessing a dishwasher personality, of being embarrassingly awkward in speech and manner, of being slow in thought and frustratingly deliberate in action. His wife has been called lewd, his son profligate, his daughter pampered.

He has withstood the onslaught admirably. Some of it is true. The President is clumsy with words. His speech is stilted and trite. He is humanly graceless in his movements and refreshingly good-natured about it. He looks, as comedian Rich Little has said, like the man on the late, late show who is the first to see "The Thing." In short, he may be too typically American to be accepted by a public that demands that its President glitter when he walks.

The President is as conservative in thought as the folks back in Grand Rapids trained him to be. He doesn't rock the boat and doesn't like it when people around him make waves.

"The President is as conservative in thought as the folks back in Grand Rapids trained him to be. He doesn't rock the boat and doesn't like it when people around him make waves."

waves. He administrates like a college football hero trying to impress his girl in the stands. He executes a big play, then turns to wink and give an All-American grin to little Mizz America smiling demurely in the stands. The Mayaguez - ten yards in a cloud of dust. New York City - quarterback sneak. Nixon's pardon - fifteen yards for unsportsmanlike conduct.

The President is affable and knows how to squeeze a nickel. It is, say his supporters, enough.

Any other time it would be enough. But the down-to-earth President isn't running against just any undistinguished Republican. He is facing charisma in the flesh. He is squared
off against the incarnation of every mother’s son, every father’s fishing buddy, every matron’s midnight fantasy — Ronald Reagan.

Reagan is, for everyone who remembers the star’s B-grade 1940s movies, living libido. For residents of California, he is the man who cut welfare costs by $1 billion, held the line on state spending and increased per capita taxes almost twofold.

Reagan is an Illinois boy, a go-getter who has admirably filled a number of jobs. He has talent and savoir-faire. The former governor also has an unswerving conservative outlook that very often forces him into puerile and unrealistic policy positions.

Reagan may be the last of the “can-do” Americans. He will probably be considered an institution as long as he lives. But probably not in Washington.

No one knows exactly when George Wallace became a convert. No one knows on what road the Alabaman segregationist suddenly was struck by the light that made him color blind. But he says it happened.

Now Wallace, the wheelchair-champion of the working class the roaring, boring enemy of the “pussy-footers” and “pointy-head liberals,” is a different man from the one who stood at a schoolhouse door and appealed to a primitive
baseness buried in our society. Now he is the tired campaigner who must keep fighting lest the great mass of anonymous Americans be forgotten.

He deserves admiration. He was the first to bring the dangers of an exponentially growing bureaucracy to the public. He has fought a good fight against the suffocating enigma which is the federal government. Alabama's favorite son has been a great leveler. Ironically, he has blazed the path that liberals and more moderate Democrats are now wearing thin. Wallace has shown courage and fortitude in his determined effort to become President, but the American people will probably find him deserving of everything but the presidency.

One of the liberal Democrats who took Wallace's path, but managed to sidestep the governor at the same time, is former Georgia Governor, Jimmy Carter.

Carter, who likes to bill himself as a little 'ole goober pea pickin' country boy is as shrewd a campaigner and politician as the Southland has ever offered. He also has perhaps the best intellect of any national Southern candidate in recent history, including Lyndon Johnson.

"I'll never tell a lie, I'll never knowingly mislead the people," Carter says in a well, well-practiced speech that flows like caramel and leaves a mighty good taste in other people's mouths. It's almost good enough. Almost.

There is a peculiar suspicion that Jimmy has lured many a freckle-faced farmgirl into sin with words similar to those. He seems too determined, too intense, too hungry for the White House. That suspicion is certainly held back in Georgia.

The smilin' Georgian's enemies back home include conservatives who claim he sidled up to Gov. Lester Maddox while campaigning for governor, and then dropped him like a hot fritter after winning the election. They make the same claim about Carter's love-hate relationship with Wallace. As

one Georgia poll put it "Jimmy'll hunt with any man that'll take him out."

Nevertheless, as governor, Carter streamlined the archaic Georgia executive branch and made it a model of efficiency. He also literally forced Georgia to desegregate and accept its black citizens.

Where Jimmy Carter is all goobers, Birch Bayh is all corn. The Happy Hoosier is looking for a place in the party, trying to carve a spot for himself among all those liberals. And there's the problem. Bayh blends too easily into the background, a permanent wallflower. He's not verbose like Harris, gentle like Carter, rough like Wallace, rich like Shriver or witty like Udall. Unless he can do something outstanding, and do it soon, he is destined to be just another nice-looking man who wanted to be President.

Fred Harris comes from a proud tradition of prairie populists. A tradition that included Nebraska's William Jen-

ings Bryan and Wisconsin's Bob LaFollet. Unfortunately for Harris, that's a long list of losers.

There must be something about the prairie — maybe the howling winds or the wide, wide spaces — that makes politicians from there want to cut loose and sort of drift. They are never the favorites of big business. Harris wouldn't be satisfied to be crucified on big business' cross of gold. He'd much rather carry it on his back around the country, excoriating multinational corporations and tax privileges with an evangelical fervor that's long on promises and short on policy.

If Sargent Shriver's campaign has proven anything at all, it's that there's no room in the political spectrum for a fake Kennedy. Kennedys are like quality scotch. If you're not one, you lack a certain finesse, certain smoothness, certain raw power that seems to say, "Look upon me well, you may never see my likes again."

Outside of being Catholic, Shriver is singularly undistinguished. His stint as Peace Corps director is impressive, but he has gotten about as much mileage out of that as he can get. He has a lot of experience in anti-poverty programs and is probably the best versed of any candidate on the nation's social problems. Still, he probably will never be able to shake the suspicion that he dabbles in poverty as a diversion from his personal wealth.

Scoop Jackson is the conservative Democrat's great grey hope. With the countenance of a tired old bloodhound and a burning desire to talk mean to Soviets, Jackson's real constituency seems to consist entirely of Russian Jews. That leaves him the problem of trying to organize a voter registration drive in Siberia. So instead, Scoop is trying to con-
solidate big labor ballots and big business money. Getting Russian Jews to the polls would be easier.

Anyone who has ever fought a nuclear power plant, tried to stop a dam, or participated in a recycling drive thinks Morris Udall deserves canonization. But this isn’t even enough people to hold a Tupperware party. Udall knows it, but probably doesn’t know what to do about it.

Lincolnesque in stature and wit, the Arizonan has put together a campaign that resembles a lot of one-night stands for a stand-up comic. He’s sincere and concerned with the quality of life on our planet, but that doesn’t seem to be enough. People just can’t seem to remember his name.

Finally, of course, there is the great Unannounced. The Happy Warrior from Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey, insists he won’t seek the nomination but won’t refuse it. In the convoluted Democratic party it seems entirely possible that after all the winkin’ and blinkin’, Humphrey could get the nod.

The election in 1876 and the centennial celebration came and went. The Democrats nominated Samuel J. Tilden, governor of New York, who campaigned on promises to wipe out corruption and restore prosperity. Republicans named Rutherford B. Hayes, who was described by historian Henry Adams as “a third-rate nonentity, whose only recommendation is that he is obnoxious to no one.”

It was the most bitterly contested election in U.S. history. Tilden won the popular vote, but Hayes won the electoral vote and was declared the winner by a special election commission which was stacked in favor of the Republicans.

Dismayed by Haye’s lack of talent and aptitude for the Presidency, Joseph Pulitzer was led to write cryptically in the New York World: “Hayes has never stolen. Good God, has it come to this?” Again, it has.
A day in the Life
of a University

On a campus of 38,000 students and countless administrators, individuals often take separate paths. On these pages we have attempted to follow four different individuals on a typical day: Friday, Nov. 28, 1975

Audie Matthews’ day is somewhat extraordinary since he is a basketball player on scholarship, and today is the first game of a new season under a new coach. Although Audie will go to classes today, most of his time will be spent contemplating tonight’s game, “psyching myself up without psyching myself out.”

Barb Lafferty, a junior in FAA, spends Friday following the intense schedule she sets for herself. Although her work-day lasts from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., she gets plenty of exercise jogging between classes. But this Friday is not a typical day for Barb. Much of her time is usually spent helping a fellow resident of Sherman Hall, Nancy Becker, a second-year graduate in communications, who is confined to a wheelchair. But Nancy went home for the weekend. Although she and Nancy are close friends, Barb insists plainly, “It’s a job” and is paid for her services to Nancy.

Lloyd Weber woke up one morning to find himself completely paralyzed from the neck down. He had fallen 60 feet while working at a silo. As he recovered he was able to participate in therapy programs. Although he made great physiological strides, his psychological improvement was nil. “I sat around for about three years feeling useless and sorry for myself. I finally realized that I’d be sitting here the rest of my life if I didn’t exert myself. So, at 29, I came to the University of Illinois to major in occupational therapy.”

As dean of Campus Programs and Services, Dan Perrino’s day is full of what he likes and cares about most — people. Among his responsibilities are coordinating a programming council and keeping five assistant deans almost as busy as he is. Because of his constant involvement in campus political affairs and the Medicare 7, 8 or 9 band, of which he is a member, Perrino has suffered some strain during the year. But he still finds himself running a constant course from meeting to meeting, day and night. From the time his wife Marjorie drops him off at the Illini Union in the morning until she picks him up at night, Perrino is meeting, greeting, talking with, listening to and helping people.
At 8 a.m. Dan meets Tracey Bishop, senior in P.E. and a professional magician, at the Illini Union cafeteria for breakfast. Dan and Tracey discuss future programs she will perform in, which are designed to build bridges between the University and the Champaign-Urbana community.

Lloyd takes the bus to class, especially when it’s raining or snowing. “Hey, Lloyd, what can you do about this weather?” asks Ellen Drewes, junior in LAS. Lloyd responds with a silent giggle, but says that there’s not much you can do when the snow is too deep or the ice too slick, except stay inside and wait for better weather.

In spite of the fact that he has no classes until noon on Fridays, Audie gets up shortly after 8 o’clock. After breakfast he begins doing homework, some pencil sketches for an art class.

From 9 a.m. to noon Barb sits in her anatomy class before a model and, working with charcoal pencils, completes a large portrait before class ends. She is reluctant to accept compliments: “Yeah, it looks good, but it’s just not there.” Compared with her classmates, she considers herself only average.
Afternoon

After a noon art history class, Barb returns to Sherman Hall for a small, cold lunch taken from her rented mini-refrigerator. She plays her “practice chanter,” in preparation for a bagpipe lesson, and its lonely, monotonous sound echoes about the room. Barb seldom goes out socially. Her closest friend lives in Chicago, and their relationship has been uncertain, she says.

Barb has a painting class from 2 to 5 p.m., in which she is working on two paintings. Her instructor, Ed Lancaster, likes one painting but not the other. He tries to explain, but he doesn’t quite get through. Barb dislikes some art teachers whose critiques, she says, are nothing but superficial art jargon, and she is pessimistic about learning from such people. “What you learn, you teach yourself,” she says.

Lloyd spends three to four hours a week in the gymnasium at the Rehabilitation Center. He lifts weights and dumbbells, to maintain strength in his arms. “This gym is like any other gym, except for those walking bars in the corner,” Lloyd says. Below, Lloyd trims a shelf that he’s making as a project in Votec 181. As a future therapist, Lloyd says it is often necessary to have someone make things.
Dan stops on his way to a 4:30 meeting with administrators at the Union to say hello to Lorrie D'Urso, freshman in education and a friend of his daughter.

Because today is a game day, Audie eats a steak dinner with the team at a local restaurant. After the meal, he spends his time resting in his dormitory room watching television.
Lloyd waits on the corner of 6th and Green for the walk light to change. He doesn’t go out at night very often, unless he’s going someplace specific. Lloyd is proud to be at the University: “For the handicapped to get into the U of I you must have the same academic standing as everyone else, and maintain it. But you also have to meet certain physical standards. You have to be completely independent, able to feed and dress yourself. Around here to be a gimp is a status thing.”

evening

Shannon Ellis, junior in communications and president of Panhellenic Council, waits for Dan to finish a phone call. Dan and Shannon were discussing a campus programs and organizations presentation which they are to give the next day at a Panhellenic Convention. Dan is probably the last to leave the Student Services building tonight. He rests at home for a few hours before beginning another round of meetings this evening.
On her way home from painting, Barb stops in the Armory to jog for about a half an hour. After a quick dinner, she's off to the Illini Union, where she has arranged to sketch a portrait. Below, her charcoal drawing of Mary Kay Newman of Champaign, is finished after three hours of quiet sitting in the President's Lounge. There is no charge for the portrait. Barb will include it in a class portfolio and give it to Mary Kay when it is finished.

Audie tips in a field goal during the game, an exhibition match with the University of Windsor (Canada). The Illini win handily, 76-54. Audie didn’t fulfill his potential as a scorer tonight, but he led his team in rebounding with 15.
It sure might look like rain in the morning, but in Champaign-Urbana one can never be quite sure. So instead of lugging that umbrella around a sunny quad all day or getting caught bare-headed in a downpour, a student could benefit from the weather forecasting class sponsored by Common Ground.

Common Ground offers non-credit courses for people who want to share common interests in an informal learning situation. Established this summer by members of the Undergraduate Student Association (UGSA) and Learning Exchange, Common Ground is part of a movement of free universities across the country, enabling people to teach each other without grades or tuition.

According to Common Ground collective member Keith Volgman, UGSA became interested in a free university when the Learning Exchange was on the verge of folding. The Learning Exchange is an individual arrangement in which a person is referred to another who knows the caller's area of interest, leaving the learning situation up to the two individuals. A file system is kept of teachers and those interested in subjects, and is still in use at the Common Ground office, McKinley Foundation, 5th and Daniel, Champaign.

With Common Ground, the collective sets up the course and its organizer, location and time. The first semester in existence Common Ground had an enrollment of 300 people in 40 classes.

Common Ground is funded by UGSA and the collective decides its own structure and decisions. It is open to anyone and membership has grown from eight to approximately 20 members during the first semester.

Each course is administered by a "convener." The organizer of the class is free to determine his or her own role, be it lecturer or discussion leader. Conveners and the Common Ground office arrange class meetings in the individual's home or in different buildings in the community.

This year, conveners attended an orientation meeting in early fall which stressed the necessity of creating a favorable learning environment by breaking down the authoritative nature of the classroom and encouraging an equal exchange of ideas.

A course catalogue was published this fall by Common Ground, listing conveners and course descriptions. The only qualification is that a course's content be humanistic. Anyone may register for a course, and Common Ground hopes classes will be a mixture of community members, students
and faculty with diversity in age and life experiences.

The Common Ground collective plans to evaluate all of the courses at the end of the year to gain feedback from both coveners and members. According to Volgman, the primary reason is to advise future coveners of problems which arose in the past.

"The evaluation is on how things are working out and the problems we're running into. Since coveners are volunteers, the evaluation is not based on their performance as a course covenner," he said. "We want suggestions on how to find better facilities, teaching techniques and how funds may be obtained for classes."

Auto mechanics is a favorite course, according to collective members. Taught at Earthworks, the course is for non-mechanics who would like to know some of the basics about cars — like how to repair or adjust fans and generator belts and what points and condensors are.

Other courses offered vary from pinball machine design and construction to introductory French and using the sun as an energy source.

Common Ground members received help from the free university at Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kan. The University for Man started there in 1967 with two classes, two students and one faculty member, and has grown to a 4,000 enrollment in 275 classes. The University for Man, which has a staff of eight and is expanding into six rural Kansas communities, shares a house with the crisis and drug center.

The University is supported by the Kansas State Student Government from activity fees, the Division of Continuing Education, Kansas Humanities and the United Way. It also received a grant from a fund for the Improvement of Post Secondary Education.

"The intent of the school is to have people teach each other and share skills," said Sue Maes, a staff member. "It is divided equally between students and town people taking courses."

Maes said the free university movement started in the mid-60's "when the free speech movement hit the Berkley Campus. The ideas drifted this way," she said.

According to Maes, there are 150 free universities in the United States.

She said the concept of a free university varies. "A free university is like a free school movement. Some universities have six or seven courses, and change leaders at semester. Others charge $20 or $30 for class with an established adult learning center.

"Most participants pick up survival skills and learn how to preserve food and solar energy. Adults with leisure time are learning how to refinish furniture, and about crafts and food."

Part of the free university's purpose is to link together community services. Volgman said Common Ground would like to publish a catalogue of community services.

Common Ground collective member Barry Surd said, "Tying together community activities goes hand in hand with what learning exchange and free universities do." And creating an informal learning situation between the community and students is what Common Ground is all about.

"The economic structure of Champaign isolates the town and makes it immobile to students in winter. We can't do anything," Volgman said. "Campustown is a separate section and does not interact with the community. There is alienation where both sides don't understand what is going on.

"Common Ground goes a long way to help the relationships between students and the community because there is a lot of common ground between the two groups."
Campustown cache:
by Holly Hall  illustrations by Nina Ovryn

"Money is addictive," said Peter Oelschlaeger, senior majoring in Asian economics. "Money is one of those wonderful things — when you have some, you can see what it can get you and you want more of it."

Although he works nearly 30 hours a week and carries a full course load, Oelschlaeger wants to sell his car for the cash — to make a larger investment on another car. His bimonthly University paycheck provides money for "everyday expenses, gas and girls."

He claimed he hasn't been bothered by the national recession and economic fluctuations. "And everywhere you go, all you see is people buying things, especially on campus.

"We've discussed it in a few of my economics classes and professors and students generally agree that, although student consumers are not out of the national economy, we make up a different segment. Even though students are probably better informed about the economy and spending, we are less reactionary. We absorb the substantial fluctuations of inflated prices because we have less time and fewer opportunities to shop around, to do something about the high prices, especially in Campustown.

Most campus merchants agreed that business at least remained stable during the national economic crunch and that their stores are doing better than ever so far this year, although they can't explain students spending.

Joe Cleland, manager of The Peddler plant shop which recently expanded, said he "didn't know there was any economic crisis." Cleland, who would rather think of his two-year-old business as a hobby, said he has been busy ever since opening at Sixth and John streets on campus. He mostly sells 89-cent terrarium plants, but has no trouble selling large plants which average about $18. He estimated 50 per cent of his customers are "regulars." But many students buy plants and flowers on the spur of the moment.

Mrs. Eugene W. Kirkwood, who has owned and managed The Korn 'N' Kandy Shop with her husband for 30 years also noted that many customers just need a break in their hectic day on campus. "Buying candy is a little holiday in the life of students enthusiastic for a change." When the price of sugar skyrocketed in 1975, the Kirkwoods noticed that customers were spending less money at a time, but they continued to come in.

Judy Haasis, senior in social work, agreed that spending depends on mood. "It's weird — it helps to spend when you are depressed, and you want to spend when you are really happy. Maybe it's just when you feel mediocre or indifferent that you start watching it."

Spending four days a week doing field placement in Decatur and working part-time to defray the transportation costs, Haasis said she has no ambition to go shopping. "As a regular student, I wanted to get out and find bargains, even when I didn't have the money. Now I just don't have the time."

Michael D. Hosier, manager and part-owner of Baskin-Robbins Ice Cream Store on Green Street, said he knows a lot of customers just drop in between classes and running around. "I just hate to see people wait more than five minutes." By concentrating on getting more people through his store, Hosier, a part-time student in business administration, has increased ice cream sales from 16,404 gallons during the first year of business in 1972, to 21,684 gallons in 1975. An 8 to 10 per cent across-the-board increase which went into effect during semester break was the first price hike in 13 months at the campus store. "Even when sugar prices were going up, we stayed the same. And now that we have increased prices, a few customers say something, but they keep coming," Hosier said.

While manufacturer's prices for stereo equipment have gone up, the increase has not been passed on to the consumers at Midwest Hifi, according to Dick Doris, the store's new manager. Although the recession has hurt the hifi industry as a whole, the college market has increased, he reported. "The car is the first thing to go in a money pinch and hifi equipment is replacing it with most wanting $500-$800 quality equipment.

Part of a national chain, the campus store is "right up there" with the bigger stores in Chicago, Houston and Dallas. Chicago buyers, however, are "more sophisticated," according to Dorris. "Down here a lot of buyers are naive about the equipment from the business standpoint. Bargaining is not unheard of in other cities, although trade-in's are a large portion of business here.

According to a C-U 197 demographic survey of Daily Illini readers, 23 per cent of the students purchased hifi
equipment, stereos and television in 1974, spending an average of $333. One-third of students responding to telephone interviews said they had purchased albums or tapes in the past month, spending an average of $10.

Sales at Discount Records on Wright Street were down throughout the recession, but have been steadily picking up since the summer of 1975. According to Morgan Usadel, store manager, business is now better than ever. Since opening in 1965, record prices have increased at least $1 at Discount Records, disproportionately low in relation to the hike in list prices. "People are spoiled here," said Usadel. "When there is a price increase people scream that they are being ripped off. But prices at this campus store are lower than any place else, with the possible exception of Los Angeles." The business, owned by CBS until spring 1975, grosses 25 per cent over cost, but overhead takes away any profit.

The survey also showed that, next to groceries, students spend the most money per month on clothes.

Business at Redwood and Ross in 1975 increased over 1974 by 10 per cent, according to Bob Jackson, manager of the clothing store. Sales early in 1976 were already ahead of 1975, which had been "the best year since 1956 when the store had a women's department." Jackson expects 1976 fall suit prices to increase by about 5 per cent, or $10.

Dave Lanter, manager of Goldsmith's, said that customers found his store more attractive than many other clothing outlets during the recession, and business reflected this. "The recession changed buyers' attitudes. The lowest-priced goods were the hardest to sell and the medium-price items were in greatest demand. The consumer was more interesting in quality than in cheap clothing which probably wouldn't last." Lanter said that the average sale at Goldsmith's is $21.

Price increases, averaging $1-$2 on most clothing items in the past year at Blum's, haven't affected business, according to the Daniel Street store manager Pam Williams.

Williams estimated that the average sale is easily $10 and over half of the clothes purchased include accessories. Ron Magsamen, general manager working out of the Champaign Mall store, admitted that Blum's is big on mark-downs because customers finding bargains will often also buy non-sale items.

The DI reader study also indicated that 80 per cent of those contacted had spent money on campus entertainment in the month before the survey, shelling out an average of $8.

Hans Dekok, senior in philosophy, spends at least $1 a day on the "pens." Although his parents pay his tuition, fees and rent, Dekok works about 20 hours a week to satisfy his "appalling spending habits." They don't bother him because he said he knows he can curtail his spending when he needs money. "I figure that since I'm going to be poor the rest of my life, I might as well live it up while I can." He estimated that he spends $35 a week and $600-$700 a semester on miscellaneous items, mostly for recreation.

Kim Donner, junior in theatre, also receives money from home for tuition, fees, room and board. But she saves part of her 20-hour per week wages. "My parents never tell me anything about their financial situation. They could be wearing rags back home for all I know. So I don't want to take any money from them for the extra stuff." United States Office of Education statistics indicate that parental contributions to students for college and college life are decreasing at a time when the college population is climbing.

It would seem that students would be smart and safe to save to make up the $50 million difference between the University Office of Student Financial Aid's projected undergraduate budget ($2966 per student for the 1975-76 academic year) and the amount it administers or monitors in scholarship and loan programs.

But according to Gina Haasis, senior in pre-law who claimed she doesn't spend anything extra, "Sometimes it just makes me sick to think of all I've wasted and given up just to sit at home and be able to count my three cents." Wiser, but sadder.
Women's Studies...

by Lisha Gayle  illustrations by Susan Atlas

In the summer of 1970, 38 students were enrolled in "Politics of Women's Liberation," the first Women's Studies course offered at the University.

In the fall of 1973, 14 Women's Studies courses were offered. All but one class had attracted near-maximum enrollment.

The availability of these courses and their growing popularity has been a national trend since 1970. Approximately 4,658 courses are offered at more than 985 institutions in the United States, according to the Clearing House for Women's Studies.

Joan Huber, associate professor of sociology at the University, explained that the increased interest in Women's Studies courses follows the growing realization that women were almost invisible in social sciences and humanities prior to these courses.

In the social sciences, for example, women were only discussed in marital and maternal roles, never as workers or participants in major social institutions, according to Huber, although she noted that increasing numbers of women are working most of their adult lives.

Huber added that women were comparably invisible in the humanities before the surge of Women's Studies courses. She said most of history has been written by and about men, and women's contributions, especially in the areas of literature and art, have mostly been ignored. As a result, Huber contends that a person can major in humanities or social sciences without having been exposed to the contributions of women, who comprise half of the world's population.

In order to include women as contributors to higher education, Women's Studies courses have been developed and offered at the University as legitimate scholarly disciplines, according to Bette Adelman, staff associate for Affirmative Action on the campus.

In June of 1975, Adelman submitted a funding proposal which would develop a program that would provide direction and cohesiveness and would encourage high quality teaching, research and public service in the Women's Studies area. The proposed program was rejected by Robert Rogers, dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, however, because University budget cuts made new programs unfeasible.

On the other hand, Huber said that she believed a Women's Studies program could have been instituted in 1970 when there was a great thrust for minorities and related studies and when the University had more funds available for new programs.

The proposed program represented a determined effort to upgrade the traditional image of the female. A Women's Studies program, the proposal contended, would aid in the "recognition of the importance of women's past contributions and encourage women's newly-realized potential for creativity, leadership and influence.

The proposal called for the establishment of a formally structured program as a curriculum at the University. According to Huber, however, such a program is only one of three means of including the study of women in academic processes.

By hiring more teachers who are prepared to deal with Women's Studies, women could be made more visible in many academic areas, according to a Huber alternative.

A third way to integrate the study of women calls for restructuring existing University courses to include the contributions of women. This is the best method in the long run, Huber maintains, but it is not very practical since she feels that most people are unaware that women actually have been invisible.

According to Huber, a separate program for Women's Studies is probably the most practical solution. "The reasons for differential treatment of women originate in many different disciplines. It is difficult to fully integrate the
does it make the grade

study of women into these different disciplines because one teacher would only have the relevant information for one field, while such information is scattered throughout many different fields of concentration." If a teacher knows a little bit about women in every field, however, the level of the course’s intensity is reduced because not much depth exists in any one field. As proposed, the Studies program would provide specific women’s courses in every relevant field, with the hope that women will be as visible as men in all these fields in the future.

Although a wide variety of Women’s Studies courses have been offered in the past five years, Adelman said that she feels the existing program has been inadequate. Because many problems occur because of the lack of an organized approach to Women’s Studies, she cites the need for regularization and expansion. Course content sometimes overlaps and research capability is less than adequate, with 18 or more departments represented among the faculty teaching Women’s Studies. She thinks that the multidisciplinary nature of this field begs for coordination, central planning and development.

The University lags behind other schools in the development of such a permanent program. In fact, Illinois and Purdue are the only Big Ten schools currently without an established program in Women’s Studies. Ohio State University probably has the most complete program, with a current budget of $60,000 and a proposed program budget of $122,000 for the 1976-77 school year.

It is possible, however, to major in Women’s Studies at the University. Barbara Schechtman constructed her Women’s Studies major through the Individual Plans of Study (IPS) program, recently graduating with a total of 30 hours in Women’s Studies courses.

Schechtman also emphasized the need for an established program in Women’s Studies. Courses are currently offered in one area, although no higher level Women’s Studies courses follow-up.

She said that a program would eliminate the inefficient use of teachers that now exists and development on a continuum could be offered. "Enough resource people are available for a program and there is enough interest.”

Despite the problems presented by having no established program, Schechtman felt most of the classes came across well. She said that women’s courses are attractive because teachers have a genuine interest in the subject — an interest which can be contagious.

Schechtman admitted that people often question the worth of Women’s Studies as a valid academic endeavour. "Many people would say, ‘Oh, Women’s Studies courses — you must never study.’ They were probably just jealous. I was the only one who wasn’t complaining about my classes.”

With a degree in Women’s Studies, Schechtman could receive a teaching, social work or counseling job. A Women’s Studies major has no fewer opportunities than has any other graduate. "Women’s Studies is a pioneer field, with many possibilities for individual research," she said.

Most Women’s Studies courses attract both men and women, although the proportion of men enrolled is usually lower than that of women. Tom Jennings, a sophomore in Agriculture, took a class in sexism and sex roles last fall. "It was my favorite course,” he said.

Jennings admits that at times he felt cornered and he kept his opinion to himself to avoid "raising a ruckus.” But he distinguished between speaking out just to bother people and speaking out to defend his own opinion. "I’d speak up if someone said something obnoxious,” he said.

Teachers of Women’s Studies emphasize the need for male enrollment. Cheris Kramer, speech communications instructor claimed, "I wouldn’t like it without men, but not as many men as I would like actually enroll. The opinions of men are needed, otherwise discussion tends to be biased.”
It's hard to believe that some people grow up in the Midwest with the feeling that they are not Americans.

But it's not hard to do if their parents do not speak English, if they do not dine on traditionally American foods, if their schooling is second-rate compared to that of other Americans and if their skin color falls outside the two most common American shades: black and white.

Such people may feel a real culture shock upon entering an All-American Big Ten University. Culture shock has been the experience of many brown-skinned people (and their descendants) from South America, Central America and the Caribbean.

While most people in the University continue to work at preserving "the American way of life," La Casa Cultural Latina (The Latino Cultural House) is trying to offer an alternative. Latino students who find it difficult to adjust to the University environment feel such an alternative is a near necessity, according to Carmen Garriga, president of La Colectiva Latina, a political-social Latino student organizations.

Garriga said that the new Latino student often experiences changes not only in food and language, but also in the kind of social life available on campus.

Before La Casa was organized, Copacabana, an annual Latin-American nightclub of song and dance, was the only event of the year at which Latinos could celebrate their culture on a grand scale.

But a once-a-year-celebration, no matter how splendid, is not enough cultural sustenance for anyone. In the early 1970's the Urban Hispanic Students (now La Colectiva Latina) began pushing for a Latino Cultural House, a place
which could serve as an academic, social and cultural center for the Latino students at the University.

In May 1974 after several letters were written to complain about the situation and task forces recommended a change, the University announced it would donate a house for the Latino students to use as a cultural center, along with a part-time staff and a small hunk of the University budget.

Today, La Casa offers Latino students a place to meet other Latinos, to speak Spanish with them, to listen to Latin-American music and to read Latin-American literature from La Casa's library. The students have the opportunity to participate in such activities as dance workshops, suppers offering foods from different Latin American countries, and the printing of a Latino student journal. They can also listen to a steel drum band, dance the salsa to a La Casa Orquesta and teach members of the University how to speak Spanish at a tertulia (Spanish speaking hour.)

The tertulias are probably the best known and most popular La Casa activities among non-Latino University students. Each tertulia is centered around a theme such as Latin-American dances, or music from a particular Latin-American country. The first was so successful that the house was filled to overflowing and the people spilled out onto the house lawn.

The tertulias have helped the house to share the Latino culture with non-Latinos, which was part of the original proposal for La Casa and a goal of many of the Latinos presently involved in house activities. "I would like to expose this culture to anyone that wants to experience it," said Pedro Alonso, a participant in Latino activities.

In the future, La Casa may serve as a liaison with other programs, according to Dr. Henry Trueba, associate professor of secondary and continuing education. Trueba said he saw the house as possibly being able to provide an office for a small undergraduate bi-lingual, bi-cultural program.

The house is presently serving several other purposes. One of them is the achievement of unity among the very diversified Latinos on campus. "One of the goals of the house is to help Latinos be able to understand each other," explained Dan Perrino, dean of Campus Programs and Services, the office funding the house.

Ben Rodriguez, 1975-76 director of La Casa, agreed that many of the Latinos have not yet learned to appreciate themselves as a group. He said that they suffer from another identity crisis in that they do not know whether to absorb the culture of their parents or lose that culture in the English-speaking country in which they live.

A mural covering all four walls of the main room of La Casa expresses the feelings of many Latinos. On one wall, several Latino figures fall into a huge kettle of people over which a Latino with a guitar is standing. "He represents the lost culture and he is crying over the American melting pot," exclaimed the mural's artist Oscar Martinez, a former University student.

Still another identity crisis for the Latinos is that they have yet to define their place between the already defined identities of the black and white Americans. "This country is so caught up in black and white that they don't recognize our identity," Rodriguez said.

Garriga said that allowing the Latino students a house for activities has helped ease the identity crisis as it has "given us a place to go and express ourselves." In that way she feels it has been very successful, and she said she thinks "the majority of the students in La Colectiva are satisfied with La Casa."

In the future, however, Garriga said she would like to see the University provide a full-time house director. Rodriguez is director only two-thirds of the time. Many other Latino students were emphatic in their desire for such a full-time director, but not all were sure that they would ask for more than the $14,500 presently allocated to the house.

The funds are not a limiting factor per se, according to Rudy Garcia, another participant. "The problem is that the staff has to divide its energy between classwork and projects, which doesn't allow for a full effort by anyone."

Concerned over budget cuts, Perrino would not comment on the funding outlook for La Casa. He said, however, that he hopes the program will continue to grow. "As a University we have a responsibility to the entire state. More and more Latinos are settling in the Midwest. Their youngsters will be better educated and coming to this University, and we need to be ready for them."

Trueba supported Perrino's point by estimating that today's Latino population in the United States is close to 18 million and by the year 2000 the figure will be "huge". He said he believes La Casa has a "beautiful future."

"It will be one of the most important cultural centers at the University," he predicted.

For the approximately 300 students now participating in the program, La Casa may have achieved that status already.

A Latino couple dances to the Latin beat at Copacabana, the annual "night-club" celebration of Latin-American culture at the University.
The Black dilemma: a grey isolation

by Holly Hall with Peggy Hines

"No year has been more destructive" to black progress than 1975, according to the National Urban League.

The "growing isolation within the black community," a national problem according to the league, is apparent at the University in the lack of concern for and participation in February's observance of Black History Month.

While the national theme for the Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History's (ASALH) annual celebration was "America for All Americans," blacks on campus didn't turn out in significant numbers for the review. And for the most part, non-blacks on campus were conspicuously, yet predictably, absent. The local ASALH had hoped to increase student participation in the association, which was founded nationally in 1915 and locally chartered in 1972, but very few community blacks attended the observances held on campus in February.

The Dance Workshop recitals and the blacks, in turn, attended Workshop poetry readings throughout the year, also drew only handfuls of interested blacks, and then only those with personal commitments to the medium and not particularly to the Afro-American message.

About 40 people heard George Kent, a literature professor from the University of Chicago, conclude that "students relate to anything which shows a self-conscious struggle for identity." Speaking on the black folk tradition in black literature as part of the Afro-American Cultural Center's observance of Black History Month, Kent stressed the concept of double consciousness — "that of blackness and that of the American dream." He told the group, largely composed of members of University black studies classes, that the black tradition "assists writers to avoid the overwhelming influence exerted by the American dream" of materialistic success, or a vision of going from rags to riches.

The audience in Lincoln Hall Theater was sparse for Emmy-award winner Margo Barnett's one-woman show, "Black is a Beautiful Woman," but she said it was receptive. A Howard University drama instructor, Barnett said she was able to "get vibes even during the silences" of her performance. Her dramatizations of selections from black literature included a woman fighting old age, a man who comes upon a lynching in a forest and the words and philosophy of Angela Davis.
The special month-long tribute to black life sponsored by the Afro-American Cultural Program, ASALH and Floridia Avenue Residence Hall FAR also included seminars, panel discussions, lecture discussions, concerts, movies and a skit.

The most popular activities were the free concerts. Many blacks gathered in the FAR lounge to hear Essence, a black student band. Earlier in the year, Afro-American Cultural Program Director Bruce Nesbitt said that the campus needs more popular black entertainment. "Most of the times when we have people in, it's tied to a classroom or our workshops. It's not just for entertainment."

Administrators of Assembly Hall and Illini Union Student Activities programming committees disagreed with Nesbitt. But they added that good black acts are in high demand and can therefore command high prices. Black entertainment on campus in the past year included War, Les McCann, Jack McDuff, the Weapons of Peace, the Sons of Slum, Shotgun, the Souled Out Review and Goodfoot.

The request for more and better black entertainment was the first major demand made by once-militant blacks since 1974. Early that year, over 100 black students from various campus organizations — the Coalition of Afrikan People, the Black Students Association and several smaller black "tribal" groups — demonstrated in front of Chancellor J.W. Peltason's office to protest the allegedly unfair dismissal of two black freshmen from the College of Law.

Whereas the lack of black student participation in black activities might indicate a decrease in black enrollment at the University, the number of blacks on campus has remained relatively stable. Approximately 3.6 per cent of the 35,117 students enrolled for the 1975 fall semester were black, down from 4.25 per cent in 1972, according to Jane Loeb, director of Admissions and Records.

The lack of black activism is as recognizable at the national level as it is on campus. But because the problems of blacks aren't highly visible and don't command the public attention that riots once did, the nation has been "lulled into a sense of false complacency," according to the National Urban League. "And the future of black progress is not encouraging."
prairie patterns
photographs by Lisa Wigoda
Pamphlet power

by Charles Meyerson

They're almost always there. There's little hope for escape.

Oh, they may thin out a little on weekends and at night. And when it rains, they may move inside altogether. But the chances are that no matter when you're on the University Quad you'll be accosted by a leafletter playing Cerberus to the gates of the Illini Union.

Sometimes it's the Iranian Students Association, protesting fascist policies in Iran. Other times, it's the Undergraduate Student Association (UGSA), drumming up support for a "No Tuition Hike" rally. And the Scientologists generally maintain their post inside the south foyer of the Union regardless of mundane things like politics.

No matter who the perpetrators are, the goal is still the same: seize the minds of the masses and shove an idea at them.

Leafletting, of course, is a time-honored tradition of the American dialectic, honed to a fine art 200 years ago by revolutionaries like Thomas Paine and Samuel Adams. Nevertheless, a number of students and faculty members apparently think the communications process on the Quad has somehow gone awry. Visible evidence supports their contention: not only are reams of paper given and thrown away daily (one Iranian student said her organization would probably distribute about 500 broadsides during a week's campaign), UGSA Chairperson Keith Volgman said the UGSA mimeo-press probably publishes about 1,500 broadsides each week), but they're taped literally all over the campus: on sidewalks, bike paths, trees, buildings, garbage cans, bathroom stall walls and even bulletin boards.

In the October newsletter of the Students for Environmental Concerns and in The Daily Illini, SECS coordinator Greg Lindsey criticized the posting of handbills. In particular he had negative words for the Illini Union Student Activities' handout and poster campaign for its computer dating program:

"This waste of paper," he wrote, "demonstrates apathy toward our dwindling timber resources and is a nuisance to those on the Quad. Sufficient means for publicizing campus events currently exist and an adequate job of advertising could have been accomplished with far less flyers."

Lindsey later explained that those with messages for the public should rely more heavily on use of the broadcast media, even though that would imply increased use of electricity, or on common display.

Such common display became easier when the University premiered the "Illiosks." Three of these nine-foot tall, half-ton concrete objects were placed strategically on campus — including one just south of the Illini Union. Each of the things, intended for use as posting points, is really an up-ended sewer pipe with a metal lid on top, according to Assistant Vice Chancellor for Campus Affairs Stan Levy. The trio cost about $2,400, which was split by the University's physical plant, the housing division and the Mom's Association, he said.

Levy said that if the Illiosks are deemed successful at cutting down visual paper pollution, the University may go ahead and order some more.

That may be necessary, according to Lindsey, who said he doesn't think three Illiosks will be enough.

And he may be right. After only a couple of weeks, the Union Illiosk was close to covered with current events posters, especially at eye-level.

"Flyers do not belong on sidewalks, bike paths or trees," he wrote. "Ideally, old flyers would be recycled. But, given today's paper market and the difficulty of recycling paper on campus, this is a difficult goal to achieve."

Meanwhile, environmentalists concerned about scarce timber resources are faced with a genuine dilemma: granted that paper leaflets are one of the most effective methods of communicating with the masses (Volgman assets they are), would a crackdown on the use of paper represent a restriction on freedom of speech? "Leafletting," Volgman said, "is absolutely a must. Any efforts to stop it would be a real infringement on students' rights.

"The University is wasting a lot more paper than any student group by using paper for just about every little thing you can think of," he said.

But, maybe a campaign to discourage the abuse of paper by the University should be launched. The first step, of course, would be to publicize the problem — Put that in your illiosk and smoke it.
A University woman pulled two envelopes out of her mailbox. The first was a letter chock-full of "I-love-you and miss-you." The other a telephone bill totaling $102.60.

How the two relate is quite obvious — they are both the result of a long-distance romance. This couple's situation is not unique. Many are separated for a variety of reasons. Some go to different universities, others are working, many have graduated. But whatever the cause, being apart is a common dilemma.

And the ways individuals cope with this situation are as varied as the reasons for their separation. Some make nightly phone calls, others just write occasionally.

Consider Helen, a graduating senior whose fiancé is in Chicago attending medical school. She has adapted to conditions extremely well. Being away, she realizes she's not a distraction to his studying and there is no temptation for him to get behind in his work.

"If we were together during his first year, I think I'd probably resent how much time he spends at the library," she said. "This way, I'm not around and can't complain about being neglected."

Helen also appreciates her freedom. "We talk on the phone about twice a week, just to see how the other is getting along. Nothing heavy, though, because we're both really secure."

Martha, however, found being apart much more difficult.

Ellen found herself fantasizing about her boyfriend back home, building him up in her mind to be something he wasn't. "When I finally saw him again, I was completely disillusioned."

Her trips home lasted two days at the beginning of the semester, though they eventually ran from Thursday through Tuesday.

"It wasn't until right before finals that I realized just how much class I had missed. But at that point it was already too late," she said. "At any rate, I'm transferring to a college back home next year. It's the only way I'll ever make it through school."

Women at the University are not the only ones suffering with long-distance romances. Mark's high school girlfriend chose year-round sunshine over Champaign and enrolled at the University of Miami. "At first I thought she'd rather have a tan than me," he said. "It also seemed like we'd argue about her priorities every time we talked to each other. One fight, I recall, cost me over 60 bucks."

Where lovers are concerned, no talk is cheap. In fact, Ron uses an egg timer when he calls his girlfriend in Arizona.

"We tried everything from writing out a monologue to using pay phones to keep the bills down. Now, as soon as that last drop of sand falls, I hang up — even in mid-sentence," he said.

Gary, however, is nowhere near as money-conscious. He finds himself calling whenever the mood strikes, often as
much as three or four times a day.

"I look at it this way — since we're apart, there's no gas bills, no restaurant checks and no movie tickets. In the long run, I may even come out ahead," he said.

For some, even Ma Bell can't bridge the gap. Holly's fiancé is in the Navy, stationed at Pearl Harbor and currently serving on a submarine "somewhere down there." Although they plan to get married next fall, he still has three more years to serve.

"I keep myself busy, but often find I'm writing 20 page letters. The hardest part is wishing he were here," Holly said. "But we'll prove it's going to work, no matter how much it appears that it won't."

Because of such vastly different life styles, they joke about their different situations. Holly calls him an irresponsible sailor with a girl in every port, and he refers to her as a swinging, radical, hippie college freak.

Not all relationships have "happily ever after" endings either. For some, absence makes the heart grow fonder, but once back together things are just not the same.

Ellen found herself fantasizing about her boyfriend back home, building him up in her mind to be something he wasn't.

"When I finally saw him again, I was completely disillusioned. I'd forgotten about the long hours he worked, his forgetfulness and his crazy eating habits," she said. "The guy in the picture on my desk at school was sure not the same as the real thing."

Rick discovered he had a different problem. Once away from his girlfriend, he realized there were a lot of other girls around.

"The first time I went out with someone else, you wouldn't believe how guilty I felt," he said. "Eventually we talked it out — $32.58 worth of talk to be exact — and we realized we both should date around before making a commitment."

Lynn, on the otherhand, convinced her boyfriend to visit every other weekend. As a result, he made 20 trips from Ann Arbor to Champaign in one semester, putting over 7,000 miles on his car and using over 500 gallons of gas. In hard figures, that's over $300 in transportation costs alone. Finally, he transferred to the University for his last semester.

It's impossible to say just how many long-distance romances have made it and how many have fizzled. And though postage costs may rise and phone bills may accumulate, for romances that survive the ordeal, it's well worth it.
This is a case of exploitation, pure and simple. The gentle
dove, symbol of peace and unity, harmony and cooperation,
has been chosen by the United Nations as representative of
International Women’s Year 1975. But can a dove carry the
heavy burden of womankind on its fragile back?

Well, of course it can and the Women’s Movement has
taken flight.

Representatives at a March 8 observance of women’s year
here on campus included people from the Organization of
Arab Students, the National Women’s Music Festival Col-
lective, Coalition of Afrikan People, the Iranian Student
Brigade and the Venceremos Brigade, all dedicated to bring-
ing greater freedom to women all over the world. E Pluribus
Unum — out of many, one.

One subject which brought the group together was the
way the women’s movement has changed the social system
in the United States. Liberal abortion laws, better access to
birth control, rape prevention and counseling were cited as
advances for the cause.

But success has been limited. The Equal Rights Amend-
ment to the U.S. Constitution is mired in controversy, pres-
ently stagnating in the Illinois Senate. Already ratified by
the Illinois House of Representatives, approval by the Sen-
ate would make Illinois the 35th state to accept the amend-
ment. But the magic number is still 38.

“It has been 199 years since Jefferson said, ‘All men are
created equal and we are still waiting for the other half of
the population to become equals,’” associate professor of soci-
ology Joan Huber complained at one women’s rights rally.
The allegation isn’t new. Turning Jefferson’s language
into law has been for years this nation’s greatest challenge.

“Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or
abridged by the United States or by any state on account of
sex.” Those are the seemingly harmless 25 words that stand-
ing alone do nothing, but tacked on the U.S. Constitution
spell independence for American women.

The role of women in non-traditional occupations was a
frequent topic at campus rallies. Among the speakers on the
subject was 80-year-old Jeanette Piccard, an Episcopalian
priest. Appearing at the McKinley Foundation weekly lun-
cheon series, Piccard said when she told her guidance coun-
selor in 1916 of her seemingly impossible desire to be a
priest, he replied, “By the time you graduate, my dear, that
might be entirely possible.”
Another occupation in which women are becoming involved is the military. The epithet "Your mother wears Army boots" is no longer a slur as more women are entering the Reserve Officer's Training Corps (ROTC) at the University.

During Women's Week, a panel of three undergraduate women in ROTC discussed women in the military. According to Army Cadet Tina Wolfram, junior in LAS, women who enter ROTC have had to deal with the stereotype of the big burly cadet.

The women said their reasons for joining ROTC varied, but generally the scholarship money and career training played an important part in their decision.

Kathy Harger, Naval cadet and senior in LAS, said she believed women cadets actually have it easier than male cadets because classmates usually accept a woman in ROTC as a pioneer while a man in ROTC is often assumed to be a war monger.

Such stereotyped roles of men and women are a major barrier many women feel they must overcome to gain real equality.

According to Irma Garcia Mazelle, United Nations human rights officer, people have been forced into the traditional sex roles since childhood. Women are conditioned to lovingly accept the duty of childcare, in contrast to men who are taught that showing emotion and taking care of children is unmanly, she said during another Women's Week program.

Both strict roles are unnatural for the individual and must be changed, she argued, so that mothers and fathers will accept equal responsibility for bringing up the children.

The activities of International Women's Year on campus and its spin-off, Women's Week, covered a wide variety of subjects in many different ways, but attendance at these activities was low despite extensive planning and publicity. Many people were not even aware of the world-wide salute or the reasons for it.

Instead of the nondescript dove, perhaps the United Nations should have chosen a more shocking symbol. Something like a shark?
It's 6:30 on a Friday night and you're bored stiff. You're at a point where if you look at another textbook you think you'll die. You're sick of watching reruns of *M*A*S*H* and there are no good movies on TV. You're up for some good times and you're low on funds.

Champaign-Urbana's nightlife is not the glittering, exciting life found in the big city, but it does offer a varied range of fairly inexpensive activities for the harried student looking for a good time.

Many activities are student-run or student-sponsored, probably started by other bored students. Some night spots are good for dates, some are good for meeting people and others are casual enough for large groups.

The biggest Campustown night spots are the bars. Twenty drinking establishments of one sort or another provide a variety of atmosphere for different kinds of students. Some bars serve nothing but beer; others serve mixed drinks. Either live entertainment or jukeboxes can be found in all campus or near-campus bars and some combine serving drinks with serving food.

Although afternoon drinking is popular during the week, peaking on Friday afternoons, the campus bars come alive at night. The weekend usually starts on Thursday night when students and faculty who need an early start pack most bars to capacity.

All establishments have their own regular patrons and their own personalities. Some bars are Greek-oriented, catering to fraternities and sororities. Theatre and music students tend to

(continued page 112)
frequent Treno’s and Thunderbird because of their proximity to Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. Other bars cater to older crowds — faculty members, graduate students and older undergraduates who prefer a quieter place where a drinker can go in, sit down and have a beer.

The flashiest bars are the discotheques. They are a somewhat new phenomenon in Champaign-Urbana, having hit the larger cities a couple years ago. Complete with lighted floors, records and disc jockeys, the discos draw the dancing crowds. Although dancing bars have existed in the area for a number of years, the new discos offer places where students can come in and show off the Bus Stop, the Hustle, the Electric Bump and the other latest dances.

The bars offer a social outlet in Champaign-Urbana. Students go to drink, but they also go to play pinball, socialize and meet people. For freshmen and sophomores, the bars are a primary source for getting to know new people.

Another source of evening entertainment is going to the movies. Besides local commercial theatres, many student groups sponsor movies every weekend. These films range from old musicals to horror films, and from art films to skin flicks. Movies, especially ones shown at midnight in the Auditorium and Lincoln Hall Theatre, have a reputation for drawing rowdy crowds of people who throw paper airplanes. Cinemaguild, a local film group that sponsors many of these midnight showings, put a ban on paper airplane-throwing three years ago.
However, it hasn’t stopped all the throwing.

Some students prefer live entertainment. Many folk, jazz, rock, pop, blue-grass and classical concerts are sponsored throughout the year. Kran- nert, the Assembly Hall, some bars and the Auditorium host a variety of groups and solo performers. Concerts are held any night of the week, not just on weekends, and are good excuses for dates. Live entertainment can also be found at coffeehouses.

Theatre of all kinds — both traditional and experimental — is found in the Champaign-Urbana area. Kran- nert provides a variety in its University Theatre and Studio Theatre seasons. Other local groups, such as The Celebration Company at The Station and the Champaign-Urbana Community Theatre group, hold productions throughout the year. The English and speech communications departments also sponsor shows. There are also smaller groups, such as the Channing-Murray Foundation, the Armory Free Theatre and the McKinley Foundation, which often host more conventional, intimate productions.

One of the least likely places to be termed a night spot is the Undergraduate Library. But the library is a hangout for many students — those who come to study and those who come to socialize. Students who go there usually get at least a little studying done.

Nightlife in Champaign-Urbana can be as entertaining as a student makes it. All it takes is some conserved energy and a bit of ingenuity.
David Bromberg
Papa John Creach
Crosby & Nash
The Doobie Brothers
Kinky Friedman
Dizzy Gillespie
Steve Goodman
The Keith Jarrett Quartet
Jefferson Starship
Leo Kottke
Little Feat
Charles Mingus
Oregon
Proctor & Bergman
Bill Quateman
Bonnie Raitt
Ben Sidran
McCoy Tyner
Tom Waits
and more  . . . . . . .
Rock, Bach and all that Jazz

photograph by Chris Walker
Jefferson Starship

The prevailing current of American rock and roll is affecting Grace Slick, Paul Kantner and Marty Balin — the vocal foundation of Jefferson Airplane that is now the nucleus of Jefferson Starship — in ways that are both strange and unfortunate. Unfortunate because the present band, though as popular or more so than the Airplane, is much less exciting.

The unexcitement is mostly due to the change in personnel that occurred in the transition from Airplane to Starship. The Starship guitar crew (Craig Chaquico on lead guitar, Paul Kantner on rhythm and David Freiberg and Pete Sears on bass) is much less original and imaginative than the Hot Tuna duo (Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady) that they replaced.

The change in sound was evident in the Starship's concert in April of last year at the Assembly Hall. Along with the weakness of the new Starship song material, which can also be blamed on the new personnel, it was an inconsistent concert.

No doubt because of the influence of the new personnel, the Starship now sounds a lot more hard-rock oriented and commercial. When the Starship first started touring two years ago, they played material mainly from "Blows Against the Empire," a 1971 release full of inventive song structure, variations and harmonies, like the best of the classic Airplane — "After Bathing at Baxter's," "Crown of Creation" and "Bless Its Pointed Little Head."

The present Starship guitarist, Chaquico, was on that first Starship tour, but he wasn't on "Blows." Therefore his talent could not be guaged until later tours, when he was playing more of his own material. But as the solos he did during the Assembly Hall concert showed, Chaquico is still far from developing a style of his own.

The same goes for Peter Sears and David Freiberg, who still can't sing worth a damn, and whose continuing presence with the band makes no sense at all. Slick and Kantner are still able to sing together, but not as consistently. The opening songs, "Ride the Tiger" and "Sweeter Than Honey" were pretty ho-hum as far as Starship material goes, but at least Slick, Kantner and Balin (the Airplane founder who has presently returned to the fold) complemented each other harmonically. Such was not the case with "Volunteers" and "Wooden Ships," where the harmonies were often at war with each other.

The fact that Slick hasn't taken hallucinogenics for four years and that the entire band is into booze and nitrous oxide (the gaseous depressant now used by dentists) may best explain the Starship's present lethargy. Rock and roll in the gutter, anyone?

As the warm-up act, REO Speedwagon blew it by turning the volume up to the eardrum-damaging level in the Assembly Hall. Fortunately, REO played loud enough so no one could tell just how poor they actually were.

Jon Jorstad
Bill Quateman

Bill Quateman brought his display of macho to Champaign for the fifth time in one year last August. Although Quateman sported a new pair of glasses and a new guitarist, it was clear that his stale routines and repetitive songs have more than worn out their welcome.

In the past the focal point of any Quateman concert has been his lead guitarist, be it Buzzy Feiten (ex-Stevie Wonder) at Channing-Murry or Caleb Quaye (now with Elton John) at Ruby Gulch. Doug Rodriguez, who has performed with Santana and Mandrill, was the new guitarist for Quateman’s show at the T-Bird Theatre, and was an unfortunate disappointment.

Rodriguez, who bears a physical resemblance to Eric Clapton (all similarities end there) tortured his guitar until it produced a fuzzy, tormented shriek very similar to the Santana-McLaughlin school but without the technique. With Quateman, the sound mesh was like oil and water.

To compound matters, Quateman’s regular drummer, Tom Radtke, was ill and was replaced at the last moment by brother Gary Quateman, who appeared to have prepared for the gig by reading a “How to Play the Drums in One Easy Lesson” guidebook an hour before the show.

The point need not be labored then, that Quateman was awful. He played nothing new, and by now even the once-original sounding material from his Columbia album sounded dull and flat. The show was reduced to pretty-boy posturings: each inflection and phrase was geared towards flaunting the stud-image Quateman tries so hard to project.

It became obvious that Quateman’s talent has been stretched to the breaking point when he sang lyrics such as “inspiration is not my imagination.” Drivel like this is demeaning and insulting to an intelligent audience. Much of the material was performed out-of-tune and there was even an annoying hum in the sound system all night.

Thankfully, the All-Star Frogs opened the show and proceeded to steal it. Doctor Seuss was in fine voice and his harmonica playing was breathtaking. The rest of the band provided a rock-solid bottom with occasional flashes of inspired enthusiasm. One of Champaign’s finest bands, the Frogs hopefully showed Quateman a trick or two to take back to Chicago with him.

David Bither
Charlie Mingus

The appearance of jazz giant Charles Mingus at Ruby Gulch in late September set a landmark in the small local bar’s short history. After a solid year of regularly bringing in a choice variety of nationally known talent, Ruby Gulch presented a figure as legendary in the music world as Miles Davis and Duke Ellington. An outstanding composer and band leader, Mingus has a formidable reputation. His quintet’s hour and a half performance lived up to it in stunning fashion.

The first composition lasted a full 30 minutes, exploiting the solo talents of tenor saxophonist George Adams, trumpet player Jack Walrath and pianist Don Pullen. The rise in energy during the long cut erupted at unexpected moments, much to the delight of the attentive full house. During his unusually powerful solo break, Pullen’s pounding seemed to be edging the piano dangerously close to the stage’s edge.

On sax, Adams drew the loudest applause of the night for his rapid and extremely facile scale runs, often ending in a high note sustained for and unbelievably long time. At these moments, Adams would roll his eyes towards the ceiling, drawing laughter from the crowd.

Humblly content in the background for most of the show, Mingus took only one solo spot. But during two of the three long compositions that were played, the music would occasionally come to an abrupt halt, and Mingus would playfully run his finger up the fretboard of his standup bass in a quick motion, affecting another touch of humor amidst the band’s sincere devotion to their music.

Danny Richmond, who along with Pullen has been with Mingus for several years, would strike sudden drum blasts, often seeming to come out of nowhere, and then leading the band to yet another climax in the song.

Although Mingus at first appeared somewhat tired, no doubt from a grinding tour schedule, he eventually warmed to the audience. By the end of the night the feelings were mutual.

Jon Jorstad

Doobie Brothers

The Doobie Brothers performances in the Assembly Hall in early fall, their second University appearance in two years, was a good example of what happens to a well-known rock group when it starts making a lot of money.

Unlike their previous concert, this was more carefully structured and methodically performed, with loads of excessive frills — a light show, incredibly loud magnesium-powder explosions and a horn section. The Doobies, like a lot of established masts stream rock bands, have plenty of musical competence but lack originality. Now they’re starting to lose their folk-blues roots as well as their punch.

One of the reasons for this has been the gradual phasing-out of lead singer-songwriter Tom Johnston due to his struggle with heroin. That struggle has shown itself in the lack of original song material in the last two Doobies albums.
Although two ex-members of Steely Dan, guitarist Jeff Baxter and keyboardist Mike McDonald, were recruited to replace him, the concert clearly magnified Johnston's importance as a performer in this group. McDonald and guitarist Pat Simmons failed to take up the slack on vocals, especially on Johnston's strong former harmony parts in "Nobody" and the planned encore, "Listen to the Music."

Without Johnston, the Doobies have become mechanical, unimaginative, excessive and dull. The dearth of song writing talent in the group has pointed the band in the direction of the long instrumental jam. The decision was made under the mistaken pretense that the group is progressing.

"China Grove," "Without You" and "Jesus is Just Alright" were given this unimaginative treatment, with long boring solos by Baxter on slide guitar and Simmons.

The Doobies also dealt with the cavernous Assembly Hall by cranking up the volume till it hurt — the same mistake bands have been making here from the start. The resulting sound distortion only diminished the lackluster renditions of their latest lackluster material from "Stampede," recycled Doobies, to the inevitable hit material that gets crowds standing and clapping on recognition alone. Ho Hum.

Jon Jorstad

Keith Jarrett

Jazz's finest composer and one of its premier pianists visited the Great Hall late September and jostled those who assembled to watch him with as much of the unexpected as possible.

The Keith Jarrett Quartet, featuring Jarrett, Paul Motian on percussion, Charlie Haden on acoustic bass and Dewey Redman on tenor saxophone, displayed many eccentricities, some musical and some visual, between splashes of inventive and intense musicianship. The audience's response however, was quite mixed, even though the final round of applause was warm enough to bring the Quartet back for an encore.

Despite the wide acclaim in international critical circles for his extraordinary composing and performing abilities, Keith Jarrett still draws a variety of crowd responses when ever he plays. In a music world where convention has nearly become synonymous with popularity and financial success, Jarrett breaks all the rules, stretching the definition of "music" to its fragile limits.

Jarrett's disgust with all the egotistical trappings that come with popular acclaim was revealed many times during the Quartet's performance. Walking onstage, the Quartet all but ignored the audience's applause, and initiated the long evening of music (two and a half hours) the moment they touched their instruments. Not unlike a ritual, what appeared to be "tuning up" soon erupted into passionate interchanges.

The songs were unusual in length and structure, and the audience soon discovered that deciding when to applaud could be most difficult. Though the sound itself was often quite full and loud, the delicate mix of the complex rhythms could easily be disturbed by even a small amount of applause. As a result one became quite self-conscious about clapping.

The second set (following an intermission) was more interesting, featuring music from Jarrett, that, as of yet, has not been recorded. Especially intriguing was the latter portion of the set; a wild, abrasive and deathly apocalyptic segment highlighted by Motian's powerful drumming at the traps. Jarrett's comical body gyrations at the piano bench became even more animated, while one impressive display of his flying fingers earned him a standing ovation. But it was Haden's macabre string-bowing and Redman's dissonant blowing that completed the gripping insanity of the piece.

Jon Jorstad
Proctor & Bergman

Phil Proctor and Peter Bergman, one half of Firesign Theatre, comedy's funniest theatrical group, came to Ruby Gulch in late September to four shows and one of the best experiments ever attempted in a bar.

After acting out three shows of their own type of humor (which is less complex and more obvious than Firesign Theatre, especially when performed in front of an audience) constructed around their two albums, "TV or Not TV" and their newest, "What This Country Needs," Proctor and Bergman asked the audience to join them in an improvisational set at the last show by posing the question: "What does this country need?"

The idea itself sounded great. No one in the entertainment biz has really tried such a thing in recent times outside of Chicago's own Second City comedy group. So many of the touring entertainers — whether it be Mac Davis or Bachman Turner Overdrive — wouldn't take such a plunge and risk an easy chance to make a lot of money.

The plan was for the twosome to pose the question to the audience, like a teacher initiating a classroom discussion. Someone in the audience would answer and P&B would improvise off of that, with puns and double-entendres at the ready. From there it would be left wide open, and the whole thing would be recorded as part of the next Proctor & Bergman album.

Unfortunately, in a standing room only bar containing 200 people, a few will be bomed out of their skulls and more than a little obnoxious. Also, in a society where people spend more of their leisure time being entertained, they will be reluctant to participate in this kind of situation because they feel they have to be as funny as Proctor & Bergman. So the "improvisation" only lasted about 15 minutes, the rest belonging to P&B jabs at local oddities ("Zuddy's and Crud-die's" and the "Morrill Assassination Plots") and some new material.

In the first three shows Proctor and Bergman executed the zaniness entirely within the format of a listener-sponsored TV station, "Urbana's own Channel 85" starring Fred Flamm and Clark Cable of "TV or Not TV" and the audience as the viewers. The hilarity reached a high point when Flamm and Cable covered the Elton Bob concert in the L.A. Bowl, where they tooked up on government-controlled marijuana and forgot their lines, with the silence from the stage lasting nearly a minute. Then they giggled at each other and turned around to gaze out the Gulch's back wall window at "the street people."

As far as the improvisation goes, Proctor & Bergman get additional plaudits for attempting to stimulate the growth of "grass-roots" humor. De-mythify the "ordained" ones, they say. After all, life is funny through everyone's eyes.

Jon Jorstad

Kinky Friedman

He had purple sunglasses and a sparkling 10-gallon hat. He had pants embroidered with the star of David and he had psychedelic cowboy boots. He smoked an eight-inch cigar and chugged from a gallon of wine. He was the original Texas Jewboy and "Homo-erectus." He was Kinky Friedman, star of Kinky Friedman and The Texas Jewboys.

Friedman and his band appeared for a one-night-stand on Oct. 7 at Ruby Gulch. For 75 minutes a set, the audience was treated to a surprisingly original, utterly tasteless and thoroughly enjoyable array of racial slurs, porno humor, political smut and first rate country-tinged rock n' roll.

The Texas Jewboys, however, were far from joking around
musically. Pianist Little Jewford Shelby was extremely competent throughout the evening and he played some fine leads. Guitarist, Witchita, the only member of the band who wasn't decked out in a zany outfit, was a key factor with his scorching leads and guiding rhythms. Both the anonymous bassist and drummer provided an excellent pace; they were no doubt hand-picked studio musicians.

The band played "Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in Bed" and "Ride 'em Jewboy" from their first album. The high points of the show though, were "Rapid City South Dakota," "Lover Please," "Wild Man from Borneo," "Before All Hell Breaks Loose," "Homo Erectus" and "They Ain't Makin' Jews Like Jesus Anymore," all from their latest album, "Kinky Friedman."

Friedman's attitude and approach to music was a pleasant change from the mass-produced music the public has been fed for so long.

Jeff Peisch

Oregon

Oregon returned to Champaign-Urbana for the third time in mid-October, playing in the fourth presentation of Scott Harris' newly-formed Caboose Productions in the T-Bird Theatre.

But more importantly, the jazz quartet (for lack of a better label) were handing over the receipts for the night's two shows to Prairie Air, Inc., a local group struggling to form a community radio station in the area.

Oregon's first 90 minute set was immensely enjoyable, thanks to the foursome's peaceful interplay on acoustic instruments in a hall with warm surroundings and credible acoustics. Glen Moore's animated posturings at his stand-up bass spot complemented his unusually obtrusive plucking and bowing in an amazing fashion. Entwined with Ralph Towner's acoustic 12-string guitar and Colin Walcott's tablas and "jazz sitar," the classically-influenced sound was not only clear, but often intriguing and nearly always alien. "Icarus," featuring the heavenly sound of Paul McCandless' oboe, and the encore "Silence of a Candle" were stand-outs.

Even though the performance was nearly perfect, and although Oregon is the most exciting thing that has happened in jazz in a long time, the show was similar to their previous Ruby Gulch sets. It may not be long before someone finds a label to slap onto Oregon's music.

John Jorstad

Crosby & Nash

It's too bad the music media has been obsessed with comparing Crosby & Nash with the highly reknowned group they have broken from, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.

Although these two couldn't top the former foursome (in all fairness, who can expect them to?), their appearance at the Assembly Hall in late October was a cut above the usual junk that has been playing at the sports arena lately, if only because of Crosby and Nash's unpretentious attitude and the music's spontaniety.

After a frustrating year in and out of the studio attempting to make the CSNY album that Crosby says "will never be done," the duo of Crosby & Nash is more or less a permanent one. The bond of friendship between Crosby, the former Byrd, and Nash, the former Hollie, has always been the closest and longest in the CSNY band. Onstage it was obvious that they still have fun making music together.

The music, pulled from two albums ("Crosby & Nash" and their latest "Wind on the Water"), unfortunately lacked the refined harmonic qualities of the LPs, due to a sound
system that was too loud and the Assembly Hall's typically horrendous acoustics. The soulful and passionate singing of these two talented vocalists and the amazingly competent performances by their back-up musicians (which included accomplished session men Russ Kunkel on drums, David Lindley on slide guitar and Danny Kootch on electric guitar) was crippled by a hall that, despite comments from both promoters and performers to the contrary, severely distorts musical sound. Krannert's Great Hall would have been perfect for this particular band, which relies a great deal on the projection of delicate harmonies.

That Crosby & Nash were not aware of the bad acoustics, or didn't care, contradicted the defiant, anti-rock biz lyrics of "Take the Money and Run." Like the portions of the new album they performed (Nash's "Field Worker" and "Naked in the Rain" included), it fused the duo's unique folk elements with the middle-of-the-road punk rock that Kootch and Kunkel thrive on. Most of it, however, like "Low Down Payment" and the reworked CSNY material ("Wooden Ships" and "Deja Vu"), was just mediocre and sometimes hard on the ears. The latter two songs also lacked the colorations of two additional vocal harmony parts.

Crosby & Nash's new "rocky" direction holds some promise, but they're playing the wrong halls. The nearly empty C section should have told them something.

Jon Jorstad

Papa
John Creach

Papa John Creach, the ageless, energentic electric fiddler for Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna and, most recently, Jefferson Starship, came to Ruby Gulch in late October for two sets.

Now on tour trying to establish his own brand of blues-funk music, Creach was presented in the two-show-a-night format that has currently become an unfortunate Gulch characteristic. This provided the listener an hour-long glimpse of Creach and his band, the Midnight Sun, for a wopping $3.50, the highest price the Gulch has ever charged. Because of a two-hour delay due to sound system failure, the Creach troupe, despite their self-conscious determinations to do otherwise, simply was not worth the money.

For one thing, even though he is widely admired and loved by fellow musicians and fans, Creach has little to offer in the way of new musical ideas. He's a mellow old guy and a lot of fun to watch, especially when he starts shaking that skinny little frame of his. But as an electric fiddler he's seldom more than competent.

In addition, the Midnight Sun had even less to offer. Other than the attractive fusion of synthesizer with Creach's fiddle riffs, which were showcased on several songs from the new Creach album, the musical back-up was as loud as it was overdramatic and over-familiar.

Creach was dazzling on "John's Other" and "Milk Train," but both have been done before and done better as original vehicles of Hot Tuna and the Airplane. A lonely standout was Creach's solo blues interpretation of the traditional "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Admittedly, it was better than Lawrence Welk.

Jon Jorstad

Bonnie Raitt/
Tom Waits

One of the best shows to come to this campus in a long time, the Bonnie Raitt/Tom Waits concert, took place at the Auditorium on Oct. 30. The concert, which was a benefit for Prairie Air, the community radio project, and sponsored by Star Course, was only half filled. Those who came, however, certainly got their money's worth.

Bonnie Raitt and her four piece band played for almost two hours, performing over twenty numbers ranging from old blues to slow ballads, all the way to rockers. Although she's written many great songs of her own, one of Raitt's many strengths is her ability to lend an original performance to another songwriter's material, making it her own.

Raitt, who has one of the purest earthy-sounding voices around and also plays a mean guitar, was ably supported by bassist, Freebo. Will McFarlane provided some stinging lead
guitar and perfectly complemented Raitt's sound. Each number was a show stopper, highlighted by such standards as "Give It Up" on which Raitt exhibited some of her superb slide work, and an old Sippie Wallace tune which included some great old-time harmonies hammed up by Freebo and McFarlane.

Raitt came back for two encores, and for the second did "Sweet and Shiny Eyes" complete with Freebo on tuba and Tom Waits illustrating the words with his hands.

On an equal par with Raitt was the opening act, Tom Waits, who was one of the most well-received supporting acts ever.

Waits, with his gruff ramblings to accompany his guitar alternated with piano, defies classification. With lines like "she's been married so many times she has rice marks all over her face" and "you're so ugly you could make a freight train take a dirt road," Waits had the audience in the palm of his hand from the start.

Shirley Fastner

Leo Kottke

On Halloween night, after their presentation of Bonnie Raitt and Tom Waits the night before, Star Course present- ed Leo Kottke, the contemporary mastermind of folk guitar, at the Auditorium. Local fans saw an exceptional Raitt/Waits performance, but almost twice as many choose to see Kottke, who sold out several days prior to the concert. The magic of Halloween combined with Kottke's huge popularity on campus to make the difference.

The only flaw in Kottke's show was minor; — a mixing problem in the sound system. Kottke's voice, which he uses only occasionally (he compares its sound to that of geese farts on a muggy day), is limited in range and needs to be reinforced by electric amplification in order to be heard above his guitar. Unfortunately, Kottke was often nearly inaudible during songs like "Eight Mile High," his interpretation of Roger McGuinn's Byrd song.

Kottke, who has alone popularized the deeply harmonic folk style of his teacher, the legendary John Fahey, shone on 12-string, especially with the effective assistance of an electric pick-up, phase shifter and his own incredible sensitivity. The uncanny emotive control he displayed on slide guitar brought several roaring ovations from the crowd, which was so enthusiastic that even Kottke looked visibly moved. When he came out to do two songs for his second encore, he was so shaken that he stammered, "Wow, you'll have to excuse me, I don't have any idea what to play." What he finally did play, "Spanish Entomologist" from his "Greenhouse" album, certainly the definitive Kottke number, brought the loudest applause and put a fitting end on one of the finest concerts of the year.

Jon Jorstad
Little Feat

Little Feat, perhaps the finest of all American rock outfits, served up an amazingly tight mixture of rhythm and blues, country and rock, generating the most enthusiastic audience response I've witnessed since I began reviewing Campaign-Urbana concerts three years ago.

However, I admit that I've never seen a drunker bunch of people or heard a louder sound system in my life. The sell-out crowd was on its feet and bouncing around, not only after the lead singer provoked them to do so, but also throughout the better half of the entire concert! "Hey," one jubilant fan exclaimed during an unusually quiet moment, "You guys are good!"

Well, this is undeniably true, but one has to take the concert itself with a few significantly large grains of salt. the audience's response was an excellent yardstick for measuring the group's ability. Little Feat's local cult stood in front by the band and it was no coincidence that they were Feat fanatics and, with nary an exception, in an alcohol-induced stupor, they were hardly in a position to judge Little Feat's music critically. Being up front meant being out of range of the speakers, which explains why they were writhing in ecstasy and not writhing in pain — as many folks reportedly were.

Being aware of trivial things like sound and stage has never been important at rock concerts, though. The important thing is to get zonked enough so that the band's big hits and their live versions of them are indistinguishable. Then the pleasant feelings can flow.

Feat's lead singer and songwriter, Lowell George, knows that, and he also must have known that they were all waiting to hear the Feat anthems, "Willin'," "Cold Cold Cold," "Dixie Chicken" and "Triple Face Boogie." It was these songs that made the crowd go wild as if on cue midway through the set. Indeed, these tunes are Little Feat's drawing cards, full-blown scorchers guaranteed to drive you crazy, as George sardonically says in, "Teenage Nervous Breakdown." This song also served as a stunning example to the band's smooth rhythmic control.

Unfortunately, none of the Feat's newer material warranted much excitement, save the sizzling "Walkin' All Night."

The Feat cult seemingly concurred. Keeping comparatively calm during these numbers, "A Practical Blues," another early Feat number used as the concert opener, got a funkier treatment by this monstrous-sounding band.

"Monstrous" may be understating it a little, and this brings us to another one of those grains of salt. Much too loud may be more accurate a description. Little Feat brought to the Auditorium a sound and lighting system that would have been impressive in the Assembly Hall. As it was, those up front got floodlights in the face, and those farther back got earaches — all for only four bucks. Don't fail us now, Little Feat. Just turn it down.

Jon Jorstad
Ben Sidran

Ben Sidran, currently making his great mark as a record producer, brought his quartet to Ruby Gulch for a November evening of fast and funky jazz. Sidran’s approach is laid back and cool, with sly keyboard work in just the right quantities.

With Steve Cobb on drums, Curley Cooke on guitar, and sideman extraordinaire Phil Upchurch on bass, Sidran went through a selection of tunes from his albums. “Chances Are,” and “When a Woman Say She Ready” were nods in the direction to Mose Allison’s light and wry tunes, as was the fingerpopping job done on Mose’s own “Parchman Farm.” “Lust” and “Slippery Hip” got into a funkier, almost disco groove, with Upchurch’s bass throbbing like a sprinter’s heart.

The group’s interplay was tightly knit, reflecting the amount of time they’ve played together. Though the band is well known on both coasts, they rarely venture from this area. Indeed “The House of Blue Lights” is a piece in their repertoire that frankly states that LA and “the Big Apple” can go to blazes for all the band cares; they prefer their current stomping grounds. Happily, the coasts’ loss is the Midwest’s gain.

Michael A. Jaworek

Steve Goodman

When singer Steve Goodman walked onto the Auditorium stage last November, the only things he carried were his guitar, a bottle of beer and the yellow “Caravan Inn” shirt on his back. When he left, four hours later, he walked off to the sound of his twelfth standing ovation, and the unmitigated admiration of the audience.

Goodman provided the crowd in the Auditorium with more than just another concert; the atmosphere inside the building was more attune to a rollicking Baptist revival meeting than a Friday night filler. The rogue ex-University of Illinois student manages to captivate his audience with a performance composed of his own material, both improvised and recorded and a rambling onstage rap that knows no beginning or end. The success of the performance is due to the fact that Goodman is a gifted and serious musician, as well as a competent entertainer.

With this combination, along with a dose of his own considerable charm, Goodman is known for giving his audiences a good time, but something happened inside the Auditorium Friday night which elevated the concert above the level of mere enjoyment.

Maybe Goodman’s short duration at the University allowed the audience to identify with him, or maybe it was due to the spontaneity of his exchanges with them. Whatever it was, the warmth generated between Goodman and the Friday night Auditorium crowd made the concert a standout.

The substance of Goodman’s material was as varied as the reactions it culled from the audience. Selections from his three albums, country and western, rock ‘n’ roll kept the audience fluctuating between hand clapping hysteria and attentive reflection.

Goodman’s ability to carry his audiences along with his own changes of mood is one of his most valuable assets. It is probably Goodman’s ability to gauge the mood of an audience that make his concerts such an event.

Few performers would be able to execute the emotional juggling game that Goodman did when he sang “When It’s Coupon-Clipping Time at the Race Track, I’l Come Shoe Boxing Back to You” back to back with Mike Smith’s “Spoon River.” Goodman rallied the audience into a foot-stomping, sneering mass with his tribute to former Secretary of State Paul Powell, and immediately afterwards transformed them into a group of quietly sympathetic listeners.

Although he had promised earlier not to get too serious, Goodman provided a couple of melancholy notes with a chilling a capella rendition of “The Ballad of Penny Evans” and “Unemployed.”

The high point of the evening, however, came when Goodman composed a spontaneous tribute to the Assembly Hall and to his Friday night audience. After waxing enthusiastic for several verses about his Champaign-Urbana experiences, especially a “poisen submarine sandwich at Eddie’s,” Goodman was informed that he was playing in the Auditorium, instead of the Assembly Hall.

Goodman grinned at the audience sheepishly. “Oh, what a vegetable I am,” he apologized.

It was a mistake the audience found easy to forgive.

Nina Ovryn
Dizzy Gillespie

One of the high points in the realm of jazz was the show Dizzy Gillespie put on at Ruby Gulch in January. A legendary figure in jazz annals, famous for his introduction of the machine-gun paced improvisation known as bebop, Gillespie proved that his is not only master trumpeter of that genre, but a complete performer as well. This can be partially attributed to Diz's having played with bebop co-founders Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, men noted for their love of all types of music. Over the course of the evening, the audience was treated to rock, gospel, blues and rhythm and blues.

Though Gillespie has been influenced by many of his fellow music makers, the sounds and styles that come from his upward horn are all his own. Hearing the extol African hymn "Olinga," one is reminded of Miles Davis' exquisite muted work with Gil Evans. Al Gafa's spartan guitar work underneath Gillespie was hypnotic and Mickey Roker's malleted bass drums and cymbals added majesty to the piece. It was inspiring — much like the procession of a holy man and his entourage.

Gillespie has a uniquely pungent wit. Alternating between puckish satire and broad clowning, he can cut up the spiritual as easily as he honors it. As Gafa and bassist Earl May loped into a funky riff, à la James Brown, the leader jumped behind a set of congas and proceeded to extol his own vision of the Better Place in "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac." Gillespie's successful exhortations to the audience to join in would have warmed any charlatan's heart. The "scat" vocals on the piece, and on Gershwin's "Summertime," were every bit as highflying and controlled as Diz's horn playing.

After slamming through a rock and roll version of the Blues Magoos' "Never Goin' Back to Georgia," ("I promised my drummer I would do it for him," the trumpeter said slyly), the group went into the classic bebop piece, "Salt Peanuts." Gillespie's expressive eyebrows flew up and down on his forehead, but were slow in comparison to the furious and erratic speed of the notes pealing out of his horn. The brash joy and dexterity that are part and parcel of the number — and Dizzy Gillespie's music — shone its brightest this night. May it burn brightly in the years to come.

Michael A. Jaworek

David Bromberg

David Bromberg made a long-awaited appearance at Ruby Gulch in late January after canceling a show scheduled for the first semester.

Some members of the audience who had held their tickets for months were expecting a good show in return for their patience. They were not disappointed.

The first set was impressive enough, but it was the late show that produced the most excitement for performers and audience alike. The Bromberg band presented a consistent and well-balanced show, with material ranging from energetic rock 'n' roll to folksy blues.

Although much of the show was comprised of Bromberg compositions, the audience expressed the most enthusiasm for upbeat renditions of rhythm and blues classics. "Money" combined no-nonsense musicianship with an unerring sense of vaudevillean humor. The song became a series of electric one-liners as Bromberg and company presented a fable of the world's greatest spendthrift.

On off-beat tunes like "You Got to Suffer if You Want to Sing the Blues," "the band came into full play, offering a unique blend of electric guitar, fiddle, bass, drums, saxophone, trombone, pedal steel guitar and cowbell.

Bromberg closed the show with a wall-shaking version of "Kansas City" bringing the audience to its feet. Despite his protests that he had to leave for Nashville in a few hours, they refused to let him go.

They called him back for three encores, each one spurring a few more patrons to stand on chairs and tables. By the time the weary Bromberg finally left the stage, the vote appeared unanimous: The wait had been well worth it.

Ken Paulson
Les McCann

A deeply moving and soulful concert was given by jazz pianist Les McCann on January 28 in the University Auditorium. Unfortunately, only a handful of people turned out to see the 40-year-old innovator perform.

McCann is openly rebellious when it comes to the trappings and glamour of stardom and mass acceptance, so little is ever heard of him in the popular music media. Because of his deep gospel roots, his jazz developed in a distinctively different direction than that of the many popular graduates of the Miles Davis school. In fact, McCann declared his independence at the early age of 22 when he declined an offer to join Cannonball Adderly's new group (despite the advice of Miles Davis), preferring instead to play his own music.

McCann's music has a heavy gospel flavor that presents jazz in a refreshingly unique light. Fortunately, though his present band is mainly electronic, McCann has not employed trendy rock techniques in his music, as many in the electric jazz fusion realm presently do in order to attract a wider audience. As he proved at the Auditorium concert, the soul of Less McCann was all that was needed. By the end of the night, McCann had won over the entire audience with a rousing sing-along finale.

Most of the songs were taken from McCann's latest release (his twelfth), "Hustle to Survive," which he was promoting on his tour. Perhaps the most beautiful song of the evening was a soulful ballad from this album — "Butterflies/Everytime I See a Butterfly." Although the chorus was repeated too many times, it was gorgeous enough to be forgiven. The experienced precision of James E. Rowser on bass controlled the song's interesting transitions flawlessly.

Also outstanding were the more energetic numbers like "Got the Hustle to Survive," Gene McDaniel's "Compared to What," and a gospel interpretation of Marvin Gaye's big hit, "What's Going On."

Pure Prairie League & Flying Burrito Bros.

Pure Prairie League and the Flying Burrito Brothers shared the Assembly Hall stage for a Saturday night twin-bill early in February, offering the audience a double dose of country-rock.

With everyone from Olivia Newton-John to the Carpenters selling records with a country flavor, it was inevitable that this once-unique rock genre would not sound as fresh or exciting as it did when the Byrds experimented with it in their "Sweetheart of the Rodeo" LP. Nonetheless, it was disappointing to see both bands trot on stage in Western regalia, only to strike into tunes that owed more to Chuck Berry than Carl Perkins.

The Flying Burrito Brothers have shuffled their line-up once again, resulting in a crew that sorely misses the abilities of alumni Gram Parsons, Chris Hillman, Rick Roberts and Bernie Leadon. At one time, the band was considered the most creative country rock outfit in the country. But it seems they've evolved into just another competent lounge band.

Of the new material, only "Bon Soir Blues" and the as yet unrecorded "Border Town" were up to traditional Burritos quality. The latter was reminiscent of Doug Saldana's "Be Real" with the Sir Douglas Quintet.

The Burrito Brothers weakest moments came as they attempted the obligatory country tunes that inevitably bring an audience to its feet. Their versions of "Orange Blossom Special" and "Six Days on the Road" were no better than those of dozens of struggling bar bands, while "Faded Love" showed conclusively why "Sneaky Pete" Kleinow only attempts one vocal per show.

The Pure Prairie League, on the other hand, was in fine vocal form. Their effective use of harmonies was upstaged only by some admirable lead chores.
Their hit single "Amie" produced the greatest crowd reaction, of course, but it was far from their finest moment. On the contrary, it sounded like they had performed the song three times too many and were anxious to rush through it. "Pickin' To Beat the Devil" featured John David Call on banjo for the only time all evening, but he made his few moments in the spotlight worthwhile. The three vocalists struggled to keep up with the nonstop pace being set by the piano, pedal steel guitar, drum and banjo.

By the time Pure Prairie closed their set, they had convinced the audience that they were a fine rock band, even if they were a little short on country influence. They seemed more in their element when they launched into "That'll be the Day" for their first encore.

The lead vocal was no Buddy Holly, but the band itself rivaled the original Crickets. It was refreshing to see a band that had painted itself "country" kick off the pretense and unleash some powerhouse rockability. A few more of those moments would have made the evening considerably more satisfying.

Ken Paulson

Joe Farrell

Of the many jazz luminaries that appeared at Ruby Gulch last year, Joe Farrell was probably the least known. However, because of his band's high powered presentation of jazz fusion music in early February, it was the most enthusiastically received performance of the bunch — Charles Mingus and McCoy Tyner included. Most likely, the reception he received came partly because the Champaign-Urbana area is so starved for jazz, for Farrell exclaimed at the end of his second set, "You're the best audience we've ever played for."

The quartet was comprised of the comparatively older and plumper Farrell on a variety of electronically-enhanced reed instruments, and a trio of youngsters with a lot of energy and a passion for the rock "n' roll flavor of electric jazz fusion music. The 90-minute set, though overly loud, delighted all but a few jazz purists in the packed house.

Farrell wisely picked the most melodic material from his albums, but the passionate dueling of his youthful cohorts was too much of a contrast with his more subtle phrasings on electric flute, saxophones and electric clarinet. It resulted in making Farrell's three partners stand out, while Farrell was a actually exploring another plane.

After a uniquely serene "Clouds" from Farrell's "Moon Germs" album and an impressively melodic but inconsistent bass solo by Jeff Berlin, Farrell closed the set with his most famous song "Great Gorge." The hesitant but gradual return to the beautifully melodic theme brought roars of approval from the crowd.

Jon Jorstad

Vassar Clements & Heartsfield

The best part of the Vassar Clements-Heartsfield show on February 18 at the Virginia Theatre was not the performers — who have both appeared here before — but that it initiated a new promoter in town: Belle Productions.

Curiously, though Clements was clearly the better talent, the two were given equal billing and Heartsfield headlined the show. As expected, Clements gave an enjoyable and loose set of country pop-rock, while Heartsfield methodical, ob-
noxious, overly-long and overly-loud performance was poor in comparison. Quite unexpectedly, the audience cheered Heartsfield as much as it had Clements. The relaxed and well-balanced Clements set perfectly complemented the fine acoustics of the theatre. While the obligatory country classics, "Orange Blossom Special," "Tennessee Stud" and "Will the Circle be Unbroken," were the most loudly applauded numbers, the Clements compositions were the most fascinating and original.

The 48-year-old Clements has played virtually all types of music (although not classical) and his own songs are a range brew of jazz, country and pop. A new song, "Osh Osh" and the more explosive "Kissimmee Kid" were showcases for the band's tight control of the eerie, show transitions. Saxophone work by Jim Murphy and scat singing by, m LaMont — whose musical juxtaposition with Clements' country phrasing was most bizarre — were also outstanding.

Heartsfield did not deserve the applause it received during its set, as even their old classics were lacking spontaneity and they performed no better than two years ago. The group's last two albums have been gravelly disappointing, and they have continued to play their old material to keep their audiences satisfied. Extended soloing during "House of Living" and in the middle of "Music Eyes" degenerated into the cheap guitar dramatics of the worst British blues-rock ever played. On electric guitar Phil Lucafo was especially overbearing and offensive. The crowd reacted mostly with silence after an obnoxiously dramatic ending, but Heartsfield thought nothing of egging the crowd on when it responded wildly to the second playing of "Music Eyes." At that point many people began to leave the hall. I'm only sorry I hadn't done so earlier.

Jon Jorstad
Local music changes key

by Jon Jorstad

The quality of popular music presented in Champaign-Urbana is getting better, although it is still a far cry from the variety that a big city like Chicago offers.

Groups in the music industry that have been hardest hit by the recession, those unable to play in huge sports arenas like the Assembly Hall, are now finding themselves playing in the warmer surroundings of bars and movie theatres across America. Locally, this enlightening phenomenon of presenting "non-Superstars" was started two years ago by the Ruby Gulch.

The Gulch was initially opened as a "counter-culture" meeting place three years ago. Owners Jeffrey Swanson and Rodney Slutsky wanted to create a more relaxed alternative to the other bars in town. However, by the spring of '74 things had turned sour when motorcycle gangs and assorted undesirables began frequenting the bar. This "bad crowd" was not admitted in other local bars, so Swanson and Slutsky were reluctant, as well as physically unable, to evict them. As a result, to this day some people are afraid to go to Ruby Gulch.

Enter Scott Harris and Bob Miller, who in the spring of '74 brought Sugarcane Harris — a nationally known jazz violinist — to play at the Gulch, beginning a new music policy that would eventually compete directly with bookings by the larger campus organizations, Star Course and the Assembly Hall. When Nonesuch, Inc. folded later that same year, Ruby Gulch became the major forum on campus for presenting internationally-known folk, jazz, blues and country-rock artists. More than one artist mentioned the unsurpassed comfort and friendly atmosphere of playing in Ruby Gulch.

This year things were different. In the fall, when students
returned for another semester of classes, the bar had over saturated its clientele, booking an average of three nationally-known artists per week and inflating prices to $2.50 and more. One half of the original horseshoe-shaped bar was taken out so that every available inch of floor space could be used for seating. Long lines that had been forming outside the front door nearly every night necessitated the selling of tickets in advance for the bigger acts. Also, because of the higher prices demanded by groups, the policy of two sets per night became the rule rather than the exception.

Scott Harris, not satisfied with the situation at the Gulch, left in June 1975 and began to rent out the Thunderbird Theatre in Urbana under the guise of Caboose Productions. The use of movie theatres for presenting concerts has just begun nationwide, and provides an invaluable forum for smaller groups. However, in a concert room like the T-Bird, which seats 800 people, the lack of a bar and the small space makes it difficult to break even sometimes. The T-Bird does offer more comfort slightly better acoustics and can seat almost four times as many people as the Gulch, while still allowing more intimacy than either the Auditorium or the Assembly Hall. Although Harris brought Heartsfield, Bill Quateman and Oregon to the T-Bird, only the latter group put on a good show, and more people came to see them at Ruby Gulch four months later. Also, Harris has reportedly been reluctant to face the hassles of dealing with groups and tour agencies. No Caboose show has been seen for several months now.

The picture is not all that gloomy, however. Bob Miller, who was with Caboose Productions for a while, struck out on his own last February, leaving the Gulch to form Belle Productions. Using the Virginia Theatre in downtown Champaign, Miller (with the help of the Campus FM station WPGU) brought Vassar Clements and Heartsfield to town in mid-February. Since both bands have been successful in previous appearances here, it insured a good financial start for Belle Productions, even though Heartsfield presented another disappointing show before the SRO crowd. The Virginia, like the T-Bird, has favorable features as a listening room, but the tight seating arrangement allows almost no leg room.

On a comparative basis, Ruby Gulch and Star Course consistently presented more of the kind of music that students wanted than did the Assembly Hall. And attendance figures revealed that, on an average, the percentage of students at a Star Coursesponsored concert was more than double that of an Assembly Hall music concert.

Star Course, a student-run, non-profit organization, had a banner year in 1975, bringing America's finest jazz composer, Keith Jarrett, and America's finest rock band, Little Feat. Concerts by Crosby-Nash, Leo Kottke, Bonnie Raitt, Tom Waits and Steve Goodman were also a far cry better than the Assembly Hall's largest student-oriented presentation, Jefferson Starship.

Although students pay a fee support of $16.76 each for the Assembly Hall, student attendance at Assembly Hall-sponsored musical events again averaged less than 35 per cent. On the other hand, the Assembly Hall, unlike Star Course, seeks to entertain the entire Champaign-Urbana community, and varies their entertainment events accordingly. In light of the fee support, students deserve a fairer shake. In other campus bars, where live bands play nightly, the nationwide disco craze is continuing to promulgate the regression and deterioration of popular music. At the Red Lion, Chances R and Big Daddies, bands which already sound anonymous due to playing the top-40 dance hits of other groups have had to adopt the latest "disco sound" to gain acceptance. Undoubtedly, the recent openings of two discos in the last year, the Sting Rock Theatre and The Giraffe, have had considerable influence on this subtle change. One other problem that continues to be ignored is the ear-splitting volume at all live popular music concerts on campus. The only concerts in the past year that used comfortable volume levels were Oregon's concert at the T-Bird, Vassar Clements at the Virginia and Leo Kottke and Keith Jarrett. Even the jazz greats that appeared at the Gulch during the year — Charles Mingus, McCoy Tyner, Joe Ferrell and Dizzy Gillespie — approached the extremely loud levels of the sports arena rock superstars.

Ultimately, though, it's the listeners who are at blame. At nearly every Assembly Hall concert (country music concerts were a pleasant exception) this past year, many people in the audience plugged their ears up and shook their heads in discomfort. This need not be the case.

The acoustical potential of the Assembly Hall is unquestionably the worst on campus, but the sound would be considerably better if the rock groups who appear there would utilize the Hall's own sound system, instead of shaking the stone rafters with their own powerhouse units. Lowering the volume overall, and using the expert-tested house P.A. system in conjunction with a smaller sound system on stage would fill every corner of the massive hall with a full range of sound. But, as of yet no group has taken this initiative. If listeners demanded more from rock groups instead of sitting complacently through concerts, the whole of popular music would be greatly improved.
Midwest matinee

by Paula Thomas
There are few phrases that set a Midwesterner's teeth on edge more quickly than the announcement: "We simply must try to bring some culture to these cornfields ..." spoken with a distinctly East Coast inflection. The Midwest is doing quite well in respect to culture, thank you, and there is more to American art than Broadway.

Not content with covered bridge festivals and quilting bees, culture enthusiasts have found a roosting place in central Illinois — the University's Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. Standing like a Stonehenge unhinged, the center was contributed to the University by Herman C. Krannert, a 1912 alumnus, and dedicated in 1969. The slightly-crumbling facade houses five theatres and various production rooms ranging from dressing areas to set construction workshops. Inclement weather in the past has wreaked havoc with the building, but construction firm lawsuits are another story.

Krannert hosts the University theatre program, which offers quality entertainment to the residents of the Champaign-Urbana area and provides educational and professional experience for students in the College of Fine and Applied Arts (FAA).

"I think the purpose of University theatre is to provide professionalism," said Rick Orr, graduate teaching assistant and occasional director for the University's theatre program.

University theatre is divided on the basis of various theatres inside the Krannert structure and the seasons of the year.

The pride and joy of the "underground" theatre movement at the University is Krannert's Studio Theatre, whose blackened walls lend themselves to experimental theatre and theatre-in-the-round. In spite of limited seating space, Studio Theatre productions have increased in popularity in the past few years.

The Studio Theatre has hosted a Dr. Strangelove-influenced satire, "The Big Plot," written and directed by John Ahaert, associate professor of theatre at the University; two "New Playwright's Workshops," which provided forums for works of University students and offered an opportunity for "informal rap sessions" between the cast, crew and audience following original performances; "Jumpers" by Tom Stoppard, whose other works include the highly-acclaimed "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead;" "Ah, Wilderness!" by Eugene O'Neill, whose plays are enjoying a national resurgence of popularity; "Whispers on the Wind," a musical by John Kuntz and Lor Crane; and "The Journey of the Fifth Horse" by Ronald Ribman.

The Festival Theatre provides the setting for many nationally-imported theatre groups, most notably the New York City Acting Company, now called the Acting Company, directed by John Houseman, who won an Academy Award for his starring role in the film "The Paper Chase." Brought to the University by Krannert's Marquee '76 series, the company performed "The Time of Your Life" by William Saroyan, "The Robber Bridegroom" by Alfred Uhry and "The Way of the World," by William Congreve during their three-day stay in Champaign-Urbana this season.

Also appearing in the Festival Theatre were Emelyn Williams in a one-man show as "Charles Dickens" and several dance groups.

The Krannert money-maker is the Playhouse, which hosts a program of plays called "University Theatre." Seating 678, the Playhouse is in year-round use for various subscription-sales ventures.
The 1975-76 Playhouse season included Part I of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's "Faust," "Playboy of the Western World" by John Millington Synge; Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," the popular "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" by Dale Wasserman and based on the novel by Ken Kesey, a Christmas time production of the beloved "Amahl and the Night Visitors" by Gian Carlo Menotti; "76 Town Hall," by Kenneth McLean, and "The Country Wife" by William Wycherley.

The Playhouse also hosted the University Theatre Summer Repertory Festival which included Neil Simon's "Barefoot in the Park," "A Doll's House" by Henrik Ibsen, "Butley" by Simon Gray, and Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians."

The Amphitheatre, the Greek-style theatre on Krannert's west side, is used by University theatre students and musical groups when weather permits.

Children's theatre efforts include an American History musical comedy, "Yankee Doodle" by Aurand Harris and "Winnie the Pooh" by Ron Hirsen, based on the A.A. Milne character.

Use of the Great Hall, because of its superb acoustical construction, has been limited mainly to musical events, which this season have included a special concert version of Ludwig von Beethoven's opera "Fidelio."

Michael Hardy, associate director of Krannert Center and University Theatre Business Manager, is pleased with this season's efforts. He said business couldn't be better. "We've added more performances because demand for tickets has been so great," Hardy said. "Sometimes the results were disappointing, but in most cases it paid off. We've done better this year than ever before.

"All across the country entertainment is up. Whenever there is a depression, there is a general rise in attendance at entertainment events. I don't know if it's escapism, or what. Broadway has had its best year in a long time this year."

There has been a general attitude shift at Krannert, Hardy said. "In some ways we're more excited. We've also started to tie in our productions with the theatre curriculum. We're trying to gear our productions to the classwork."

"We've added a Master of Fine Arts degree to the college (FAA). We've also begun our first major recruiting policy. Some of us have already attended auditions in Ann Arbor and Memphis. We're going to recruit for theatre the same way they recruit for football. We're looking for top-notch actors and set designers all across the country.

"We're trying to make a concerted effort to attract the best people and next year we're employing a master acting teacher. We're improving ourselves by improving the quality of the student body," Hardy said.

"I think we're definitely on the upswing."

Although Krannert's brick walls stand tall on the plains, several other Champaign-Urbana theatre groups are valiantly trying to emerge from the center's shadow.

Working out of an old train station in Urbana, appropriately called The Station Theatre and formerly The Depot, is The Celebration Company. The group has made progress in the last few years, trying to pay members through show earnings, according to Orr, the company's artistic director.

The troupe is composed mostly of University students who wish to add to their experience outside the Krannert influence and college graduates with degrees in theatre and educational theatre who wish to stay active in area productions, Orr said.

The company's 1975-76 productions included "West Side Story," a farcical version of "Camille," "Hot L Baltimore," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Godspell," "Story Theatre," and "Slag." The group has also hosted the efforts of an acting company called "The Saturday Night Leftovers" and the B & O Women's Theatre group's production, " -- 30 --

Also endeavoring to make theatre more accessible to the central Illinois masses is the Champaign-Urbana Community Theatre, for which Orr has occasionally directed. "The C-U Theatre is for those who approach theatre as a hobby," Orr said. "But many people approach hobbies very seriously. Many of our directors and actors are professor and graduate students who are going at this thing as a one-time shot. We get a real variety of theatre backgrounds."

The C-U Community Theatre has produced "Scratch," "Harvey," "Summer and Smoke" and "The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild" this season.

"I think with our variety of approaches and the variety of people involved, we've managed to reach a great number of people," Orr said.

Although local theatre may still be in the fledgling stage, efforts by Champaign-Urbana thespians, directors and business persons are beginning to pay off in audience response and recognition. There is culture in Central Illinois, and "lend me your ears" means more than just corn.
Hundreds of students were at the beck and call of Cary Pritikin and his three roommates last spring. 
During the first week of the 1975 spring semester there were only 12 people involved. Within a month, however, 800 students were going to the Illini Union every other day to have Pritikin, senior in communications, or one of his roommates call out their names in the roll-call for last February's Jethro Tull concert in the Assembly Hall.

The roommates had started the official roll-call ticket line after they had read in Billboard that the group was to appear in Champaign-Urbana. Students who wanted good tickets for the concert were forced to the Union whenever Pritikin wanted.

In the past, this reserved-line method was the only way to obtain good tickets for popular concerts. Overnight lines and unfair distribution practices were not uncommon with this system. But its validity was seriously questioned when two lines were formed for the Tull concert. The one Pritikin started at the Union was formed according to the established policy, while another line formed in front of the Assembly Hall box office the night before ticket sales began and stood outside all night. In the morning both lines formed, each challenging the other, and the tension grew.
Although the original line was allowed to go first, the dissatisfaction that had been growing became obvious. From the debate that followed emerged the Assembly Hall Advisory Committee’s proposal for a lottery system which could give everyone the same opportunity to get those prized AA tickets.

The lottery system proposal, with some modifications, was approved by Hugh Satterlee, vice chancellor for campus affairs.

The system’s first successful test was during ticket sales for the Doobie Brothers September concert. Between 3,200 and 3,800 students entered the lottery, according to Dan Perrino, dean of campus programs and services and director of the lottery. Students entered by depositing cards, with their name and identification number, at the Union a few weeks before the concert.

After the line closed, numbers were drawn to determine a sequence for the ticket sales. Lists of names indicating the place and time each student was to make the ticket purchases were posted in various locations on campus and at the Assembly Hall.

When lottery numbers were called, each person could purchase up to ten tickets by presenting a student identification card for every two tickets purchased.

The major problem encountered with the system’s first use, according to Perrino, concerned complaints made by a small group of “Doobie Brothers freaks” who received high lottery numbers, therefore, a late choice of seats.

However, he added that the system is more equitable than previous ticket line methods and slight modifications added during the lottery’s first year in operation would improve the system.

Another supporter of the lottery, Wayne Hecht, assistant director of the Assembly Hall, commented on the fairness of the system for students. “I saw a lot of new people on the floor (AA and A sections) at the Doobie Brothers concert whom I had never seen before.”

Not everyone feels the present lottery system is the best method of handling ticket sales, however.

According to Gerald Moorehead, senior in economics, some people probably entered the first lottery just to see what kind of seats they could get. If they received low numbers they would go to the concert. This upset devoted Doobie Brothers fans.

A better system, Moorehead noted, would be to charge market prices for tickets or to let people stand in line for as long as they wanted.

Fraternities have often bought blocks of tickets in AA or A sections for concerts, and are one of the groups most affected by the new ticket policy. With the number system, blocks of more than 10 tickets do not go on sale until after the lottery sales.

“The lottery is a lot fairer for all concerned,” according to Bruce Barron, president of Alpha Epsilon Pi. “And with 50 of our guys in the lottery, if two guys get low numbers, that’s 20 good tickets for us.”

While agreeing with the fairness of the new system, Howard Bloom, Zeta Beta Tau treasurer, said, “A large fraternity stands to gain more from the previous system. We realized all along that we had a good thing.”

Much of the success of the lottery depends on whether the University can financially handle the system, according to Perrino. His staff alone worked 40 hours on the lottery and 25 hours on ticket sales for the Doobie Brothers, while Assembly Hall personnel processed materials for the lottery. “It’s going to take a couple of run-throughs before we’ll be able to tell,” he added.
Coffeehouses:
Good
to the last tune
by Keith Zar

"Come gather 'round people
where ever you roam
and admit that the waters
around you have grown."
Bob Dylan

As late as 1971 tunes like this emanated from five coffeehouses on campus. It was easy to find good, live folk music any day of the week.

Today of the five original coffeehouses, two are no longer open, one is attempting a new start under a new name, one doesn't offer music on a regular basis and the last features music programs only two or three times a week.

According to Les Urban, program coordinator at the Red Herring, 1209 W. Oregon in Urbana, the coffeehouse serves the needs of the students and community, whether in the form of music, discussion, lectures or meetings. Students lacked an outlet for these activities four and five years ago, at which time the Red Herring was at its peak of activity.

In recent years, however, the University and other groups have provided the services for students.

"The Red Herring started as a political place in 1967 in conjunction with the free speech movement," Urban said. The coffeehouse was a meeting place for many of the "radicals" on campus. "There was always somebody willing to get up on a soap box and say something. Then a lot of other campus organizations picked up on it, and by the spring of '69 the radical thing was not doing well in the coffeehouse. Then somebody got the bright idea to have music here on a regular basis, and beginning with a mini folk festival, they
The era of good acoustic music really took hold in the fall of 1969. "The intellectual pursuits started to decline and the music took over," Urban said. "A lot of excellent acoustic musicians turned up on campus all at once and the quality of music here was very good." Most notable of these musicians was Dan Fogelberg, now well on his way to becoming a big name on the national music scene.

The 1970-71 school year was the biggest for the Red Herring, according to Urban. "That year the folk-rockers such as Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young were becoming very popular. The meetings and the speakers — all of the mainstreams of political action were elsewhere, and the Red Herring became almost complete music-oriented."

Other activities were also sponsored by the Channing-Murray Foundation at the Red Herring. In 1970 there were speakers, including the police chief of Urbana and members of the American Nazi Party. Channing-Murray also sponsored the first annual "pig-freak" basketball game in 1970 to help restore respect for police following the spring riots on campus.

The Red Herring is still a good place to hear acoustic music. In fact, it is the only coffeehouse on campus which still has regularly scheduled entertainment. Urban estimated that there have been anywhere from 50 to 150 people there on weekend nights this year, but this number is a far cry from 1970 when, he said, "the place would be jammed to the rafters."

In addition to the folk music on Friday and Saturday nights this year, the Red Herring offered jazz programs. Poetry workshops, free films, meetings and games combined to fill the weekly schedule of Red Herring activities.

Other coffeehouses in operation in 1970-71 were the Lutheran Students Foundation, Toad Hall (recently renamed the Impassioned Prune) in the McKinley Foundation, the Dungeon in the basement of Garner Hall and The Etc. These coffeehouses feature live music, although not on a scheduled basis as it was and still is at the Red Herring.

The Etc., 1203 W. Green in Urbana, is still a meeting place where people can get together and talk. Bob Illyes, one of the 12 regular workers at The Etc., said the coffeehouse has grown in popularity in the last several years, with business increasing about 50 per cent over the past two years.

"The Etc. is something other than just a fad," Illyes said. "It's a place to talk, and people just aren't talking enough anymore. There's a terrific need for more places like this."

He said an extra room, which is almost always full on weekends, was added to the coffeehouse about two or three years ago.

Etc., established during the 1964-65 school year, is run by a group of managers. Illyes said he feels the group approach to management has helped the coffeehouse survive through the years. "It helps the continuity because there is always a large part of last year's group still around," he said. "It's pleasant socially, it's not just a job."

Illyes stressed that although The Etc. occasionally has music, that type of entertainment is definitely subordinate to the other functions of the coffeehouse. "We're not a grandstand for someone," he said. "Those other places are performance-oriented, where nobody talks, and we want people to be able to talk."

The Etc., therefore, has not had to endure the ups and downs of the music world, as the Red Herring or the other now-defunct coffeehouses have.

So, while it appears that the coffeehouse as an institution is on the decline, flexibility has added to the popularity of those remaining on campus.

"Your old road is agin'  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'"  

Bob Dylan
"The time has come for an all-woman's concert," went the advertisement in a local newspaper in November 1973. The next summer such a concert took shape on the University campus.

But would the concert be an one-time occurrence, a phenomenon never to be repeated or heard again?

On June 10, 1975 music filled the Quad again, and the concert organizers earned the right to name the event the "Second Annual National Women's Music Festival."

More than 1,500 women gathered from all areas of the country to participate in the individual workshops and concerts held during the six-day festival.

But several festival members agreed that the spontaneous events were even more memorable than structured activities.

Such moments seemed especially frequent when singer Ginny Clemens was present. At one point, Clemens took over the Union North lounge during a jam session. The room was filled with people and no one wanted to leave, according to festival member Resa Dudovitz.

"She wasn't the best musician," said Bill Thomas, a festival worker, "but she was the best at getting people together. She stimulated the group to stimulate itself."

Women repeatedly transformed small-scale events into large-scale happenings. Melissa Manchester, one of the festival's headliners, gave a songwriting workshop that evolved into an impromptu mini-concert, as she satisfied the audience by singing one number after another.

Though a number of women agreed that the feeling of spontaneity was a highlight of the festival, Kristim Lems, one of the organizers, said, "The very fact of the women's concert existence is the highlight. The whole concept of a national women's music festival is extremely important to the general building of women's culture. This need was felt, but not met, by concerts in the past."

The question of priorities repeatedly arose — which should come first, music or politics? One feminist journalist covering the festival reported that some women felt the event, as a whole, did not have the feminist perspective.

Adverse University reaction was another problem encountered by festival workers. "The University was afraid they couldn't control it," Lems said. "We were an unknown quantity and the University didn't know how to deal with us, so they were afraid of us."

Lems mentioned the need for giving space to women, the performers who traditionally have had the hardest time being acknowledged by the music industry.

She was especially happy that Suni Paz, an Argentinian, participated in the festival. Paz stressed anti-imperialist messages in her songs.

Some differences of opinion were voiced about the festival's purpose. The more radical feminists, who appreciated
the sentiments of Paz and Barbara Dune, a blues singer who emphasized women's involvement in revolutionary movements, were sometimes at odds with performers who did not sing political songs.

Such conflicts, however, did not appear to seriously reduce enthusiasm for the festival and women inspired by the local festival began organizing regional music festivals. Letters asking for more details about the concert have come from as far as the Netherlands and several participants in the festival have found their fledging careers bolstered by the exposure they received at the University.

Lems, who since received invitations to perform at two other feminists festivals, said that the National Women's Music Festival is gaining momentum among feminist performers.

She said that enthusiasm generated by the second festival has been the best publicity for future festivals. The group spent about $200 on festival publicity, but Lems claimed that the feminist grapevine helped spread the word.

The National Women's Music Festival evolved in several important ways from the first concert to the second. At the first festival, Dudovitz said, "there were management problems caused by bringing someone in from outside." "The second year, however, we did it totally by ourselves," she said.

Aside from the technical and organizational experience the members gained from the first festival, the women benefited in other ways. "We learned to be more sure of ourselves," Dudovitz said.

Commenting on the importance of the festival's continuing growth, Lems said, "I am so depressed by the state of the American culture, by people who sing about nothing. There is no real intimacy."

Even more important that the format of the festival, however, is the responsibility Lems feels the festival has to all the women in the country. "We have got to make way for a new culture."
Classical Gas
by Ellen Martin
and Larry Larson
posters by Michael Johnson

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra's long-delayed Great Hall performance was the most keenly anticipated event of the season. The orchestra's reputation as the best orchestra in the world led to the selling of some 2,000 Krannert tickets in a few hours. Apparently, their reputation was enough for the Champaign-Urbana audience. Although the tired orchestra, under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf, barely managed to stay awake during somnolent performances of Brahms's Second Symphony and Samuel Barber's Piano Concerto, the audience leapt to its feet with thundering cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" whenever they had the chance.

Brahms's "Lenore" Overture No. 2, in which the lush sonority of the orchestra made up for a lack of drama and an encore performance of Strauss' "Emperor" Waltz were the evening's most successful performances.

The most notable success of the evening was entrepreneurial. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra commands quite a fee, and it took the combined monies of Marquee, Star Course and several area universities to produce this concert. Hopefully this partnership may produce other large-scale concerts in the future without losing too much money.
The Guarneri Quartet's October 30 Festival Theatre performance was one of the best concerts of the year, in spite of the fact that they barely made it to the Krannert on time. Their rather harry entrance left its mark on the evening's first work, Mozart's A major quartet, K. 464, which suffered from a certain breathless quality. The intonation was perfect and the Guarneri's usual attention to precise balance and direction was not wholly evident, although even a mediocre performance by this quartet is still quite respectable.

With Béla Bartók's beautiful and technically difficult Fourth Quartet, the Guarneri reached a transcendental state of perfection. Perhaps the most notable moment of the very moving performance was the prestissimo con sordino second movement, in which the quartet managed to achieve a frenzied, yet subdued sonority that seemed to suggest Bohr's conception of electrons' ineffable circling of a nucleus — very fast, light, yet containing enormous energy. As romantic as it may seem, it is precisely this quality that the Guarneri was able to convey.

Schubert's expansive "Death and the Maiden" quartet was the perfect choice to follow the Bartok. Allowed to coast on the ambient energy of the first half of the concert, the Guarneri was able to expand during the lyrical lines of the beautiful quartet. The overall result was a very musical concert.

Leontyne Price's renown is such that her November concert, co-sponsored by Krannert Marquee and Star Course, sold only slightly less quickly than the Chicago Symphony Orchestra performance. She is so famous, her voice so familiar, that the audience in the Great Hall would probably have been equally pleased if she sang German · Leider or country and western. This attitude on the part of listeners gives the artist great freedom. In Price's case it enabled her to choose a program of remarkable variety and originality ranging from an aria from Handel's "Giulio Cesare" to Francis Poulenc's 20th Century songs.

The high point of the program was five songs, by a modern Frenchman, Poulenc. The beautiful decadence of "Sanglots," the grotesque humor of "Aussi-bien que les Cigales" and the faintly cocktail-music sound of "Violon" were surprising choices for a singer famous for her Italian opera heroines, but they were magnificently conveyed.

Price concluded her program with two spirituals and three Psalms, all movingly sung. Her encores included Cio-cio-san's Act IV aria from Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," no doubt included to avoid disappointing those sentimentalists who did not expect as exceptional a program as Price has presented.

Alicia de Larrocha is a pianist whose fame rests primarily on her interpretations of French and Spanish Impressionist music. Her Krannert Marquee concert on October 21 in the Great Hall reflected her predelection. Her selections included works by Mateo and Issac Albéniz, Maurice Ravel and Claude Debussy.

Spanish music made up the first half of the concert. De Larrocha's sensitive interpretation of Issac Albéniz's "Cantos de España" was especially noteworthy. Her talent for pianistic color was most appropriate for the vivid contrasts of Albéniz's suite, and her impeccable technique emphasized the rhythmic and tonal beauty of the work.

After intermission, de Larrocha played works by Ravel and Debussy. Several of these pieces were pseudo-Spanish, such as Ravel's "La Soirée de Grenade." Under de Larrocha's touch, the Spanish influence in these works was emphasized, but without masking the composer's individual style. The pianistic scene-painting was apt in "La Soirée ..." a work played in a most evocative manner. Debussy's war-horse for piano, "L'Isle Joyeuse," which closed the evening, received a refreshing and distinctive performance from de Larrocha, reminding one how delightful this piece is despite its overexposure.
Stockholm Philharmonic

Most of those who paid to hear the Stockholm Philharmonic’s Great Hall concert (sponsored by Star Course) were presumably interested in hearing the work of the famous Russian conductor, Gennady Rozhdestvensky. Unfortunately, he suffered a sudden attack of kidney stones and was replaced by one of his students, a development which was not announced until two minutes after curtain time. Considering this bad start, it’s not too surprising that it was a rather lackluster, though pleasing concert.

The first piece of the evening was the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony. Music in which extreme caution is necessary in order to avoid emphasizing the works rather episodic character, a fault which the composer himself lamented. The conductor, however, chose to luxuriate in the beauty and piquancy of Tchaikovsky’s works and made little effort to musically rationalize the somewhat melodramatic character of the works “developmental” passages. More successful was the performance of the Blomdahl Third Symphony, a comparatively modern work to which the philharmonic’s excellent woodwind section was given opportunity to display its virtuosity. Ravel’s “Daphne and Chloe” which closed the concert, received a competent, if not particularly memorable, performance.

“The performance was exciting because the orchestra obviously enjoyed the work, and because Skrowaczewski understood Weber’s love of fantasy.”

The Minnesota Orchestra is one of the U.S.’s up-and-coming music organizations. Its music director, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, a conductor of sensitivity and ability, has led this orchestra to increasing recognition. For their December 6 Marquee concert in the Great Hall the orchestra played works of the earliest and the latest Romantic composers.

Carl Maria von Weber’s overture to “Euryanthe” opended the program on a lively and colorful note. The performance was exciting because the orchestra obviously enjoyed the work, and because Skrowaczewski understood Weber’s love of fantasy.

The most truly Romantic of all Romantic forms is the tone poem, and the most Romantic of all tone poems is Strauss’ “Death and Transfiguration.” Ignoring the typically extravagant program of the work and concentrating on the music, this is a very emotional piece, based on interlocking leitmotifs and building to a climax of orchestral color and volume. The emotional enthusiasm made up for the orchestra’s occasional technical difficulties, especially in the horns. But Minnesota is blessed with a fantastic woodwind section, which was in evidence in the Strauss and which will no doubt be their claim to fame in the future.
Local talent

Although not "special" in the sense of being Star Course or Marquee events there were "everyday" concerts this season that should not pass unnoticed. One of these was the moving School of Music production of Bach's B minor Mass, which played to a virtually sold-out a Great Hall. While the performance was not in any sense "authentic" the attempt proved remarkable. Also remarkable was the series of new music concerts that Edwin London's Contemporary Chamber Players eventually took to Carnegie Hall. Consisting mostly of works by University faculty composers, these concerts were highly successful and indicative of the University's stature in the field of contemporary music. Among many other things, the concert featured a performance of excerpts from Ben Johnston's new microtonal Blake songs, a very beautiful work.

"The Chicago Symphony Orchestra's long-delayed Great Hall performance was the most keenly anticipated event of the season."
there's sweat and sore toes and constant dieting, stiff new shoes to be broken in and an endless stream of tights and leotards to be laundered; but also moments suspended in soaring leaps and afternoons in the studio when sunlight falls on the dancers' limbs—the beauty they see in themselves drives the ballet students at champaign's national academy of arts to dance.

photographs and text by martha hirsh
It used to be all you had to do was move. Add a good band, maybe some flashing lights and a touch of alcohol in the blood, and you were set. Anybody could dance and nobody cared how you did it.

Now it is hard. If you want to be with it, you have to rack your brains and tangle your feet to learn not only the Hustle and the Bus Stop, but the Moonwalk and the Chicago Bus Stop and the New York Bus Stop and the Pasadena Bus Stop and the Hollywood Bus Stop and the Latin Hustle and the Jefferson Davis, ad infinitum.

If you think doing the Bump will get you through, don’t get your hopes up. It is still being done in Champaign-Urbana, but in other cities, the Bump just isn’t hip.

“The Bump is gone,” said Tena Lyons, who teaches dance at the Sting Rock Theatre in Urbana. “There’s nothing to it, you know, there’s no special skill.”

Louie Martinez agreed. A teacher at the Giraffe Discotique in Champaign’s Century 21 Hotel, he said, “The Bump is still being done in smaller towns, but in the large cities, it is basically out.”

Although it may be passé in local discos, it is still popular in the places with live bands.

“This has always been a harder rock place,” said Mike Brennolt, assistant manager of The Red Lion Inn in Champaign. “Now, during the band breaks, all the music is Bump music.”

People who work at Chances R and Big Daddies, two other Champaign bars that feature bands, agreed that the Bump is still big.

Brennolt has noted an effect the discos and the new dances have on the bands. The Lion, he said, is still bringing in the same type of rock-and-roll bands they have brought
for years, but now one set out of four is Bump music.

"Guys that swore three years ago they would never play anything but Hendrix and Led Zeppelin are using their guitars to play disco," he said. "They're finding that to survive, they have to do it."

"The people want to hear it," he added. "They want to dance to it. It's strange. I didn't think it would happen here, but it did."

Don't worry. The bars with the bands aren't hopelessly outdated. At least they have the Bus Stop — which has brought a big change. Now you no longer need a partner of the opposite sex to get up and dance.

Brennolt said lines of 10 or 15 women often Bus Stop during breaks at the Red Lion. The same thing goes at the discos. Every once in awhile, a few men even join the crowd.

"Now people get together and do the Bus Stop whether they know the person or not," said Lyons.

What does the future hold? Will the life of the bar-going dancer in Champaign-Urbana continue to be challenging, with a rapid flow of new dances to be learned? Maybe so. But some of the changes may be for the better.

Ballroom dancing with a disco beat is coming back into style, according to Lyons. That was the latest word from New York City, where she had just attended a national disco convention. "It'll probably hit just as hard as the Bus Stop or Hustle," she said.

It might take awhile for the new steps to reach Champaign, since they usually start in New York. But that should give everybody enough time to learn the ones already here — just in time to be out of style.
Cameras whirl in Allerton Park. Lenses focus in the basement of Allen Hall. Movies are put together piece by piece on the third floor of the Fine and Applied Arts Building. And the people behind the eyepieces and editing tables are all students.

Newsweek magazine once said filmmaking was a marvelous toy for adults. But a look around the University would prove that cinema is a serious area of study for more than a few students.

Five cinematography courses are now offered to "standing room only" crowds. Sixty per cent of the students hoping to get into one of these classes were turned away this spring semester. Hampered by a severe lack of funds, the cinematography curriculum has not been able to expand, but Julius Rascheff, assistant professor of art, hopes growth will become inevitable as interest increases.

There are presently five students actively pursuing degrees in filmmaking, each with a very personal and dedicated attitude. The realities of a career in commercial filmmaking are grim, and students realize this, but they want to expand cinema as a means of communication and expression.

David Reinisch, a junior in LAS, said he intends, "to explore, if not exhaust, all the possibilities of film-space before I die." His hope is to visualize a new space on film; one imagined, but never seen in the physical world.

"It's highly unlikely that I can sell the films I make, but I'll always be making them. And if I can't make a living in films, I'll drive a cab," he said.

Joe Rezwin, a junior in LAS, is also realistic in attitude. He does not want to be a wealthy Hollywood director. Having completed his first film, Rezwin said he is concerned with attempting to raise the level of understanding of cinematic expressions in his work.

Many other students are also making movies. Howard Ellman, a junior in communications, thinks cinematography will help him understand television methods. "Mostly, though, it's fun and diversified," he said. You can make a film appeal to a large or a very specialized audience. It's very versatile."

Comedy is a favorite among beginning movie makers. Visual slapstick humor lends itself to improvisation and creativity, and doesn't demand too much from amateur actors.

Some art students exploring film as an art form, use animation in their work. Although it is very time consuming and tedious, animation gives the director full control of all elements.

For all their enthusiasm and dedication, many students have to limit production because of the high cost of filmmaking. "It's possible to spend hundreds of dollars on less than ten minutes of film," said Reinisch. Film, processing, props and special effects can send the cost of a film soaring.

Equipment costs would also prohibit student filmmaking if the University didn't help out. The University's Photocine Club, actually an equipment outlet, is open to all photography and cinematography students. A $5 membership fee allows students access to cameras, editing and sound mixing equipment as well as darkroom and photography facilities.

Unforeseeable and strange limitations plague many productions. "I had to shoot an entire sequence backwards and edit it to make sense since people in the film couldn't work their schedules into the shooting schedule," remembered Marc Kravitz, who made a short film last spring.

For all its expense, frustration and complications, the idea of filmmaking is still a "silver image" in the minds of many. The camera has a magical appeal for both those behind and before it; for those participating in or learning about the filmmaking process.

As long as the magic works, let the show go on.
Thunderous earthquakes, blazing skyscrapers, devastating mid-Atlantic shipwrecks, the horror of an attacking swarm of bees — in considering the subjects of the leading box office attractions today, a question arises: Has a hideous mechanical shark replaced Paul Newman and Clint Eastwood as the popular star of the movie theaters?

The current trend toward disaster in movies points to the possibility that the shocking realism of a cataclysmic event has taken over as the best-selling ingredient in an American film. "The Towering Inferno," "Earthquake!" and "Jaws," each with an amazing gross from ticket sales, serve to meter the public's preference in screen entertainment.

The "what if . . ." films, which depict situations that could happen, have shocked and thrilled millions since "The Poseidon Adventure" gurgled into the ocean. Human drama is thrown in to achieve realism in the plot, and the special effects battle with the actors for the leading role.

"The Poseidon Adventure," released in 1972, kicked off a movement toward the mass killer movie. With a star-studded cast, "Poseiden" cost $4.5 million to produce and brought back $143 million in sales. Hollywood sat up and took notice.

Perceptive to the response of the American audiences, film makers soon realized that a virtual gold mine lurked in the "special event" movies. The public was excited by the possibility of ordinary people falling prey to natural catastrophe. The successful disaster flick portrayed the "average guy" becoming trapped in a catastrophic situation and eventually finding a way out. With a proper execution of the basic plot, these movies inspired audience identification, as well as promoting a feeling of escapist pleasure.

Top box office stars added to the widespread appeal of these films. One of the better and more recent jeopardy films, "The Towering Inferno," made use of a spectacular cast of stars. The public held its breath when Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, William Holden, Faye Dunaway, Fred Astaire and Richard Chamberlain attempted to escape a 35-story building ravished by fire.

Certainly the potential for viewer involvement with the plot was equally as important as the caliber of the cast. Stereotyped characters were frequently used. In "Earthquake!" familiar types coped with swaying buildings and scattered cars and bodies caused by massive earth tremors. The tough cop, the worthy architect, his nagging wife, his mistress — they all told America that it could just as well have been one of them caught in that terrifying situation. The realism of the psychological trauma experienced by these characters, added to the heroism of an easily identifiable leading star, was the essential element in delighting an audience.

Since the first large-scale special event film, many others have followed in an almost calculable succession.

Disaster flicks
by Judy Frankel
illustration by Nina Ovryn

Has a mechanical shark replaced Paul Newman as matinee idol?

But something had to be done to differentiate one movie from another. "Earthquake!" set a precedent by using a technique called sensurround. This process made movie goers "feel" the earth tremors as well as hear them. In "Poseiden Adventure," one victim sang a prophetic song and soon "The Morning After" hit the top of the record charts. The added results of these disaster films were quickly realized and taken advantage of.

The most publicized and widely-viewed shocker is "Jaws." Intentionally released at the start of the swimming season in 1975, "Jaws" was the story of the escapades of a giant shark at the beaches of a small New England town. The star of the film was a 25-
Sharks became easy prey for editorial cartoonists. Not uncommon were sharks labeled “inflation,” “Communism,” “CIA” and “the energy crisis.” Could there be some deep meaning behind the amazing response to these shock value films? Perhaps in view of the societal woes of America, people are beginning to sense some sort of disaster in their sad economic, political and social state. The record attendance of these catastrophe films suggest that the public is concerned with heroism in escape. Still, another possibility is that our film priorities have taken a drastic change. Nevertheless, Hollywood has once again discovered a way to grab at our emotions and snatch from our wallets at the same time.
Mysteries of the Psych

by John Grochowski
photographs by Chris Walker

One could have been excused for thinking the University’s School of Veterinary Medicine had gone just a bit too far last May when the severed lower half of a human leg was found outside the Veterinary Medicine Building Annex. After all, vet med students aren’t usually allowed to deal with human patients.

The leg was turned over to Stanley G. Stolpe, associate professor of physiology, in Burrill Hall’s anatomy laboratory. Stolpe later announced that the leg was diseased, covered by surgical netting at the top and had apparently been recently amputated.

Erwin Small, professor of veterinary medicine, however, was able to explain the mystery to University Police. Small said the limb had been amputated by a local pathologist and sent to the University for disposal because the doctor’s incinerator wasn’t working.

But not all strange happenings which marked winter and spring of 1975 at the University could be dismissed so lightly. In fact the discovery of an amputated leg seems to be almost humorous in a macabre way next to the tragedies that befell two University students in the south stairwell of the Psychology Building.

On Jan. 14, Michael Zopf, a senior in LAS, was the first to fall down the stairwell. Zopf completely severed his left leg in an unexplained accident.

About two months later, On April 28, Allison Campbell sophomore in LAS, plunged to her death down the same stairwell. Campbell was found at the base of the eight-story staircase naked from the waist up, a shirt near the body and other personal belongings scattered at various levels of the stairwell.

A Champaign County coroner’s inquest to determine the cause of the fall was held May 27, but the coroner’s jury was unable to come to any conclusion.

While the jury complained that they would have liked to have seen a picture of the stairwell and to have heard testimony on Campbell’s character from people who knew her, David Heath, Champaign’s County deputy coroner, said there was no evidence indicating that the fall was not the only cause of death. Heath said Campbell died of acute brain damage and multiple traumatic injuries. No injuries sustained prior to the fall were determined.
While the cause of the fall was never determined, University spokespersons at first insisted that the stairwell was not dangerous and that it met "minimum safety standards."

But three days after Campbell's death, plywood partitions were erected on alternate levels of the stairwell to block possible falls or jumps. A security guard was added to patrol the area every night from 3 to 10 p.m. Security personnel asked those who could not demonstrate a need for being in the building to leave at 5 p.m.

The partitions were intended to be a temporary measure until more attractive barriers could be obtained. Paul Dobbel, director of campus security, said he was reasonably sure the partitions would be effective. "Nothing is absolutely foolproof that you can say nothing in the world will happen," he said, "but I think this is a pretty satisfactory temporary solution."

Henry Koertgi, director of the division of environmental health and safety, said the division assumed that fatalities would be prevented by erecting the barriers at every other level, preventing a fall of more than one story.

The solution proved to be more permanent, however, than most had thought it would be when first erected. When students returned to campus for the fall 1975 semester, the plywood panels still blocked the Psych Building's south stairwell.

Later a plan for a permanent barrier was approved, although installation was not expected to begin until at least mid-November.

"It has been decided to install expanded metal, like a screen, from the top level to the second level," Koertgi said. "There will also be modifications of the handrail below the second floor, where the stairwell narrows."

Although bids for construction and erection of the screens had been made by mid-October, Koertgi was uncertain when the installation would begin.

In the meantime, the plywood partitions remained at alternate levels of the south stairwell. Koertgi said he was satisfied that they were serving their purpose.

"To my knowledge, the platforms have never been tested," Koertgi said. "We have had no reports of anyone falling or being pushed. If anyone fell, apparently it worked because he or she got up and walked away."
GASP
for a breath of fresh air
by Elaine Johnson
Illustrations by Becky Stringer

There is nothing comparable to the disgust of non-smokers who, sitting down to dinner in a restaurant or cafeteria, find themselves the recipients of noxious fumes from the spewing tip of a neighbor's after-dinner cigarette.

Only slightly less displeasing is being forced to breathe someone else's smoke while in the confines of an elevator, bus, store or classroom.

University regulations have prohibited classroom and laboratory smoking for several years, although they have had little or no effect on smokers. The problem was always enforcement, but this may finally be solved as non-smokers become more assertive about their right to breathe.

The first campus organization of non-smokers, a branch of the national Group Against Smokers' Pollution (GASP), was founded in the spring of 1974 by Ed Jamison, an electrical engineering student. The goal of GASP was to enforce campus smoking regulations.

A 1973 memo, issued by then Vice Chancellor of Administration Affairs J.W. Briscoe, prohibits smoking for three reasons: physical distress and allergic reactions of non-smokers, the definite increase in custodial and maintenance costs and repairs to damaged floors and furniture, and fire hazards. The memo concluded that "the only practical means of dealing with this situation is by increased effort on the part of the instructor in the classroom." This means of dealing with the situation was complicated by instructors who also smoke.

After getting a big response on Quad and Activity Days from students who signed petitions to keep the regulation, GASP members organized a method to stop smoking in classrooms. According to current president Irene Williams, "Students with complaints were given a form to fill out which GASP members used to check out the class and teacher where the regulations were being ignored. We began by talking to the classroom instructor. If that didn't bring results, GASP would see the department head or dean."

The program lasted throughout the 1974-75 school year, but interest in GASP has since declined. "Although we never had a real big turn-out, interest was always there," Williams said.

She added that the plight of the non-smoker has become the individual's own responsibility. "I've found that if I tell a person in a since 'an and polite way that I'm allergic to
tobacco smoke, most will be considerate and put out their cigarettes. I think the biggest problem is simply ignorance. Most smokers just don’t realize that their smoking is bothersome until it is pointed out to them.”

Williams said that being assertive is the only way to stop someone from smoking, although it may be hard at first. “The non-smoker has a right to breathe clean air. There’s no way out. You can stop smoking, but you can’t stop breathing.”

Similar views prompted University graduate student Muriel Scheinman to confront former Illini Union director Earl Finder with a proposal to establish a non-smoking area in the Union cafeteria in the spring of 1974. Finder had previously turned down similar requests on the grounds that the ruling couldn’t be enforced, and out of concern that the Union would lose business. Scheinman’s suggestion to make the area voluntary and therefore up to non-smokers to make it work, resulted in the present non-smoking area of the cafeteria. Contrary to Finder’s original concerns, the area is usually packed and has received many compliments.

“I feel that I have more support in my attitude about smoking,” Scheinman said. “People are becoming more assertive, they know they have rights.”

“Anything worthwhile, whether it’s an end to the war in Vietnam or a reduction of public smoking, can be accomplished if enough people speak up and are assertive of their rights,” she said.

Scheinman, who teaches an Art History lecture, advocates asking a smoker in a good humored way to refrain from smoking. “For the first four or five days of class I write ‘PLEASE NO SMOKING’ on the blackboard and everyone is considerate enough to comply,” she said. Scheinman is only annoyed when smoking occurs in a place such as the Auditorium, where it is clearly prohibited.

Such smoking in public places became unlawful in Champaign on Sept. 5, 1975, when the Champaign City Council passed an ordinance on the proposal of Councilmember Lynn Sweet, fifth district. “I wanted a vehicle that would encourage non-smokers to speak up and let their feelings be known,” Sweet said. The ordinance prohibits smoking in all public and private gathering places, unless the places have specific non-smoking areas designated. “The non-smoking areas can be a merchandising feature,” he said.

But for some places, especially restaurants, it doesn’t work like that. Paul Tobias, manager of the International House of Pancakes at 308 E. Green, doesn’t see how much a division would be possible or profitable, especially at peak hours. “And I’m not going to be the only one (restaurant) to enforce it,” he said.

The Red Wheel restaurant at 812 W. Springfield already has separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers, but manager Gary Peterson said he doesn’t think that the ordinance is fair “to a business such as ours.” He recommended that the law be enforced during slow periods, but he would “hate for them to say we could not fill our restaurant.”

Many who opposed the ordinance argued that it is patently unenforceable. But according to Sweet, enforcement is not the main issue. “The ordinance is not going to be ignored,” he said. “It’s like Champaign’s leash law. Dogs still run loose, but Champaign is still a better place for the law. There will be no need anymore for non-smokers to suffer in silence.”

Mary Pollock, second district councilmember and Scott Hall resident director, quit smoking five years ago and voted in favor of the ordinance. She said it’s a matter of society becoming educated from the top down. “Ten years ago the federal government came out with the Surgeon General’s determination that smoking is dangerous to health. Non-smokers are just now learning to be assertive and smokers are realizing they have that right,” she said.

Pollock cited the Scott Hall council’s unanimous decision to ban smoking in the study carrels and to set up a non-smoking area in the cafeteria as examples. “It’s a case of ‘I love you very much, but please don’t smoke,’” Pollock said.
You remember Hooterville — the bucolic television town located somewhere in Heartland, U.S.A. where a harried New York executive (Eddie Albert) tried to create a Walden of his very own, accompanied by his cosmopolitan wife of penthouse persuasion (Eva Gabor). Well, city-slicker-turned-country-bumpkin Albert found his Green Acres and it turned out to be (where else?) Champaign.

Small surprise. In many respects the University and Champaign-Urbana area is, like Hooterville, an agri-culture. (Lives there a student with nose so numb he has never smelled the South Farms?)

The University owes its very existence to the Prairie State’s plowboys. After all, it was for them that the Illinois Industrial College, Alma Grand-Mater of the University, was founded.

Albert, as an environmentalist and organic farmer in his own right, visited the C-U area in 1970, the year the severe corn blight lowered yields throughout Central Illinois. While in Champaign, Albert met Robert Toalson, general manager of the Champaign Park District. Together the two men began the Eddie Albert Garden Program, a project designed to teach children the fundamentals of horticulture and agricultural production.

Unlike Hooterville, however, seeds sown in Champaign did not fall upon barren ground. Albert’s program has been fruitful and multiplied. This year, for example, five acres of park district land in Robeson Park was divided into plots and rented to Champaign citizens, students and faculty so they might learn the joys of country living. The sizes of the plots ranged from a 10 by 10 foot children’s plot for toddler-tillers at $10 to a 20 by 40 foot family plot for vegetarians or those who planned to be unemployed over the winter at $25. About 221 plots were rented according to Garden Program Director Gayle Salyards.
The park district furnished seeds, water and tools. They also furnished gardening advice for the neophyte naturalist who was wise enough to take it. In addition, the district sponsored courses on pest control and proper canning methods. After all, he who avoids botulism lives to plant another spring.

Ron Secrist, director of recreation for the park district, said that by 1977 a permanent site of five to seven acres will be established near Parkland Junior College for those like Albert who are, as Thoreau put it, "determined to know beans."

Like Hooterville, the University also has its own resident pig-lover. She (yes, she) is pert, pretty Connie Carter, suburbia-born, and reared in O'Hare's front lawn.

"I want to be a rich hog farmer," she said with conviction. "I was going to be a vet, but I don't want to be one now. I just fell in love with hogs."

Carter's sorority sisters, the women of Alpha Omicron Pi, smile to themselves when they hear her say that. No doubt she's the first AOPI with swinish ambitions.

Although 24 per cent of those enrolled in the College of Agriculture are women, according to Agriculture Associate Dean Karl E. Gardner, Carter is the only female in swine management. On her application for admittance into the college she wrote: "Five years from now I want to be a good hog farmer; 10 years from now I want to be a better hog farmer; and in 20 years I want to be the BEST hog farmer."

Dressed in her fashionable bib-oversall, she doesn't look like a hog herdsman. "My adviser, Jim Corbin, said my biggest problem is my looks. I don't look like a hog farmer. It will be hard to take me seriously as most dirty old farmers." She shrugged. "Well, in any job you have to prove yourself."

Carter said it took her parents a while to get used to her career decision. "It took my mother a long time to understand, and my dad used to introduce me as his daughter who wants to be a vet. Now it's my daughter the swine herdsman. Oh well, it's fun to be different."

Sows, Carter said, are easier for her to handle because they have a "rapport" with her. Boars, however, are a different matter. "I don't think I'd get in a pen with a mad boar. Males of the species are prone to be more aggressive, you know."

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Connie Carter, the only female swine herdsman in the College of Agriculture, gently prods Josephine, her favorite South Farm sow. Carter, who originally planned to be a vet, "just fell in love with hogs" and now wants to be a rich hog farmer.

Carter gets sentimental when it comes to pigs. She observed that pigs like attention. One sow, which she's named Josephine, is her favorite, because "she has such a pretty face."

At market time, however, Josephine will be just another pretty pork chop. "Market hogs are bringing about 67 cents a pound now," she said. "You break even at about 30 cents, so 37 cents is clear profit."

Ultimately, Carter said she wants to own her own farm. But the high prices of Illinois land makes that almost impossible, at least for the time being. Marrying a farm — ah, farmer — isn't out of the question though, she said.

"I want my sons — daughters, too, I guess — to come back to the University and say, 'I'm Connie Carter's kid. You thought she wouldn't make it, but she did.'"

All this goes to prove that, like the big-city businessman who went to Hooterville, many people, even those who have never been there before, are going "back to the land."
In order to maintain the University's "peaks of excellence," it must curtail some activities, according to Vice Chancellor Morton Weir. "Money that we had put aside for a rainy day, not realizing that we would have five years of rain," is going fast, washing away in a flood of inflation.

Nevertheless, "all hail" broke loose when the Council on Program Evaluation (COPE) recommended the College of Communications be dissolved to save money.

Administrators contended the University would save $200,000 a year by dismantling the college, although this would be one-tenth of one per cent of the University's yearly $249 million budget.

Theodore Peterson, dean of the College of Communications, however, estimated that more like $107,000 might be saved. Under the COPE proposal now being considered by Chancellor J.W. Peltason and Morton W. Weir, vice chancellor for academic affairs, the Department of Radio and Television would be abolished and the remaining college departments, journalism and advertising, would be restructured to fit within the University's current system.

Many within the College of Communications, however, have said that any attempt to align the separate departments with other colleges is nothing more than a token gesture. Advertising, for all practical purposes would be wiped out, according to Peterson. "Young, tenured faculty would have no reason to stick around in Commerce when they can get advertising jobs elsewhere," he said.

Jay Jensen, journalism department head, said that if the department became the School of Journalism, reporting to Weir until a director could be appointed, "it would die a slow death."

If the COPE proposal is adopted, the radio-TV department would be spared the ordeal of burial in another college, dying instantaneously. Harold W. Hake, associate chancellor for academic affairs and director of COPE minced no words. Citing that this task force found the department was inadequately funded, understaffed and that it lacked educational direction within itself, Hake said that it "has gone below the point of no return. It is small, undistinguished, and has been substandard for many years."

The report itself, however, rated radio-TV as "average" nationally, although it is one of only 15 accredited programs in the country.
Students serving on the COPE task force committee acknowledged that the department needed new equipment to parallel the broadcast industry's technological advances. Patrick Welch, the radio-TV department head, stated in the report that while "access to equipment is adequate for developing the minimal skill needed for employment," it is "not adequate for developing real creativity."

Such statements were intended to elicit funds for the upgrading of the department, seen by the task force as the "most desirable alternative and one which represents a true opportunity for the University to encourage innovation in an area of critical concern." University administrators, however, countered that there is "no way to upgrade" the department within the University's current financial situation.

The development of a local cable television system, which has been awaiting construction for three years pending a court suit, could provide the University with a substantial means toward upgrading the equipment now used by the department of radio-TV at no cost to the University. While the department can only offer current instruction in a black

"The department had been rated as one of the top six professional journalism schools in the country."

and white studio, the contract between Champaign-Urbana Communications, Inc. (CUCI) and the University, not mentioned in the task force's report, would allow student access to modern color and cable equipment, as well as studios, film vans and technical assistance.

In spite of the task force's concern with the department's lack of modern equipment COPE also decried the current emphasis on radio-TV vocational skills rather than an "intellectual focus," according to Peterson.

In the other hand, the journalism department, was cited by Hanke as "deteriorating" because of "a number of key losses of professional people." The department had been rated by Change magazine, a leading national periodical on higher education, as one of the top six professional journalism schools in the country. Hake termed this national rating made in 1974 as "out of date. based on the college's past laurels, although his COPE committee's finding showed that the department of journalism impresses an outsider as proud and strong," and that the faculty members do attract students.

The COPE report on the advertising department was highly favorable, acknowledging it to be a "nationally known and highly regarded department, perhaps the best in the country."

The task force report went on to say that "there is an obvious enthusiasm in both faculty and students for their subject matter" and that the morale of the department was "exceptionally high" compared to the majority of other departments on campus. Hake said, however, that "as compared with other departments on campus, advertising would profit by being put in a college where standards appeared to be higher." Although the task force report also stated that the "overall interest in effective teaching appears higher in the advertising department of the College of Communications that in the College of Commerce," the recommendation proposed by COPE Director Hake would put advertising in Commerce, reducing it to option course status, similar to that of the market option.

Peterson said that the University and College of Communications administrators involved have tried to "get away from the adversary situation," although he said he was surprised by the tone and handling of the COPE recommendation to dissolve the College of Communications. "Even in their most critical comments, the task force reports were all eminently fair. But they just blew this recommendation thing. I can't understand the basis for the decision in the first place — it certainly had no logical basis in the task group reports."

Peterson submitted the college's formal response to COPE's recommendations to abolish the college to Peltason and Weir in mid-February. The document, agreed upon by permanent faculty members, contained answers to each of COPE's proposals and an appendix criticizing the council's proceedings. "It's rather temperate in nature, except for the appendix," Peterson said.

The Student Committee to Save the College of Communications had previously presented University President John E. Corbally with petitions signed by nearly 11,000 people interested in preserving the college.

The "Save the College" committee, headed by associated professor of journalism Gene Gilmore, was formed to "correct" the COPE proposal by providing information. "We think it's reversing the tradition of the land-grant university to knock out professional departments," Gilmore said.

"We are particularly concerned that they are going to change the whole character of this University without any public debate and discussion."

Gilmore admitted that Peltason was in a real bind. "Natu-

"But they just blew this recommendation thing—it certainly had no logical basis in the task group reports."

rally; he's close to Weir and will want to support him. And Weir will want to support his assistant, Hake, who is also COPE chairman."

Peterson said Gilmore and his committee are ready to increase their operations upon Peltason's decision by "about 15 times." Gilmore is backed by many prominent college alumni who are writing letters supporting the college to the University Board of Trustees and the Urbana-Champaign Senate. The board and the senate must rule on Peltason's decision after public debate.

"But nobody has seen or felt anything near the pressure we are preparing to show," Gilmore said. "If Weir and Peltason come out favoring the COPE recommendations to abolish the college, we are ready to bombard the senate's public hearings with at least 1,000 professional media people."
The real world news in brief

Patty on trial

It took FBI investigators 19 months of digging, questioning and cross-country trailing. But it took a jury of seven women and five men only 12 hours to find Patty Hearst, rich girl-turned-revolutionary fugitive, guilty of armed bank robbery and use of a firearm to commit a felony.

The daughter of newspaper publisher Randolph Hearst was captured just miles from the Berkley townhouse from which she was kidnapped in early 1974 by the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA).

Following a California crime spree which included the bank robbery for which she was convicted and a shootout in front of a Los Angeles suburb sporting goods store for which she has been arraigned, Patty and her captors traveled a looped route across the country.

Many of the jurors who had convicted the 22-year-old heiress said they had wanted to believe Patty’s claim that she went along with the terrorist group out of fear for her life.

But the pictures presented by the government — the defiant Patty, clenching her fist upon capture; the gun-toting Patty, retrieving dropped ammunition in the Hibernia Bank despite her story that she wasn’t carrying ammo; the sentimental Patty, holding dear a monkey trinket given to her by slain SLA member Willie Wolfe, whom she claimed had raped her — led them to believe she was lying.

Kenneth Ackerman

Joan Little: in self defense

A jury of six blacks and six whites declared Joan Little, black and 21, not guilty of murdering white jailer Clarence Alligood, 62, in her Beaufort County, N.C. jail.

The August 1975 verdict ended the five-week trial which had received extensive national attention.

Civil rights groups and prison reformers came to Little’s defense, hoping to dramatize the problems of blacks in southern small-town jails.

Feminist groups had also taken up Little’s cause, wanting to more clearly establish a woman’s right to repel sexual assault, even if it involves killing the aggressor. Little testified that she had struck out at Alligood with the ice pick he had used to coerce her into having oral sex with him. It took the jurors only one hour and 20 minutes to reach a verdict.

Laurie Szujewski

People without a country

After shedding too much blood and too many tears, the United States finally shed itself of the Vietnam War and years involvement last spring.

The Communists had launched a fresh spring offensive, panicking the forces of President Thieu and forcing his resignation.

The U.S. sponsored a massive evacuation of the last of the millions of Americans who had served there since 1954 and South Vietnamese who feared Communist reprisals for supporting the Americans.
Transported by boat and plane, over 140,000 refugees made their way to the U.S. through Guam and four relocation centers, the last of which closed Dec. 20.

While the expected blood bath has not materialized, 15,000 have voluntarily returned to their homeland and 6,600 have settled in other countries.

One more ingredient to the American melting pot.

John F. McCabe

"It didn't go off"

Although the thought of two attempts on the life of President Gerald Ford was unsettling, there was also a quiet air of submissive acceptance.

The first attempt on Ford's life was made on Sept. 5 when Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, 27, wielded her uncocked .45 Colt at the President who was barely two feet from her on a Sacramento, Calif. sidewalk.

A loyal member of the Charles Manson family, Fromme had earlier announced that "your homes will be bloodier than the Tate-LaBianca houses and My Lai put together" if "Nixon's reality wearing a new face continues to run this country."

Ford appeared in court on videotape during the Sacramento trial of his assailant, the first time in history that an incumbent president testified at a criminal trial. He said that he didn't hear the gun click, but five other witnesses said that they had, and the hysterical Fromme was carried from the courtroom to begin serving her life sentence.

Extra bodyguards were added and Ford donned a bullet-proof vest, but no one really believed that there would be another attempt on the Chief Executive's life. At least not so soon.

The pattern was the same. Sara Jane Moore, a 45-year-old San Francisco house wife, had called local police and told them that she might go down to Stanford and "test the system." Moore was arrested for carrying a gun and released about the time Ford was talking in Stanford, 35 miles south.

She thrust the gun at Ford the next day, Sept. 22, in San Francisco, but her aim was diverted by a bystander.

Moore was also sentenced to life imprisonment and is eligible for parole in 15 years.

Edie Turovitz

Five years after

Three months of testimony, one week of deliberation, nine yes's, three no's and at last there was an opinion on the Kent State killings. Not guilty.

The controversy and suit filed against Ohio Gov. James A. Rhodes, 28 state officials and Ohio National Guardsmen lasted nearly as long as the war that started it all. Not everyone agreed with the jury's decision, which went against the wounded students and the parents of the four students killed in May of 1970.

"Those who still believe that it is possible to attain fundamental justice from the agencies of a corrupt and decadent power structure have one more tragic example of the uselessness of such misguided faith," said William M. Kunstler, dissenter and defender of American radicals.

Steve Slack

Against the grain

The University of Chicago is the home of the atom bomb. But finally, downstate Illinois has something that outshines both the nuclear holocaust and the Sears Tower.

With agricultural exports in excess of $1.67 billion, Illinois ranked first in the nation in farm sales. This fact took on new significance, as world food resources continue to drop and millions suffer from malnutrition.

In January, Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz's Rumanian counterpart told him, "You have something more powerful than atom bombs. You have protein."

Foreign sales to Russia and other countries, however, have often been held up by the Ford Administration. Food exports have become a tool of foreign policy. But the picture of the American farmer with pitchfork in hand, standing up against the Arab oil ministers and Russian missiles is becoming more of a possibility.

John F. McCabe

Apollo-Soyuz

A handshake in the heavens between Donald K. Slayton and Aleskey A. Leonov proved that Americans and Russians can cooperate to achieve a common goal.

The American Apollo spacecraft and the Soviet Soyuz successfully docked in space in July 1975. The historical joint mission was the result of three years of intense planning and preparation.

The mission was flawlessly executed in all its joint phases, including a crucial air lock opening which initiated the meeting of U.S. astronauts and Russian cosmonauts and the live television broadcast in both nations.

Judy Osgood
S’poking fun?

by Holly Hall
photographs by Tom Harm

One Campus Division of Parking and Transportation employee recently flopped down on the office sofa, exclaiming that “the bicyclists are up in arms again!”

And about what? They’re tired of being shoved into gutters; slammed to the ground by carelessly opened car doors; piled into by other bikes at “yield” markers; surprised when returning from class to find the bike impounded, vandalized or stolen; and being ticketed for riding any place other than on streets or bikeways, for chaining bikes to trees and posts or for passing on the right with less than an eight-foot clearance.

If any of the above has ever happened to you as a cyclist (and chances are great that you have been hit by more than one of the above “traumas”), you might tend to disagree with the merits of bicycling noted by Herman K. Hellerstein, a prominent cardiologist and former member of the President’s Council for Physical Fitness.

These benefits include a pleasurable way of controlling weight and muscle tone, a greater work capacity, a slower heart rate, lower blood pressure, increased strength and endurance and better blood circulation. This outdoor activity has also been linked to improved moods, emotional stability and decreased depression.

University bike riders, however, generally agree that the bicycle is convenient and cheap transportation.

The number of bicycles on campus hasn’t increased in the last couple of years, according to Myron M. Stipp, assistant coordinator of campus parking and traffic. A decrease in the number this year (an estimated 16,500) is implied by the fewer number of bikes found in bike lots or illegally parked.

Campus bikers can take advantage of the largest network of bikeways in the world, according to a spokesman for the Campus Division of Parking and Transportation. The installation of the University bike paths in 1960-61 was one of the nation’s first attempts to recognize the special needs of the bike rider, according to Joseph Blaze, then University transportation director. Over six miles of paved bike paths criss-crossed the campus, connecting such distant points as the Mechanical Engineering Lab and the College of Law building.

Even with such an “ideal” set-up, the student using or merely walking across a bike path is taking a big safety risk. Massive jams of bikers and pedestrians characterize every class change. Bruised bodies, skinned elbows, scattered books and papers and hostility between bikers and pedestrians, and bikers and car drivers result.

One student remarked that the most exciting part of her day was seeing a pedestrian, who had darted onto a bike path, get knocked down by a speeding bike. The fallen rider
untangled himself from his bike, shouted a few choice words at the surprised and shaken student and pedaled away. Traffic continued around the disheveled girl until she was helped to her feet by other pedestrians.

Tim O'Keefe, senior in biology, said the "yield" markers painted on the bike paths are the biggest farce on campus. Having been both a bike rider and a pedestrian, he claimed, "No bike rider wants to stop, even if he could, and have a chain of bikes crash into his rear for some student who isn't watching where he is going. The best he can do is veer into the other lane, hoping to miss the pedestrian and the oncoming bikes."

Safety on bike paths has been a topic of much discussion and research. In 1973, a student died from injuries received in a two bicycle, head-on collision. Others are treated every day at McKinley Health Center for bicycle-related injuries.

The Campus Division of Parking and Transportation, however, has no plans at this time to add more bike lanes or redesign the existing ones. Stipp also contended that the University provides ample parking spaces for bikes within reasonable distances to classrooms.) Scott Nesbitt, a visiting lecturer in the Institute of Communications Research, said he intends to present a mathematical model of the bike paths to University safety engineers so they might correct such hazardous areas as the north side of the Armory and the corner in front of the University Library.

At one point in 1974, the University was studying the possibility of lengthening the 10 minute class exchange period to 15 or 20 minutes in order to lessen the speed and amount of traffic on the bike paths.

Off the University bike paths and onto the open road, bicycles are overwhelmed. According to recent auto factory figures, the estimated 85 million non-motorized cycles in America are forced to share the road with 124,478 million public and private motorized vehicles. Moreover, these 85 million units of manpower share road space with 22.9 billion units of horsepower.

According to an informal survey, many bikers resent being forced to obey traditional traffic laws for motorized vehicles, when the smaller and slower bikes are often shoved into gutters and denied the rights given to other vehicles.

Because nearly 50 per cent of the estimated 35,200 students live off campus, and more residents are using the bicycle as a means of convenient and cheap transportation, community bicycle problems and needs are intensified.

The Community Bikeway Committee of Urbana (CBC) has been promoting various types of bikeways for several years. Balbir Kindra, Urbana City engineer, noted that the city budget already provides bikeway materials and construction. The Urbana City Council had previously appropriated $9,000 in 1973 for a system of bike routes. The route was proposed in 1974 for Illinois Street from Goodwin to Race streets, connecting the University to downtown Urbana. It would allow two-way traffic with a 5-foot, 8-inch strip of pavement at one side of the street designated and painted as a two-way bike path.

Another proposal included allowing one-way motor traffic on certain streets, with parking banned on one side of these streets.

Last fall, the Urbana City Council considered a plan to allow two-way bike and car traffic without changing parking patterns. Routes would be designated with signs and a flashing light on 11 Urbana streets.

Debate in Champaign centered around the suggested ban of bicycles on the most heavily-traveled streets. Councilman Kenneth Dugan, 3rd district, contended that prohibiting bicycles from all main streets in Champaign would help to relieve traffic congestion and promote safety. Councilwom-
Charlie Meyerson, senior in communications, paid $5 for the "ugliest bike you ever saw — a real klunker" and brought it to campus from Orland Park because he figured that no one could possibly ever want to take it. "I got pretty cocky, too, about leaving it unlocked." Much to Meyerson's surprise, however, his bike was stolen one fall evening when he left it unlocked outside of Allen Hall.

The religious use of a case-hardened chain and padlock might tend to discourage the bike thief, according to Richard D. Burch, supervisor of University Police auxiliary services. But nothing short of chaining the bike around your neck can guard against vandalism. Mass tire-slaught attacks, such as the one on 40 racing bikes within a 12 hour period at Illini Towers last fall, are no joke. On a smaller scale, Austin's Tennis and Sporting Goods Shop in Campus town reported thumbtacks in tires of five bicycles brought in for repair during one week last spring. One student remarked that her bike had been locked inside, under the stairway of her apartment complex when mysterious tacks appeared at different times in her bike tires.

The bicycle on campus seems here to stay, whether as a protest to the rising cost of buying and operating a car, a concern for personal health and an unpolluted environment or just as a method of getting to class.

Yet, the question also stays: In whose hands will the bicycle remain, and for how long?

"The bicyclists are up in arms again!"
"The Spirit's Alive in '75" was the theme for the 65th annual Homecoming celebration. Both planned and unplanned activities combined to make the weekend something to liven almost everyone's spirits.

On Friday night the traditional pep rally and bonfire was held west of the Assembly Hall. The Illini cheerleaders and Illinettes fired spirits, along with the Marching Illini band. Coach Bob Blackman introduced the football players at the rally and football captain Stu Levenick expressed his appreciation for the crowd's enthusiasm.

Among other traditional pep rally activities was the crowning of Homecoming queen Barbara Paakh, a senior in psychology and president of Alpha Omicron Pi.

This is the third year that Panhellic Council and Interfraternity Council has sponsored the Homecoming queen competition since the Illini Union Board dropped it in 1972.

Chief Illiniwek Mike Gonzales lit the bonfire at the rally after a heated war dance. At the same time, popular folk-rock singers David Crosby and Graham Nash warmed the Assembly Hall audience, while other students and alumni went to the bars for warming refreshments.

The spirit of '76 was also alive during Homecoming '75 as the Young Illini performed "Glitz," a bicentennial musical tribute to Broadway.

Saturday's football game against Purdue in the cold and windy Memorial Stadium was a disappointment to Illinois fans. The Boilermakers out-maneuvered the Illini defense to win 26-24.

And the weekend would not have been complete without the Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi's, annual publication, "The Tumor." It's 48th year or so (according to the paper), it continued its tradition of writing satirical attacks on campus and national celebrities.

Student or alumni, independent or Greek, Homecoming '75 had something for everyone.
The Homecoming spirit shone in '75 with the crowning of Barbara Paakh as queen, top left, and the traditional entertainment of the University Alumni Band, top right. Other activities of the weekend included cheers of the Illinettes at the pep rally, bottom left, and house display building, above, across campus.
Bahama mamas, queen mamas and just plain mamas are creatures foreign to the University area. But you'd have never known it if you had happened to wander into Champaign-Urbana during the third weekend in April. The place was literally crawling with mothers invited down in honor of the 1975 annual Mom's Day celebration.

The activity usually starts on Friday night with a frantic straightening up of an apartment or dorm. A look at most student habitats on Saturday morning would convince even the most cynical that 90 per cent of the University population are avid disciples of Suzy Homemaker. It's just one more loving attempt, however, to make the weekend special.

The Mom's Day idea is by no means a new one. The first Mom's Day on the University campus was celebrated in 1921 with 50 mothers attending. That figure has grown, along with the list of events scheduled for the weekend.

Last spring, a student and mom could have kept themselves busy from 8:45 a.m. to 2 a.m. or until both collapsed from exhaustion, whichever came first. The Illinois Mother's Association, which sponsors the event, had released a barrage of food, drink and entertainment guaranteed to make even the most energetic beg for mercy.

The flower show, a perennial favorite, was first stop for fauna-loving students and their moms. The 1975 theme of the Horticulture Club's annual show was "Gardens of the World."

Those preferring more action found it at Anniversary Plaza with Medicare 7, 8 or 9. The faculty band played their special brand of Dixieland jazz before an appreciative, hand-clapping audience.

The list of events also included the annual style show, arts
and crafts fair and an old-fashioned ice cream shop.

Those who sought refreshment off campus found the crowds a bit overwhelming. Students whose weekend plans included a juicy steak found it easier to settle for a Big Mac. Lines at elegant Champaign restaurants such as Boar's Head, Round Barn and The Viking Room meant a wait as long as two hours.

Champaign theatre was at its best when the Illini Union Student Association (IUSA) presented "Promises, Promises" as its annual spring musical. It was the story of an office boy who climbs the executive ladder by turning his apartment into a rentable love nest. Some moms remembered an earlier version with the same plot, "The Apartment."

Professional performances, settings and choreography made the production an enjoyable evening of family entertainment. The only flaw was the cavernous Assembly Hall's terrible stage acoustics. Sound levels varied between ear-splitting bellows and soft mutters.

Moms who preferred to sniffle over the college love lives of Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal went to see the midnight presentation of "Love Story" at Lincoln Hall Theater. Other students took mom out on the town for a night of barhopping. The local drinking spots were prepared — Second Chance even concocted a drink in honor of the occasion, the Bahama Mama.

Presiding over the weekend was the Queen Mom, Ok Lynn Lee of Urbana. "I believe she represents the best mom at the University — and the world around," said son Larry.
Here's Poppa

by Jean Wittenauer

For years, futurists like Alvin Toffler have been trying to
tell us about the demise of traditions. Football and baseball,
mom and apple pie . . . they're all on the way out, they say,
in the 70's era of sociological change.

Try to tell that to the hundreds of University students
who invited their dads to campus this year for the annual
Dad's Day weekend.

Started in 1920 by the first dean of men, Dad's Day
remains one of the solid traditions at the University. Cur-
rently coordinated by the Dad's Association and by the
Illini Union Student Activities (IUSA), University dad's
have been honored annually for 55 years.

Some of the Dad's Day events themselves haven't
changed much over the years, either. This year over 51,000
fans crowded into Memorial Stadium to watch the Illini
topple Washington State University, 27-21. It was a perfect
day for football fans.

During halftime activities, "King Dad" was crowned, a
tradition started in 1948.

Marylyn Crutcher, an assistant director of IUSA, explained
that the selection of a "king" is based on the special quality
of his relationship with his son or daughter. The primary
basis for the judging comes from a 200-word entry by the
son or daughter which states why the student thinks his or
her father should be honored as the "outstanding dad."

This year the father of three University students was
chosen from among 62 entries. Robert Fogarty, of Belleville,
was nominated by Mike, a senior in marketing; Cathy, a
senior in advertising; and Julie, a freshman in pre-law.

Another Dad's Day classic is the Varsity Men's Glee Club
concert, performed at the Krannert Center for the Perform-
ing Arts. "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Dad — a Bison-
Tennial Concert" was the billing this year. By the end of the
evening, an enthusiastic audience joined the chorus in sing-
ing the school song, "Hail to the Orange."

IUSA also sponsored a variety of activities for dads. The
feeling of nostalgia was strong this year as Illini Rooms A, B
and C, and the Union's South Lounge were temporarily
converted into an old-time casino, with a nickelodeon and
night at the races. Blackjack, roulette, craps and horse
racing beckoned to gamblers.

It was a weekend of traditional ceremonies, dated ideas
and old-fashioned values. So why in this jet-propelled age
do people bother to come?
"You hear so much about the family breaking up," said Mrs. Julian Roseth of Highland Park, who came down with her husband for the day's events. "I think things like Dad's Day are really nice for a lot of families ... anything that brings a family together in this day and age is good."

"I never had a chance to see my kids grow up because I was always working," explained Robert Womer of Rantoul. "This was a way for us to be together, just the two of us," he said, referring to his son James, a junior in LAS.

Musty traditions like Dad's Day are becoming increasingly valued in today's fast-paced, technological world. It's comforting to know that somethings will always be around.

Martha Hirsh
When 60,000 people congregate in a limited space for four hours on a Saturday afternoon, garbage usually accumulates. Inevitably someone must clean up the mess.

So at 7 o'clock Sunday mornings following Illini home football games, workcrews begin the eight-hour task of making the bleachers sightly again.

Area high school students begin the operation by gathering the beer cans, cola cups and hip flasks left by the Illini rooters.

Mechanization takes over next. Portable, motorized blowers are walked through every row and aisle of the stadium. The debris is systematically pushed with forced air to the bottom rows of the stadium, where old-fashioned straw brooms, which technology has not yet replaced, are put into action to finish the job.
Passing the buck for Block I

by Lizanne Poppens

An hour before every home football game, as Memorial Stadium fills with hopeful fans, 2,200 people holding tickets to the University’s Block I card-cheering sections check in at special gates. They clamber up the stands into the two blocks of seats on either side of the stadium.

Midway into the second quarter of the game the two I-shaped blocks of seats are suddenly transformed into an orange “I” against a blue field as each person dons an orange or blue cape.

When halftime whistle blows, the two sections bustle with activity as they prepare for the halftime show.

Block I performs stunts, flipping hundreds of two-toned cards in unison according to carefully coordinated design plans. The total picture can range anywhere from a dancing Chief Illiniwek to a steaming showboat.

The nation’s largest double card section, Block I has served as the model for card sections at other schools around the country.

Behind the colorful halftime scenes, Block I’s 22 committees coordinate attendance, designs, cape and card distribution and the general business of promoting an activity that sells 2,200 Athletic Association (AA) season football tickets a year.

The hard work has paid off. This year for the first time both blocks were completely sold out.

However the block came close to turning its cards for good when it found itself $400 short of funds last October.

Funded as a deficit activity of the Illini Union Student Activities (IUSA), Block I’s annual expenses total about $1,400. The money pays for the use of an intercom system, promotional advertising, computer time and replacement of capes and cards.

Since 1959 IUSA has requested additional funding for the block from the AA and, almost every year, received the donation. But this year, because of a right budget the AA turned down the request for $400.

“It’s been an on-again, off-again thing throughout the years,” said Illinois Athletic director Cecil Coleman. He expressed appreciation for what Block I does, but he noted last October that the AA simply did not have the money for the funding request.

When the prospects for the additional funding looked bleak, Rick Ross, Illini Union assistant program director and Block I advisor, was pessimistic about the future of the 50-year tradition. “This could have spelled the death note for Block I.

“We had no inkling this would have happened,” he said. “In my three years here, the AA had always contributed about $200 to $400. I guess the blame’s partly ours. We were acting like in the old saying — counting our chickens before they hatched.”

But once word got out that the block was in financial trouble IUSA was flooded with calls from local organizations, businesses and individuals offering to bail it out.

“There’s no way in hell I’m going to let Block I die,” one local entrepreneur said.
With the immediate funding crisis averted, the Block I committee head decided to create a more permanent funding source in the form of a sustaining fund. "What we were looking for was a zero budget organization although we'd still be sponsored by IUSA," said Block I chairman Jon Boyd, graduate student in architecture.

"The long range things are something we can handle. Our main worry was that if the block was canned this season it wouldn't have been back for a few years," Boyd said.

If the block had folded a long-standing University tradition would have been broken. The tradition dates back to 1925 when Block I consisted of a group of boisterous Illini fans who wore capes and swayed back and forth as they yelled out cheers. In 1926 the group was officially named the War Whoops Pep Club.

Cards were added to the cheering section in 1948, adding a new dimension to the Illini "war-whooping." By 1954, the number of students involved had doubled and the group was divided into the two present sections, one for each side of the field.

As it was in the beginning, Block I's unwritten function today is to enthuse the crowds. Besides entertaining the halftime crowd with their stunts, the two blocks are notorious for such capers as cheering competitions and people-passing, not to mention throwing their cards in the air after the last stunt at the last home game.

All in all, the block has come a long way since 1925 and has adapted with the times. The most recent innovation is the method of designing stunts.

After meeting with Marching Illini Band Director Everett Kissinger to coordinate the band's music to some of the stunts, the designs are plotted on a grid pattern. They are given to a committee which keypunches them into a computer. The computer prints out an instruction sheet for each Block I member. These sheets contain the number of each stunt and the corresponding color card each person is supposed to display.

During the show the stunt number is called out from the loudspeaker system at the bottom of both sections and Block I members respond by holding up the appropriate card to form a picture.

The computerization step has been a real lifesaver, according to Boyd. "The sheets used to be printed out by hand. The computer saves hundreds of man hours. Five people can keypunch the entire show in a couple of hours."

And once the show has been computerized, the designs can be used again by merely re-running the program through the computer. This gives the block an ever-enlarging repertoire of available stunts, such as a Chief Illiniwek design, letters and words for special events and a host of progressive stunts in which several designs are flipped in rapid succession.

"We've learned certain limitations of the block, like certain types of lettering we can do and that it's hard to do things differently. It's mainly a process of taking an idea (continued page 179)
and adapting it to the limited format that we have," Boyd said.

As the fans stream out of Memorial Stadium, the satisfied Block I committee heads gather together their cards, capes and other paraphernalia. The designs were successful with only a few minor distractions, like the three kids in the right hand corner who decided to flip their glo-green cards when they were supposed to flip black. It's all in a few hundred days work, the leaders shrug.

"You know the reason we got so emotionally involved when it looked like we were going to have to disband is we started working on this year's stunts last December," Boyd stated. "We put in thousands of hours before the season. The actual performance is the climax, the culmination of our labors. If we would have lost it, we all would have felt we'd put in a helluva lot of effort for nothing."
Dribble dribble. Thonk — whizz — bounce. “Out!”
“Mutter, mutter.”
Dribble dribble. Thonk — whizz — bounce. “Out again!”
“Damn!”
To more than 34 million Americans, these are familiar sounds. On tens of thousands of pebbly, over-worked tennis courts, the great masses have converged in white shorts and headbands to do battle with the fuzzy ball, thonking it here and there with varying degrees of ineptness. Whether it be over, under, around or into the cursed net is academic. Playing tennis is simply the thing to do.

For some, in fact, it borders on religion. Devotees of the game can enroll in special tennis camps taught by pros, where students of the game can watch their backhands on videotape and volley with ball-serving machines for a mere $500 a week. But for the more common enthusiast, which seems to include most tennis buffs at the University of Illinois, the game is a popular coed sport that seems to exude a certain touch of class.

“It’s a cool game, something everybody can play, even if you’re not so hot and just wanna hit the ball around,” claims Randy Renne, a senior in chemistry. “It’s challenging, too, especially if you’re playing somebody good. Besides,” he added with a smile, “it’s a handy sport to play with chicks on a date.”

Marianne Seckinger, a junior in institutional management, said she enjoys the game because “it’s one where you really get to run around and get exercise. It’s a lot better than something like bowling. And it’s pretty much an outdoor sport, which I like. It’s just fun.”

Obviously, there are a number of reasons why tennis has such an avid following. But why the sudden surge of popularity after so many years of obscurity?

According to Bruce Shuman, Illinois varsity tennis coach, television coverage of the sport is the “single biggest thing that has contributed to tennis mania. For years,” he said,
“tennis was divided into pro and amateur ranks, and the two never played against each other; they were segregated. There were few pros, because you could actually make more money under the table on the amateur circuit.”

On top of this, or perhaps because of it, the entire atmosphere around tennis consisted of hypocrisy and snobbery. Except for the country club set, America had little use for such a sport.

At least until 1968. According to Shuman, this was the first year that pros and amateurs competed against each other, thus opening up a whole new can of balls.

“Even though the amateurs couldn’t accept any money in the tournaments, the whole thing was interesting enough to gain TV coverage for the first time,” Shuman recalled. “Instead of playing in front of 500,000 people in a whole year, they were playing in front of 5 or 6 million people in one afternoon because of television.”

“A kid who sees someone win $10,000 in a tennis meet on TV may want to pick up a racket and see what it’s all about. Since anyone can enter a tennis tournament now, it gives the average guy more reason to watch, more to relate to.”

And unlike most televised sports, tennis is readily adaptable to participation. Where football, basketball and baseball are more spectator-oriented because they require teams, tennis is almost unique in its simplicity. It’s among those popular sports that require just one partner.

Tony Clements, head of the University Intramural Department, agrees that the uncomplicated and inexpensive aspects of the game are keys to its success. “You can buy a racket for $10 or $12. It’s more economical than golf, and it’s becoming a lot more accessible,” he maintained. “So with all these people interested in tennis, the park districts and recreation staffs in different places have started offering instruction and are building courts. And physical education instructors are pretty high on it, since it’s a different kind of competitive sport.”

“The IM sponsors quite a bit of tennis,” Clements added. “It’s in our men’s, women’s and co-rec programs, and we have a summer ‘all-comers’ tennis tournament that draws pretty heavily from the community.”

Meanwhile, manufacturers and retailers have netted some hefty profits from the sudden boom. Don Himes, president of Baily and Himes Sports Shops in Champaign-Urbana, said the recent surge in the game’s popularity has demanded a “definite increase” in the store’s stock of tennis equipment. Himes said he believes the sport’s success is due to its universal appeal to the "young and old, the rich and not so rich.”

Unfortunately, the young may turn into the old waiting for a court. Although there are a number of tennis courts on campus, they come nowhere near coping with the racket-wielding hordes that emerge each spring afternoon. Sometimes the biggest challenge of the game is simply finding a place to play it.

But at least the University is not alone in its dilemma. Despite the fact that there are more than 100,000 tennis courts in America, with 50,000 being added each year, the game simply cannot accommodate the mushrooming demand.

“Tennis, anyone?” has become “Tennis, everyone,” with room for no one.
Detour on the road to the Roses
by Ken Dunwoody

Good luck and the Fighting Illini have more or less been strangers during the last decade or so, and 1975 proved in a hurry it had no intention of introducing the two.

Not to say it was all that bad. Illinois did tie for third in the Big Ten — a moral victory in any conference that houses an Ohio State and Michigan. And they gained some much needed credibility and respect in a superb 20 — 19 win over a solid Michigan State squad, and even in a narrow 21 — 15 loss to the Orange Bowl-bound Wolverines. But for Coach Bob Blackman, his fifth season in the cornlands had to be a bitter pill to swallow.

Most of the bad taste during the season was the result of injuries, inconsistencies and mysterious fourth-quarter collapses. Only one year earlier, those last 15 minutes of the game gave senior quarterback Jeff Hollenbach just enough time to pull three miraculous victories out of his helmet and lead the Illini to their first winning season (6 — 5) since 1965. But in two crucial contests against Missouri and Purdue this year, the fourth quarter was like the Dark Ages for the Illini. On regional television against 5th-ranked Missouri, an injury-riddled defense fell apart in the final period, surrendering two relatively cheap touchdowns that wiped out a 20 — 16 Illinois lead over the very beatable Tigers. And on a dreary Homecoming afternoon against Purdue, it was a guard’s fingertips that barely deflected Danny Beaver’s last-second field goal attempt and prevented the Illini from climbing to 3 — 0 in the Big Ten.

But like they say, being close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, and the Illini were playing neither. However, despite those two season-souring setbacks, plus another disaster at Wisconsin, Blackman’s 5 — 6 Illini showed some positive signs of emerging from the anonymous-ity of those eight teams that kick each other around at the bottom of the Big Ten.

They scored 229 points, the most by an Illinois team since 1965, and finally unleashed a semi-healthy Lonnie Perrin, who was good when he was hobbled and great when he wasn’t. His 907 yards no doubt would have exceeded 1,000 had he not missed two games with an aggravated leg injury and phlebitis, of all things. But along with an average of 5.5 yards per carry and seven touchdowns, they earned him a spot on the second team All-Big Ten squad. Having been followed by pro scouts since he was a prep star in Washington D.C., he’ll have a good shot at making the Big Time.

There were some other bright spots, too, but unfortunately for the Illini, two of them are graduating. Tight end Joe Smalzer (first team All-Big Ten) caught 18 passes for three touchdowns, all the while earning his keep with destructive commando-type blocking. Stu Levenick, who tapped Bob...
Blackman on the shoulder one fall afternoon four years ago and asked if he could play football, evolved from a 180-pound quarterback to a 253-pound offensive tackle who totally neutralized some of the best defensive linemen in the country. He was picked for the All-Big Ten’s second team, along with Perrin, linebacker Scott Studwell and corner- back Bruce Beaman.

Of those who will return for another try in 1976, kicker Dan Beaver, defensive tackle John DeFeliciantonio and quarterback Kurt Steger look to be the main men Blackman will have to build around. Beaver, picked as the number one place-kicker on the Big Ten squad and a pre-season All-American, is so valuable to the Illini they should keep his foot in a safety deposit box over the off-season. Next year he undoubtedly will pass Red Grange as the all-time Illinois scoring leader, certainly no small feet. His 57-yard launch against Purdue was a Big Ten record for three whole weeks, until Ohio State’s Tom Skladany surprised everyone with a 59-yard kick against Illinois, his first field goal ever.

A sports announcer’s nightmare, unpronounceable John DeFeliciantonio led the team in tackles for a loss (10), intercepted a pass, and caused quarterbacks to get scared a lot. He was the sum total of the Illini pass rush after Dean March was red-shirted, and was mean enough to nail pesky Ohio State quarterback Cornelius Greene to the Astroturf so many times it was downright embarrassing for the Buckeyes. Defying most of Newton’s laws, John D. remained immovable in the face of 250-pound linemen. For such contributions, he was named as an honorable mention member of the All-Big Ten squad.

But the Great Hope for the Illini seems to be Kurt Steger. No sophomore quarterback at Illinois has ever passed for more yards in a season (1,136 and eight touchdowns). As a matter of fact, only two Illini quarterbacks have ever done it: Tommy O’Connell in 1952 and Mike Taliaferro in 1962. And Steger’s childhood idol, Joe Namath, accumulated only 52 more yards than Kurt during his second year at Alabama, his highest total while in college. Steger’s strong arm saved the Illini on numerous occasions, most notably at Michigan State. But his inconsistency (four interceptions at Wisconsin), as well as some serious mental errors and a reluctance to run, cost Illinois dearly. He is, however, the player of the future, and Blackman is hoping his maturity will catch up with his physical talent in 1976.

But it was 1975 that was supposed to be the turning point for Illinois. Not only were they coming off a winning season in the Big Ten (4 — 3 — 1), they were scheduled for regional television appearances on two consecutive weekends. On top of that, the thundering trio of Steve Greene, Lonnie Perrin, and Chubby Phillips were all healthy — an
amazing coincidence considering their history of gimpiness. Surely this would be the year an 8—0 Illinois team could march against Woody Hayes’ troops with honor, and perhaps even defeat a Michigan squad they had come so close to in 1974.

Ever-optimistic Bob Blackman was practically overflowing with eagerness. “We have an opportunity to win three straight games (Iowa, Missouri and Texas A&M) and vault into the nation’s top ten,” he proclaimed. Four years of hard luck had to be over. Supposedly rebuilt and in top form, the Illini were ready.

And so was everybody else. The anticipation and excitement leading up to the season opener with Iowa was unprecedented in recent years. Illinois, who had lost their last two games to Iowa by a total of three points, both in the closing seconds, knew they had to win in order to have any chance for a big season. Iowa, too, considered the battle a “must”

game, and were openly confident. After all, the Illini had not won in Iowa City since 1967.

But Illinois did win this time, 27—12, perhaps because Bob Blackman thought he was in Las Vegas instead of Iowa. The Illini gambled several times when the score was close, which is totally out of character, and came out winners on each occasion. For instance, after Beaver had put the Illini ahead 3—0 with a Big Ten record 55-yard field goal, Blackman allowed the play to be wiped out when he accepted an Iowa penalty that gave the Orange and Blue a first down instead. When his team stalled a few plays later, Beaver trotted on again, and just to show he had no hard feelings, booted a 34-yarder that got his coach off the hook.

Scott Studwell’s interception of a screen pass and his brilliant runback for a touchdown gave Illinois a lead they never relinquished. Blackman’s squad took some chances in the second half, but they all paid off, and the Illini’s convincing win had already started the “Rose Bowl” chants back home.

Illini fans, like Cub fans or Bulls fans, are an eternally hopeful but long-suffering breed — the type of people who are sure their team will win, but have learned not to bet on it. Such was the feeling that prevailed as Illinois prepared to challenge 5th-ranked Missouri in a televised contest that was to be perhaps the key showdown of the season for the Illini. Here was Illinois’ golden opportunity to defeat a nationally-ranked team that had just beaten Bear Bryant’s Crimson Tide on Monday night television. Here also was a chance to outdo a major recruiting rival which had been luring downstate prep stars away from Illinois for years. At stake were national recognition, a new image, recruiting advantages and another notch in the victory column.

And for three impressive quarters, all those intangibles seemed within reach. Coming off the bench late in the first quarter to replace senior quarterback Jim Kopatz, Steger whetted his sights and completed eight of 10 passes for 148 yards and two touchdowns, and then ran for another. Suddenly, the Illini had three scores in seven minutes and an unbelievable 20—7 lead over the Tigers.

What was going unnoticed, however, was a continuing pileup of injuries. First, tailback Chubby Phillips, who was replacing an injured Lonnie Perrin, in turn had to be replaced when he was hurt. Then Dean March and John D., who shared the Big Ten lead in sacks in 1974, were also injured and forced to leave the game. To add insult to the injuries, tight end Joe Smalzer was crippled with a leg injury, back-up man Marty Friel was sidelined before the game even began, and pass defenders Bruce Beaman and
Sophomore quarterback Kurt Steger, left, runs the option against Missouri. Steger threw for more than 1,100 yards, the third highest season total in Illini history. Below, Dan Beaver, the son of a missionary in Africa, attempts a field goal in the Minnesota game. The leading scorer for Illinois again in 1975, he should surpass Red Grange’s scoring record next season. Doug Kleber, bottom, who has attracted the attention of professional scouts in both football and baseball, stands his ground as he pass blocks against Missouri.

Ken Dunwoody

Derwin Tucker were experiencing an ankle sprain and concussion, respectively.

Despite this ridiculousness, Illinois still led 20 — 16 in the fourth quarter until the Tigers picked on a hobbled Bruce Beaman in the final minutes, connecting on two bombs to escape with a 30 — 20 victory.

Utterly frustrated, the Illini had little to look forward to next Saturday. Eighth-ranked Texas A&M was the No. 1 defensive team in the nation. Less than a year before, they had held TCU to a total offensive output of 10 yards. Brimming with present and future All-Americans, they would be facing an Illinois team minus Perrin, Smalzer, March and Friel.

It was never a contest. Already leading 23 — 0, the Aggies stunned the Illini with three touchdowns in two minutes. A double-regional television audience (assuming anyone watched the whole game) saw Illinois score twice against the Aggies. Only one team scored more against them in the regular season. The Illini had been beaten 43 — 13, but by a bowl-bound team that appeared to be the best in the nation.

Back home on the Astroturf against Washington State, Perrin returned to the line-up and galloped 68 yards for a touchdown enroute to a 155-yard afternoon, as the Illini won more easily than the 27 — 21 score indicated. And for
the second time in his career, Perrin was named the Big Ten's offensive player of the week.

Once again there was hope. After all, Illinois was still 1—0 in the conference, where it really counted. The Illini totally destroyed Minnesota the next weekend as Jim Kopatz, who had twice been drafted by the New York Yankees as a catcher, alternated with Steger to guide a powerful running attack that keyed the 42—23 win. Delirious cries of "Rose Bowl" again pierced Memorial Stadium. On that sunny afternoon, it seemed the Illini could beat anyone.

But in the excitement of the victory, few fans noticed that the Illini defense had been chewed up with alarming ease by the Gophers. But the 61,000 fans who jammed the stadium for Homecoming against Purdue figured that even an erratic defense could contain the winless Boilermakers and help put Illinois into a three-way tie with the Buckeyes and Wolverines.

Again, however, the Illini crumbled in a game they should have won. Despite the porous defense, Steger, Perrin and Beaver rallied the offense to a 24—20 lead before a desperation pass into the end zone by Purdue gave the visitors a 24—23 lead in the closing minutes. Then, facing a gusty 25-mile per hour wind, Danny Beaver, who had beaten Purdue twice in the last two years with field goals, was called on to try a 42-yard kick with just 23 seconds remaining.

According to holder Kurt Steger and others, Beaver's kick appeared strong and straight as it left the tee. But only as far as the line of scrimmage. There, a defensive guard named Roger Ruwe leaped off the back of a crouched teammate and barely deflected the kick with his fingertips. Illinois lost, and any realistic chance for a top position in the league or a bowl bid died with the missed field goal that afternoon.

Seemingly defeated, the Illini traveled to East Lansing the next Saturday to take on a powerful Michigan State squad in an apparent mismatch. The Orange and Blue offense was pathetic in the first half, fumbling on their first two possessions, punting for 12 and 22 yards, and losing a touchdown because of a penalty. Trailing 13—0 late in the third quarter, however, the Illini faked a field goal and Steger threw it into the end zone for, of all people, Phil Viernesel, punter and once-in-awhile tight end. Viernesel's leaping, one-handed grab brought Illinois to life, and Steger went on to crank out two spectacular fourth-quarter scoring passes to Joe Smalzer that put the Illini ahead, 20—13. A determined defense stopped a two-point conversion try by MSU quarterback Charlie Baggett after the Spartans had come back with a touchdown, and Illinois had pulled off their biggest upset in a decade. Sickened even more now by the
Purdue loss, the Illini still thought they could possibly gain a bowl bid by winning three of their next four games against Wisconsin, Ohio State, Michigan and Northwestern.

Of these contests, the Illini were probably least concerned with Wisconsin. But the Badgers and their elusive tailback, Billy Marek, took an early lead in Madison and held on to frustrate the Illini, 18—9, in one of Illinois’ poorest showings in recent years.

Although they improved back home against Ohio State, particularly the defense, it wasn’t reflected in the score. The Illini found themselves stuck between a rock and a hard place against the No. 1 Buckeyes. After all, what do you do against a team whose defense is nationally-ranked against both the rush and the pass? You lose, and that’s what Illinois did, 40—3.

The Michigan contest was vastly more interesting. Although they trailed 21—0 as late as the fourth quarter, the Illini rode Steger’s late 10-for-14 passing for two thrilling touchdowns against the best defense in the Big Ten. Trail- ing 21—15, Illinois tried to squib an on-side kick, but the Wolverines recovered and ran out the remaining seconds on the ground while a hot-handed Steger and the rest of the offense could only wait in frustration on the sidelines.

The near miss against Michigan must have rankled the Illini, because they picked on hapless Northwestern in the season finale, crushing the Wildcats 28—7. Perrin scored four touchdowns, one less than Grange’s Illinois record, and rushed for 174 yards to again earn his selection as the Big Ten offensive player of the week — quite a feat considering some pretty good ballplayers were going to it up in Michigan that afternoon.

As a result, the Illini finished 4—4 in the Big Ten, good for a third-place tie with Michigan State and Purdue, although Illinois’ overall record was the best of the three. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Northwestern and Indiana brought up the rear. It was the fourth upper-division finish in five years under Blackman who, despite some criticism, had his contract extended through 1976. Considering Ohio State and Michigan, “third place is not all that bad,” he claimed.

Oh, he may be right, but it really would not have taken that much more for Illinois to be 9—2 instead of 5—6. That, however, would have put the Illini in the Orange Bowl, and the world may not be ready for that. Nor, obviously, is Lady Luck, who is holding a grudge for some reason. But if only they could play that fourth quarter of the Missouri game again...
Virgin goes all the way

by John Grochowski

photographs by Mary Arenberg

The Illinois cross-country team didn’t win its hoped-for Big Ten championship in 1975, but no one could be terribly disappointed after junior Craig Virgin’s winning performances led the Illini to a 10th-place finish in the National Collegiate Athletic Association finals.

Virgin, who went undefeated all season, broke Penn State’s University Park six-mile course record with a time of 28:23.4 to edge defending champion Nick Rose of Western Kentucky for the NCAA individual cross-country title.

It was the first NCAA cross-country championship ever for an Illini runner. Before Virgin’s victory, the best Illinois individual performance had been a sixth place finish by Clarence Dunnin in 1942. Virgin is now a three-time All-American after finishing 10th and 12th, respectively, in the nationals in 1973 and 1974.

“You don’t know what this victory means to me,” Virgin said. “Last year I was humiliated with a half-mile to go. I was running fourth and then everybody and his mother passed me.”

Illinois finished with 312 team points, far behind team champion Texas-El Paso’s 88, but it was good enough to give the Illini a top ten finish for the first time in Gary Wienenke’s tenure as head coach. It was the first Illini team to qualify for the nationals since the 1970 team placed 25th.

Placing behind Virgin for Illinois were Gary Mumaw (75th), Rich Brooks (81st), Mark Avery (113th), Jim Eicken (178th), and Jeff Jirele (183rd).

The showing in the NCAA meet compensated for a disappointing fourth place Big Ten showing. Despite the loss of Mike Durkin, who finished 10th in the 1974 Big Ten meet, Illinois was expected to challenge for the conference crown. With Virgin, the Big Ten’s individual winner in 1973 and 1974, leading the way, the Illini were ranked among the nation’s top 20 teams all season long by the Associated Press.

Besides Virgin, sophomores Charlie White, Dave Walters, Bill Fritz and Avery returned, along with junior Les Myers and seniors Brooks and Paul Adams.

Recruits were expected to more than make up for Durkin’s graduation. Junior college transfers Mumaw and Jirele and freshman Eicken were counted on to help the squad immediately. Jirele, who came to Illinois from Golden Valley Junior College in Minnesota, was the national junior college cross-country champion in 1974. Eicken won the Iowa state high school cross-country title in 1974.

Illinois received a setback when Walters, 13th in the Big Ten as a freshman, bruised tendons above his right knee two weeks before the opening meet with Southern Illinois. Walters was unable to compete all season.

The Illini opened their schedule against SIU Sept. 13 at
home with a lineup of Virgin, Brooks, Adams, Meyers, Fritz, White, Avery, Eicken, Jirele and Mumaw. Virgin set a new five-mile Savoy golf course record with a time of 23:47 as the Illini trounced the Salukis 18 — 43 (the low score wins in cross-country). Eicken finished second in his first race for Illinois.

Following the all-comers meet in September in which Illinois runners took the first 12 places, Wienke and the Illini prepared to meet nationally-ranked Missouri. Virgin broke Missouri's five-mile course record in 23:49.4 to lead the Illini to a 26-30 victory, but Wienke called White's sixth-place finish the key to the win.

"Charlie simply filled the gap that the other runners left that day and pulled us up tight to the competition of Missouri's front runners," Wienke said.

Eicken finished third in the meet, while Brooks was seventh, Mumaw ninth, Jirele 10th, Avery 12th, Fritz 15th and Meyers 16th.

After a 17 — 44 victory over Drake, Illinois suffered its first defeat of the year Oct. 11 against Indiana. In a meet involving Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Miami of Ohio, the Hoosiers edged the Illini 25 — 30 despite Virgin's smashing of his own Savoy course record. Illinois easily outdistanced Minnesota and Miami by 15 — 47 scores.

Despite the loss to Indiana, the Illini clung to conference title hopes after they breezed to a victory in the Illinois Intercollegiate meet Oct. 26 at Eastern Illinois. Illinois runners took first, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth and 11th places as Illinois topped Eastern 26 — 64. Southern was third with 106 points.

Virgin set yet another record in the meet with his five-mile time of 23:31.1. Fritz was fourth at 24:25. Other Illini placers were Avery (24:39), Brooks (24:42) and Mumaw (24:45).

Two weeks later at Wisconsin, Virgin became the third runner ever to win three consecutive Big Ten cross country titles. Virgin broke the Big Ten five-mile meet record with this time of 23:04.5 to join Minnesota's Fred Watson and Garry Bjorklund as three-time champion. With a year of eligibility remaining, Virgin has a chance to become the first four-time winner in Big Ten history.

The Illini team performance did not measure up to Virgin's. No other Illini ran in the top 10 as Illinois placed fourth with 78 points. Michigan was first with 41 points and four runners in the top 10. Wisconsin was second (70 points) and Indiana third (73).

The NCAA District 4 meet at Indiana was a near repeat of the Big Ten championships. Virgin set a six-mile course record in 29:18.6 to win his second consecutive district championship, but the Illini finished fourth behind Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana. Illinois easily outdistanced Kent State 94 — 147 for fourth place and a berth in the NCAA finals.

Besides Virgin, Illini finishers in the district meet were Mumaw (23rd, 31:14), Brooks (25th, 31:20), Avery (27th, 31:24), Eicken (30th, 31:28), Jirele (71st, 32:37) and Myers (112th, 34:04).

With a little luck, the rest of Illini will be able to catch up with Virgin in 1976.
by Ken Dunwoody

In a second-floor apartment in Urbana, not far from the Illini Union, lives one of the best runners in the world.

Craig Virgin would probably wince a little at that expression, but not too much. The 20-year-old farm boy from Lebanon, Ill. knows how far he's come. And with a maturity uncommon for young athletes, Virgin knows exactly where he's going.

One of those places will probably be the 1976 Olympics in Montreal. But to look at the wiry junior, it's difficult to believe he's the reigning NCAA cross-country champion, a three-time Big Ten champion and a three-time All-American. He is, by his own admission, rather skinny despite the barbells next to the couch in his apartment. And the two posters in his living room, one for beer and one for peace, probably hang in thousands of rooms on campus.

But there are other things that separate Virgin from his classmates. One is an almost unbelievable collection of trophies, titles and course records. Another is his insatiable drive to succeed at everything he attempts.

When I arrived at Craig Virgin's apartment, he was stuffing equipment into two Adidas gym bags for a race in Madison Square Garden that weekend, where he would finish second. Only five days earlier, he had finished third in a special invitational meet in San Francisco featuring many of the nation's best long distance runners. Then, with just two hours sleep, he flew home and won the indoor mile event for the Illini track team that morning in a blistering 4:05.

"That was a nightmare coming back," he admitted, shaking his head. "I was afraid to sleep at the airport since I might miss my plane. But I really got psyched by the crowd at the Armory when I got home. I ran that mile on adrenalin more than anything else."

That's not surprising for an athlete like Virgin, a radio-TV major who decided to attend Illinois out of loyalty more than anything else. The intangibles have played a big part in his success ever since high school.

"It was really important for me to get a college scholarship," he said. "There's something romantic about it, being recruited to run for a school. And I couldn't imagine coming to Champaign in, say, an Indiana uniform, and running against Illinois. I have a rapport with this state, the U of I and the people here.

"In the NCAA, I wanted to quit four or five times...it hurt so bad. I just wanted to say 'screw it.' But I always had to give it one more shot."

"I always feel I'm about 10 per cent better when I run here, because of my friends and the fans," he added thoughtfully.

But in a sport as grueling as cross-country, a runner is alone in the battle with his own endurance, as well as the five or six-mile course. According to Virgin, it's desire that wins the close matches.

"You just think of surviving during those last few miles," he insisted, "and how terrible it is. In the NCAA, I wanted to quit for or five times, it hurt so bad. I just wanted to say 'screw it.' But I always had to give it one more shot."

That last shot was enough to wear down defending NCAA champion Nick Rose. In 1974, Rose pulled away
from the Illini barrier near the end of the race, and Virgin drifted back to twelfth place during the last quarter-mile. Last November, stronger and more experienced, Virgin challenged Rose and won.

"The NCAA was tops as far as my victories go. Now I'm being accepted by everyone and getting invitations to meets just because of that one race," he laughed.

But that one race fulfilled a long-time dream for Craig Virgin, even though he grew up wanting to play second base in the big leagues more than anything else. When he was a 14-year-old freshman however, a coach convinced him to try running against the cross-country team.

Not only did he make a good showing, but the kid who had never even thought about running cross-country lapped the entire varsity squad that day — the first time he had ever run five miles. In the next four years, he claimed five state titles in cross-country and track.

"Running," recalled Virgin, "was different from the other sports. It was something I could be number one at, as an individual, not just as part of a team."

Reflecting on his accomplishments since then, Virgin was more subdued. "I'm really grateful for the help I've had along the way, especially from my coach and parents. But I've had to work, too. And I've taken my knocks," he smiled. "My freshman year, especially, I had all those injuries, and my stride was off. Running just wasn't much fun for awhile, but I got through that."

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The first time he ever ran five miles as a freshman, he lapped the entire varsity squad.

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A 'B+' student who follows a rigorous training program, Virgin has sacrificed much of the social life that other students take for granted. But he's done so without regrets, "I like to have a few drinks now and then, and I like to dance and go to parties with people," he said. "But when you have to study and get up and run every morning at 5:30, it's hard to stay up much later than 10:30 or so."

To Virgin and the Illini track and cross-country squads, the sacrifice has been worth it. Excluding NCAA competition, he has never, in 20 cross-country meets, finished anything but first — setting at least 15 course records. And his presence has made recruiting a lot easier for Coach Gary Wienke.

"I want to leave a solid program behind me when I leave, so I help recruit, because that's important," Virgin said. "I want to be able to look back and have the satisfaction of knowing I helped build a winning program here."

He is an unselfish athlete, one who wants desperately for his teammates to excel along with him. But his personal goals are loftier. And according to Wienke, "Nobody has seen the real Craig Virgin yet. As outstanding as his career has been, the best is yet to come."

If that's true, the Olympics may only be the beginning of a still-greater year.
In search of the Big Time

Lonnie Perrin leaves four years of disappointment behind

by Ken Dunwoody
Lonnie Perrin knows he’s going to play professional football. The fifth-leading rusher in Illini history, who has survived injury, disappointment and national anonymity, doesn’t think it could happen any other way.

“I think I’ll be picked by the fourth round of the draft,” the muscular halfback declared last February. “I never got that much national publicity, but in those bowl games I was in, I only saw two backs that I might figure were better than me.”

Which two? “I’d just as soon not say,” Perrin smiled, apparently not wishing to slight anyone he might soon have to compete with in the pro ranks.

He has good cause for such blatant optimism. The former Washington D.C. prep star was brilliant during his career at Illinois, despite a crippling knee injury and a bout with phlebitis.

Rushing for 907 yards in 1975 (despite missing two games), he averaged 101 yards per game and 5.3 yards per carry. In addition, he averaged 11.4 yards on nine pass receptions, and led the 5-6 Illini with seven touchdowns.

In four years that were punctuated with missed games, Perrin racked up 1,771 yards running with the football. Two other former Illini with comparable yardage, JimGrabowski and Red Grange, both entered the pro ranks with much fanfare after their careers at Illinois.

But for a high school football star who never even thought of going to college until his junior year, just adapting to Big Ten football was a major transition.

“I came here to become a pro football player. If I graduate while I’m at it, fine. But it’s no big deal. Why is that so bad?”

“I thought football would be a lot more fun,” Perrin sighed. “But it was just like a job, every day. All business.”

It practically became Lonnie Perrin’s only business at school. “A lot of people look down on athletes,” he admitted. “But they don’t understand. I came here to become a pro football player. If I graduate while I’m at it, fine. But it’s no big deal.

“Why is that so bad?” he asked.

For Lonnie Perrin, maybe it isn’t. Even though he was named the Big Ten Offensive Player of the Week by the Associated Press three times at Illinois, he was still virtually unknown outside the league due to the Illini’s lack of success. There’s no bitterness, but Perrin feels he’s paid his dues here.

“I expected a whole lot more, as far as winning games,” he admitted. “Blackman had a good record out East (at Dartmouth), and they told me he was a good coach who was going to turn things around here.

“I wanted to be part of that, instead of just jumping on the bandwagon at Ohio State or Michigan.”

His voice sounded sad as he talked about the last four years. “We could have had a lot better record. Whether it was players at the wrong position, bad luck or coaching — I don’t know. But it wasn’t the players’ fault.”

Unlike many observers, however, Perrin feels the Illini can catch up with the Buckeyes and the Wolverines, who have made a habit or running away with Big Ten championships.

“It shouldn’t be that difficult to compete with them,” he said. “They’ve done a good job, but they’re certainly not unbeatable by any means — UCLA showed that. Everyone in the Big Ten is too afraid of them.”

Asked about Bob Blackman, Perrin spoke more deliberately. “He knows a lot about football,” the Illini star answered. “but he can learn some about dealing with personalities. He was a nice dude, but there wasn’t the personal closeness I like to have with a coach.”

His collegiate career is now behind him, however, and Perrin is anxious to play pro ball. “I just want to prove myself, and make as much money as I can get,” he declared.

So the explosive halfback who used to run amok on Saturday afternoons as an Illini is ready to trade jerseys for a new challenge somewhere else. He has no doubts about succeeding.

“I’ve always been very confident,” he admitted. “But it quiets you down a little, running into brick walls for four years and getting hurt.” He shook his head as he spoke, but smiled.

Lonnie Perrin just wants a chance to play football again.
Mike Durkin was captain of the team, but didn’t like to talk to the press.
Mike Baietto was a shotputter, but really wanted to be a professional wrestler.
Charlton Ehizuelen was the best long jumper in the nation, but he really wanted to be the best triple jumper. Sometimes, he got thoroughly confused and thought he was a kangaroo.

The 1975 Illinois outdoor track team was a collection of eccentrics put together by first-year coach Gary Wienke. Yet, this impromptu combination was able to do something that no Illinois team except fencing had been able to do for 12 years — win a Big Ten championship.

Illinois had not won a conference title in any sport but fencing since 1963, when the Illini baseball and football teams won the Big Ten crown, and the Illini basketball team tied for first.

But on May 17, 1975, the track team edged out Indiana by one and one-half points to take the Big Ten outdoor championship and bring back a little of Illinois’ former athletic glory.

Durkin, the captain, led the way for the Illini in the conference outdoor meet. He placed first in both the 880-yard run and the steeplechase to close out a career that was notable not for only for his athletic brilliance, but also for his numerous vendettas against the media.
His most memorable attack on the local press came during the 1975 indoor conference championships. He won the prestigious mile run, but refused to talk to reporters from the News-Gazette, Courier or The Daily Illini. "Get out of here, I don't want to talk to you guys," he said.

Afterwards, however, he freely chatted with reporters from outside the Champaign-Urbana community.

Baietto, a 6-6, 275-pound senior, won the shot put and placed second at the conference meet. Yet, for all his success in the weight events, Baietto had secretly entertained hopes all season of becoming a professional wrestler.

He had planned to "look into it" following the 1975 track season, but he remained at the University to go after a diploma when his years of eligibility ran out.

Ehizuelen was the most colorful and talented member of the team. He won the Big Ten outdoor triple jump title and placed second in the long jump.

In the conference indoor meet in 1975, he had won both events, and celebrated his double win with an impromptu dance on the floor of the Indiana field house. Afterwards, he said, "That was crazy, I was going nuts. Man, that was unbelievable. I was jumping like a kangaroo."

Another sophomore — less colorful but just as talented as his classmate — Craig Virgin, came back from pericarditis, an inflammation of the sac surrounding the heart, to win the conference three-mile run.

Senior Ben App added maturity to the young Illinois relay squads. He teamed with freshmen Ray Estes, Charlie White and Tim Smith to win the mile relay in the conference meet. Along with Estes, Ehizuelen and junior Jim Hanlon, App took first in the 440-yard relay at the Big Ten outdoor championships.

App's biggest moment of the year, though, came in the Illini-United States Track and Field Federation Classic held in May at Memorial Stadium. He won three gold watches at the meet, which posed a problem for him.

"I didn't know what to do with them," he said. "Maybe I should have given one to my roommate — he doesn't have any."

Equally indecisive of his future, App remained at the University, like Baietto, to earn credits toward graduation.

While App was the carefree member of the team, Smith was the philosopher. "Winning wasn't really a good feeling," he said, "it just made me grateful because I worked hard for it. And when you work hard for something, you like to see some concrete rewards for it."

Like many of his other Illini teammates, Smith linked his running to his religious beliefs. "I'm a very religious person," he said. "I give credit to my God. I realize I'm only a human being."

So, with the help of Durkin, Baietto, Ehizuelen, et al., the Illini finally won the elusive Big Ten outdoor championship. When they learned they had officially edged Indiana, the Illini threw Wieke and assistant coach Tom Pagani into the water hole of the steeplechase. Wieke was drenched, but jubilant. He had won the Big Ten crown in his first year as a head coach.

That jubilation wore off, however, in the NCAA outdoor championships in June at Provo, Utah. The Illini finished in 11th place, which was the best Illinois finish in the national competition since 1964, but didn't please Wieke, who felt "we could have done better."

Durkin failed to qualify for the finals in the steeplechase, and the mile relay team was disqualified for a lane violation in its final heat.

Virgin finished third in the six-mile run, making him the top native American placer. The first two runners were part of a growing number of foreign athletes competing for American schools.

But the Illini's lone foreign athlete, Ehizuelen, won the long jump with a mark of 26-11, a new NCAA record. In the end, it was a kangaroo, more than any character on the Illini team, who stood above a mildly eccentric, but highly talented, group of individuals.
On the track to Montreal

by Wally Haas

During an Olympic year, enthusiasm for track and field is at a fever pitch, and 1976 promises to be no exception. At the University, where two athletes have a good chance to make the trip to Montreal, interest is especially high.

Craig Virgin and Charlton Ehizuelen have been top point getters for the Illini for the last three seasons. Now they both feel ready to take a crack at the Summer Games.

Two jumpers, Rudy Reavis and Doug Laz, have broken Illinois records this season. Laz set three consecutive pole vaulting records in January, ending up with 16-6, qualifying him for the NCAA championships.

Freshman Reavis broke the varsity record for the high jump at 7-0 late in January at a triangular meet against Western Kentucky and Drake University. A week later he beat his own long jump record with 23-7½ against Southern Illinois University.

Virgin, the current NCAA cross country champion, has traveled from coast to coast competing against the world’s best performers. In January, he ran in the San Francisco Herald Examiner Games and finished third in the two-mile run behind South Africa’s Ewald Bonzet and Olympic marathon champ Frank Shorter.

On just two hours sleep, Virgin returned to Champaign the next morning to run the mile in the eighth-annual Illini Invitational. He won the race in an NCAA qualifying time of 4:05.9 to score 10 of the Illini’s 150 meet-winning points.

A week later, Virgin was in New York for the Milrose Games at Madison Square Garden. In that meet he finished second in the 5,000 meter run, losing to AAU cross country champion Greg Fredericks.

That wasn’t the end of the junior’s “double-duty.” On Feb. 6 at the Illinois Invitational, he anchored the Illini’s winning distance medley relay team and came back Saturday to win the mile run.

Virgin would have run the two-mile in the Intercollegiates, but the Illini were already well in front of rival Southern Illinois and wrapped up their second straight Intercollegiate title by beating the Salukis 169½ — 144.

At the mid-February meet in Madison, Virgin showed the importance of strategy in race competition. After finishing second in the mile run to Wisconsin’s Steve Lacy, he came back less than two hours later to win the two-mile.

Virgin said he lost the mile because he was “suckered.” He led the whole race until the final lap when Lacy got around him. In the two-mile Virgin reversed his tactics and beat Mark Johnson, the 1975 Big Ten indoor three-mile champ. Virgin let Johnson set the pace until the final lap and then ran past him, clocking his fastest two-mile of the season at 8:39.4.

Despite Virgin’s effort the Illini lost that dual meet to the Badgers 69-62, their first loss of the season and Illinois’ first dual meet loss after winning seven straight.

Since last season, the Illini have been the top-ranked squad in the nation in dual competition.

While Virgin was jetting across the nation, Ehizuelen was in Champaign resting an injured back. Ehizuelen was hurt over the summer while traveling with the African national team. He re-injured his back during the Illinois Invitational.

Because of his back, Ehizuelen long-jumped what he called a “joke” distance of 23-11 while placing third at the Invitational. He scratched himself from the triple jump and purposely false started in the finals of the 60-yard dash because of his injury.

The Nigerian athlete had to sit out two weeks of competition, including the Illinois Intercollegiates. It was feared he had a slipped or displaced disc, but after having his back checked by Dr. Donald Ross, Ehizuelen was allowed to compete again in the Valentine’s Day meet in Madison. Dr. Ross advised Ehizuelen to compete in only one of the two horizontal jumps so as not risk further injury to his back. Ehizuelen chose to long jump, feeling it less strenuous than the triple jump.

Ehizuelen’s return to competition was successful. He won the long jump with a distance of 24-5½ and placed third in the 300-yard run. Ehizuelen said he could have gone farther but was “afraid to really explode” because of his back.

The Nigerian’s 300-yard time was the best recorded by an Illini runner so far in the season. He felt sure he could
improve on his 31.4 time once he was healthy.

"My lower back still hurts," Ehizuelen said after the meet. "That's why when I was running I was afraid to really push it. Once I get better I should be able to run faster, maybe."

If Ehizuelen can repeat his best efforts from the last three years, they should be good enough to get him to Montreal. He has gone 27-1/4 in the long jump and 55-2/4 in the triple jump and he has been the NCAA outdoor triple-jump champ for the past two years.

Virgin’s road to the Olympics could be tougher than Ehizuelen’s since Virgin must win a spot on the highly-competitive U.S. team while Ehizuelen will compete for his native Nigeria.

"There’s going to be a lot of things going on with that Olympic team," Virgin said. "It’s going to be a good experience and the more I think of it, the more I’d hate to miss it."
Riding high with the comeback kids

The Henson gang shoots it out with the Big Ten, and wins

by Ken Dunwoody

“On paper, this is the worst Illinois basketball team I’ve seen in 26 years,” sighed veteran radio announcer Larry Stewart last November. “And I’ve seen some pretty poor ones.”

“How bad is our defense?,” pondered Coach Lou Henson the same week. “Let me put it this way. See this podium in front of me? Well, it could probably get around most of our ballplayers.”

“The Illini,” admitted sportswriter Loren Tate, “may be lucky to win seven or eight games this year.”

And the midwestern sportswriters, not to be outdone, concurred in a pre-season poll that the Fighting Illini would again be fortunate to find someone to share the Big Ten cellar with them in 1976.

None of the doomsday prophecies came as a very big surprise to anyone. After all, graduation and an NCAA penalty had pretty well depleted Gene Bartow’s floundering corps from 1975. In fact, by the time that season had finally ended, Illinois had lost 18 games, six players, three scholarships, one coach and practically all hope.

It was even more depressing when one realized that among those players departing from the last-place Illini was Rick Schmidt, the team’s leading scorer, rebounder and assist man. Illinois’ opponents and recruiting rivals could almost be heard licking their chops in the background. Twenty-seven coaches across the country smiled at the sight of Illinois on their schedule.

But by the end of February, most of those same coaches were wondering what had gone wrong. Few, if any, had reckoned that the new guy from the deserts of New Mexico would be able to grow a winner on his first try in the cornbelt. But somehow Lou Henson did just that, awakening the slumbering Illinois basketball program from its habitual long-winter’s nap in the Big Ten dungeon.

Probably the most appreciated aspect of the Illini revival, which ended up netting them a 14-13 record and a seventh-place tie in the conference, was their near-magical success in the friendly confines of the Assembly Hall. Illinois’ 11-4 home record not only bettered the combined win total of the two previous squads, but it also nearly tied the Assembly Hall record for the most victories in a season (12), set back in 1968-69 by Harv Schmidt’s 19-5 club.

And if that wasn’t what finally chased the vultures from their perches in the Assembly Hall, maybe it was the three stunning upsets of highly-rated Arizona, Michigan and Purdue before ecstatic crowds in Champaign. Not since 1969, when victory-starved Illini fans were sporting “I like Harv” buttons, has an Illinois coach and his team earned such loyalty and respect from such previously cynical fans.

As New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger admitted after Illinois upset his Lobos 67-66 in overtime, “Lou Henson is a lot of things. And one of them is a good coach.”

Many fans were more likely to use the word magician in describing Bartow’s successor, the Missouri Valley Conference Coach of the Year in 1975. Henson was summoned to Illinois to rescue a sinking program that was probably just a year away from total oblivion. He had performed the same

Chris Walker
Even though the results at Illinois weren’t expected to be quite that immediate, Henson’s “get rich quick” program looked like a bigger bonanza than the state lottery.

It didn’t take long to pay off, either. Illinois promptly won their first five games, including an incomprehensible 60-58 victory over powerful Nebraska in the opener. And by the time the non-conference season ended in December, Henson’s squad was already attracting attention with seven wins against just two last-minute losses on the road at Furman and USC.

Among the vanquished was 19th-ranked Arizona, who had defeated Bartow’s Illini rather handily just a year before enroute to a 22-victory season. This time, however, Otho Tucker and 6-9 sophomore Rich Adams shared 37 points and 24 rebounds to help skin the Wildcats 66-60. Two days later, six Illini cagers got hot, each scoring in double figures to boil Rice 106-64.

So with one-third of the season behind them, the effects of Henson’s defensive preaching were pleasantly apparent. Even the Chicago Tribune got excited and lauded Illinois in a December feature entitled “Who needs Clean Gene Bartow? Illini have Henson and 7-2 slate.”

Who indeed? The Illini were limiting their foes to an anemic average of 64 points per game, the 13th best mark in the country. The previous season, Illinois had surrendered an unhealthy 74 points a game outside the Big Ten, while Henson’s Aggies were busy finishing second in the nation in defense.

What’s more, both Adams and fellow sophomore Audie Matthews had already exceeded their total point production of the previous year. And Adams, whose errant shots had earned him the nickname “Airball” during his freshman season, was canning an unbelievable 59 per cent of his shots, while Matthews was hitting at an impressive 51 per cent clip. Each had made less than 34 per cent under Bartow.

The opening of the Big Ten campaign, however, marked Illinois’ entry into basketball’s real world. Since the past several Illini squads had lost 80 per cent of their conference road games, it wasn’t too surprising when Henson’s crew lost 84-60 before 13,000 blood-thirsty Hawkeye fans at Iowa City. Nor was it much of a shock when a strong Minnesota club downed Illinois 77-68 at Minneapolis.

But what did impress the cynics — especially after the Illini returned home to whip Northwestern 74-69 and Wisconsin 71-61 — was the continual improvement of practically every player. Slick senior guard Nate Williams was actually thriving on the stiffer Big Ten competition, averaging 17 points in the league on 63 per cent shooting. At the other
guard spot, 6-6 converted forward Otho Tucker, though slipping into a shooting slump, was operating the offensive with more consistency and handling many of the difficult defensive assignments. Freshman forward Ken Ferdinand, seeing only part-time action, was the second leading rebounder in the early going for the Illini. And rookie Larry Lubin was improving his ball-hawking defense for Henson’s squad, which had evened up at 2-2 in the Big Ten and stretched their home victory streak to eight straight.

But following the Hoosier invasion of the Assembly Hall that riddled Illinois 83-55, Henson’s cohorts slid into a losing streak. First, league doormat Ohio State slipped by the Illini 64-63 — partly due to one official’s incredibly poor judgement on a jump ball situation — and again to Terry Furlow and Michigan State, 74-63 in Champaign.

Pessimism prevailed. No chance to stop the Illini skid now, the fans said. Not with Michigan and Purdue coming to town.

Again, one could almost see the vultures perched on the giant scoreboard. Ranked 14th in the nation, the Wolverines had lost only one game in the Assembly Hall in five years. Purdue? The last time an Illinois team beat the Boilermakers, Harry Combes was coach and Audie Matthews was in sixth grade. The Illini, lamented the fans, had dropped 13 straight to Purdue since 1968.

All of which goes to show why fans don’t coach basketball teams. Henson’s squad performed brilliantly, rallying from a four-point halftime deficit to squeeze by Michigan 76-75. And Wolverine superstar Rickey Green, who was
expected to sign a six-figure pro contract after the season ended, was left reeling in the wake of the sensational ball-handling and 26-point scoring of Nate Williams.

Trailing 75-74 with 38 seconds left, William's only serious error of the game — a missed free throw — was tapped in by a soaring Adams for the winning score. But the Illini and their fans, who had been cheering deliriously most of the second half, still had to survive a coronary finish that saw Michigan miss three frenzied shots in the last four seconds. After the game, a stunned Green could only nod his head slowly when asked about Williams. “Nat’s one of the best guards in the Big Ten,” he said.

Illini fans weren’t about to argue. That’s why some were ready to cash in their tickets when Williams was carried from the court with an injured knee early in the Purdue game. But 8,467 fans and a network TV audience saw Adams, Matthews and Washington explode in the second half and hammer the Boilermakers 71-63 with precision passing and torrid shooting.

Without perhaps their most valuable player, Illinois had not only convincingly ended the long-time jinx, but had also humiliated rival Purdue before Midwest television viewers.

TVS commentator Merle Norman couldn’t say enough about Henson after the game. “He’s a great coach, they showed that today,” he said. “Henson’s gutsy, intelligent and he’s honest. If Illinois keeps winning, they could get a bid to the NIT (tournament).”

As it turned out though, the Illini were beaten again by the Gophers before dumping lowly Northwestern 61-55 at McGaw Hall and winning for the first time in six tries at Wisconsin, 70-59, behind Tucker’s 22 points and seven rebounds.

So it was a 13-8 Illinois squad that traveled to the lion’s den in Hoosierland for what figured to be the perennial season disaster. But something strange was happening. The Illini, to the disbelief to 17,000 red-and-white-shirted fans, were leading 27-26 at the half.

Still playing without playmaker Nate Williams and trailing just 52-48 with five minutes left, the Illini had five close shots roll off the rim in the final few minutes. Even before that, at the eight-minute mark, Knight’s nervous Hoosiers had decided to sit on the ball, refusing to risk shots against
the sticky Illinois defense.

Finally, Henson’s squad was forced to foul intentionally in the last sixty seconds to try to get the ball back, but Indiana’s overall 18 for 22 conversion rate on free throws eventually sealed the 58-48 win. From the field, the Illini had outscored the number one team in the nation, 44-40, but had made just four of 11 charity tosses.

If Williams had been able to play, or if the Illini had shot a normal percentage near the end, or if the referees had wanted to control the ridiculously violent play of Indiana — Illinois would have upset the hacking Hoosiers.

“We had every opportunity to win ... we had them worried,” understated a remarkably calm Henson afterwards.

“Coaches know when their team is coming on and has a chance to win, and in these last several minutes, I thought we were going to beat them.”

More than 8,000 fans welcomed the Illini back to Ohio Tucker Night at the Assembly Hall that Monday, and Henson’s cagers treated them to a 91-73 stomping of helpless Ohio State. Adams got 29 points, Washington got 14 rebounds, and the fans got free burgers from Hardees, who had been shelling them out with each recent Illinois home victory.

With their 14th win behind them and a winning season assured, the Illini succumbed to tough competition on the road, losing consecutively to Michigan (90-75), Michigan State (69-59) and Purdue (81-62) before faltering against Iowa in the season finale, 82-70.

As a team, the Illini made phenomenal improvement after just one year under Henson. Besides moving up from last place to seventh in the Big Ten, Illinois’ shooting percentage climbed from 42 percent to 47 percent, the biggest one-year jump in Illini history. And while point production fell off slightly, the opponent’s scoring plummeted from an average of 76.6 points in 1975 to just 69.1 points against Henson’s revamped defense.

Of course, as demanding as fans tend to be, they’ll probably forget the humble beginnings and insist on 16 or 17 wins next year, and a Big Ten title contender the next. And although you’ll never get Lou Henson — the probable Big Ten Coach of the Year — to ever admit it, his Illini just might pull it off.
Two things stand out about the 1975-76 Illini swimming team.

First, it featured a well-balanced group of experienced upperclassmen mixed with a talented freshman class. Competition with the freshman upstarts pushed the veterans to better efforts throughout the season, and played a big hand in the Illini’s success.

Second, first-year diving coach Fred Newport led a young, enthusiastic diving squad to its highest point in years. Their efforts were instrumental in the meet’s success.

“The new blood this year has inspired the older guys not to be complacent,” senior Illini captain Ed Woodbury said. “I think the older guys enjoy the competition as much as the younger guys.”

The friendly but intense intra-squad rivalry could be noticed in nearly every event. Senior freestylers Woodbury, Jim Paul and George Congreve (enjoying a fine year after an early-season eye operation), were pushed by freshman Phil Quigley. Junior distance-man Mike Grimmer’s school record in the 500-yard freestyle may have been broken by the consistent swimming of frosh Bud Mathieu.

Meanwhile, freshman breast-stroke specialist Jim Schanel kept veterans Harv Seybold and Ted Ahlem on their toes. Butfreelyers Greg Scott and Dave Barnes, both aiming for a return berth at the NCAA meet, had to look over their shoulders at freshman Doug McConnell.

Captain Woodbury cited one factor that made the season unique. “Basically, a lot of the enjoyment this year is because we’ve been so successful.

“The last couple of years, we’d swim bad at the start of the season and count on finishing unbelievably strong,” he added. “But there’s been a lot of solid times this season, there’s been a little improvement all along. We’ve been performing as a team.”

Illini head coach Don Sammons, in his sixth year at the helm, was also impressed by this season’s club. “They’ve had a tremendous attitude,” Sammons said.

“They seemed to reach deep and put forth all their effort in practice, day in and day out. I’m very satisfied with the team.

“Things have been different this year; the way things have been approached is more relaxed,” Woodbury explained. “Coach Sammons has allowed us to progress more or less at our own rate. Everyone has pulled his own weight,
and the quality of swimming and the individual personalities have improved along the line.

"As long as individuals excel, the team improves naturally."

The Illini divers enjoyed a surprising amount of success this season, one which figured to be a rebuilding year because of lack of experience.

Three Illini divers, junior Jeff Hammel in one-meter diving, and junior Marty Pribil and freshman Keith Potter in the one and three-meter diving competition qualified for the NCAA meet.

"This was a young, close-knit team," Coach Newport said. "They did a real good job adjusting to the Big Ten. Qualifying for the NCAA was a significant breakthrough, since none of the divers had ever qualified before. That was kind of an index of our improvement over the year."

"I think a diver's improvement is measured in his maturity as an individual, which will reflect in his diving. That typifies this season's guys," he said.

The divers were instrumental in one of the Illini's biggest wins of the season in the Illinois Intercollegiate meet. Downstate rival Southern Illinois had beaten the Illini on two previous occasions and Illinois went into the meet with added incentive.

"We just sat down before the meet and said that Southern had beaten us twice already, and we got charged up for the meet," Woodbury said.

"The ultimate goal of everyone on the team is to do well in the Big Ten. But there were also individual sub-goals during the season."

Illinois was host for the Big Ten meet this season at the Intramural-Physical Education Building pool, where the team got a chance to show off their new electronic scoreboard. With the best of the Big Ten competing, the Illini swimming fans were treated to an Olympic preview as world-class divers and swimmers competed in the Big Ten meet, as well as in several dual meets throughout the year.

If the Illini swimming team shows the same spirit next year as they did during 1975-76, the idea of seriously competing with Big Ten powers Indiana and Wisconsin may become more imaginable.

In any event, it appears the Illini are pooling their talents for the Big Ten.
Last October, fencing coach Art Schankin didn't quite know what to expect.

Only two of his fencers for 1975-76 had any Big Ten experience at all. The chance for the Illini to capture their fifth straight Big Ten fencing championship seemed slim, at best.

"Green, but mean, is how I look at the fencers we have this year," Schankin said.

Without a single fencer who has worked under Schankin for more than two years, Illinois had an uphill climb. The only other time a team had won five in a row was when Schankin himself was an Illini fencer.

Despite the success of fencing at Illinois in recent years, the program still operates without any scholarships or grants. This can become frustrating when the Illini must compete against teams like Notre Dame and Wayne State, as well as Big Ten rivals Ohio State, Michigan State and Wisconsin — all of whom have ample funds to support their programs.

In any event, Schankin began the new season as usual, predicting an average season for average fencers. Schankin is apparently a strong believer in tradition. The last few times he predicted a poor season, his squad won the Big Ten.

Midway through the season, however, the Illini were 7-0 with impressive wins over Indiana (18-9), Purdue (24-3) and Northwestern (18-9). Illinois had at least doubled the score
of each opponent they competed against.

Led by junior foilsman Dave Armstrong, a Champaign native who jumped out to a brilliant 17-2 record, the Illini fencers made their presence felt early in Big Ten competition. A fourth place finisher in last year's league championship, Armstrong is noted for his lightning moves and flamboyant style.

Schankin also was relying heavily on freshman foilsman Art Diamond and Mike Gerard to help get the squad in winning form. Diamond, from Niles West, was a second place finisher in the Illinois High School Fencing Championships.

"Constant practice is what has gotten me to where I am today," said Diamond, who had streaked out to a 17-3 mark. "I really have little natural ability, and rely more on out-thinking my opponent."

Gerard (6-1), a fifth place finisher for Niles Notre Dame, is one of the quickest fencers the Illini have, and is expected to be a mainstay in Schankin's forces in future seasons. Another rapidly-improving foilsman is junior Mike Perry. At 13-5 midway through the season, Perry is gaining the experience which Schankin feels may help his fencer to a Big Ten title.

True to form, Schankin was concerned early in the season about his sabre squad, which boasted only one experienced performer. But the pessimistic coach was genuinely surprised this time. With 46 wins against just 13 losses, the sabre squad led the fencing team in victories by mid-February.

Juniors Joe Laws and Scott Reid paced the sabremen with 15 and 14 wins, respectively.

Laws, who seems blessed with an abundance of natural talent, is already considered one of the top three in the Big Ten sabre division. Reid is probably the best all-around athlete on the team. An excellent tennis player, Reid chose fencing over tennis, and the rangy junior has shown he made a good choice.

The deciding factor in the Illini's fortunes, however, seemed to be the strength of the epee squad.

Riddled by ineligibility complications all season, the epee squad had not fenced with all their regulars at the same time even once. Captain Tom Delaet, normally a very consistent fencer, got off to a disappointing start, probably due to having to sit out the first five dual meets due to ineligibility.

Ed Priest (10-5), leading in victories on the epee squad, was also forced to miss five dual meets due to his academic workload.

Nevertheless, by mid-February the Illini were rolling over their opponents despite the fencers' inexperience and Schankin's perennial pessimism. At that rate, you might expect Schankin to get excited and predict a victory or two. But don't count on it.
Grappling with Wrestling with Hawkeyes and herpes almost proved too much for the Illini

by Fred Speck

Tom Porter, Illinois wrestling coach, spent the 1975-76 season still struggling to bring his team to respectability in the powerful Big Ten.

In his third year as the head of the Illini, Porter has imported an excellent corps of high school wrestlers. This year’s squad, for instance, featured six state champions, five of those from Illinois.

Much of the credit for Illinois’ impressive recruiting must go to Porter, who managed to pin down the Athletic Association for four scholarships, twice the number allotted to wrestling when Porter arrived here in 1973.

With those complimentary passes to Illinois, he has been able to bring in Gary Matlock, Kevin Puebla, Mark Wedell, Doug Chirico, Mark Williams and John Sullivan — all former high school champs.

In addition, Porter’s squad included football player Kevin Pancratz, a heavyweight who qualified for the NCAA competition in 1975.

But these athletes were not enough to pull the Illini up and out of anonymity, especially with the added trouble brought on by injuries and a bizarre mid-year attack of herpes, a disease which affects the skin.

As is typical for collegiate scheduling, Illinois opened their season against weaker teams. They crushed Moorhead State 36-4, then defeated Eastern Illinois 25-16. In both meets, Porter attempted to use young wrestlers who normally would have been watching from the sidelines.

In the Illinois Invitational, an annual attempt to draw attention to the Illini wrestling program, Porter let the veterans have their turn. Matlock, at 126 pounds, and Pancratz — a former wrestler under Porter at Hersey High School — won their weight classes. No team scores were kept in the meet.

But when Illinois travelled to Iowa City for a dual meet, the defending NCAA champion Hawkeyes sent the Illini packing.

“We can be competitive with them in some weight classes,” Porter had said before the meet. But after the Hawks blitzed the Orange and Blue 40-3, he must have been a bit shell-shocked. Pancratz, who Porter said “completely dominated” his match, won for the Illini by a narrow 11-9 score.

After Matlock and Pancratz both won their divisions at
the Ball State Invitational, the Illini placed eighth at the prestigious Midlands Tournament, lost a close match to Southern Illinois and defeated Northern Iowa and Purdue. The Illini finished in first place at the Western Illinois Tournament in mid-January, and one of the main reasons was the performance of Kevin Puebla. Inserted by Porter to wrestle at 126 pounds, with Matlock then moving to 118, Puebla emerged as the surprise of the year for the Illini. The freshman had won more than three-fourths of his matches as the season drew to a close.

But on a crucial weekend at the end of January, the Illini came out poorly in a dual meet with Michigan State and a double-dual with Michigan and Ohio State. MSU defeated Illinois 30-6, while Michigan won by a 26-13 score. The Illini downed OSU, 23-17.

After that disappointing series, the Illini were hurt even more when, after losing 190-pounder Pete Froehlick and 177-pounder Tom Edgren due to injuries, herpes spread throughout the squad. Randy Chirico, 150, was sidelined by the disease, as were Illinois reserves Bob Jaffe and Pete Resner.

Porter said he thought his team contracted the disease at the Western Illinois tournament.

"There are two types of herpes," he added. "The type our guys have is not transmitted because of low resistance, but can be passed from one person to another when a sore of an inflicted person comes in contact with another person."

The mysterious herpes was a factor in the team's 24-17 loss to Illinois State — a defeat which was far more critical than just another notch in the loss column. As ISU Coach Larry Meyer said, "It helps us from a morale and recruiting standpoint."

Indeed, whenever an Illinois team loses to another state school, it causes a serious tarnish on the prestige of the University.

The Illini came back, however, with a double dual win over Indiana and Drake, as well as a win over SIU — Edwardsville, but it was evident as the season's end approached that Illinois was still having trouble competing in the Big Ten. Despite an 8-5 overall record, the Illini were 2-3 in the league.

Porter will lose only one man — Doug Chirico — from the current squad, but the only remaining members who have proven themselves to be competitive in Big Ten matches are Pancratz, Puebla and Matlock.

So even while the Illini are improving, it doesn't appear they will have a shot at gunning down the Hawkeyes for awhile longer.
What is Boredom?

Obviously hypnotized by the drama before them, two IHSA wrestling officials, spotted by photographer Mike Freie, watch in fascination as a day-long wrestling meet draws to an end.
### The top of the jocks

**Intramural Champions**

statistics by John Bushman

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[Image of a person playing racquetball]

[Image of a person playing basketball]

[Image of a person playing volleyball]
Men's intramurals

Spring 1975
Basketball
Frat Blue — Delta Chi
Frat Orange — Alpha Chi Rho
Residence Hall — Snyder 3W
Independent Housing — Oregon
UI League — Black Bunch
5'9" and Under — Organization
B League — Coors 1
Pledge — Delta Chi
Swimming
Frat — Beta Theta Pi
Residence/Independents — Snyder 3E
Bowling
Frat Blue — Alpha Sigma Phi
Frat Orange — Theta Xi
Residence Hall — Oglesby 9
Independent — Dynamatronics
Soccer
UI League — Tornadoes
Outdoor Track
Frat — Alpha Tau Omega
Residence/Independents — Hendrick House
Softball
Frat Blue 12" Slow — Beta Theta Pi
Frat Orange 12" Slow — Sigma Phi Epsilon
Residence Hall 12" Slow — Garner Gang
Independent Housing 12" Slow — Mokers
UI League 12" slow — Beta Theta Pi
Frat Blue 16" — Evans Scholars
Frat Orange 16" — Sigma Pi
Residence Hall 16" — Da Ritz
Independent Housing 16" — Gutter
UI League 16" — Three Fountains
UI League 12" — Fast Jackals

Fall 1975
Touch Football
Frat Blue — Delta Tau Delta
Frat Orange — Psi Upsilon
Residence Hall — Townsend SS
Independent Housing — Nabor House
All-campus — Delta Tau Delta
160-pound and under — Hopkins 2W
UI League — S.M.A.K.
B League — Tau Epsilon Phi
Pledge — Alpha Tau Omega
Volleyball
Frat Blue — Alpha Tau Omega
Frat Orange — Sigma Phi Delta
Residence Hall — Scotch Rott
Independent Housing — Hiltons
All-Campus — Alpha Tau Omega
UI League — Alpha Tau Omega
Water Polo
Frat Blue — Sigma Chi
Frat Orange — Sigma Nu
Residence Hall — Hopkins 2E
UI League — East African Parsley Shipping
All-Campus — Hopkins 2E
Soccer
Frat Blue — Delta Upsilon
Frat Orange — Sigma Phi Epsilon
Residence Hall — Blaisdell 2
Independent Housing — Newman
All-Campus — Delta Upsilon
Golf
Alpha Tau Omega
"A" Basketball
Hoops
"B" Basketball
Farm House

Ken Dunnwood
Women's intramurals

Spring 1975
Archery — Dawn Faulkner
Broomball Hockey — Jocks
Table Tennis Singles — Chi-Tze Lin
Table Tennis Doubles — Chi-Tze Lin and Gloria Leung
Racquetball Singles — Mary Jo Hoag
Racquetball Doubles — Mary Jo Hoag and Jan Ranzazzo
Basketball — Alpha Gamma Delta
Bridge — Sue Lasher and Peggy Knapic
IM Sports Rally — Linda Roberts
Softball — Kettle's Kiddies
Tennis Singles — Betsy Kuhl
Tennis Doubles — Lori Goldsmith and Maggie Dew
Swim Meet — Lynn Saunders (50 yd. breast stroke), Patti Apel (50 yd. freestyle), Susan Dragich (50 yd. butterfly), Nancy Peterson (100 yd. freestyle), Patti Apel (100 yd. freestyle), Nancy Peterson (100 yd. individual medley), Treacherous Tuna (200 yd. freestyle relay, 200 yd. medley relay, 200 yd. freestyle)

Fall 1975
Football — Beta Sigma Sigma
Soccer — Evans Eclipse
Tennis Singles — Karen Wagner
Tennis Doubles — Peggy Pasblo and Jan Ehrhart
Badminton Singles — Janet Roberts (Flight A), Linn Lourcey (Flight B), Hope Thompson (Flight C)
Badminton Doubles — Hope Thompson and Holly Thompson (Flight A), Anita McDaniel and Sally Nagel (Flight B), Kari Jensen and Nancy Rimdzius (Flight C)
Volleyball — New and Old Kins
Bowling (Team) — Slaughterhouse
Bowling (Individual) — Candy Stojan
Track — Jan Smith (440 yd.), Ellenor Agee (60 yd.), Micro and the Dots (sprint medley)
The Icemen Cometh

by Steve Slack

Illini Hockey Coach Bob Lachky calls his sport "very primitive." That would seem to make the 1,350 fans who consistently show up at the home games Neanderthal. What it probably means is there are 1,350 people who enjoy an exciting sport played well. Lachky probably agrees.

"This is a very personal game, a very emotional game. It's a replica of ancient times, like the Romans at the Coliseum," he said. Well, maybe. At any rate, the Illinois Hockey Club, clad in their rayon armor and heralded into the ring by their own Hockey Band, are winners.

Their overall mid-year record of 8-4-1 in 1975-76 is dulled a little, however, by their mediocre league record of 3-4-1. This is Illinois' first year in the Illinois Collegiate Hockey Club, and Lachky says it's a stiff league to be in. Powerhouse Chicago State, who defeated the Illini handily, threatens to blow every other league team away. Illinois also lost to Illinois State, Loyola and Lewis. But Lachky looks forward to meeting these guys again.

"We're ready now," Lachky says. "We've matured."

Juniors Mike Jeffers and Jim Spellmire were singled out by Lachky as top-notch, as was senior Tom Cherry. In fact, five out of the top six Illini players are juniors, which means Illinois should remain strong next season.

Lachky looks for the Hockey Club to remain a "club" for sometime. He said they won't become varsity for two reasons. First, they'd have to play Big Ten teams, something Lachky feels they're not ready for; and second, the University of Illinois can't afford to make them varsity. For the Illini to go Big Ten would require out-of-state recruiting with only four or five scholarships. This could even things up for the Illini, however, who now must play school-supported teams like Chicago Circle, who imported an NCAA All-American goalie for protection.

Lachky doesn't complain, though. "I've got as good a team right now as I'd have if we were varsity."
Still, the club has a lot of handicaps to overcome without much outside help. Things like buses and uniforms, for instance. Also, the club must conform to NCAA academic requirements just like a varsity team. That means the Hockey Club has all the troubles of the tribe without getting the blessings of the chief.

Lachky is as proud of his fans as he is of his players. "We draw the third largest crowds of any sport," Lachky said. "Football, basketball and then us." And hockey fans are vocal, often vicious, and always vivid with the collective slurs they heap on opponents.

The coach recalls with pleasure a time when one of the officials warned him about the fans heckling an opponent goalie. Lachky laughed. "What could I do?"

The people get their money's worth out of hockey most of the time. Lachky doesn't caution his players not to draw blood. "I'd take a guy out if he wasn't wound up," he said, shrugging. "If you don't crack him, he'll crack you."

Primitive?
Injuries hamper gymnasts
by John Behan

Like most Illini sports in recent years, injuries were the biggest challenge to the men's gymnastics team during the 1975-76 season.

After getting off to a good start, the Illini were hit by injuries to their three top all-around performers — Victor Feinstein, Steve Yasukawa and Bob Spurney.

But Coach Yoshi Hayasaki was optimistic as the team approached the Big Ten championships, held in March at Michigan State University.

"We've had our ups and downs all the way through the season, but it's fortunate, in a way, the injuries occurred when they did," Hayasaki said. "I would rather have the injuries early in the season and then be ready for the big meets at the end of the schedule."

The Illini opened the season with a fifth-place finish in the 12-team Big Ten Invitational at Chicago Circle. They compiled a team score of 188.40 in optional exercises and 193.10 in compulsories.

In the Ball State Invitational, Illinois placed sixth as a team and Yasukawa took fourth with an all-around total of 49.70.

But then the problems began. Feinstein suffered a knee injury, Spurney sprained his ankle while vaulting and Yasukawa was sidelined from all-around duty with an ankle sprain.

Senior and team captain Frank Erwin, senior and team captain, and sophomore Paul Lat moved up to the number one and two all-around spots and helped lead the Illini in dual meet scores.

The gymnast's best effort was achieved in a home meet.
All-around performer Steve Yasukawa, at left, competes on the still rings. He was sidelined for part of the season with a sprained ankle. Above, versatile team captain Frank Erwin executes his routines on the parallel bars and the rings.

Richard Feinberg

against a strong Indiana squad, as the Illini outscored the visiting Hoosiers 199.10 to 195.25.

Although Illinois was forced to compete with only two all-around performers in dual meets, Yasukawa and Spur-ney did see limited action in certain events, avoiding vaulting and free exercise.

After the victory over Indiana, which put the team’s winning streak at a modest two, Hayasaki appeared to have established a set lineup for his available gymnasts.

Mark Hosfield and Craig Reali specialized on high bar, Tony Zander competed on parallel bars and Mike Schmidt and Bill Hois worked at vaulting.

Jeff Daab and Dave Levitt alternated as pommel horse specialists, Carlton Olson competed on still rings and Schmidt and Rick Smith worked free exercise.

The Illini spent two weeks on a strenuous conditioning program over Christmas break, and had another training break of four weeks between the final home dual with Wisconsin and the Big Ten championship.

In competition after break, Illinois took third in a triangular won by Southern Illinois at Illinois State. The Illini defeated Iowa and Indiana in dual meets and lost to Michigan State and powerful Oklahoma, rated as one of the top teams in the country.

"I have been very pleased with the work of some of our specialists," Hayasaki said. "Carlton Olson has done a consistent job on rings and Craig Reali has done well in our last few meets.

"I think our team scores have shown that we can be consistent and do well enough to contend for the Big Ten championship — if we have everyone healthy."

But for the Illini, that’s a big "if."
On the Road with the Illini

Big Ten road games, for the visitors anyway, aren’t usually very glamorous. Most of the day, the team waits — studying or sleeping. There’s no cheering or fanfare. But on Feb. 9th, the Illini’s trip was worth it. They downed the Wisconsin Badgers, 70-59, giving Illinois their 13th win and extending the Badger’s losing streak to 10.

Four planes carried the team and their coaches to Madison that morning where a sleek shuttle-van waited to take them across town to the Edgewater Hotel on Lake Mendota. The coaches followed in a separate car.

Dennis Graff tells me with a “can’t-complain expression” that they usually travel “first-class” like this.

At the hotel the players are led to a private dining room and a “small lunch” of hot roast beef and soup. Many players return their sandwiches to the kitchen, complaining — justifiably — that they are too rare.

After lunch, the ten players go back to their rooms to study, sleep or watch TV. Few study. “They carry books because it looks good,” laughs manager Gary Powell.

At 12:30 they go over to the Field House and loosen up. By 2 they are back at the hotel, ready for the traditional pre-game steak dinner.

Attendance is low at the Badger Field House. The Illini are ahead by 10 points at halftime, but if they’re sure of victory, they don’t show it. By the time Henson comes in to outline their mistakes, the team has already figured them out.

The second half goes quickly, as the Illini dominate play. Ecstatic about their win, they rush into the locker room after the game, slapping hands and yelling “all right.”

Henson enters and, after a quick congratulations, tells them there’s no practice tomorrow and to “hit those classes.”

As soon as they’re dressed, the Illini return home.

But there was little time to celebrate. The next Saturday, they’d be on the road again, this time against top-ranked Indiana.
photographs and text by Chris Walker
Big Ten batters Illini

by Ken Turetzky

For anyone who might doubt the quality of Big Ten baseball, the 1975 Illini presented a compelling argument for their side. Finishing 25-17-1, Illinois boasted an excellent 21-6 non-conference slate, but finished ninth in the conference with an anemic 4-11-1 record.

Despite their third consecutive 20-win season, the pitch-poor Illini (.386 earned run average) plunged five notches from their fourth-place 1974 finish. Only Purdue, whose generous pitching rarely managed to miss an opponent’s bat (9.17 ERA), kept Illinois from sliding into the cellar.

“We didn’t do as well as we expected in the conference,” understated 24th-year coach Lee Eilbracht. “Overall, though, our season was very successful.”

Illinois opened with a southwestern tour, taking seven of 11 from Colorado State, New Mexico and South Dakota. The Illini came home to bang out a season-high 17 runs in their opener, a 17-10 win over Illinois State, before the bats went cold in the second game, succumbing 7-3 to the Redbirds.

There followed a string of six straight Big Ten losses, interrupted only by an odd 10-10 tie with Ohio State. The disaster included doubleheader losses to Michigan and Michigan State, and single setbacks at the hands of Ohio State, Indiana and Wisconsin.

Between conference losses, Illinois knocked off Greenville in a twin bill, 9-2 and 6-2, as 6-foot-3, 230-pound rightfielder Doug Kleber went six-for-six, driving home four runs and scoring 3. Kleber, who is also a football standout for the Illini, turned down a $20,000 offer from the New York Mets in high school to play ball for Illinois.

After dropping a 13-12 decision to Indiana, the Illini got a boost from Bob Harold, who successfully returned from a back injury to strike out thirteen Hoosiers enroute to a 10-4 victory in the second game.

Outdueling Northwestern 4-1 and 4-3, Illinois continued a seven-game win streak that took advantage of outsized DePauw, Knox and Indiana Central Colleges. But the Illini, with little left to strive for, lost six of their last seven games.

“Our conference record was not good, but we lost some real tough ball games,” Eilbracht said. “We beat some good teams. We’d like to think we’re better than our record. But we did lose in the conference.”

The Big Ten statistics show a few of the reasons. Illinois was tenth in team batting (.239); tenth in fielding at .920 (after leading the league in 1974), including an 11-error doubleheader with Michigan State, and eighth in pitching. To compare, Michigan State led the conference with a .964 fielding mark, Michigan hurlers toppled the Big Ten with a 1.76 composite ERA, and amazing Purdue led the league in hitting at .329 while finishing last.

Veteran coach Eilbracht commented, “Our pitching wasn’t quite as good as it has been.” Only one regular Illini moundman, Dan Ingram (4.19), posted a Big Ten ERA under 5.

On the brighter side, centerfielder and team captain Ron Lapins batted .360 for twelfth place in the Big Ten and was third team all-conference, with Dave Lundstedt, Sam Quarles and Larry Swakon all hitting over .300 in the league.

Outside the conference, the Illini’s record was inspiring. The team hit for a .314 average, while the mound crew racked up a 3.27 ERA. Kleber batted .445, upping his total stats to a team-leading .381 batting mark, with five home runs and 30 RBI’s. Jon Siron, a .220 Big Ten hitter, batted an incredible .488 against non-conference opponents, raising his average to .374. Swakon’s overall record included a .373
average, with Lundstedt contributing a .356 mark and six home runs. Lapins, for some reason, found non-Big Ten pitchers a puzzle, hitting only .220 to drop his overall average to .273.

Harris Kal, Illinois' 5-foot-6, 135-pound second-third baseman, led the team with 11 stolen bases in 34 games, hitting .314 in non-conference play to boost his average to .239.

The diminutive infielder described 1975 as a "season of frustration. I had just gotten back from Hollywood (where he made a bid toward an acting career) when I hurt my hand and got 20 stitches. I didn't worry about it when I should have. Then I started worrying about it when I shouldn't, and set up some kind of mental block.

"I think we had the nucleus for the best team here in quite a few years," Kal commented, "but we couldn't put it together. I don't think anyone pressed. The Big Ten was a little stronger."

Kleber, picked for the second team Coaches' All-Big Ten squad, said, "I wasn't satisfied with our season. For all the potential we had, it was kind of disappointing. We didn't quite gel, as far as the Big Ten went. When we went down south and beat New Mexico, a really good team, I thought we'd do real well."

The big outfielder added, "I'm thankful to God to have been one of the top five hitters in the nation for awhile. I went something like 0-26 the last two weeks of the season, but I still finished at .381."

Kleber led the Illini in walks, with 35 in 41 games, but was not pleased. "Walking gets me anxious," he said. "I'm basically a free swinger, and you tend to get a lot more picky when you see a lot of bad pitches. Against Michigan, I went up expecting to walk, and found them challenging me."

The '76 squad will miss Lapins, Swakon and Tom Knotts, all 1975 studs. Lundstedt will report to the St. Louis Cardinals, and Sirons, who failed to make grades, will not be returning.

With so many big bats gone for '76, Lee Eilbracht needs to find more hitting, and a lot more pitching. Or, if all else fails, try a new conference.
Winning the big one

by Dave Richards

No matter what some cynics say, Illinois does get a break once in a while.

How else could the 1975 Illini tennis team lose six out of nine Big Ten dual meets, and still finish not only in the upper division, but also ahead of two teams that soundly beat us?

As you might guess, there are some rather unusual circumstances to be taken into account. For one thing, budget cuts by some Big Ten schools made it impossible for each tennis team to play each other due to travel expenses. Consequently, a change in scoring was necessary to figure out the final league standings.

So, instead of dual meets and tournament points figuring equally into the final standings, only the results of the Big Ten meet counted in 1975. The Illini were granted a reprieve.

Even though Michigan monotonously captured the title for the eighth straight year, the Illini were happy to grab fifth place, within just six points, or two match wins, of second place Wisconsin. Minnesota and Ohio State squeezed into the third and fourth spots on the ladder.

Not to suggest that Bruce Shuman’s netters lucked into the whole thing. The Illini had wrapped up the regular season with a 16-11-1 mark. “We could have done a lot better,” Shuman claimed, “but we lost some close meets by 5-4 scores.” Despite the ones that got away, those 16 wins were enough to equal Illinois’ all-time victory total in a season. The Illini were 16-1 in 1958 and 16-6 in 1966.

But senior number two singles player Glen Hummel disa-
degrees with the new plan. "I like the old system better. This one worked to our advantage, but the season shouldn't boil down to one meet." The "advantage" was the fact that the Illini's Big Ten dual meet record was a dismal 3-6. Both Indiana and Iowa, teams that beat the Illini easily in dual meet play, finished below Illinois in the standings.

Though Hummel feels the team's highlight was the final conference meet, his personal thrill of the year occurred on the squad's southern trip before the Big Ten season started.

There he played a junior at Auburn who happens to play and practice against his sister quite regularly. In fact he has never lost to her.

His sister is Chris Evert.

"I was really up for that one," Hummel admitted. "It was really something to be playing against someone like that." Glen actually handled Drew Evert easily, winning in straight sets, 6-4 and 6-4.

The 1975 team included senior Kevin (Dr. K) Kelso, number one singles player who's now attending Harvard Law School. Glen Hummel from Champaign, and Webb Hayne handled second and third singles respectively. Two of Coach Shuman's recruits, then-sophomore Bruce Franks and freshman Chuck Meurisse, played well at fourth and fifth singles, while junior Rick Shapiro rounded out the singles players at sixth position.

The doubles were strengthened considerably over the 1974 season by Kelso and Hummel at number one, supported by Hayne and Meurisse, and Franks and Morrison. Other members included Keith Shuman, Ken McMahon, Mike Layne and John Deist.

Along with returning lettermen, the 1975 netters also had the advantage of using the Armory courts for indoor practice for the first time. This was a "major plus" according to Coach Shuman. Glen Hummel agreed that the Armory helped prepare for the season.

"I think it's a good place to work out. It helped me develop my ground strokes and helped the team get ready. It worked out pretty well," Hummel said.

Also for the first time in three years, the team embarked on a spring trip to southern schools. They played Auburn, Middle Tennessee State, Austin Peay, Stanford, Western Kentucky, Murray State, Alabama and Mississippi, winning a majority of the matches.

"Going South really helped," said Webb Hayne enthusiastically. "The warmer weather really helps you get your game going before the Big Ten season starts. That's one of the reasons I decided to attend Illinois."

Despite these advantages, the squad dropped their first two matches to mediocre teams. But they improved as the season aged, and capped the year by winning seven of their last eight matches, including five in a row, and finishing a strong fifth in the Big Ten tournament.

With 10 of 11 players returning, Coach Shuman has the makings of an excellent team in 1976. He also has two new recruits, Tony Chiricosta from Ohio, ranked 12th nationally in his age bracket, and Bob Earle, from Riverside, the 5th rated player in Illinois. Both turned down 10 to 12 schools in favor of Illinois. The two freshmen are the only members of the team to use a two-handed backhand stroke.

Out of curiosity, Coach Shuman played veterans Hummel and Hayne against the two rookies last fall, expecting a tough initiation for the freshmen. But the Illini upperclassmen were almost defeated, escaping with a narrow victory, 7-5, 2-6 and 7-5.

With Michigan losing its number one singles player to the pros, and also showing signs of losing its grip over the rest of the Big Ten, Illinois has high hopes for 1976. With just one title in the last 29 years, the Illini are due. Hopefully, they'll arrive by the time the 1976 Big Ten Meet rolls around.

Indiana and Iowa beat Illinois in duals but finished below in the standings.
Illini driving for the top

by John Behan

The Illinois golf team finally appears on the verge of developing into a top contender, something Ladd Pash has been working toward since taking over the head coaching job in 1971.

"The program is in a lot better shape now than when I first came here," said Pash, who was a graduate student in physical education at a time when golf, and everything else, was suffering from budget cuts.

"Now things are getting better and I feel that the program is in pretty good shape. We have good support in the town, lots of facilities to play on, and if we can maintain this level and improve on a few things, we'll be as good as anybody."

In 1975, Pash suffered through a frustrating year when his club never really played up to its potential after a successful spring trip to the Galveston Sport Spectacular, where they finished fifth, and to the Illinois Invitational, which they won by one shot over Illinois State.

Rick Rasmussen placed third for the Illini in the Illinois tournament, and was the only member of the team in the top five.

"I thought we would get off to a great start after that, but we never did play up to our potential after our own tournament," Pash said. "We had a lot of talent, but were a young team. Maybe the problem was that we just didn't have enough confidence, didn't believe in ourselves."

In other major tournaments last season, Illinois finished fifth in the Big Ten, seventh of 14 schools at the Northern Invitational, sixth of 13 at Illinois State and won the 16-team MacMurray College Invitational.

Harold Harder, lost to graduation for the ’76 season, tied for co-medalist honors at MacMurray with a 73, and at Illinois State he fired rounds of 67, 76 and 74 for a 54-hole total of 217.

"Harder is the only man we lost from last year and we will definitely miss him. But this fall, the team has shot the best golf since I’ve been here," Pash said. "We have a lot of enthusiasm, and it’s developed into a really cohesive unit.
here's some keen competition for the starting spots."

As fall competition headed into October, the leaders included Kym Hougham, Ken Kellaney and Rasmussen.

Hougham is a senior who suffered through an off-year first spring and was forced to play catch-up golf most of the season, Pash said. "I don't think anybody swings at the ball any better. This fall, he's really been going out and attacking the courses."

A sophomore from Rockford, Kellaney is one of Illinois' most consistent golfers. He averages in the mid-70's and his low rounds are rarely out of the high 70's. Last year, Kellaney finished 18th in the Big Ten tournament. Rasmussen placed 19th in the Big Ten meet in addition to finishing in the top five at Illinois State.

Sophomores Bill Peresseni, Andy King, seniors Don Ray, Vic Incinelli and freshman Rob Rugg are leading contenders for the starting team.

"That's the type of thing we want — a lot of guys competing for positions," Pash said. "We had 57 guys tryout and made the cut to 25 after 54 holes in our fall qualifier, which determines the team for the entire year. There will be movement up and down within that top 15, but we'll strictly on averages as to who we take on the spring trip."

Pash continued, "In the fall we try to get as many rounds as possible and keep active as long as we can so that the inter-dormant period isn't as long. We open up with a spring trip next year."

In a fall tournament at Illinois State, the Illini placed second behind the host school as Kellaney tied for second with rounds of 75, 73 and 68 for a 213 total. Illinois State won the title by four strokes.

Pash is not only concerned about the season ahead, but also must worry about a possible NCAA decision to cut back in all sports. This would reduce the fall golf practice season to the end of September.

The proposed legislation has been debated for more than a year and was scheduled to come up for decision at the January, 1976 meeting of the NCAA.

"There would be different limitations in all sports, travel costs cut and things like that, but I don't know why anyone would consider taking something away which doesn't cost us anything. Golf is a sport where you need to utilize every good day you can get," Pash said.

The Big Ten race in 1976 appears wide open at this point, with Ohio State probably boasting the best team, at least on paper. But Pash said he feels this is the first year in a long time that the top four or five positions are up in the air because of the overall balance of the conference.

With so many returning lettermen, Pash's 1976 Illini may well transform themselves into that long-awaited and elusive spectre at Illinois — a conference contender.

In his first year with the gold squad, Dan Pesch will be trying to earn a spot on the '76 Illini varsity.
Rugby runs aground
by John Hector

Inexperience, poor scheduling and injuries combined to make the 1975 season a disappointing one for the Illini rugby club.

After an impressive third place showing in the Big Ten Tournament last spring, the players could only manage a 3-7-1 record in the fall.

Starting the year with several inexperienced players, the club was forced to spend the early part of the season working on fundamentals and conditioning, forsaking victories in the meantime.

Playing against such powers as the Chicago Lions and Indianapolis Reds did not help improve the team's record, but it did provide valuable experience for the players.

"Playing against different teams and learning new styles can only help a club," said Illini Peter Milburn, a grad student from New Zealand. "Competition is by far the best practice a team can have."

While the competition the club faced this year was adequate, the scheduling was not. The Illini had an abundance of away games, playing only two contests at home last fall.

Since each player had to provide money for his own traveling expenses, it became difficult for every member to play in every away game.

Disorganization was nothing new to the ruggers. Technically, the team is a club and receives no money from the University, which makes things difficult. Also, administrative turnovers occur quite often. On top of this, each player has to pay an annual fee of ten dollars, and some team members were forced to quit because of academic or personal reasons.

But despite all the problems encountered, the club did manage to have some bright moments this season.

The first side (first string) beat arch-rival ISU twice this fall, 10-0 and 14-12, with the latter game ending in a brawl.

The second side won a trophy for its first place finish in the Illinois Collegiate Rugby Football Tournament's consolation round by beating ISU's second side, 20-3.

Scoring in rugby is not difficult to understand. A "try," similar to a touchdown in football, is worth four points. A "conversion" is worth two, and a "penalty kick" is awarded three points.

Cited for fine play by team president Dave Swanson this year were Tom Kelly, Barry Goodwin and Jerry Tietz, as well as New Zealanders Milburn and Grant Cushman.

Swanson also noted that the future looks bright for Illini Rugby. With that in mind, the team meetings at Murphy's Pub should be a little merrier next year.

Rugger Wayne Morrison reaches for the ball while Illini teammates (from left to right) Barry Goodwin, Jerry Tietz and Jim Gilchrist pursue the action. A lack of funds for the club and a schedule that included only two home games crippled the rugby squad in 1975. With more experienced players returning in '76, however, Illinois should be able to improve a great deal on its 3-7-1 ledger.
Putting some kicks into the stadium
by Alan Fredman

Junior Dave Lampert, left, heads for the ball during the Illini's debut in Memorial Stadium. Despite a 2-0 halftime lead, Illinois lost the historic game to the Wildcats, 5-4.

Competing in its longest fall schedule ever, the Illinois soccer club finished the season with a 5-6-1 mark, somewhat to the disappointment of president and coach Ken Klamm.

"If we look at the season as just a record, it was disappointing. There is no reason why we shouldn’t have been 9-0," Klamm said.

He mentioned, however, that there were "a lot of strong, positive advancements that took place for the club."

One of the advancements Klamm was referring to was the fact that the soccer club played its first three games ever at Memorial Stadium.

Klamm’s crew dropped their first two contests at the stadium, the first on Oct. 25 to Northwestern, 5-4; and the second on Oct. 26 to the College of DuPage, 4-0. The Illini managed to win their final match of the season on the Astroturf by defeating Illinois State 4-2 in November.

Although they had a poor record, Klamm and the Illini were elated to battle in the stadium. Klamm and co-captain Bernie Schoenburb worked hard to publicize the soccer club games and getting into the stadium was a major achievement.

"Playing at the stadium was the biggest step for advancement the club has received in 10 years," Klamm said.

Junior co-captain Myron Kaminsky and sophomore forward Ralph Wappel tied for the scoring leadership of the 975 club with seven goals apiece.

Despite being hampered by nagging injuries throughout most of the season, Kaminsky competed in every contest and was a vital force in the Illini scoring attack.

For his efforts the sophomore forward was named Most Valuable Player by his teammates.

Wappel, an East St. Louis native, started off slowly, but registered four goals in his last two games to aid the Illini offense.

Graduate student Ray Payne scored two goals and made several assists from his halfback position.

But Payne was not the only Illini halfback to put the ball into the net. Sophomores Mark Harer and Joe O’Connor, along with Schoenburb, had three tallies.

Sophomore Dave "Jake" Jacobson and freshman Joe Mikrut shared the Illini goaltending chore. Klamm initiated a policy of rotating goalies during a game, with each playing one half.

Fullbacks Dave Lampert and Dave Leonatti were probably the most consistent members of the Illini defense, which was mistake-prone throughout the season.

Klamm, who has been associated with the soccer club for five seasons, announced his retirement at the end of the season to accept a student-teaching job in Arlington Heights.

Many have said Klamm has done more for the Illinois soccer club than any one else. Schoenburb summed up the club’s feeling toward Klamm when he said, "To the club, he means life."
Do women deserve equal treatment on the university athletic level?

The topic has been bandied about for quite some time, and at long last an act of Congress has decided the issue. Or has it?

Title IX, part of the Educational Amendment of 1972, states that no person in the United States can be excluded from participation in, denied the benefits of or be subjected to discrimination on the basis of sex under any educational program or activity receiving federal aid.

With the rights of women in sports acknowledged, funding for new and expanded sports programs presents the
The collegiate newsletter, NCAA News, quoted a White House staff member as saying equal expenditures for both men's and women's programs might require sponsorship of as many as 18 sports for women in order to match a major college football program, as required by the amendment.

University of Illinois President John E. Corbally said that the University had serious concerns regarding the regulations, which initially contained incongruities and ambiguities. "The basic doctrines of Title IX, however, don't differ at all from what we have been trying to do at the University for a long time," he added.

Because of the bill's unclear nature, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare devised a set of guidelines from replies of colleges affected by the amendment. The revisions, however, have not brought about any greater acceptance of Title IX's premise. Cecil Coleman, University Athletic Association director, said he thinks the nation's colleges will be in real trouble if the sections pertaining to sports are okayed by the legislature. "It would kill the men's and women's programs," he said. "It would take away the revenue earned by men's football and basketball.

The women's athletic budget at the University, however, is on the increase, as is the number of sports. Ninety-eight scholarships were awarded to women athletes this year as opposed to none a year ago.

Discussing Title IX's effect on University programs, Professor Karol Anne Kahrs, assistant athletic director and director of women's intercollegiate athletics at Illinois said she believes women coaches here support the concept of equal opportunity but are not concerned with equal dollars. "The lack of participation in women's athletics would not exist if Title IX had come sooner," she said. As to the prospect of women's athletics actually contributing to the sports budget, Kahrs feels that spectator support won't increase as long as the present facilities remain unchanged.

While Title IX has produced varied observations by the University women's sports staff, they all agree that it is hard to judge exactly how the guidelines will affect each sport being responsible for conditions that are favorable to women's athletics.

Because football and basketball are the big draws at the college level, an amendment as been proposed to exempt these sports from Title IX's equal opportunity-funding programs.

Michigan State's football coach John Fuzak said opposition to such an amendment "borders on economic insanity born of a total concept for the practical problems of administering a college athletic department."

Terry Hite, women's volleyball coach, thinks everyone will be hurt in the long run, however, if such an amendment is passed. "If every sport is not getting equal funding, the smaller sports will suffer."

On the other hand, Thompson agreed with the predominate-male opinion voiced by Fuzak. She noted that basketball and football would lose if large amounts of money were taken from these sports and given to smaller ones.

She added that the Athletic Association at the University has been able to support women's sports, without having to depend on men's sports for extra funds.

But a question arises: Will Title IX and its increased scholarship quotient spur recruiting wars for outstanding female athletes, who might be enticed with money and fast cars?

As recruitment policies stand now, women cannot receive scholarships until they have completed one year in the athletic program. Kahrs admitted, however, that recruitment ultimately could become an issue.

Hite added, "Women are conscious of the problems with athletics and try to prevent them by cutting down on recruiting."

The controversy is far from over, the problems are varied and many, yet Title IX seems a necessary product of the drive toward equality spurred by the current generation. Its time has come.
Hometown girl makes good

by John Behan

Rookie Nancy Thies, below, an ex-Olympian and Urbana native, swept every event in the Big Ten all-around competition. Part of the women's championship squad, at right and on the floor, are Teresa Greathouse, Cindy Weiber, Kim Buchanan, Linn Griebe and Maggie Ausich. In the top row are Assistant Pam Rosenwinkel, Maria Salinas, Jean Bagel and Sarah Roska. Alison Milburn's squad downed MSU for the Big Ten crown.
The Illini women's gymnastics program sparkled during the 1975-76 season with a Big Ten championship and some outstanding individual performances.

Illinois captured the Big Ten title in December, compiling a team total of 102.55 to defeat second-place Michigan State, which finished with 97.10.

Under the guidance of first-year coach Alison Milburn, the Illini have advanced toward building a nationally competitive program.

"This year has been a challenge for me, because I was so unfamiliar with intercollegiate competition," said Milburn, who was a national-level gymnast in her native New Zealand.

"In the majority of our dual meets, we have not shown our potential and we have had to rely on one all-around performer because of major injuries. I think that's the main reason for not being satisfied with the season . . . the injuries have kept us from reaching our potential."

The one "all-around performer" is Nancy Thies, a freshman from Urbana and a member of the 1972 United States Olympic team that competed in Munich, Germany.

Thies established herself as the finest gymnast in the Big Ten by sweeping every event and the all-around in competition. She totaled 36.55, with scores of 9.10 in vaulting; 9.20 on uneven parallel bars; 9.25 in floor exercises and a 9.0 on the balance beam.

In meets completed through the early part of February, Thies was undefeated and the prospects appeared good for maintaining that streak for the remainder of the season.

"Our major successes this season have been Nancy's record of going undefeated and her scores, which have again verified that she is one of the top gymnasts in the country," Milburn said.

"I have also been pleased with the work of the young specialists, who have been making progress and carrying the team through the season."

Injuries to all-around performers Patti Carmichael and Sarah Roska were especially unfortunate for the Illini team, which lacks depth.

"Next year, I'll concentrate on making the team one of the best in the nation and we'll work on adding some more depth," Milburn said. "I think the team will benefit from working with gymnasts of the caliber of Nancy (Thies) and Patti (Carmichael)."

After winning the Big Ten and going home for Christmas break, the Illini began to suffer a series of injuries that put a lot of pressure on the team as a whole.

In competition, Illinois posted victories over Northwestern and Indiana in a triangular, but lost to Michigan State and Southern Illinois' elite squad.

Thies, Carmichael, Roska and Maria Salinas were listed as the all-around performers for Illinois.

Specialists include Lee Travis on balance beam and free exercise; Maggie Ausich on bars and vaulting; Cindy Weber and Teresa Greathouse in free exercise; Linn Grieb in vaulting; Kim Buchanon on bars; Jean Bagel and Alicia Seghers on the beam.

Former Illinois gymnast and current graduate student Pam Rosenwinkel serves as an assistant coach, helping Milburn in both practices and meets.

After one last dual meet against Southern Illinois' "B" team, the Illini were set to enter state, regional and possibly national competition.

Without the injuries, the team had a chance to surprise a lot of people in its first season. But the fortunes of the Illini in post-season competition depended on how quickly Roska and Carmichael would be able to return to the lineup.

The future for Illinois in women's gymnastics appears to be good if Milburn's hopes for added depth are realized.

Thies has established a name for herself in college competition, and the Illini can expect even better things next year.
Don’t tell anybody, but it looks like both basketball programs at Illinois are sneaking up on the Big Ten.

Women’s Coach Steve Douglas, like his counterpart Lou Henson, has worked to develop a young team that improved with every game during the 1975-76 season. And by mid-February, Douglas’ 10-5 squad was virtually assured of its best campaign in years, just like the Illini men’s team.

There is a difference, however. Lou Henson will be back next year, but Steve Douglas probably won’t.

“I want to make it clear that I’m not unhappy,” Douglas disclosed to the Illio in February. “I have really enjoyed coaching here. But it’s likely that I won’t be back next year.”

The announcement from the successful second-year coach came as a surprise. Inheriting a team that was a pathetic 2-9 just two years ago, Douglas engineered an 8-7 record last season and will have a solid corps returning in 1976-77 to build around.

He believes, however, that his job here has probably been completed.

“The program is on its feet now,” he said, “assuming they can sustain the strength we have going. Besides, I have a good assistant, and the team could use a female coach to help the program’s image.”

Whether Douglas returns or not, no one can question the effectiveness of his rapid-fire rebuilding program. His improved women’s team now plays a portion of their home schedule in the vast but friendly confines of the Assembly Hall — a colorful change of pace from antiquated Huff Gym.

And Douglas, who coached the national women’s team in Malaysia several years ago, also managed to get the Big Ten Tournament scheduled at Illinois this spring. The Illini women finished fifth in the tournament, losing to Iowa 63-54 before crushing Wisconsin 77-33 and downsing Minnesota 62-52.
Part of the reason for Illinois' two wins in the tournament was the solid play of 5-11 center Betty Anderson, who in February was the team's leading scorer and rebounder. Anderson scored 43 points in the three contests and hauled down 30 rebounds.

Both Anderson and 5-9 freshman Becky Beach (who was also a star on the women's golf team) were averaging about 12 points a game at tourney time.

There were other bright spots, too. For example, against Big Ten powerhouse Indiana, Illinois' 6-foot freshman Mary Pat Travnik grabbed a mind-boggling 18 rebounds and scored nine points despite a minor ankle sprain. Even so, Illinois was trounced by the Hoosiers, 70-51.

So why was Douglas smiling? Easy. The year before, Indiana had beaten the Illini women, 72-16.

With Travnik's consistent rebounding and occasionally spectacular shooting (11 of 15 for 24 points against the Gophers), Illinois had a rugged front-court lineup when Beach, Anderson or junior forward Marijo Dluzak were added. Senior guard Linda Roberts handled the ball-handling chores, along with junior Susan Limestall.

According to Douglas, most of his women "are real jocks" who can be found on a number of other women's teams and various intramurals.

"Sometimes it's a little frustrating," he sighed. "They're not always that serious about basketball when there's other sports around."

But the former Kansas State ballplayer isn't complaining. He claims his women are "fascinated with the team aspect of the game," and haven't slipped into the flamboyant freelance style of basketball that has permeated the male leagues. And that, he says, is refreshing.

So is Steve Douglas. And so are the brand-new Illini basketball programs he and Lou Henson have brought to town. Whether he goes or stays, Douglas has left his mark.
Anything you can do...

Women’s sports make the big time

Track

Fighting injuries, a short schedule and inexperience, the 1975 University of Illinois women’s track team still managed upper division finishes in all its meets.

The first of two Illinois Invitational was held at the Armory on April 5. The Illini finished in third place, behind Eastern and Southern Illinois, setting a foundation which would be steadily improved upon with each progressive meet.

Illinois’ 68-point effort in an April 12 triangular meet fell just two points shy of Eastern Illinois’ winning total. The last place team, Indiana State, finished with 53 points.

The next time, however, Illinois outdistanced Southern and EIU to take third place in the Illinois Invitational outdoor meet at Memorial Stadium in April, trailing behind powerhouse Michigan State and Illinois State.

The Illini grabbed their only first of the season in May at the Purdue Invitational, defeating a field of six teams, including Eastern Illinois.

Nessa Calabresse, a versatile athlete in several sports, took first in the javelin and discus competition with distances of 118′ 4 3/4” and 106′ 6”, respectively. Both were season highs.

Mary Dimit was first in the 400-meter hurdles with a time of 51.8 seconds, while Nancy Wertman won the 220 with a mark of 27.2 seconds.

The season climaxed in May with a narrow second place finish behind Illinois State at the state meet.

Bev Washington established season-high and meet record distances of 17′ 9 1/2” in the long jump and 5′ 5” in the high jump. Wertman was first in the 220-yard dash with a time of 25.9 seconds.

Donna Filip ran the 440-yard race in 60 seconds flat to capture first place in that event. Jerry Mayhew and Judy Harris were the third pair of Illini coaches Illini runner Mary Dimit had seen in her three years at the University.

“We had a former Olympic coach my freshman year,” Dimit said, “but lost her to Michigan State, which had a bigger budget.”

“Jerry (Mayhew) was a pretty good coach, but didn’t push us as hard as we should have been.”

Jan Smith, distance runner, agreed. “I’m sure that in theory, his method was good. We might have needed a coach that drove us a bit harder. Jerry thought that people should choose what they want to do. He put little pressure on us.”

In 1976, Jessica Dragicevic will become the fourth coach of the women’s track team in four years. She hopes to stay a bit longer than her predecessors.

“The coaches (in women’s sports) are usually graduate students, who only stay for a year or two and then leave school,” she said. “It’s difficult to build a program, but this one is being built really fast. I’d like to stay around awhile.”

Assisting Dragicevic will be Bonnie Everhart, former Indiana University student who is “here for the experience.”

With most of last season’s still-young but improving team returning, coupled with Dragicevic’s early training program, the track team is prepared to help strengthen the upswing of women’s sports at the University.

Rugby

Playing a game relatively unknown to most university students, the “Mother Ruggers” of the Illinois Women’s Rugby Club played their fall season in virtual anonymity. But in the midst of continued frustration for Illini sports,
the team provided a ray of hope as they fashioned a glittering 7-1 record.

Started several years ago by an Illini rugby's wife who grew tired of her spectator's role, the Club grew to a membership of twenty-five women by the start of last fall's schedule. The eight-game slate included matches with three other Big 10 Conference schools: Michigan State, Indiana, and Wisconsin. The team also played games with several municipal clubs from Indiana.

The Mother Ruggers warmed up with solid home victories over Wisconsin and Fort Wayne, Indiana, before traveling to Indiana for the Tri-State Meet. After a first-round bye, the women were dealt their only defeat of the season by Cortland State University of New York. The team bounced back in the consolation game with a convincing win over the Indiana Reds, a municipal team, and earned a third place finish.

After edging Michigan State and crushing Missouri in an away contest, the team traveled north to play Wisconsin again. In what Coach Pat Marsh called "our best game of the year," the Mother Ruggers downed the Badger team convincingly. The squad capped their spectacular season with a home victory over Indiana. Building on that success, the team prepared for the Big 10 meet in April, hoping to improve on last spring's second place finish.

Looking beyond the success of the team in the victory column, the women have several obstacles which have to be overcome. Because of the team's status as a club sport, the women have received no financial support from the University other than a special grant last spring for team jerseys. Money is also a problem in another way, for the Mother Ruggers sometimes are forced to travel 400 miles by private cars to play, and not all the team members can afford to make every trip.

Being the only women's team in Illinois has presented more than enough problems in scheduling games. Not only are there not enough different teams to play, but according to Coach Marsh, cancellations and last-minute changes in games often occur, resulting in considerable amounts of bad feelings between teams. Marsh hopes that an association of Midwest women's teams can be formed to correct these types of difficulties.

What appeal does this game hold for women? Rugby's camaraderie and other social aspects of the game are often cited as a few of its attractions. The fast, non-stop action of the game is also an appeal. Finally, the roughness of the sport is an attraction, although, as one player puts it, "It's only as rough as you make it. If you're out to kill, you're going to be killed."

The future of women's rugby at the University seems secure. Marsh believes that "the ball has gotten rolling and it won't be as hard as it was" to keep interest in the game alive. Although the 1976 team will have suffered substantial graduation losses, the spirit and interest of the returning players should provide the leadership necessary to keep the Mother Ruggers in action.

**Tennis**

"Women's tennis is improving all the way down the line," according to Carla Thompson, coach for the Illini women's tennis team. She should know. She coached the Illini through a successful season and all the way down to the state championship.

The Illini came in first in competition with 25 teams participating in the Illinois Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (IAIAW).
Each school entered two singles players and two double teams. Illinois player Barb Davis ranked third in the state in women’s tennis after the tournament. Colleen MacNamara and Maureen Nelson placed second in the state for doubles.

“Tennis is rising so fast, especially for women,” Thompson said, “Each year in the Big Ten, I see women becoming more proficient players and the competition getting better.”

One of the reasons for the team’s success this year was their attitude. “The women played hard and with a lot of confidence,” Thompson said.

In the IAIAW tournament, Thompson claimed, “The attitude of the team was simply great. They believed they were the best. They believed they were champions.”

Davis, one of the team’s top players, said she thinks the success of the team was not only a result of the players’ abilities, but more importantly, in the coaches.

“I was never very confident in myself, so I had problems handling pressure during a match,” Davis said. “Carla has given me and the whole team that confidence we need. It’s because of her that I’ve played harder this year for the team than ever before.”

Alice Tibbetts

Volleyball

The Women’s Volleyball team, for the second consecutive year, finished a disappointing fourth place in the State Tournament of the Illinois Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women.

Yet the general feeling of the “Spiking Illini” is that they can’t wait till next year after finishing out this season’s slate with a record of 15-13-3.

The Illini split their first 14 matches going into the Big Ten Championships in October, showing a lack of consistency throughout. This could have been due to the fact that some of the team had a little trouble getting to know Coach Terry Hite, which lead to a couple of internal problems. Nessa Calabrese, a three year starter, was expelled from the team for allegedly refusing to enter a meet against Southern Illinois-Carbondale Oct. 18, and Marijo Dluzak, also a starting junior, quit the team a month later, saying that she was uncomfortable with the situation and didn’t want to be back into a corner as Calabrese was.

But the team then took second place behind Michigan State in the first Big Ten Meet held in Minneapolis. They finished third in the annual Illinois Invitational at Kenney Gym and won fourth at the state tournament held in the IMPE building here.

“I think that Illinois can’t go anywhere but up, and if we didn’t have those internal problems about a month ago, the state tournament would have been a different story,” said graduating varsity setter Linn Lourcey.

“This was the best year in my four years on the volleyball team. This is the first year that the team has been one whole team. Before there were cliques,” said Lourcey.

“Maybe it was because of the fact that Nessa got kicked off the team and Marijo quit. After that happened, the pressure was gone and everybody got together. Maybe all of the hassles brought us together,” she said.

The Illini will be losing only two players, 1975 captain Lourcey and Mary Livingston for the 76-77 season. Seven of the nine first-team players will be returning to the Illini lineup next year. Sue Bochte, Mary Ellen Wilson, Cathleen Gartland, Janet Roberts, Jean Schlinkman, Dorothy Carver and Peg Moeck will all be back to fight for the Illini.

Although Lourcey will no longer be able to compete for
the Illini, she has expressed an interest in becoming an assistant coach for next year.

In finishing fourth in the State Tournament, the Illini lost to national power Chicago Circle in the semi-finals in two hard-fought games, 16-14, 15-9. Then they seemed to lose their spark and momentum, losing to perennial nemesis, Illinois State in the third place game, 12-10, 1-15, 6-15. Thus the Spiking I failed to advance to the Midwest Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women Regional Tournament held in Dayton, Ohio.

After its impressive play against Chicago Circle, the 1975 state champion, the team showed signs of coming into its own at the Illinois Invitational and the State Tournament.

The hardest quality for a young team to exhibit in volleyball is consistency, and the Illini lacked that for the 1975 season. But the team seems ready to settle down, and could be a national power in the near future.

"We have the talent to be No. 1 in the state next year," said Terry Hite. "Even though we are losing a good setter in Linn Lourcey, we should be good."

If the Spiking Illini can carry their momentum over to next season, that prediction may become an understatement.

Bruce Bender

Golf

For the women's golf team, 1975 was the year they accomplished two major objectives winning the state championship and beating Illinois State.

Although the state crown was a big accomplishment, the UI squad was equally happy they could handle the rival Redbirds this year. IUS had defeated the Illini in every match in 1974. But 1975 saw Illinois finish behind the Redbirds only once, and that was a sixth place finish in the Midwest Tournament at Bowling Green, Ohio, just one spot behind ISU.

The absence at the tournament of Janice Kimpel, who has played with the team for three years, apparently hurt the Illini enough to keep them from placing higher in the competition.

"Janice probably would have shot somewhere between 80 and 83, which would have improved our team standing by about 15 strokes," coach Betsey Kimpel said.

The Illini women ended the season with two dual victories, the state championship, and third, fourth and sixth place finishes in three invitational matches.

The success of the team and its individual players was partly a result of increased competition among team members, Kimpel claimed.

"With more girls out for golf, it makes their playing a little sharper among themselves because they have to compete for the traveling team," she said.

"I think the girls just had more confidence this year. We all knew each other better this year and could work more easily together," Kimpel added.

Two of the Illini's best golfers were also medalists last fall. Becky Beach, in her first year with the Illini, earned medalist honors in four of the six matches. Diane Miller, a sophomore, was also a medalist in 1975.

The outlook for 1976 seems excellent. "I'll have seven returning players, and that seems like a good nucleus to start out with next year," Kimpel said. "A transfer student could be a pleasant surprise, too."

But the way Coach Kimpel's squad shapes up now, they don't appear to need that much help.

Alice Tibbetts
Seniors
Residences &
Organizations
At a time when many college graduates are finding it difficult to get a worthwhile job, faith in the intellectual or monetary value of a degree is badly slipping.

Junior colleges are packed with students taking two year vocational courses. So are schools specializing in electronics, secretarial work and mechanical repairs.

According to many economists, the current economic squeeze has not affected the college graduates' job opportunities as much as those of blue collar workers. But many of the over one million people expected to graduate from college and professional schools in 1976 are worried about being underemployed or unemployed.

Statistics for the class of 1975 justify their concern.

A college placement survey conducted during the summer of 1975 showed a decrease of 24 per cent in the placement of graduates awarded bachelor's degrees, an 18 per cent drop among master's degree holders and a 37 per cent decline among new Ph.D. holders.

Beyond this sudden decrease in job vacancies, there has also been a dramatic shift to job opportunities that favor minorities and women. There has also been a surge of married women entering the job market. Combined, these factors have produced an erosion in the bargaining position of white males.

Sheer numbers also seem to be working against college graduates. The echo of the baby boom remains. There are vast numbers of people in college. Over 10 million student are expected to graduate from colleges in the 70's — as many graduates as were employed in 1970.

The college graduate is in a frustrating position. Today's students have superior technical and communication skills and are generally more appreciative, humble and creative. Yet many employment agencies are filled with students willing to take lower salaries than in past years.

While on campus, however, students can take advantage of the campus interviews and placement offices free of charge. The confident student learns how to "sell" himself to the market, and job interviews give one this opportunity.

The interviewing process has been in use for over 50 years, although in recent years there have been noticeable changes in the attitudes of both the interviewers and applicants.

During the 1950's, career counselors told students not to be too aggressive in interviews and only follow questions asked by the interviewer. Then in the 60's, trainability became the key concept. Companies in the 70's are now looking for the most intelligent people in specific areas.

At the University of Illinois, there are numerous offices to
The real world and welcome to it

by Ed Bramlet  illustration by Patricia Anderson

aid the student looking for a job, yet these are not as easily accessible as the student might wish. There are 20 placement offices, of which only six have more than a single part-time staff person.

All University students and alumni may use the Office of Career Development and Placement located on the ground floor of the Student Services Building. Services offered include career counseling, employment interviews, a biweekly job vacancy bulletin and resume reproductions.

According to Dave Bechtel, office director, the office handles 11,600 contacts annually and makes over 60,000 job vacancies. While may colleges reported a significant drop in the placement of graduates, the Office of Career Development and Placement boasted gains in certain areas.

Placement services are only a preliminary step. The next hurdle is to overcome the job interview. A successful interview may lead to a follow-up session at the firm’s office.

One of the most important pre-interview tools is the personal resume, a detailed account of all relevant information needed by an employer. And while a good resume cannot get a job, it can provide a face-to-face meeting with a prospective employer.

If a student wants to initiate a search on his own, a starting point may be the library for references. Another possibility is to use employment agencies, although one must be certain to deal with reputable firms.

Some colleges, in the face of growing unemployment, have supplemented the usual job seminars with actual classes. In these courses, students are instructed in a range of area, from writing business letters to frequenting bars where local executives may be found.

The fact remains that many students may still not be able to find employment. Some economists think it many take years before the unemployment rate falls to the desired four per cent. Others even suggest this optimal rate may be raised to a permanent five per cent.

The job-seeking grad experiences a definite psychological battle. To combat feelings of inadequacy, one woman reread her letters of recommendation to convince herself that she still had what it takes.

If extended, the current unemployment crisis could create additional problems. The role of college in our society could decline if a college degree is no longer an open path to success.

There may be an unhealthy increase in frustration among graduates who cannot find jobs or feel they are underemployed. Unfortunately, the desires and drives of this generation may be stopped simply because there is no where to go.
There's gold in them thar hills

How many times will you have to face an unsympathetic receptionist before you find a job? The sense of frustration will grow if you're one of the thousands who dream of 'making it in the big city.' Take heart—it can be done; three University graduates describe the combination of luck, perseverance and nerve that paved their way to employment. Their stories are a source of inspiration to '76 graduates who will soon be telling countless secretaries that "I, uh, saw the ad in the paper..."

"It's a matter of knowing what you want."

For my thirteenth birthday my Aunt Jean gave me a subscription to Seventeen magazine. And as they say, that was the first day of the rest of my life. I write this from behind my desk in the New York office of Seventeen. I'm an editor.

Of course there were some steps I took from magazine reader to magazine editor. Basically, it's a matter of knowing what you want and doing everything possible to ensure that you get it. It helps if you're in love with the place where the jobs are. I have learned to appreciate the city where I can pay $1 for a cup of coffee, see garbage in the street and chain five locks on my door: New York.

I wanted to be a journalist ever since my mother prodded me to work on the junior high school newspaper. In high school, I was editor of the New Triër West News, but that wasn't enough. After all, I was eighteen and needed professional experience, so I worked part time as an editorial assistant on two medical magazines near school.

On my first day of college, I walked into the Daily Illini office and expected everyone to be awaiting my arrival. They weren't, but I put in my time as a reporter. After three years of the DI and one semester of Journalism, I decided I wasn't meant for newspapers. I liked the Illio's magazine format and its glossy pages. I became managing editor at the end of my junior year.

That summer was spent in New York City. I had won a Magazine Publisher's Association internship and was never more excited about anything in my whole life. I would be editing Esquire magazine for 10 weeks and had broadcast it to the world. My excitement was toned down a bit when I was transferred to Modern Packaging, a McGraw-Hill publication. I was the only one of 30 journalism students on the program with trade magazine experience. You win some, you lose some. We were introduced to the New York City magazine world in VIP style—cocktail parties with major magazine editors, magazine publishing seminars at Newsweek and a taste of hyped-up New York living.

After the initial culture shock, it was back to the realities of Champaign-Urbana when Professor John Schacht suggested I apply for Mademoiselle's Guest Editorship as my assignment for his magazine article writing class. Mademoiselle's Guest Editorship is one month during the summer when 14 guest editors from colleges across the nation come to the Mademoiselle New York office to produce 20 pages of the August college issue. I'm a believer in killing two birds with one stone, so I applied.

I also did what every other senior did—compose my resume and send out cover letters. I didn't send a mass-mailing, just to 20 magazine some of whom I had met over the summer. I interviewed in New York City during spring vacation and came back with one offer as well as:

"It's a bad year for magazines, we don't have any openings but we'll keep you in mind."

"We're cutting back our staff, how can we take anyone else on?"

"Why do you kids think you can go to the top so fast? Stay in Illinois, get some solid newspaper experience and then take on New York."

Bob Siegel
A month after my New York interviews I was notified I had won the Mademoiselle Guest Editorship. Among other things, like a chance to identify with ex-guest editors Sylvia Plath (author of The Bell Jar) and Ali McGraw, I had to be in New York by May 15, which meant finishing finals early and missing graduation. I tried to convince my sister Lora, then a junior at Illinois, to go through graduation for me. I used the sales pitch that this might be her only chance to graduate as a Bronze Tablet Scholar, but she refused me.

The best thing that came out of my month working and partying as a Mademoiselle Guest Editor was a job. I was the only Guest Editor with a journalism education and consequently, I was assigned to the production department. I served as coordinator of the Guest Editor Magazine section. Ah, luck and timing. The production editor was interviewing for a production assistant when I stepped in. My first job, on Mademoiselle magazine.

After six months of glamour on Mademoiselle, I received a call from Seventeen. They had remembered me from my spring interview and now I’m writing and editing for them.

Here, I work less than I did in college. No more juggling classes, studying, activities and social life. College was a 24-hour job for me.

Working in New York City, I’ve had to give up a lot of what I once took for granted. Sometimes I get nostalgic for the college campus where you can walk to a friend’s house in minutes and where you can approach strangers without thinking that they’re out to get you. It’s true that New York City living is the ultimate test of survival of the fittest. To survive, you quickly pick up things like how much to tip cab drivers, asking for a menu before taking a table in a restaurant and the art of waiting in line. Very creative people, New Yorkers don’t just wait in line. To take advantage of spare time they equip themselves with paperbacks, snacks and pocket backgammon. Even doing laundry and buying groceries are hassles in New York. My Park Avenue neighbors send out their laundry and order in their groceries.

To New Yorkers, anywhere east of Ohio is farmland except California, which really doesn’t count because the people there are crazy. New Yorkers are “hip and hard.” They’ve seen it all and done it all. They think I talk funny and that I have that Midwestern quality of innocence.

But there’s something about New York that makes me want to stay here. I know I’ve made it when, flying over Manhattan at night, I can look down and say, “I live here.”

by Charla Krupp

“‘I’m a great believer in Lady Luck.’”

I’m a great believer in Lady Luck. At a time when the job outlook, particularly in journalism, looks as promising as winning a million dollars in the lottery, she generously gave me a nudge in the right direction. The right combination of chance, a phone call and my own experience landed me a job as the editor of a weekly convention-tourist magazine in Chicago.

But the road to the working world wasn’t paved with gold and glory. Like all industrious college students about to be released into the non-academic world, I dutifully sent out resumes to several newspapers. (Thank God first class postage then was still 10 cents.) My efforts prompted no job
offers from those potential employers who obviously didn't know what they were missing. The situation looked dismal by the time I left the sheltered University community with no more than a placemat-sized piece of paper to help me in my search.

During my first month out of school, I continued to send out my stellar qualifications accompanied by a mug shot, but still no job offers knocking down my doors. However, this idyllic existence — cover letter writing and sleeping late — was abruptly halted by my fading finances. The simple need of money forced me to look for an office job.

The first stop in my quest for interim employment was at the friendly neighborhood employment agency. Mercifully, the experience was short. I succumbed to this skills-peddling set-up solely because the agency had placed an ad in the Sunday paper for a publishing assistant. Laden with my resume, clips and copies of the film magazine I had worked for, I walked into the agency office which, at 9 a.m., was already swamped with hopeful job applicants. I was promptly put through my paces — typing test, personality test and third grade math test. The publishing job, which I did interview for, suddenly no longer existed because the company decided it didn't need an assistant after all (so much for decisive big business). With that opportunity gone, I grudgingly agreed to investigate secretarial job positions. So, I spent two days practicing my typing, going out for interviews with Japanese import-export companies and chemical companies, and acquiring only blistered feet from traversing the Loop. Meanwhile, my counselor, fortunately, was understanding. She went through the ever-helpful Yellow Pages, calling every possible publishing company to see if she could find a job opening for me. By the time she had reached the 'S' section under "Publishing-Periodicals," I had come to the conclusion that I was destined to spend at least the first part of my working career floundering in the typing pool.

Then something miraculous occurred. There, under the 'T's' appeared "Tempo Magazine." The man my counselor talked to said he was interested in talking to me. It just so happened that he had just fired his editor and was looking for a replacement. I had never heard of the magazine before — it was a new publication — but the thought of actually getting a media job put me into an ecstatic state.

The rest of the story is now Chicago history. I had an interview and the man decided that my journalistic experience was enough to risk handing me his magazine. Yes, Lady Luck had rescued me from office drudgery and led me to that wonderful world of deadlines, printing problems and Tums addiction.

I've now had my first anniversary with the magazine. Whether because of stamina or stubbornness, I have survived in the business world. Eventually, it will be time to change jobs and I will again spend tedious hours sending out resumes and writing cover letters. I've still got a few years until I win a Pulitzer.

by Shirley Strzelecki

Whether because of stamina or stubbornness, I have survived in the business world.
"Persistence, perserverance and luck."

Persistence, perserverance and luck — that's the formula for finding any job, especially one in the Los Angeles area. Each year thousands of people are drawn to Southern California's warm climate and scenic surroundings hoping to beat out the many native Californians for that tangible element that makes us accepted and respected by society — a job.

Unfortunately, as many college graduates are now discovering, jobs aren't easy to come by, especially in such a favorable climate and "laid-back" atmosphere. Many graduates, except possibly those in engineering or computer sciences, are forced to settle for a job that is less than they expected to get with their hard-earned sheepskins. Sometimes the job search is so frustrating that it seems the best thing to do with your diploma is to go back to the Auditorium, make it into an airplane and send it soaring.

However, depending on the graduate's degree area, taking that lesser job with room for advancement and not giving up is the key to getting started.

Ex-students may have to come up with a lot of gimmicks to find an entry-level job. Luck is also in big demand.

It is important for all people starting in the job world to realize that good, satisfying, high-paying jobs aren't handed out on a silver platter, unless you're lucky enough to stumble into daddy's lucrative business. Most people at the top had to work their way up, and they sure aren't going to let some fresh college graduate start telling them how to run their business.

The best way to find an entry-level job is to put away the suntan lotion, pull on the classy threads and start knocking on doors. Personal contact, as opposed to letters, is essential — letters don't convey personality as well as pearly whites. A resume in hand is also important since it gives a detailed background.

Because it will probably take weeks or months to find a promising start, it's important to stick with the job hunt and not become depressed. Faith and confidence in yourself may waver and fade like stars in the LA smog, but don't give up! There are jobs everywhere if you look hard enough, even in California, the most populous state.

Graduates are often told all they need to do to get a job is be in the "right place at the right time." This seems like a ridiculous notion. How can anyone know when and where this miracle will strike?

Well, believe it or not, this can and does happen — in fact it happened to me. I checked out about 10 newspapers in person in the LA area for a reporting opening. There were none, but one newspaper in Glendale was in desperate need of a proofreader. So I took the job, figuring I could start writing stories in my spare time. Within one week I was made proofreader-copyeditor. After six weeks I was promoted to a reporter because I had proven myself on the proofreading job.

So, if I hadn't applied for a job just when the newspaper needed someone with journalistic skill, but not necessarily in a reporting capacity, and if I hadn't seen the opportunity for advancement, I'd still be stretched out on the beach catching some rays.

Hmmm ....

by Susan Sternberg
“Just because I’m in the College of Agriculture, it doesn’t mean I’m going to be a farmer. In fact, with a degree in apparel design, I probably couldn’t work on a farm even if I wanted to.”

The College offers a variety of options with instruction available in agriculture and home economics. Specialized areas range from ornamental horticulture to home management. Actually, studies in agriculture are a natural at the University. A location in one of the greatest agricultural regions in the country make it an advantageous place for both teaching and research.
Kenneth E. Doyle, Henry
Mary Kay Doyle, LaSalle
Carl J. Daewer, Belleville
William L. Durdle, San Jose
Marcia A. Eberwine, Chatham
Mary Ann Edwards, Taylorville

Peggy Elmore, Waggoner
Daniel L. Enos, Clinton
Constance Esmond, Springfield
Kim E. Falkenstrom, Hinsdale
Marilyn Farley, Seymour
Denise Fever, El Paso

Paul B. Finley, Newton
Jim Foley, Monticello
David A. Ford, Park Forest
Leah Freeman, Buffalo Grove
Stanley R. Frese, Fowler
James A. Gahn, Streator

Edward A. Gans, Plainfield
Carol Garde, Chicago
Diane Gilmartin, Chicago
Diann Gilmore, Gridley
Curtis H. Glawe, Farmer City
Fern Glazer, Chicago

Jan Goldberg, Skokie
Inez K. Goodsey, Downers Grove
Jo C. Grgurich, Evergreen Park
Keith R. Griffin, Clinton
Heidi J. Griminger, Peoria
Dean R. Grossmann, Normal

Arvydas Grybauskas, Chicago
Ellen Gumm, Paris
Kae S. Hankes, Urbana
Linda Harman, Urbana
Neal A. Harms, Forrest
Anita C. Hart, Downers Grove

Steven Huter, Urbana
Hollis A. Heller, Park Ridge
Mary A. Hendowski, Chicago
Cynthia Henert, Ashton
Kathleen M. Higgins, Chicago Ridge
Janet K. Hoback, Carlinville

Wilma D. Hooks, Mason
Laurie A. Hopkins, Glenview
Charles E. Hubner, Brighton
Krista L. Huffman, Crystal Lake
David R. Illyes, Flat Rock
Barry M. Jacobs, Chicago

John W. Jeckel, Delavan
John P. Jerrell, Aurora
Jennifer Johnson, South Holland
Patricia A. Johnson, Chicago
Patti Justus, Clarendon Hills
Patti Kidd, Lombard
Carol A. Kiner, Mt. Prospect
Patricia J. Kirchner, Bonfield
Janice L. Kirkpatrick, Kewanee
Theresa J. Klitzing, Champaign
Gary R. Knosher, Naperville
Jeffrey E. Koch, Polo

Dennis W. Koerner, Belleville
Carol Kopecky, Hillside
Wendy Krchak, Woodstock
Richard J. Kruee, Melrose Park
Iris Kweler, Evanston
Ted O. Lancaster, Warren

Norman Larson, Maple Park
Robin A. Laude, Urbana
Nancy C. Laws, Chicago
Sunne T. Layden, Hoopston
Kevin Leeman, Harrisburg
Helen Lehman, Arlington Hts.

Darl Leman, Forrest
Jen Liang, Urbana
Rick Liggert, Westville
Karen Lindquist, Flossmoor
Scott Litherland, St. Francisville
Judy Lynn, Stonington

Ruth Mackey, Chadwick
Lynn E. Mader, Arlington Hts.
Henry R. Martin, Chicago
Leonard Massa, Raymond
Jayne E. Matras, Granite City
James D. McCormick, Mt. Pulaski

Dell K. McCoy, Blue Mound
Judy M. McDonald, Urbana
Joel K. McIntyre, Swansea
David McLaughlin, LeRoy
Holly McLean, Park Ridge
David E. Merkle, Danforth

Kurt C. Meyer, Moline
Linda R. Meyer, Grand Chain
Carla Michael, Glencoe
Dennis E. Miller, Robinson
David S. Milton, Heyworth
Michael L. Mirkky, Evanston

Craig T. Moore, Niantic
Bonnie J. Morgan, Taylorville
Terry S. Morgan, El Paso
Lynne Morrison, New Lenox
Kathy Morton, Coatsburg
Thomas R. Murphy, Wyoming

Beverly A. Myers, Lexington
Nancy E. Myers, Glenview
Holly A. Neuman, Wilmette
Carol D. Newcomb, Galesburg
Sharon D. Nicholas, East St. Louis
Thomas P. O’Connell, Deerfield
Gary B. Ohlinger, Rochelle
Kevin L. Olson, Leland
Marcy Park, Skokie
Martin W. Parsons, Urbana
Donna M. Pasternak, Carpentersville
Terry A. Pease, Lockport

Alan A. Petersohn, Maple Park
Diane C. Popper, Glenwood
Dennis Priegnitz, Algonquin
Sandy Pritchett, Decatur
Debra J. Pruett, Champaign
Marian K. Prybil, Chicago

Richard W. Radke, Champaign
Mary Lou Raney, Farmer City
Mark S. Read, Putnam
Helen Reback, Chicago
Julie Redwine, Evanston
Denise K. Reed, Mount Vernon

Frank Scott Reifsteck, Tolono
John B. Reynolds, Streator
Sandra J. Riddle, Bloomington
Anne Rodiek, Skokie
Ronald L. Romersberger, Gridley
Steve Rosengren, Rock Falls

Susan D. Rowe, Collinsville
Jay C. Runner, Blandinsville
Mary Russell, Danville
Robert C. Rutledge, Le Roy
Barbara A. Saak, Park Forest
Jan Sailer, Carmi

Kenneth Saladin, Woodstock
John M. Salzman, Chebanse
Mary Lynn Schanzlin, Olympia Fields
Margaret A. Schroed, Paxton
William H. Schultz, Wadsworth
Mark J. Schusler, Chicago

Marian Sharples, Chicago
Beth L. Shay, Joliet
Michael Shelar, Beecher
Edward R. Shimp, Sparland
Alicia Shubart, Chicago Hts.
Elaine E. Simon, Princeton

Sara M. Sims, Liberty
Allen Sisson, Garden Prairie
John C. Slayton, Blandinsville
Barbara Jean Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.
Donald J. Smith, Sparland
Elizabeth K. Smith, Decatur

Gary K. Smith, Northbrook
Melody Ann Smith, Oreana
Joelle Soefker, Northbrook
Edward W. Specht, Milledgeville
Judy E. Spence, Decatur
Douglas L. Spinhirne, Lena
Patty L. Stahle, Clarendon Hills
Thomas E. Stanger, Westchester
Ronald D. Starr, Nauvoo
Stephanie Stauder, Arlington Hts.
Barbara L. Steiner, Chrisman
Wayne D. Steinhour, Greenview

Douglas F. Stewart, Homewood
Richard L. Stewart, Greenup
Stephanie L. Stoecker, East Peoria
Keith Storck, Farina
Marsha Stout, Wilmette
Susan Stuckey, Martinton

Joan K. Sweeney, Bradley
Alan R. Taylor, Chrisman
Jan A. Taylor, Wilmette
William J. Taylor, Virginia
Richard C. Teel, Rushville
Joseph Tedich, Morton Grove

Janet L. Terry, Homewood
Joan A. Terry, Homewood
Carla J. Thompson, Blaisdville
Georgiana D. Trees, Palatine
Marilyn J. Trewartha, Dwight
David J. Tyznik, Lisle

Thomas D. Valluzzi, Engelwood, Fla.
Vicki L. Varner, Godfrey
Karen J. Velde, New Holland
Nancy A. Vikander, Elmhurst
Nancy C. Vinson, St. Joseph
Richard Vogrin, Newark

Elizabeth D. Wagner, Ogden
Lynn Ann Walker, Joliet
Carol Warren, Urbana
Nancy L. Watson, DeKalb
Diane Wendell, Downers Grove
Monte White, Moline

Ron D. White, St. Joseph
Scott White, Moline
R. Kevin Williams, Mill Shoals
Emma L. Withrow, Alton
Robert Young, Good Hope
Mary Ann Zaborowski, Chicago

Judy Zetterberg, Kewanee
Pamela ZuHone, Charleston
Warren L. Zumdahl, Freeport
Heidi Zwirlein, Glen Ellyn
Frederick R. Kallmayer, Urbana
“All of a sudden I was transformed from a PE major to a graduate in Applied Life Sciences. It sounds a lot classier and sure looks better on a resume.”

New positions are opening up for graduates in Applied Life Sciences as the need for expanded programs in health and safety increases. Students in the college can choose majors in physical education, health and safety and recreation and park administration. PE courses do not only train individuals for future occupations, however. The wide selection of sport and exercise courses are ideal for staying in good health and shape.
Joy D. Allen, Mundelein
Susan L. Arkine, Oglesby
Sandra L. Arnold, Salem
Linda Bantz, Urbana
Jean Baumann, Chicago
Beth E. Bersin, Indian Head Park

Tracey A. Bishop, Oak Lawn
Anthony J. Brajenovich, Naperville
Eileen Brelin, Niles
Susan Brickman, Chicago
Gary E. Brownfield, Danville
Catherine E. Burke, Waukegan

Kathleen Curtin, Champaign
Rhea Davis, Skokie
Connie Dayment, Niles
Pat Eckerle, Glen Ellyn
Diane Eckhouse, Chicago
Garnet Engelman, Sciote Mills

Teri C. Erickson, Rockford
Elizabeth M. Faulks, Lake Forest
Diana L. Fleischman, Glen Ellyn
Lucy Fosholt, Muscatine
Fritzie Fricke, Lincoln
Susan K. Gelvin, Champaign

Holly Gibson, Mattoon
Carole L. Goldberg, Skokie
Nancy Goldstein, Olympia Fields
C. Ellen Good, Champaign
Teresa Greathouse, Mattoon
Randi Greenwood, Peoria

Susan C. Hagel, Shawano, Wisc.
Rita K. Hill, Mattoon
Sally Jo Hochschild, Northbrook
Daniel M. India, Chicago
Judith A. Jacobs, Chicago
Lynn Karampelas, Palos Park

Karen Kedzior, Chicago
Dalena Kemna, Westville
Margaret R. King, Danville
Michaelene M. Konecki, Homewood
Nancy S. Dron, Moline
Catherine Kronst, Belleville

Lynn Kurtz, Skokie
Ann Lagomarcino, Moline
JoAnn L. Larson, Sandwich
Rhonda J. Leech, Zion
Linda LeFevre, Carbondale
Mary Livingston, Park Forest

Florence Madden, Freeport
Ann L. Miller, Dixon
Sandra L. Miller, Arlington Hts.
Barbara Mittelstaedt, Niles
Dennis L. Mohrman, Camp Point
Cynthia D. Morton, Rockford
Hope Needelman, Morton Grove
Roxanne Nilsen, Lombard
Maggie O'Malley, Glenview
Becky Oto, Florissant, Mo.
Lynne Palmer, Champaign
Nancy C. Paterson, Champaign

Michael Patrick, Oregon
Susan Pistorius, Blue Mound
Karen L. Pitt, McLean
Karen L. Racine, Chicago
Andrea L. Schneider, Skokie
Ellen M. Schoenberg, Mt. Prospect

Audrey Schwartzberg, Chicago
Jo Ann Searles, Alton
Shireen Seif, Urbana
Catherine Smith, Bloomington
Shelli Stockbarger, Springfield

Sharon M. Sutton, Gridley
Karen Taylor, Conyers, Ga.
Gina M. Thiel, Paris
Joe D. Tiberi, Elmhurst
William A. Titus, Galesburg
Terry L. Tobias, Antioch

Nadine Trailov, Berwyn
Cynthia K. Uptegraft, Marion
Cheryl Vedrine, Park Ridge
Sandra J. Weisman, Chicago
Nancy Wentink, Evanston
Julie R. Wilson, Springfield

Bette L. Wurmle, Fairbury
"Yeah, I stood out there at 2 a.m. in 20 degree weather to sign up for interviews with business firms last January. When there’s 400 other Commerce graduates, you’ve got to try to be first in line."

The College of Commerce trains students for careers in accounting, management, banking, insurance and marketing. Enrollment in these curricula have been increasing at an incredible rate and entry has become considerably more difficult. But degrees in Commerce have a significant advantage. It is an area where graduates are able to get jobs within their field.
Nancy J. Adams, Litchfield
Andrew T. Allen, Flossmoor
Ahmad Al Sabah, Kuwait
David W. Ambors, Oak Lawn
Laurie M. Amsterdam, Highland Park
Bill Anderson, Tinley Park

Carol L. Anderson, Burbank
Gerard V. Anderson, Berwin
Martin D. Anderson, Bell Flower
Marcia J. Ashlevitz, Morton Grove
Denise M. Atkinson, Ottawa
Paula K. Bachert, Montgomery

Charles D. Bainbridge, Decatur
Stephen W. Balow, Northbrook
Carol Bartel, Rockford
Thomas J. Batina, Chicago
Jay Baxter, Depe
Steve Beckmann, Glenview

Dennis W. Belcher, Jonesboro
Janet Belloff, Highland Park
Rhonda Belson, Kankakee
Rachelle Benarroch, Chicago
Arnie A. Bennett, Danville
Robert A. Bensman, Park Forest

John C. Beresheim, Arlington Hts.
Bennett D. Berg, Skokie
Lisa Berg, Prospect Hts.
Robert N. Bergadon, Hampshire
Craig S. Bergknott, Urbana
Kent A. Berkley, Skokie

Roger D. Beutel, Tremont
Benita M. Bialy, Berwyn
Thomas L. Bigott, Itasca
Lucinda Birk, Enfield
Stephen L. Black, Rockford
Mark L. Blackwell, Buffalo

Bryan S. Bloom, Rolling Meadows
Debra A. Blow, Moline
Ann M. Boesen, Park Ridge
Bruce E. Borsom, Hinsdale
Sheldon L. Braun, Oak Park
Barbara Brekke, Niles

Michael R. Brennolt, Champaign
Louis H. Brockman, Jerseyville
Fran B. Broich, Aurora
Bronwyn Brosk, Chicago
Sheri L. Brownstein, Hazelcrest
Cary P. Brown, Flossmoor

David N. Brown, Villa Park
Janet L. Brown, Wilmington
Scott M. Brown, Highland Park
Beth A. Brune, Arlington Hts.
Peter J. Buck, Kankakee
Betty J. Bueckholtz, Barrington
John J. Fisher, Des Plaines
Donald R. Fitzgibbon, Aurora
Thomas Fitzpatrick, Palos Hts.
Jill S. Flaningam, Elmhurst
Brian Flax, Highland Park
James W. Flexman, Roselle

Steven W. Foley, Kankakee
Laura L. Fossberg, Vandalia
Diana L. Foster, Pekin
James J. Foster, Joliet
Randy V. Fouth, Peru
William D. Fox, Madison

Jim Frederickson, Calumet City
Thomas C. Freyman, Mt. Prospect
Barry R. Friefield, Highland Park
Barbara E. Friling, Lombard
Jeffrey Gaddy, Lawrenceville
Michael A. Gagliano, Norridge

Mark Galbreath, Champaign
Joyceylin M. Gardner, Madison
Robert C. Gebert, Blue Island
Robert J. Georges, Alton
Larry W. A. Gerber, Waterloo
Mary S. Geroulis, Lombard

Robert D. Gillen, Naperville
Margaret M. Glazar, Chicago
Rhonda Gnippe, Oak Park
Karen Lynn Godfrey, Park Ridge
Alan Gold, Oak Park
Robert L. Golding, Springfield

Barbara Goldstein, Chicago
Karen M. Golz, Hometown
Susan J. Graff, Glenview
Glenn E. Gray, Rock Island
Alan M. Green, Skokie
Loree L. Green, Chicago

Daniel M. Greenberg, Park Forest
Jeffrey D. Greenspan, Skokie
Charles S. Grierson, Champaign
Vern Griffith, Waukegan
Linda Grosko, Justice
William E. Gross, Palatine

Stan Gross, Balleville
Gayle Guthrie, Park Forest
Steve Haas, Berkeley
Nancy Hannula, Elgin
Paula A. Harbecke, Calumet City
Debra A. Hardin, Clinton

Webb Hayne, Hammond, Ind.
Klaus Hein, Des Plaines
Jerry Heinze, Springfield
David B. Hempe, Glen Ellyn
Kathleen M. Henningman, Champaign
Joanne P. Hertwig, Naperville
Thomas M. Hickey, Joliet
George M. Himmels, Villa Park
Steven J. Hirsh, Morton Grove
John A. Hodnik, North Chicago
James P. Hogan, Morton
Mark Hohmann, Springfield

Steve Holden, Tuscola
Steven F. Holm, Peoria
Steve Holmberg, Homewood
Irene Holod, Chicago
Susan Hooker, Lombard
Stephen Hopfensperger, Libertyville

Grace C. Hsieh, Naperville
Vic Incinelli, Mt. Prospect
Steven M. Isaacson, Chicago
Lawrence Israel, Highland Park
Richard A. Israel, Glenwood
Gary J. Jivce, Wilmette

Glenn A. Jacobs, Chicago
Julee A. Janetske, Crete
Thomas L. Janssen, Minto
Paul J. Jaracz, Calumet City
Scott L. Jeffrey, Byron
Steven D. Jelm, Somonauk

Kevin Jennings, Lake Forest
Farley A. Johnson, Chicago
Lynn L. Johnson, Evergreen Park
Susan M. Johnson, Homewood
Richard J. Jung, Westchester
James A. Kaeetzer, Oswego

David P. Karpman, Springfield
Beverly K. Katich, Gillespie
Lawrence W. Keating, Evergreen Park
Joseph V. Kelley, Olney
Rob Kemp, Joliet
Brenda Kennedy, Urbana

David C. Kennicutt, Morton
Daniel L. Kennicutt, Morton
Warren J. Kerrigan, Lombard
Han J. Kim, Chicago
Kristine W. King, Hong Kong
Ronald B. Kirchier, Dolton

John L. Kirkton, Tinley Park
Craig M. Klaas, Rockford
Gerald W. Kleckner, Lena
Michael T. Klemm, Springfield
Joseph H. Kolkebeck, Homewood
Joward R. Korenthal, Arlington Hts.

Kimberly R. Korgie, Peoria
Bill Kottas, Lansing
Kathy Koziol, Oak Park
Jeff Kritzman, Morton Grove
James H. Kengel, Deerfield
Richard H. Kruke, Wood Dale
Lawrence R. Krupp, Glen Ellyn
Ray Kubis, Palos Hts.
Ingried C. Kubitz, Chicago
Diane Kuchen, Worth
Charles Kukla, Broadview
Gary Kusmierzczak, Collinsville

Judy Lamb, Park Forest
Jeff Lansauer, Park Forest
William J. Land, Highland Park
Frederick S. Lappe, Skokie
Ed Laumbacher, Crystal Lake
Albert F. Lechner, Chicago

Robert Lenz, Naperville
Wendy Lewinthal, Wilmette
Gerald Lincocke, Chicago
Neal Lohuis, Park Ridge
Richard Lopatin, Skokie
Ronald Lorsch, Calumet City

Terry Lustic, Highland Park
Richard Lynn, Mt. Prospect
John S. MacArthur, Glenview
Phl Magid, Skokie
Nahid Maknoon, Champaign
Patrick T. Makris, Danville

Evan B. Maling, Chicago
Mark R. Mandell, Chicago
David K. Mangian, Urbana
Larry Marcucci, River Forest
Jeffrey M. Marks, Park Forest
Michelle Maroney, Peoria Hts.

Michael S. MaRous, Park Ridge
Gregory L. Marrs, Marshall
Marsha R. Martin, Aurora
William E. Martin, Aurora
Bruce V. Mast, Champaign
William L. Mathers, Knoxville

Maureen M. Matthew, Palatine
Amy C. May, Clarksdale, MI
James L. Mazur, Park Ridge
Brad McCaula, Decatur
Brent A. McCormick, Crystal Lake
Mark S. McDaniel, Pinckneyville

John M. McDonald, Freeport
Patricia A. McEnroe, Oak Park
Vicki L. McMahon, Urbana
Thomas O. McMinn, Moline
Gary B. Meister, Naperville
David B. Menn, Skokie

Thomas R. Metzfluh, Champaign
Gregory A. Mescher, Metropolis
Laurie L. Mester, Park Ridge
Jerry Meyer, Polo
Richard S. Meyer, Highland Park
Russ S. Meyer, Downers Grove
Ivy J. Millman, Chicago
Robert D. Mishur, Oak Forest
Michael Mixon, Marshall
Gary B. Modes, Skokie
Loren J. Morris, Evanston
Barry E. Moschel, Chicago

Paul Motenko, Lincolnwood
Mark W. Mox, Glenview
Thomas Mueller, Danville
Paul S. Neiweem, Mt. Prospect
Deborah L. Nelson, Dolton
Jana L. Nelson, Lakewood, Colo

Ralph D. Nemeth, Montgomery
Thomas Nemeth, Harvey
Steven M. Neshitt, Champaign
Grant R. Niehus, Northbrook
John A. Nordheden, Urbana
John J. O'Keefe, Hudson, Ohio

Douglas B. Olivero, Peru
Charles C. Otto, Geneva
Allan R. Palma, Palos Hills
Mark C. Paoli, Monticello
Christine Papajohn, Glenview
Mark Papierski, Blue Island

Michael S. Pasierb, Westville
Douglas Peterson, Gurnee
Patricia S. Phillips, Glasford
Susan Pick, Elmhurst
Brent Pierson, Rochelle
Holly S. Plotner, Chicago

Paul V. Pociakik, Hoopeston
Byron W. Powers, Chicago
L. P. Prast, Riverside
Patricia A. Pruemer, Teutopolis
Michael L. Ragdale, Springfield
Marilyn D. Ray, Chicago

Michael A. Regan, Chicago
Paula J. Renkosik, LaSalle
Richard L. Renner, Farmington
James A. Reynolds Jr., Aurora
Paula Reynolds, Centralia
Ronald L. Rice, Morton

James B. Riley Jr., Glenview
Marygal P. Ritzman, Glenview
Charles M. Rock, Peoria
John P. Rogers, Oak Park
Patrick M. Rogers, Elmhurst
Joan A. Romig, Urbana

Laura Rosenbrier, Chicago
Patrick J. Roxworthy, Hanover Park
Gary A. Rudenberg, Skokie
Linda Rugen, North Brook
Barbara Ruscetta, Western Springs
Matthew J. Rusch, Des Plaines
John Vercellino, Lockport
Charles J. Viater, Thornton
Sharon L. Wada, Park Forest
Rhonda Wagner, Skokie
David L. Waitz, Chicago
Ronald J. Walters, Chicago

Thomas Robert Walworth, Champaign
Stephen Wanting, Fort Wayne, Ind.
David R. Ward, Lacon
Patricia L. Warfield, Morton
Steve Warshaw, Morton Grove
James Watt, Broadview

Larry F. Weber, North Riverside
Linda L. Weber, Wheaton
Kerry Weinger, Wilmette
Gary A. Wencel, Prospect Hts.
Richard A. West, Long Beach, CA
Robert F. Westcott Jr., Glenview

Everett V. Westmeyer, Urbana
Janice L. White, Pekin
Glen L. Whitmer, New Lenox
Tom Whitney, Evergreen Park
Theodore Whittier, Chicago
Stephen P. Wiedman, Newman

Kevin R. Williams, Milledgeville
Craig P. Williams, La Grange
Rick R. Winters, Jerseyville
David L. Wittmer, Morton
Phillip D. Wolgel, Chicago
Paul R. Wood, Springfield

Douglas W. Worrell, West Point
William M. Yassinger, Chicago
Gina Yellin, Hinsdale
Pamela Young, Mattoon
Lee C. Ziegler, Fairfield
Michael B. Morgan, Fulton, KY.
"I can't explain what it is, but I've always had this thing about writing, especially for a newspaper. Journalism courses have shown me it takes more than talent to conduct interviews, make headlines fit, take good pictures and meet deadlines."

Only students with a strong desire for a career in communications are accepted into the college. Degrees are offered in advertising, journalism and radio and television. Graduates are trained for professional occupations and provided with practical experience in their fields. Specialized core courses are responsible for making the communications department one of the highest ranked in the nation.
Ellen Werdan, Libertyville
Judy K. Wiederhold, LaGrange
Susan E. Wilson, Springfield
Janet L. Wild, Paris, Forest
Jean Wittenauer, New Athens
Teda A. Yelton, Lombard

Kevin Horan
“People laugh when I tell them I'm against birth control. But it's really not funny. The more couples that have babies, the easier it's going to be for me to find a job.”

Education is still an extremely tight field, but placement is possible if graduates are willing to go where the available positions are. Training is provided in elementary, secondary, and special education. Students in the college have been given a more unstructured education, yet this open atmosphere has allowed them the freedom of a critical look at the teaching profession.
Jae L. Allen, Carmi
Wylene Y. Allen, Chicago
Mary E. Andersen, Walnut
Anthony B. Anderson, Chicago
Patricia A. Andrews, Tolono
Laurel A. Ash, Flossmoor

Jane M. Bailey, Aurora
Jeffrey D. Baldwin, Champaign
Linda N. Balsan, Palos Hills
Glenn R. Balsis, Elmhurst
Shelly A. Barbee, Peoria
Judy Bawer, Skokie

Julie Beckhart, Monticello
Andrew J. Benson, Deerfield
Virdell Black, Urbana
Judi A. Bladowski, Glenview
Gary D. Blankenship, Newark
Laurie Block, Evanston

Denise G. Bodner, Massapequa
Gail Boldt, Chicago
Karen C. Bosworth, Arlington Hts.
Rosemary Brill, Bloomington
Lorraine A. Brown, Urbana
Robin Burich, Joliet

Mary Kay Burkhalter, Mt. Morris
John W. Byrum, Miami Springs, Fla.
Susie Carter, Decatur
Nancy Chapman, Selmer, Tenn
Janet D. Comfort, Park Ridge
Mary Ellen Corry, Oak Park

Carol A. Cross, Polo
Corthy J. Czapiga, North Chicago
Janet S. Dalrymple, LeRoy
Carol DeLuga, Chicago
Linda DeCheck, Joliet
Helaine M. D’Vorkin, Long Branch, N.J.

Sue E. Eckerling, Skokie
Janette M. Eisele, Naperville
Linda Farley, Earlville
Timothy L. Ferguson, Centralia
Mimi Fink, Chicago
Bruce A. Fogel, Skokie

Alan S. Franklin, Chicago
Penny Frederickson, Cowman’s Grove
Barbara Cerdes, Gilman
George Gettridge, Greenvalley
Susan Goldkowski, South Holland
Helen Goldberg, Skokie

Susan Gomberg, Skokie
Susan Gottschaller, Streator
Susan Grahm, Skokie
Debi Granat, Glencoe
Caryn Gutmann, Skokie
Cheryl D. Hanley, River Forest
Linda G. Hardesty, Tolono
Nancy K. Harmon, Bradford
Patrick Heavens, East St. Louis
Donna Hoellinger, Champaign
John D. Hubbard, Urbana
Jean A. Huddle, Berwyn
Lisa Hyoff, Skokie
Michael Irvin, Oakwood
David A. Isaacson, Chicago
Kathleen M. Jensen, Kankakee
Terry L. Johnson, Joliet
Debra L. Kahn, Skokie
Frederick R. Kallmayer, Urbana
Holly F. Kaplan, Skokie
Linda S. Karagan, Chicago
Robin Kauth, Mt. Prospect
Vera Konowal, Arlington Hts.
Mary E. Huhn, Evanston
Neal T. Laybourne, Barrington
Penny Levine, Chicago
Mary Lindstrom, Rockford
Sally Lundgren, Moline
Laurie S. Lyons, Catlin
Regina F. Malone, Mount City
Sue Martinus, Cicago
Karen Marx, Skokie
Marcia J. McCullia, Decatur
Brenda J. McCullough, Iroquois
Heather Merchant, Elmhurst
Janet E. Metcalf, Champaign
Susan G. Miyagi, Niles
Melody C. Moninger, Elmwood Park
Cheri Murada, Rockford
Eileen A. Nagumo, Park Forest
Alice L. Nuthurst, Homewood
Peggy A. Odling, Rockford
Barry S. Okner, Chicago
Margo K. Payne, Savoy
Kenneth Pedersen, Elmhurst
Angela Ray, Palatine
Julie Rescho, Springfield
Nancy Ann Ritter, Chicago
Patrick Ryan, Chicago
Ruthann Ryan, Tuscola
Marale Sabath, Wilmette
Phillip Sands, Homer
Sherry Schiffer, Barrington
Karen Schumacher, Elgin
Karen S. Schumm, Joliet
Sandra Schwarz, Chicage
Cheryl Syro, Springfield
Sheree L. Shaffer, DuQuoin
Elaine Sheffield, Westville
Gary L. Steele, Mendota
Susan Stein, Skokie
Caryl Lavin Steinberg, Champaign
Lorena A. Strobel, Arlington Hts.
Hope Thompson, Evanston
Lynn Trost, Taylorville
Adrienne J. Wallman, Fairview Hts.

Sheryl Waxburg, Skokie
Karen Welsh, Glenwood
Jean Wilson, Libertyville
Deborah D. Woare, Decatur
Elaine J. Zborowski, Peru
Patricia A. Zelenka, Palatine
“Engineering, I guess, was a really practical choice. It’s one area where the job market is still open and I’m thankful for that.”

The College of Engineering is based on a foundation of scientific theory that is applicable to many occupations. Graduates are trained for careers in engineering, as well as for technical positions in government, business, education and industry. Enrollment in the college has grown steadily for obvious reasons. Nowhere else does the number of visiting companies exceed the number of graduating students.
Michael Freie, Cedar Rapids, la.
Mark A. Fundsmen, LaMoille
Michael J. Furland, LaSalle
Robert L. Gallo, Belleville
Louis E. Gantz, Morton Grove
William M. Garlanger, Chicago

Ebrahim Ghanbari, Bushire, Iran
Loren W. Gold, Wilmette
Robert P. Combas, South Holland
Stephen Goodwin, Danville
Bradley H. Gordon, Evanston
Boyce H. Grier, Jr., Urbana

Roy A. Grubb, Noble
Roberto T. Guardia, Belboas, Canal Zone
Raymond M. Guerin, Chicago
Gary A. Gustafson, Naperville
David W. Hamilton, Urbana
Kenneth H. Helberg, Loves Park

Martin Hendrickson, Catlin
David L. Hinchman, Peoria
David Hoffman, Rockville
John R. Holm, Oregon
John B. Holz, Wilmington
Larry G. Hundley, Noble

Alan B. Hunt, Norris City
Steven W. Hunt, Wilmington
James A. Huppert, Cropsey
Ted Ishiwari, Chicago
Scott J. Januzik, Arlington Hts.
Gary D. Jones, Mt. Zion

Paul B. Jones, McLeansboro
William L. Jones, Petersburg
Paul N. Kennedy, Pontiac
Paul J. Kesler, Champaign
Joseph F. Kitching, West Chicago
Thomas Kmitoek, Chicago

Eric M. Knight, Freeport
Richard L. Kohut, Pekin
Gregory L. Konieczny, Chicago
Mark A. Kopec, Flossmoor
Anthony A. Korleski, Rockton
Thomas Kovski, Springfield

Sharon J. Kozi, North Riverside
Arvid Krumins, Northbrook
Lawrence A. Kuhlin, Skokie
Edward B. Labelle, Norridge
Scott A. LaCourtiere, Dixon
James M. Laude, Urbana

John H. Lawicki, Roselle
Norman Laws, Chicago
Mary E. Leber, Mokena
Daniel LeStourgeon, Western Springs
Richard Liesse, LaSalle
Richard Little, Toledo, Ohio
Anita Liu, Mei Foo Sun Chuen, Hong Kong
Edward Locke, Naperville
Ray Lulewicz, Richton Park
Paul W. Magnuson, Rockford
David S. Marquette, Country Club Hills
Joel C. Maurer, Sullivan

Les Melkorn, Herrin
Robert A. Merrit, Edwardsville
James C. Meyer, Peoria
Alan E. Miller, Teutopolis
Dale W. Miller, Granite City
Gary A. Mills, Glenview

Michael R. Mlynarczyk, Palatine
Casimir R. Mokry, Chicago
Deborah J. Munday, Collinsville
Richard E. Moore, Greensboro, N.C.
Les C. Morris, Maitson
Ronald J. Morris, Danville

W. Dale Munn, Mt. Prospect
Larry A. Munson, Donovan
Robert K. Musselman, Northbrook
Barbara L. Myers, Dyer, Ind.
Steven F. Nelson, Urbana
Michael Nickey, Oakley

Richard A. Noujaim, Tripoli, Lebanon
Robert E. Novak, Homewood
Joy M. Ogawa, Chicago
Robert E. Osbrink, Darien
Ralph Otembiak, Downers Grove
Ronald M. Ozbark, Bensenville

Paul W. Parkinson, Mt. Prospect
John M. Paul, Downers Grove
John C. Peck, Moline
Howard E. Peterson, Chicago
Dwight A. Phelps, Mason City
Kenneth L. Philipp, Casey

Dale R. Pischke, Des Plaines
Robert E. Plachno, Chicago
James G. Peroelli, Chicago
Jorge Luis Quiros, Jr., Panama, Rep.
Vic Ranalletta, Springfield
Arthur G. Rawers, Stickney

Gary D. Reed, Effingham
Russell Reynolds, Streator
Ralph J. Rhodes, Gibson City
Bruce A. Rimbee, Springfield
David W. Rogers, Peoria
Michael Sabatini, Urbana

James M. Schafer, Skokie
Steve Schenck, Hoffman Estates
Ludger C. Schilling, II, New Athens
Edward Schlipf, Gridley
Melvin Schlobohm, Pekin
Ronald E. Schmitt, Homewood
Richard T. Schoening, La Grange
David Schoenwolf, Addison
Jeffrey Schroeder, Orion
Greg Schwarzentraub, Morton
Ellen Segan, Elmwood Park
Randall L. Segert, Crete

Keith E. Shaver, Rockford
Randy O. Shenberg, Chicago
Dennis R. Shookman, Decatur
Dwight D. Simpson, Casey
Victoria B. Simpson, Morton Grove
David A. Slager, Chicago

Robert Smith, Stonington
Todd A. Smith, Homewood
Scott G. Spillis, Lansing
Ed Stastny, Bensenville
Steve Stawarz, Orland Park
Kenneth J. Stawiarzki, Joliet

Mark A. Steffen, Congerville
Jack P. Steiner, Chicago
John C. Stocks, Evergreen Park
Michael Streck, Belleville
Steven J. Stringfellow, Washington
Catherine L. Struss, Arlington Hts.

Gregory P. Sullivan, Cleveland Hts.,
Ohio
Mark J. Sutherland, Hoffman Estates
Daniel G. Swanson, Bloomington
Jay J. Talaber, Arlington Hts.
Donald Tanis, Dolton
David S. Taylor, Hinsdale

Tim Thompson, Lisle
Edward Tiedemann, Belleville
Thomas W. Tobin, Park Forest
Steve B. Todaro, Quincy
Tin Y. Tse, Kowloon, Hong Kong
Allan M. Tuchman, Wilmette

Kenneth Turkowski, Chicago
John David Tyrrel, Countryside
Martha Van Geem, Urbana
John B. Vasen, Champaign
Michael B. Venhaus, Germantown
Gregg A. Waible, Peoria

Mike Waller, Carbondale
Robert Watson, Chicago
Kenneth F. Weter, Addison
George E. Werres, Joliet
Gail F. Westendorf, Pesotum
James Douglas White, Urbana

Edward M. Wicus, Chicago
Robert J. Wilger, Chicago
Diane L. Wille, Park Ridge
Donald S. Winn, Aurora
Gary E. Wojcik, Dolton
Robert J. Wojcik, LaGrange
Judy K. Wolfe, Park Forest
James P. Wright, Park Forest
Dom Zapf, Sublette
Michael E. Zmuda, Elk Grove

Lisa Wigoda
"If one more person talks to me about starving artists I'll scream. Can I help it if I love to paint? Let me be creative now and worry about getting a job later."

The College of Fine and Applied Arts stresses professionalism and aims to prepare students to compete with the tops in their fields. Departments within the college include architecture, art and design, fine arts education, dance, music and urban and regional planning. Among the bonuses of having a goal of professional competence are exhibitions in the Krannert Art Museum and plays and concerts in the Krannert Center for the Performing Arts. Once out of the University, however, talented graduates must remain confident and hope for their big break.
Patrie G. Allen, Chicago
Linda M. Anderson, Naperville
Paula L. Bachman, Monticello
Catherine M. Barker, McLeansboro
Elizabeth M. Bast, Charleston

Randall W. Basendale, Streator
Deborah Becker, Elgin
Michael W. Bielfeld, Anchor
Dana L. Blay, East Dundee
Lynn Bogen, Highland Park
Mark A. Bostjanic, Joliet

Stanley R. Cain, Peoria
William J. Camille, Sherman
Carmen Carlton, Glenview
Candace Christman, Urbana
Deborah Cleland, Champaign
Marla Sue Cohen, Chicago

Marianne Cutting, Oak Park
Sue E. Denny, Collinsville
Jerry A. Donna, Danville
Brian S. Donovan, Evanston
Michael Driscoll, Morton

Cynthia Duncan, Fowler
Randall Eckert, Millstadt
Kathleen J. Emery, Savoy
Robert Falls, Springfield
Mary B. Forges, Springfield
Jean E. Franz, Wheaton

Cheryl D. Frazes, Skokie
Mark Freding, Rockford
Gregory D. Getz, Morton
Ted A. Givens, Danville
Lori S. Goldsmith, Rock Island
Jorie B. Gracen, Niles

James P. Greetis, Barrington
Walter Hainsfurter, Flossmoor
John M. Halloran, Cary
Susan Hatzis, Joliet
Patty Hemmis, Augusta, GA.
Kevin G. Hickey, Elgin

Donald R. Hild, Tremont
Karen L. Horwitz, Winnetka
Larry E. Howard, Hidalgo
Kathleen R. Ingrish, Des Plaines
Cynde A. Jahske, Joliet
Edward James, Springfield

Walter D. Jenkins, Naperville
Jennifer Jensen, Kewanee
Catherine M. Johnson, Chicago Hts.
Douglas D. Johnson, Prophetstown
Paul W. Just, Champaign
Janet L. Kaem, West Chicago
Ellen N. Simon, Morton Grove
Melissa L. Singer, Peoria
Mark T. Smith, Franklin
Paula L. Spence, Princeton
Jeffrey F. Strokonoski, Elk Grove
Eli Steffen, Congerville
Jill Ann Sterling, Champaign
Glen E. Strauss, Olympia Fields
Laury Stuart, Danville
Robert Sundene Jr., Wheaton
Gregory C. Surufka, Calumet City
Ken Tanaka, Chicago

Tom Trayser, Park Forest
James Ulm, Liberty
Susan T. Uyeda, Chicago
Janean A. Vanko, Streator
Martha Vineyard, Peru
Lisa E. Wardynski, Plum Borough, Pa.

John C. Wheeler, Park Ridge
Mary Wirtz, Chicago
Maureen C. Woods, Elgin
Wesley E. Wright, East St. Louis
Keith E. Youngquist, Mt. Prospect
Michael F. Zaloudek, Berwyn

Larry C. Zimmerman, Mahomet
Janet L. Zoschke, Indianapolis, Ind.
“One thing I’ve learned being in this huge college is that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. In other words, if you want to get something around the LAS office, you’ve got to yell the loudest.”

The aim of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences is to provide a variety of educational opportunities. The college’s diversity gives students a wide selection of majors, while supplying them with a well-rounded background. A large percentage of LAS graduates head for medical, law or graduate school. This is in line with the purpose of a liberal education—to allow students to decide their own futures after thoughtful consideration.
Susan B. Ackerman, Freeport
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Up a Greek without a paddle

by Jeff Drumtra

Those in the frats have dismissed hazing scandals mentioned in national and local media as inconsequential.

"It's not passe and never will be," warned Willard Broom, associate dean of Campus Programs and Services who is responsible for the campus Greek system. "Fraternities have always felt they needed a period of indoctrination and orientation for their new members. They want to make sure that incoming persons are worthy and truly fit into the group, and 50 years ago someone decided the best way to do that was 'make a man out of him.' If someone lets someone else beat his head in for three days, then the rationale was that he's a real friend."

Pledge initiations usually include many constructive discussions and work-programs which help the newcomer feel like a part of the group, but unpublicized light as well as heavy hazing persists.

Broom admitted that hazing is probably one of the most efficient ways to create a group bond because "two or three days of fatigue accomplishes more than thinking and soul-searching."

Nude Games: Wearing Tarzan outfit, jockstrap or nothing at all, kissing ass of an active brother who would sometimes suddenly turn around/inserting penis into a light socket/sucking on a hot dog while feeling another person's penis. —fraternity members' accounts of current pledge hazing at the University of Illinois

Although hazing is still an integral part of University fraternity initiations, the subject was a seemingly forgotten issue this past school year. Those outside the houses don't seem to care what goes on behind those forbidding doors.
Most hazing is termed by fraternity members as “demeaning, humiliating, or anything an active forces a pledge to do which the active would not do himself.” The National Fraternity Executive Association defines it as “action created to produce mental or physical discomfort or ridicule,” which is illegal in Illinois. The surreptitious activities are confined to Hell Weeks which have lately acquired the euphemisms Help Week and Inspiration Week — innocuous sounding tags which provoke a smirk from Illinois’ Intra-Fraternity Council (IFC) President Dave Williams.

“I hate that word ‘hazing,’” Williams said, “but it hits it on the head.”

“Most stories you hear are hearsay,” one member of a large fraternity said. “You don’t hear too much now since most houses don’t discuss policies. If you talk about it (hazing), you do it secretly because it’s not the type of thing to talk about outside the house. Every house has its secrets.”

Those who do talk, do it anonymously. Williams has received no written complaints of hazing and only two cases have been informally reported to him during his tenure as IFC president.

Demeaning Games: Crawling on the floor and acting like a sheep, dog or other animal for an hour/impersonating an animal, concluding by faking a sexual climax/lining up, grasping the testicles of the person behind and inserting thumb into the rear of the person ahead. —fraternity member’s account of current Hell Week hazing at the University of Illinois

Nor has Broom encountered many complaints. “Frats are tight organizations and I’m as locked out as everyone — maybe more so. We’ve had no complaints tracked to hazing. If I had complaints,” Broom fumed, “I’d pursue it all the way because I’m that much against it. I would be happy to clean up the last vestige of this shit.”

Broom complained about the “s.o.b.’s” who tell their stories but won’t sign written accusations because they fear public identification. As a result, the wrong people do the talking. Actual, intense hazing escapes unreported while untrue or exaggerated rumors about what occurs in the hidden halls of “those Greeks” gain popularity.

Occasionally a harmless occurrence, which would be regarded as a prank if it happened in a dorm, is branded as hazing when performed by a fraternity. One friendly scuffle between fraternity brothers, which resulted in a broken window, was reported on the radio as a dangerous hazing incident in which one pledge was supposedly pushed out a second story window, according to Williams.

“Pledge hazing now couldn’t possibly be as bad as people say,” Williams maintained, “and if it is, then it’s the pledges’ fault. If you get five turkeys willing to scrub a room with a toothbrush, they deserve it.”

“Deep down I was really more or less ashamed that my fraternity brothers felt the necessity of going to such primitive measures to get into the fraternity,” one current active recalled. “Some of the things were morally objectionable to me, and some were dangerous.”

“Some say that you’ll never really belong to a fraternity without going through hazing and creating that feeling of a bond. But I only felt a sense of relief at the end (of the hazing). I was so tired and so relieved when it was all over and I was in. Some look back in three weeks and say it wasn’t that bad. But a minority of people don’t change their minds about how bad hazing is. Unfortunately, though, it’s not a majority.”

The articulate haze-hater guesstimated that hazing has dwindled by 50 per cent in the past seven years, but that 65 per cent of all fraternities engage in some hazing, especially the large frat houses which have never worried about decreasing membership.

And those figures do not include the five black fraternities on campus. The black fraternities seek to create more than the usual fraternal brotherhood, and consequently hazing is more deeply rooted in black frats, according to Stan Taylor, the administration’s advisor to the Black Greek Association. Severe physical hazing in black frats no longer includes shaved heads, but other practices like severe paddling and branding have taken their place.

“There are psychological reasons for black hazing which are racial in nature,” Taylor observed. “Paddling practices in black frats are harsher than in whites. That might be a microcosm of the treatment blacks receive everywhere. But that’s one man’s opinion.”

“I see no reason whatsoever for fraternities needing hazing,” one critic said of his Greek brothers. “If you can’t explain it, why have it? The reason was always, ‘Well, we
did these things as pledges so you should too. That’s like saying ’I went to jail, so you should too.’ That is the same thing because most hazing is illegal, without reason, logic or justification.”

Rather than nurture trust among brothers, hazing often creates fear, loathing and occasionally danger. “On the face of it things don’t seem dangerous because you’ve been through it okay. But when you look objectively at it later, you’re an idiot. It was looked on as a joke, but it’s stupid. Practical joke is a sad, false way of describing it,” the active concluded. “My frat has so much to offer, that’s why I hate to see it demean itself.”

“I think hazing creates hatred,” admitted another member of a larger campus frat, “and the more it’s done the more it’s prolonged. You go through it and you want to put others through it. I don’t buy that jazz about creating brotherhood with it.”

Opinion against campus hazing was so prevalent a year ago that the IFC and Broom took advantage of The Daily Illini’s 1974 revelations of campus hazing to crack down on fraternities engaged in illegal practices. Several houses changed their programs as a result, according to Broom.

But one large fraternity returned to hazing this year because it felt it could not reach an adequately intense climax with any other method. And according to one worried active, “Pledges seemed to accept hazing more this year, which is scary because those pledges might go even further (with hazing) as actives in later years.”

If hazing were to be eliminated, the void left between actives and pledges would have to be filled by something else. “Otherwise hazing may return as strong as ever,” according to Ed Malysiak, assistant to Broom in fraternity affairs.

Some observers believe progressive pledge orientations will eventually prevail. Fraternities’ national chapters are vehemently anti-hazing, and have taken the lead in finding ways to foster a bond among brothers without the traditional hazing. They have applied varying amounts of pressure on local houses, ranging from letter writing to detailed programs providing alternatives which would fill the void left by hazing.

Six years ago, the national chapter of Lambda Chi Alpha in Indianapolis was one of the first to change to a progressive program allowing pledges full pledged associate mem-

“Miscellaneous Hazing: Catching and eating raw eggs dropped from several stories/ taking baths in vile liquids/ going without a shower for a week/ running outside naked, doused with cold water/ bringing sheep into the house for carnal knowledge/ procuring used sanitary napkins in women’s washrooms.
— at University of Illinois and other colleges in recent years

“We had a get-together with some black fraternity, and this guy rolls up his sleeve and shows us a long scar with his Greek letters branded on his arm. We said ’Oh man, you’re kidding!’ and he told us that getting into the black frat meant enough to him that he was willing to be branded.” — member of a white fraternity on campus

bership. That included full voting & participation privileges, which peon pledges rarely enjoyed previously.

The pledge initiation reforms, then regarded as revolutionary, were prompted by a University of Indiana study which found that 80 per cent of all pledges who dropped out refused to endure “the childish activities of hazing.” Obviously, we were doing something wrong,” said Gary Tiller, director of Lambda Chi Alpha chapter services.

“It took a big selling job which we’re still involved in,” Tiller said. “Some chapters haven’t seen the need to switch. But most have accepted the new philosophy and want to know the ‘how to,’ the nuts and bolts of the project.”

The University chapter of Sigma Chi conducts another progressive pledge program, althoughSigma Chi members still refer to the program as “pledge indoctrination.” Newcomers undergo a week of introspection accented by selected inspirational readings and evening discussions about brotherhood and love. “You never normally have time to reflect on yourself,” Rex Miller, Sigma Chi pledge director explained. “The pledges carry a book and write down what they think of and their reactions to writings and poetic readings. It is all meant to provoke thoughts on yourself and being a part of the group.”

Miller and his fellow actives also employ subtle psychology designed to have a “profound inner effect” on the pledges, challenging them to put more effort into the discussed ideals of Brotherhood and Love.

But nearly every knowledgeable University fraternity insider anonymously admits that — from yelling and nudity to branded arms and anal olives — the Days of the Haze continue.

“We had to stuff marshmallows under our armpits and do push-ups and work up a sweat. Then we were made to eat the marshmallows.”
— former member of the Boy Scouts of America, speaking of troop rituals.
Willard Broom, dean of fraternity men, shaved off his beard in front of hundreds of people for it.

A unicyclist balanced a woman on his shoulders for it. Frank Sinatra sent a cancelled check, one brave individual ATE a drinking glass — actually chewed it up — and more than a few people swallowed goldfish for it.

What is this strange force that makes a fraternity or sorority pledge beg for an egg — only to turn around and sell it? What could drive a person to swim or dance for hours — or even to sell peanuts on the Quad?

Fund-raising for charity is the purpose for these stunts, and University students are the fund-raisers. Each year, fraternities, sororities and other campus groups organize drives to raise money for local causes like the Retired Senior Volunteer Program of Champaign and the Cunningham Children's Home, or for state and national charities like the Illinois Heart Foundation, the United Negro College Fund and the National Paraplegic Foundation.

Campus Chest, the central fund-raising organization on campus, was established in 1948 to coordinate campus charity drives and to help other groups by co-sponsoring their fund-raising activities. According to the group's president, Jeffrey Greenspan, Campus Chest is the only registered student organization authorized by the chancellor to sponsor and co-sponsor charity drives.

Campus Chest is also the only student organization which can disperse money to off-campus organizations. The money a group raises for an off-campus charity organization is put into the Campus Chest account and from there it is transferred to the charity, Greenspan explained.

From $45,000 to $50,000 a year is raised on campus for charities, Greenspan estimated. Although selling taffy apples, peanuts or donuts on the Quad comprises most of the money-raising events at the University, only a few fund drives are the big money-makers.

One of the biggest is a 100-hour swim marathon, organized by Acacia fraternity and Chi Omega sorority. The big swim raised $3,500 for muscular dystrophy in September. Participants swim for 15 or 30 minute intervals, with money being pledged according to the number of lengths of the Huff Gym pool swam.

Door-to-door egg-begging is one unique way to raise money. On a Saturday morning in October, small groups of sorority and fraternity pledges earned $1,000 for the Adler Zone Center by knocking at doors in Champaign-Urbana and asking for a donation of an egg. They would then sell the egg at the next house they stopped at.

"It was strange, but it was a fun way to raise money," said Shannon Ellis, president of Panhellenic Council, which organized the event with the Interfraternity Council.

Then there's the big money-maker on campus — the 1930's-style dance marathon in Huff Gym which Zeta Beta Tau fraternity sponsors every April with McDonald's Corporation and the Campus Chest. Of the $72,000 raised by last year's 52-hour dance, $37,000 was raised on the University campus.

Proceeds from this year's "Keep on Dancing, Keep on Caring" marathon went to the National Association for Retarded Citizens (NARC), according to Paul Kohlenbrener, the 1976 marathon coordinator. Last year's dance money was split between the Epilepsy Foundation and NARC.

In its four-year existence, the University marathon has earned the distinction of being the site for the national dance marathon competition. After winning local contests, couples from as far away as Arkansas, Georgia and Maryland have come here to dance in the marathon.

Dancers have 30-minute rest breaks every four hours and four hours a day to sleep. Yet, of the 148 couples who began last year's marathon, 119 couples were still dancing after 52 hours, according to Merrick Ross, last year's dance chairman.

The long hours of dancing aren't really so bad, explained Holly Kamikow, sophomore in Fine and Applied Arts, who has participated in the contest twice.

"You just have to psych yourself out for it at the very beginning," she said, "and then you're okay."

Entertainers like singers Megan McDonough and Bill Quateman, along with local bands, make appearances during the weekend, Ross said.

Today, a variety of stunts and styles have transformed charity drives into circuses, which is quite a change from streetcorner alms collecting.
Alpha Chi Omega

Alpha Delta Pi

Alpha Gamma Rho

Front Row: Mike Brennemann (First Vice President), Ted Shimp, Joel Goetz, Gerry Peterson, Bob Rutledge, Rich Vogen, Norman Larson, Dave Faber, Guy Mikel, Dave McLaughlin (President), Dave Erickson. Second Row: Mark Parrish, Dell Emory, Craig Henert, Mike Krause, Doug Henderson (Social Chairman), Mark Tomm (House Manager), Dell McCoy (Treasurer), Jeff Snyder, Bob Lettersly, Paul Burns, Nate Baxter. Third Row: Duane Noland (Co-Rush Chairman), Roger Clark, Bob Montgomery, Greg Miller (Alumni Secretary), Dan McManus, Carl Meeker, Rick Winkle, Nick Hoyle, Dave Larson, Gary Oblinger, Greg Campbell, Steve Krause. Fourth Row: Steve McLaughlin, Matt Meyer, Dave Paul, Steve Rosengren (Secretary), Carl Gable, John Jecel, L. A. Foster, John Kable, Walt Emory, Mark Kesler, Dan Koster, Jon Clark. Fifth Row: Dave Caldwell (Second Vice President), Jay Larson. Sixth Row: John O'Bryan, Steve Alexander, Jerry Wellert, Seventh Row: Gary Denzer, Brian Murphy (Co-Rush Chairman), Glenn Werry, Al Lickhart, Mike Clark. Top Row: Mike Dittmer, Mike Holt, Jim Foley, Chuck Alexander, John Davies, Stan Harper.
Alpha Kappa Lambda

Alpha Sigma Phi

Alpha Xi Delta


Top Row: Alan Miller, Mark Meves, Mike Halls, Gary Funke, Kevin Smith, Art Brosius, Lyle Wachtel, Steve Burrow, Craig Sorenson, Bob Kunkel, Rod Gieske, Bruce Bockelman, Mark Dettman, Toby Search, Steve Schweizer, Duane Kolbus, John Severs, Rich Olson, John Buhner, Ken Young.
Chi Omega

Chi Psi

Delta Gamma

Delta Phi

Delta Tau Delta

Delta Zeta

Farmhouse

Gamma Phi Beta

Hendrick House

Illi-Dell

Kappa Alpha Theta


Kappa Delta


Kappa Delta Rho

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Lambda Chi Alpha

Front Row: Joe House, John Kelley, David Shragal. Second Row: Dennis Rapp, Tom Schneider, Jon Scholl, Scott Hillman, Phil Shaner, Randy Desutter, Dick Craine, Lyndall Dallas, John Kermicle, Joe Harlan, Gary Stangland, Kurt Walker, Scott Riefsteck, Jay Olson. Top Row: Bill Campion, Stan Schick, Lynn Burnett, Keith Parr, Bruce Beatty, Rod Damery, Steve Bingham, P.B. Finley, John Dehlinger, Merle Hall, Norman Hill, Mark Weber, Sam Bane, Tom Murphy, Gene Schwarm, Mike Barton, Dave Huston.
Phi Delta Theta

Phi Gamma Delta

Phi Kappa Psi

Phi Mu

Pi Beta Phi

Pi Kappa Phi

Presby Hall

Front Row: Jan Edborg, Debra Starnes, Trish Winn, Shelley Kofler, Mary Potym, Sue Metcalf, Carol Sroka, Katherine Madden, LuAnn Richardson, Becky Smith, Lydia Lahne, Jane Putcell, Lynne Bils. Second Row: Martha Tolley, Carol Kylander, Kathy Part, Marilee Swisher, Carol Amling, Virginia Heffernan, Andrea Bertelsen, Denene Deverman, Janet Freund, Elizabeth Wagner, M. Gwen Herrin. Top Row: Nancy Seitz, Jill Gesse, Peggy Elmore, Anne Fritz, Maggie Pfister, Debra Fehrenbacher, Mary Kelly, Meleah Yancey, Joyce Zeiitin, Terese Conn, Betsy Flesher, Susan DeMarris, Laurie Kuenning, Sara Holtzclaw.
Psi Upsilon

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Front Row: Roger Wenthe, Gretchen (dog), Mike Nelson, Rick Lebo. Second Row: Dave Hood, Chuck Meurisse, Keith Shuman, Scott McAdam, Mike Thompson. Top Row: Bob Schweitzer, Mike Porter, Don Smith, Dave Hamburger, Paul Weick, Jay Rasmussen, Jon Olson, Casey Laitz, G. Gust, Tom Murphy, Randy Jones, Paul Freischlag, Bob Petry. On Lions: Jeff Price, Steve Ebert.
Sigma Chi

Sigma Nu

Sigma Phi Delta

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Tau Kappa Epsilon

Front Row: Mike Mallory, Larry Coba, Matt Haseman, Phil Mace, Scott Kolinski, Steve Thomas, Kevin Kiviko, Jim Quinn, Mike Hughes, Mike Newton. Second Row: Mark Keightly, Lowell Smith, Dale Ratterman, Tim Ashe, Fred Snow. Third Row: Bob Culler, Mark Newton, Bob Book, Phil Mann, Mike Fuller, Bob Utiger, John Temmerman, Larry Stinson, Ken Blake, Jeff Sacks. Top Row: Bud Goblisch (Standing), Ted Lancaster, Bob Boyle, Mike Hiller, Andy Langan, Steve Zavodny, Chuck Lisciandrello, Mike Fuller, Keith Laurin, Bryan Brown, Chip May, Jeff Billeter, Doug Carson (Standing).
Terrapin

Front Row: Eric Porter (Social Chairman), Ellen Pabst (Social Chairwoman), Nancy Backas (Secretary), Kathy Fulton (Vice-President), Art Rawers (President), Joan Zubak. Second Row: Sheri Nelson, Gwen Waldbauer, Michelle Laux, Darlene Reitz, Laurie Thompson, Maureen Dodson, Pris Truty, Judy Hyland. Third Row: Ginny Hefferman, Andrea Tonella, Laurie Siedel, Missy Panko, Denise Turkowski, Jayne Dei Tos, Carolyn Pientka, Lynn Thomas, Michelle Bitoun, Cathy Gunby, Karen Schultz. Top Row: Ann Collins (Show Chairwoman), Donna Glick, Michelle Marlin, Sue Hanson, Sue Holquist, Lesley Bruce, Stacy Miller, Rena Wigoda, Stephnie Haight, Laurie Randell, Mark Anderson, Nancy Meyers.
Triangle

Zeta Beta Tau

Zeta Tau Alpha

Front Row: Randy Bisping. Second Row: Rich Schiemus, Rich Furr, Mike Kellerman, Steve Biggs, Pete Voss, Steve Shaffer, Marty Ma-
Front Row: Denise Drucker, Sue Baker, Paula Menzer, Vicki Auer-
bach, Jill Franklin, Julie Worsak, Susan Blewits, Caryn Sachs, Lynne Agron, Susie Schwartz, Linda Kirsch, Judy Meleliat. Second Row: Debi Kahn, Sue Loseff, Jody Kroll, Atlene Lapping, Terri Ellis, Laurie Amsterdam, Gayle Rose, Cheryl Ktiff, Cookie Stender, Ran-
dy Lorber, Jan Mecklenberger, Judy Levens. Third Row: Caryn Goldstick, Monica Bank, Alene Krom, Elaine Berman, Vicki Fried-
man, Jamie Kitzis, Sandy Kaell, Anita Kessler, Carol Barron, Sue Gutman, Fourth Row: Beth Axelrad, Cindy Gebel, Shelley Waxberg, Judy Kaplan, Felice Lazar, Bonnie Friedman, Melanie Miller, Sandy

Strauss, Margot Keen, Sue Zeller, Jeri Friedman, Franci Treitle, Cara Taussig, Randi Silverman, Marcia Morgan, Barbie Abrahams, Joanna Charnes, Nancy Corson. Fifth Row: Stetti Silverman, Sandy Schwartz, Debbie Levitt, Laurie Kleinman, Leslie Powell, Sheryl Kantor, Donna Grotchoff, Lynn Lason, Michele Bitoun, Debbie Gor-
choff, Jan Lipson. Top Row: Marla Waxman, Nancy Davis, Lori Anosov, Betty Schaffner, Carrie Jankauer, Paula Shapiro, Jane Tzin-
berg, Audie Fridstein, Lesley Stein, Sue Berman, Debbie LeBoyer, Debbie Crain, Judy Leon.

Front Row: Betsy Smith, Joni Steiner, Wendi Westbrook, Kara Simmons, Mindy Stimson, Cindy Hora, Nancy Porter, Holly Rosencranz, Kyle Larson.


Chi Gamma Iota


Delta Kappa Epsilon

Delta Sigma Phi

DNEB's


Front Row: Mary (Blonk) Blankenheim (President), Nancy Grossman (Token Jew). Top Row: Ellen (Elbo) Marguerite (Vice-President), Lise (Dom) Dominique (Social Chairwoman).

Front Row: Nancy Paulus, Judicial Board Chairwoman, Panhel; Paul Sunu, Chm. Speaker’s Bureau, IFC; Shannon Ellis, Internal Vice President, Panhel. Second Row: Brian Carley, Adm. Aide, IFC; David Williams, President, IFC; Suzanne Meyer, President, Panhel; Mary Dimit, External Vice President, Panhel; Jeff Haaral, Adm. Vice President, IFC; Janice Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer, Panhel; Craig McCarthy, Asst. Chm. Statesmen and Students, IFC. Top Row: Richard Adcock, Treasurer, IFC; Gary Vanek, Chm. Statesmen and Students, IFC; Phil Carmichael, External Vice President, IFC.
Front Row: Jon Bauman, Claudia Dahldorf, Donna May, Jim Bleck, Becky Otto. Second Row: Suzi Wilcox, Steve Sperotto, Debbie Stein-

kamp, Dave Taylor, Doug Worrell, Britt Hanson. Top Row: Brad Skiles, Sara Sims, Lynn Gitelman, Barry Weinberg.


Top Row: Gary Wentz, Isaac Ferguson, John Morgan, Paul Street, Jim McSherry, William Fleming, Dave Stewart.
Naval R.O.T.C. Juniors

Front Row: Joe Lanahan, Jeff Brady, Tom Grant, Jay O'Keefe, Chuck Brescia, Kathy Harger, Jim Crites. Second Row: Craig Herrriott, Dave Jacobs, Jay Thompson, Norman Laws, Mel Spiese. Top Row: John Rowley, Dave Tamimie, Randy Segert, Marty Kauchak, Mike Sleczak, Carl Kusch, John Ratajczak.

Naval R.O.T.C. Seniors

Newman Hall


Front Row: JoAnn Vance, Unidentified, Sue Albert, Lisa Allen, Jann Osterland. Second Row: Nancy Pohovey (Secretary), Marilyn Michaels (Advisor), Cindy Phillips (President), Wendy Timm (Treasurer), Debbie Frehling (Vice-President). Third Row: Cindy Edgerley, Shari Hendrickson, Pat Modry, Colleen MacNamara, Barb Welsh, Nancy Paulus. Fourth Row: Shannon Ellis, Patti Paulsen, Kathy Rechtin, Unidentified, Claudia Trimario. Top Row: Sue Bell, Jan Harrington, Char Tegeder, Chris Strange, Nancy Lohuis, Beth Blither.
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Front Row: Alice Thompson (Business Manager), Bill Shaw (Director of Advertising), Sharon Wellhausen (Associate Business Manager), Cindy Harmon (National Advertising Manager), Jayne Valente, Gwen Horton. Second Row: Arnie Bennett (Office Manager).


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Peter Rodems, Art Director

Steve Slack, Copy Editor
Left: Tom Corcoran, Gary Kahan, Patricia Anderson, Judy Frankel, Laurie Raatz, below Nina Ovryn

1976 illio

production staff

Peter Rodems, Ann Johnson
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Colophon

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University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana