

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

11-1974

Volume 3, Number 7

Post Amerikan

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POST AMERIKAN

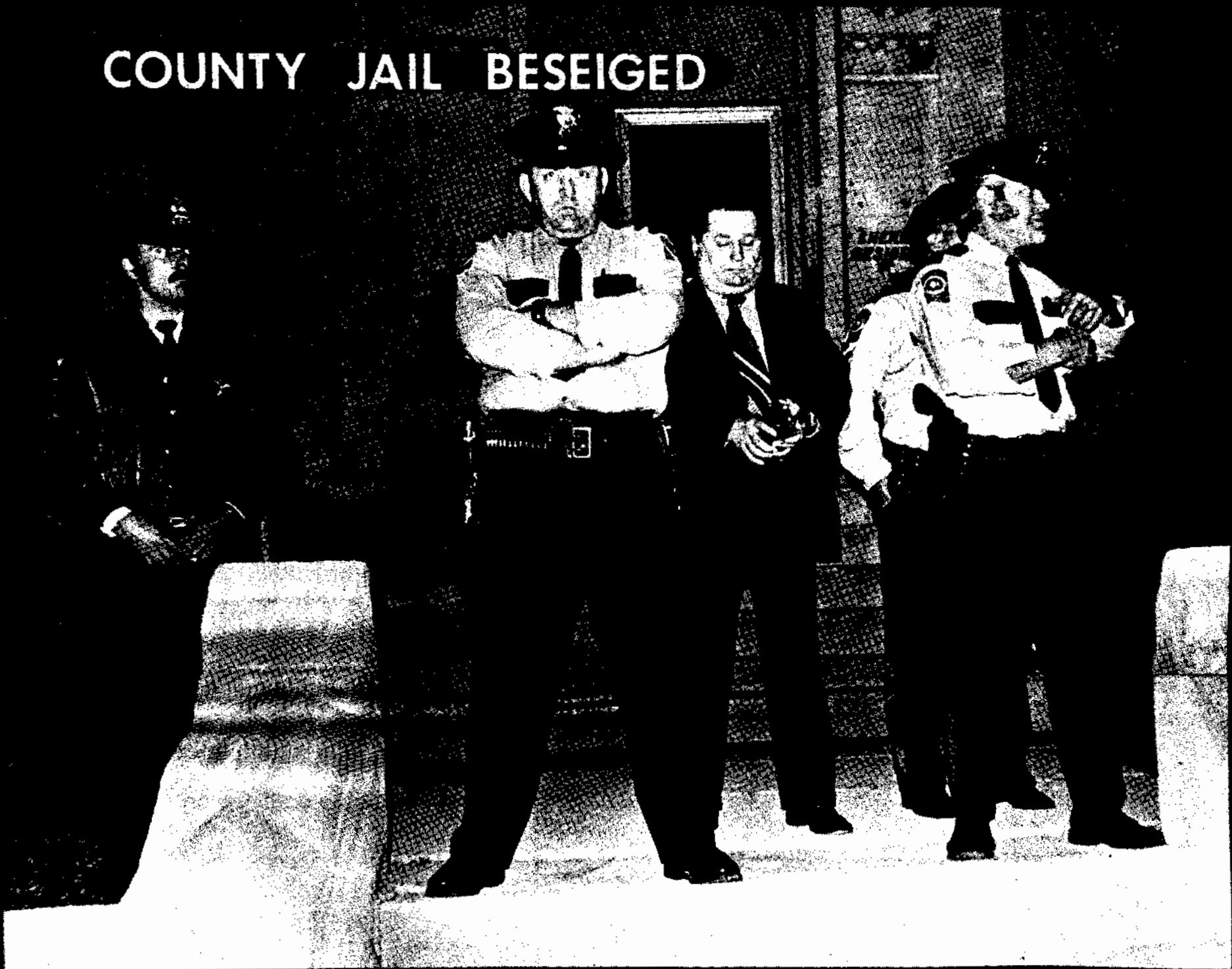
Bloomington ... Normal

15¢

Vol. 3 No. 7

Nov. 1974

COUNTY JAIL BESEIGED



Vidette Photo

500 PEOPLE MARCH ON COUNTY JAIL

Inside: King's Recent
Escapades

THE MARCH
& gobs more

RISING UP ANGRY FUNNIES



TABLE of CONTENTS

THIS MONTH'S GOODIES INSIDE INCLUDE:

- pg. 25-- LETTERS
- pg. 26-- MEN'S COLUMN
- pg. 18-- PANTAGRAPH PRINTING AGAIN
- pg. 10-- ILL. HIGHER ED. BOONDOGGLE
- pg. 8-- INDICT KING MOVEMENT
- pg. 14-- COUNTY JAIL DEMONSTRATION
- pg. 25-- RECIPES (FOR HUNGRY FOLKS)
- pg. 4-- THEIR BACKS AGAINST THE WALL
- pg. 20-- PREGNANCY JOURNAL
- pg. 11-- RAPE CRISIS LINE REPORT
- pg. ?-- SHERIFF KING AND NEGLECT OF PEOPLE--- throughout the issue



about us

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be mailed to: The Post-Amerikan, 108 E. Beaufort St., Normal, Illinois, 61761.

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Sheriff King. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different and exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operating of a paper like this. We have one brilliant, dynamic, underpaid coordinator; the rest of us don't get paid at all, except in ego gratification and good karma.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. The only real exception is racist and sexist material which we will vehemently not print.

Most of our material or inspiration for material comes from the community. We encourage you, the reader, to be-

come more than a reader. We welcome all stories or tips for stories. Bring stuff to a meeting (the schedule is printed below) or mail it to our office.

MEETINGS

- Sat. Nov. 2, 3:00 PM
- Wed. Nov. 13, 8:00 PM
- Tues. Nov. 19, 5:00 PM
- Fri. Nov. 22, 8:00 PM--DEADLINE
- Sat. Nov. 23, 12 NOON & after--LAYOUT
- Sun. Nov. 24, 12 NOON & after--LAYOUT

These meetings are at the Post office, 108 E. Beaufort, Normal.

Subscriptions cost \$1.75 for twelve issues, \$3.50 for 24 issues, etc. Buy one for yourself and a friend.

You can make bread hawking the Post--7½¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 5¢ a copy. Call 452-9221 or stop by the office.

Our phone number is 452-9221, or you can reach folks at 828-2082, 828-7026 or 828-0945.

POST SELLERS

BLOOMINGTON

- The Joint, 415 N. Main
- DA's Liquors, Oakland and Main
- Medusa's Book Store, 109 W. Front
- Illinois Wesleyan Union
- News Nook, 402½ N. Main
- Book Hive, 103 W. Front
- Cake Box, 511 S. Denver
- Gaston's Barber Shop, 202½ N. Center
- Peifer's Market, 919 N. Madison
- Sambo's, Washington and U.S. 66
- De Vary's Market, 1402 W. Market
- Harris Market, Morris St.
- Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
- Eastgate IGA, Mercer and Oakland
- Don's Bi-Rite, 203 E. Locust
- Biasi's, 217 N. Main
- Discount Den, 207 N. Main
- SW corner, Morris and Washington

ISU

- Lobby Shop, ISU Union
- Cage, ISU Union
- Recreation Center
- Watterson Towers Lobby
- Hewett Hall Lobby

NORMAL

- Minstrel Record Parlor, 311 S. Main
- Newman Center, 501 S. Main
- Student Stores, 115 North St.
- Mother Murphy's, 111½ North St.
- Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
- Al's Pipe Shop, 101 Broadway Mall
- Omega, 101 North St.
- Hendren's Grocery, 301 W. Willow
- Thomas Michael's, 108 North St.
- SW Corner, North and Fell Streets
- Sugar Creek Books, 108 Beaufort

POST AMERIKAN DAYS

NOVEMBER '74

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
NOTICE This is the Post Amerikan Calendar, as shown above. It is a calendar to be used by the public. If you need any more, call 452-9221 or stop by the office.			☆ ALL POST AMERIKAN MEETINGS TAKE PLACE AT 108 East Beaufort, Normal. However, it may be some where else - call 452-9221 or be sure.		1	2 Post Amerikan Meeting 3:00
3 DEMONSTRATE at the County Cage	4 METEOR SHOW! "Taurids" Avg. 8/hr	5 VOTE! GUT FEELINGS DAY '74	6	7	8 Cambodia granted "independence" from France, 1949	9 Bicentennial Celebration for Mother Jones
10 Andromed Meteor Shower	11	12	13 Post Amerikan Meeting 8:00 p.m.	14	15	16 Leonids Meteor Shower - Avg. 6/hr
17	18 National Curl Appreciation Day Shirley Temple Block teaches Puberty - 1971	19 Post Amerikan Meeting 5:00 p.m.	20	21 Alan Scott's B'day	22 Post Amerikan Day J.F. Kennedy Killed 1:00 p.m. Dallas, '63 R.N. Wilson Flies Dallas, Texas, 1963 around 3:00 p.m.	23 Post Amerikan Weekend Layout Marathon
24 Post Amerikan Weekend Layout Marathon	25	26	27	28	29	30 333 rd day of the year (That's funny)

WOMAN RAPS PUBLIC DEFENDER

POST NOTE: According to the head of the Illinois Supreme Court agency in charge of lawyers' discipline, the public's most frequent complaint about lawyers is failure to answer clients' letters and phone calls.

Represented by a public defender, Frances Weed ran into problems communicating with her lawyer. Writing her own story, she tells what happened to her because her lawyer did not respond to her phone calls.

And even worse, in a second letter to the Post-American, Mrs. Weed explains what happened to her for having the courage to fight back against her lawyer.

On Thursday, September 28, a friend of mine named Marty Gazelle came to my home and told me she had been served a subpoena to appear as a witness for the prosecution at my jury trial on Monday Sept. 30 at 9:30. Fine and dandy, only one thing: I hadn't been notified. I called the courthouse. They told me it was scheduled for Monday. I called my court-appointed lawyer, George Chesley. He was out, but his secretary assured me he would return my call. No call.

Friday, the same thing over again. I called and was told Mr. Chesley would call me. He hadn't called by 4:30, so I called the State's Attorney's office. Yes it was scheduled and I should be there; otherwise, a bench warrant for my arrest would probably be issued, and it would be up to me to prove I hadn't been notified.

Monday morning I called in at work saying I had to appear in court and went to the courthouse bright and early--8:30. Marty Gazelle came in at 9:15. Together we sat and waited until about 10:00. An assistant state's attorney called my name and asked me if I was there for trial. I said yes. He said as soon as Mr. Chesley talked to me, we would be ready to go before court.

I waited. Mr. Chesley walked past me several times, but never offered to talk to me. A few minutes later I was again asked if I had talked to Mr. Chesley. I replied no, so the state's attorney went to find him. He returned and said Mr. Chesley had left and returned to his office, and they were not going to have my trial today. This was about 11:00.

The assistant state's attorney suggested I go to Mr. Chesley's office, and told me where it was. By this time both Marty and I were more than a little angry because we had to miss work for nothing. I went to Mr. Chesley's office and gave the receptionist my name. She assured me that Mr. Chesley would see me in a moment.

He did, all right, on his way out the door. He stopped and said, "Mrs. Weed, who told you to be in court today?" I replied that both the courthouse and the State's Attorney's office told me. Chesley answered "I got a continuance; I'll send you a notice," and walked out the door. Now what kind of chance do I have with an attorney that won't even take time to return my calls or even tell me what is going on? I

doubt if he knows anything about the case, other than the charge is obstructing a peace officer. I don't even know what date it is continued to.

When I returned home I called Mr. Robert Deneed, the president of the McLean County Bar Association. He was very nice and asked several questions and told me he would call Mr. Chesley, that he at least owed me the courtesy of returning my calls to explain what was going on. He also suggested I talk to the judge who appointed Mr. Chesley as my attorney, and explain all this to him. This I fully intend to do. If I do end up being found guilty, at least I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I fought!

--Frances Weed

POST NOTE: Not too long after we received Mrs. Weed's above letter, we received another from her, containing the following letter from Mr. Chesley. Mrs. Weed said Chesley's letter was "particularly aggravating since Mr. Chesley knows the only reason I was appointed a public defender was because I had just had surgery. I am working now; therefore I won't qualify for a public defender."

Would Mrs. Weed still have a public defender if she had not phoned the Bar Association about a legitimate complaint?

Mrs. Verna Weed
64 Pennsylvania
Bloomington IL 61701

Dear Mrs. Weed:

I regret that we have a lack of communication insofar as when your case will go to jury trial. I am sure that you understand that I had several dozen cases set for trial on September 30th and it was obvious to me that your case would not be heard. For these reasons I did not notify you to be present for your trial as I anticipated it would be heard at a later date.

You have a right to a jury trial and the Public Defender's Office will represent you in such a trial for as long as we are appointed by the Court as your attorneys.

I think it would be best if I referred your case to another member of the Public Defender's Office and he will determine whether or not you qualify for the Public Defender and if so what course of action to take with respect to your case.

Sincerely,

George L. Chesley

D.A.'S LIQUOR AND LOUNGE

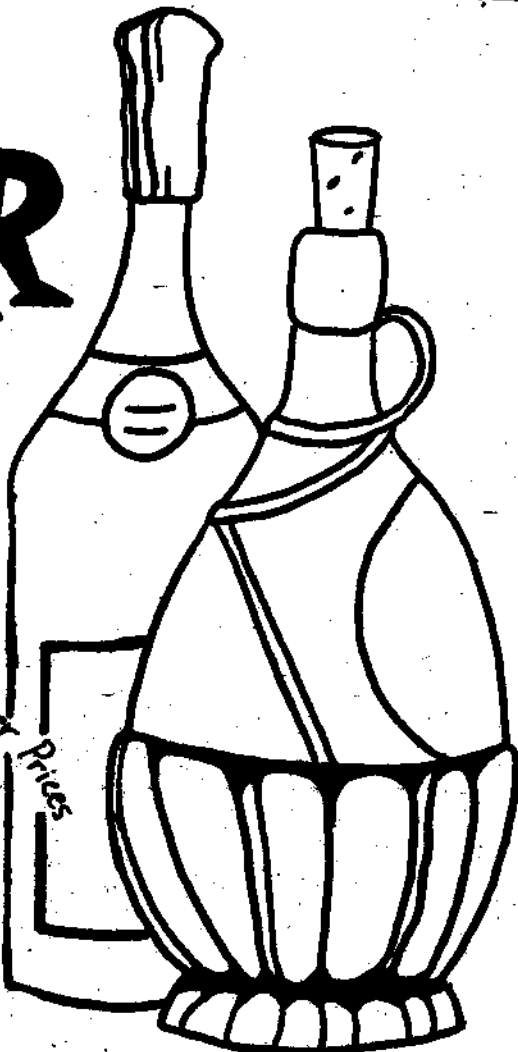
Fine Wines

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A SATISFIED READER: JUDGE CAISLEY

Our double agent working within the ranks of county Republicans reports that Judge Caisley was delighted with our last issue.

Caisley reportedly enjoyed not only reading his own name in the story on the county Republican picnic, but also the front cover.

That front cover listed the names of 47 people whose civil rights have allegedly been violated by Sheriff King.

Our source reports that Judge Caisley gloated over that list of names, saying "I've sent that one to jail; I've sent that one to jail; that one's father is a drunk..."

support

Dear Post-American People:

I hope you are still going strong so I can have a source of Alternative news about good old B-N. while I am here at the Univ. of Michigan engaged in the "Paper Chase."

Enclosed an extra 25¢ in case prices have gone up.

Normal (& Bloomington) could take some lessons from Ann Arbor which is a pretty together place. If I have any time, I may pass along any items of possible interest to Twin City readers.

George

THEIR

BACKS

AGAINST

THE ELDERLY

We turned off highway 51 after what seemed a long afternoon drive into the country. Iron gates ushered us down a tree-lined entrance guarded by huge Oaks and Sugar Maples, and wind-driven Autumn cast a tan and scarlet rainbow overhead; I closed my eyes in silent passage thru the leaves. No one spoke but the nurse, who crooned over me like a mother singing lullabies to a child.

Everything was so still. We drove to the back of a crumbling structure, its yellowed brick and tiny windows reminiscent of a mausoleum I had visited as a girl on Elkhart Hill. Odd faces peeked from behind half-drawn drapes of the home. As my stretcher was lowered from the ambulance, a curious old man with a hickory cane tottered his way around the corner of the building. Thinking he'd come to greet the new arrival, I raised my arm in a feeble hello. But he disregarded me and turned to one of the attendants, mumbling something about being taken into town. The attendants laughed and dismissed him, saying "go about your business old man, you know you can't leave here" but instead of leaving, the old man bent down towards me showing filmy, hollowed eyes.

I was then wheeled into the building, trundled down the steps to the first floor elevator, and after being transferred to a wheelchair and tied in, was herded along with several patients into the small enclosure to be soon deposited in my permanent home on the second floor. After a slow ascent and a minute of motionlessness, the doors opened and the patients were grouped in front of the elevator to wait for aides to whisk them to their rooms.

My wheelchair was finally pushed down the dimly lit corridor filled with shadowy figures wandering restlessly. Occasionally an aide in white flitted past, disappearing suddenly into a shadowy room. The noise echoing from the patients distressed my ears, and I prayed to be finished with the day's ordeal.



My progress had been halted abruptly at the nurse's station, and the attendant left me alone, I supposed, to check in with the head nurse. Looking around me, I saw the walls of the corridor were cracked and peeling, the dirty green paint rippled from the heat and moisture. In the rooms I could see furnace pipes twisting from the ceiling thru gaping holes where years of plaster had fallen away, and the pipe's length running along the ceiling showed yellow and brittle from old insulation tape, producing an overall mummified effect.

Placed at random on the walls hung biblical passages of encouragement and comfort to the old and weary. The Mona Lisa smiled across from a picture of an old man reading by candlelight at a bare table, and I thought of how long it had been since I had held a book in my hands, or had spent a winter night unravelling a poem.

As I turned my head to the left, a large mirror at the end of the hall caught my attention. I saw on either side of the mirror, painted directly on the wall, a portrait of the same old woman. The face to the left represented her as disgruntled, unkept, with sagging jowls pulled down by an angry frown. The painting on the right appeared gentle, kindly and quite free of wrinkles, with eyes twinkling from happiness and spiritual content. Looking in the mirror displayed my own face a battered ruin, my eyes trailing off into space, blank after 82 years of use. My hair, brushed by a nurse only this morning, was tangled and worried like an old hallway carpet.



"Time for your pills honey."

I stared transfixed as the mirror mocked me. I looked around hoping no one else had witnessed my guilt.

"Roll over. . .

See what you've become, the mirror scolded. You are a wretched creature.

. . .now the other side."

Someone had spun my chair around, and I quickly covered my face with trembling hands. I heard laughter wheezing from a point somewhere in front of me-drawing closer.

"What is wrong Sarah?"

I looked up slowly, and there again was the old man with film in his eyes. His appearance made my soul fill up with ice, with numbness. I tried to look away as a feeling of emptiness swept over me-took possession.

"Take me into town" he asked with a nod. "Are you going back into town soon?"

His face was very close to mine. I could hear his cane tapping softly on the linoleum floor. He was waiting for my answer. I tried to draw myself up but a sharp pain in my chest threw me back into the chair. I saw my reflection grow pale, my emaciated face became pinched and yellow.

"Take me into town."

The pain suddenly shot upward, and I lurched forward, hands reaching outward, and I was. . .

Awake and blinking in a room of sunshine and grey. Eyes running down the length of my body, legs dotted with bedsores. I had been dreaming. And this waking, no different than the nightmare, cast in the same blank faces.

There's old Brock tapping slowly past my door on his way to the nurse's station for a match to light his cigarette. There he'll sit all day, next to old man Langlaff, never speaking a word, his chin resting in the cradle of his arm drawn close against his chest, with tiny bursts of air issuing irregularly from cracked lips. Dirty, depressed, and forgotten, this is morning.

The black nurse Dorothy laughs somewhere out in the hall, probably joking about what Mrs. Steen muttered about her husband during the night, or about how she scolded Brock when he threatened to hit her with a bedpan yesterday afternoon.

I live down the hall in the last room on the right. That's how we are distinguished here, by our room placement and bowel movement. Oh, there are of course certain other quirks the nurses find amusing about us when talking during their coffee breaks. But for the most part, I am known as room 116, runny stool, or the one not to be allowed out of the home under any circumstances.

My name is Sarah. Such a pretty name for a bed ridden creature like me. Sarah. And I've lied to you. I can leave the home, but only when my son Phillip signs for me to go. I see him every day you know. His picture frames this empty existence with lights. My corporeal son hasn't visited me for years. He's not a bad boy, but like the orderly who visited me yesterday, he is afraid. Phillip wouldn't know where to find me, even if he cared to look, for he knew me as a girl only by pictures; as a woman, wife, and elderly lady we had grown up together. The cycle of life was complete. But somewhere between infinity and eternity, I came to rest here, to be lost to all.

Most people fear the aged because they are frightened of being lost, of the feeling of helplessness they'll someday know. People try to be kind, but they soon draw back, like they see their own image projected in me.



opj

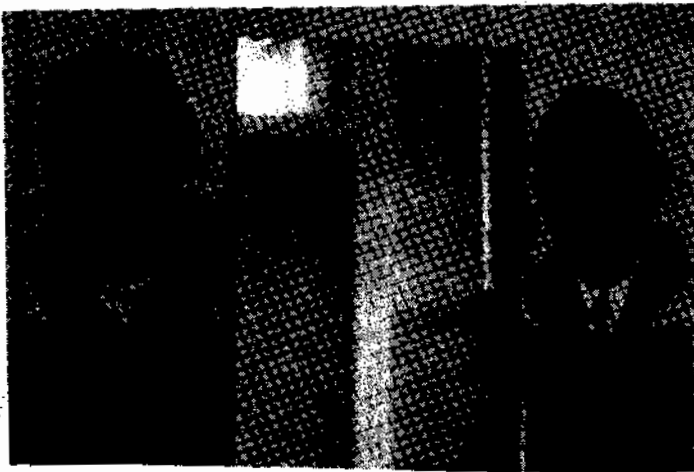
That orderly was afraid (I think his name was John) who came to work here yesterday, and then quit so suddenly. I was preparing myself to eat breakfast, waiting for Dorothy to bring the mushy oatmeal, poached egg, and soggy toast I've grown so used to, when a young man peeked shyly into the room, looking quickly about until he saw my name tag taped to the steel dresser next to my bed. He came striding over with my meal tray, placed it squarely on the bed, and propped me up to eat. He was trembling poor boy. I smiled up at him, thinking he might feel more at ease, but his answering grin was weak at best. I gestured to the top drawer of my dresser, and he pulled the door open to find my dentures lying in a cleaning solution covered with stains. He gingerly handed them to me, and looked away, out of the window, as if he wished to be far away. My teeth in, he looked to the tray and began scooping up large spoonfuls of oatmeal-which I almost choked on but tried not to let on-he was doing his best. He was nice unlike the nurses here whose job it is to handle us like so many things to be kept clean and fed. He took time with me. He was compassionate. I suppose it would have been impractical to feel as he felt and still do the nurse's dirty job every day. But still it would have been good if he had stayed, to be bathed and talked to by someone gentle.

But the feeding time was complete, and John had hurriedly cleaned up and turned to leave. He had hesitated a moment at my nightstand with its plastic Christmas tree, the alarm clock, and Phillip's picture smiling up at him, turned to look back at me, then was gone.

It seemed he had wanted to talk to me, to get to know me as an equal. But I know how hard it is to think of me as a human being, looking the way I do. It would take a lot of searching, of turning over rotted stumps, of reading old letters to find out what this matted tangle of bed clothes and lanolin was like in life.

Thru the window, far out in the fields, I can just make out a farmer's tractor going back and forth slowly in the late afternoon sun. It's a monotonous sight, but I willingly follow someone's effort to produce, to make some happen. I want to plant so very much. I used to have a lovely garden back on our farm, so green and growing, but it's been so long ago I can't remember the feeling of pride and hope that it gave me.

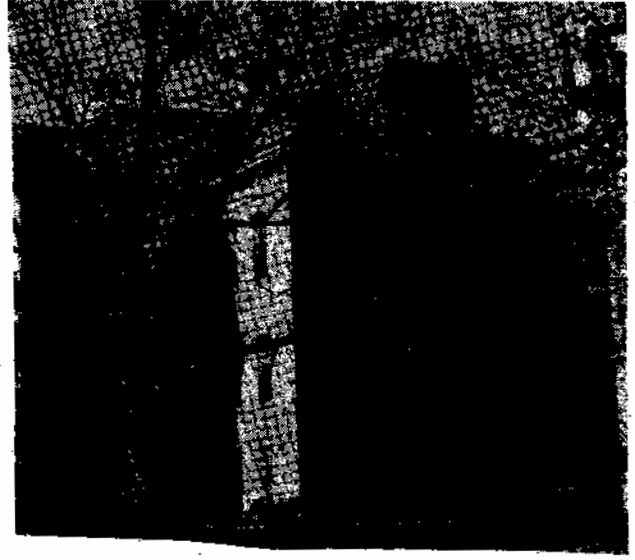
I feel buried alive here. The dreary hallways, the smell, the time stretching into oblivion; I wonder why anyone is put into a place like this. I know man does not possess the traits of a God. But it seems that in an effort to remove from sight and sound all things and people that serve as reminders of man's frailty, the infirm, the chronically ill, and the convalescents among us are put into places of confinement, shut away from the very act of freedom that makes a life worth living. Oh 'would that strife might pass away from Gods and Men.'



As to the rest of the day's routine here, I think I have already told you. We are awakened and prepared to eat; are bathed and made ready to face the day; and at night we try to sleep. We lie here lingering thru the months and years, shunned by sunlight and sunk in an immobility that is burial before the fact.

A life with nobility means to plant; to seek knowledge and teach others; to be loved without fear and dealt with free from pity and resentment. I watch the farmer accomplish what I am now too old to do, strapped into this wheelchair and fed by unfeeling hands;

And I wonder why they just don't let me die.



The above story gives a small description of the actual nursing home (formerly the county poor farm) that existed until a few weeks ago two miles south of Bloomington on highway 51.

The character Sarah in the story exists in fiction only, but in many ways Sarah represents thousands of elderly patients located all across the United States. These patients are, in this writer's opinion, the victims of a social condition embodied by the "out of sight, out of mind" concept. Such a philosophy upholds the machinations of many institutions working supposedly for the public benefit today.

This entry will be followed in later issues by a series of articles, debate, and hopefully, printable feedback that will discuss such topics as euthanasia in America, care of elderly people, and essays and poetry concerning the lives of wards of the state in general.

This series is not concerned with sensationalism, but rather with probing the foundations of mystery surrounding the use of public funds, as opposed to what is actually being done for the people to whom these funds are designated.

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COUNTY YOUTH ADVOCATE COUNCIL MEETS

October 23rd marked the first meeting of the McLean County Advocate Council. The meeting was held at the Outpost of the Department of Children and Family Services. The theme of the meeting dealt generally with informing local citizens of the serious nature of problems confronted by young people in McLean County.

Peter Rankaitis of Operation Oz was asked how a Youth Advocacy Council would differ from the Youth Services Agency or Operation Oz. He mentioned that Oz and the Youth Services Agency were responsible for handling individual cases and that the Youth Advocacy Council would handle general problems of children or those outside Operation Oz's jurisdiction.

One problem that was cited was the care really given to children in institutions in Illinois. Brent Deland, coordinator for Children and Family Services, told how staff members of a number of institutions push drugs to the children in them and take money that was intended for the children's use. Methods used in placing children in institutions are often unjust, Deland continued. He cited the case of a fourteen year old boy who was taken from a foster home and put into an institution for missing nine days of school in September.

For young women who are required to be put in detention facilities, Sheriff King has had the responsibility of keeping them detained in the County Jail, before they are transferred. But while they are awaiting transfer, the women must share facilities with older women inmates. According to King, the women are transferred to Macon, Sangamon, and Champaign detention facilities. One remark, though, that separate facilities for young women are 1 1/2 to 2 years away, demonstrated the urgency of the problem.

Truancy cases sometimes are improperly dealt with, leaving a child with a "bad" mark on a permanent record. A question pondered at the meeting was: "What schools refer truancy cases to the courts and/or the police?" Just the fact that the truancy report is sent to court leaves a child with a permanent record--one which may haunt the child needlessly in the future. Several people addressed themselves to the task of contacting superintendants of school districts who have copies of truancy reports which are sent out to locate and help children who may be affected by the reports.

Some local schools were accused of using the past records of young people to weed them out of the school system. Chiddix Junior High was accused of loading one young woman with classes she couldn't deal with and not bothering to consult her about what she would like to learn. By reinforcing failure, schools are able to discourage potential "troublemakers" from obtaining a public education.

If a child who had been a ward of the state chooses to move out and live on his/her own, Children and Family Services usually has some money for the person to get started. But, according to Deland, payments for these people are usually late, and these young people must live a very transitional life for a couple months. Deland said he has a number of reports from young people who have been ripped off for rent and security/damage deposits. He said there must be some way of protecting these young people who begin living on their own.

As to the overall function of Children and Family Services and other state-funded youth programs, Deland said a serious problem exists because the state agencies are often funded late. Deland lay the blame on partisan dissatisfaction between Governor Walker and Republican State Comptroller Lindbergh. In the meantime, he said, many programs have been stalled or have been forced to be inoperable because no funds existed to support planned activities.

The eighteen persons present at the October 23 meeting suggested that another meeting be held on Wednesday, November 23, at 8. The meeting will tentatively be held in the Campus Religious Center at 210 W. Mulberry in Normal. Any and all input is welcome, and all residents of McLean County, including ISU students, are urged to attend.



ILLINOIS LABOR PREPARES FOR THE BICENTENNIEL CELEBRATION

Place: Sangamon State University
Springfield, Illinois

Time: Saturday, November 9, 1974

---Program includes a slide presentation, workshops, and a report on the history of coal miners.

---Registration and tour of the Mother Jones Monument begins at 10:00 AM in Room 50 in the "L" Building on the Lake Campus.

---Conference fee is only \$5.00.

BOYCOTT



GRAPES

NON-
UFW

T.W.S.I.C.* Serves You

The Third World Students' Information Committee, a registered student organization at Illinois State University, has purchased periodical subscriptions for ISU's Milner Library. The first issues should now be available in the Periodicals Room.

The Third World Students' Information Committee invites the public to read these journals at the library. The following journals were donated:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| MONTHLY REVIEW | BRAZILIAN INFORMATION BULLETIN |
| REVIEW OF AFRICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY | AMPO |
| THIRD WORLD FORUM | JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY ASIA |
| SOUTHERN AFRICA MAGAZINE | THE INSURGENT SOCIOLOGIST |
| NEW LEFT REVIEW | KOREA FOCUS |
| PACIFIC IMPERIALISM NOTEBOOK | RADICAL AMERICA |
| PACIFIC RESEARCH | SOCIALIST REVOLUTION |
| ALBANIA REPORT | MERIP REPORT (Mid-East) |
| ALBANIA TODAY | JOURNAL OF PALESTINIAN STUDIES |
| AFRICA MAGAZINE | RESISTANCE DIGEST OF THE MIDDLE EAST |
| | AFRICAN REPORT |

* The Third World Students' Information Committee also offers several programs a year (not presented elsewhere in the ISU community) detailing the political and socio-economic conditions in third world countries. We have had programs on Asian, African, and Middle Eastern countries already. We will be continuing these and adding programs on Latin America in the future. New members are always welcome.

Weather Underground □ □ □ Again!

WEATHER UNDERGROUND BOMBS ANACONDA CORPORATION----- SEPTEMBER 11

The Weather Underground claimed responsibility for the September 11 bombing of the Anaconda Corporation in Oakland, California. In their communique, the Weather Underground stated:

"Anaconda is controlled by the Rockefeller family, part of Rocky's vast empire of power in Latin America and at home. Anaconda is but one substantial piece of the Rockefeller fortune, which is worth as much as the combined wealth of all the Black, Chicano, Indian, Puerto Rican and 40 million poor white people in the U.S. put together."

"Anaconda, along with ITT and Kennecott, played a decisive role in the U.S.-sponsored fascist coup in Chile. They were the force behind suspension of aid and credits, the continuing military aid to the generals, and the policies of economic aggression."

"Anaconda and Kennecott have stolen more than \$4 billion in profits from Chile over the last forty years. Yet the Chilean Dictatorship has agreed to pay Anaconda \$253 million between now and 1984---so-called compensation for this heritage of plunder. Under Chilean law, this step requires a constitutional amendment, but since the Dictatorship has dissolved Parliament, the agreement with Anaconda was put into force by the four men of the military junta. It is the workers, the poor and the children of Chile who once again fatten Rockefeller's fortune."

Chile has long been the victim of U.S. imperialist aggression. Her main national resource is an abundance of copper; 810,631 short tons, fourth largest output in the world, were mined by Chilean laborers last year. Yet only a small percentage of the natural wealth of Chile has been used to benefit the Chilean people themselves. In early 1971, by unanimous vote of the Chilean parliament, the first nationalizations were made of the two largest copper companies, Anaconda and Kennecott.

Now, under the fascist Dictatorship, DE-nationalization is general policy; the sellout of Chilean resources and industries by returning them to their former exploiters. For Rockefeller and Anaconda, their policy is massive compensation; fascist-enforced payments from the people of Chile.

The state of seige is a ruthless attack on the gains of the workers and the poor. The junta has abolished democratic freedoms, closed parliament, banned all left parties, suspended regular political parties, suppressed freedom of expression, assembly and association, cancelled trade union rights and the right to strike.

The Chilean people are preparing for a struggle which will be protracted. Everyone knows the struggle will be costly. Lessons are learned, the revolutionary armed struggle is begun. In the end it is the masses, mobilized and organized, who will determine the outcome of events in Chile. The fascists and the U.S. corporate and government puppeteers must be isolated and defeated.

----- THANKS TO BARB AND JAY AND THE CITY STAR COLLECTIVE FOR THIS COMMUNIQUE-----

Juvenile Justice

This story has several different purposes. While attempting to do a routine interview with someone else, this Post-American reporter met a young woman who alleged that her rights as a juvenile were violated three years ago--again the Post prefers not to use a full name to protect the woman's rights as a juvenile and her personal safety.

* * * * *

In 1971, Cindy _____ was arrested as a runaway on an apprehension/detention warrant. She asserted that she was not informed about the charges she was being held on. Cindy alleged that she was held in the County Jail in the women's ward for three days after Judge Campbell issued the original warrant. She further claimed that she was not given a copy of the warrant as Campbell had promised.


When she arrived at the County Jail, Cindy alleged that Mrs. King, the matron, had searched her. In an interview with Mrs. Stubblefield in the McLean County Auditor's Dep't., this reporter learned that as the McLean County matron, Mrs. King is authorized to search female inmates, but that another woman must be present during the search and that the search must be conducted in privacy. It was also learned that in the case of a juvenile, supervision must be provided around the clock while the juvenile is being held in the County Jail.

According to Cindy, all three responsibilities of Mrs. King were either unmet or ignored. Cindy alleged that only Mrs. King was present during the search, and that during the search, sheriff's deputies were seen in and around the room where the search took place--no privacy was allowed for in the search. Furthermore, Mrs. King neglected her responsibilities as matron because during

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the night in the cell, Cindy complained of a sore throat, and she was only given aspirin in the morning. After she was released from the County Jail, Cindy's doctor took a throat culture and found her to have strep throat. No medical supervision was given her while she was being held in jail, and nobody in the jail, especially Mrs. King, seemed very concerned about Cindy's ailments.

--Jeremy Timmens



THE HONEY TREE

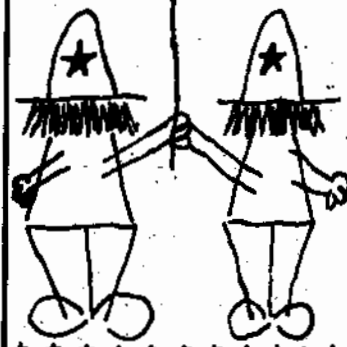
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INDICT KING MOVEMENT

The growing indict King movement, highlighted by a 500-person march on Oct. 11, is making Sheriff King very upset. While the ever-increasing public resentment against King has not yet forced the Justice Department to indict the Sheriff, the movement has shaken King's confidence. Over the past few weeks, King's nervousness has become apparent to several observers in several situations. King has begun overreacting to events, making himself appear overly foolish and paranoid. He has reacted in ways a "smart" politician would never react.

In short, the movement has put the scare into King.

Only a few days after the release of the last Post-Amerikan, where we published an announcement that King was scheduled to speak at the Unitarian Church Oct. 20, a nervous and furious John King phoned Mary Jane Brunt, a member of the Church committee which arranged King's appearance. Expressing his fear that pickets would greet him at the church, King threatened to cancel his appearance. The event's format called for audience questions. King threatened that if the questions turned into an "interrogation," he would walk out.

PRE-MARCH BEHAVIOR

Publicity about the Oct. 11 march on the county jail began appearing around town early in October. On Oct. 6, when King appeared at the Miller Park bandshell for a League of Women Voters Candidates Day, posters announcing the march were already glued all over the building. Jack Porter, from Community for Social Action, passed out an anti-King leaflet at the Park. King looked very unhappy that day.

Later, he told members of a Unitarian Church committee how horrible it was that "those people" showed up at Miller Park. "Those people," explained committee members Brunt and Len Fassett, were the small group of Post-Amerikan workers who had hung around the bandshell for a while that day.

As Oct. 11 drew nearer and nearer, the march against King was officially becoming a public event. By Oct. 9, the Pantagraph, the ISU Vidette, a Peoria TV station, and thousands of handbills

"IT'S REALLY GETTING TO ME. IT REALLY HURTS."

--Sheriff John King

had announced what was going to happen on the 11th. The pressure on King was building.

INMATES PROTEST

On the evening of Oct. 9, 18 prisoners in the north side of the county jail staged a protest. According to King's report to the Pantagraph, the 18 prisoners refused to return to their cells for night lock-up--they were demanding toilet facilities. (When prisoners are locked in their cells, they have to use a plastic jug for a toilet.) After officers from 3 different police departments showed up, the prisoners returned peacefully to their cells.

But King explained the protest not by agreeing that jail facilities were inadequate, but by saying the protest was fashionable. "It's just a trend of the times," King told the Pantagraph.

the PHONE CALL

By Oct. 10, the day before the march, King was really acting like a fool.

On the morning of the 10th, Mark Silverstein, a Post-Amerikan worker who was also helping to organize the march, spoke to two Corrections classes at ISU. Since it was relevant to the movement for local corrections reform, Silverstein explained to the classes some of the issues revolving around the march and the sheriff.

After Silverstein spoke to the classes, Dr. Irving Jacks, Corrections Department Chairman, phoned King to "sort of ask him if he wanted equal time." According to Jacks, King hit the ceiling when he heard that Silverstein had spoken on campus. King was indignant, Jacks said, that "that troublemaker" was allowed to "use the state university to make trouble." King said he would not speak to Jacks' classes until after the election. (Later, we will learn that at this time King planned

to cancel all his public appearances.)

Jacks later received a phone call from the office of the ISU President. Sheriff King had phoned the President's office about Silverstein speaking to the corrections classes. Jacks was asked for a report on the matter.

About 10 p.m. on Oct. 11, ISU President Budig phoned Jacks and assured him that no one would interfere with his academic freedom. (Coincidentally, about 10 p.m. on the 11th was just about the time it became clear that there had been no violence in the march against King. Jacks says it really was a coincidence, and that Budig had been out of town until then.)

Several faculty members polled by the Post-Amerikan thought that King's calling the President's Office was a definite overreaction, accomplishing little but demonstrating King's frayed nerves. Silverstein's appearance in a corrections class, they agreed, was a legitimate academic exercise.

STUPIDITY

By the time the evening of the 11th arrived, and 500 people were gathered about the county jail, King was conveniently "out of town." And in his public statements after the march, King was either too uptight to deal with the issues, or else he consciously thought the public was easily taken in.

When channel 19 televised its interview with King a few days after the march, they showed the cover of last issue's Post-Amerikan--the wanted poster. Zeroing in on the 47 names listed on the Post's cover, (the Post had charged that King violated the civil rights of all 47), the TV announcer said that 47 people had accused King of violating their civil rights.

King's reply? King told the TV audience that they must remember that all 47 of those people had been prisoners in the county jail, and that most were convicted criminals.

How can someone have his rights violated in the jail unless he has been in the jail? Did King actually believe that the public would accept his "reply"? Or was he so uptight that he could no longer think straight?

Later, on channel 3, King attempted to discredit the marchers by claiming the march was organized by "ex-convicts and their wives."

the HARD-CORE EVIDENCE

The really hard-core indications of King's mental state stem from his attempt to chicken out of his scheduled public appearance at the Unitarian Church Oct. 20.

The church committee which arranged King's appearance, and which dealt with King's vacillations, has four members: Mary Jane Brunt, Leonard Fassett, Scott Eatherly, and Jolene Eatherly. A Post-Amerikan reporter phoned all four members, but only two were talking: Brunt and Fassett. Both the Eatherlys refused to discuss the content of their conversations with King.

Shortly after the last Post-Amerikan came out, King phoned Mary Jane Brunt about the Post's announcement of his appearance. (This was reported earlier in this story.)

King had also spoken with Leonard Fas-

A LETTER TO THE READERS



As you may know, the Post-Amerikan has distinguished itself among alternative newspapers by surviving and thriving into its third big year. You may also know that the Post is organized as a non-bureaucratic, volunteer collective. Our staff has managed to fit in work on the Post around other priorities, like working and/or going to school.

Recently, we decided that the Post's quality could be improved if we had a person who could consider the Post his top priority and put in a real 40-hour week. This person will help our efficiency by coordinating various Post activities, from mailing subscriptions to investigative reporting. We are paying our coordinator a survival wage of \$50 a week to free him from having to hold another job.

Our economics expert has pointed out that in order to pay someone a wage, you have to have some money. Our psychosocial phenomenologist suggests that people who have known and loved the Post over the years (i.e., our loyal readers) might be willing to contribute to a sustaining fund for our coordinator. He claims that our

readers are in a position to appreciate the importance of the Post's goals, and to see the necessity for its survival.

Our public relations/advertising expert insists that you gotta have a gimmick, so here it is:

If you can give \$20 or more to the Post-Amerikan Sustaining Fund, you can have a lifetime subscription to the Post. Plus, every Christmas from now on you can give a free gift subscription (1 yr.) to a friend of your choice. You and your friends can look forward to years of absorbing and informative news and comment, and you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you helped the Post continue our struggle.

If you can't give \$20, send whatever you can afford. Your contribution will give you good karma, and if you ever go to India you won't get dysentery.

Send your contribution to Post-Amerikan Sustaining Fund, 108 E. Beaufort, Normal, Ill., 61761. It will be received with song and rejoicing.

our coordinator. He claims that our **The Post-Amerikan Staff**

HAS SHERIFF WORRIED

sett about not appearing. Fassett said King kept expressing fears about "those hooligans" showing up at the church. Fassett said King had read the announcement in the Post-Amerikan, and gave a copy of the paper to Fassett.

As late as Saturday Oct. 19, when a Unitarian group toured the county jail, King was still scheduled to appear at the church Oct. 20. But when she returned from touring the jail, Mary Jane Brunt found a letter from King, cancelling his appearance.

"Due to circumstances beyond my control," Brunt quoted the letter, "I will be unable to speak at the Unitarian Church."

the VISIT to KING

Wanting to dissuade King from cancelling his appearance, the church committee attempted to contact King Sat. afternoon. They couldn't reach King on the phone.

According to Brunt, Mrs. Eatherly phoned a Republican leader/friend, and the committee soon had an appointment with King.

Meeting with King, the committee soon found out what the circumstances beyond King's control were: the anti-King movement. According to Brunt, King whipped out a copy of the Post-Amerikan and said "Have you seen this? Just think what this can do to someone."

Both Brunt and Fassett said King de-

clared that he didn't want to make any more appearances where "Silverstein and his crew" could show up. Both Brunt and Fassett said King talked about the Miller Park event, saying how horrible it was for him to endure it with "Silverstein and his gang" present.

"He's very uptight; almost paranoid," Leonard Fassett told a Post-Amerikan reporter. "My wife was at that Miller Park thing, and she said you guys did not do anything."

Brunt also said that King talked about how horrible it was for his children to have had to watch the march on TV. "It's really getting to me; it really hurts," King said, according to Brunt.

When they got down to concretely discussing King's appearance at the church, it came out that King wouldn't appear because the "hooligans" could also attend. When it was pointed out that the church event was open to the public, King declared his decision to make no more public appearances.



When Len Fassett told King that the Unitarians couldn't control who would come, King replied that they could let only certain people enter. Mary Jane Brunt said she didn't know the identities of all those King wanted to exclude from the church. King replied that he could stand by the door and point them out.

Eventually the committee talked King into reagreeing to appear at the church. King brought three detectives with him as "bodyguards," according to Fassett. The three walked into the church just ahead of King, split up, walked all around the church, then rejoined at the door to watch the crowd come in.

Finally, there was never any evidence of "hooliganism" at the church after all. However, some members of the congregation did ask King to answer the charges the marchers had made against him. King refused.

the LEAK

On Thursday Oct. 24, the Pantagraph reported that James Kaufman, King's opponent in the sheriff election, had spent 3 days in the county jail in 1973. The Pantagraph said it checked out the story after a woman complained that the paper reported King's alleged law violations, but not Kaufman's trouble with the law.

Both Mary Jane Brunt and Leonard Fassett thought that King had leaked the story. When they spoke with King, he was incensed that no one was attacking Kaufman. "He's been a prisoner in this jail," King told them.

If King was the ultimate source for the Pantagraph's tip, he must be really running scared to attack his opponent for having been arrested (and never convicted), especially when King is running as a Republican in a super-Republican county against an unknown who secured the democratic nomination by getting a few write-in votes. (No Democrats were on the ballot for sheriff in the primary.)

As this goes to press, King has even more to worry about. Another march against him is scheduled for Nov. 3.

ATTENTION POST-AMERIKAN SUBSCRIBERS

If you move, you should send us your new address. The Post-Amerikan is mailed out 3rd class, and is never forwarded unless you sign some special form saying you'll pay extra postage. Most people don't agree to pay this extra postage, because most 3rd class mail is unsolicited junk mail that they don't want anyway. So unless we mail directly to your new address, you won't get your paper.

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The Illinois Higher Education Boondoggle

October 1 and 2 marked another part of the ISU Student Association's attempts at registering students to vote in Mclean County. Featured in the amphitheatre were speakers for a number of state offices, including Jay Schaffner, the Communist Party candidate for University of Illinois Board of Trustees. Schaffner is 23 years old, chairperson of the Young Workers' Liberation League, legislative committee person of United Electricalworkers Local 1114, and has been active in a number of anti-war activities.

Because the post on the Board of Trustees at the U of I is the only elected one, Schaffner's party felt the need to attempt to fill the position with someone with a realistic appraisal of the issues. The Communist Party in Illinois feels that "public education must be public and free," meaning free tuition, stipends for students, continuation of the Illinois State Scholarship, and open admissions policies.

Schaffner addressed himself to the economic realities of public education in Illinois. Specifically, he stated, the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana and the Chicago Circle Campus are under pressures to continue yearly tuition increases. At present, yearly tuition at the two U of I campuses amounts to \$810 per year. In 1962 the tuition was set at \$90 per year.

Continuing, Schaffner pointed out that since tuition accounts for only 7% of the two universities' income, it is realistic for the universities to offer tuition-free educations to the students in Illinois. So how does that 7% (\$24 million) deficit become replenished, enabling U of I students to enjoy tuition-free educations?

Schaffner suggested that since the \$24 million figure amounts to only .00024% of the total national defense budget, and that state-arranged federal aid to education amounts to only 3% of Illinois' education resources, defense spending could be cut to fund students' tuition needs.

Furthermore, Schaffner stressed the importance of open admissions policies in state-supported schools. The important point, he said, is that anyone wishing to get a higher education should be able to. Schaffner said the SAT (Scholastic Aptitude Test) and ACT (American College Test) results which are required for entrance to state universities have been shown to reflect cultural biases and assumed standards of excellence. But, he added, the inherent cultural biases are designed to keep the poor, non-whites, and working people from attending institutions of higher learning.

As for financial aid to potential students who experience a real need for help, Schaffner suggested a \$600 a year stipend for students living either at home or elsewhere in the state. Further, he elaborated on the need for continuation of the ISSC grants to needy students--not loans with outrageous interest rates but grants. The funding, Schaffner assured, could easily be made possible with a gradual paring of an over-bloated U.S. defense budget, one which presently assures the U.S. people that the world population could be annihilated 10-13 times over.

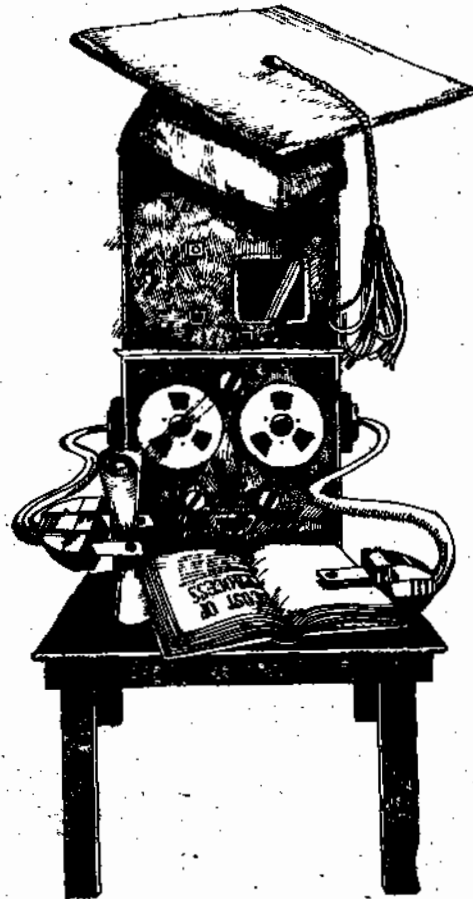
As for state politics and public higher education, Schaffner warned about the ominous tendencies of the Illinois Board of Higher Education. (The Illinois Board is composed of Gov. Walker, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, presidents of each state university, chairpeople of each board of education, and Earl Hughes--U of I trustee.) Such tendencies include the Illinois Board's wish that student tuitions should account for 30% of all revenues, allowing the federal and state governments to be free of major responsibilities for higher education. Schaffner pointed out the Board's neglect of the new Illinois Constitution with such a wish in that "a fundamental goal of the People of the State is the educational development of all persons to the limits of their capacities." The State Constitution also mentions that "the State has the primary responsibility for financing the system of public education."

Another whim of the Illinois Board is to eventually transform the U of I in Urbana into the State's graduate center, with other state universities and colleges functioning as "feeder schools." Schaffner added that if such a transformation occurs, other schools will be unable to attract quality faculty and that a number of students will suffer because the only students who could attain a higher education would be those able to relocate in Champaign-Urbana.

Bakalis has another plan to cut back state expenditures for schools. He believes that "we must have less schools and less teachers" because the post-WW II baby boom is over. Such cutbacks, Schaffner believes, will seriously affect workers and lower-income people who must always have opportunities to develop skills in an increasingly technological age.

This Post-American reporter tried to catch Schaffner off-guard with a question involving women and funding for athletic programs as the interview drew to a close. Schaffner believes that schools need a full athletic program with more stress on physical health, and women should have full opportunities to participate in all-women sports. He also believes that athletic scholarships should be continued, emphasizing that equal opportunity must govern the granting of the scholarships.

---- THE BLUE GHOST



a paid advertisement-

Baha'i Faith

Devotional Program

November 3: "The Resurrection"

"...flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God..."--I Corinthians 15:50
"Even as Jesus said: 'Ye must be born again.' Again He saith: 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' The purport of these words is that whosoever in every dispensation is born of the Spirit and is quickened by the breath of the Manifestation of the Holiness, he verily is of those that have attained unto 'life' and resurrection' and have entered into the 'paradise' of the love of God."
--Baha'u'llah, The Glory of God.

November 10: "Justice"

"...the communities are day and night occupied in making penal laws, and in preparing...means of punishment...in reality they are causing destruction of morals and perversion of characters. The community, on the contrary, ought...to accomplish the education of men...to increase in science and knowledge, to acquire virtues, to gain good morals and to avoid vices, so that crimes may not occur. At the present time the contrary prevails... This has a demoralizing effect."
--Abdu'l-Baha, son of Baha'u'llah

November 17: "World Citizenship"

"Of old it hath been revealed: 'Love of one's country is an element of the Faith of God.' The Tongue of Grandeur hath, however, in the day of his manifestation proclaimed: 'It is not his to boast who loveth his country, but it is his who loveth the world'.
"Let not man glory in this that he loves his country, let him rather glory in this that he loves his kind."--Baha'u'llah

November 24: "Divine Economic Prescription"

"...rules and laws should be established to regulate the excessive fortunes of certain private individuals, and limit the misery of millions of the poor masses...However... Absolute equality in fortunes, honours, commerce, agriculture, industry would end in a want of comfort, in discouragement... Thus, there is a great wisdom in the fact that equality is not imposed by law."
--Abdu'l-Baha, son of Baha'u'llah

Program 1:30 p.m. Discussion 2:00 p.m.

Fairchild Lounge in Fairchild Hall

Phone 452-0920 (Ruth) or 452-6907

Welcome!

B-N Rape Crisis Center

When I was asked to write another article for the Post-Amerikan on the Rape Crisis Center, I had no idea on what area I was expected to put forth profound statements. I had already discussed police interviews in the last article and I really didn't want to hash that over again. After much concentration I came up with the completely original idea of explaining exactly what the Rape Crisis Center of Bloomington-Normal is and what we are doing here and now. It also seemed logical to include a comparison of attitudes (our reception in the community)-- past vs. present.

The Rape Crisis Center of Bloomington-Normal (henceforth referred to as the RCC) is a volunteer organization of concerned community people who are willing to donate their time and efforts to helping their sisters and brothers. When we began organizing in January 1974, we had no funds available at all; all expenses were paid by the board members/advocates who were working on the RCC and by friendly persons who donated supplies to our poverty-stricken organization.

As we became more organized and began speaking to more and more groups, we began passing the hat at presentations. Lo and behold! people contributed!! We began asking a set amount for speaking if our audience could afford to pay us, and we began to hit groups up for charitable donations to the RCC. The Women's Center, among others, came through for us; and when we took part in the McLean County Walk for (Hu) Mankind, we finally began to breath a little easier about paying bills for supplies, publicity, etc. We still pinch every penny twice before we spend it and we still need all the help we can get, but at least we can buy stamps now.

The RCC provides 3 primary services:

- (1) a hot line
- (2) advocate teams
- (3) educational programs

(1) The hot line operates through PATH but callers must ask for the RCC if they wish to speak to us after calling PATH's number. The hot line handles:

- a) information calls
- b) case calls and
- c) crisis calls

a) Information calls are considered to be those in which the caller wishes information about rape or assault, wants to set up a speaking engagement, wants our help **organizing** a program on rape, or **wants referrals** for pregnancy tests, VD tests, or abortion information.

b) Case calls are those in which the caller reports a past rape or assault or troublesome experience, reports anonymously about a case, reports a threat or problem, or reports fears due to recent experiences.

c) Crisis calls are those in which the caller is going through a personal crisis at the time of the call and may request an advocate team.

Crisis calls may be an immediate rape in which a victim needs and requests aid or a psychological crisis for which the victim needs assistance. Advocate teams of two women will go out to a victim if she requests their services and will assist her in whatever she wants to do. They will go with her to hospitals and doctors, to police if she wishes to report, and to court if the case ever reaches court. They will tell her what needs to be done and what alternatives exist, but all decisions must be her own. They will support her in her decision; if she decides not to report the rape, they will respect her wishes. They can, however, report the case anonymously if she gives her permission since this can help to alert police to the rapist's presence and help to prevent his attacks on her sisters in the future.

If a woman wishes merely to talk to a telephone volunteer, she is certainly welcome to do so. If she feels further counseling might be of help, we can refer her to local agencies, clergy men and women, or to a private counselor who is donating services to RCC.

(2) Advocates are trained paraprofessionals who go out to assist rape victims who request their aid (as previously mentioned). At the present time advocates also serve as board members and participate in the RCC educational programs.

(3) The RCC presents on rape to any organization or group who requests our services. We are trying to make the community aware of the truth about rape as opposed to the myths presently believed by a large part of the population by talking to them and by answering questions put to us by our audience.

When we first began organizing, we met doubts about the need for our services from all sides. Many officials interviewed felt that existing agencies were sufficient and that we were not needed in this community. Most of our board members/advocates have been accused of being paranoid by our "friends" because of our increasing caution due to our consciousness of the dangers present in our society today for those who are unwary. Our qualifications were also suspect in the beginning.

We decided that the RCC needed community support before it would be accepted by local authorities so we began public speaking. The more speeches and panel discussions we

gave, the more women we found who were also concerned about rape and the prevailing negative social attitudes toward rape victims.

We also made contact with other Rape Crisis lines and centers in Champaign, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Seattle, D.C., Florida, and California and with the National Rape and Assault Prevention Headquarters in New York. We received organizational information from some and training from others. Several of our advocate/group trainers, attended N.O.W. workshops on rape, and all of our advocate/group must participate in portions of PATH's training. Our training plus much independent study and in service experience have helped to establish us as a qualified local agency.

Now police detectives, an assistant state's attorney, a nurse, and several hospital representatives have participated in panel discussions on rape with RCC members.

Attitudes toward the RCC are changing for the better; we are becoming accepted locally by some authorities, but we still have a long way to go. We get lip-service from some authorities but cooperation is occurring, too.

The word is getting out about our services; phone calls are increasing, and recently we received a request from another area for assistance and guidance in setting up a Rape Hot Line. We have become a reputable community service.

Respectability is the name of the game.

Terri Dolan

City Manager Censors Human Relations Ads

When the Bloomington Human Relations Commission began an advertising campaign informing the public that the commission was willing to receive complaints about alleged discrimination, it looked like the commission was determined to serve the full public, instead of just a few well-informed people who knew about the commission's functions.

Ads saying "Discrimination is illegal. If you feel you have been discriminated against, contact the Bloomington Human Relations Commission" appeared in the Pantagraph, in the ISU Vidette, and on the radio.

Feeling that many readers of the Post-Amerikan may have had problems with race, sex, or job or housing discrimination, a Post-Amerikan advertising salesman phoned the commission about an ad.

Aaron Vessup, Coordinator of the Human

Relations Commission, said that he had already unsuccessfully attempted to get an ad in the Post-Amerikan.

Asked what the problem was, Vessup said "One of the problems in the operation of the Commission is that the Commission may decide to do something, and have money budgeted for doing it, but still be unable to do what it wants."

Vessup said that the city's procedure for spending by the Commission calls for Vessup and "a certain other person" to both approve the expenditure. Vessup said he had been unable to purchase a Post-Amerikan ad for the Commission because this "certain other person" would not sign the papers.

Vessup was reluctant to identify this "certain other person" who was hampering the Commission's work, but he later identified the man as Bloomington City Manager Richard Blodgett.

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For the most in music

FIRST YEAR BRUTALITY: THE KING MENTALITY

Approximately four years ago, I was held in the County Jail on a charge that I was later cleared of. This is important to remember, because I want everybody listening to know that I have no criminal record whatsoever; only two minor traffic violations. I have no doubt that once this interview is aired, there will be some repercussions. That is why myself and the interviewer wish to remain anonymous. If there should be any repercussions from any source, however harsh, it would still be worth the effort. You, Mr. King, have stated on television that the instigators of the march on the county jail were never in the county jail. Well, I, Mr. King, was, and I talk from experience. If my children should ever be arrested for breaking the law, I have faith that they will be punished if found guilty. But cruel and inhuman punishment should not be forced on them for any reason. I hope my brothers and sisters in the Normal-Bloomington area will hear this interview and help to oust this blemish from office and have him punished for his crimes against humanity.

At that point, Sherriff King began shoving C___ around the desk and said, "We're gonna put ya into the Stand-Up!" As C___ was being led upstairs to the Stand-Up, John Ledbetter knocked him back down the stairs with an elbo-shove. When C___ was led up the stairs again, Ledbetter repeated the elbo-shove, knocking C___ down the stairs again. Although considerably shaken, C___ claimed he wasn't really hurt -- only bruised.

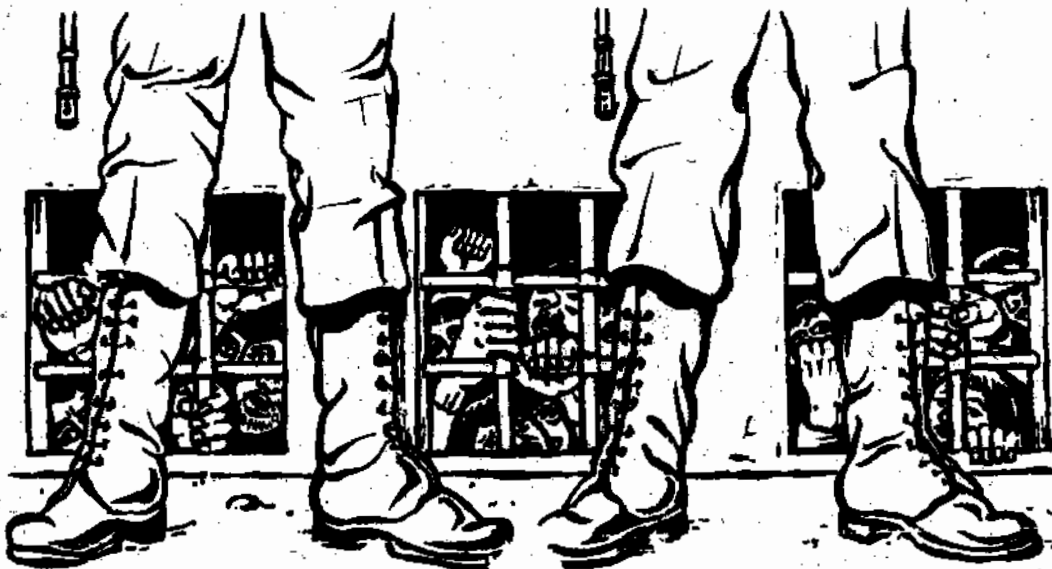
Because of the nature of their infractions, the two men who joined C___ were not in the Stand-Up cell very long, but C___ remained there for THREE tormenting days. C___ alleged that Sherriff's deputies would let him out of the cell only to urinate to keep him standing. C___ further alleged that Sherriff's deputies fed him only ONCE in three days, and he was able to get only one drink of water (2 ounces) during his stay in the Stand-Up cell.

While he was in the Stand-Up cell, C___ claimed he could only squat a little to relieve the tension of standing. But King apparently, wasn't satisfied. Soon TWO other inmates joined C___ in the Stand-Up cell for minor infractions against county jail rules. Both of the inmates were big men -- over six feet tall, and two men had to place the first inmate on their shoulders merely to facilitate some semblance of comfort. The three men rotated their positions at certain intervals.

When he was finally released from the cell, two trustees helped C___ out of the cell and carried him to the hold-over cell. There they rubbed his ankles and lower legs to help relieve the swelling and pain. C___ claims his ankles had swollen to three times their normal size.

After that ordeal in the County Jail, C___ insists that there were no more incidents involving or affecting him directly, and he remained a "model" inmate until the charges against him were dropped and he was RELEASED.

---Jeremy Timmens



In mid 1970, the year John King was elected Sherriff of McLean County, C___ was arrested for driving (possession of) a stolen vehicle. C___ admitted that police had sufficient cause to arrest him, but he stressed that he was not to be considered a felon because the charges against him were dropped.

At any rate, C___ was held for 48 days in the County Jail. He had not been in Bloomington very long and had been working only a couple of days at his job before being placed in jail. He was fired when his employer learned about the arrest, leaving him no money to pay bail.

During his first week in the County Jail, C___ alleged that King and two deputies tried to cut his hair. C___ knew that King had no right to cut his hair because even though he was held in custody on specific charges, C___ had not been found guilty and had not been sentenced. C___ knew that two other men with long hair had been relieved of their excess growth by King and Company, justifying King's expectation that C___'s be cut.

C___ was taken into the front office and deputy John Ledbetter held him gently in the chair. Then Lt. Reany came at C___ with the clippers, and C___ slapped them out of Reany's hands. As C___ leaned forward in the chair, Ledbetter pushed him back into the chair, and somehow both King and Ledbetter tripped, falling onto the floor.

AMA HAILS CHINA'S MEDICINE

(Guardian/CPF)-- "You don't believe it till you see it," said one American doctor of China's spectacular success in treating burns and restoring severed limbs. A 16-member American Medical Association delegation returned last week from China much impressed with that country's success in treating the common but serious injuries that plague workers. Citing China's "significant contributions in medical science," the AMA report called attention to the doctors' "striking accomplishments in burn management," the "outstanding work in reimplanting legs, arms, hands, feet, fingers and toes" and their "challenging concepts in fracture treatment."

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LETTERS

another march

I'M A DEMOCRAT, THANK YOU!

I suppose you could call me a registered Democrat in (Republican) McLean County, Illinois. I can remember back a few years (before Water-gate) when I was embarrassed about it. Can't even begin to understand that embarrassment now, though. I've got a card in my pocket which says that I'm a bona-fide member of the Democratic National Party; and, friends, I'm proud of it. There are a few personal stipulations I'm holding my National Party to, though; some qualifications I'm imposing on my Party, just to make sure that we understand each other.

What I'm trying to say is that the only way I'll ever vote a straight party ticket again, is if each and every candidate on that ticket is unquestionably, unalterably, and un-failingly the best person for the office. Or, I'm voting for the person before I'm voting for the Party. So, if a Democratic candidate just ain't making it, then it's the Grand Ole Party for me.

Let's take a local election as an example - the current race for County Clerk. My former voting inclinations would have me punching the Democratic candidate's ticket along about November 5th. This time, however, it's the G.O.P. for me. No need to engage in name-calling, mudslinging, or even any back-slapping. Suffice it to say that we really should keep what's good in local government, and let the smoothies slide on out of the picture.

Any talk of the incumbent being "severely handicapped for public office" simply ain't so. Not only can the incumbent devote full-time to his job - he is doing just that. Anyway, here's hoping that there are a few more people who will support the best man - regardless of party.

October 27, 1974 - John B. Ctzen -

Dear Post-Amerikan and Post readers,

As a concerned citizen of the Normal-Bloomington area, have taken it upon myself to organize another march on the county jail. I was at one time or another a captive audience to Sheriff King's circus of horror (with King John in the center ring.)

The list of performers has no end.
CLOWNS: Stanly Rader, Dep. Schroeder
ANIMAL TRAINER: John Ledbetter, Lt. Reany

ANIMALS: Marty Hartly, Marty Patrick, Wayne Cantrel, John Geidl, Larry Wilson, Roger Armstrong, Cabbage, Paul McCandless and myself and myself and many more.

The geatest show on Earth, if you're into masochistic tendencies. Admission is cheap. Just get accused of breaking the law and you not only get a front row seat, but become part of the act.

Imagine being locked in a cage, no chance of escape. Being prodded with sticks, having water thrown on you, or even worse, burning match's thrown at you while you sleep.

When you're in your cage there isn't much to do but sleep or pace up and

down. You can lay down and listen. Listen to the sounds of your fellow animals. One might snore, another sings of home. The next cage is the residence of an upset animal who might scream, releasing emotion to keep from going insane. Snoring, sad singing, screaming, and somewhere in the distance, a rising heart-wrenching sob of someone who just couldn't handle it anymore.

So much for the circus; you're at home now, reading this letter and thinking "GEE WIZZ, THAT'S TERRIBLE. THAT'S TOO BAD. SURE WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING."

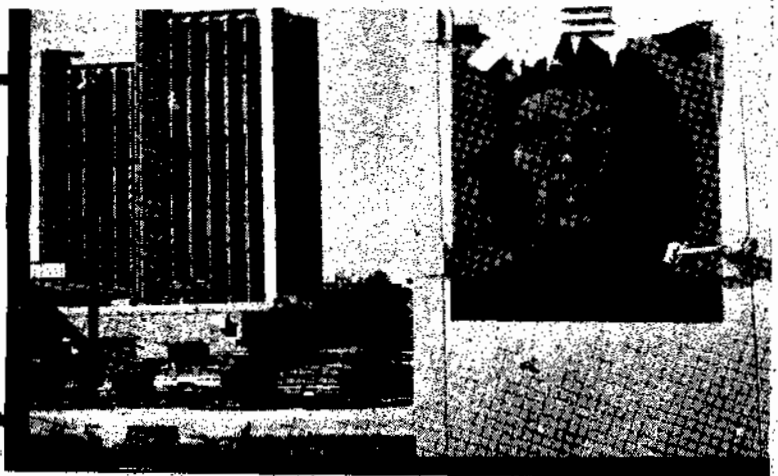
Well YOU can. Sunday, November 3, I Randy Spruce am inviting you to another march on the county jail in honor of the Ringmaster, his clowns, and animal tamers. Help me bring the atrocities of the Ringmaster to the attention of his superiors. Like any criminal, he should be punished for his crimes.

All you have to do is bring yourselves, and we'll do the rest.

Sincerely,
Randy Spruce

P.S. THE KING IS DEAD!!!

The face of Che Guevara appeared near the railroad tracks in downtown Normal early in October. Guevara was murdered by the CIA in Bolivia.



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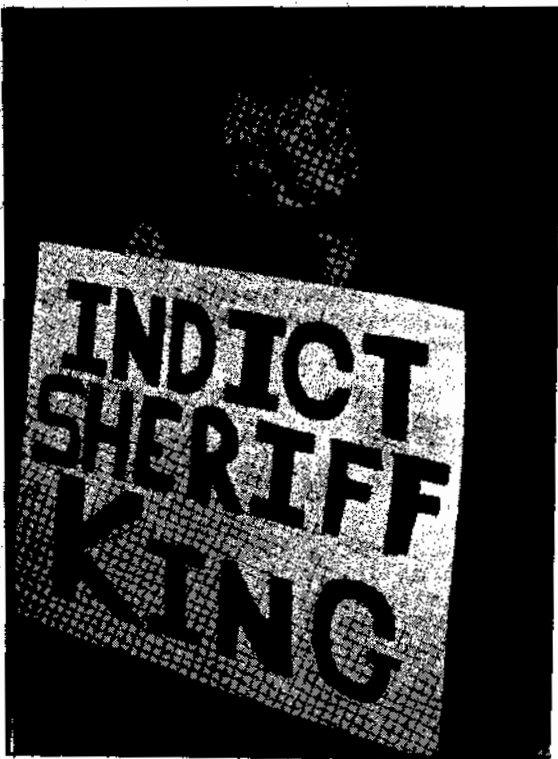
We carry necessities for your Mind & your body.

PEOPLE MARCH

THE DUMMY KING

Sometime during the speech, an effigy of Sheriff King had appeared. Stuffed to obesity, the representation was carried at the front of the march to the court house steps. There it was unceremoniously dumped. The group began another chant.

Parked in front of the court house were several cop cars. Looking back, this reporter noticed that the plain-clothesmen were no longer lounging on the Center/Washington corner. The uniformed policeman in one of the cars meanwhile was glaring at the demonstrators. He was also chewing gum.



On October eleventh this reporter got to witness what has to be one of the biggest demonstrations the people of Bloomington have yet to produce.

The occasion: a late Friday night protest against the alleged atrocities committed by Sheriff John King, local symbol of elephantine injustice.

The protest occurred before several downtown Bloomington headquarters for the Republican power structure--a vacant store front currently being used for election headquarters, the county courthouse and jail.

Sheriff King, the subject of the protest, did not attend.

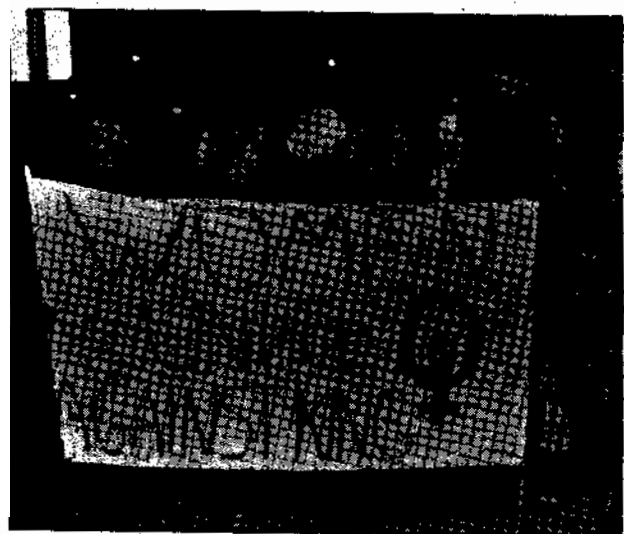
This reporter, however, after wondering before the event whether he wanted to be covering another demonstration for the Post-American, found himself heartened by the number of people present anyway-- even if the object of demonstrator derision didn't show.

"NO KING KONG"

Demonstrators met outside the courthouse. Milling around, handing out maps with anti-King slogans printed on the back (both map and chants were difficult to read in the fading light what with the hasty ditto job done), watching the plain clothes cops loitering in front of the one-time smoke shop, the group seemed congenial. "We've got several hundred waiting to join us down at the Metropole," one demonstrator shouted to the group at large. The parade route called for passing the bar with the hope of picking people up.

As the march hadn't started yet, this reporter decided to get down all the slogans on the posters presently being carried upside-down and the like. It would save a lot of frantic running around later. The posters--some repeats from the Republican picnic--read as follows:

"No King Kong for Sheriff,"
"Better no Jail Than King's Jail,"
"Dump Boss King,"
"Stop County Jail Brutality,"
"No More Cover-up for Nixon or Sheriff King,"
"Kids Hate King" (Held by a young protestor),
"Women Unite Against King."



Also attending the march were press-people and ACLU members designated as observers. The civil liberties group intended to see that none of the protesters' rights were violated--a particularly abhorrent thought considering the demonstration had been sparked by charges of King's violations of prisoner rights.

Prior to the march one ACLU observer was asked how he was going to avoid actually being a part of the protest. "We'll either walk behind or on the other side of the street," was the answer.

"BE PEACEABLE"

After one false start ("Hey! Let's wait a few minutes until more people show!") the march began. Quite a crowd, this reporter thought.

With instructions to keep on the sidewalks and obey street signs, the group started along its charted way. First stop was Republican headquarters (formerly Mace office supplies.)

"What's going on?" one demonstrator asked.

"We're outside Republican hq.," his companion replied. (Not everybody had a map even if they could read one in the darkness.)

While citizen Jack Porter read a statement to be taped to the doors of election headquarters, people began one of the chants from the back of the map: "Down with Sheriff King! How? Now! In Sing Sing!" With confused inflection, the chant became incomprehensible. A good chant is harder to write than it appears.

Meanwhile, Porter was reading his statement for the benefit of the press. McLean County has essentially a one-party government...." he began, detailing Sheriff King's place in that one party and the serious charges the man currently faces. "The people do not deserve four more years of John King. We are watching your performance and we are holding you accountable. As the party of Watergate you can ill afford any more cover-ups."



Vidette photo

Accompanied by shouts of encouragement, Porter then placed the statement on the headquarter's glass door. As the crowd prepared to leave, Pentagraph reporter Mark Spenser stopped Porter to ask for a copy of the statement. He was given a carbon copy.

So that's how Spenser gets his quotes down, this reporter thought.



"Where we going now?" one person asked. The march was heading down Main Street.

On Main, for the first time, television reporters were in evidence starting to set up.

The group, perhaps inspired by the glaring T.V. news lights, began another chant: "King says get back! We say fight back!" This was a more successful chant.

Marching by the Metropole, the demonstration found new blood. Men and women of all ages began streaming out. One male shouted back to those stragglers still inside the bar: "Hey! We can get drunk anytime! C'mon man!"

With this sudden influx of new folks, the chants received new vigor.

COUNTY JAIL

County Jail was blocked by cops. Standing in row on the lawn between the building and sidewalk, they posed threateningly. No rabid mob was going to storm any Bastilles this night, no sir!

AGAINST KING

"FREE ALL PRISONERS"

Actually the crowd didn't want to enter the edifice. Instead people were chanting for Sheriff John King to come out of the building, for somehow the word had circulated that the man was cowering in a corner inside.

Shouts of "King's a chickenshit!" or "How come King's so fucking fat?" rose from individual inspiration. Some of the individual inspiration, this reporter thought, was questionable (like calling King a "faggot" and meaning it as a put-down, but this seemed inevitable with the wide range of people represented.

With yells of "Come out King!" and "Liberate the prisoners!" people began lining themselves along the fence separating the lawn from sidewalk. This reporter decided to watch the T.V. newspeople setting up.

The demonstrators forming an impressive backdrop, Channel 31 reporter Mike Spellman was preparing to record his story on camera for the night news. After properly mussing his hair (still neat) he looked into the camera lens and said, "Tell me when you're rolling." When the cameraman told him he was rolling, Spellman began.

"King is not expected to show up," he told the prospective TV audience. But how long this protest will go on, no one can really say." He ran through the taping twice. Immediately after, a woman reporter from another station stepped into the same place to begin her story: "This spirited protest..."



Someone with a megaphone among the demonstrators then spoke to the group at large. "The Republican Party," he said, "has a message, and Sheriff King has a message. Let's go party!"

With this message, people began to drift away. Television estimates of the crowd size reached around 500. The demonstration's message was clear: a number of people are intensely dissatisfied with King.

One protester, prior to leaving, pointed to the County Jail. "One of the richest counties in Illinois," he said gesturing, "and look at the size of that fucking box!"

EPILOG

The effigy tree was still smoking, a few red coals on its side glowing in the night.

With most people gone, a few younger people went back to the courthouse. There they jumped in and out of the street, heckling drivers. But this, as one ACLU observer said, was more a case of letting off steam---rather than a part of the demonstration.

Several days later, the indefatigable King denounced the protest, making veiled slurs on the character of some of the people present.

One witness to the protest, incidentally, told this reporter that he had seen Pantagraph reporter Mark Spencer in the middle of the crowd shouting the slogan "We want King Out!"

People are still unsatisfied with King's presence, though. As of this writing, leaflets announcing a second march have appeared.

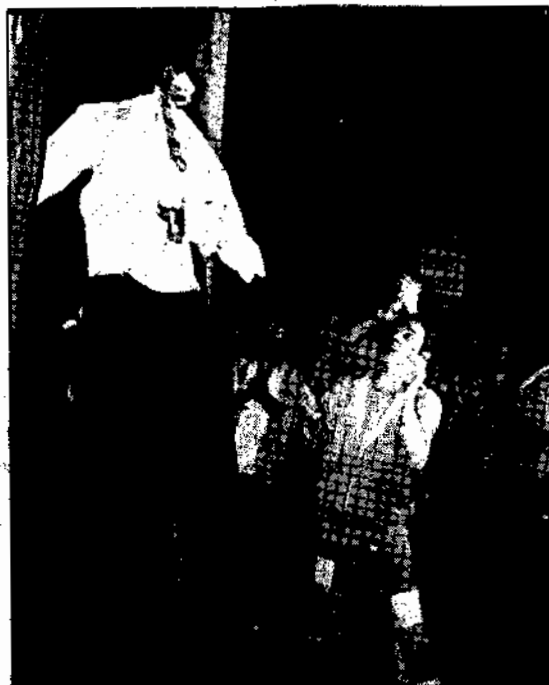
--- Denny Colt

"RESIGN!"

Jack Porter, moving to another side of the jail away from the smoke, read a second paper. This was a public request for King's resignation:

"It is not fair to hold onto your office while serious questions are unresolved... Therefore we ask that you immediately resign and withdraw your candidacy."

It would have been an effective gesture if Porter could have similarly taped this statement to the jailhouse door, but, of course, the uniformed wall of men prevented the action.



Vidette photo

This reporter decided to mingle with the crowd.

"KING'S NOT HERE"

While this reporter was mingling, the cop with the megaphone came out of the jail again. Someone threw a can at him. "King is not here," he said twice before ducking back in.

A man next to me said, "I'm gonna get a rock!" His friends began talking him out of the idea.



Vidette photo



Vidette photo

★

Nov. 3rd
Weather Report
Fairport Convention
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& Caravan
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\$4, \$5, \$6 on the day of the show

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(Best seats at 10 p.m.)
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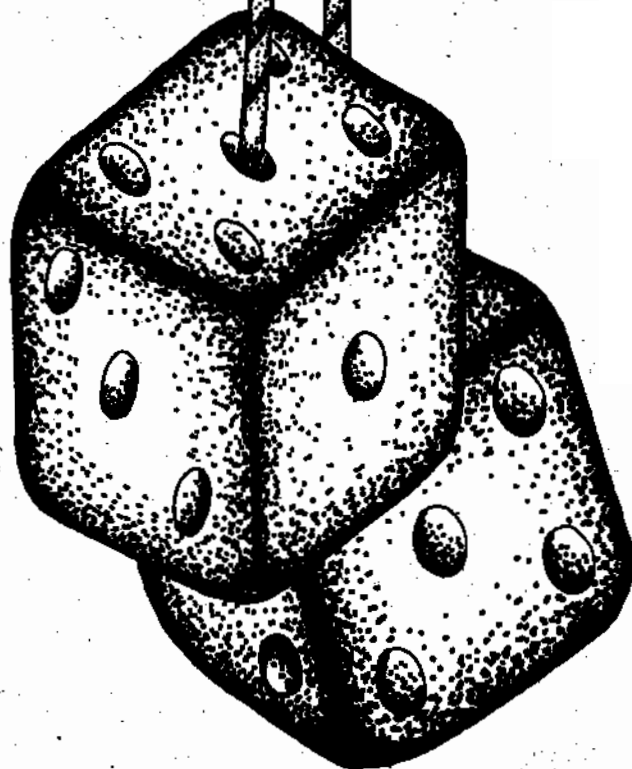
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Workers

To the Woman who Speaks Out
from the Women Still Standing

To Answer Cathy Hutson In
Regard to the Pantagraph
Printing and Stationery Story

I have worked at Pantagraph Printing and Stationery since July 5th, 1973. I will never forget that date. For me and my foreman, Roy Gerkee, it has been just like the 4th of July for 1 year and 4 months. That's how long I have been there, and he has been on my case every day about something.

The night before I began working I sat on the corner of the block where I lived with my two children watching the fireworks flash up into the night, never realizing that the next morning 4th of July was going to be carried out for the whole time I was going to be working under Roy Gerkee. And it was that man who was on me from the first day up there until now about everything. My hair had to be put up, my bells were too long, I was either told repeatedly to cut my hair or put it up. I said why can't I pull it back like the rest of the girls. He wasn't aware of the rest of the girls' hair. When he would see it though he would tell them. However, he never did, and the rest of the girls still wear their hair tied back. But I can't. The rest of the girls also wear short tops over long bells but every time I would wear them I was told that I couldn't. When I pointed out that the rest of the girls wore them, he would again claim to be unaware of the rest of the girls and say that he would speak to them about it-- but he never did.

"And anyway," he claimed, "it's for your own protection up here. If you were to walk around and trip then we couldn't help you."

That was really funny, and I laughed because I stood in one spot for 8 hours and 9 hours when we worked overtime there. I was just like a guinea pig up there. I got told everything and anything all the time since I've been there. When I saw the same people get by with everything day after day that I was told not to do, I was fighting mad. I even asked several people on the Safety Committee if my clothes were against regulations and they said that mine were all right but that there were some people whose dress wasn't and they were getting away with it as well as long hair. When I asked my foreman why this went on I got a very stupid answer.

"Keep your mouth shut. Don't start any trouble."

In my apprenticeship training, as I understood it from Pat Da Rosa, I was to sign a contract saying that you were an apprentice and you were to be brought into the union two months from

the date you were hired. The two months calendar time was for probation period to see how well you could learn to do as many jobs as you were taught and to be moved around to 3rd floor and 4th floor. Also you had to work any overtime that was offered.

But was I moved around? Ha! From July 5th until now, I have been on the collator. The only time I was moved around was when the collator broke down. The collator took a man to feed the machine, a woman standing up to catch what he feeds, inspect the policies and pack them in a box, taping, labling and loading the box on a skid. Some of the policies were very hard to pack because of the stiffness of the paper they were printed on. In this case the box was tight and the ends would never completely close together evenly.

I was forever yelled at by Roy Gerkee, my foreman, that I was never getting the boxes closed as tight as he wanted,

I went to work the next day, and I wrote down my doctor's name and phone number, telling Roy he was supposed to call him. His comment was, "Well, for what?" I told him the doctor would explain that better than I could. Roy's next comment was, "Explain to me about what?" I told him again to call my doctor because he could explain to him better than I. He did, and I was immediately called off my job and asked why I couldn't stand for 8 hours in one spot. I asked Roy, "Did you call my doctor?" Roy said, "Well, yes, and he told me you couldn't push or pull or lift those boxes." I replied that since he did call my doctor he was also told why I couldn't stand in one spot for 8 hours and pull, push or lift those boxes.

The pains became terrible, spreading to my lower back and shooting down my legs. They got so bad that a few times I had doubled over and finally went home. My trips to the doctor



Graphic from Revolution

and I was always using too much of the company's tape. I would explain to him that I was getting them as tight as I could. Well, Roy and I seem to get into it at least 3 times a day. I never did things His Way and His Way was and is the only Right Way. I kept trying to pull them tighter and even had the man I worked with, Jerry Bryant, help close them. Meanwhile I kept pulling all my lower abdominal muscles and was having serious pains. I went home a few times because of this. I began having female trouble and went to the doctor about it. I had a complete examination and went to the hospital twice for hysterosalpingograms. My doctor asked me each time, "explain to me again what your job consists of."

After I explained to him, he told me to have my foreman call him and he would explain to him that I can't stand for 8 hours and keep pushing and pulling to pack those boxes plus lifting them and loading them on a skid. My doctor said that each time I did this I was pulling my insides more and more. "Your x-rays showed that your lower female organs are nothing but scare tissue, and I'm not sure what else is wrong, Anita."

were more regular than my working hours. From once a month I began going twice and then three times a month. Each time I asked Roy to change me to a different job and each time he would ask why and after I'd tell him he'd say, "That's not a good reason. You stay here."

My doctor finally told me that I had to go to the hospital and have something done. I had three choices to get Roy to switch my job, go to the hospital or quit my job and with two children to raise and support I didn't have too much of a choice. I didn't even have hospital insurance.

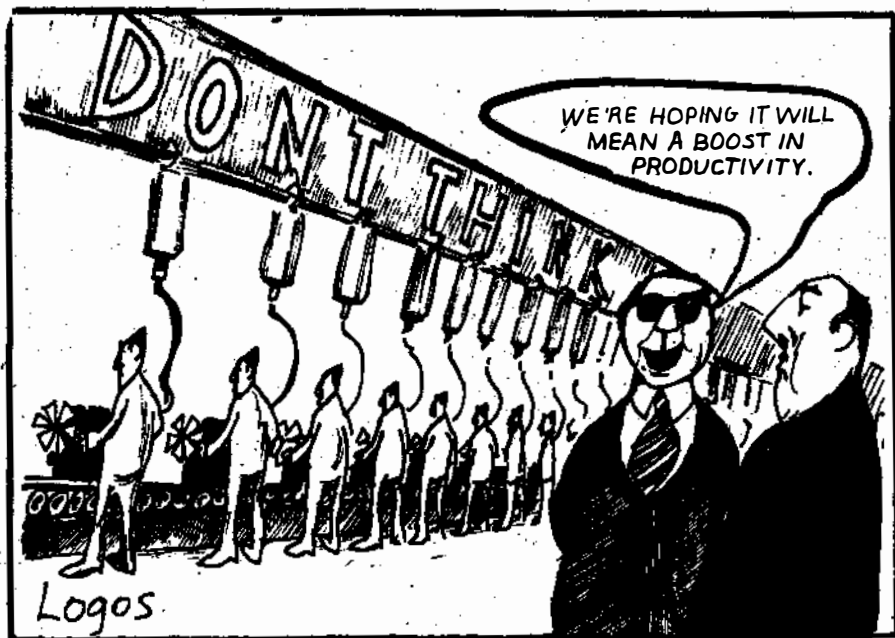
I explained my situation to the president of the union and said, "What am I to do?"

Jerry Bryant, union president, said, "I don't know, Anita, talk to Roy again and see what he can do about changing around more often."

Absolutely nothing was done. I explained everything to Roy Gerkee again about my health and need to be changed around more often and all I got back from him was, "Well, then quit, if your health is that bad, you're just not qualified for any job up here."

I told him, "You've told me to quit too many times, Roy, you want me to quit so I'm not going to. You will have to fire me." I was left standing again on the collator while all the new girls were sitting down. The pains got worse and Roy was on my case more than ever about closing the boxes tighter.

Arrangements were made for me to go into the hospital for an operation, and I told Roy I didn't know how long I'd have to be gone from work because it all depended on what the doctor found out about what was wrong with me from the operation. The doctor found that my ovary, uterus, bladder, and bowel are all connected together. There is a mass of scar tissue with more of it on the left side than my right. He released me to return to work on October 7th of this year, and when I went to work on this day and gave the re-lease paper to Roy, he read it.



Speak Out



and threw it back at me saying, "You didn't call in and let me know you were coming back to work and that's not a proper releasement. You're not released." I read it to him as follows:

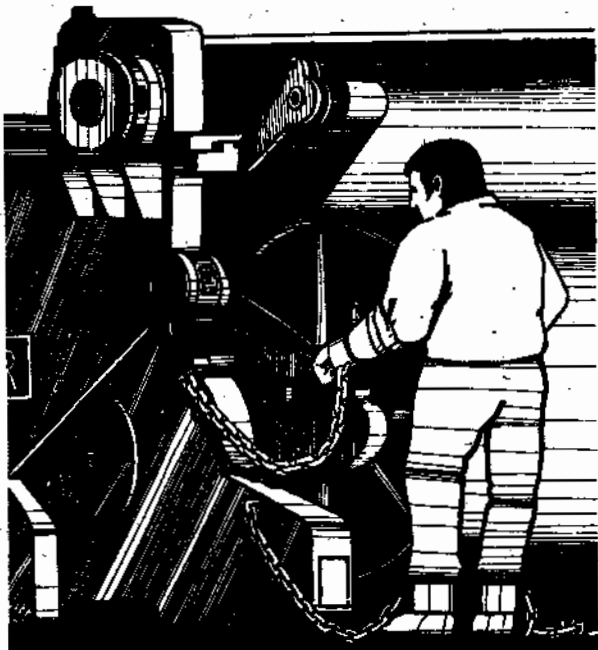
Anita Rider Oct. 4, 1974
This is to release Anita Rider to return to work on Monday, October 7, 1974 with the stipulation that she cannot stand in one place for 8 hours.

And it was signed by my doctor. Roy said, "But you're not released because of the stipulation. You're not qualified for work because you can't stand for 8 hours in one place so you're not released."

I said, "But what about the sit down jobs?" He replied, "I'm not pulling any of those girls off the table for you." I turned around to find the union president, Jerry, and explained to him what was said. Jerry proceeded to ask Roy what was the matter with my releasement. Roy's comment was, "Well, for one thing she didn't call in and let me know she was coming in." So Jerry told me to go home and call Roy and tell him I'm released and I'm coming in. I said okay to this. Roy then said, "Well, it's evidence now. . . She's here. That's only one thing." Jerry asked what that was and Roy said that it was the stipulation on my releasement about not standing for 8 hours which made me unqualified for work. Jerry then asked Roy, "Well, can't she work on the policies at the table so she can sit down for a week or so." Roy said, "No, I'm not pulling those girls off the table. If I did that I would be showing favoritism and all the rest of the girls would expect that, too." The only alternative he gave me was to go home until I could stand up for 8 hours.

Ernie, on the grievance committee, told me to go home and prepare a grievance because I did have a case, against Roy Gerkee. I was also supposed to get a duplicate releasement from my doctor because Roy has a tendency to throw things like that away. Three days later I got a call from Jerry to call Roy at work because he'd heard Roy say he'd expected me back at work the next day instead of staying home. I called him and he said that he and the committee had decided I could work 4 hours standing and then 4 hours on a soft job for a week and the next week work the full 8 standing up. I told him I'd try it, knowing if I said no I'd be fired. I tried it for two days before the weekend and knew Roy wasn't going to have his way. The pains were worse than ever and I was tired, weak and couldn't walk right at all. I got copies of my new releasement from my doctor which read:

To whom it may concern: Mrs. Anita Rider should have restricted working conditions in regard to standing until Oct. 28th 1974.



PART 2: Pantagraph Printing & Stationary

Last issue, ex-Pantagraph Printing and Stationary employee Cathy Hudson wrote an article describing conditions there. Here is the sequel.

Part II - Pantagraph Stationary and Printing

I went to my family doctor on September 30, 1974. He took X-rays of my back. He told me I was eligible for Workman's Compensation. I told him the people from the Pantagraph Printing and Stationary (Pat DeRosa and David Zinger) would not give me any information on Workman's compensation. My doctor told me that there is a standard form that all doctors fill out. He told me they were denying this information from me. I went back to the Pantagraph and talked to David Zinger in the office. He said he didn't know about any form or any procedures for Workman's Compensation. I told him my doctor would fill out his own form, and I asked where it could be sent. He kept arguing with me. I explained that I didn't want to argue and that I was going to contact my lawyer. David Zinger said, "Oh! No need for that!" He went into the other room and brought out a booklet on Workman's Compensation. I had tried to get that book for six weeks.

He mumbled over the words in the book. He said there was no information. I asked him if anyone has ever collected Workman's Comp. before, and he said, "Oh, yes." He kept walking out of the room and answering phone calls and proceeded to ignore me. While Zinger was talking on the phone, I picked up the booklet and walked out of the building, or, attempted to, anyway. Zinger got out of his chair (read: throne) and started screaming and yelling at me. He hollered at me and called out my name, and reached his arms out for the booklet, as if he was going to get it back. Then he realized he was on the phone, and I flew out of the building.

A word of advice to my fellow Workers: If your employer won't give you information, try to contact their insurance company, or the Illinois Industrial Commission, at 160 N. La Salle, Chicago, Illinois, 60601. You can call them at (312) 793-3300. These fine people take care of Workman's Compensation claims when employers won't give you information.

Roy began his vacation Oct. 14th which was the following Monday, and I reached a compromise between the foreman in charge, Pat DeRose in the office and the union president in which I would have to stand for much shorter periods of time. I thank them for that, but I don't what's going to happen on the 28th of October when Roy is back because I'm still not strong enough to go back on the collator job and stand for 8 hours every day. Why should I when there are five girls that can do this job as well as I.

Anita J. Rider

The way the commission operates is they send forms to fill out and they have a hearing within ten days. You have a right to an attorney - the commission adjusts the amount that he can charge.

I contacted a lawyer, and he said that there was no need for a hearing. He said he would call the Pantagraph S & P and my Workman's Compensation checks would start being sent promptly.

I also went to a back doctor, (an osteopath) named Dr. Sours. He was the doctor I first saw when I hurt my back about seven weeks before. He said previously that my back was twisted, and suffered from some "pulled joints." He told me if my back kept hurting, I should come back for treatment. My appointment was on October 14. He adjusted my back, and claimed that he couldn't remember how I had hurt my back in the first place. I told him the whole story about how I hurt my back at Pantagraph S. & P. about two months before, and now I was collecting Workman's Compensation due to the circumstances resulting in the injury. Dr. Sours then laughed and said, "Hmmm, you don't have a job?" I replied, "No." Then he started asking me all sorts of personal questions like, "Do you own your home?" "Do you rent?" "What do you do all day?" And, "Do you do your own dishes and housework?" "How is your MENTAL CAPABILITY?" He summed up his general attitude by saying, "You, people just don't WANT to work. Why don't you GET A JOB?" I told him I had one, and my employer caused me to hurt my back. He simply concluded by saying, "You're turning into a hypochondriac." He kept repeating to me, "Why don't you get a job. You people just don't WANT to work. Why don't you get a job?" I somewhat belatedly realized that this man was, indeed, a crazy looney, and there just is no use talking to crazy people, because he was involved in his conversation only. I will go to ANOTHER osteopath - my faith has not been stolen.

----Ms. Cathy Hutson

pregnancy journal

This is part two in a series from my diary while I am pregnant. This diary was written for women who have not been pregnant so they can know what to expect.

June 5, 1974. Entry 3

I have been unable to get an appointment with a woman gynecologist. There is one at ISU, but she will only take patients who are ISU students. There is one in Downs, Ill. I called her for an appointment. She was a real pig. She sounded neurotic and paranoid. She wanted to know how I got her name, and she was very suspicious that I was coming all the way to Downs for a doctor.

I told her a friend recommended her to me. I told her that I wanted Joe (my husband) in the examining room with me. She absolutely refused. She said no husbands, no mothers, no aunts, no friends. Nobody but the doctor and maybe the nurse (she didn't even mention the patient.)

Then she said, "Your husband doesn't need to come here to look at your body. He can look all he wants to at home." I told her that wasn't the purpose-- the purpose was to give me emotional support. She said, "You don't need emotional support."

I got the feeling that this woman hated men and women and that she would hurt me terribly if she ever got me on the exam table. I asked her for directions to her office in Downs. Then she got almost hysterical and said, why didn't I know how to get there if I knew her address, and didn't my friend give me the address when she gave me the doctor's name? I said well, yes. Then I told her I wasn't coming for an appointment because I was going to look for a doctor who would allow Joe in the exam room.

She hung up on me. I cried. I should have told her what a filthy pig she was but it's very upsetting to me to be angry with people so I avoid it. And I don't think of it either because I've been so conditioned to take anything and be sweet to people.

All the physical symptoms have lessened more in the last week, except I have developed headaches a lot. They are worse when I smoke. I've been smoking every day this last week. It makes me very tired, but I'm feeling better than before.

Sometimes I think about if I lose the baby, and it really scares me. I would feel really bad. I want to be a little prepared all the time emotionally so I can let go if I have to. My body was f_____g up when I got pregnant. That's not a healthy environment to grow a baby in. On the other hand, life is very stubborn about surviving.

June 10, 1974. Entry 4

I have been feeling sharp pains in my right side especially if I move suddenly. This morning it was so severe it doubled me over a few seconds. (The Lamaze teacher told me later that this is normal. It is caused by the stretching of the ligaments in the abdomen, as the uterus expands.)

I haven't been nauseated for a long time unless I lay on my side or wake up on my side. Then I have to roll on my back. I've stopped smoking lately, and the headaches are gone. My breasts have gained two inches in three months. The mucous excess is reduced, and I have more energy. I still sleep 12 hours and take an hour or two nap in the afternoon.



INTRODUCTORY FEMINIST WORKSHOP

The Bloomington-Normal/ISU Women's Center is sponsoring the second of a series of off-and-ongoing introductory feminist workshops. There will be two sets of workshops, one starting at 7:30 P.M. on November 13th and running on four consecutive Wednesday evenings, and the other starting on November 16th and meeting at 10:00 A.M., breaking at noon, and regrouping at 1:00 P.M. on two consecutive Saturdays. Registration will be by phone November 10th through 12th. During the day, call Ann at 452-2412. In the evening, call Ann, Betty, or Jeanette at 829-3576 or Girl at (1)728-2891.



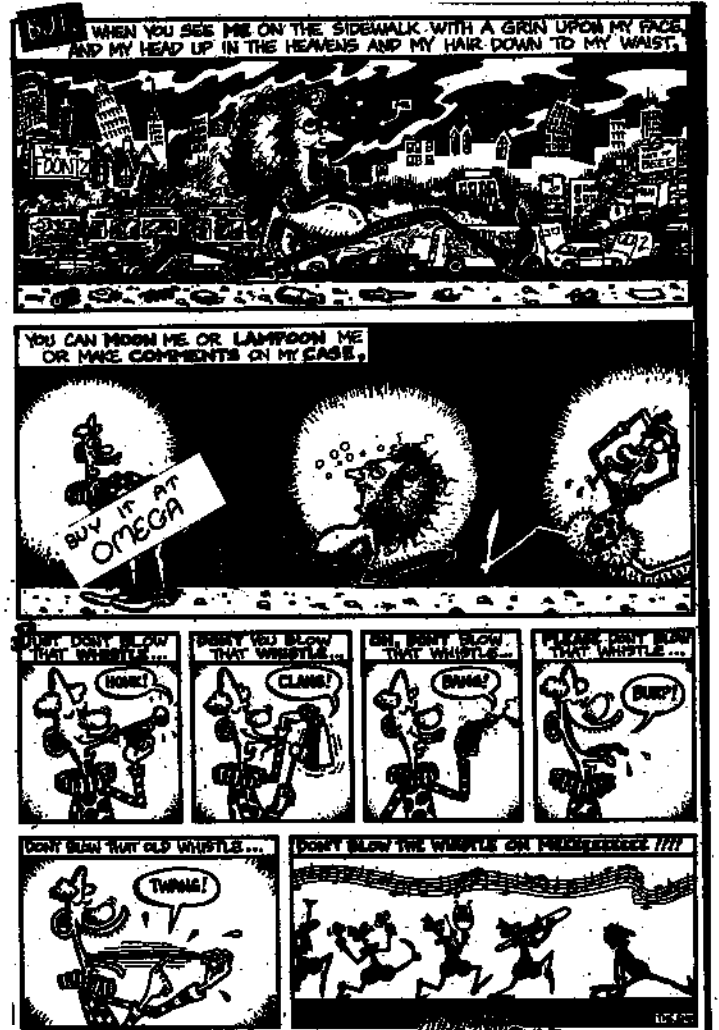
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STUDENT STORES is asking for volunteers for the record store, the note-taking service, and the book store. If you are interested, please attend a meeting on November 7 at 9:00 in the record store (115 North St.).



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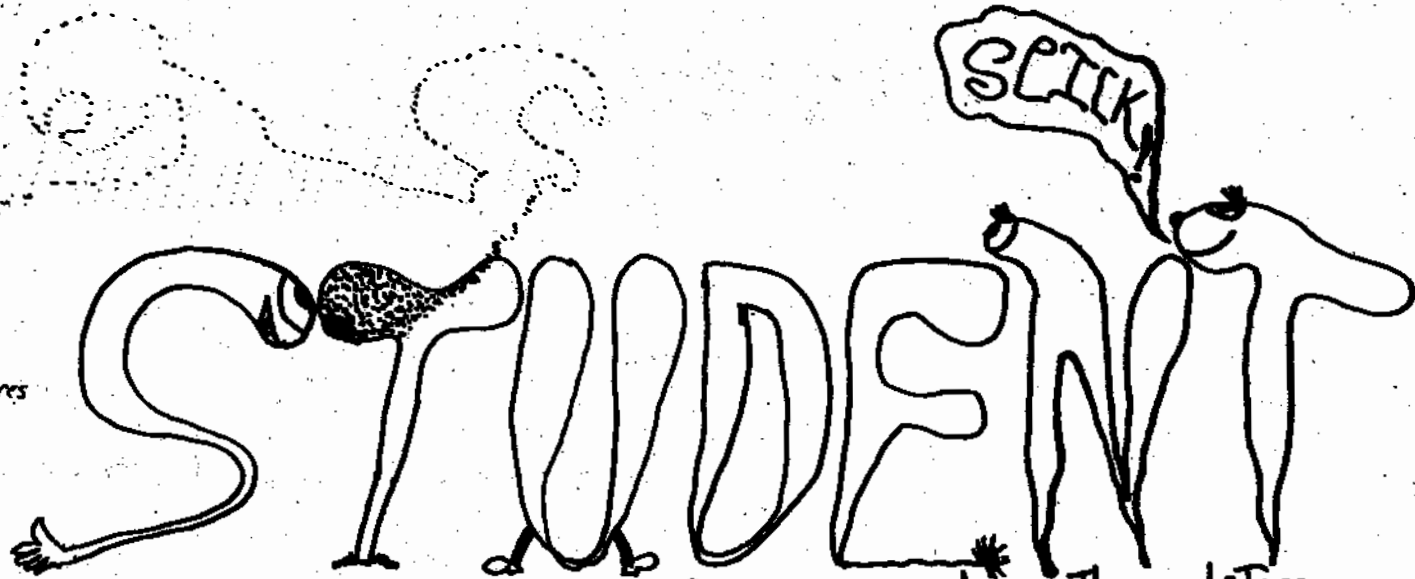
21. 115 North Street for records, magazines, school supplies, commodities, conversation
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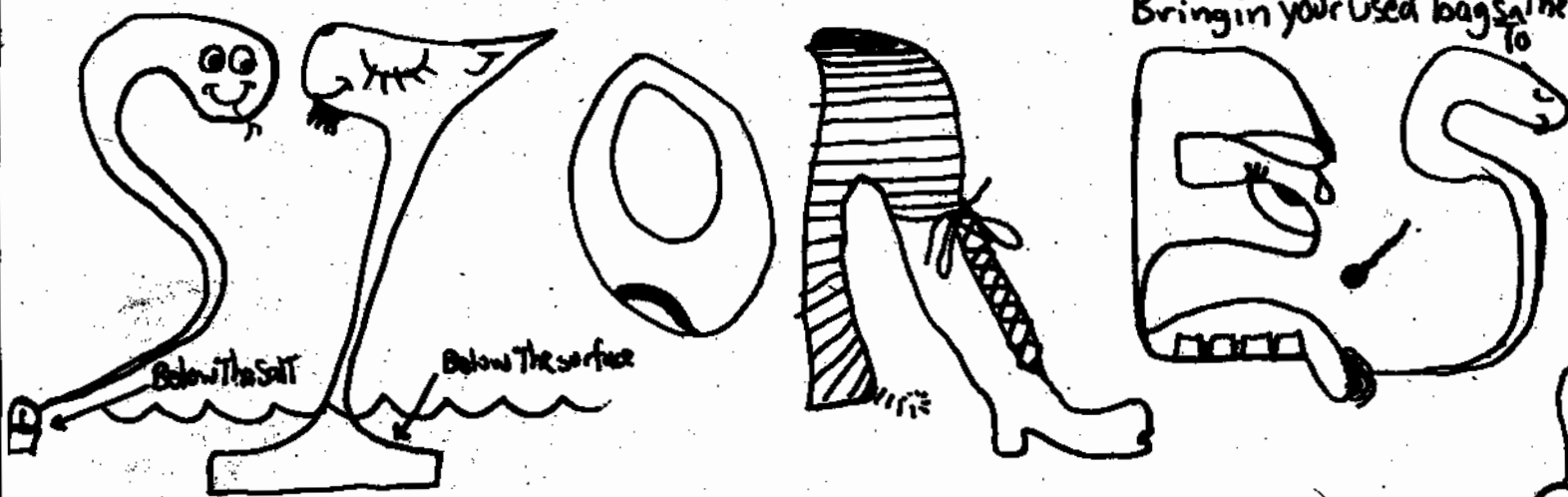
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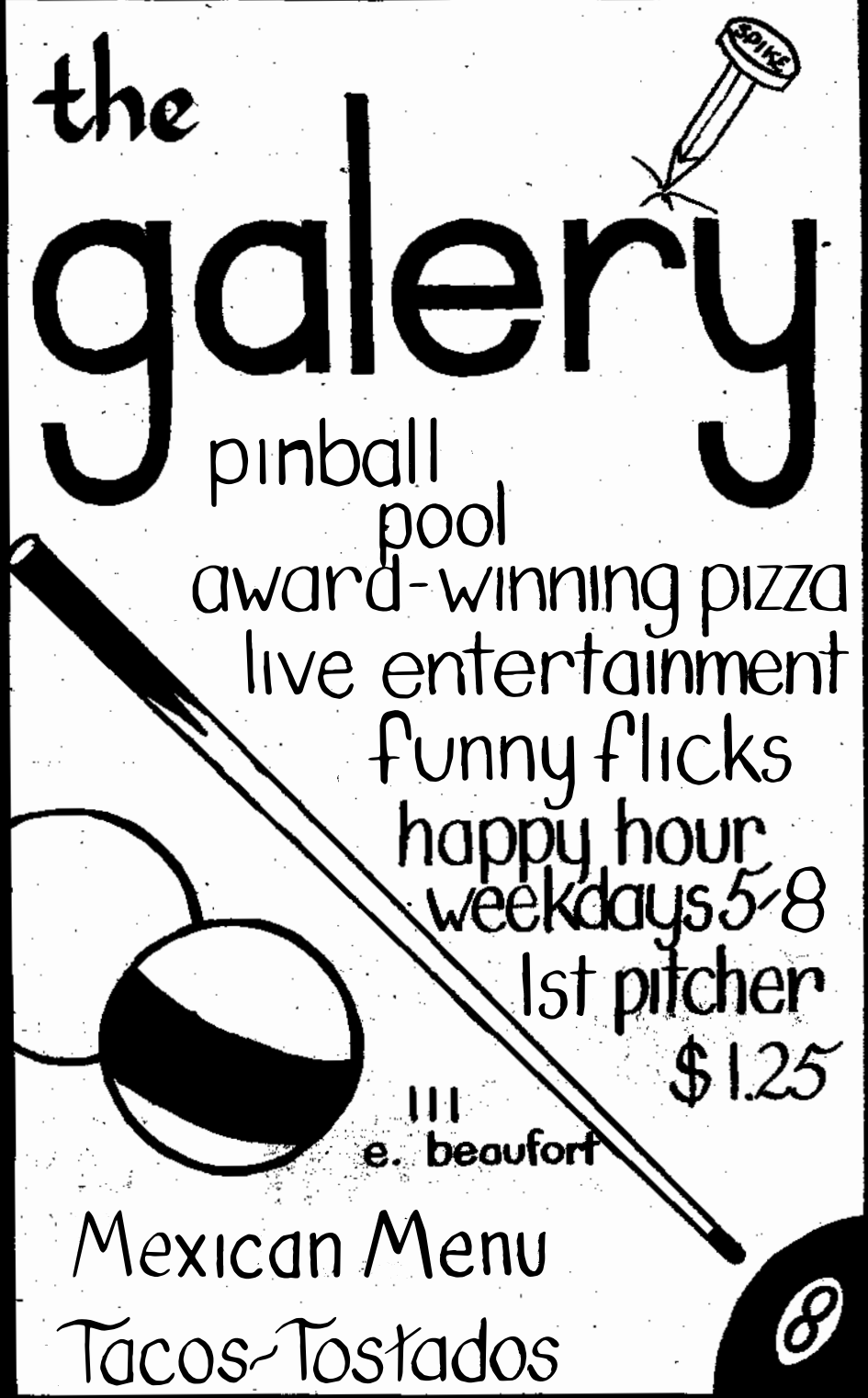
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More on King, Medical Treatment, and Juvenile Justice

In the growing momentum of public outcries against the neglect of the needs of people by the McLean County system of "justice", it is important to cite cases of neglect occurring as soon as they happen.

On October 22 a fourteen year old woman turned herself in to the Bloomington Police Department. Somehow, the woman was turned over into the custody of McLean County Sheriff's Police. The woman was an epileptic and a runaway, and she had refused to take her medicine as suggested by her social worker.

Sheriff King wanted to release her from his Department's custody, but her social worker insisted that the young woman be held in protective custody in the County Jail. It wasn't until assistant State's Attorney Brad Murphy advised King to keep the woman at the County Jail that King consented to do so.

After 2 AM on October 23 the woman suffered from two minor epileptic seizures in the McLean County Jail. According to Brent Deland, the coordinator of Children and Family Services for a seven county area, King made no response to the plight of the woman; he even refused to contact the McLean County Rescue Squad.

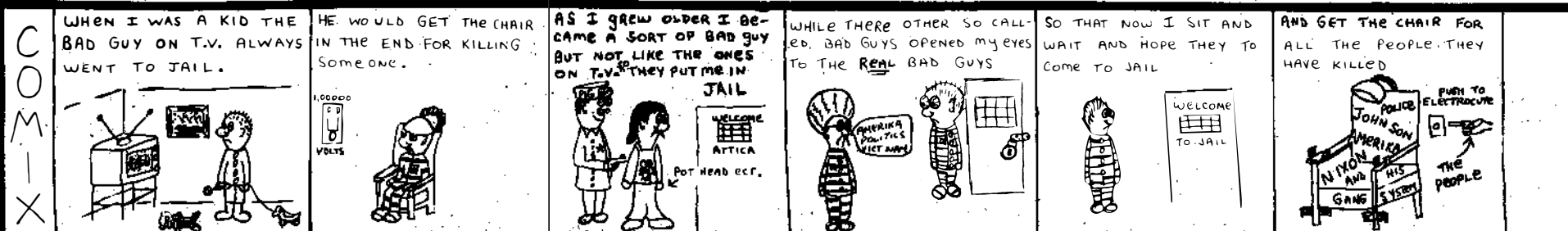


At 7 AM that morning, King released the young woman from custody, claiming that there was no reason to detain her. She went to the Office of Children and Family Services at 309 W. Market, and it was there that she suffered from a grand mal seizure later in the morning. C&FS coordinator Deland then told the Post-Amerikan that, in his search for help for the woman, all assistant State's Attorney Brad Murphy could muster was to advise Deland to remove her from the Children and Family Services office to avoid possible liability if she was injured!

Matters became more complicated when Deland's office contacted Judge Campbell to arrange for a detention hearing so it would be possible to find her a place to stay under the supervision of Children and Family Services. Campbell at first flatly refused to grant the hearing, but at the latest report, the hearing was to be granted.

According to Deland, in remarks made at an organizational meeting of the Youth Advocate Council on Oct. 23, this case further illustrates how services for children in McLean County must be improved, as well as how McLean County Sheriff's Dept. and State's Atty. Office have been of little help in accomplishing these objectives of the Dept. of Children and Family Services.

--- Jeremy Timmens



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King's Neglect Nears Notoriety

In 1971 James Murphy was arrested for forgery, a charge which was dropped some time later. At this writing he sits in the McLean County Jail, re-arrested for the same charge. According to his wife, Selma, James was locked up earlier this year in Canton. Supposedly, Fulton County Sheriff Ellsworth received a call from Bloomington asking that Murphy be locked up. Selma insisted that Sheriff Ellsworth told her that no warrant existed for the arrest.

Murphy was put into the McLean County Jail in mid-September, and as is the usual case, nobody seems to know exactly when he has an opportunity to get out. Other matters seem to have complicated the case, too. Allegedly, Murphy was placed in the County Jail on a Friday, and he wasn't allowed to see a lawyer until the next Thursday. State's Attorney Paul Welch has allegedly refused to tell Selma Murphy who will represent her husband in court-- Selma has been left almost completely in the dark regarding what is really happening to her husband.

But what placed increased pressure on Murphy's family was that Sheriff King would not allow Selma to visit her husband. On Oct. 13 she went to the County Jail to see Jim, but he was still on deadlock as a result of the toilet-demand issue that County Police were able to stifle on Oct 9. Earlier, Selma attempted to see her husband during a brief visit to St. Joseph's Hospital, but Sheriff King had issued an order that Murphy not be allowed any visitors. While in the hospital, Murphy had been supervised by armed County Police.

At this point, perhaps it may be wise to answer some questions dealing specifically with Murphy. First of all, why was it necessary that Murphy not be permitted visitors while he was at St. Joseph's Hospital? Also, why was it necessary that Murphy be accompanied by armed guards? Allegedly, the prognosis from Murphy's physician, Dr. Goldberg, indicated that Murphy is a very sick man, and that he is not to be held in closed confinement. According to Selma, an identical prognosis comes from Jim's physician in Canton-- NO CLOSED CONFINEMENT! Further, Selma told the Post-American that an operation a few years ago removed 75% of her husband's stomach. Allegedly Murphy is also suffering from a form of leukemia.

So why is he still in jail? This reporter, in an attempt to find out why, first contacted ACLU representatives, who in turn contacted Brad Murphy, the assistant State's Attorney. Murphy in turn contacted Wes Weber, the County Jail Administrator. According to Murphy, Weber reported that the McLean County Jail had not received any medical records indicating that Murphy was in need of special treatment. But if Murphy was at St. Joseph's Hospital several weeks ago, and medical treatment was required at that time, why was no report of his condition available at the jail, and why weren't measures taken to insure his health?

OTHER COMPLAINTS

Selma mentioned a number of other problems she encountered when she attempted to communicate with her husband. She said the presence of guards during visitations intimidates both the visitor and the inmate, limiting conversation. The main block to communication, though, is that visits are only five minutes long. Selma also complained that she had sent letters twice a week to her husband, but she got verification that he has received only two letters.

She had attempted to give a Bible to Jim a few weeks ago, and when she asked Sheriff King, he retorted, "No, there are already Bibles here." During her last visit, Jim told her no Bibles were available.

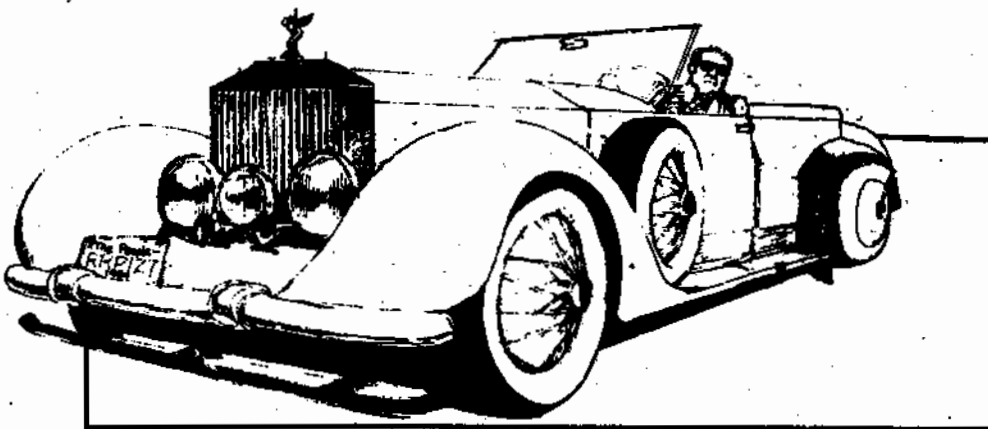
Other complaints are centered around County Jail conditions. The food in the jail, according to Selma's accounts, was described to her as being nearly unedible. Many times cooking utensils are only scantily cleaned and rinsed. Reportedly, a number of inmates have complained of a soapy taste to their food. Toilet facilities in individual cells are non-existent--buckets are used and it is not known how often they are emptied. On colder days, the cells are unbearable. There are no

blankets to cover up with, no heat for each cell, and each cell is very damp. If inmates wish to purchase items like cigarettes, they can receive the money from their visitors, but the visitors' money must be channelled through the sheriff's police, and some inmates have complained about not receiving their money.

---Jeremy Timmens

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1 large onion, chopped
1/2 c. parsley chopped
1/4 t. oregano
1 medium can tomatoes, undrained
1 small can chopped mushrooms, undrained
1 T. vinegar

Rita Uckerman

Cut meat in serving pieces, pound with mallet if desired. Roll in seasoned flour. Brown garlic in skillet; discard. Brown meat well. Add onions, parsley, rest of ingredients. Cover & simmer 1 1/2 hours or until meat is tender.



Maria Kuczynski

To partially cooked and drained sauerkraut, add cut-up pork, sausage, sauteed mushrooms & onions, bay leaf, salt & pepper. Mix together; add 1 glass of water. Cover & cook slowly about 2 hours.

BIGOS (SAUERKRAUT)

2 lb. sauerkraut
1/2 lb. cooked pork
1/2 lb. Polish sausage
1 big onion chopped
1 bay leaf
4 big dry mushrooms
Salt, pepper, butter



Recipes



Mary Klonowski

Combine first seven ingredients for marinade. Cut meat into 1 1/2 cubes. Pour marinade over meat, let stand several hours or overnight. Mix several times. Alternate meat chunks with any or all of the vegetables or fruit on skewers. Barbecue on grill, basting frequently with marinade until meat is nicely browned.

BEEF SHISH-KE-BOBS

3/4 c. cooking oil
1/2 c. soy sauce
1/2 c. honey
2 T. cider vinegar
2 T. chopped green onion
1 large garlic clove, minced
1 1/2 t. ground ginger
3-4 lb. pot roast
small onions, tomato wedges, green pepper chunks, mushroom caps, pineapple chunks

SAVORY PORK CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lbs. boneless pork shoulder, cut in 1/2" cubes
2 T. fat
3/4 c. water
1/2 c. chopped onion
1 c. sliced celery
1/2 t. thyme
Salt
3 c. uncooked noodles
1 can mushroom soup
1/8 t. pepper
1 16 oz. can peas
1/2 c. grated American cheese
Buttered bread crumbs



Dorothy Brode

Brown pork cubes in hot fat. Add water, onion, celery, thyme and 1 t. salt. Cook, covered, over low heat 1 hour or until meat is tender. Cook noodles in boiling salted water for 10 min. Drain; combine with soup, pepper, 1 t. salt, peas and cheese. Stir in pork mixture, turn into individual or large baking dish. Sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in preheated 325° oven for 30 minutes. Serves 6.



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LETTERS

yin-yang

Post-Amerikan:

Reflecting on the rap from the B-N Men's Group....

Masculine yin energy spirals centrifugally from the center acting entropically to experience.

Feminine yang energy spirals centripetally towards the center acting anti-entropically to experience. Balance is achieved by mutual attractions, transcendence of preference, and the situation of the middle way.

At the center there is a dynamic peace which moves with absolute clarity.

----- BEAR

ex-con dares king

POST NOTE: Mr. Morrison was credited by the Pantagraph last January as being the first to give evidence against the Sheriff for the paper's series on brutality in the county jail. Morrison has also filed a statement with the FBI.

Here it is, the end of October, and still no decision from Washington on the charges of civil rights violations by Sheriff John King, and his private police force. The charges were originally filed with the Pantagraph and in a 13 page statement to the FBI in Nov. and Dec. of 1973. How does a private citizen go about stopping corruption or righting a wrong in small-town politics? The sheriff's office is always hiring new deputies. Did you ever see an advertisement by King's office saying they need deputies? Must be something to the statement, if you belong to the right party and vote, and support the right party, they will give you a job. How many of King's police are educated enough and acquired their jobs on their own merits? Lately, I've listened how it was Sumner who charged King. Wrong--it had nothing to do with Sumner. Sumner got what he deserved, and that's one vote of mine for the law.

I've listened to the Sheriff tell the news media, "the protest marchers were ex-cons and their wives." Wrong again. I knew a lot of the people there, and could get their signatures swearing they are neither married nor an ex-con.

Then I heard the most assinine statement on Channel 19's 10 p.m. news. King said all the people that complained were criminals and/or former criminals, who had been in his jail. What kind of people do you expect in jail? doctors, judges, or priests? And why didn't King mention his own former deputies and the state troopers who gave statements against him? Even people arrested have a few rights left. Then there was King's statement that over 6000 people went through his jail in 1973. That's not bad, considering that 50 people overfill his jail. And 90% of the prisoners beaten could not bond out, and were there until trial. (Prisoners not even convicted yet.) The rest King is talking about bonded out the same day or the next morning after their arrest. I'll bet King's court even includes the summons' his deputies have to serve. How can he stand in front of a camera and tell so many lies?

Why doesn't Sheriff King agree to take a lie detector test concerning the beatings of prisoners? The prisoners who gave statements to the Pantagraph agreed to take a lie detector test. These people in power with a badge need investigating.

I dare them to take a polygraph test, and one not payed for by them, either. How about it, Sheriff?

-----Author Morrison

prisoner digs march

Post-Amerikan:

This letter is mainly to try and get you people to start us (me, Marty Hartley, and Chuck Jenkins) on a subscription to the Post-Amerikan. As you know, we're all inmates at Menard Joint.

We saw in the paper (Pantagraph) about the march you had on the County Jail. We're glad someone is finally trying to get that pig out of office. It's past time for him to get on out of there and let a human being run the place. We're all hip to the way he treats inmates and denies them all their constitutional rights.

I spent my last two months in the County Jail on deadlock for supposedly creating problems, but most all the problems were created nearly four years ago when King Pig was elected into the office.

During the two months I remained on lock-up, I was made to urinate and defecate in an empty clorox bottle with the top cut off. I was allowed to empty it once in the morning and once again at night, when we were let out for our regulated 5 minutes. This bottle remained in our cell all day, even when we were served our meals. And take my word for it, it doesn't

help your appetite at all.

During your 5 minutes out of your cell you're allowed to use the toilet facilities, exercise, take a shower, or what have you. The main problem with that is there was only one shower and 8 inmates to use it. Marty Hartley was taken to the black box for having a few words with a pig that called him a few names and told him to get out of the shower and into his cell. We did raise hell that night, and things slacked up a little, but not enough to mention.

When we asked the King Pig when we were getting off deadlock, he informed me that when I left for the penitentiary or when he left the sheriff's office, I would be released from my 8 x 5 cell. (Too bad I left before him.)

I'd like all your people and our people to know we are behind you 100% in removing King from office and the sooner the better for everyone. (If we can help in any way, let us know.)

Oh yeah, all the people here from Bloomington want all of you to ROCK HARD AND ROCK STEADY. Hell, one of these days maybe we can run this place and we won't have to put up with any more PIGS LIKE KING. Brother Loren Trunnell

'genius' applauded

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENTS OF ISU AND THE CITIZENS OF AMERICA #1

POST NOTE: Since the beginning of the school year, spray-painted revolutionary and anarchist writings have been appearing on walls and sidewalks around the ISU campus.

The spray-painting has spawned several letters-to-the-editor which have been published in the ISU Vidette. All these letters so far have condemned the spray-painters.

This letter's author says he sent this letter to the Vidette, but it was never published. Vidette editor Greg Pierce says he never saw the letter, and doubted that he would have rejected it.

As I sit here in my room, the roommate crashed from an overdose of beer or whatever it was tonight. The never ending stream of Bachman Turner Overdrive bores deep into my mind, from the stereos that seem to play twenty-four hours a day. A newly-started game of frisbee starts in the narrow hall, as usual.

While I sit here writing, the endless clutter of the room, which symbolizes our lives, stares at me while I stare at it. The half-empty cigarette pack, the ashtray of stale cigarette butts, empty bottles of wine holding burnt-down candles and the waste basket full of assorted junk. Behold the door! A map of Bloomington-Normal hanging precariously, so that one can find his way around if need be. Brushed steel surrounding it. As I move my gaze to the left of the door, the thermostat which is connected to the heater by copper piping becomes visible. Pince closets that look as if someone had taken a broad axe to them. Gray lineoleum floors that stare at me from underneath the rug

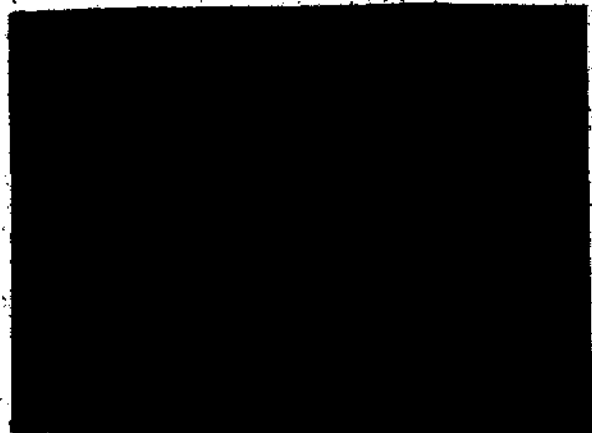
like an overcast winter day.

From the walls behind the facade of posters stares, institution green. This feeble attempt to hide this grotesque and dehumanizing world behind rugs, maps, posters, music, alcohol, drugs, is symbolic of the way we fight for our sanity.

That's why I applaud the genius who painted the dreary concrete of the ISU Union, the sea walls of the Chicago harbor and the walls of the nearest john. They've recognized the importance of this communicative media. Its implications are infinite.

America! There is a small collection of us who recognize the dehumanizing elements of your science and technology. You slap us in the face with it even though we try to cover it up. Yet, our humanity within us continues to rise up and strike back. No matter how hard you try to stomp it out. When will you learn that we are humans and not gears and cogs for your institutional machine?

--Neil Hatfield



Entrance to the ISU Union

BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL MEN'S GROUP



For the last two months I have entertained many processes of change with myself. I have had to completely re-evaluate the nature of relationships with people I love and love intensely.

Has it ever occurred to anyone else that a man (or a person) can feel love for a number of persons? That the love between any two individuals is unique and can't be necessarily graphed according to intensity as compared to the intensity existing in another relationship? I feel as if I am capable of enjoying love relationships with many people--and if I am asked to "rate" my love for one person above the love I feel for others, then I am being inconsistent with myself.

I realize that in this particular all-American culture, people who are in love are supposed to make hard and fast choices. People who can't understand what I feel ask me, "how can you possibly expect to fulfill the emotional needs of more than one person if you do such a lousy job of it in just one relationship?"

"Well," I answer, "maybe I shouldn't be expected to fulfill all the emotional needs of one person." I am happy to share what I am and what I have with people, but why should I feel as if I must limit my sharing to just one person?

And isn't it strange how people will allow the culture they live in to define what kinds of shared experiences are appropriate, especially in the realm of sex? If I choose to share a sexual experience with someone I love, why should someone else I have expressed love for feel trashed and left out? As I see it, there are no stakes, no grids to make check marks or "x" marks in, no scores to be kept when I relate to someone. Isn't a sexual experience with someone as valid an expression of emotional love as sharing work for a common goal or sharing any other experience which brings people together?

My feelings are very deep and are often difficult to express. At times I have felt as if I were completely alone in the way I was trying to deal with myself and the emotional contacts I made. I often felt that leaving the Twin-Cities would be the only way to seek out people who could lend support to my feelings. But I've mellowed out in that respect--more people have showed their concern and respect for my orientation towards love relationships.

Finding yourself is a constant struggle, and understanding what you find is usually more difficult. Will it ever be possible to love and not hurt?

Jim

GETTING OVER

MEN'S BODIES

A man's body is not often dealt with in positive or constructive ways, either by himself or by others. Primarily a male's body is thought of as functional. It is considered strong, or at least stronger than a woman's body. Body for body, this is not always true.

Often, when a situation arises when a strong body is thought to be needed, such as lifting a box, it is not always necessary to have the strongest person do it. By having the supposedly strongest people (men) doing the heaviest work, not only is the male-strong-body myth perpetuated, but the male body stays strong or gets stronger, and the female body does not.

A man's body is thought of as functional when it comes to sexual relationships with women. Not only is a man supposed to be responsible for his own pleasure, but also for the pleasure of his partner. Men are expected to react on a physical level and women on mostly an emotional one. (In literature on sex, there is little mention of a woman's active physical role in heterosex.)

A man's responses are taken for granted. A man is supposed to be in control of his physical reactions. If things don't happen at the right time, then it's thought that there is something wrong with him. But male physical sexual reactions are not always possible to control.

Getting or not getting an erection is hardly ever possible to control. A male orgasm is a little easier to control, but it does seem a bit strange that something as good as an orgasm has to be postponed until some appointed time. (This is not to say that during sex the period leading up to orgasm cannot be enjoyed also!)

Added to hassles a man has in attempting to control his body during sex is the hassle of controlling his partner's body. The situation sometimes arises of a man holding back his physical responses in order to bring about his partner's responses. It seems what could occur is a situation where the partner just expects to be stimulated, without stimulating back. This situation in itself is not bad, but if it happens constantly then the man is expected to control things that cannot always be controlled.

It seems to me that in sex an individual's pleasure is pretty much their own responsibility. Sex is giving pleasure also, but whether one's partner has a good sexual experience is not entirely one's responsibility. The "responsibility" is shared.

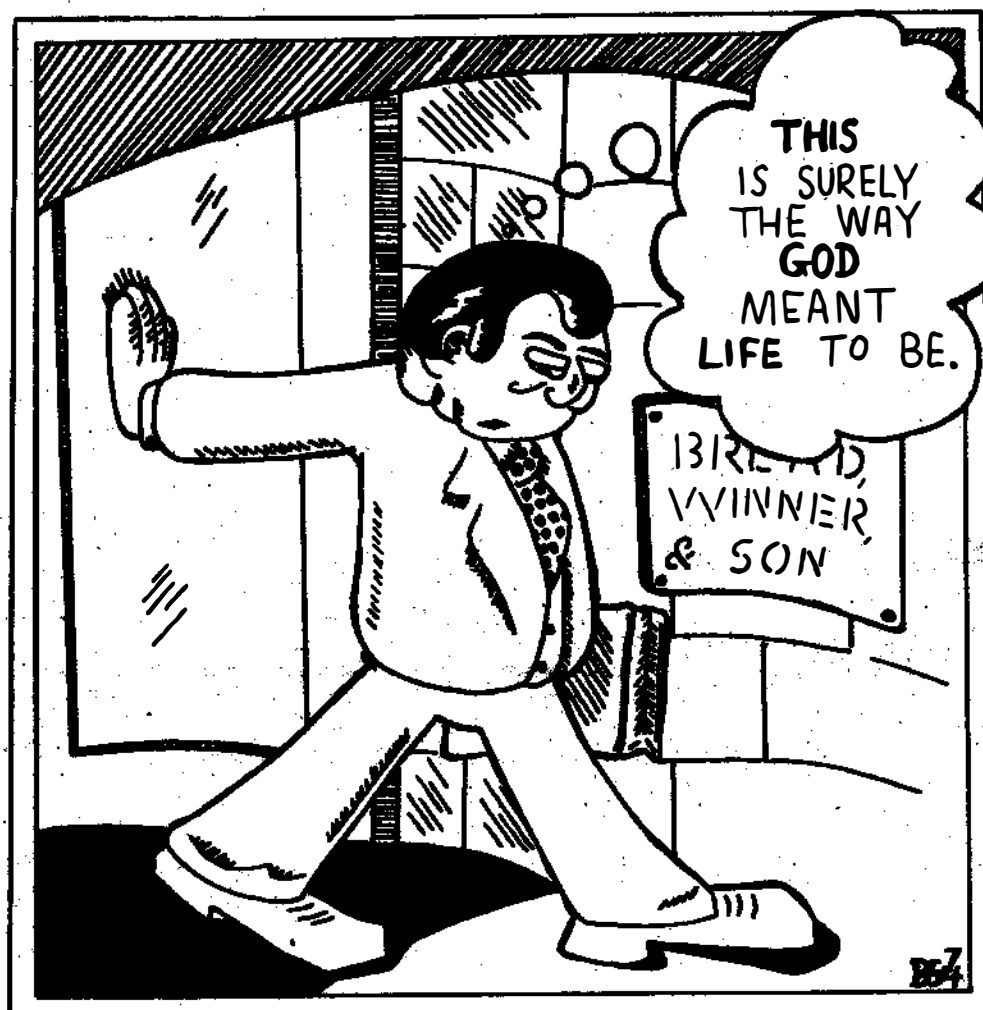
What I'm talking about are pressures that exist when a man is attempting to deal with his body. A man is not expected/conditioned/helped to like his body.

A man's penis is considered ugly, as is most of the rest of his body. There are certain Mr. America/Burt Reynolds/Robert Redford models with supposedly good bodies, but that just means that there are certain exceptional men who have bodies that are not ugly.

There is probably more appreciation for the male body among gay men, but even then it is based on certain body types. The important thing is not looking like some Hollywood stud, but to like yourself, to like your body. Men need to take time to enjoy their bodies, not to think of bodily pleasure only in relationship to sex with someone else.

We need to give our bodies a good time, wear clothes that feel good, do physical stuff that feels good, masturbate so that we enjoy the means as well as the end. When a man feels good about his body, it shows by the way he looks, by the way he carries himself, and by how he comes off to other people. A truly beautiful man is one that likes himself, including his body.

----- Jack



King's Kops Refuse Medical Aid

October 8th marked the last of a 122 day stretch in the County Jail for Lawrence Stevens on burglary charges. Interviewed by a Post-American reporter, Stevens claimed a number of violations of his civil rights--largely centered about the lack of and neglect of inmates' medical attention.

During his stay in the County Jail, Stevens was sitting on some steps reading. When he began to walk away, he slipped and fell because the steps had just been cleaned and were still slick. An unidentified authority named "Bob" refused to come to Stevens' assistance. Furthermore, he received no medical attention.

Stevens showed his arm to this reporter. The joints in his fingers and wrist of his right arm were swollen to about twice their original size. It seems that Sheriff's deputies did not feel that anything serious had happened to Stevens' arm, and just to humor him, placed the arm in a sling. Two days following this interview, Stevens' broken arm was set by a physician. Not to mention the pain endured by Stevens after his arm was broken, the medical bills for physician's services were directed to Stevens' home because Sheriff's police claimed the accident didn't happen in the County Jail.

Because inmates are allowed only two letters a week, it is sometimes difficult to get all the mail that is necessary. Earlier in the year, Stevens lost his driver's license, and when it was found, the license was sent to the Secretary of State's office in Springfield. The license was sent in a registered letter which requires Stevens' signature to obtain it. Instead of letting Stevens sign for it, a Sheriff's deputy signed for it and gave it to Stevens while in confinement.

Stevens insisted that his wife was also refused the right to sign for the letter.

Stevens further alleged threats against him by Lt. Reany. According to Stevens, Reany threatened to beat him on a given Saturday night because nobody would be around to witness the beating. However, Reany did not follow through with this threat.

Other complaints that Stevens made about the County Jail included the lack of toilet facilities in each cell, the lack of nourishing food--not to mention what Stevens called the County Jail "fingerprint coffee."

Stevens had kind words for three Sheriff's deputies and Wes Weber, the McLean County Jail administrator.

Cesar Chavez Visit Scratched

27.

Because of an unexpected visit to the hospital, Cesar Chavez's tour of Illinois has been cancelled, and he will be unable to visit Bloomington-Normal.

On the local level, the educational campaign is proceeding with visits to various classes, and more militant support is being planned. The local support coalition has recently acquired the slide show "Why We Boycott" and it is available for showings to organizations and classes. If you are interested in participating, or would like information, call the United Farm Workers Support Coalition; at 452-5046 or 452-8081, or stop in at the Newman Center. Ask for Mike or Verna. Viva la causal. Help win the victory, boycott Gallo wine, Grapes, & Lettuce.

United Farm Workers
Support Coalition
501 So. Main St.
Normal, Ill.

you red white and blue
how proud you fly against the snow-
gray sky
torn in pieces from wind that blows
against you.
the people should take you down
and burn you--
disposing of your colors properly--
we will raise a new banner soon
not you,
you stand for blood and purity,
the two don't go together,
a union split by rich and poor
black and white
green and concrete...

everything
is torn in pieces
tattered stripes
worn to death
amerika we once loved you
now you must die
and be buried along with
your flag.

virginia wolf

I AM WHITE AMERICA--
I have genocided the Native
Americans I so kindly 'discovered'
(how nicely they could have lived
if I had never done so).
I have destroyed the
dignity of the Black peoples I
brought to pick my cotton,
have colonized their brothers
& sisters in Africa,
misusing and abusing their
precious land;
Fellow Americans of the same
continent are my
special toy; from tin-roofed
Bolivian shacks come children
to labor my mines, and be
objects of my guilty
'charity' till in my
greedy rapaciousness I
swallowed South-east Asia,
oil fields and tin are
more important than peaceful
rice paddies and people at one
with their universe; their
rice paddies became mouths
for the bombs I force-fed
them; After this I wonder why
I wander aimlessly, have
no hope,
can't understand
my world falling apart;
the uncomfortable shiver
in my spine is the
human cries of these
peoples, mingling and merging
in a cry of painful terror
at the shock from
the bullet called
western civilization
with which I 'benevolently'
massacred them.

Autumn Prelude

The leaves are becoming despondent
under late summer skies,
already twilight auras of seasonal
suicide
linger dryly in the air.

The hunt has proven so blindingly
fruitless
caressing only the transparent
skin of phantasmorgic fawns,
like brine-bristled cats that stalk only
the bent
and twisted shadows of dreamed
illusion.

Time alone shall bring the lonely-
lovely
snow rich crystal winter-fall
silhouetted through fog smoked burning
branches
and the orange-lit commands
of stark sunrises.

Patiently pulsating in this stress of
seconds
with only beauty for a can-
dle light.

Terence M. Fitzgerald
September 1973

POEM FOR A POEM

I had a poem t'other day
From a friend in her special way
Thing is, Mr. Cleanup in a lurk
Took this poem in a creepin' quirk
Thinkin' for him alone it'd work
Now my friends' lines will stay lost
But I'm not; my substitute, no cost;
Mr. Cleanup, Mr. Cleanup hear the news
Now listen up kiss my butt

Mike Metcalf

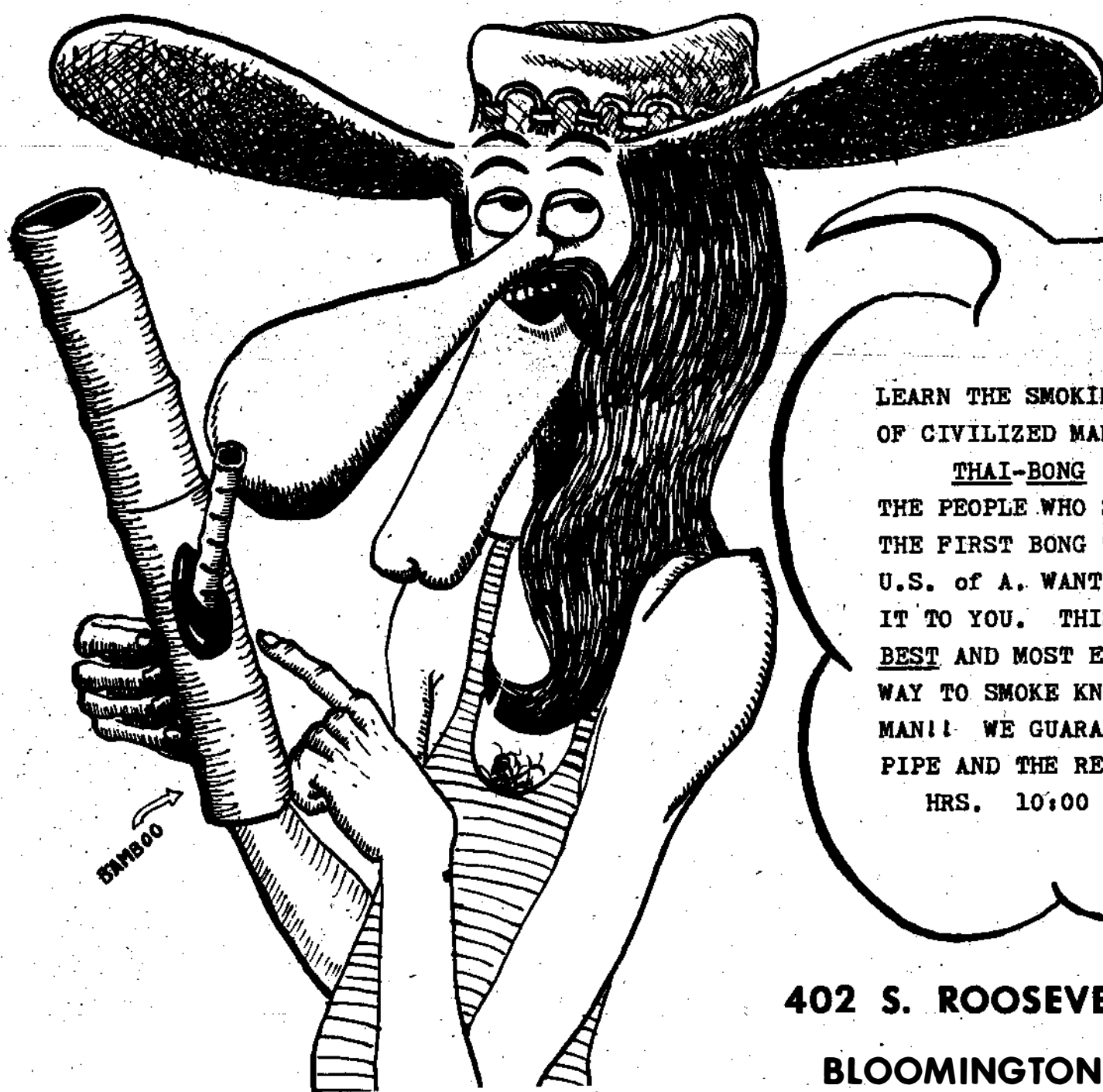


It is very difficult to be a white
male in Amerika. My father is John
Wayne, my mother is the Chase-Manhattan
Bank. I am confronted continually with
suffering and starving people from
around the world. My mother thrives
on them, and from her I get my milk.
I cannot reach out and touch them,
showing concern, for my father says,
I must stand alone, be independent
and non-emotional. As I grew older,
my sophisticated pubescent birthday
present was 'Playboy', to help me
oppress and use my sisters, and to
become a conspicuous consumer of the
Third World's labor. But with all
of this, I was never allowed to
stand human, to be real, to be
myself. My 'independent' father
quelched my desire for the freedom
of self-responsibility and human
solidarity, my standing alone
(rebellion) from my parents to
join hands in equality with the
human community. The
equality they offered me was
only in the dog eat dog world
of my white brothers, and was
thus unequal. So I have broken.
My mother cut off my milk, but I
found more filling sustenance
from others, and from deep within
myself. My independent, 'manly'
father disowned me and called
me a faggot, but I now thrive
on love he was too limited to
give. True freedom, liberty
for my own life is a heavy
burden, but one without chains.
I am responsible, I am real.
No longer Amerikan man, but
human person. I am not
completely free, my father
and mother survive, still
oppressing, and the worst
damage is their vestiges and
siren calls within my own heart.
But I am fighting, and I realize
the truth and beauty I have found
is richer than the facades they called
life. I will continue to struggle,
but now with the unbeatable aid of
all human beings, through the power
of Love, creatively growing everyday
in myself and through others.

MGM

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OF CIVILIZED MAN - A
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THE FIRST BONG TO THE
U.S. OF A. WANT TO SHOW
IT TO YOU. THIS IS THE
BEST AND MOST EFFICIENT
WAY TO SMOKE KNOWN TO
MAN!! WE GUARANTEE THE
PIPE AND THE RESULTS!!!
HRS. 10:00 TO 4:00

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