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Columbia Chronicle (01/21/1986)

Columbia College Chicago

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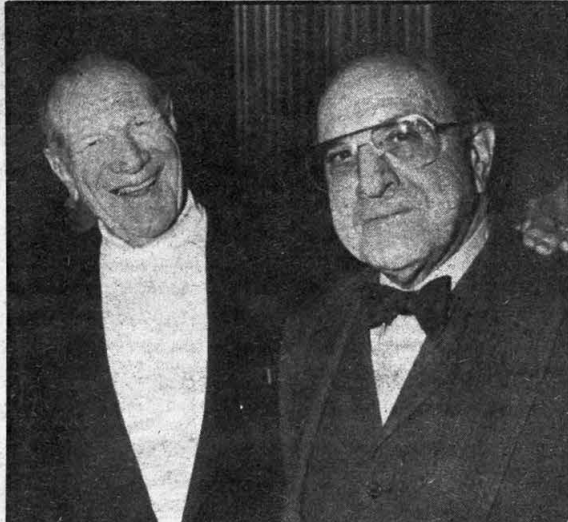
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Columbia Chronicle

Volume 15, Number 11

Tuesday, January 21, 1986

Columbia College, Chicago



Bill Veeck (left) and Columbia TV Chairman Ed Morris. Morris: "Like losing second father." (Chronicle/Robb Perea)

Former White Sox Owner Bill Veeck: Baseball's Barnum

By Rudy M. Vorkapic

In his last public appearance, the late owner of the Chicago White Sox Bill Veeck, who died Jan. 2, hosted the evenings festivities at the Fifth Annual John Fischetti Scholarship Dinner, sponsored by Columbia College on Dec. 4. Veeck, major league baseball's own "P.T. Barnum," in his usual manner, spoke candidly of the

world around him, mostly from the world he most related to.

"Let's take a brief excursion into the world of baseball where I feel more comfortable," Veeck added. "Where I used to feel more comfortable, when I was employed."

"This should have been the year of the (Pete) Rose, but instead, it turned out to be the year of the rat-fink," Veeck said. "As seven

Continued on page 12

Journalism department gets \$5000 Tribune grant

By Sally Daly

The Chicago Tribune has awarded the journalism department of Columbia College a \$5,000 grant to support stipends for minority journalism students working in internship positions.

This grant is to be used exclusively to supplement the income of minority students who accept non-paying internships.

"In the past we have had certain students who wanted to avail themselves to internships but because they had to work they couldn't afford to take those hours to give to an internship," said Les Brownlee, director of the journalism internship program at Columbia.

"The grant is for those students who fall into that category to take advantage of," Brownlee added.

A specific proposal for the grant was submitted to the Tribune Foundation this past fall by Sonya Guttman, associate director of development, in cooperation with Journalism Department Chairperson Daryle Feldmeir.

"We asked specifically for money to fund stipends for internships for minority students in the journalism department," explained Guttman.

Feldmeir added, "We made this specific request because we had been having increased problems involving minority students who

want to participate in internship opportunities. Several of them had part-time jobs and they couldn't give up the job because they needed the money.

"If a student decides he or she wants to have an internship but they can't afford a non-paying one, this will give them the help that they need," he added.

In order to qualify for the grant the student must be a journalism major and a minority student. Federal law defines a minority student as an Asian American, a Black American, an American Indian or a Hispanic.

According to Feldmeir, the money will be available to students who accept internships for the upcoming spring semester. The school expects to receive the grant money from the Tribune sometime in March.

Although the specific details of the stipend payment schedule have not been worked out, a fixed stipend schedule has been proposed. This would mean that the amount of the stipend per student would depend upon the amount of hours worked in the internship position.

"So many hours per week worked in the internship position for so many dollars. The more hours of work the higher the stipend," explained Feldmeir.

Any minority student applying for an internship for the upcoming semester is eligible to receive money if the internship is a non-paying one. Students will receive more in-

formation when they register for internship positions.

Although some of the details concerning the grant are still being worked on, there is a unanimous opinion that the money will be an asset to this particular group of students.

"This will certainly open the doors as far as that group of students are concerned. I certainly hope they take advantage of it," said Les Brownlee.

"I am pleased that the Tribune feels that we are important enough and doing a creditable job in teaching journalism so that they would want to underwrite our efforts to produce better newspeople. It is evidence that the Tribune is interested in improving the quality of journalism, which is quite commendable," Brownlee added.

Commenting on the Tribune's grant, Feldmeir said, "I think it's a wonderful response on the part of the Tribune to what we perceive as a need and we intend to use the money wisely to help minority students who would not otherwise take an unpaid internship.

"We proposed this to the Tribune because we believe that an internship is part of a crucial ingredient of a journalism major that ought not to be missed if the student is capable. The gift is generous and we're grateful for it," concluded Feldmeir.

Nuclear-free Chicago proposed

By Gene Koprowski

Chicagoans who are tired of war games may soon be able to engage themselves in a very "Un-Trivial Pursuit," so says Ron Freund, the director of the Metro Chicago Clergy and Laity Concerned, a human interest group.

That group has helped develop an ordinance which would make Chicago the largest city in the nation to prohibit the design, storage, production and deployment of nuclear weapons and their components within its boundaries.

That ordinance is sponsored by Chicago Alderman David Orr (49th) and Bernard Hansen (44th).

"It's both fitting and ironic that Chicago should lead the way on

this crucial issue. The power of the atom was first unleashed here. This binding ordinance would make it a criminal offense to participate in nuclear related activities," says Orr.

"Specifically, this ordinance requires that all such work be phased out within two years. It immediately prohibits any new start-ups of such work. And the ordinance also creates a Peace Conversion Commission to plan for the conversion of existing nuclear weapons facilities to peaceful and productive uses, and to find alternative employment for persons who now work in that industry," Orr says.

"Each year, Chicago residents and businesses send hundreds of millions of tax dollars to Washing-

ton to support military spending. And each year, runaway military spending drains away federal resources from desperately needed services like job training, affordable housing, education, services for the elderly and disabled, and public transportation.

"In return for these economic sacrifices, we get virtually no direct economic benefits. Few, if any, Chicago residents are employed in the nuclear weapons industry. Even if we were getting a larger share of nuclear weapons contracts, the economic rewards would be small and the risks high," says Orr.

"Arms manufacturing is a notoriously unstable, boom or bust industry. It's bad for the economy, and it has no place in the economic development strategy for the city of Chicago.

"The citizens of Chicago voiced their opposition to the arms race in 1982, when they overwhelmingly passed the Nuclear Freeze Referendum. That was an important moral statement, though its effect is largely symbolic. Some may view this ordinance as a symbolic gesture which will not put an end to the nuclear arms race. To them I reply that it is not always possible to achieve our noblest aspirations with a single act. But we must begin," Orr says.

"Since we anticipate questions about the legality of such action, we have engaged the law firm of Sachoff, Weaver, and Rubinstein to prepare an extensive legal brief on the constitutionality of the ordinance," says Freund.

That ordinance is similar to a re-

cent Evanston ordinance. More than a hundred communities in the nation have ordinances of that type.

"We also recognize that some members of the academic community may be concerned about their ability to carry out research. Nothing in this ordinance or campaign is directed at basic research," Freund says.

"We're asking the people of the city of Chicago to declare their homes, businesses, schools, houses of worship, and offices to be nuclear weapon free zones. We've produced buttons, posters, and petitions for this purpose," says Freund.

Continued on page 3

Columbia alums 2nd time in Science Who's Who

By Rhoda Anthony

A Columbia College graduate of 1944 has been selected for inclusion in the latest edition of *Who's Who in Frontiers of Science and Technology*.

Dr. Reino Hakala, a professor at Governor's State University, will be listed in the book a second time.

"A biographical account in the directory is a highpoint in my career," Hakala said.

Hakala earned a doctor of philosophy degree from Syracuse University, a master of arts degree from Columbia University and a bachelor of arts degree from Columbia College.

The publication is a biographical directory of scholars nationwide that specialize in 24 areas of science and technology. The publishers

also publish *Who's Who in America* and *Who's Who in the World*.

"I was surprised," said Hakala regarding his inclusion in the directory. Hakala is famed for his discoveries in numerical equations. His work covers research in critical region of fluids, mathematical modeling and iteration acceleration techniques.

A committee of experts from *Who's Who in Science and Technology* evaluates nominees for the directory through screening processes. The committee requested that Hakala send a resume for evaluation. "I didn't think anything of sending it," Hakala said. He was later notified that he would be in the directory.

Hakala's discoveries in equations of state was recorded in 1953 in the *Journal of Physical Chemistry*.

Hakala teaches four courses in Physical Chemistry at Governors State University. He was a faculty member at Oklahoma City University, Lake Superior State College, and Michigan Technical University.

At 62, Hakala is earning a fourth degree from the University of Illinois in Computer Science. He is refueling his education to benefit his academic studies and research.

Hakala carries a full load of study, traveling three times a week to work and twice a week to school. "I do a lot of studying at home," said Hakala. He has an "A" average at University of Illinois.

Professor, student, researcher, scientist; Hakala is definitely a credit to his profession.



Ronald Williams

Northeastern's Williams, 58, dies after illness

By Rudy M. Vorkapic

Northeastern Illinois University President and Columbia College Trustee, Ronald Williams, 58, who had been suffering from a brain tumor, died at home last month.

As one of his final public acts, Williams led a group of almost 400 people, nearly 100 of which were Columbia College students, faculty and administrators, in an anti-Apartheid demonstration in front of the South African Consulate in October.

Chicago Mayor Harold Washington proclaimed the day, October 10, as "Ronald Williams Day in Chicago."

Speaking from a wheelchair at the demonstration, Williams said, "freedom loving people should bear witness to the hatred that is Apartheid...this, and other efforts will bring about change."

Washington said, "Apartheid is the most evil, racist and repressive system of government anywhere on the face of the earth...Ronald Williams is a gravely ill man, and yet he is dedicated to the movement to

end that system...all citizens should follow the example of this courageous man by involving themselves in this movement."

Williams was also honored by Columbia at the commencement exercises of 1980.

Williams had been chairman-elect of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities. The 368-member state and university organization designated Williams the honorary chairman of 1985.

A Cleveland native, Williams received his bachelor of arts degree in speech therapy at Case Western Reserve University. At Ohio State University, he was awarded a doctorate in phonetics and psycholinguistics. He served on the faculty of many schools including; Ohio University, Oberlin College, Western Washington University, the University of Pittsburgh and the University of the District of Columbia, where he served as provost.

Gene Koprowski contributed to this story.

Women's group to sponsor Career Conference at Loop NU

The Chicago Chapter of Women in Communications, Inc. (WICI) will sponsor its 22nd Annual Career Conference Feb. 22 and 23 at Northwestern University's Chicago Loop Campus.

"Discovering your options to success" is the theme of the conference, which is designed to assist college students considering a career in communications.

College men and women will benefit from this one-of-a-kind opportunity to learn what professionals with the authority to hire seek in entry-level employees in newspapers, advertising, public relations, radio, television, corporate communications, and non-broadcast audio visual production among others.

On Feb. 22, students will choose three of 10 informational morning panels. The afternoon will be devoted to motivational roundtables led by young professionals with two or three years of work experience. These informal discussions will help students learn "what it's really like out there."

Having learned what options are available, students will spend Feb. 23 discovering the how-to's of finding a job. Three mini-seminars featuring one-on-one resume/portfolio critiques, interviewing techniques, and networking will prepare students for the job search.

In addition, participants will learn about WICI-sponsored internships in Chicago-area firms in public relations, advertising, marketing, print, and broadcast journalism.

Past speakers have included Joan Beck, Chicago Tribune editorial writer, Dan Miller, editor of *Crain's Chicago Business*, and Thomas Harris, president of Golin-Harris Communications, Inc.

The conference is open to women and men and to non-members as well as WICI members. Registration fee for both days is \$70 for members and \$90 for non-members. One-day (Saturday or Sunday, all sessions) is \$45 for members and \$55 for non-members. A special Student Saver Program will offer discounts for groups of five or more.

For further information or a conference registration form, contact Ellen Schur, at 525-4178, or the WICI Career Conference Hotline, 281-3512.

IRS to help "catch errors" on student aid applications

WASHINGTON, D.C. (CPS) —

The Internal Revenue Service, recently signed up to help correct students who default on their student loans, may now get in the business of deciding if students are telling the truth on their aid applications.

To "catch errors" on student aid applications, the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) said last week it will ask Congress to give federal agencies access to IRS records.

Claiming student loans have the "highest error rate" of any federal benefit program, OMB spokesman Steve Tupper says the plan could save the government at least \$1 billion.

But some student aid officials say the OMB insists on overestimating the error rate.

"There seems to be an attitude that there are a whole bunch of people out there cheating," says Dallas Martin, head of the National Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators.

"But our experience has been that people are very, very honest," he notes.

Tupper is quick to say he doesn't believe students are "cheating," though he does call the measure

"very necessary," and believes Martin "is very wrong."

Nineteen percent of all Pell Grant recipients, for example, are overpaid because of informational errors on the applications, Tupper maintains.

By verifying family income information with the IRS, institutions can make sure "everyone receives just the right amount of money they're entitled to," he adds.

But as the OMB hurries to complete the proposal before Congress adjourns for the holidays, House members already are complaining the system would invade students' privacy.

"In an attempt to eliminate abuse in government programs, we may also be eliminating privacy and personal independence," says Rep. Don Edwards, the Democratic chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights.

Student aid is only the most recent addition to the Reagan administration's effort to solve the "payment integrity problems" troubling federal benefit programs by bringing in the IRS.

Congress has already approved having the IRS verify income and eligibility for the food stamp, un-

employment, Medicaid, and Aid to Dependent Children programs.

In August, the administration announced it would also have the IRS withhold the tax returns of people who are in default on their student loan repayments.

The withholding will start with 1985 tax returns.

"The OMB is saying to Congress, if your intent is payment integrity, then you must add at least a dozen other programs (to the verification systems) including student aid," Tupper says.

Tupper says the error rate for all federal benefit programs currently stands at five percent.

Allowing agencies access to IRC and other information — e.g., alien status, Social Security files and railroad retirement income — would decrease the error amount by as much as \$1 billion, Tupper estimates.

Under the new proposal, the Pell Grant overall error rate would drop "by much more than a few (percentage) points," Tupper says.

Meanwhile, the Department of Education's Office of Student Aid and the American Council on Education say they'll reserve judgment until the proposal makes its way to Congress.

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Terrorism in U.S. on the rise

By Greg Walker

"I called 1985 the year of the terrorist," said Carl Rowan, nationally syndicated columnist. Rowan feels that the world will see even more terrorism in 1986, as he spoke at the fifth annual Chicago Sun Times Forum "The Nation '86" on Jan. 8.

"The Nation '86" luncheon and forum, held at the Hyatt Regency Chicago, was attended by some 800 community leaders. The forum featured five panelists, all renowned journalists, who spoke on the people, places and events likely to have major news impact this year.

The moderator was Robert D. Novak, co-author of "Inside Report," a political column he writes with fellow panelist Rowland Evans Jr. One of the major issues discussed was terrorism and the possibility of its widespread use in the U.S.

"I don't think the American people will tolerate much terrorism within our own borders," said Norman Podhoretz, editor-in-chief of Commentary magazine. "Although we are evidently willing to tolerate a good deal of it (terrorism) directed against American citizens on foreign soil."

The panelists discussed the history of terrorism and the concerns was that it was not new as political tool.

"Terrorism was a part of the European scene when Caesar's legions tried to conquer Gaul, all three parts of it," said Evans.

"The Irish terrorism has been going on about 200 years and has killed hundreds of people."

"There is so much emotion involved in this business," said Rowan. "Religious emotion, devotion to this state or that, that we will never do anything about this problem (terrorism) until we accept honestly the reality that a terrorist is somebody working on the side that you are not for."

Another issue discussed concerned relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The panelists spoke of the nature of the USSR, and how they viewed Soviet intentions.

"I don't know why people say that there is no free speech in Russia," said panelist Susan Bondy, whose column "Bondy on Money" is nationally syndicated. "Everybody knows that there is free speech in Russia, of course, there is no freedom after speech."

Chicago Sun-Times



Chicago Sun-Times Forum panelists, (from left to right) columnist, Carl T. Rowan, co-author "Inside Report" Rowland Evans, co-author "Inside Report" Robert D. Novak, columnist Susan Bondy and Editor-in-Chief "Commentary" magazine Norman Podhoretz.

"Only the grave," Evans injected.

"What they (the Soviets) want, is a free hand to commit genocide in Afghanistan," said Novak. "To continue their expansionist policies in the African continent and to maintain their expansion through-

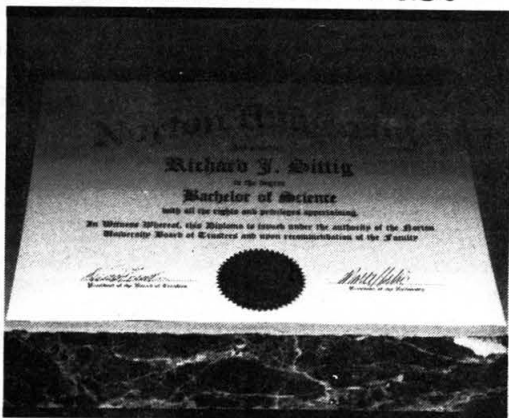
out the world without being criticized by the President."

The panelists also spoke of tax reform, Central America and the upcoming presidential race. When asked whether forums like this do any good in creating understanding, Carl Rowan said, "These help.

Anytime you can set up any forum that exposes people to a number of ideas, it's something positive."

The SunTimes plans three more events this year, including the upcoming gubernatorial debate between Adlai Stevenson and Gov. James Thompson.

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Nuclear-free Chicago

Continued from page 1

This campaign has already received the endorsement of many community leaders. They are still seeking the support of the business and labor community.

Volunteers have begun a petition drive on the North, West, and South sides of the city.

A dozen churches have declared themselves nuclear free.

"This campaign is both substantive and positive. We want Chicago to hang out a big welcome sign to companies all over the country who are engaged in or want to engage in production of goods for peace, not war. If high tech is our future, let it be a future without nuclear weapons.

"It's altogether fitting that this

campaign begins as we celebrate the birthday of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. He was one of the

founders of this movement, and his spirit infuses our work today. It was Dr. King who prophetically called on us to re-order our priorities so that the pursuit of peace will take precedence over the pursuit of war. We ask all Chicagoans to join us," Freund says.

Two of three college students can earn aid money part-time

MADISON, WI (CPS) — Students really don't have much trouble making up the difference between what they get from financial aid and what college actually costs, a new study by three University of Wisconsin professors contends.

The study found two of every three students to get aid readily can earn enough money from part-time jobs to pay for college.

Most students who get federal aid, in fact, earn about \$1,400 more than they need to pay college costs each year, the professors found.

And while a separate federal study suggests a lot of federal aid seems to miss the students who need it most, the Wisconsin report's results would tend to support Reagan administration arguments that federal aid programs are overly-generous and could be cut without hurting students.

"The system seems to be blind to how much money students earn on the outside," says Jacob Stampen, one of the study's authors.

About 55 percent of the American student body has some kind of part-time job, the study found.

If the study is right, "there will be increased political pressure to get students to pay more of their (own) way," says William Blakey, an aide to Sen. Paul Simon (D-IL) and a key figure in steering most education bills through Congress.

Stampen thinks Congress could end up changing the way administrators calculate how much aid students get.

"The critical issue is reevaluating the formulas by which aid is granted," he says.

Stampen's report tracked the earnings of about 10,000 students — all of them aid recipients — at 216 four-year public schools.

The survey found that about a third of the aid recipients still have an "unmet need" for help in paying for college.

Many of the students who can't easily earn enough from part-time jobs to meet their college costs may be from lower-income families, the study's authors say.

No one, however, is sure why lower-income students have a harder time finding part-time jobs lucrative enough to supplement the aid they get.

Some think the problem is not informing lower-income students about aid programs well enough.

"We need to be more effective in providing information to those in need," says Eugene Huddle of the Department of Education, which commissioned the study by Stampen and co-authors Roxanne Reeves and W. Lee Hansen.

ATTENTION!
**All Library books are
due back on January 25.**

Dr. Martin Luther King for a day

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal.'"

"I Have a Dream."

Dr. Martin Luther King

King was a man who had dream. A man who took a solid stand against segregation. A man who refused to belittle himself to engage in violent demonstrations. A lover of mankind, in that it saddened him to see a country that watched policemen who "curse, kick, and even kill," black men and women.

A country that sat back and watched four young black girls be killed when a Baptist Church was bombed in the South. A country that hangs signs over water fountains and restrooms which read **WHITE** or **COLOR-RED**. A country that sent black riders to the back of the bus. And so on and so forth, time would tell me to mention the numerous lynchings and mob killings.

King, clouded by these injustices set out to make a change. And a change he made. Segregation on the buses was ended. Many restaurants began to serve black people. Several white and colored signs were removed from restrooms and water fountains. King imprinted his mark in history, leaving a powerful statement:

"...I was a drum major for justice...for peace...for righteousness."

Dr. Martin Luther King

A man with such devastating qualities and accomplishments deserves this holiday, to bring the nation under the humble hand of justice, equality and love.

The King Federal Holiday Commission calls January 20 "Martin's Day." Coretta Scott King, widow is chairperson of the commission. She says, "We see 'Martin's Day' as:

"...a day to celebrate the life and dream of Martin Luther King, Jr

...a day to reaffirm the American ideals of freedom, justice and opportunity for all ...a day for love, not hate, for understanding,

not anger, for peace, not war ...a day for the family to share together, to reach out to relatives and friends and to mend broken relationships.

January 20 is not just a holiday, but a celebration. A celebration of a great man's triumph. Let us not forget, for in forgetting there's the danger of repeating.

By Crystal Green

Columbia Chronicle

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The Columbia Chronicle is a student-run newspaper published weekly and released every Monday. Views expressed here are not necessarily those of the advisor or the college.

All opinions meant for publication should be sent to the Chronicle in the form of the typewritten letter-to-the-editor.

We ask that you restrict your comments to those related to this publication, the college, or issues concerning college students.

Letters without legitimate surnames, addresses and phone numbers will not be considered for publication. All material will be subject to editing.



Question: **PhotoPoll**
Does Martin Luther King Jr. Day exemplify the spirit that he stood for?



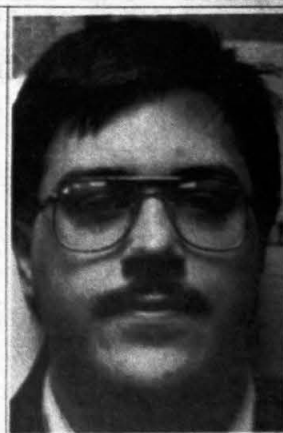
Kiki Williams
Television
Junior

"Yes it does. It has taken a long time for this to come about, and it is really meaningful. There's now a day that represents black individuality. It certainly means more than Columbus day."



Darryle Hughes
Radio
Junior

"No it doesn't, it's another three day weekend, and who cares about that. It's just make believe. It doesn't celebrate the man, it celebrates a day off. I celebrated his birthday by toasting his memory with my family."



Jeff Economy
Film
Junior

"I don't know if it exemplifies the man. I don't think a 'day' could represent his greatness. I think it's just a day off."

Columbia needs parking

Parking in the downtown area is abominable.

Of course, students with cars can park on Columbus Drive and hike to class. Meter parking is abundant there and four quarters lasts four hours.

One could take a chance and risk a car's life in one of the nearby alleys; the one on Holden Court under the el is the most popular and the biggest target for ticket slamming.

Smart parking patrons bring brown paper bags and cover the meter indicating that the meter is broken.

Money is scarce for many college students.

Parking facilities for Columbia College students are a headache and propose a constant wear and tear on our pockets.

All-day parking at the Harrison Hotel Garage at Harrison and Wabash will rip you off for \$5.30 if you don't get the student discount rate. For less than eight hours in the garage, if you get your parking ticket stamped at Columbia, you'll get a \$2.25 discount, evening hours - a \$3.50 discount from the original \$4 for early bird parkers and students.

But for some striving students who have classes here all day, you won't have money to fill your

stomach because your car is taking up space in a garage.

What Columbia needs is free student parking, but we obviously need room to construct a parking garage. There is an empty lot next to the school on Michigan Avenue, obviously that land would be expensive, but the college could make money from daily and monthly parking rates. The fact is, the college should offer students room to park.

We're arts and communications majors. We're not here to take up space. Space, that is, in a dark, money-hungry garage.

By Karl Cunningham

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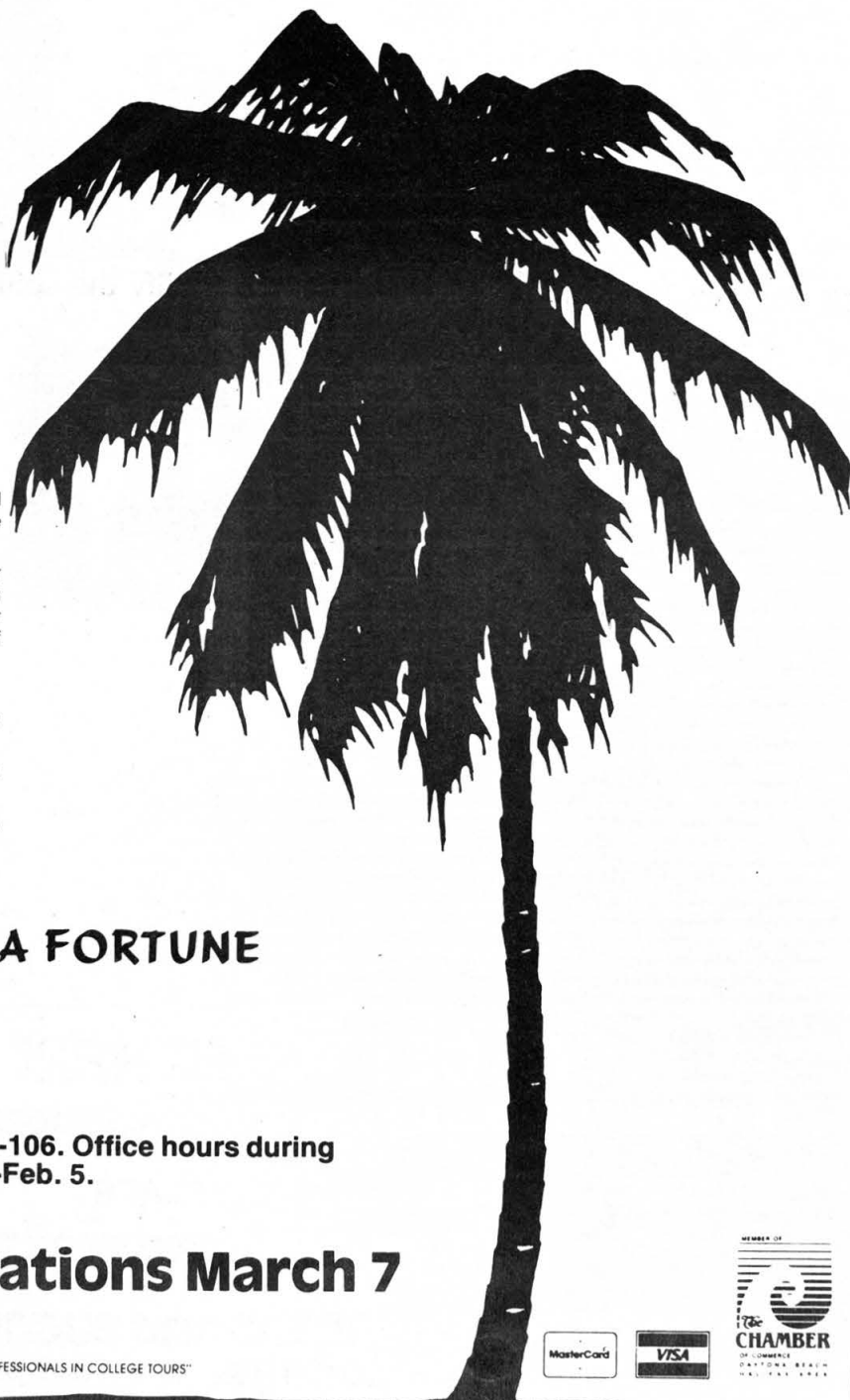
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See Tigre, Columbia Chronicle office, B-106. Office hours during semester break 9-4 Mon.-Wed., Jan. 27-Feb. 5.

Deadline for reservations March 7

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"EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONALS IN COLLEGE TOURS"



Dr. King's "Dream" still alive today

By Gary Gunter

"I may not get there with you, but we as a people will get to the promised land."

Assassinated April 4, 1968, in a Memphis, Tennessee hotel, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was unfortunately correct when he made this aspiring prediction. After his ultimately death, many black Americans dedicated themselves to the King Legacy and everything it stood for. Because of that dedication, blacks in America, as well as whites, have prospered to a better, but not perfect, way of life today.

The lasting impression that King left on the American people has finally been recognized with the observance of his birthday as a national holiday on the third Monday of January each year, it is the first national holiday designated to honor a black American. The third Monday in January has been designated as the day that all private industries, schools and federal agencies will honor the great leader. Ironically, the only other American honored by a national holiday is the first President of the United States, George Washington.

Even before President Ronald Reagan signed the bill on November 2, 1983 establishing King's birthday as a national holiday, many memorials around the world stood, cherishing the life of this non-violent warrior.

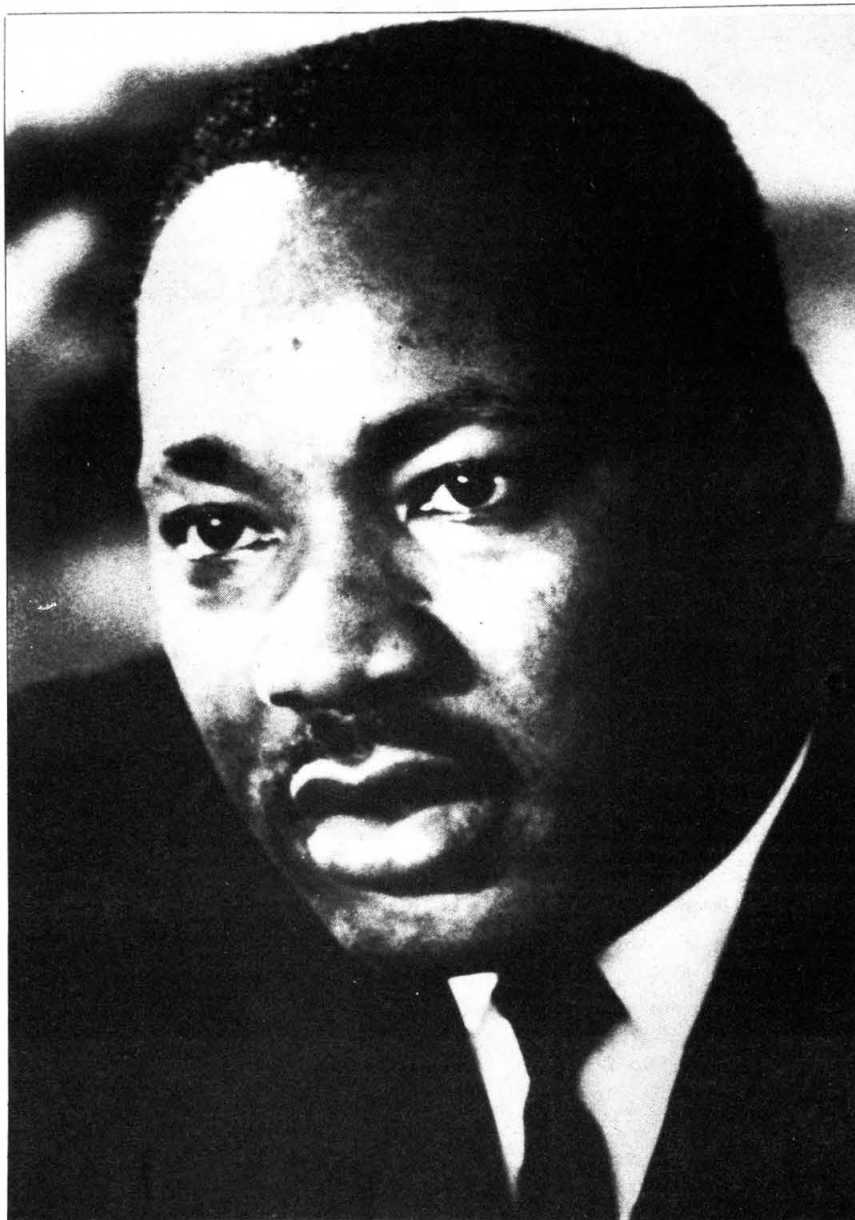
These monuments serve as constant reminders of the man and the causes he stood for and eventually gave his life for.

Memorials for King range from a forest in Israel to a hospital named in his honor in Los Angeles, California. Hundreds of streets, schools, and libraries around the world bear the name of the civil rights leader. The most outstanding of these memorials is the Eternal Flame that burns in front of King's grave in Atlanta, Georgia.

Even with all of the memorials and monuments in remembrance of the struggle of King, what Americans may remember most of him is historical "I Have a Dream" speech. On August 28, 1963, in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., more than a quarter-of-a-million people of all races gathered to hear King, deliver his incredibly powerful speech.

"I have a Dream today," King shouted. "I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character." Those gathered roared in alliance. King continued.

"I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day right there in Alabama, little black boys and girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and girls as brothers and sisters." The crowd roared once



Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

more. King continued and then reached the pinnacle of his historical speech.

"And when this happens, and when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual: 'Free at last! Free

at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!'"

An emotional electricity ran through the crowd as people held hands and began to sing "We Shall Overcome Someday."

This speech and the many other non-violent civil rights demonstrations that King led, earned him a Nobel Peace Prize in 1964, but his dream still has yet to become a clear reality.

King's dream suffered a serious setback on April 4, 1968 when he

was gunned down by an assassin's bullet while talking on a balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis,

Tennessee. King died from a shot in the neck in St. Joseph's Hospital. James Earl Ray was later convicted of murder.

After his death, a phrase that King preached rang strongly in the minds of all the people of the world: "A man who won't die for something, is not fit to live." **HAPPY BIRTHDAY DR. KING.**

King holiday a time to reflect, hope

By Gary Gunter

Yesterday's King holiday provided an opportunity for Americans to reflect, as well as carry on the struggle to make his Dream, which is an American Dream, a reality for all people and generations.

Born January 15, 1929, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was raised in a strongly religious household in Atlanta, Ga.

"M.L.", as he was called around the house, was raised in the home of his grandparents with his grandmother, father, mother, sister, and younger brother.

King's mother and father were diligent workers. His mother was an elementary school teacher while his father was a man dedicated to God. Martin Sr. served as a Baptist church pastor for 44 years until he retired in 1975.

King's thirst for knowledge began early in his childhood. An aunt who lived with the family for a while, spent hours reading newspapers, books and encyclopedia's to the children.

The things "M.L." heard from his aunt spurred his curiosity about the world around him. It helped him to develop into an inquisitive child and an avid reader.

Discrimination and segregation were rampant in the South during King's youth. His parents and other strong role models in the church taught him how to resist and oppose segregation.

Because of his good grades King graduated from high school at the age of 15.

Despite being a product of two generations of Baptist ministers King was undecided about his career path. Above all, he wanted to choose an occupation that would allow him to help Black people.

King enrolled at Morehouse College in Atlanta. There he met Dr. Benjamin Mays the president of Morehouse. Mays had a great influence on young Martin. Because of this influence King decided to go into the ministry. He became an ordained Baptist minister his senior year at Morehouse and eventually received his B.A. in Sociology.

After receiving his bachelors degree, King enrolled at Crozer Theological Seminary and then went on to pursue his doctorate at Boston University.

In 1955 he moved to Montgomery, Ala. Where destiny introduced him to Rosa Parks and the most powerful movement in American history was about to begin.

When the Civil Rights Movement began in 1955, there were fewer than 50 black elected officials around the country. Now there are more than 6000. All this because a small frail black woman would not relinquish her seat in the front of a bus to a white passenger.

The 10 year struggle that was to take place after that incident showed all Americans how non-violent demonstrations could prove effective.

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Blind Date

By Robin Morgan

She looked virginal. She looked positively saintly, dressed in folds of white crinoline and lace, her hair piled high on her head and delicately tucked under the umbrella of a sheer-white wide brim sun hat. She was standing on the platform at a train station that seemed to be set in the middle of nowhere, and, save for an early 1800's type tulip-shaped lamp post and giant faced clock which was attached to a dull green weather-worn stem, there was eternal nothingness. She was waiting for her date and her date was Death.

The air was still and silent, a threatening calm. A mixture of fear and anticipation oozed out of her pores with a thick consistency like ground beef oozing between the grinds of a meat grinder. Mechanically, she had begun tapping her foot against the cold concrete platform, pulling the finger tips of her white lace gloves, but never taking them off. Her eyes zeroed in on the face of the clock. Its thick black crow hands spun counter clockwise and made a swish sound, like rushing water every time the hour hand passed twelve. Actually, Robin felt his presence before she saw him or heard him. In a kind of reverent respect, the tulip light had dimmed its yellow glare and the boisterous tick-tick-tick of the clock had become only a whisper.

Fiction

The midst of an anesthetized silence, the first click of his heels exploded against the cement platform sending thousands of shockwave tremors through her body. Each new click was slow and very deliberate if nothing could stop him from reaching his destination. This was the stride of a man who could walk through walls.

The realization of his presence kindled a consuming flame that emanated from the very depths of her bowels. It seared right through the pit of her stomach, traveling faster than the speed of light through every inch of her body. Small beads of perspiration broke out on her forehead and just dangled there in limbo.

With all the courage she could muster, Robin turned to confront her suitor, but the overwhelming effect of his physical presence quickly deflated her confidence. He was strong, stiff and erect with a leading chest that commanded respect. He was dressed in a black tux, complete with cummerbund and tiny Fahey Flynn bow tie. His shirt was an iridescent royal blue made of crisp satin that glistened like the shiny side of aluminum foil. A black crushed velvet cloth was draped over his head like a nun's habit, creating a hood effect.

For a brief moment reminiscent scenes of playing dress-up as a child flashed in her mind, but her reverie was interrupted when she got a closer look at the black hood of his head and the void in that hood that should have been his face. Shocked back to reality, she turned to flee the faceless figure, but her lead beam legs forsaked her and rooted her feet to the platform. Her heart was racing, and somewhere outside

of herself she could hear it beating like a bass drum.

Then, as if to comfort her, he placed his hands on her shoulders and slid his arm around her in a brotherly fashion which wasn't really brotherly at all. In fact, it was more sensual or sexual. It was clear that the meant to consummate their "relationship." The song *Sealed With a Kiss* played in the back of her mind, and she thought of their mating nauseated her to the point of hysteria. She had a taste burning the back of her throat and even rising to fill her nasal cavity. She was trembling spasmodically and sweat poured profusely from her upper brow. She was a wilting flower waiting to be crumbled by Death's masterful hands.

He placed his cheek next to hers as if to whisper a seductive sonnet in her ear, but since he had no face, there was no mouth from which sound could be uttered, all she could feel was the coarse scratch of the crush velvet hood against her face as he began kneading his fingers into the soft flesh of her upper arms and shoulders. Then, backing off just a bit, he clicked his heels together, gave a slight bow from the head only and very gradually placed her palm on the back side of his hand as though he intended to lead her in a minuet.

From head to toe, Robin went stiff like a sheet of ice had covered her. Her legs were now like rubbery tires wildly waddling beneath her. Death started leading her away from the train station, all the while he kept stroking her hand over and over the way one crosses a cat. The sound of wings flapping overhead filled her ears. Buzzards! They were coming to pick at his flesh and sharpen their beaks on her bones.

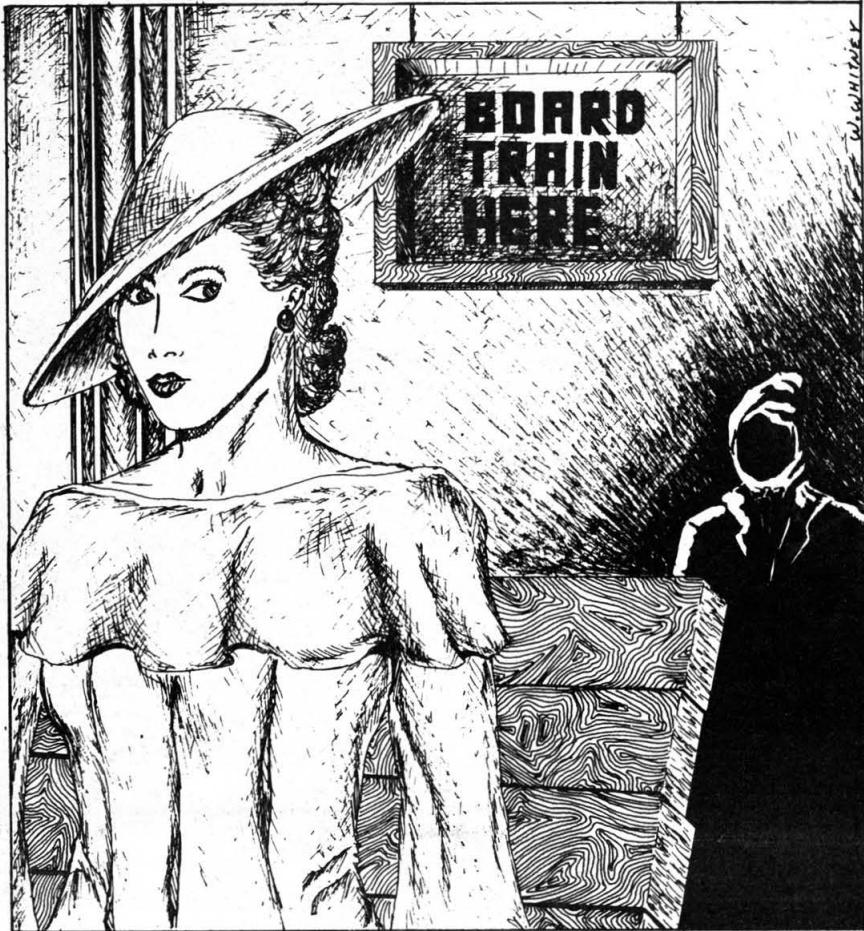
A blue-grey mist hung low around her heels and encircled her ankles like a wreath. The air was thick and sweet-sour, but there was an underlying stench that permeated the atmosphere and smothered the senses with a stink like unsettled sewer slime. She looked down at her arm and realized the smell was coming from her rotting flesh.

...she tried to pull free of Death's grip, but they seemed welded together like siamese twins joined at the wrist...

Her arm felt like it was consumed by thousands of maggots. For a moment she just stood there, hypnotized by the sight of her own flesh hungrily devouring itself. The blood was dry and crusty for the most part, and it splattered like painted crimson tears down the part of her arm that was still in tact. But the deep gash where the cancerous decay had begun its feast looked like a beast had torn the flesh right from the bone with its teeth.

A spot no larger than a dime started stinging her left leg. It increased to a burning sensation like salt rubbed into a fresh wound, and she knew the decay had started there too.

Helpless, crumbled and hunched



over as with age, a mere shell of the woman she had once been, she pitifully looked up to Death hoping to extract some semblance of mercy, but his hooded head was sternly locked toward the destination, his body bent forward as if he were walking against a great wind or up a high sloping hill.

She followed his gaze to the distant light ahead. It flickered like a lone match at the end of an eternal tunnel and seemed to grow like fungus as they proceeded onward. She knew once they reached the light, there would be no turning back. Panic stricken she tried to

of late autumn. The glare of the light was almost blinding as they neared the end of the tunnel.

The sound of the train was closer now, but it didn't matter. It was too late to benefit from any redemption it offered. So she closed her eyes and took one long deep breath allowing a surrendering calm to fill her soul. For a moment she thought she heard the train singing her name to the rhythm of its turning wheels. Then she was sure of it.

"Robin-Robin Robin-Robin Robin-Robin Robin-Robin"

It sang over and over. The persistent beckoning of the train's call was too strong to ignore. She opened her eyes, and glanced over her shoulder, snapping her head in the direction of the sound. The flesh on her face (loose, dripping, and drawn by the force of gravity) collected in one big sack under her chin and dangled back and forth.

She couldn't see the train, but with each call she could feel Death's grip loosening. The singing of the train's wheels was the lever that chiseled loose his lecherous clutches.

"Robin-Robin Robin-Robin."

The train sang even louder now. Her lips were dry and caked with blood. The muscles in her throat grated like two inner faces of sand paper rubbing against itself. Still somehow sound managed to seep from her vocal chords. In unison with the train she belted out "Robin-Robin Robin-Robin."

She closed her eyes and brought the nubs of what use to be her knuckles to them.

"ROBIN-ROBIN," she screamed with all the life left in her.

The echo of the train was deafening now. They were one, she and

the train, calling for the life that was slipping away from her.

There was a thundering horn blast from the train that was still too far away to see. Suddenly, she found herself face to face with an identical image of herself. The clone was crisp and clean, just the way she had looked before her deadly date had begun. There was something about the eyes though. They were blank, glassy, listlessly staring into space. In a way the lifeless clone looked more pitiful than she did, blood soaked, decaying, dying, and decomposing.

The sight of that pitiful creature struck a chord of compassion deep as the River Niger within the crevices of her soul forcing her to stretch her matted hands toward the untouched image of herself. She whispered, "Robin."

She wanted to embrace her, to touch her, to hold her in her arms and rock gently back and forth like a ripe leaf swaying in a soft breeze. She wanted to love her. So with all her might she tore her hand free from the fingers of Death, rushed into her arms, and nestled her lifeless head in her bosom.

She felt warm with her. She felt content. She felt alive.

She stood there for a moment, eyes closed, head spinning, tears streaking tracks through the bloodied molded flesh of her cracked cheeks. The wheels of the train came to a screeching halt, shooting burning blasts of wind as it slid to a stop just a step beyond them, but when she opened her eyes there was no train.

She was standing alone. The air was still and silent with an almost threatening calm. She looked virginal. She looked positively saintly, dressed all in white, impatiently pacing back and forth on the platform. She was waiting for her date and her date for Death.

By Vernon Clay

Witch Way to Salem

"What in the name of all that's holy and sacred, are you people doing?" the woman screamed as she burst into the courtroom.

The members of the court looked on in utter surprise. The woman, however, was intent on speaking her peace. The woman's son was on trial for being a boy witch.

"We are truly sorry about this Miss Lochy, but this has to be done," said one of the court members.

"Has to be done nothing. 'Tiss a mortal shame that your eyes do not see. My son is no warlock and the utter accusation is beyond reason. Adam, get off of that chair," Miss Lochy demanded of her son.

The boy stood as one of the council spoke, "Now you sit right there! I know this is very upsetting, but you must face the fact that your boy is a warlock."

Fiction

"And where be your proof? It's my son up there, young in his years. How can you dare scare him so? Come here, Adam!" said Miss Lochy.

"The child is not to move. There is a witch about him and it must be cleansed. He shall sit there," said Timothy, the head of the court.

The judge then stood, "Miss Lochy wants proof my fellow members. Let her at least have the request she has humbly asked for."

"I want my mother!" the young boy said loudly.

"Shut up, warlock. I have but an urge to burn you where you stand!" said court member Hamilton.

"Don't call my son that! Let's hear your proof," shouted Miss Lochy.

"Alright, you shall. This son of yours, as God is of any witness, was seen at the top of Misers Hill, raising a ton of wood. He was also seen standing on the top of the lake, right on the water. He also said that he felt that the Bonner girls would die before the doctor said they would. Now Miss Lochy, can you bother to explain those things by your witch of a son. The Devil himself would be glad to finally receive a gift like him," Hamilton finished.

Miss Lochy closed her eyes, as she could be seen shaking as if cold. Then all of a sudden she burst into laughter, "You all be the fool. My ears refuse to believe such a tale as this. The boy was pulling the wood up the hill with a rope. He wasn't standing on the water. His little raft turned over and he was standing on it. And as for the girls, the doctor's wife told me and I told Adam. You all be the jesters of a fool's court. Adam, come here. There be an evil air about this bunch of witch hunters."

The court remained quiet. Hamilton folded his papers and said not a word one. Adam left the chair in a room amidst silence. Both mother and son walked out.

"That boy has to die," Timothy said.

It was a day after the trial and all was forgiven, except by Timothy and Hamilton, the two men who refused to believe. These two were hated by the townspeople. They were hated because they were cruel. Now they were hated because they were the one who wrongly accused the boy of being a warlock.

"I say we hang the little warlock tonight," Hamilton suggested.

"He be a warlock and has twisted the minds of all. He must have an end. To hang such a soul would be of a fitting savor," Timothy agreed.

"Good, we do it tonight," Hamilton replied.

In a cabin just outside of town, Miss Lochy makes dinner. She

This is a story about a boy accused of being a warlock, with his mother's help he is found to be innocent.

However, the two men who accused him of being a warlock, plotted to hang him in the forest, near his home. The men took him while he was sitting on his porch, but one of the men dropped a glove in the struggle. The boy's mother, who heard some noise on the porch, went outside and only saw the glove. She picked it up.

The next morning her sleep was disturbed by a voice announcing a hanging in the forest. She immediately thought it was her son, but found that it was the two men who had accused her son of being a warlock.

Later, when she saw her son, he was walking away from her with a glove in his rear pant pocket.

She knew then that there was a boy witch in Salem, for she helped raise him.

drops all kinds of ingredients into a large pot.

"What's for dinner today mother?" Adam asked. He sat at the dinner table, anxiously waiting for dinner to join him.

"Just stew, Adam," Miss Lochy said.

At the moment, Adam thought, his mother resembled a witch. The way she hovered over the stew pot and glanced toward him through half-closed eyes, he wondered if his mother was the witch that the men were actually looking for.

"What made those men think that I be a witch, mother? Those men have known me for a long time," Adam said.

"I do not know, Adam. They're just witch hungry I gather. There have been many witches in Salem these past months. It's just a bit of the jitters," Miss Lochy explained.

"You don't believe in those rumors do you?" Adam asked.

At that moment, Adam lifted from his seat and headed for the door. "I'm going to sit on the front porch. Call me when dinner is ready."

His mother nodded and brushed her hand at him. He left.

"So nice and quiet out here," Adam thought, as he sat looking at the stars. Time slowly went by and the stars did not leave his sight. He was transfixed by them. He turned his attention away from the stars as he heard a noise. As Adam opened his mouth to scream, a hand covered his face. The hand was gloved. In the short struggle the glove was thrown to the porch. His body and two others quickly vanished into the dark forest nearby.

Miss Lochy opened the door only to find that her son was gone.

"Now where did that boy run off to? Chasing some rabbit I would gather."

Miss Lochy spotted the glove on the porch. Without thinking she picked it up. She gave it a quick glance, then went inside.

The next morning Miss Lochy awoke to cries outside her window. She was sleeping in a large chair, waiting up for her son.

"I must've fallen asleep," she said as she went over to the window, realizing that someone was screaming.

"There's been a hanging. In the forest! It's horrible!" a woman said. Miss Lochy looked in utter fright.

"Adam! Adam! Are you here?" She ran to his room. The door opened as light flushed the room. He was nowhere in sight. The glove she had placed on his bed earlier was still there. "Oh my God!" She mumbled to herself. Without thought, she dashed out of the house.

In the forest there was the clamor of people. She fought her way through to the front. She stood for a short while, took a much needed deep breath and lifted her head to see the hanging body.

When she lifted her head, she was shocked. There were two bodies instead of the one she expected to see. It was a welcome sight that of those two, her son was not among the ranks. The two bodies were those of Timothy and Hamilton, the two who had accused her son of being a witch. But who has done this? Miss Lochy wondered. And where was her son? She started to look around for him, when she suddenly felt a tug on her shoulder.

"Hello mother. I saw you sleeping in the chair last night and didn't want to wake you. I'm going home now," Adam said as he left.

Miss Lochy looked back at her son as terror hit her eyes. In her son's rear pants pocket, she saw a glove. She covered her mouth. It was the opposite glove she found on her front porch. She looked back at the bodies.

"My God!" she whispered.

There was indeed a witch in Salem. She knew, because she had raised him.

...At the moment, thought
Adam, his mother resembled
a witch ...



By Karl Cunningham

I went to go see Lola at her job the other night. Fuscaldo's, some pizza joint smack dab in the middle of a Spanish neighborhood. I had to stop and ask myself how many Spanish people know about pizza. Anyways, there was Lola, leaning over a counter — on the customer's side; the rickety screen door was wide open, and it was only 45 degrees outside. Lola spotted me as I crossed the street from my car, an old beat up Pontiac. She looked my way and blinked twice as though I was a mirage. I thought to myself, as she blinked in disbelief, "yes Lola, it's me."

"It's you. Oh my God! What the heck are you doing over here in Vrdolyak country," she said.

She was right. It was the 10th ward.

"Crap, this is Eddy's ward!"

"Yeah, but what are you doing over — Oh God, I'm so glad to see you."

I followed her into Fuscaldo's. God, what a hell-hole. She had started a letter. She was only mid-way through the page.

"I was just writing to Hector!"

Fiction

She tore the letter in half as if I were the answer to all her problems. Hector is, or was, her boyfriend. He's in the Navy.

"Forget him, you're here now."

It is at this point that I'll take the liberty to inform you that Lola and I are merely friends. She's too fat for me. Lola's 'bout a healthy 200 some odd pounds and it's all up here and back there. She's only 5'4", so imagine all that meat tucked into the wide measurements. We call her "Lola Bigida." She looks just like the fat lady in a side show, only bigger. She had on this greasy apron and her breasts are so big, they poke way out on the side. Her hair is laid with pomade. So much grease, you could practically fry two chickens with it. What really counts is the fact that she's really sweet. Well, sometimes.

There were four video machines in there, only two of 'em were workin' though. I made my way over to "Centipede." I goofed shortly after I deposited my lonely quarter. She pushed me out the way, a treacherous shove I nearly survived.

"Oooh, let me get one!"

I let her play.

"Uh, Lola, ain't you s'pose to be workin'?"

"Oh, Oscar don't give a hoot!"

I looked around the joint. I didn't see anyone budge. "Oscar, hunh," I said in disbelief.

"Yeah, he's — Damn — stupid machine!"

Tolerating Lola



She walloped that poor machine. I felt so sorry for the cute little centipedes in there.

"Well, I mean, these things don't shoot fast enough when you want them to." In the same breath she uttered, "So you wanna pizza?"

"Wow, can you really cook one?"

I searched nervously for the appropriate words 'cause I couldn't imagine myself wolfing down a pizza from that rat hole. Actually, the joint used to be somebody's house. Then some genius moved in a big white oven and a shoddy counter. The floor tiles were peeling up and so was the paint. There was a refrigerator and an outdated register, the kind that sounds like an adding machine. That was it. Nothing fancy. No frills.

Lola twisted her fanny up on the counter. There was this glass window that separated the outside from the inside. You know, where you order. Anyways, this glass barrier was loaded with grease and dead flies where the fly swatter had condemned their useless lives. Lola grinned and propped her head in the palms of her hands.

"What you two want"?, asked Lola.

Oh sorry. I've declined to mention my friend. Mainly because his presence wouldn't make much difference. Anyways,

"You wanna pizza," Lola said.

I was skeptical. "Lola, can you really make a pizza." She didn't answer 'cause some short white guy with a sneaky grin slithered from the gloomy depths of the backroom. He had a beer belly that apparently he was quite proud of 'cause his t-shirt was neatly tucked in. Anyways, that was Oscar.

"Hey guys, this is Oscar."

He still grinned that sneaky grin as though he laced cyanide in all the pizzas that night.

"This is my friend."

He continued to grin.

"So, I'mma fix 'em a small pizza."

Oscar checked the oven, looked at Lola, put his hands behind his back like the English "bobby" on his beat, and slithered back to the rear.

I asked once more, "Lola, do you really know how to make pizza."

"Trust me."

She was listening to this small box radio when her song came on; she blasted it until the sound became distorted like a scratchy C.B.

"Ya got mushrooms!"

"Hunh?!"

She grabbed up a wad of dough from the rusty refrigerator. The dough looked old, like a piece of puddy. "That's fresh," I screamed.

"Damn right it's fresh."

We were screaming so loud that Oscar the hermit had to come out of his can. She put the yellowish dough up to her humongous breasts and held it there. She poached it, and pulled till it really began to look like her breasts. She laughed so hard that her body quaked like jello. I laughed too. But why was I laughing. Here she is making bra cups with my pizza crust and I'm s'pose to eat it.

"O.K., o.k., I'll stop messing with y'as."

She began stretchin' and flattenin' it on what looked like one of those old wringers that your grandmother had on her washing machine. You know, the type that wrings out all the water in the

clothes when you serve it through.

"Lola, you almost dropped that crust." I spoke too soon. She did drop it.

"You knows what else. There's a little mouse that runs in and outta here. I just seen 'em tonight 'fore yous guys came in here. See, he runs right between there."

I followed her hand which pointed down to a little hole in the wall. I focused, but didn't see a thing.

"You sees 'em?"

I squinted.

"Well, anyways, your pizza is ready," said Lola.

"I thought you were just fixin' it."

"Oh, I was cookin' it all the time," she said. She waddled over to the big white oven and shoved out a small pizza. She handed it to me.

"Here, I love you."

I told her I admired her.

She said, "I want you," through her big pearly whites. I told her that my car needed an oil change. I made my exit through the rickety screen door. Lola smiled at me as I climbed into Beulah, the old "brown bomber." She waved, her fat figure — a silhouette in the dimly lit Fuscaldo's.

Continued from page 4

an Adonis & an Addict

She smiled as she remembered the contingency of male family members and lawyers bursting into the rehearsal, barging right past her and up to Donald...flailing angry little fingers in his face...saying: "You give him back his wife...You give him back his wife..." Amazing. Talk about negotiating property. How could she go back after that?

...her father disowned her. She made one effort to keep in touch, but the door was slammed firmly...

That was when her father disowned her. She made one effort to keep in touch, but the door was slammed firmly. At first a painful

screw turned deep within her. But in the end she found that there were other doorways that led to open spaces, and secret gardens that harbored friends.

So there she was, eight years later, at her father's funeral, standing uncomfortably in an unfamiliar dress, her feet imprisoned in high heeled shoes, talking small talk to people she didn't care about, when her sister said:

"Well, now that daddy's gone, we'll have to get together sometime."

So casual, as if they were dear and close friends that had been

apart for only a few weeks. But not into closing doors herself, she agreed to this luncheon.

She entered the restaurant.

"Ah, there she is." At first the conversation sounded like a script from a bad Rush Party. Gradually if drifted backwards. They spoke of her father: A pediatrician. Never there, they concurred. He left the house at 7:00 every morning, came home at 2:00 the next morning, crashed four hours, got up... did it all over again. 7 days a week for 15 years. They took one one-week vacation...went to Canada. It rained.

They then spoke of her mother: There, but not there...there was always a bridge party, luncheon, meeting or fashion show. She made them beautiful clothes, anything they wanted. They could show her the picture of a dress from Vogue or Seventeen magazine and in a week it was theirs. But heaven help them if they were down and out, or in need of any real comfort. Unpleasantness was not permitted...unpleasantness was just not permitted.

They talked on. She mentioned the lack of pleasant memories...of fun things done together. She said

that all she could remember was the teasing...the endless, endless, endless teasing. It hurt when she said it. The screw so long absent turned again within her. She began to feel like she was falling down a long dark shaft with everything closing in, just falling, endlessly falling, going nowhere. Her sister's eyes, which were looking off into the distance, turned. A look began to grow in them. It seemed to go along with the shaft. Like the look in the eye of the person who threw the lever. Everything went into slow motion. It seemed a long time it took her mouth to form the words:

"Oh," the sister said "But you were so much fun to tease!"

She didn't hear anything after that. As soon as she could she fabricated an excuse and left. Outside in the hot summer air, she took a deep breath.

It's a Hobo Jungle Out There

Be Gene Koprowski

There is a group of American mavericks, pioneers, travelers, who have been forgotten by history and ignored by folklore.

I'm talking of course about hobos on the Underground Railroad.

My grandfather was one of those men, and here is the tale he related to me.

Men who had that traveling itch, but who didn't have enough money to scratch it, would strap themselves to the underside of a Negro, and stay there, nearly motionless, all the way to Canada.

Those men came from every cotton pickin' state.

Needless to say, no excess baggage was allowed. All you carried was a can of beans, matches, and a jackknife.

Fiction

You traveled light, or you didn't travel at all.

Each Negro had enough legroom to seat one hobo.

The 'bo' would cling to the loins like a jockstrap, their arms grappled the buck's hips, and their legs crisscrossed the buttocks. (Let us not forget that because of the miracle of modern medicine, men are much taller and heavier today, than they were back then.)

The runaways only commuted

shimmy down the Negro's spine, like a squirrel scurrying down a tree, and finally, balance on the Negro's behind, like a man on a high wire.

After the Negro refastened his overalls, the 'bo' resumed his position near the lions.

The Negro'd then, as usual, walk out into the parlor where his host family was gathered round the piano singing "Suwanee River", and, pointing to his privates, ask "If'n thar be anythin' wrong?"

The family of course would blush on cue. Being of a Caucasian nature, they were weaned on that old wives tale about black men. This caused them to embarrassingly utter "No, everything's fine.. care for some lemonade?"

The runaway'd always accept, and would sit there on a footstool, sipping and smiling, as the family resumed its activity. After enduring a day of this, the Negro'd leave at nightfall to the strains of "Clementine."

Oftentimes, the family would pursue, bearing cookies and milk, trying to atone for their imperialist race.

Their wailings awoke many a slave catcher, and they'd soon be surrounded by horsemen.

(Luckily, the Negro and his unknown cargo would always slip away.)



...His bulging manifestation of manhood (Now, it couldn't be that big they'd say) put them to shame...

under cover of the night to avoid detection.

Travel was hazardous and visibility was poor for the hobos.

Cooking fires had to be kept small, and snoring had to be kept to a minimum. There's no telling what a crazy buck would do if he found a man in his pants.

The times when a 'bo' could open up a Negro's fly to gaze at the nighttime sky were few and far between.

At daybreak the Negro'd stop at a station-house to take a dump, and check for stowaways.

To avoid detection, the hobo would swing over the Negro's shoulders, as if he were a gymnast doing hand stands on a horse,

"What the hell is this?" a catcher would yell at the frantic family.

"Oh Sir," the Mrs. would say, "We're leaving cookies and milk for Santa Claus cause he's hungry after all that travel."

"Oh," the catcher would snarl into the July air, "I forgot all about that stuff. Go right on with what you're doin'."

Hours would pass.

The bounty hunters continued their quest.

They often spotted the runaway, but couldn't stand the sight of a hobo infested Negro.

His bulging manifestation of manhood (Now, it couldn't be that big, they'd say) put them to shame, and they'd ride off battling self doubt.

So, these hobos, these 'Boxer-

shorts Willies', inadvertently aided their 'rides'.

For the most part, they finished the trip undetected. However, one time, near the Ohio border, Gramps nearly gave himself away. After a coughing fit, the soon-to-be-ex-slave's brow wrinkled, and

his eyebrows rose. And, bellowing at his balls, said, "Who the hell down there?"

"I'm a hobo hitchin' a ride," said Gramps audaciously.

"Aw hell, dammed spirits foolin' wiff me again," said the Negro. Eventually, that Negro waded

across Lake Erie into Canada. And Gramps, drenched and penniless, started life anew.

The same can be said for most of the 'bo's. However, a few died tragically in zipper accidents. A coroner would say that they were open and shut cases.

Chronicle accepting fiction

Columbia students, who are interested in having their creative writing stories published, can submit their stories to the Columbia Chronicle office for publication in the weekly student newspaper.

If you have a crazy idea or a vivid image flowing through your mind, grab your journal and write it down. Hopefully, it will turn into something creative. After the story is typed, double spaced on 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 white bond with pica or elite characters, submit it to Room B106, located in the basement of the Main Building.

Hopefully we will be able to use all of the material submitted. Refrain from graphic violence, explicit sex, vulgar language and derogatory statements.

Stop by the offices for more information and get those ideas on paper.

Memories: an Adonis & an Addict

By Nana Shineflug

This is a story about surviving. Each of us does it in our own way.

She slumped as she swung her legs out of the car and stepped into the bright summer sunlight. Crossing the street, her size-10 sandals ate up the space between her faithful brown '73 Pinto and the green and white awning of the restaurant door.

"What would her sister be like after all these years?"

"Ugh," she rolled her eyes and shook her head as she remembered licking the shoe.

Why did she do it?

Perhaps to be a part of one of the

dangerous games of hide and seek that they played in the Cemetery after sneaking through the hole in the fence. Maybe to learn some delicious secret, or to hold the black and white rabbit. Who knows? That part she didn't remember, but she vividly remembered licking the shoe. She could see her sister standing at the end of the bunk bed that they shared. Standing there laughing, left hand on the post, right foot propped. And she remembered kneeling down, way down to the ground and with an angry feeling in the pit of her stomach, sticking out her tongue and licking the bottom of the shoe.

Why had she come?

Those were the only kind of memories she could find in the balls of dust that had collected in her mind. But then, things change:

The infinite number of ways that the branches of a tree can weave.

The log down by the beach, covered by at least a thousand ladybugs. Two years ago in her alcoholic fog she would not have noticed them. Her hand reached for the gold handle of the restaurant door.

Eight years ago her father disowned her. The wild and tumultuous 60's. Where was she then?

Her husband, tall, lean and angular, a manufacturer of tubular and solid rivets who was addicted

to football, basketball, baseball, hockey, tennis, golf, martinis with an olive and a twist and an old red Porsche as well as a new white Porsche. But how could he not have noticed the sudden daily arrival of the flowers that were taking over the house?

...She made love with Donald...beautiful, slow, exotic love...

Donald, a dancer, Adonis-like, beautiful, black and brainy. He brought her flowers every day.

Bunches of daisies, tulips, a yellow jonquil with a purple iris, a peace rose and some baby's breath. The first few times he gave them to her she threw them in a trash container at the shopping center by her house. But later she started to take them home...her husband never even mentioned them. Finally in a confusion of defiance and lust, she made love with Donald...beautiful, slow, exotic love...in the little third floor apartment on the corner of Cornelia and Halsted. Tender, caring, loving love, enveloped in the dense fog of incense that permeated every corner of his apartment.

Continued on page 3

Art Gallery exhibits Form / Function

By Karl Cunningham

"We will sell no wine before its time," that slogan inverted by the furniture display, Forms/Functions exhibit at the Columbia College Art Gallery, 72 E. 11th Street. The "fine wine" consists of medieval furniture, which was created to symbolize another "time."

You won't find the highly ornamental furniture by Thomas Beeby and Tannys Langdon in any department store. And you will never cross a threshold like the snap-on ornamental entrance-way, one of the environmentally interactive works by Christine Rojek. But you should look into this eclectic exhibition of contemporary structures to keep abreast of the behind-the-scenes, up-beat Contempo deco.

The exhibit of three-dimensional functional forms, peasant furniture of medieval Europe and plant and animal-inspired furniture ended Jan. 10. However, this exhibit refuses to conform to that date. This wonderland of past and future furniture is timeless.

The installation of a small room entitled "My Father's House," created by one of the six Chicago artists, Dean Snyder, represents the present.

This indoor cottage, supported upon a wood platform complete with stairs, reminds one of a sauna. Created in 1985, the house, painted with a flat black finish, came equipped with a door-window, which allows viewers to view its innards. The "innards" consisted of: a glowing red light streamed up



Above, Tanny Langdon's inspired furniture. At left, Christine Rojek's ornamental threshold. (Photo by Jim Svehla)

through the floorboards, which were about an inch and a half apart. Other fixtures were a chair, shelves, and a box on the shelf which also projected a strange red light.

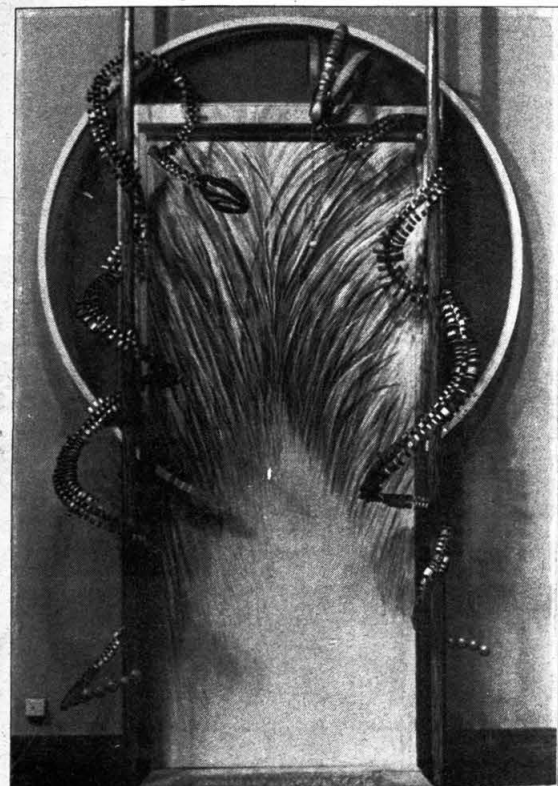
Lee Weitzman's art and furniture inspired by plant and animal forms, was growing near that house. Picture the Leaning Tower

of Pisa, focus in on a table, carved of wood and enamel, while leaning on all fours.

Richard Gibbons manages to "turn the tables" with architectural forms and a desire to uncover what lies beneath the surface, the interior substructure of matter. Gibbons observed nature, formed

glass to resemble erosion and growth and captured that nature in art form.

Today's furniture is a reflection of what people want to sit in, prop their legs on, and dine on. These artists are aware of this, I'm sure, but their creations would make the every day sitter stand up and take notice.



Columbia Dance Center finishes successful season

The Columbia College Dance Center, on 4730 N. Sheridan Rd., which presents a series of professional dance companies every semester, has completed what they term a "successful" semester and expects the same in the spring, according to Managing Director Bob Allen.

With enormous audience participation at many of their four dance series this semester, the center, which provides an opportunity for their students to study with leading dance teachers, choreographers and other dancers, at times were forced to turn people away said Allen.

"Of course some of the concerts were most popular than others, but we more or less had a full house," he said.

Last semester the Dance center series featured Rachel Lampert and Dancers, Rosalind Newman and Garth Fagan's Bucket Dancing Company.

This spring, the center's line-up

include; Mordine and Company, March 7-22; Ohad Maharin and Company, April 18-19; Mitchell Rosen and Diane Epstein, May 9-10. Finally the series will end with the Collaboration/New Vista on May 23-31.

The dance series are designed to present the highest quality of dance for students and the public," said Allen. "It is designed to familiarize the students with what is going on in the dance business and to provide the best dancers to Chicago."

New staff members next semester include Anna Paskezska, who will instruct Intermediate Ballet and Cecily Sommers who will teach Kinesiology.

The dance center also has added a new class for next semester. The class is designed to teach oriental movement called Tai Chi Chusn. Teaching will be Brad Heinz.

All of the dance series, the student workshops and student recitals are opened to the public.



Perform Amazing Feats

If you believe you have more talent in your big toe than anybody you've ever met, then direct your feet to the sunny side of the street. Because Busch Gardens, that wildly entertaining and exotic attraction in Tampa, Florida, is on the hunt for exceptional talent to join our rare breed of entertainers.

Singers & Dancers

Seeking strong male and female singers who dance well, and feature dancers. Bring dance attire and be prepared to show movement ability. Singers are required to prepare short vocal selections (ballad and uptempo) and should bring sheet music in their best key. Accompanist will be provided.

Musicians

Seeking musicians who play primary and secondary instruments, as well as, Accordion, Steel Guitar, Country Fiddle, Tuba and Percussion and brass players experienced in dance/marching band style. Musicians should prepare two selections which demonstrate their abilities.

Atmosphere Entertainers

Seeking experienced performers with background in comedy and improvisation. Bring necessary props and prepare a two-minute comedy piece to demonstrate special abilities.

To audition, you must be 18 years or older. Auditions are held on a first come basis. Plan to join us.

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Video idiom awards

By Charlene Lloyd

Two Columbia College Film Video graduate students are among seven finalists to receive the Wallis Annenberg Scholarship.

Linda Grube, a native of Streator Illinois and M. Lark Underwood an Iowa native, each came to Columbia this semester and are awaiting the announcement of the winners of the \$5000 educational grant presented by the Women in Film Foundation which enables women over 30 years of age to continue their education in film, television communication and journalism.

The Women In Film Foundation was established to inspire, create and fund activities in motion pictures and television that will enhance the media image of women, increase employment and promote equal opportunity for women, as well as encourage individual creative projects.

Grube who holds an A.B. in sociology and a B.S.W. in social work from the University of Illinois in psychotherapist is currently in private practice.

Unlike most individuals who establish themselves in one career area Grube also plans a career in the film/video industry.

"I wanted to do something artistic and film was an interesting area. I can apply my understanding of people with my film work," Grube said.

Grube's interest in film includes producing and directing but her main interest is the writing aspect of film.

"I want to write good stories about real life characters," Grube said. She cited Cagney and Lacey, the CBS Emmy award-winning series as an example of good, real



M. Lark Underwood

life stories.

Grube does not feel that being a woman will be a problem in a field which has been dominated by men for many years.

Grube said, "Women like Barbra Streisand who wrote, produced, directed and starred in the 1984 film Yentl have paved the way for women."

M. Lark Underwood who holds a B.S. in Theater Education from Southern Illinois University has acted professionally in America and Australia.

Underwood has performed in such productions as Charles Dickens, A Christmas Carol," and a host of childrens productions.

Like Grube, Underwood also has hopes of producing and directing her own film. She is currently shooting her final film of the semester entitled "Realized Worth," which she wrote, produced and directed. Underwood said she plans to continue her education here at Columbia, where she hopes to put together her final thesis film.

Underwood who admires Hollywood producer Lisa Gottlieb another former Columbia student,



Carrying the banner of new nation, frontiersman Tom Dobb (Al Pacino, right) and his son Ned (Sid Owen), flee from the onrushing Redcoats in "Revolution." Donald Sutherland and Nastassja Kinski also star in the Warner Bros. adventure.

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Photographers wanted. 100 photographers are needed for a unique photo project in Africa June 16-30. Open for any photographers wishing to become published. This project involves shooting a hardcover 150-page, full color book which will capture people, land, wildlife and beauty of Kenya. The cost will be \$2,650, all inclusive. For complete details please contract Craig Klatzo, Project Keyna, P.O. Box 3494 Champaign, Ill. 61821 or call (217) 352-3667.

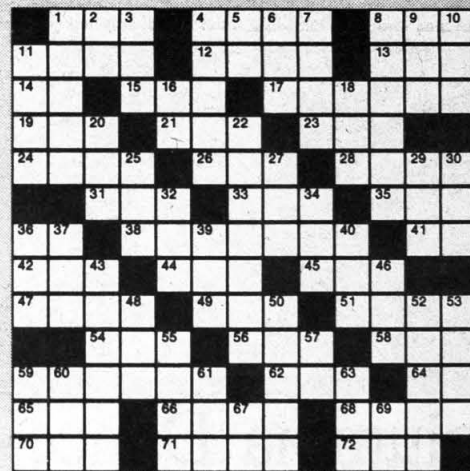
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College Press Service

The CPS Puzzle

DOWN

- 1 By oneself
- 2 Spanish for "yes"
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- 4 Cutting instrument
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- 7 Hard-wood tree
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- 52 Sufferer from Hansen's disease
- 53 Short jacket
- 55 Baby's napkins
- 57 As far as
- 59 Flap
- 60 New Deal agency: abbr.
- 61 Owing
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- 67 A continent: abbr.
- 69 Greek letter



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'My Sister' lights up the stage

By Crystal Green

The room is black as midnight. Rain falls, sounding like chips of shattered glass hitting the ground. There's a loud crack of lightning. And then a deep piercing scream. Sue Belle sits up in her bed. "Don't come, Eddie...don't come...don't come, Eddie...Don't..."

This is part of the excitement and anticipation that fills the stage of "My Sister, My Sister," by Ray Aranha, a play now running at the 11th Street Campus Getz Theater. The cast puts on an extraordinary performance.

The play takes place in the South, in the late fifties. Everything is seen from Sue Belle's point of view. Shasta Phillips portrays that character. She's a confused, mentally unstable character who sometimes takes on the personality of her older sister Evelina, played by Letitia Mister.

In the words of the director, Charles Finister, what the audience sees, "are the fragments of an individual once whole."

One minute Sue Belle is a six-year-old child riding horseback with her daddy played by Anthony Smith (who also plays Eddie), and the next minute she's a grown up sixteen-year-old wearing a seductive red dress.

At moments the play becomes confusing, but remember that we're dealing with a confused character.

Confusion so severe that she doesn't know if she wants to please her mother, a God-fearing sanctified preacher who says, "Jesus don't like little children who don't listen to their Mama," played by Karen Jones. Should she please her sister Evelina who says, "No, sista, you gotta lay that love shit aside. It'll get yo' mind all messed up." Should she please her lover Eddie, who says, "Havin' you in ma arms in worth burnin' in hell for." Or her daddy, who says, "...the devil, he ain't got a chance...I'll pick him up and chuck him up against one of his hot ovens and then...in he'll go."

Essentially Sue Belle is fighting the "purity" of Jesus and the "impurity" of the devil.

This conflict contributes to her confusion.

The stage set up adds to the feeling of confusion. The music is gloomy and down beat by Music Composer Doug Perry. The colors are dark and funereal.

The set was designed by Laura Miller. The rooms are small and cloistered. There are many contrasts. There's the large praying hands, versus the liquor bottle under the bed. There's the picture of Jesus, versus the record player in which Mama blurts are, "dirty songs that I keep tellin' her (Evelina) not to play in the house." Everywhere there's the battle between good and evil.

One of the most memorable scenes includes when Jesus played by Freddy Bertucci (who also plays The Man), enters the room of six-year-old Sue Belle. Sue Belle talks on and on with Jesus, who is unresponsive. She asks, "Don't you never laugh Jesus? Ain't you neva gonna be happy?" She then tries to make Jesus smile by drawing him a picture, but still he is unresponsive.

Later, Mama electrifies the stage preaching about her going "up and down this state...preachin' and singin' and testifyin'..." The barefoot Sue Belle follows close behind her mother as she walks around the stage.

At the end of the play Sue Belle's last words are "Sorry Mama..." as she walks into the bedroom with Evelina and The Man (an older white man.) The audience knows then that the confusion is over and Sue Belle finally makes a choice. Or does she?

My Sister, My Sister is a play that can be seen by any adult. But parental guidance is suggested for children, the language might be too offensive. Otherwise it's a great play to see on a Friday night. Hats off to the director and performers.



A scene from "My Sister, My Sister" at the Getz Theatre (Chronicle/Robb Perea)

Sequel, a new jewel brightens Loop

By Mukaila Adebisin

In the Loop, located south of Jackson Street among Roosevelt University, Columbia College, parking garages and assorted greasy spoon eateries, reigns a supreme new baby called the Sequel.

The Sequel is a restaurant, but not just your run of the mill greasy place. It is a fledgling eatery that dares to be different, because "we are for the younger people, people with taste. We are not just another happy days restaurant," said one of the owners, Pete McKnight.

Located at 418 S. Wabash, the Sequel combines the ambiance of a classic cafe with a distinct aura that is hard to find in your next door restaurant and that of a booming disco club. But the distinction goes further than that.

Besides having the pleasure of preparing a hamburger yourself, the Sequel treats its valued clients to all kinds of music from rock & roll to jazz. There are also nine T.V. monitors for visual entertainment.

According to McKnight, the best is yet to come. He said the other owners, Scott Geland, John Gilbert, Samuel Wilson and Lee Glazer plan to double the number of T.V. monitors, add new hi-fi stereo decks and further revitalize the place by adding several other dazzling features to complete what McKnight considered to be a dis-

tinct image of a place geared towards the younger type, especially students.

"We don't want the image of the Limelight or the Riviera," said McKnight. "We want to cater to the innovative people of the future, such as students from Columbia

College, Roosevelt University and the Art Institute.

To bolster its outreach to the student community, the Sequel plans to feature video works and adorn its walls with paintings and art works by students of the surrounding colleges.

Located inside a building that McKnight said has not seen a coat of paint in 10 years, the Sequel was born out of sheer hard work and sacrifice by the owners and employees, of many who are students.

Except for the electrical works

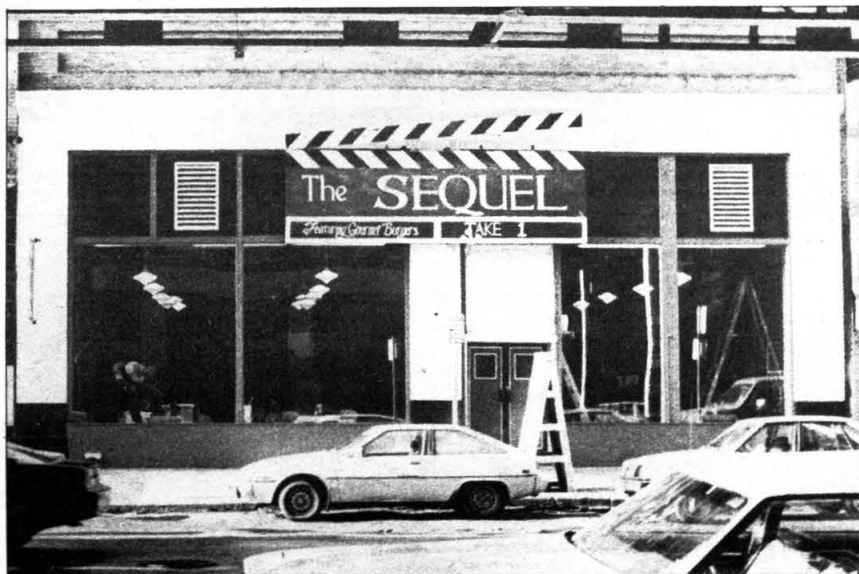
done by union workers as per regulations, revitalization up to date was done by McKnight and company. The expansive interior was painted in bright gray that meshed with the tiled floor, while the high ceiling is adorned with hanging lights, as well as strobe lights.

On a busy day, Sequel can hold several hundreds of diners without looking crowded. It's slightly elevated at the end of the restaurant and in full view is the kitchen which is open of course.

And just behind the kitchen is a large space, still under construction, that McKnight says will be equipped with a stage and everything to accommodate live bands, if an approval can be obtained.

After completion, the Sequel may turn out to be an all-purpose hi-tech entertainment haven, the type that dares to be different and stick to its credo of being for the present and the future, unlike places like the Hard Rock Cafe which McKnight described as being a product of the 50s.

Sequel opens from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. with one hour extension on weekends. McKnight said special programs that give up to 15 percent off to students is in the works as well as several other innovative ideas to make the Sequel a worthwhile addition to the south of the Loop.



The Sequel restaurant, located in the South Loop. (Photo for Chronicle/Alexandra Buxbaum)

Film students can win amateur 'Oscar', honors

By Judy Bluder

Film students with no previous professional experience, who are interested in winning a thousand dollars, should consider competing in the 13th Annual Student Film Awards, sponsored by the Academy of Motion Pictures and Arts and Sciences.

The purpose of the Academy's Student Film Awards is to support and encourage inexperienced filmmakers, according to a release by Richard Miller, program coordinator of student film awards.

"We're hoping for the largest and strongest roster of film entries to date," says Miller.

Achievement and Merit Awards

may be given by the Academy in recognition of outstanding achievement in the following categories: Animation, Documentary, Dramatic, and Experimental.

Animated films may present an original narrative story, an existing story or fable, or an exploration of a mood or thought.

Winning animation films are chosen by judging the product as a whole, as well as the artistic and technical skill on the animator in whatever animation technique the student has chosen.

Documentary films are visual essays which seek to present historical subjects, current social or political issues, or specific human experiences in such away as to have a

dramatic impact upon the viewing audience.

Fashion reality into a film essay

Documentary film deals with real, factual situations and circumstances.

Winning films in this category are chosen on the basis of artistic technique, as well as ability of the documentation to fashion reality into a film essay.

Dramatic films should portray life, a character or narrative story much the same way a novel does, but within an audio-visual context.

Experimental films cannot be easily defined. Winning achievements in this category are generally free-form, non-narrative and exploratory in subject or technique.

Eligible films must be made through a student-teacher relationship within an accredited U.S. college, university, film school or art school.

Film entries must have been completed after April 1, 1985.

Entries should be no longer than 60 minutes and submitted on 16mm gauge or larger.

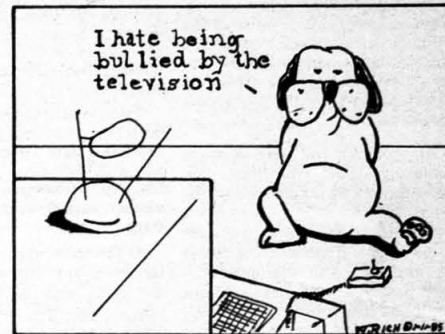
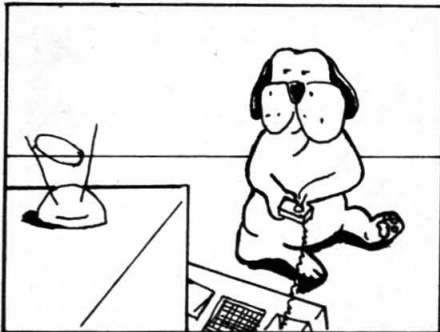
Each of the seven regions involved in the competition maintains its own jury which considers films only from schools within its area. Regional judging will be completed by May 2, 1986.

Final judging by the Academy will end up May 19, 1986 and the presentation of awards will be on June 18.

Students interested in entering the competition should call or write Barbara Scharres at Chicago's Film Center of the School of Art Institute, Columbus Drive at Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60603, (312) 443-3771.

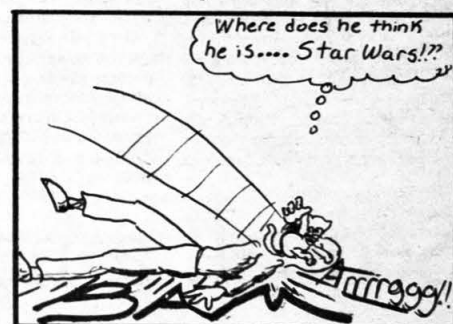
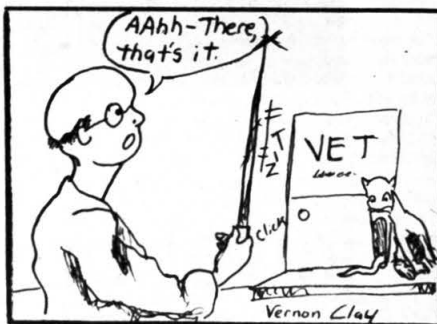
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BUSTER



By Willie Rich

CLAYTON



By Vernon Clay

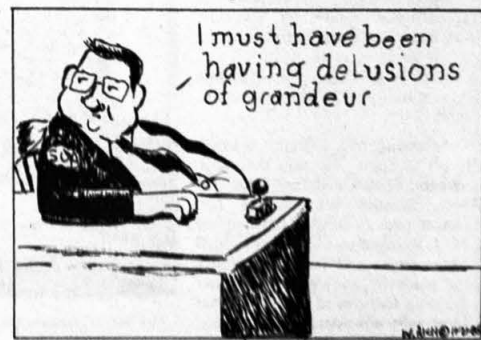
LIL JOHN



By Maurice Sutton



RICHES



By Willie Rich

Defense Bear's strong suit

Continued from page 12

100 yards against the Bears. It took Riggs 41 attempts. San Francisco's Roger Craig, Dallas' Tony Dorsett and the Jets' Freeman McNeil were all held under their regular rushing average by the Bears.

Should the Bears stop James and Collins the Patriots will be forced to throw and the Bear defense could seize control of the game.

Patriot quarterback Tony Eason is not very mobile and will be hampered by the Bears' tremendous pass rush. In the secondary, safeties Gary Fencik and Dave Duerson are both All-Pro's although Fencik was not selected to NFC Pro Bowl team.

At cornerback Mike Richardson and Leslie Frazier have often been asked to cover receivers one-on-one and have risen to the occasion. Eason doesn't throw many interceptions, but had three passes picked off in the last meeting

against the Bears. During the regular season the Bears intercepted 34 passes—an average of more than two per game.

The most impressive Bear statistic is that in 13 of 18 games, the defense has yielded only 10 points or less.

If the defense can improve that statistic by one more game, the Bear offense can provide enough points for victory with just two touchdowns.

That sounds simple enough, but the vaunted Miami offense needed the Patriots to fumble a punt to set up a second touchdown in the AFC Championship.

Of course, the Dolphins' offense is not as balanced as the Bears. With a healthy Jim McMahon at quarterback the Bears can have just as much success passing as they doing running.

On the offensive line Jay Hilgenberg, Keith Van Horne, Jimbo Covert, Mark Bortz, Tom Thayer and

tight end Emery Moorhead will have their hands full with the physical Patriot defense.

Walter Payton only gained 39 yards rushing against the Patriots in September, but carried the ball only 11 times. McMahon, however, threw for 232 yards before being injured early in the fourth quarter.

If McMahon gets time he ought to have no problem finding Willie Gault, Dennis McKinnon or Moorehead open downfield. The Patriots do have excellent linebackers in Andre Tippett, Don Blackmon and Steve Nelson which could neutralize the pass catching strength of Payton and Matt Suhey.

Chances are, if the Bears didn't have such a dominating defense this game would be considered even. But they do and unless the Patriot coaching staff can find a weakness nobody else has, the Bears should be celebrating on Bourbon Street Sunday night.

Underdog Pats gearing up

Tony Collins is the other rushing threat. He has been improving steadily since the season started and can go all the way with a short pass over the middle. Reserve fullback Robert Weathers came off the bench against Miami game and rushed for 87 yards.

In the three games leading up to the Super Bowl New England quarterback Tony Eason has been out of character by completing 69 percent (29 of 42) of his passes without an interception.

Earlier in the year, Eason was injured the game before the coaching staff had planned to bench him. However, he was again thrust into the starting spot when veteran quarterback Steve Grogan was hurt.

In the game against the Bears, he was under constant attack. When he wasn't on the carpet he was running for his life.

However, according to his coach and offensive lineman, Eason has matured. Unfortunately for the Patriots, another strike against Eason is not a mobile quarterback. As a dropback passer, he relies solely on his offensive line to protect him. So far the Bears defensive line have been getting to everyone, especially the slower QB's.

The Pat's offensive line is anchored by nine-time All-Pro guard John "Hog" Hannah who missed the teams first meeting. Hannah is the only name player on the O-line.

Before the season started the prediction was that the Patriots would rely heavily on their speed at wide receiver. So far that hasn't been the case. When they do pass it is usually short. Eason usually doesn't have the time and tends to hesitate throwing long. Also, the Patriots will be without rookie wide receiver Irving Fryar who is out for the rest of the season with cuts on his hand suffered in a domestic accident. Fryar led New England in receiving and led the AFC in punt returns.

Nonetheless they do have a quality receiver in veteran Stanley Morgan, who lost his starting job earlier in the year to Fryar.

The Pat's defense, ranked third overall in the AFC, is another story. Led by All-Pro and AFC defensive Player of the Year Andre Tippett, the defense has consistently been forcing big plays. New England has stolen the ball 12 more times than they have had it stolen.

Turnovers mean nothing unless teams score points after them and the Patriots have. New England most often scores following a fumble or interception.

ble or interception.

The defensive line of the Patriots is average. The line is led by rookie Garon Veris and 37-year old veteran Julius Adams, the oldest Patriot team member.

Like the Bears the Patriots are coached by a former assistant to Dallas Cowboy Head Coach Tom Landry. In his day Berry was a stand out receiver for the Baltimore Colts. He was as tough as anyone, Ditka included. There are many more similarities between the two teams.

Talk surrounds the Bears and how long it has been since they have flirted with success. Well, it's been just as long for the Patriots whose last "big" game was 22-years ago when they played for the NFL championship against San Diego. In that game, they lost 51-10.

Since that time they have made eight playoff appearances winning four. Since 1963 they have never made it past playoffs. Believe it, they are hungry too.

Nobody can really say how the game is going to turn out. The Bears are the early 10-point favorite but anything can happen with New England in the Super Bowl this year.



Veeck a 'real' hero

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the Browns could not compete with cross-town rival Cardinals. When Veeck asked for permission to move the team to Baltimore for the 1953 season, three of the seven American League owners blocked the move. However, the move was permitted, but only Veeck and his investment group agreed to sell the team.

But, Veeck, born in suburban Hinsdale on Feb. 9, 1914, was more than just a baseball innovator, his concern for people was genuine.

Although he had a peg leg attached just below his right knee, the result of a football injury and a subsequent World War II wound, Veeck participated in the day-long civil rights march in Salem, Ala. in 1965.

In fact, while the owner of the Cleveland team, Veeck signed the American League's first black player, Larry Doby.

In 1975, Veeck was told that the White Sox were going to be moved to Seattle. He hurriedly rushed back to Chicago and, in 10 days, with the assistance of a group of partners and the late Mayor Richard J. Daley raised the \$8 million purchase price and saved the White Sox for the city.

Five years later, Veeck sold the club to the current group headed by Jerry Reindorf and Eddie Einhorn.

Words cannot totally describe Veeck. There simply aren't enough of them. Suffice to say, he was, indeed, a great man.

U.S. Department of Transportation



FAMOUS LAST WORDS FROM FRIENDS TO FRIENDS.

"Are you OK to drive?"
"What's a few beers?"



DRINKING AND DRIVING CAN KILL A FRIENDSHIP

Chronicle sports staff picks

Marty Walsh
Bears 24
Patriots 3

I really don't think the Pat's are capable of scoring a touchdown. Bears "D" too much. Look for Willie Gault to have a big day (Two TD's).

MVP: Walter Payton

Rudy M. Vorkapic
Bears 27
Patriots 7

Watch for a Bear runningback to fumble early in the game and the Patriots to score quickly. But, the Bears will relax and take control. Big day for Dennis McKinnon, Willie Gault, Jim McMahon and the defense.

MVP: Jim McMahon

Greg Canfield
Bears 27
Patriots 14

The ball-stripping techniques of the Patriots are bound to give them the field position to score, but look for Jim McMahon to excel while the Pat's defense concentrates on Walter Payton.

MVP: Jim McMahon

Bears shuffle off to New Orleans

By Greg Canfield

Having made National Football League history with two consecutive post-season shutouts, it doesn't take a psychic to figure that the Chicago Bears' fortunes, in Sunday's Super Bowl clash with New England, rests on the shoulders of the defense.

Not that the offense hasn't been pulling its weight during the playoffs, but the Patriots also boast an outstanding defense and the Bears can ill-afford to give up many points.

Like the Bears, New England uses a ball control offense. Therefore, the responsibility of stopping the Patriots' attack rests with the ability of the Bears' lineman and linebackers to contain running-backs Craig James and Tony Collins.

In an earlier meeting this season anemic 24 yards rushing against the Bears, but were running behind an injury riddled offensive line.

Now that the Patriots are healthy the Bear defense will find its task much tougher.

It will be up to Richard Dent, Dan Hampton, William Perry and Steve McMichael to get penetration, allowing linebackers Otis Wilson, Mike Singletary and Wilber Marshall to fill the hole.

Dent, Hampton, Wilson and Singletary are All-Pro selections and in the playoffs they, and the rest of the Bears' defensive unit, have more than lived up to their All-Pro status.

Los Angeles runningback Eric Dickerson entered the NFC Championship after gaining a playoff record 248 yards against Dallas, but was held to 46 by the Bears. A week earlier the Bears held New York Giants' runningback Joe Morris to only 32 yards.

During the regular season, only the Atlanta Falcons' runningback Gerald Riggs and Tampa Bay's James Wilder rushed for more than



Bears-mania has captured the city. However, some can show their support more than others (above). (Chronicle/Robb Perea)

Improved Patriots ready now

By Marty Walsh

After beating three very good teams in the playoffs, the Jets 26-14, the L.A. Raiders 27-20 and the Miami Dolphins 31-14, the Patriots have nothing to lose in the Super Bowl.

New England and the Bears met earlier in the season as the Bears crushed the then hapless Pats 20-7 in Soldier Field. In that game the Bears sacked Pats quarterback Tony Eason six times for a net loss of 55 yards. Eason was 15 of 35 for 234 yards, 90 of them coming on one play. He also threw a career high 3 interceptions. It was one of his worst days of his career.

In that game, the Bears defense held the Patriots' runners to only 27 yards on 16 carries as the Bears totally dominated the game. But, that was more than three months ago and a lot has changed since then for the Patriots.

The revitalized Pats offense centers, for the most part, around the running game. Like the Bears, the Patriots have a pair of good running backs. Although not in the class of a Walter Payton, Craig James is a fine rusher/receiver.

James rushed for more than a 1000 yards this year, gaining most of them behind an injury-plagued offensive line. He is also a receiving threat out of the backfield, something the Pats must do well if they are to stand a chance against the Bears blitzing defense.

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VEECK

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wealthy athletes, with seven grants of immunity, banded together to get one poor, fat, black bookey (bookmaker) 12-years in the pokey."

Veeck continued in his monotone voice. "These ball players came in (to the courtroom) in their \$500 suits and their \$250 shoes by Gucci and 25 cents worth of character."

Veeck added, "This is what is happening in America, and in the world of sports."

Veeck, who always dressed casually, as it was just another indication of his unwillingness to conform to the stuffy business world, was dressed in a pair of slacks, white, turtleneck sweater and a Navy-blue sportcoat. He was invited to host the \$100-per plate dinner by Columbia Television Chairman. Ed Morris. Veeck, whose daughter Lisa, is a Columbia College graduate, was accompanied by his wife Mary Frances.

Veeck again offered his insight towards the world from the world of sports, but this time from college athletics.

"The Southeast Conference

(which has been repeatedly investigated by the NCAA for recruiting violations of its member schools) can't find a team who could play in a bowl game because they were all on probation. You go to a school and find that the parking lot is what...well you find a lot of Mercedes...that all belong to athletes on scholarships."

Veeck added, "Honor is supposed to be taught in these schools, it's nuts."

Nearing the end of his remarks, Veeck addressed a recent topic in Chicago news.

"I thought that there were two things in this world, or two people, who were safe," he continued. "But, all of a sudden I find that tobacco companies, cigarette manufacturers can be libeled."

Veeck quipped, "And (New York Yankees owner) George Steinbrenner and cigarette companies were the only ones in the world that I thought couldn't be!"

Veeck and Morris have been very close friends since Veeck owned the White Sox and Morris managed Channel 44, which telecast the White Sox games.

Morris said, "Speaking personally and generally, the world will be a lesser place without Bill Veeck."

Morris added, "He was a wonderful man...he had a joy which is hard to replace, he had a quality of kindness in him which few people have...to me personally, losing Bill Veeck is like losing a second father."

Late Sox Owner Veeck, 71, a great man, promoter

By Rudy M. Vorkapic

The game of baseball, the city of Chicago and all those who knew him and knew of him lost a great friend and a great man, when Bill Veeck, 71, died on Jan. 2 of cardiac arrest at Illinois Masonic Medical Center.

Veeck, who came to the city's rescue in 1976 when the nearly bankrupt Chicago White Sox threatened a move to Seattle, was an innovative genius in the promotional side of baseball.

Known as the "Barnum of Baseball," Veeck often upset the stodgy rules and regulations of baseball. He, more than any other, enjoyed the game and felt that the fans should be more than an attendance figure. Veeck felt that the fans should be entertained as well.

His most famous promotion was in 1951, when Veeck, as the owner of the financially troubled St. Louis Browns, signed Eddie Gaedel to a standard American League contract.

Gaedel, wearing number 7/8, walked on four pitches

Gaedel, a 3-foot-7-inch 65-pound midget, was kept under wraps by Veeck until the second game of the double-header when Gaedel popped-out from a giant cake, celebrating baseball's 50th anniversary.

Gaedel, wearing uniform number 7/8 walked to the batter's box as a St. Louis pinch-hitter.

Instructed by Veeck not to swing the bat, Gaedel walked on four pitches. The next morning, Ameri-

can League President Will Harridge, barred Gaedel from baseball even though Veeck argued that the action was discriminatory to "little people."

Veeck, who owned three major-league teams, the Cleveland Indians, the St. Louis Browns and the White Sox twice from 1959-61 and again from 1976-80, introduced the exploding scoreboard at Comiskey Park in 1960. The scoreboard sent shockwaves through baseball's old guard, but, today, the exploding scoreboard is a common attraction at major league ball parks.

Most of Veeck's promotions can be seen today in ballparks around the country. Veeck gained many enemies within the game of baseball as he continued to originate various promotions.

As evidence, in 1951, Veeck and almost the same group of investors that had owned the Cleveland team, purchased the Browns. But,

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