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BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL



Post-AMERIKAN

15¢

Man is Descended from Guerrillas

Vol. 1, No. 1

NORMAL, ILLINOIS

April 3, 1972

ROCK VS. COMPUTER

The Machine in the Way of Rock Radio in Bloomington-Normal

For 20 hours every day, 50,000 watts of shit is poured into the air of Bloomington-Normal and the surrounding cornfields. The source of this mind pollutant is WBNQ-FM, 101.5 on your dial, the Bloomington Broadcasting Corporation's cultural contribution to central Illinois. WBNQ is not yer ordinary mediocre radio station, however. Switch on your radio, tune it in, and listen for a while (keeping a bag handy in case you're moved to barf). Now, dig this. There ain't no DJ spinning the discs you're listening to. And not a single human soul is talking to you. WBNQ is a machine--a bunch of tape players, switching devices, and wires. That's right, baby, WBNQ is a fucking computer!

WBNQ's electronic wonder stands in the way of rock radio in Bloomington-Normal. While the youth of this community go without the stereo-FM progressive rock station which they desire, WBNQ's computer pours out its banal and mediocre music to a nearly non-existent listenership

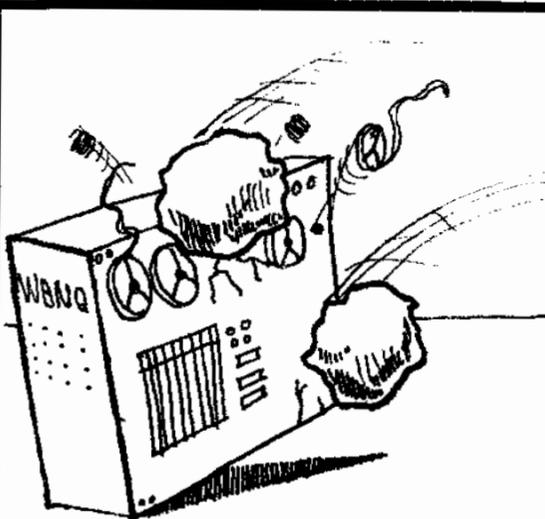
(cont. p. 2)

NEW TWO POINT PEACE PROPOSAL

Atlanta's Great Speckled Bird has recently put forth the following two-point proposal for bringing peace to Indochina:

- (1) The United States unconditionally surrender to the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam.
- (2) The Democratic Republic of North Vietnam supervise new elections in the United States to ensure freedom and democracy.

This proposal should be given serious consideration. It's as realistic as any proposal suggested by the Amerikan government.



ROCK DOES NOT COMPUTE!

The POST-AMERIKAN: What are we doing here?

Will Bloomington-Normal support its own "underground" publication? The Post-Amerikan is not certain of the answer to that question, but we have enough confidence that the answer is "yes" to begin a community newspaper which will be published on a biweekly basis, even during the summer. Our number one goal is to be a community newspaper, to serve the people, to be of service to the community and bring it together. The paper is not meant to be any individual's or group's ego-trip. We welcome for consideration anything you might wish to publish. And we welcome your suggestions as to how we could be of greater service to the people of this community.

Previous attempts to publish a people's paper in Bloomington-Normal have probably been premature. The time now seems ripe. Seize the time!(as our beloved El Presidente recently said, quoting a well-known gun). The anti-Laird demonstration (see page 3) was the most together thing we have yet done and should put an end to the notion that nothing's ever going to happen in the middle of these cornfields (future grasslands for mid-America!). Champaign-Urbana has a paper; so does Macomb, as do DeKalb and Carbondale. Danville has a paper, and even Terre Haute. Bloomington-

(cont. p. 2)

Everybody's Gotta Get Stoned

Bloomington-Normal's Drug Problem Exposed

Out here in the middle of these fields of corn and soy beans we've got a drug problem. Let's face it. The number of people smoking grass in the twin cities has got to be below the national average for college towns of comparable size.

The figures for ISU students are somewhat encouraging. One semi-formal poll showed that about one-third of ISU's inmates turn on. This is a low percentage compared to the national averages, however, and the figures for Wesleyan and the local high(?) schools are probably much worse. Bloomington-Normal's drug problem is real: not enough people here are getting stoned on grass.

The solution to this problem is simple, but it's up to you. Help solve Bloomington-Normal's drug problem:



THAT'S ONE SMALL TOKE FOR A MAN
(OR WOMAN), ONE GIANT HIGH FOR
MANKIND.

The New Republic for 3-18-72 (p.20) reports that whenever former Senator Eugene McCarthy is asked by college audiences what he thinks about the legalization of marijuana, McCarthy replies that they "ought to put a warning on the package." Right on, Gene!

What are we doing here? (cont. from p. 1)

Normal can support a paper, too, if you are willing to part with 15¢ biweekly. That's not much bread to ask to support the one thing this community needs most to tie it together.

Every one of us has put-down Bloomington-Normal at one time or another. But is the situation in Macomb, Danville, or Terre Haute much different? Yet these other communities support "underground" publications. Bloomington-Normal is mid-Amerika. This is where Amerika is at, and if we can't bring change to places like Bloomington-Normal, then there ain't ever going to be a second Amerikan revolution.

We should all realize that anyone who is not completely straight is to some degree one of Agnew's "effete Eastern snobs". We do have a tendency to look down at straight Amerika. But to run off to New York, Boston, Frisco, LA, Colorado, Madison, or some other "with it" place to live in a community where things seem more together is to delude oneself. For not until significant change comes to places like Bloomington-Normal, ISU, and Wesleyan is there going to be any hope that Amerika shall vanish and on its soil arise the Woodstock Nation. To live in central Illinois is probably a more difficult trip than to live in those few "with it" places that have been the vanguard of the movement toward a new Amerika. But New York's Village hasn't brought an end to that city's pollution, Chicago's Old Town hasn't disposed of Boss Daley, Haight-Ashbury hasn't ended the multi-versity or cleaned up the slums of Oakland. The centers of corporate power in this country will be the last places to fall to the tribes of Woodstock. The rural areas must be won over first. Our task may seem more difficult, but we must understand that it is we, the people who by our own karma have been put in this place, who are the keys to what is going to happen on North American soil in the decade of the seventies. Either we get it together, or it's lost for everybody.

The straight citizens of Bloomington-Normal have a lot of civic pride. If you find straight Bloomington-Normal to be at all a bummer, you probably think of yourself as a transient here. But damn it all, this is our community, too (a good number of us are registered voters, Right on!), and we ought to get together a little community pride, too. The same rich soil which makes Bloomington-Normal the heart of the corn-belt could make it the heart of the grasslands. And if this is the center of mid-Amerika, so it can become the center of Woodstock Nation. Come on people, let's come together! Get it on!

**FREE THE AMERICAN
210 MILLION!**

Rock v.s. Computer (cont. from p. 1)

(the station was off the air for nearly a day last autumn but received only two or three inquiries as to what was wrong). The station's 50,000 watts of stereo-FM power zap through the air 20 hours a day, 7 days a week, "servicing" the community with "we're having left-overs for dinner" music. But nobody's listening.

If the station's computer were replaced by human beings, WBNQ, because of an almost non-existent audience, would be a financial disaster area. If it were not for their marvelous machine, the station's management would be forced to adopt a program format which would attract some listeners. Since the "country and western" audience in this area is already served by a local station, WAKC, and since a classical music audience does not exist in great numbers locally (surprising for a community with two universities but indicative of the mediocrity of the faculties of these universities), this would necessitate adopting a rock music format. The computer makes such a decision unnecessary, however. It allows the station to be operated at a marginal profit while serving an almost non-existent audience and providing full-time employment for no one. Absurd? Not really, in an age of technology gone mad. Right here in Bloomington-Normal we have the perfect example of a machine, which should serve human desires, instead standing in the way of the fulfillment of these desires. Man versus the machine. Sorry, baby, the machine's winning. Rock does not compute!

WBNQ is owned and operated by the Bloomington Broadcasting Corporation which also owns and operates WJBC-AM (i.e. two out of three of this community's commercial radio stations). Both stations are managed by Timothy R. Ives, big man around town, and recently-elected Muskie-delegate to the Democratic National Convention. WJBC is a profitable operation (very profitable!) which has a large listenership in the community and perhaps the best broadcast news department in downstate Illinois. WJBC provides the building in which WBNQ's computer is housed, and WJBC's engineers and DJ's service the machine's needs on a part-time basis. Under the umbrella of WJBC, WBNQ's computer is a marginally profitable operation. With its current programming format, if WBNQ was on its own, it would not be an economically feasible operation. WBNQ programs what is known in broadcasting as MOR ("middle of the road") music, i.e. music designed to turn no one off (as do classical music and rock music) but so banal as to turn no one on either. WBNQ turns on no one, and no one turns on WBNQ.

WBNQ's management is, of course, aware of its near zero listenership and in the past two years, with dollar signs in its eyes, has twice contemplated and begun working toward a rock format of one sort or another. Both times it has backed off from the format changeover. Most recently it chickened out of rock programming in December, 1971. Having been partially convinced by surveys made by the NLF (Normal Liberation Front) that rock could be made profit-

able in Bloomington-Normal, the station began a half-hearted attempt at acquiring the necessary personnel and records. Chicken-shit prevailed, however, and after two weeks the attempt was aborted. In a station memorandum dated December 15, 1971, Mr. Ives stated:

"After careful review I have decided that we are not ready at this time to change our FM format; that there is an audience for a progressive FM station seems sure, but the size of this audience, its buying power and the type of station to serve this audience I feel is still unanswered, to my full satisfaction. Also, I do not feel that we have the proper personnel in adequate numbers available to us. Until such time as I feel a change is justified, we will not desert our present FM audience. Also we must make efforts to keep improving our present FM sound. This includes dependability, weather, music, news and general inserts."

In other words, why risk the money you've invested in an electronic monster on a venture which might be of service to the community? Why serve the people when you can serve the Corporation?

Now let's have a look at some of the facts. In two surveys made by the NLF in late October and early November, 1971, 553 ISU students chosen at random from the 1971-72 ISU Telephone Directory (3.11% of the names therein) were contacted and asked a number of questions concerning their radio listening habits. 93.3% of those contacted said they listened to radio. Of those who listened to radio 82.5% identified as the station they most preferred to listen to a station (WLS, WWTO, WGLT, WCFL, WPGU, KXOK, or KAY) which presently programs rock music of one sort or another. With people turning to stations as far away as Little Rock to listen to the music they want to hear (more than 35% preferring stations with signals only marginally receivable in this locality), only 7.4% expressed a preference for one of the three local commercial stations. On the other hand, 86.8% of the respondents stated that they would listen to a local progressive rock station in preference to WLS (listened to by 86.8% of those surveyed and preferred by 56.1%) or WWTO (listened to by 51.9% of those surveyed and preferred by 17.1%) if such a station existed. 75.4% of those questioned personally owned an FM receiver and 90.6% either owned such a receiver or had access to one.

The facts are clear: commercial radio in this community refuses to concern itself with the listening habits of the younger members of the community. Even a station with a near zero listenership is unwilling to serve this group of people. Does Mr. Ives offer reasons or simply excuses? You can decide the answer to that one for yourself.

FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson recently stated on The Dick Cavett Show that the fairness doctrine implies that radio stations do not have the right to propagate only one view of the world. Every piece of music expresses a view of the world. Given the limited number of local radio stations, WBNQ's "Nixon's in his heaven, all's right with the world" music constitutes, in the view of the Post-Amerikan, a onesided and unfair use of the airwaves. Radio belongs to the people, not to the Corporations. Off the computer!

**the
POST-AMERIKAN
and
DRUGS
A Statement
of Position**

Reading this paper should make it obvious that the Post-Amerikan, like most other Movement publications, believes in grass as a karmic purgative, as a means of divesting oneself of the plastic of Amerika, as the first step in becoming a citizen of Woodstock Nation. Marijuana is a drug scientifically proven to be medically of little danger and existentially proven to be socially beneficial. The Post-Amerikan takes the existence of a grass-smoking readership for granted and pledges its support to all movements working toward the legalization of marijuana.

Because this attitude might be wrongly construed as an endorsement of the use of other drugs, the Post-Amerikan would like its attitude toward "the drug problem" clearly understood. Hence, the following remarks:

The Post-Amerikan opposes the use of heroin or any other opium-derived drugs. Medically, the dangers of using opium derivatives are well-known. The use of heroin carries with it a probability of addiction and a possibility of death. Politically, these drugs are equally as dangerous. Pushed for years by organized crime syndicates, the use of heroin in urban ghettos has been quietly sanctioned by the Pig Police and the Korporate State as a means of "pacifying" and enslaving Blacks, Puerto Ricans, and other minority groups. The dude on smack is more a slave of Amerika than are the rest of us. Smack is counter-revolutionary.

While there is not a large heroin problem in Bloomington-Normal, amphetamines are dropped in considerable quantities. While these pills have their uses in certain situations, the Post-Amerikan is opposed to taking trips on them. Remember Speed Kills! This now familiar slogan has come out of The Movement. It is not a Madison Avenue gimmick.

Alcohol is Amerika's number one drug problem, a fact which is slowly being realized in the wake of the repressive assault on "the drug culture". Alcohol, we feel, has its place in Woodstock Nation, but remember that alcohol is to Amerika what grass is to Woodstock. Whereas grass sharpens perceptual experience, alcohol dulls it. And while the use of grass, illegal in Amerika, can be sociologically correlated with behavioral patterns of communality and deep-reaching interpersonal relationships, the use of alcohol, legal in Amerika, can be sociologically correlated with behavioral patterns of aggressive competitiveness and cocktail-party superficiality. Alcohol,

LAIRD EATS IT

"Guess who came to dinner?
A friend of you and I!
And as Melvin ate his
mashed potatoes,
A thousand babies died."

The March 2nd anti-Laird demonstration finally brought the War home to Bloomington-Normal. Last year's march and teach-in at ISU was a step in the right direction, but this time we confronted the enemy directly.

Melvin "The Russians Are Coming" Laird, Secretary of War, knowing himself to be unwelcome in other university communities, but thinking there could be nothing but a warm welcome in Bloomington-Normal, heart of mid-Amerika and home of Illinois Safe University and Eckley's Secluded Sanctuary, attempted a "without incident" address to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

We proved his assumption wrong!

About 250 concerned citizens marched through the streets in sub-freezing weather, from the ISU and Wesleyan campuses to Bloomington's Scottish Rite Temple. Massing on the steps, they directly confronted the gathering of Amerikans with the most together demonstration yet staged in Bloomington-Normal and probably the first impolite reception a visiting "dignitary" has received here. Right on!

without the experience of grass, is counter-revolutionary.

Ordinary tobacco (nicotiana tabacum) is a rip-off plastic death-dealer foisted on the people by The Korporate State. Medically, it carries with it the probability of addiction and the possibility of death (note the similarity to heroin). Politically, it is an ecologically and economically wasteful expenditure of resources which could be put to better use. It is a monkey on many of our backs and a monkey we ought to help each other to shake.

Use of psychedelics such as LSD has been a part of The Movement since its beginnings though these drugs have not been used in as great a quantity as has marijuana. The only hassle with using psychedelics in Bloomington-Normal is that those available here are usually of bad quality, laced with amphetamines and/or strychnine. Because use of psychedelics is rather widespread in Bloomington-Normal, the Post-Amerikan will, as a community service, carry information on the quality of psychedelics available locally when such information can be obtained.

So immense was the group, they were able to completely surround the building, walking round and round the temple in the sub-freezing cold, chanting and singing in a kind of tribal dance, generating almost enough energy to levitate the building.

Startled neighbors peered out of nearby windows. In a local restaurant, an elderly lady was heard to ask, "What are they saying?" Her friend went to hear and reported, "They're saying naughty words." "Oh, dear!", said the first lady and went on eating her spaghetti.

Meanwhile, the dinner guests began to arrive. The demonstrators re-grouped on the steps to greet them, forming a human gateway. Ladies in furs walked through the display on the steps, their high heels narrowly missing the livers, brains and dismembered baby dolls spattered with red which spilled out from a black coffin. Men in business suits and ties were met by painted white faces and black-gowned figures shouting, "War is good for business!"

A woman demonstrator was seen to shake one of the baby dolls in the guests faces as the crowd chanted, "Hey, hey, what do you say! How many kids did you kill today?"

The well-dressed arrivals were invited to "Join the Indigestion Brigade" and to enjoy their "Napalm Jello".

We were together, really together. What a joy it was to join our brothers and sisters to protest the war and the bombing with all our energy.

GETTING IT TOGETHER IN BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL

**R E O SPEEDWAGON
and THE GUILD
April 7
8-12 p.m.
ISU
Union Ballroom**

**Coming in the Post
No. 2
TWELVE PAGES
ANOTHER POSTER
and
CAPTAIN
COMMIE CILLER**



"See Jane run." " "



"Run, Jane, run."



"See Jane run." "Run, Jane, run."

Investigation of Relief Office

On April 4th, 7:30PM, at City Hall, the Human Relations Board of Bloomington is holding an informal public hearing to investigate the Township Relief Office. This is an important meeting. For years people have been getting screwed by this office. Poor people are made to feel like lazy, useless beggars. Pregnant women in need of help are made to feel like whores and are told to get their tubes tied. I know; I've been there. They wouldn't help me and my old man because we "weren't married". They are also very racist both in attitude and in their appropriations. Calling grown men "boy" is one of their favorite tactics.

Some people in town have gotten tired of this treatment and have filed complaints with the HRB. It took alot of guts to do this. Many of these people are still on aid and are putting themselves on the spot. But they have come to the realization that they are human beings with basic rights. To be poor is not a crime.

Go down to the Employment Office and see how "easy" it is to get a job. When it comes down to having your heat turned off, being evicted, or having your children go hungry, the only alternative is to go to the Relief Office. This in itself is bad enough, but when they treat you like shit, ask personal questions, and threaten to take your kids away from you, it becomes unbearable.

These people need your support. Be there, and show them you care. After all, you may be in their shoes someday. They're paving the way for a better time of it for you.

County Election, April 4

Tuesday, April 4, elections will be held throughout McLean County for the election of county board supervisors. If you live on the south and west sides of Bloomington, this is an important event. Winteroff, the head of the Relief Office, is up for re-election in Bloomington District No. 9. Now is the time to get him and his buddies out. We of the south and west sides are his constituents, believe it or not, and we are the ones to do it. A woman named SUE LAND is running against him, and she's a right on woman. The EOC, Child and Family Services and the Minority Workshop have endorsed her. There is an alternative, and her name is SUE LAND. Support her. VOTE!



Don't Buy Bombs When You Buy Bread!

ITT is a corporation which produces war materials. ITT owns the Sheraton Hotels.

ITT also owns the Continental Baking Company.

ITT makes Wonder Bread, Morton's Frozen Foods, Profile Bread, Twinkies, Hostess Cupcakes, and ... dead people.

They manufacture components for the electronic battlefield in Indochina.

International Telephone and Telegraph manufactures sensors-- devices that detect the slightest sound, odor or vibration and send information to relay platforms. These in turn feed the information to computers. And the computers, dispatch bombers into an area within minutes.

Since only the government purchases these sensing devices, it is not possible for the majority of Americans who are against the war to apply economic pressure on ITT directly by refusing to buy sensors. But we can refuse to buy other products whose sales swell the ITT corporate profits. A boycott of Wonder Bread can hurt ITT where it hurts them most--in the pocketbook.

Boycott the War!

Don't Buy Wonder Bread!

POST-AMERIKAN RECORD REVIEW

In Retrospect

Rock's Most Powerful Anti-War Protest

Earth Opera, The Great American Eagle Tragedy, Elektra EKS-74038
(8-Track: ET8-74038;
Cassette: TC5-74038)

Peter Rowan, later to join Seatrain, previously was a member of a Boston-based group, Earth Opera, which recorded two LP's for Elektra in the late 60's. Earth Opera's second recording includes a 10:41 cut, "The Great American Eagle Tragedy", the title cut of the LP, which is perhaps the most powerful of all the songs written in protest to the Vietnam War. Musically, the composition is a complexity of folk, rock, and avant-garde jazz (the group was joined on this recording by New York violist, John Cale, and a number of jazz musicians). Beginning as a dirge, "The Great American Eagle Tragedy" undergoes a number of mutations, concluding in a feverish pitch which combines moral outrage and completely unrationalized repulsion. No other protest against the Vietnam War has so well portrayed what this country has done to itself by its perpetration of the War in Vietnam. The facts are here: the military-industrial complex counting out its money while sending off its beautiful men "to die in a foreign jungle war"; the morally indefensible atrocities perpetrated upon the Vietnamese; the country's loss of faith in its leadership, its internal crumbling, and the reactionary repressiveness of the government; in short, the screaming death of the great American eagle. The screams, "I can't stand it anymore! Oh, no! Oh, God! Where is your face?" And, finally, the only thing that can be said: "Stop the War! Stop the War! Stop the War!", shouted with an intensity unmatched by any other musical protest against the war. Strong medicine. It rips apart your soul.

The seven other cuts on the record combine elements of folk, country, rock, and avant-garde jazz. They're good songs, and the music is always engaging. But, buy the record (you'll probably have to order it) for the title cut alone. Play the title cut loud. And, don't be afraid to cry for the America that is no more. The great American eagle lies dead.

The Post-Amerikan is published biweekly by the Normal Liberation Front and Trans-Normalcy Tribes.

Anyone wishing to submit material for publication contact us. Anyone wishing to make some bread can hawk the Post-Amerikan. Give it a try. You make 7.5¢ a copy.

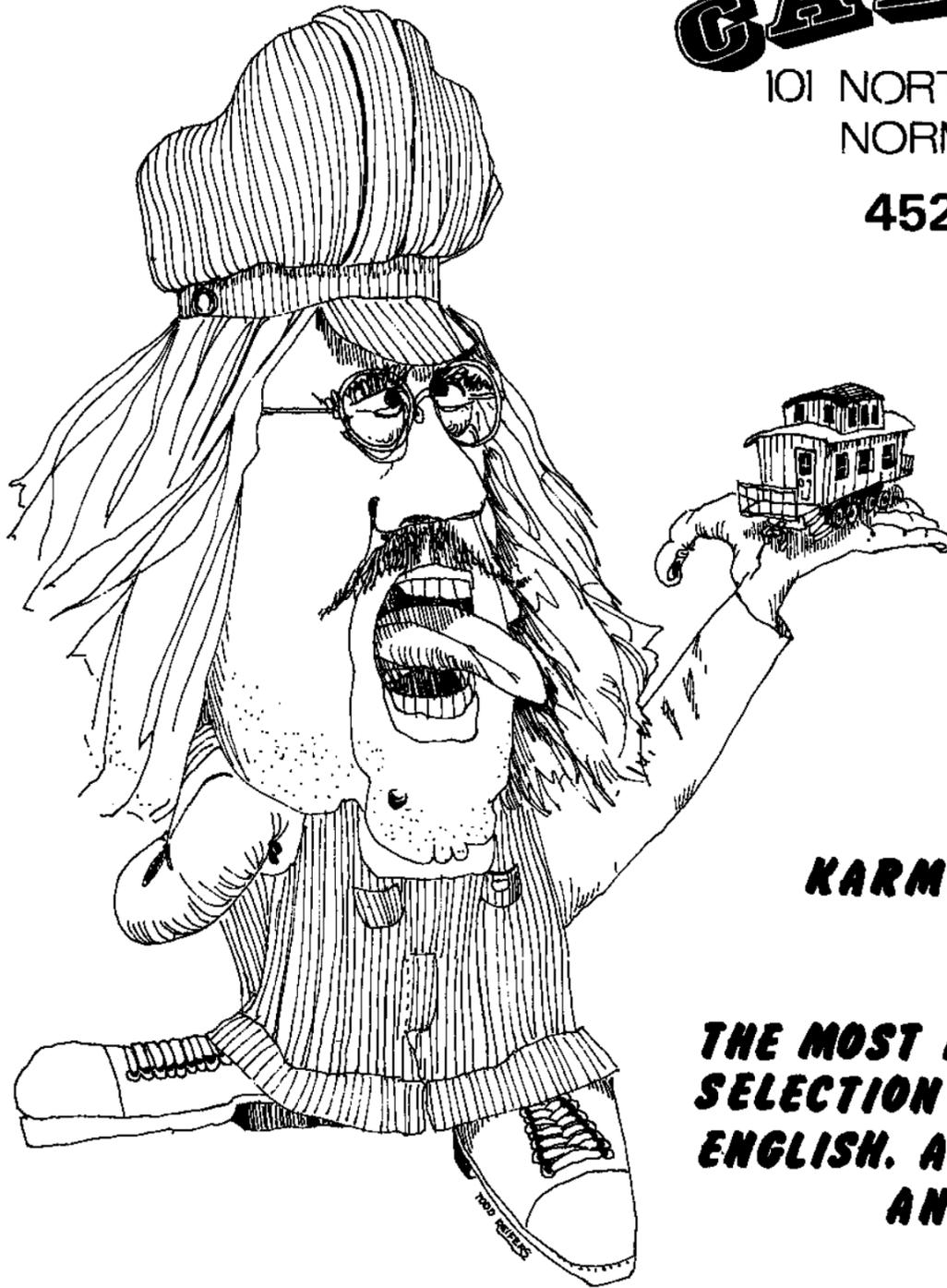
Thanks for putting together this issue go to C.E., Paul, Phoenix, M.E.W., Arlo, Sue, B and R, L.H., and the Martian.

Inspiration was provided by Melvin, Violet, Tricky, Screw U. Agnew, David K., Korporate Amerika's ISU-IWU wing, Student Government, The Vidette, The Pantagraph, Tim's Greenwood crew, and others too numerous to mention.

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MAY DAY IS J-DAY

**TURN ON
THE
GOVERNMENT**

Legislators vote and other public officials act on the basis of public opinion right? Wrong! They act on the basis of vested interests as anyone knows who's taken their head out of their high school civics text and sniffed the air. It stands to reason, then, that marijuana ain't gonna be legalized until OUR public officials have a vested interest in making it legal. And they ain't gonna have any such vested interest in the legalization of grass until they themselves turn on. Right! Then, **TURN ON THE GOVERNMENT!**

Everybody: **SEND AT LEAST ONE JOINT TO SOME PUBLIC OFFICIAL ALONG WITH INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO SMOKE IT EVERY TIME YOU BUY A LID.** Every public official is a suitable target in this campaign except Tricky and Sprio--they don't read their mail. One reminder: signing your name to your letter ain't particularly wise

unless you've got some kind of martyr complex.

Dealers: there'd be a lot less heat if you'd join in this campaign, too. Roll up a pound's worth of J's every time you get a shipment. Send them off to public officials or take a random page out of the phone book and mail joints to every listed name. When straight Amerika is turned on, there won't be any straight Amerika.

Here in the good old U.S. of A., May Day (May 1st) is called Law Day. It's a good time for you to speak out about the laws you don't like. Take an active part in your government. Strike a blow against the marijuana laws. 20,000,000 Americans have turned on, but at least 200,000 have suffered at the hands of the narcs. Make sure you've sent **AT LEAST ONE JOINT TO SOME PUBLIC OFFICIAL BY MAY DAY, 1972. MAY DAY IS J-DAY!**

**HOFFMAN
CROAKS**

Former federal judge Julius Hoffman has at last seen fit to accomplish an act which every anarchist and libertarian can wholeheartedly praise: he has died. Hoffman died after over-eating at the local Holiday Inn. He stuffed himself to death on the \$2.00 all-you-can-eat smorgasbord Sunday special.

Julie's unquenchable thirst for power drove him on to seek greater power than the usual judicially-obsessed personality of that type, and he held aloft the ax of dictatorial rule over the courtroom for almost half a century. Born senile, Hoffman's last years were marked by an even more sickening spectacle than is commonly observed in such cases: coordinating his role and judicial responsibilities with that of police and FBI enforcers, requesting "bailiffs" to arrest, beat up, tie up, and even gag defendants. As the pigs did this, Hoffman would be mindlessly dribbling about the bench and docket.

How worthless and inimical to human emancipation this judge was, is demonstrated by the three "prominent" individuals who gave the customary halitosis eulogies:
Edward P.(ig) Hanrahan
Richard J.(ackass) Daley
Gregory (Law Day) Peck

--From the Champaign-Urbana
Walrus



the **JOINT
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