

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

10-1974

Volume 3, Number 6

Post Amerikan

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Bloomington ... Normal 15¢

POST AMERIKAN

Vol. 3 No. 6
Oct. 1974

WANTED BY THE PBI*

VIOLATIONS; FEDERAL CIVIL RIGHTS ACT

John W. King



aliases: Deputy Dawg, King Kong, King John, Dog King
Age: 42, born 8/29/32, Carlock, Illinois
Height: 6 feet
Weight: 300 (?)
Build: extremely heavy
Hair: brown

Eyes: Blue
Complexion: Fair
Race: White
Nationality: American

CAUTION

KING IS BEING SOUGHT FOR VIOLATION OF PRISONERS' CIVIL RIGHTS WHILE SHERIFF OF MCLEAN COUNTY. IF YOU SEE THIS PERSON, DO NOT ATTEMPT TO APPREHEND HIM--HE IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS. HE IS SURROUNDED BY A COTERIE OF UNIFORMED ACCOMPLICES WHO HAVE ALSO BEEN KNOWN TO CARRY WEAPONS. IF YOU UNSUCCESSFULLY TRY TO CAPTURE THESE MEN, YOU ARE LIABLE TO WIND UP IN ONE OF THEIR PRIVATE TORTURE CHAMBERS, KNOWN AS THE "BLACK BOX" AND THE "STAND-UP CELL." KING HAS BEEN CHARGED WITH VIOLATING THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF THE FOLLOWING INDIVIDUALS:

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 Mel Armes
 Roger Armstrong
 Billy Barker
 Steve Barnes
 Donald Biven
 George Bond
 David Borries
 Joe Bricker Sr.
 Orin Clark
 Anthony Cordova
 Dwight Davis
 Mark Edwards
 Mel Eddie Edwards
 James Flynn
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John Geidl Jr.
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 Chuck Hammond
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 Paul McCandless
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 Michael Murphy

Charles Nestor
 Joe Priest
 William Quinn
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 John Rodgers
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 Jesse Sumner
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 Steve Umstadt
 Tom Weed
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 Larry Wilson
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And, undoubtedly, many more.

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE NOTIFY ME OR CONTACT YOUR LOCAL PBI OFFICE. TELEPHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES OF ALL PBI OFFICES LISTED ON BACK.

J. Q. Normington

Entered NCIC
 Wanted Flyer
 September 18, 1974

DIRECTOR
 *PEOPLE'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

MEETINGS

Saturday Oct. 5, 3 pm
 Wednesday Oct. 16, 8 pm
 Tuesday Oct. 22, 5:30 pm
 Friday Oct. 25, 8 pm--DEADLINE!!!!
 Saturday Oct. 26, 2 pm and after--layout
 Sunday Oct. 27, 2 pm and after--layout

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

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

You can make bread hawking the Post--7¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 5¢ a copy. Call 452-9221 or stop by the office.

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



POST SELLERS

BLOOMINGTON

The Joint, 415 N. Main
 DA's Liquors, Oakland and Main
 Medusa's Book Store, 109 W. Front
 Illinois Wesleyan Union
 News Nook, 402 1/2 N. Main
 Book Hive, 103 W. Front
 Cake Box, 511 S. Denver
 Gaston's Barber Shop, 202 1/2 N. Center
 Peifer's Market, 919 N. Madison

De Vary's Market, 1402 W. Market
 Harris Market, Morris St.
 Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
 Eastgate IGA, Mercer & Oakland
 Don's Bi-Rite, 203 E. Locust
 Biasi's, 217 N. Main
 Discount Den, 207 N. Main
 SW corner, Morris & Washington

ISU

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

NORMAL

Minstrel Record Parlor, 311 S. Main
 Newman Center, 501 S. Main
 Student Stores, 115 North St.
 Mother Murphy's, 111 1/2 North St.
 Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
 Al's Pipe Shop, 101 Broadway Mall
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 Hendren's Grocery, 301 W. Willow
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ON EVERYTHING

A Worker Speaks Out

I worked for the Pantagraph Stationery and Printing from June 27 to August 1974. Before I got the job Mr. Pat DeRosa told me to sign a paper stating I would work overtime on Saturdays and one hour extra during the weekdays when requested. If I didn't sign the paper, I knew I wouldn't get the job. Bill Smickle (foreman for a week) reminded me about signing the paper for overtime, then asked me to work an extra day, Saturday. I did.

I had various jobs, such as counting out policies and packing them for State Farm, inspecting books, and feeding books to a machine to trim.

When I worked on third floor Roy Gerkee was the foreman. The new girls, including myself, would pick up stacks of policies or books to inspect. Roy always commented if you don't pick up the whole stack you aren't qualified for the job, repeatedly. One day we were inspecting heavier books than usual. They were in stacks of 21. I picked up about 11 at a time. Roy came up to me and told me to pick up the whole stack of books or I was not qualified for the job. I did this and after the large tables were full of inspected books, he told us to re-stack them back on the skid they came off of.

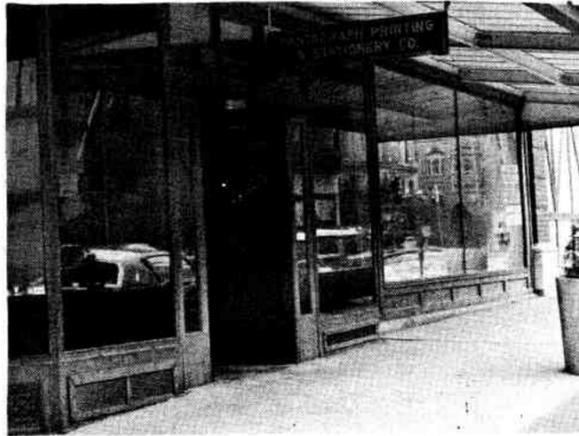
That afternoon I had terrible back pains. I went to work the next day for an hour or so and started having pains in my lower abdomen. I walked over to the foreman Roy and Pat DeRosa, floor inspector, and explained what happened. I told him it was too hard lifting large stacks of books, and that Roy told me I had to. Roy denied this. Mr. DeRosa stated to me that we were to pick up as many as we were capable of. None of the girls knew this. Mr. DeRosa and Roy looked at each other for a minute, then Mr. Pat DeRosa started laughing and said, "Do you want to go to the hospital?" I told them I was going to the doctor and left. On my way out I talked to another man, Dave Zinger (floor staff), about the situation.

He told me the company would pay the medical bills. The doctor at the hospital said I pulled muscles in my lower abdomen. I went to the back doctor twice. He said I twisted my back and pulled something out of place. Then I called the Pantagraph and told them I wouldn't be in for a week or so. Roy told me since I hurt my back I wasn't qualified for bindery work.

I went to the Pantagraph to pick up my check and asked Mr. DeRosa why I was fired. He told me my production was low. On most of the jobs, my production was good. If you didn't have good production they would let you know it. I told him about what Roy said and he said, no, that wasn't the reason.

I informed them of what the doctors said and that I wanted information on Workman's Compensation. Dave Zinger (floor staff) told me they would pay the medical bills and ignored what I said about the Workman's Compensation. I insisted on seeing a form about this; then Dave Zinger agreed to get the information and told me more about it. You have to be home eight working days before collecting it.

One time I was waiting for Ernie (who binds the books) to bring over a skid of books to inspect. This is the usual procedure. Roy saw me standing there and I explained the situation. He immediately went to the bindery machine and picked up a large stack of books and tossed them in my arms and said "work!"



Jennette Caruso was my foreman on fourth floor. She and about two others are the only ones who get to use the elevator. The rest of the people have to walk up three to four flights of stairs. This place is supposed to be Union, but no one seems to know when the last meeting was or when the next one will be. I talked to Jim Arborgast, an employee, about this. He is a treasurer or chairman of the union. He said we will have a meeting, sometime. Pat DeRosa said you had to work there two calendar months before you get into the union. One woman worked there 4 months before she got into the union. One woman was there 4 months and they let her go. They do this quite a bit. They call it an extra probationary period. One woman who is in the union had her doctor call Roy to tell him she couldn't do standing work. He still puts her on standing jobs all the time. Where's the Union?

Jennette Caruso doesn't give anyone a chance. She has been there 27 years. She would always say things like "These new girls can't do anything," "Didn't they tell you you had to work when you got the job?" "You girls can't do anything right." She and some of the other women who have been there for years would carry along with her comments. She would also say, "Soap comes cheap nowadays, girls," and "Stop pissing on the toilet stools, girls, you won't catch a disease." "Do you live in a barn? I'd like to visit your house. I will bet it's disgraceful." "Wash your hands, girls," "I tell you these girls....." all day long.

You are not allowed to talk all day and you can't take breaks together. A lot of people there told me they had 35 people go through there in a few months. They stayed only a couple of days because of the foremen, Jennette and Roy. The unemployment office won't refer anyone to the Pantagraph because of all the bad reports. The only way they get people to work there is to put an ad in the Pantagraph. That is the way I heard about this job.

One time another girl and I were sitting on break and Jennette came over and started screaming at us about how we should be grateful for this job. It pays good money, \$2.63 Union. She said it pays more than other factory jobs. GE pays \$3.12. Eureka Williams pays \$3.41. When she worked there it was hard work. She started out at \$.65 an hour. I tried to explain that I understood but Jennette kept screaming so we both went back to work while Jennette continued to scream.

I talked with a friend who is still working there. She said she was talking about the incident that happened to me with other women. Jennette came over and wanted to know the story also. The woman told Jennette. Then Jennette commented this is private business not to be repeated, and she gave her a hard time.

I signed a complaint with the Human Relations Commission at the City Hall. They told me if I didn't collect Workman's Compensation they would try to get me back payments from my job because Roy legally can't fire me just because I got hurt on the job. They have to let you come back to work. Then if you aren't able to do the work, they can fire you.

Roy Gerkee would also say sexist comments to me. One time I was folding boxes. Roy came over to me and told me to fold the boxes the way he did it (which was the same way). He said, "Press the cardboard box against your little tummy. You do have a little tummy, don't you?" When I would make a comment back, he would walk away.

----- Ms. Cathy Hutson

NURSES MUST BE "ADJUSTED"

(LNS)--The 1972 "Personal Adjustment" test is a part of one of the many national entrance exams which practical nursing school applicants must take. Stating that this section is designed to measure one's adjustment as a citizen, the directions go on to explain that the following statements are opinions... "There are no right or wrong answers...mark whether you agree or disagree with the statement."

But when questioned, the women administering the exam admitted that these responses were marked by a computer and that the computer knew which responses were right or wrong.

Following are some of these 90 "opinions" taken from the test. (Although all of the wording is not exact, the meaning is unchanged).

1. Unions are beneficial for health workers.
2. Pensions take a worker's money and give him little in return.
3. An honest day's pay for an honest day's work is a saying devised by the capitalist to exploit the worker.
4. The rich get richer and the poor get poorer.
5. Money can keep rich people out of prison.
6. The government should own all public utilities.
7. Don't bite the hand that feeds you.
8. Employees are more honest than their employers.

One would imagine that if you answered 'yes' to more than 3 or 4 of these 'opinions' then neither the computer nor the practical nursing school would consider you desirable material for their practical nursing program.



Republican Frolics

AS AMERICAN

"About 20 people, most of them young, greeted Republican faithfuls at the castle with signs protesting President Ford's grant of pardon to former president Nixon.

"They occasionally broke into chants directed against McLean County Sheriff John W. King, also in attendance.

"After most of the Republicans had filed in, several of the demonstrators paid \$1.50 for the picnic lunch and made themselves at home...."

--from The Daily Pantagraph,
September 16, 1974

So there I was, picket sign hanging down in front of me, madly trying to take notes that I know I won't be able to read later when I write the story on the event for the Post-American.

This is hardly the image of the objective reporter I'm presenting, I reflected, but these were unique times. Usually I try to report such events with a modicum of detachment (translate: no picket sign), but this was a special period in history.

We all like to think we're a part of the happenings during special periods in history.

"Pardon Me!"

The picnic gathering of loyal Republicans took place at Ewing Castle on a Sunday (Sept. 15) afternoon. The event was designed to spark what must be flagging spirits even in this area, raise funds, and give George Burditt, candidate for Senator against Adlai E. Stevenson, a chance to speak to people dying to applaud anything he could say.

Other local citizens, on word of the event, saw the picnic as a chance to protest recent actions of certain members of the grand old party.

Said recent actions were:

- the unconditional pardon of master crook Richard Nixon before the iron fist of law and order had a chance to sock it to him;
- the hypocritical hedging that resulted in conditional clemency for draft evaders and self-righteous asininity of certain Republicans like John Rhodes who called the evaders criminals who could use the "rehabilitation" conditional amnesty would offer;
- the lack of indictment of local Republican miscreant Sheriff John King.

These, along with other minor outrages like the slaughter of prisoners in a New York prison, gave spark to a small demonstration outside the gates of Ewing Castle.

Demonstrators, wearing caricature masks of Richard Milhouse and carrying signs, greeted people with cries of "Pardor Me!" One young demonstrator, mask over face, greeted me with a cheery: "Did you know Ford's a lemon?"

On the other side of the fence, within the confines of the picnic grounds themselves, Judge William Caisley greeted-- the only possible word-- guests with his particular chant: "Excuse me. I'm Judge William Caisley. And I'm running for re-election as circuit court judge."

"Indict/Pardon Sheriff King!"

I was trying to wear one of the Richard Nixon masks, but found it hard to take notes when the damn thing kept slipping over my eyes each time I tried to look down at my note pad.

Instead, I placed it on a nearby bicycle seat and concentrated on getting down what the different demonstrators' signs said.

What the other signs said was:

"Amnesty for War Resistors;"
"No Pardon for Nixon;"
"Indict Sheriff King Kong!"
"Do We Pardon Sheriff King Before or After His Indictment;"
"Dump Rockefeller--The Butcher of Attica;"
"Equal Justice for All." (That was my sign. And very well lettered it was, too!)"

At the front of the driveway leading to the picnic area, several demonstrators gave a preview of the bigger display that was to meet them at the area's actual entrance. One of these demonstrators was passing out a leaflet that he said contained the "Republican platform."

It turned out to be a cartoon picture of a monument designed like a giant cash register.

Immediately after seeing the leaflet, I began thinking of alternative monuments: a milk bottle building, statue shaped like a reel of tape, etc.

Back at the actual entrance, demonstrators had a set of chants going. Members had divided themselves into two groups, one group calling for indictment of Sheriff King. The other group shouted with equal gusto for amnesty before indictment.

Occasionally, a member of one group would walk over and start chanting with the other group.

"Kiss My King!"

After being entertained with this, I decided to observe some of the reactions of Republicans confronted with the spectacle. I went back to the driveway to record some of the initial responses.

"Want to read the Republican party platform?" the young man handing out leaflets to visitors was asking.

"Blow it out your ass!" a young male with sideburns told him.

"I don't read!" a grey-haired woman told him.

Later, one young man would respond to a young woman handing out the same leaflets by yanking her Richard Nixon mask off and calling her obscenities.

I went back to the Castle entrance.

There, two women were bumping asses and repeating: "Bump 'em off like King does!" and "Kiss my King!" Re-elect Sheriff King stickers were pasted to the posterior of their pants.

The display was too much even for me. I attempted to gauge reactions of the male picnickers standing along the otherside of the gateway. Several were leering at the two women.

Getting Inside

With the picnic at last going full swing and beer and food lines open, several members of the Post staff decided it was time to mingle with the local elite. At the same time, several members of the outraged citizenry wished a like opportunity to move through the crowds with their masks on.

That should be no problem, we reasoned. Ewing Castle belonged to the university of Illinois State, and

many of us were members of the community of that institution of higher learning, so why shouldn't we be allowed on the picnic grounds?

Well, for one thing there were all those guys standing along the other side of the gate entrance....

Some of those guys turned out to be ununiformed I.S.U. Security Police.

Several of the demonstrators talked with John Newbold, head of Security Cops, to find out why they couldn't be let in. Ewing Castle was I.S.U. property; why couldn't I.S.U. students and faculty be let in?

Well, we were told, Ewing Castle doesn't belong to the university; it belongs to the university foundation. The university foundation is a private organization.

If we wanted to buy a ticket to the picnic, we could enter the festivities like everybody else. Where you could buy the tickets was deep on the picnic grounds themselves past the gateway entrance. For the past hour, demonstrators had noticed people entering the grounds without showing tickets or even making a beeline towards the ticket selling booth after they had entered.

The fact was pointed out to Chief Newbold.

He didn't care to have the fact pointed out to him; he was going to look for somebody in charge. Soon he returned with Tom Jacobs, organizer of the picnic, local attorney, and President of the ISU Foundation.

He re-explained that Ewing Castle was private property and that we could be kept out due to the sacred laws of private property, but if we wanted to buy a ticket we could enter.

It was pointed out to Jacobs that many people had entered already without showing their tickets or any sign indicated possession other than a nice suit of clothes on their backs.

Some of the demonstrators had nice suits of clothes on their backs.

Be that as it may, I.S.U. Security was there to see that nobody passed through the gates without showing a ticket. So demonstrators gave up trying to get in for the nonce, temporarily routed by the sacred principle of private property.

Nobody thought to ask then what I.S.U. Security was doing on property not owned by the university proper.

Success!

Well, I thought, I'm not sure I really wanted to stand close to so many Republicans anyway. I went back to the front to note any interesting reactions from newcomers. The two women were doing their bump routine up front now, perhaps to escape the lascivious remarks of the men by the gate.

It was there I was handed my ticket to the Republican picnic.

Where did it come from? "I don't know," the guy handing it to me said. Somebody had given a bunch to him. I looked at the ticket closely and saw that it was a complimentary one. "compliments of Gil Deavers," it said.

"Thanks, Gil Deavers," I said.

Without further ado, I and a Post photographer proudly walked back to enter the Republican picnic. ▶▶▶▶

AS WATERGATE

On the picnic grounds, the tone was festive. Beer and soda pop was being sold. Two food lines were serving barbecue sandwiches provided by Bruce Kaiser's special catering service. Helium balloons escaped into the atmosphere.

And a cheesy cocktail lounge-style organ was playing "Cabaret."

Over to one side I could see Sheriff John King surrounded by friends and admirers. To another side I could see States' Attorney Paul Welch holding onto what I knew was his second beer. (Somebody earlier had pointed him out with his first in hand.) Judge William Caisley was still going around introducing himself to people...

Quite festive.

Over under one tent was a table filled with door prizes; I decided to go over and see what they were and who had donated them.

Some of the door prizes were:

- a miniature framed picture of Lincoln (courtesy: Wonderlin's)
 - a miniature framed picture of Eisenhower (ditto)
 - a chicken dinner (courtesy: Bob Johnson's)
 - a belt emblazoned with tiny red elephants (courtesy: the Republican Women's Club)
 - two pens (courtesy: Hal Riss)
 - a first aid kit (courtesy: NAPA)
 - a decorative ash tray (courtesy: Miller's Town and Country)
 - a bag of golf tees with Gil Deaver's name on each (courtesy: Gil Deavers)
- plus other neat stuff.

I was hoping to win the framed picture of Ike.

The Fat Spy

With the arrival of several others in possession of tickets, the group decided to sit down on the grass and enjoy some University Union barbecue sandwiches and celery. Some of the Republican wives apparently had also made cup cakes for the occasion, which we also enjoyed.

In the background the organ was playing "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head."

While we were eating, this man who I recognized from I.S.U.'s one-time Education Department kept taking pictures of us. One of the people taking pictures for the Post decided to take pictures back.

Suddenly the man came over. "you're not fast enough," he said. "I've been to Russia five times and taken over 7,000 pictures. You got to be faster."

"What kind of pictures did you take?" the Post photographer asked.

"That would be telling," the man replied. "I'm not going to tell you who I took them for either."

"Were you a spy?"

"Well," he answered, "I wouldn't say. Let me just say this. A person like you looks smart enough to be a spy; that's not the way to look. Now you take a person like me--- fat and kind of dumb looking. That makes for a good spy."

Well, I thought, you never know who you're going to talk to at a Republican picnic.

Door Prizes

With speeches about ready to begin, I was getting anxious to leave; all that I needed to hear was the drawing of door prizes.

Apparently, a sizable number of people felt the same way I did, for after the drawing ended (I didn't win anything), people started to leave. And this was before Burditt had a chance to talk yet!

I don't know how many remained. I read about the speech in the Monday Pantagraph. Burditt apparently stated that he supported President Ford's decision, but felt uncomfortable about the timing of it.

I went back to the driveway entrance where I had left my "Equal Justice For All" hanging on the road sign. Somebody had stolen it.

Significant Postscript

Since ISU Foundation President Tom Jacobs had insisted Ewing Castle was privately-owned property, a Post-American reporter asked ISU Security Chief John Newbold if this private organization had paid for the services of the ISU Security personnel.

Newbold said no, Ewing Castle is University property, so of course ISU Security protected the property.

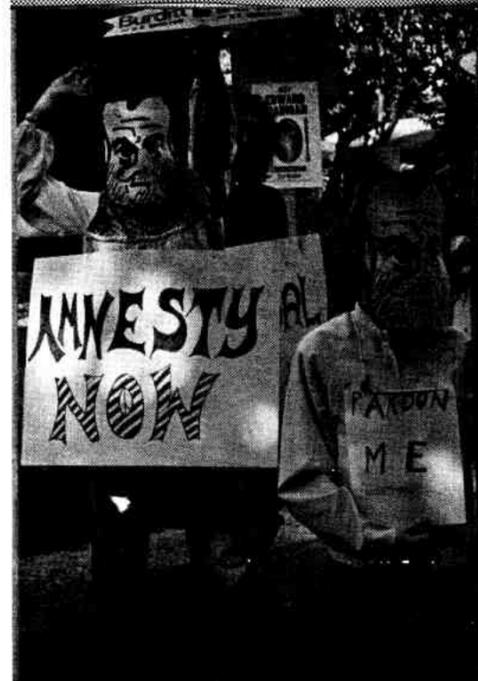
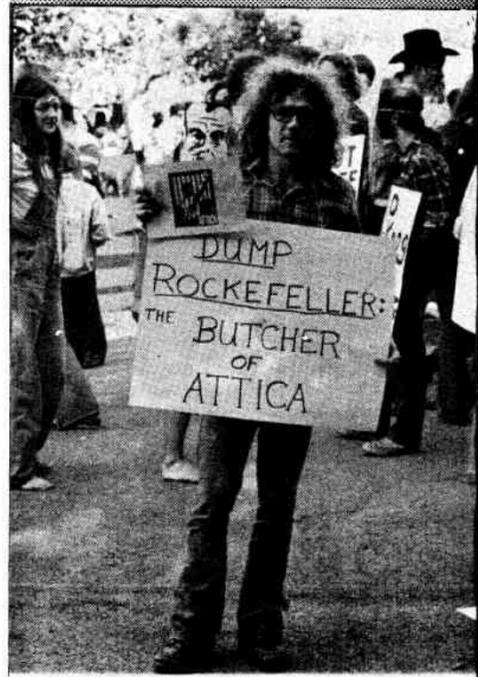
Which contradicts the story given earlier that the Foundation is a private organization divorced from the University.

Newbold said that his men had been requested to go to Ewing Castle several times before, and had been so requested this time too.

When asked several times who had requested the presence of ISU Security police at Ewing Castle, Newbold several times refused to answer.

"It's not important," Newbold continually replied.

--Denny Colt



Getting Over:

BLOOMINGTON-NORMAL MEN'S GROUP

ABOUT PLAYBOY, BUT REALLY ABOUT PEOPLE

People reading a rap coming from someone in a men's group might expect a blanket condemnation of Playboy magazine. Although I think it's true that Playboy is blatantly sexist, it still has a few good points. Writing off Playboy because it is sexist seems to me to be similar to disregarding someone else's personhood (wholeness as a human being) because that person fits a stereotype, i.e. business man, jock, hippie, faggot, etc. Now rejecting Playboy is not the same thing as rejecting a human being, because when you reject a magazine, no one suffers except maybe yourself, but when you reject another person, you both suffer. You have objectified another person because you have made them into an object such as a business-man-object, a straight-object, a weird-o-object.

Playboy objectifies, but in a different way. It doesn't reject people, as much as it tries to make people into objects. Reading Playboy, one finds out how to become Playboy-Man-object in order to get a Playmate-object. Last Sunday the men's group talked about the Playboy image. Not only does Playboy show you an air-brushed, plasticized version of a woman they label Playmate, but you are also told what to do in order to "get" this person-labeled-Playmate. Playboy advertises the right liquor, stereo equipment, tobacco, shoes, books, cars, contraceptives for the Playboy-Man-object.

We talked about the Playboy ideal of beauty and how it oppresses both men and women. Women are expected to conform to certain beauty standards. If they don't, they are considered less than beautiful, less than a whole person because they don't conform to a certain Physical beauty that measures up. Men are supposed to seek out women that conform to this body type: large breasts, small waists, moderate hips, and preferably long hair. If a man can't "make it" with such a woman, he does not become a Playboy-man-object. He feels inadequate, left out, a non-Playboy-object.

So far this article has been pretty much an oppression-objectification rap. In keeping with a non-blanket rejection of Playboy, I'm going to talk about its few good points. In talking with someone since the meeting on Sunday, I found a few more things to consider. Playboy is pretty open about sexuality, even to the point of saying sex is good. In a repressive society like this one, when I was going through adolescence, there were few encouragements for a happy sex life. Playboy expresses a certain appreciation for the human body that is accepted by society. The bodies shown are mostly female (sometimes there's some male skin) but at least the human body is seen in a positive sexual way (sexual is not always sexist.)

Playboy shows open discussion of sex in their Advisor, Forum, and letters to the editor, and there aren't many popular magazines that do that. Playboy also presents discussion of lifestyles that are alternative to monogamous, heterosexual marriage. They have had interviews with people discussing homosexuality, non-married couples, group marriage, groupsex, not just apple pie sex.

There's a popular cliché, "Well, I just read Playboy for the articles." Well, I just read Playboy for the good stuff. I'm not willing to write off Playboy--it has helped some people develop some positive attitudes about sex and their own bodies, and something that does that can't be all bad.

--J.D.



Sunday--Sept. 15--I sat in on a Men's Liberation meeting.

At first I found myself confused with the topics at hand. I felt as if I was in church--a place where I seldom go. To make a long story short, the first half-hour of the meeting was not only infecting boredom on my mind, it also seemed quite meaningless.

Finally, a curly headed man in his early 20's said he had to get some shit off his chest. At this point of the session everyone loosened up and started communicating very openly.

The discussion became so free and open I found myself talking about my own hang-ups. Here I was, in a group of strangers, talking about personal relationships.

By the end of the meeting, I found that it had not only cured some of my hang-ups, I also found that I felt close to these men. It was as if I had made close friends in a matter of three hours compared to weeks or months of time that it usually takes me to achieve this task.

All in all, I found the B-N Men's Group enjoyable, open and most of all beneficial.

Mark



An example of twisted life came to me recently--a life forced to develop in contorted positions, because its type of love is not respected in our culture.

It is a life so distorted by the push of expectation and the pull of desire, that I was filled with horror and compassion.

A split life with one half acceptably visible to the world and the other half closeted in guilt-ridden fantasies.

A lonely life fearful of love, afraid of discovery and persecution.

A life forced into a corner, forever confronted by itself--and repulsed; confronted by society--and hated.

A life that can no longer hope or dream, nor find joy in reality.

A life convinced that everyone is its enemy, a life striking back like a wounded helpless animal; screaming, threatening, blinded to its own destructive position.

A life surrounded by an electric fence which protects, but keeps out love as well.

A life constantly fearing muggings and blackmail, with reason, but using violence as protection.

A life hardened by defenses to the point where honesty destroys.

A life split into one, two, three factions strangling each other.

Two lives sitting on a bench smothering each other, yet they are both one. . .

The life of a homosexual businessman who cannot be open.

Chris



Post Note: While an article supportive of the police is rare in the Post-American, we don't really feel that it is misplaced. We support organizations of workers demanding higher wages. We decided to support local policemen in their role as workers victimized by low wages and inflation. We will, however, continue to report on other aspects of policemen's roles, including their oppressive roles as agents of social control.

Beginning on September 17, Bloomington Police set up informational pickets in front of the Bloomington City Hall. The police hampered by laws which prohibit law enforcement officers to strike, are hoping to gain public support for their requests for wage increases of 12.5 % during the first year and 10 % during the second year of a two-year contract.

BPD Strike?

A Union Member's View

Just why the police assumed that the Water Department employees and Parks and Recreation and Public Service employees would "honor" their picket line is certainly a great mystery. During the strike in May of 1973, the Water Department employees crossed the picket lines of Public Service employees. Both groups of employees were members of A.F. of L.--C.I.O. unions and one was actually on strike, and the police, who are not members of A.F. of L.--C.I.O. affiliated unions, also crossed A.F.S.C.M.E. Local 699's picket lines. Thus, one would expect that Local 699 would at least reciprocate the actions of the police during their strike.

So on the morning of September 23, police established a picket line outside Highland Park, Miller Park, and the City Garage. And being alone and subject to their own individual judgment, Parks employees at Highland Park, the street painters crew, and the operator of the street sweeper, and later Water Department employees duly crossed the police picket lines and started work. Later, upon arrival of larger groups of employees for the 6 A.M. garbage collection shift and the 7 A.M. arrival of Parks employees and Street and Sewer employees, the police made their presence known more authoritatively. These employees refused to cross the police lines and they stopped the painters crew and the sweeper operator from working. Leadership had apparently emerged.

In this situation, certain things ought to be noted. One, the police are not union members. The police do not belong to an A.F. of L.--C.I.O. affiliated union. They do not belong to the Teamsters or any other union that practices strikes. Most certainly they do not belong to Lodge 1000 I.A.M. or Local 699 A.F.S.C.M.E.

Two, the police have no particular record of supporting unions that do strike and they did not honor the picket line of Local 699 in May of 1973.

Since the Bargaining Sessions have been stalemated, and the police picket line in front of City Hall has not resulted in an overwhelming

Bloomington Police Demand Higher Pay

According to Charles Frank, spokesman for the Policeman's Benevolent Association, City Manager Blodgett has offered an 8% wage increase for the first year and a 10% increase for the second year. Frank cited Blodgett's refusal to speak with police representatives for any time longer than 40 minutes to an hour. Apparently, Blodgett had offered non-union city employees an immediate 8% wage increase while it took police five months to talk Blodgett into accepting the 8% mark.

Frank mentioned that this year's inflation rate is expected to rise above 14.5%, and that "we're willing to stay out as long as we have to," in order to at least cover the year's real earnings. Labor Local 362, Ironworkers, Glaziers, Electrical workers, Musicians, and a number of other A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliates have pledged their support to the police.



"You have grown old and gray in our employ. . . Let me present you with this bottle of hair dye. . ."

UE News/cpf

As a sideline, Frank states that one policeman was recently reprimanded for growing a beard, and that the City Council must pass an ordinance against police wearing beards. But Frank felt that any ordinance passed would never stand a court test and that, if necessary, the A.C.L.U. would be asked to fight the ordinance.

deluge of phone calls in support of police wage demands, the police have resorted to direct action. The first direct action was a refusal to shave. This action, however harmless it may have seemed, was too direct. Therefore only two policemen out of the whole force dared to do it. Thereafter, all police wage pressure action has been indirect direct action.

First, in imitation of Local 699 A.F.S.C.M.E., they picked upon a public building being constructed for the city and got "Organized Labor" to recognize them and, in effect, endorse their demands by refusing to cross their picket lines. This the construction workers were happy to do as there is plenty of alternate work around for them to do and it only cost them one day's pay. What's one day's pay against a year's immunity from the parking laws? This got them the publicity they desired, and they were smart enough to remove the picket line before someone got an injunction against them. Net Result, construction workers lose one day's pay. Police lose nothing, but gain 1/3 page free publicity and free radio coverage.

That was Friday, September 20th. For their next act, the brave patrolmen decided to picket Highland Park, Miller Park, and the Public Service Building. In this they hoped to get an endorsement from Machinists Lodge Local 1000 and A.F.S.C.M.E. Local 699 for their wage demands. Lodge 1000 represents employees of the City of Bloomington Water Department and A.F.S.C.M.E. Local 699 represents employees of the Parks and Recreation Department and the Public Service Department. If they refused to cross the police picket line, they would also be, in effect, endorsing police wage demands and would actually affect the tangible operations of the city--an actual strike, a sympathy strike.

Three, the police are not on strike. The picket line was informational only. Many unions cross informational type picket lines of unions they recognize and support in sympathy.

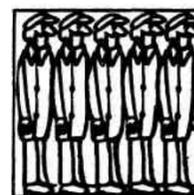
Informational picket lines are not to be taken as seriously as strike picket lines.

Four, city employees have more to lose by sympathy strikes than did the construction workers. Construction workers lose one day's pay, no more. City workers jeopardize their jobs, their insurance and pension plans, and future earnings for more than one day. A sympathy strike by city employees is a violation of their contract.

Yet, despite these facts, numerous city employees decided to "honor" the police picket line by refusing to cross it. This brought out the usual newspaper reporter and got the police further free publicity. Risk to the police--zero; cost to over sixty city employees--2 1/2 hours pay. That's the way to put pressure on the City Manager--get someone else to strike and lose their own pay. Don't do anything risky to yourselves.

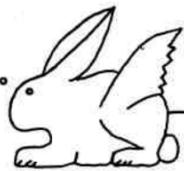
In some cities, police bargain for better pay by arresting city officials for their usual traffic offenses and such. They are accustomed to immunity from this sort of thing, and it irritates them to have to suffer "equal protection under the law." And in other cities, police have been known to strike. In Baltimore, this past July, police even struck in sympathy with the refuse collectors. But Bloomington Police are too "professional" to stoop to such measures. In other cities, union men would call them cowards. In Bloomington, union men are willing to give up a few hour's pay to spare them the risk of taking chances.

Inflation hurts everybody but the most rich. That includes policemen and it includes many others besides policemen. If the police officers consider themselves victims of economic injustice, they should act in concert with other victims of economic injustice. But if they only seek to visit their misfortune upon others, and do not consider their misfortune to be serious enough to warrant their own sacrifice to their own cause, then perhaps we need not take their case to be one of very serious oppression at all.





Oct. 17th



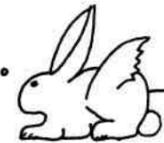
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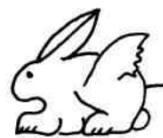


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NOVEMBER 23rd, 1974 AD.
DONOVAN

DECEMBER 3rd, 33 AD.
WISHBONE ASH

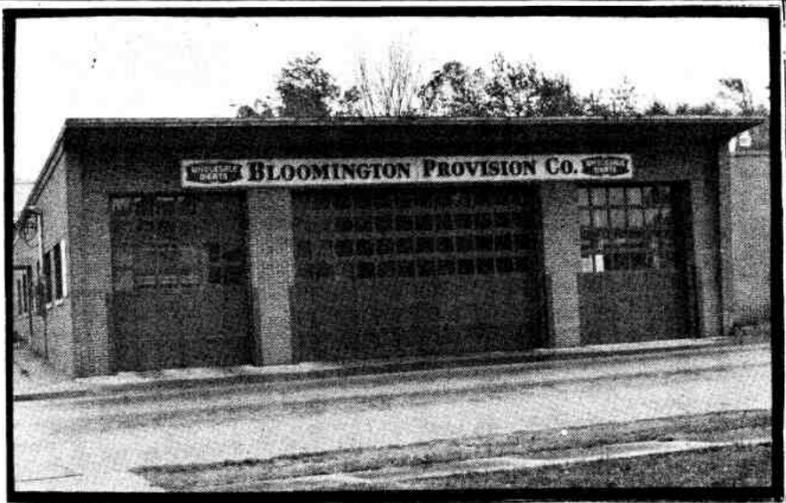


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- Co-Op Records, Pekin



BLOOMINGTON PROVISION CO. AND ITS WORKERS



A not uncommon occurrence in the world of people who have to work to survive is the intentional neglect or abuse of injured employees by unthinking or irresponsible employers. Illustrating this point is the case of Carl Earhart, a former employee of Bloomington Provision Co. at 420 W. Grove.

Carl was employed by Bloomington Provision in November 1973. His job centered around the production of portioned meat goods which are supplied to area restaurants and institutions. The production process for hamburger portions, for instance, requires that workers lift tubs of soybean meal and hamburger to load into mixing machines. Most tubs weigh between 75-80 pounds, and the heavy weight, the chilly temperatures, and the forced overtime system make back injuries an inherent possibility on the job.

In March 1974, while lifting unusually large loads, Carl received a back injury that would force him to undergo months of treatment. After he received the injury, Carl missed a couple days of work, but he went back to work, only to leave again due to aggravations from the cold and continued heavy lifting. Bloomington Provision then made arrangements for Carl to be treated by Dr. Price. The treatments were mostly heat therapy, yielding no improvements in Carl's condition but also no relapses.

Carl then went to Dr. Sours, his present physician, who had diagnosed Carl's condition as slipped back joints. After seeing Dr. Sours for three to four weeks, Carl reported that his supervisor, Jim Stevens, called and said "If you aren't going back to work, we'll have to hire someone else."

The next day Carl went to Bloomington Provision, but he was unable to work for more than one-half of a day. A couple days later, Stevens called Carl's apartment, and a friend answered the phone. Reportedly, Stevens claimed that "Carl has quit," when in fact Carl had not! Rather than laying off Carl for a period of time, Bloomington Provision had merely claimed an untruth, altering the records and making the acquisition of unemployment compensation even more difficult.

After Carl had "quit" Bloomington Provision, he began receiving notices from Dr. Sours to start making pay-

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ments for the back treatments. Carl had no resources for making the payments, but he hoped that the insurance from Bloomington Provision would cover the costs.

But the insurance benefits were never received, either. Carl said he received a letter from the insurance company indicating that the benefits would not be sent because Stevens claimed that Carl's back injury had occurred at home!

In misrepresenting the truth to the insurance company, Stevens' intentions become unclear. What was perfectly clear was that Carl was forced to pay irregular visits to Dr. Sours over a period of four to five months--at a time when Carl should have had frequent medical attention.

By a stroke of fate, Carl was called into court over a financial matter, and when he explained why he was unable to pay certain fees, he was introduced to Attorney Robert Williams who agreed to plan a case against Bloomington Provision.

It is hoped that the successful completion of the case will lead to a complete reimbursement of Carl's disability pay, workmen's compensation, and back pay.

As an addition to this story, it should be mentioned that Bloomington Provision is a non-union shop. Frequently, workers must work a number

of hours overtime without overtime pay in order to successfully fill orders for customers.

Additionally, informed sources have told the Post-Amerikan that Bloomington Provision has violated state food and health codes. Specifically cited were instances when meat inspectors placed labels in bathrooms and production rooms to illustrate violations. Also mentioned was that the machinery for cutting and processing meat products is not cleaned thoroughly enough, and that breasting used for portioned tenderloins is infested with mice feces. An inspection by state and county officials is needed.

Bloomington Provision handles accounts for a number of businesses and institutions in town, some being regular customers. Some of the accounts are:

- Kosher Chuck's Delicatessen
- Burger Chef
- Hardees
- Ragusa's
- The Red Wheel
- Illinois State University
- Bloomington Public Schools

POST-NOTE: By including this story about Bloomington Provision, the Post-Amerikan hopes to reach other workers in the Twin Cities who have been either blatantly cheated by their employers or who have other grievances to voice. For additional information on who to contact about problems involving workers' benefits, insurance, or compensation, see page 21 of this issue.

PHB JJ

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MUSIC REVIEW: B.B. KING

The B. B. King Concert (ISU Auditorium)

Generally speaking, Hard Times Productions does the best job of procuring good people possible; nobody flashy, nobody the star magnitude of, say Mac Davis, just good musicians.

The B. B. King concert is the most recent example. Preceded by perennial favorite Luther Allison who did all his rockin blues numbers, including "Little Red Rooster," and who got the audience lively ten seconds after he started playing and kept them there, King was able to keep his crowd in the strings of his guitar.

King presents a slick image on stage, and it carries sometimes a little too much in his music. A little show biz like singing about how much he loves his audience can get annoying if carried too far--fortunately it never was. But it was close.

I am not particularly enamored of mammoth horn brigades, potentially blurring my perceptions of the guitar-bass-piano interactions, but that's because horns are so seldom done with restraint. King does all his music so damn controlled that it makes you gasp at the emotions you can read in it.

And those guitar solos! Damn, I don't care if he wants to call the thing any old dumb name--he can sure make it cook. Years of playing "Lucille" have never staled. Even at his most disinterested, King can be interesting. Smooth and exciting guitar work is part and

parcel of his trademark, we got it. The songs: Disillusioned city lovers telling what its like, "rich" men jiving about the fruits of their wealth, struggling folks trying to maintain together. Its all there. The blues of ruined loves, ruined lives. Most of the standards ("The Thrill is Gone") and dynamite instrumentals.
Good job Hard Times!

Bill

Recipes

Chuck's Chongo Burgers

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 3/4 cup beef bits
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 onion, chopped up
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup ketchup

Put all this stuff in a big bowl and smash it around until everything is mixed up. Make it into 8-10 patties and fry. EAT.

Cathy Hofstetter

BEEF-APPLE STEW

- 2 lbs. beef stew meat
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 1 T. minced onions
- 1 1/2 c. apple sauce
- 1 1/2 c. water
- 4 peeled & cubed potatoes
- 2 c. carrots cut-up
- 6-8 small onions
- 1 T. salt
- 1/4 t. thyme
- 1 can Chinese vegetables

Brown meat in 3 T. bacon fat in 3 to 4 qt. kettle. Add pepper, minced onion, apple sauce & water. Simmer 1 hour. Add potatoes, carrots, onions, salt & thyme. Simmer 1 hr. Five minutes before serving add Chinese vegetables. Serve with rice or dumplings.

FRIED RICE

- 1 c. raw rice
- 2-3 T. oil (just enough to keep rice from sticking)
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 pork chop
- 1 chicken breast
- 1 chicken leg or thigh
- 1/2 c. frozen peas
- Ground ginger
- Soy sauce
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 green onions, chopped
- Miscellaneous vegetables

Bob Trees

Cook rice & cool several hours ahead. Stir to separate & dry. Slice chicken & pork meat into thin slivers (easier if semi-frozen). Heat oil & fry onions till semi-soft. Add pork & fry a few min.; add chicken & cook till all are lightly browned. Add rice, soy sauce & ginger; mix & stir till cooked. Top with green onions. Vary recipe with whatever you have around--diced green pepper, bean sprouts, chives, curry, etc. Serves 4.

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*The numbers should be switched around

GROWNUPS IN TROUBLE:



A C L U juvenile justice program

In a typical display of Bloomington-Normal complacency, about eighty people went to a Sept. 19 A.C.L.U. program on juvenile justice, were informed of the atrocities in this area, became outraged, became appeased, signed a couple lists, drank coffee, and went home.

We even got to see a movie, which is a sure crowd-pleaser. There were no folksingers, though. Too bad; "Blowin' in the Wind" would've been perfect.

This movie we saw was about how nasty most institutions treat young kids who don't toe the line. It was called "Children in Trouble," put out by the benevolent John Howard Association in Chicago, and was filmed in juvenile detention centers (euphemism for "jails") in forty-four (count 'em, 44) states.

They took one hundred (100) hours of film, but masterfully chopped it down to only 29 (twenty-nine) minutes. Movies are fine, but even liberals don't have all that long of an attention span, and besides, everybody hates long meetings. Especially ones without folksingers.

This movie, like any good social comment documentary, was chock full and brimming with yummy shocking statistics and startling revelations. Here are a few of the juicy ones (although really you had to be there):

1. Two thirds of the juveniles placed in detention centers are not guilty of crimes; they are truants from school, runaways, victims of child abuse, victims of neglect, and all kinds of other things that wouldn't be punishable if the people were grownups.

2. Every day in the U.S., 8,000 people go to jail for the first time. 7,000 of these people are children.

3. When a kid gets detained (euphemism for "locked up") for being abused or neglected or deserted, he or she can be held for weeks to months with no right to a lawyer, no right to a jury, and no bail. And these kids are locked up right in the same place with the real nasties, where they might learn all kinds of good tricks.

4. Juvenile courts accept hearsay evidence.

5. Seventy-five percent (yes, folks, 75%) of the grownup criminals in penitentiaries went to reform schools for minor offenses when they were young. Their parents were right.

6. People who hate children are attracted to jobs in reform schools. People who love children don't last long.

7. In lots of institutions, vocational training consists of doing laundry, washing dishes, and digging ditches. Just like the great U.S. Army.

8. There's a ninety percent recidivism rate in juvenile institutions. That means that 90% of the kids who are locked up once will be locked up again. You learn a lot of cool words like recidivism in Corrections classes. I think you get to see movies, too.

9. They beat up the kids in juvenile institutions. Surprise!

10. A lot of juvenile court judges never visit the places they send kids to all the time. Another surprise.

11. Most juvenile detention centers have solitary confinement rooms (hip people call them "holes") and many of these rooms don't have beds or toilets, and the people in them don't get fed very much.

12. In girls' prisons, holes are called "meditation rooms," but don't let that fool you.

13. Due to recent giant steps in medical technology, lots of institutions are now able to make model prisoners (passive, apathetic) out of the little whippersnappers simply by drugging them into oblivion, with or without doctors' advice.

14. All this costs a whopping fifteen dollars a day per inmate, or more.

Etcetera.

Now, aren't you outraged?

Well, relax. After the movie we got to hear a panel discussion, and the very first person we heard was Mr. Virgil Reany, from the Bloomington Police Department Juvenile Division, and he was very reassuring. He said that McLean County and Bloomington had no problems like those shown in the movie. He said that we don't have any detention homes here, and children aren't sent to jail. He said that there've only been two (2) cases of child abuse here in the last two years. He said that we have two very fine agencies to deal with these problems: the Youth Service Agency (which, by the way, our also very fine County Board has refused to fund), and Children and Family Services.

Ain't it great?

Yessirree, and then we got to hear Brad Murphy, our assistant state's attorney, and he said that that horrible movie was "way off-base in respect to McLean County." "In respect to" --that's how they learn to talk in lawyer school. Now, he did admit that he would recommend detainment (remember what that euphemism is?) if a minor were a habitual runaway, or a habitual delinquent, or something really clearly defined like that.



This county detains juveniles in the juvenile wing of the county jail-- a real burst of originality. Mr. Murphy, after only a year and a half as assistant state's attorney, rushed right over to visit the county jail, since he sends people there all the time. Visiting the juvenile section, this man was "somewhat nauseated." Murphy seemed to think that a tiny cell with a hammock and no toilet was somehow improper.

He also seemed to find fault with the "black cell," also in the juvenile wing, where they lock up incorrigible adults in a completely dark room, bare of any furniture, with a bleach bottle for a toilet (if the prisoner is lucky). He even said that this arrangement was technically illegal, due to a state regulation requiring juvenile and adult facilities to be completely separate.

Murphy later said that he wasn't really sure this regulation was being violated at our county jail, because he didn't actually see an adult locked up in the black cell, but he assured us that, "If I had any proof that adults were occupying the black cell while juveniles were detained, I would get a restraining order, or take some kind of action."

He also proved that he wasn't any week-kneed softie who wanted to tie the sheriff's hands when he said,

"I saw some men in the county jail who I would not mind if they were locked away in appalling places." (Murphy is well known for his ability to judge men by their looks.)

Mr. Murphy did make it very clear that he was extremely sympathetic to the problems shown in the movie, and re-emphasized the fact that we don't have such problems here.

The next person we heard from was Howard Eglet, State Legal Director of the Illinois Division of the A.C.L.U. He thought that it was really far out that 25,000 juveniles passed through our state's jails in 1972, and that child abuse was shooting up everywhere else in the state in the past two years, and still McLean County is remaining an idyllic community in the midst of all this turmoil. He seemed to doubt the credibility of the previous speakers! He sounded like some kind of pinko.

The next speaker, Susan James, a representative of Indiana's Children in Trouble Task Force, was also suspect. She mentioned that wherever she shows that movie, the local officials assure her that they're very proud that these atrocities are not being committed in their community. She thought it was pretty strange that the movie was filmed in so many places, but never seemed to apply anywhere. Some people thought that she was implying a certain amount of cover-up on the part of local officials, but they were probably just paranoid.

Yet another A.C.L.U. person, Curt Harstad, revealed himself as a pinko by saying that we shouldn't be satisfied with voting funds to professional agencies, but that we should organize the people to deal with problems in our own community. He implied that professional agencies were likely to screw things up. He got pretty subversive along in there, if you ask me.

All these big city radicals got some of the local people in the audience all riled up, and when the panel was open to questions from the floor, some of these folks became confrontatory and downright rude to Mr. Reany and Mr. Murphy. Several extremely embarrassing questions and comments were brought up, and anyone could see that our two public officials were becoming uncomfortable, no doubt due to such impolite conduct.

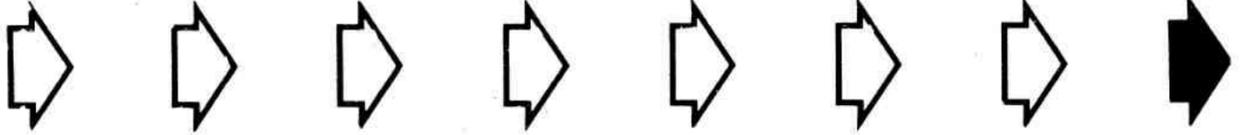
Luckily, there were some levelheaded, goodhearted people on the floor who were willing to set us all straight. They pointed out to us that after all, these men had agreed to come talk with us (which is really a big thing, a couple small town honchos daring to face a rabid audience of eighty flaming liberal college teachers, who knows what that crowd might do?), and that we should have a meaningful constructive dialogue instead of all yelling at each other, and that just all of us meeting like this was a step in the right direction, and that we should have peace and love and sympathy and ban the bomb and stop HUAC and end the draft and sit in and blah blah blah.

Which pretty effectively squashed the discussion, so the moderator, Tom Eimerman, said it was getting kinda late and told us what papers we should sign before we left. So then we signed some papers and picked up some leaflets and stood around digging the last of the free coffee, and went home and had a beer and watched TV and wondered when our hands were going to stop shaking with rage.

by Phoebe Caulfield



Poems



"Love and the Self-Sexual"

Nobody and the Christmas tree
Sat together opening presents
To the 8:05 Radio 1429 news
In 1922

The non-existent chestnuts roasted
in the fireplace
As this fellow unwrapped a woman he
gave to himself.

She was tall, blonde, and fully en-
dowed.

This remarkable female had the abil-
ity to change her appearance
totally.

She had done this many times in the
previous years.

Nobody and the girl lived together
in blissful harmony.

That was until April 14, 1925 when
she left him and Nobody blew
his head off with a 12 gauge
shotgun.

"These Stories Can Not Be Signed Anonymous--A Cycle"

These stories can not be signed
anonymous
I know who wrote them.
Anonymous means the writer is un-
known
Therefore.....

The man labored
long with his hoe;
back-breaking as the
desert sun beat him,
the irrigated floor
swallowed him/
meanwhile his brother
sighed relief-
another day in the
bowels of the earth
finished, more tons
mined, no death today
---just a little more
dust in the lungs/
a sister looked down
the row at all the
others bent over
sewing machines;
minds & eyes hazy
from the river of
brightly flowing
material streaming
through their fingers/
the first hungered
the second shivered
and the third went naked;
they had worked and earned
their daily bread of
empty promises-
the pulpit screamed
and the newspapers
shouted:
"someday you'll be
blessed"
but the haunting eye
and the choking hand
did not listen....

...there comes a time
to make like a mad
termite and tear your
house down till it
buries you and then
make like a seed buried
beneath, springing to
life through the
ruins...

M.G.M.

M.G.M.

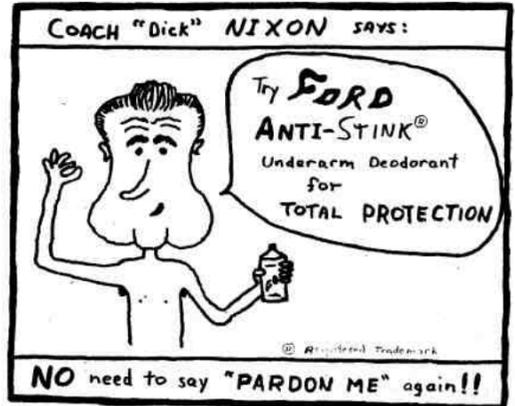
free

as so many have put it
wind is free
yet I know what I see,
mountains tamed but

"DANGER"

in winter is written all over
their faces,
and trees can be cut down
yet wild and green they are
awesome fingers of
GOD,
and only by killing and destroying
does man learn to tame the wolf.

Virginia Wolf



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Moccasins



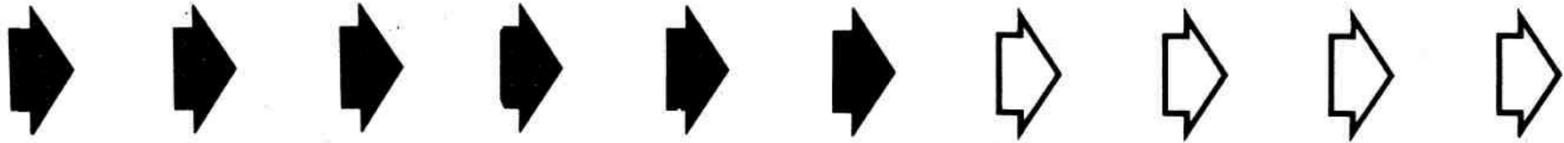
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The house philosophy descends
from Mt. Pathos
Accompanied by a double-headed
byzantine eagle
a gluttony lecturer
and a charnal house of the mind

Infliction #1 the war monument
the eagle has landed
and spewing forth lest we forget
venom
it preaches and preens on a
malevolent monument

this already gangerous christian
cairn
becomes a cloying, decaying mess
of shattered bone and supporated
flesh

amazing in its putrefication for
it exists
in the damning cold of a souless
vacuum

the eagle midevil
home to roost

Infliction #2 the gluttony lec-
ture

And so it seems my friends that
we've had too much. Too much
of this and too much of that. I
cant let you go on this way.
Your doing too much too much
love, that takes you from me.
too much drink, that makes you
insensible to me. too much pat,
you see without me. too much
music, you dont talk to me. too
much poetry, you speak to other
than me. too much life, that seems
sad to me.

its all for your own good- should
I say me.

Im for all your good
No, thats not quite it,
Brothers all your good is Me!

Infliction #3 the charnal house
of the mind

descend into the pits.
Down, Down, beyond tears
to the blackness which swallows all
screams... and further

to the void where all the shrill
shrieking, revolving, drunk
puke colored
demons swirld in a majesty of self-
pity and disgust
to the void of self-creation
to the void of aloneness

In this depth we try to touch
ourselves and cannot feel
we want to see a simple hand
yet a pulpy mess of discolored
protoplasm confronts us

What do I feel?

extensions of matter which
throb uncontrollably
I feel as if the very substance of
my flesh will be rubbed to the
bone

Others, like myself are too busy
Dining on their hearts to notice

Enjoy, Enjoy, for we are created
in those moments when the pain
mould
shapes all views
Enjoy, you, ll be sucked in anyway.

Triune eagle

Three heads one body

Mt. Pathos your heavenly home
all praise

so be the head, war
so be the head, self
so be the head, soul

so be it.

--Greg Koos, 1974--



Cockroach Death

Paraplegic parasite
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backwards;
drainwards;
scuttled
finally
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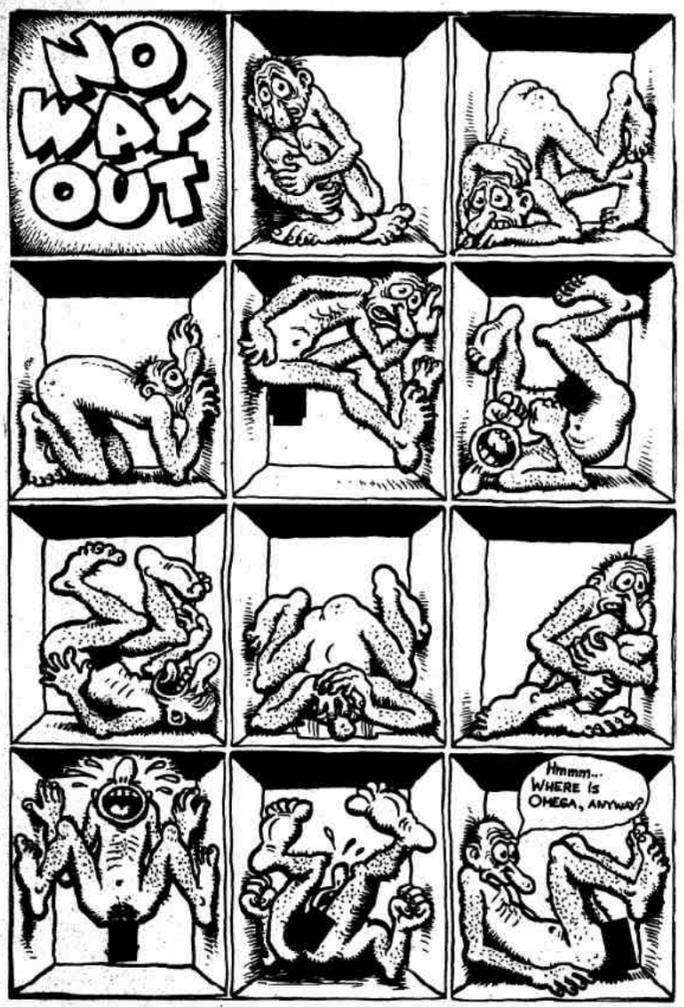
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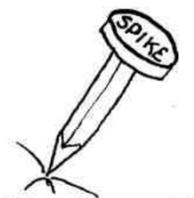
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City Treasurer Paul Krueger: Violated ethics law in both 1973 and 1974.



State's Attorney Paul Welch: did nothing for more than a year; will he prosecute now?



Bloomington councilman S.S. "Joe" Schneider: broke ethics law in 1973; gave his stock to his daughter in 1974.

FINALLY:

Criminal Complaints Filed Against Two City Officials

Only a year and a half after the Post-American exposed the two Bloomington city officials as violators of the state ethics law, city councilman S.S. "Joe" Schneider and city treasurer Paul Krueger will go to court to face criminal charges against them. Both are charged with failing to report their stockholdings in a business entity doing business with the city of Bloomington--the Corn Belt Bank.

The criminal complaints were filed by Mark Silverstein, acting as a private citizen. Silverstein said he signed the complaints after it became obvious that State's Attorney Paul Welch was doing nothing about the case.

Ever since the Post-American first revealed in the spring of 1973 that the officials were violating state law, a Post-American reporter has periodically interviewed Paul Welch to find out what

would happen. Welch claimed that he doubted that there was a violation of the law, and he was allegedly seeking an opinion from the state attorney general. That was almost a year ago, and when last contacted, Welch had not yet received a reply from his alleged request for a legal opinion. Meanwhile, the Post-American had contacted State Comptroller George Lindberg, author of the ethics law. Lindberg refuted Welch's alleged legal "theory," and confirmed that the two city officials were indeed required to report their stockholdings in the Corn Belt Bank.

When the Pantagraph reported the filing of the criminal complaints, it said that warrants for the two city officials would be issued the next day. This, however, did not happen. Instead, Judge Dearborn issued summonses to appear in court on October 11. There

were no arrests, no handcuffs, no fingerprinting, and no bail. (Both city officials reside on Bloomington's elite Country Club Place.)

Though court action was initiated by a private citizen, prosecution must still be carried out by the State's Attorney's office. The question is: what will happen? Until the filing of formal legal complaints, the State's Attorney was anything but eager to pursue the case. Now, however, he may change his tune. In fact, assistant State's Attorney Brad Murphy was overheard saying that "the case has attracted so much public interest that Paul himself might take it."

Illinois law provides for a fine of up to \$1000 or up to a year in jail if the officials are convicted.

15

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Letter

Dear Post-Amerikan Brothers & Sisters:

When I read "We're Late" in the August '74 issue I was fairly saddened to learn that there's a possibility of no more Post in the future. In 1972 I did six months for burglary, and when I returned to the streets, one of the first things I bought was an early issue of the Post. I really dug the paper, and I like to brag that until I got locked up again in November of '73 I had the most complete collection of the Post than anyone else I knew. Everytime I went to D.A.s Liquor I picked up a new copy, and I really dig where the paper is at and also the people who are involved with putting the whole thing together.

I'm now doing a 2 to 10 year sentence for possession of a controlled substance, and I really look forward every month to when I receive your paper. It's a let down to know there are hardly enough people to handle getting the Post together, especially people who should want to take part in it. If the Post is still running when I get home (hopefully in April '75) I'm very interested in working for the Post Amerikan. I have, and do, enjoy the Post a lot, and am really looking forward to helping keep it together.

That's about all I have to say for now, but I'll write more in the future. Keep it together.

Brother Marty

LOCAL UFW NEWS

CHAVEZ TO VISIT NORMAL

Support for the United Farm Workers (AFL-CIO) has grown in the Bloomington-Normal community in the past month. Kicked off by the movie, "Why We Boycott", student support for la huelga is spreading.

The movie had scenes from last year's back-door contracts between the Teamsters and agri-business growers, and the Farm Workers' reaction to them by going on strike. The workers were intimidated with billy clubs, and guns, the movie ending with the funeral of Juan de la Cruz, a farm worker slain on the picket line. The flick was shown 7 times, and resulted in many new people being turned on to the Farm Workers and their struggle.

The first move was the formation of the United Farm Workers Support Coalition, and the beginnings of a pledge campaign. Circulating throughout the campus, people have been asked to sign a pledge which promises that they won't drink Gallo wine. Hopefully this will educate and re-familiarize consumers with the struggle.

Stirring interest in the Farm Workers was the announcement that Cesar Chavez would visit Normal, probably in December. It is hoped that his visit will be the culmination of a long and thorough education and boycott here.

Weekly meetings are being held Thursday nights at 7:00 at the Newman Center; please come and learn about the struggle, & participate. For information call 452-5046.

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INFORMATION AND PERSPECTIVE WEEK

October 20-26, 1974

Sponsored by the Local Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is of Normal and the Baha'i Club of Illinois State University

Sunday, October 20:

- 1:30 p.m. - Devotional Program: "Two Wings of One Bird"
 - 2:00 p.m. - Discussion (The Equality of Men and Women)
 - 7:30 p.m. - Observance of the Birth of the Bab
 - 8:30 p.m. - Social and discussion
- Fairchild Hall, I.S.U., First-Floor Lounge

Monday, October 21:

- 7:30 p.m. - "What in the World...?"
- Leader - Miss Joy Robinson, Bloomington
Fairchild Hall Lounge

Tuesday, October 22:

- 7:30 p.m. - "Unity - Elimination of Prejudice and Discrimination"
- Leader - Mrs. Constance Donley, Bloomington
Founders Suite, New University Union, I.S.U.

Wednesday, October 23:

- 7:30 p.m. - "Women, Of Faith and In Faith"
- Leader - Mrs. Lucile Taylor, Champaign
Founders Suite

Thursday, October 24: United Nations Day Observance

- 7:30 p.m. - Panel - "Women, Society, Roles, and Future"
- Open questions and discussion
Miss Mary Kate Yntema, Professor of Mathematics, Sangamon State University, Springfield
Mr. Win Foster, Executive, Caterpillar Tractor Company, Peoria
Mrs. Pej Clark, Wife and Mother, Decatur
Mrs. Rachel Fort Weller, Author and Linguist, Urbana
Fairchild Hall Lounge

Friday October 25:

- 7:30 p.m. - "World Order - The Turn of the Tide"
- Leader - Miss Thelma Jackson, Wilmette
Auxiliary Board Member, Midwest, of the Continental Board of Counselors, Baha'i Faith
Fairchild Hall Lounge

Saturday, October 26: Baha'i Club Day

- 3:00 p.m. through the evening
- Open Forum and films, social and discussion
Circus Room, New University Union, I.S.U.

EVERYONE IS WELCOME TO ALL EVENTS

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5 AM - 12:30 PM
SUN.

pregnancy journal

(ENTRIES #1 and #2)

This is an edited copy of the journal I am keeping during my pregnancy. I wrote this journal for women who have not been pregnant because there is no access to this information for these women. I have recorded the physical symptoms and changes of my pregnant body plus my head changes and the political hassles of having a baby, which are many. The date today is September 28 and I am seven months pregnant. So far I have written eight entries in the journal.

February 28--first day of last menstrual period. I have been off the pill deliberately trying to get pregnant for four months

April 1-6--first week after missed period. heavy feeling in abdomen and abdominal pains

April 7-13--second week; abdominal pains lessened, severe tiredness and severe depression. pregnancy test by urine sample at planned parenthood.

April 10--positive results

April 11--attempted suicide by gas inhalation

April 12--got a job waiting on cars at steak-n-shake

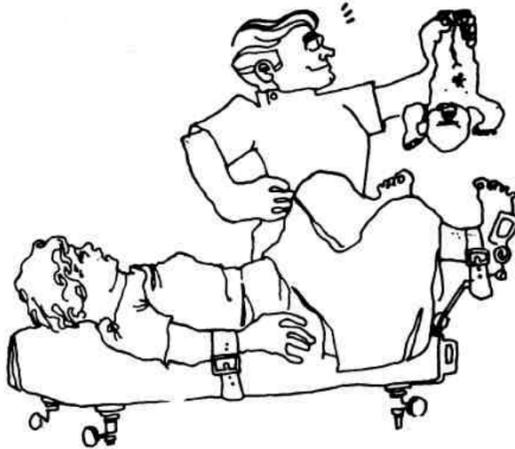
April 13-20--third week. saturday the 13th too nauseated to go to work. I had a terrible argument with Joe relating to his sexist behavior. he apologized but I was still very upset. severe nausea

April 16-- worked two hours, vomited, and went home. taking vitamin B6 supplement to stop nausea (Adell Davis). they seemed to help a small amount, then I quit taking them because they seemed to upset my stomach. they were expensive (about \$4) at Alices Health Food Store. monday nite self help pelvic examination with Ann. I used a plastic speculum. My cervix was a blueish color. my vagina appeared clear and free of infection or mucous. the next day I had itching and a small amount of blood discharge. during the exam I asked Ann to insert one or two fingers up the vagina and simultaneously push down on the outside of the uterus to check for pregnancy. she did it but I couldn't feel anything. I think the infection developed afterward because she did not wash her hand before this exam

I crave meat, especially steak because the body needs the iron and protein. the texture of the food makes a difference. soft foods make me nauseated. brite colors make me nauseated. many smells make me sick. citrus fruits are O.K., plus lettuce, cold drinks, toast, tea, and spaghetti.

Pregnancy journal-May 28, 1974-second entry

i just read again a short story about a woman in childbirth in MS magazine, jan. 1974 issue. it upset me. it upset me the first time i read it but i wasnt pregnant then. i dont want to be strapped down like that. thats why i am looking for a woman sympathetic doctor and i want joe and a woman friend to be with me. its really ann-the woman friend- who i am depending on most to help me emotionally. joe cant and the doctor will be into authority. i cant expect too much from them--i cant expect what i want and i need--complete empathy respect and support. i know i expect a lot--very few women in childbirth have had that support--maybe none. i am already discouraged because its so hard to find a woman doctor and



people do not want to help me except my woman friends and they have no power to do it. but their support is encouraging. joe is good too.

i have experienced changes in the symptoms. it has been 43 days. thats six weeks since i last wrote. i was so sick then--i feel much better now. slowly the nausea slowed down then went away. i am not nauseated constantly now. if i wake up too early in the morning then i vomit up yellow gastric juice (a small amount). then i have to go back asleep or i will feel ill all day. i require about 12 hours of sleep. about 9:00 pm every nite i begin to feel sick to the stomach --that means it is time to sleep again. if i dont go to bed and sleep i will throw up. when i am not pregnant i require 9 hours of sleep.

i dont have much ambition to do anything and i get discouraged very easily. i feel very emotional and easily depressed but i was always that way so i dont know if its a change or not. however at first, when i became very depressed and tried to commit suicide, i am positive that was from the pregnancy. that was too extreme even for me. i am much less depressed now. it subsided with the nausea.

my breasts are very enlarged but they are not sore anymore, like they were at first. they are very sensitive, especially the nipples and they become erected easily.

my abdomen has become firm and is beginning to get slightly bigger. if i stand sideways in the mirror i can see that i look pregnant because my hips and butt and thighs have rounded and filled out in the last three days, tremendously. everyday i check to see body changes especially my abdomen growing. i am very anxious to see it get bigger. my body is very demanding of the things it needs like sleep and food--if i am hungry, i get nauseated unless i eat immediately. if i over work myself i feel sick and short winded then i must lay down for 20 minutes. if i sit in the hot sun i will feel sick and get faint. its really a drag. if i get stoned i get weak and sick also. the salivating and mucous are very overactive so that i am constantly spitting out excess saliva and mucous. all these symptoms are extremely annoying but i have learned to live with them now and i forget about them in between times.

i quit that job at steak n shake--which was a whole story in itself--and joe and me are collecting unemployment compensation and food stamps. we recieve 54 dollars a week unemployment and we pay about six dollars a week for 20 dollars

of food stamps. we pay 100 dollars rent a month plus utilities and were living on this ok. but i dont know how we, ll pay the doctor, and the hospital. i was considering having the baby at home because of this. joe says we will probably have insurance from his old job to cover it, tho. i hope so because hospitals are pigs about getting the money--they'll sue you and the laws support the institution, not the people.

i have had much discharge from the vagina thruout the pregnancy. at first i had small amounts of pink blood-tinged mucous. that stopped. then i had thick yellow as if from an infection--i do have an infection, i have had it ever since i was 18. i am 21 now almost 22. i went to 5 different doctors in bloomington. all said it was a simple infection easy to cure. none of them cured it. they gave me all kinds of medicine and antibiotics which helped temporarily. i finally learned to live with it and forgot about the stupid doctor until two months before i became pregnant--that is, january of 1974. my period was late by 1 1/2 weeks then i got severe cramps and and very heavy blood flow with clots. also i felt very weak and emotionally upset. i thought i was miscarrying so i went to the emergency room at Brokaw hosp. and asked for Dr. David Chow who was recommended by some women friends. he examined me with a speculum. i told him the story about the infection. he took a scraping to grow a culture of the infection to determine exactly what type it was. this is the only way to know exactly what a vaginal infection is. Dr. Chow was the 1st doctor who did that in all the 3 years I had this infection unless someone else did it without my knowledge. i asked the nurse what the lab result said. she said it was staphylococcus aureus.

May 28--at the hospital emergency room--Dr. Chow said my hemmoraging symptoms were caused by the infection so he prescribed me some very powerful antibiotic which did not work and the next month i had the same thing again. so i went to the office for an emergency exam. he put in the speculum and looked in then said it was a hormonal imbalance, not the infection. he said one of my hormone producing glands had never matured. this is bullshit. i have had periods since i was 12 years old always regular and "normal" until i went on the pill at age 18. then my periods started fucking up because i went on and off the pill every few months due to my unscheduled unstable lifestyle as a single woman. i had been on the pill once again during the winter of 1973 and quit taking it 2 months before i started hemmoraging. i believe that it was true that i had a hormonal imbalance however it was directly caused by the BC pills not anything else. Dr. Chow said in order to cure the hormonal imbalance "he was going to put me on the pill." what bullshit. if the pill caused it then it won't cure it, so i started screaming and crying and Dr. Chow and i had it out so that ended our relationship. the next month (march) i had no period or the next (april) and it is time for the period in May but i expect to skip it also because there is a baby in my uterus. this week i have been having brown discharge partly watery from the vagina. also i have been feeling slight cramping in my abdomen. in a baby book i read the doctor said that happens in first months of the pregnancy at the menses time. so i guess its ok.

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October 28: T-Shirt Contest

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YOUR RIGHTS ARRESTED

(CPF) In Providence, R.I., police arrested a schoolteacher at gun-point for no reason at all. A week later the city council apologized publicly. What made the incident so unusual was not that someone was arrested without cause, but that a middle class person was the victim. When a schoolteacher is arrested, it's news; but when police pick up someone who's unemployed, it's routine.

The Attorney General of Rhode Island stated that police have the right to stop any person who they "have reason to believe is committing, has committed, or is about to commit a crime." In other words, when they want you, they can get you.

NEW SUPREME COURT RULING

On December 11, 1973 the Supreme Court handed down a ruling striking right at the rights of every citizen. In the past if you were stopped by police, they could only search you quickly for weapons. Now they can make a complete search of you or your car, whenever they want. If they think they found anything criminal, they can hit you with an arrest. Even if what they found had nothing to do with why you were stopped, it can be used against you.

Not all the Justices agreed with the ruling. Speaking for the three Justices who disagreed (the rest were appointed by Nixon), Justice Douglas flatly stated that the ruling is a direct attack on individual rights under the 4th Amendment.

More and more laws are being created or changed to take away our rights. Because anyone can be picked up anytime, it's important to know what rights we still have.

RIGHTS OF PERSON ARRESTED

The following is a list of your legal rights under the present law. Even if you are perfectly innocent, this information is important for everyone to know.

1. The right to remain silent (all you have to give is your name and address—save the rest of the story for your lawyer).
2. The right to a phone call (they have to give you one within 24 hours of the arrest).
3. The right to be released if not charged and arraigned within 24 hours.
4. The right to legal counsel (lawyer).

Besides your legal rights, you should remember:

1. The details of your arrest (time it happened, place, etc.).
2. The badge number of arresting officer. Also ask why you are being arrested.
3. If there are any witnesses around.
4. How you are treated by the cops.
5. Once arrested and brought to the station, you're in their ballpark. Do nothing rash until your lawyer comes.

(NOTE: You may want to add local legal aid numbers.)

(Reprinted from *Fighting Times*.)

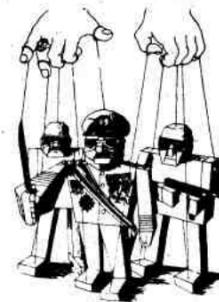


Shots/cpf

Chile Since the Coup

A year has passed since the overthrowing coup of the Allende Popular Government in Chile. Since then, over 30,000 Chileans have been murdered by the junta, and alone in the past seven weeks, 20,000 people have been arrested and put in prisons, where brutal tortures are common. In a majority of the cases of prisoners, no specific reasons for arrest have been cited.

Besides these devastating activities of the fanatically anti-Marxist government, inflation has gone unchecked, with an incredible inflation rate in 1973 of 74%. This year, the inflation rate is expected to go up at least another 250 to 500%. What this means is, along with the very high rate of unemployment, most Chilean families are victims of malnutrition; food prices have gone up 1200-1800% in the past year, making the staple of even the working people bread and beans. No epicurean delight, indeed.



As seems to be American (USA) Big Business policy, as well as the U.S. government itself, funds are continually sent to this fascist government. The U.S. government has "loaned" over \$700 million to the government, and companies such as the omnipotent Dow Chemical Company and Falconbridge Ltd., a Canadian-based, U.S. owned company dealing in copper, have invested countless millions in this government of insane oppressors.

There are, however, opposing forces to the military rule. One such force is the Left Revolution Movement (MIR), who says that the present stage is one of repairing leftist forces and organizing mass clandestine organizations. It says that it will prepare a coup d'etat once it gets its forces "on the ground."

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Witness Terrorized by Prison Officials

POTENTIAL WITNESS FOR MARTIN SOSTRE TERRORIZED BY PRISON OFFICIALS: JAMES SULLIVAN ARRESTED FOR ALLEGED PAROLE VIOLATIONS

SYRACUSE, N.Y. (LNS)-- James Sullivan, who was severely harassed by prison authorities for over a year because of his support of prison activist Martin Sostre, was thrown in Syracuse County Jail September 11 for alleged parole violations.

The arrest culminated a week of violence against the white ex-prisoner aimed at forcing him not to testify for Sostre in connection with a brutality suit which Sostre has filed against guards at Clinton State Prison. The violence has included the ransacking and firebombing of Sullivan's apartment, and attempts by parole officers to commit him to a mental institution.

The attacks against Sullivan go back to May of 1973 when, as a trustee-porter, Sullivan overheard guards plotting against Sostre and later witnessed the beating. Sullivan then wrote up an official affidavit stating what he had seen and heard.

"James Sullivan... being sworn... says that he is the trustee-porter in this horror house where they keep the Blacks and Spanish guys who file court actions locked up.

"I have seen legal mail torn open and thrown away. I have seen them use the ax handles they keep in the locker across from the office on the poor devils. And I've seen these prisoners gassed until half dead for not standing at attention when an officer goes by.

"And I have gritted my teeth and forgot it because I got a parole date in 21 days. But today is too much. I've listened to Officer Rabideau and Co. plot the cold-blooded beating of the guy in cell #38. His name is Sostre."

Needless to say, prison authorities didn't appreciate Sullivan's testimony and his parole was denied. From then on he was constantly gassed in his cell in attempts to force him to change his testimony. Later he was transferred to the ACTEC program-- a minimum security prison next to Clinton in Dannemora, New York-- and was warned that he would be taken care of if he didn't forget what he had seen.

In November of 1973, Sullivan, who had never had a rule infraction in more than thirteen years in prison, was busted for possession of a set of Exacto leather-working tools and for being in an area-- along with 200 other prisoners-- where a ther-

epf



mos jug containing six ounces of grapefruit juice (the guards claimed it was alcohol) was found on the floor. The prison hobby shop had illegally sold the tools to Sullivan as they had to over 60 other prisoners.

Using the leather tools and the grapefruit juice as an excuse, prison guards constantly searched the cell blocks and the prisoners and instigated very tight security measures. They let it be known that Sullivan was the target and that until he decided to stop saying that Martin Sostre was beaten, harassment of the entire prison would continue.

In April, 1974, Sullivan had three months to go before a mandatory discharge. Before the Parole Board, he was told that his record was perfect. But, writes Sullivan, "After one question about my feelings about Unit 14 (the solitary section where Sostre was beaten) my record didn't count for shit. The Parole Board hit me with six months knowing I max out in three. Seems I'd have to commit perjury and sign a paper that I never was in Unit 14 that infamous day in May of 1973."

Sullivan finally paroled out on July 13. An ulcer which he had developed in prison sent him to the hospital in serious condition during the summer but he managed to recover. Harassment began again in full force on Thursday, September 5, when two parole officers and six policemen came to his apartment-- without a search warrant-- and ransacked the place. One parole officer tried to confiscate Sullivan's copy of the affidavit and a telegram from Sostre, but his companion, afraid of the consequences of the illegal act, talked him out of it.

Late Sunday night, September 8, unknown men axed down the back door of Sullivan's apartment, rushed in shouting "You nigger-lovin commie" and threw a firebomb in front of the door to his apartment. Fortunately Sullivan managed to escape from the apartment with only a few burns.

Fearing for his life, lawyers familiar with his case asked him to live at their house. But Monday evening three parole officers came to get him, taking him to a Syracuse hospital to try to commit him as a mental patient. The officers told the hospital admittance office that Sullivan had "delusions about being a witness in somebody's case" and that he was a paranoid schizophrenic. The parole officers assumed that Sullivan would be committed without any trouble, but luckily lawyers got to the hospital in time to argue against commitment.

As a compromise, Sullivan was to come as an outpatient the following day to appear before a board of psychiatrists. Sullivan was ruled to be totally sane, and the hospital was angry with the prison officials for trying to manipulate their authority to take an innocent person off the streets.

But the next day, Wednesday, September 11, prison officials finally succeeded in capturing Sullivan. He was picked up on alleged parole violations of which the officers declined to specify. Under state law, a person can be held 48 hours without written notice of the parole violations against him, and an automatic 10 days before a parole hearing is held.

Only two lawyers have been allowed to see Sullivan and even they have had a hard time. One of them saw a note from parole officers on a desk in the jail which said that "many organizations will try to see this man" and that only attorneys of record shall be allowed.

Lawyers hope to free Sullivan by systematically attacking the supposed parole violations at the parole hearing. But for now, Sullivan is trapped.



epf

SUNDAY 10AM-MIDNIGHT

MONDAY 7AM-8PM

KOSHER

CHUCK'S DELI

TUESDAY - SATURDAY:

7AM to MIDNIGHT

FOOTBALL SPECIAL ~ SAT 10-6

1/2lb Corn Beef Sandwich, 1/2lb. Potato Salad,
4 Hard Rolls, 1 Pickle ~ \$2.89 (\$3.50 Value)

107 E. BEAUFORT

DOWNTOWN NORMAL

IS YOUR JOB MAKING YOU SICK?



POST-NOTE FOR AREA WORKERS

Two stories appearing in this issue have illustrated the fact that some workers don't know or are not told about their rights when it comes to a situation involving either injury or disability at work.

At present, there is an agency of the State of Illinois whose main function is to administer Workmen's Compensation and Occupational Disease laws. The name of the agency at present is the Illinois Industrial Commission. However, as this issue goes to press, the Commission is in the process of changing its name because IIC is too misleading to workers. The change in name will occur soon, but if you have any questions or complaints to register, write to the Illinois Industrial Commission, P.O. Box 309, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

 And, if you have an employer that you think is in violation of Employee Health and Safety Standards or Workmen's Compensation laws, and you would like to share your experience with others, call or write the Post-Amerikan, 108 E. Beaufort, Normal, Ill. ---452-9221.



UAW/cpf
 Will
 CHIEF WITH THE UAW AMMUNITION
 "Another ridiculous grievance about working conditions? For Pete's sake, close that door!"

DRAW THIS LINE !!

Yes, if you can draw a straight line using a pencil and ruler, you may have the unique skills necessary to become a highly-paid (spiritually, that is) POST-AMERIKAN worker. You can enjoy a rewarding job as an artist, reporter, layout expert, salesperson, distributor, graphics consultant, writer, interviewer, or public relations manager after our short and simple FREE TRAINING PROGRAM. Yes, in just the time it takes to watch your favorite situation comedy, YOU can become acquainted with all the exciting angles of NEWSPAPER PRODUCTION! Work in a friendly, relaxed atmosphere!

If you're interested, just fill out this form and send it or bring it to the POST-AMERIKAN office, 108 E. Beaufort St., Normal, Ill. 61761. You will be contacted by another POST-AMERIKAN worker.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 PHONE _____

Yes, I'd like to be a POST-AMERIKAN worker. I'm especially interested in helping with: _____

Yes, I'd like to be a POST-AMERIKAN worker, but I don't know exactly what I'd like to work on yet.

Yes, I'd like to be a POST-AMERIKAN.

THE CELLAR

106 NORTH ST. NORMAL

MONDAY NIGHT SPAGHETTI SPECIAL:

ALL YOU CAN EAT \$1.25



**PAK PIZZA
 PINBALL
 BEER
 SANDWICHES**

**FREE DELIVERY IN NORMAL
 OPEN 5-12:30
 452-2222 452-8931**

ISU Employees Ratify New Contract

I.S.U. Employees Local 1110 - A.F.S.C.M.E. voted ratification of new contract providing a raise of 21¢/hr. or 6% whichever was higher for all employees under contract. Also added was a provision for Agency Shop which means that members of Local 1110 who are members as of October 1st or that become members during the term of contract must remain members through the duration of the contract. (That is, they must continue to pay dues once they start.) The contract is for one year.

A startling pay raise will come to janitresses to bring them up to the pay scale of janitors. This is required by federal law-- "No discrimination because of sex." Janitresses will gain money by the hour wage, but may lose their jobs to men who have more seniority and who could not previously bid on their jobs.

Food Destroyed for Higher Profits

(LNS)--As record supermarket prices and global food shortages bear down on American consumers, huge growers in California--the nation's largest agricultural producer--continue to destroy thousands of tons of food each year in order to keep prices high.

Because farmers produce more than can be sold at premium prices, the California Marketing Act of 1937 gave them control over their "surplus" production. This legislation turned the states' dairy, poultry, egg, fruit, nut and vegetable producers into legal monopolies that control food supplies.

Under the law, 35 different "market order advisory boards"--industry organizations controlling the production, sale, research on and promotion of commodities from alfalfa to wine grapes--often singlehandedly determine how much of a particular product will reach the consumer and, thus, how much the consumer will pay.



For example, during 1970-71, cling peach growers were ordered by their market advisory board to destroy 21,000 acres of peach orchards and 200,000 tons of peaches in order to

bring production down to a level that could command the highest market price. Today, with lettuce prices at an all time high, growers in Salinas Valley--to guard against over-production--plow under tens of thousands of mature lettuce heads.

Essentially, the marketing board works by assessing the total national demand for a particular product. If, for example, total demand for peaches is determined to be 800,000 tons when the harvest is estimated at one million tons, the marketing order can call for destroying 20% of the total crop to ensure that over-supply does not push retail prices down.

The marketing board, in order to limit the supply of cling peaches, can order that a number of stems be taken. They can direct growers to remove a certain percentage of their fruit bearing trees (tree pulling); strip immature fruit from a stated number of trees (green drop); and/or consign up to seven percent of the harvested crop to the compost pile if season supply seems to be over-reaching demand (cannery diversion).

So, during 1970 9500 acres of cling peach trees were pulled and 112,000 tons of peaches were either green dropped or diverted. And then, in December of 1970, the market order directed growers to green drop 26% of their orchards or remove 13% of their fruit bearing trees. Yet another 13% reduction was ordered in the spring of 1971, and in June of that year, an additional green drop of seven percent was imposed.

When the market order legislation was first passed in the 30's, agriculture in California was essentially in the hands of many small farmers who could not survive without some control over fluctuating commodity prices. Today, however, large



corporations are the principal beneficiaries of these practices.

According to the University of California Agricultural Extension Service, 45 large corporations controlled 3.7 million acres of California farm land in 1970, including much of the state's prime irrigated acreage.

As late as 1950, there were 144,000 farms in California, each with an average of 260 acres. By 1971 however, the number of farms had declined to 56,000, but the size had increased to an average 654 acres. Current estimates are that huge agricultural enterprises will force out 20,000 more farmers during the 1970's.

---MORE POEMS---

choking and silent,
i stand behind the counter,
feeding men with dirty
teeshirts stretched across the
only
middles left of middle age.
they tip me
with the hostile smiles
and narrowed minds
of little petted lap dogs
barking nervously
at strangers.

in the sharp shadows
of late afternoon,
i sit in a wintered room
whose high leaky ceiling
lets in too much empty space.

but from my frosted window
i see a gently bending willow,
wasting
no weeping
for winter's weathering,
enticing the roses below
with the caresses of soft limbs,
waving
calmly constant,
full
with the ripeness of summer.

can you wonder
that both those aging men
and i
want you
growing in our gardens?

i did not want to write this
poem;
do not want to know
that i will always search for
gentle willows,
for passionate red roses,
roses and willows:
roses and willows
(i like the sounds of you)
greening the cold and sullen snow.

alice wonder



Womankind/cps

for linda: magic

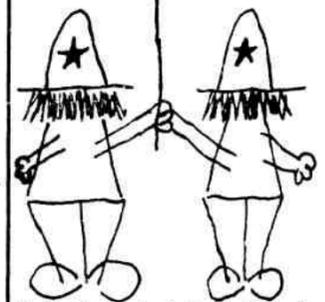
your suncolored shoulders
(mountain wildflowers)
are a part
of me surprised
(expecting no blossoming)
to watch breathing petals
unfold,
sweetening
my birth daze.

walking together
through pueblo ruins
and desert strangeness
you tinsel
a ring of slivered silver
round the moon
and tell me
the fairies
are dancing there.

sailing with you
on the sun diamonds
of water mountains,
magically ribboning a rainbow
full circle
round the sun,
you blue my sky.

alice wonder

New York, New York,
It's a wonderful town;
Sometimes you're up,
And sometimes you're down.
But in the Big Apple
We never despair,
'Cause our friend and defender
The STAR is still there.
In touch with the City?
If not, it's a pity!
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Women's Center Regroups

The Women's Center regrouped Tuesday evening, September 24th, after a summer lull. Four rap groups were set up, and they are: Women and the Arts (visual and literary), Lesbian Feminism, Feminist Politics, and Psychology of Women/Personal Relationships. Organization of several (hopefully ongoing) workshops was also discussed, including a self-help clinic, an auto mechanics workshop, lessons in armed self-defense, and introductory feminist workshops.

There will be a potluck supper/general meeting Sunday, October 27, at 7:30 p.m. in the Newman Center on Main Street in Normal. If you are interested in any of the rap groups or workshops, call Debbie Wheeler at 452-9124, Andrea, Janet, Sue, or Parth at 828-0945, or Betty, Ann, or Jeanette at 829-3576.



About The Cover

23.

Past issues of the Post-Amerikan have comprehensively documented Sheriff King's abuses of his power. We have reported incident after incident of beatings and other sadistic punishments such as use of the stand-up and black cells. The Pantagraph, too, has reported a dozen beatings Sheriff King and his deputies have inflicted on their prisoners.

King is under investigation by the FBI for violating the Federal Civil Rights Act. (Beatings are illegal under local law too, but the local power structure, including the Pantagraph, have endorsed King for re-election. So a local grand jury is unlikely to indict King on any charges.)

Public opposition to King is developing, however. At the local Republican picnic, about 40 people showed up with picket signs, many of them demanding the indictment of King.

Posters reading "Re-elect King Kong? For Sheriff?" have begun appearing around town.

People have been altering King's re-election buttons so they read "INDICT SHERIFF KING." Also, "INDICT SHERIFF KING" bumper stickers will soon be available in Bloomington-Normal.

More public confrontations with King are anticipated, as the announcement printed here indicates.



ANNOUNCEMENT



On Sunday, Oct. 20, the infamous Deputy Dawg (Sheriff King) and James Kauffman, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, will speak at the Unitarian Church on Emerson Street in Bloomington. The festivities will take place in the Jesse Fell room at 11:15 AM. Mark Spencer, the Pantagraph reporter who first exposed King's brutality, will moderate, and questions will be accepted from the floor. It is rumored that demonstrators wearing "Indict King" signs will attend also. Confirming this rumor is an anonymous communique received by the Post detailing the actions to be taken and inviting the attendance of all who would like to see Sheriff King tossed out on his rather prominent belly.

SUBSCRIBE!

Yes, send me the next 12 issues of the Post-Amerikan. Enclosed is \$1.75 for my very own subscription. Please rush it to me!

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country _____

comments, criticisms, suggestions _____

Clip and send to Post-Amerikan, 108 E. Beaufort, Normal, Illinois 61761.

People Events

September 30th Marty and Shebet Patrick celebrated their year-and-a-half wedding anniversary. "Thank you, Shebet, for the most beautiful and happiest times of my life, and for all the times to come. I love you."

Marty

PERSONALS

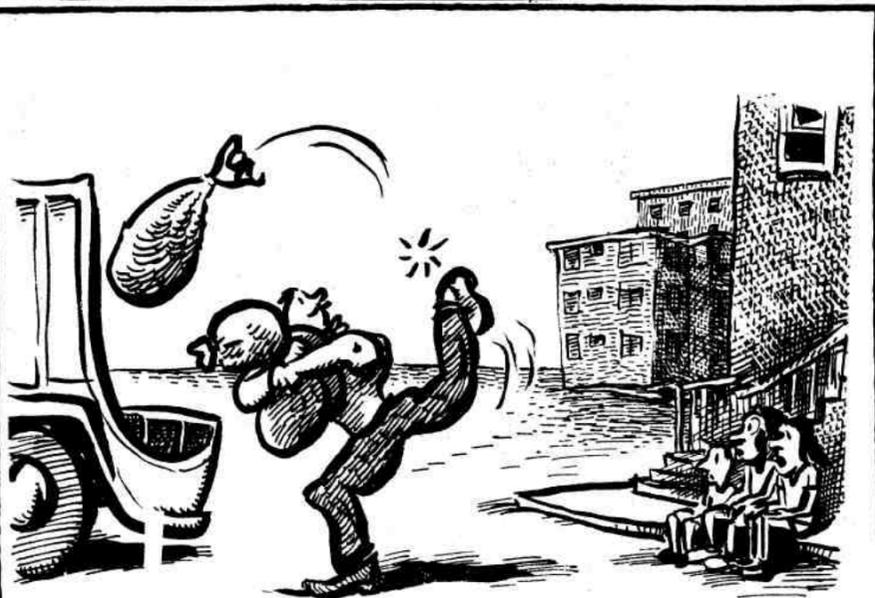
Fondest remembrances to that beautiful roll of film which died a horrible accidental death when exposed to a blinding light (of the dining room variety). You will be remembered, unfortunately.

dave

want ads

BLUEGRASS MUSIC alive and in color. Armadillo String Band--reasonable \$. Ph. 828-0337, ask for Judy or Mike.

APTARTMENT NEEDED
I.S.U. student needs apartment for second semester - near to the campus. Call 438-5067, ask for Kurt



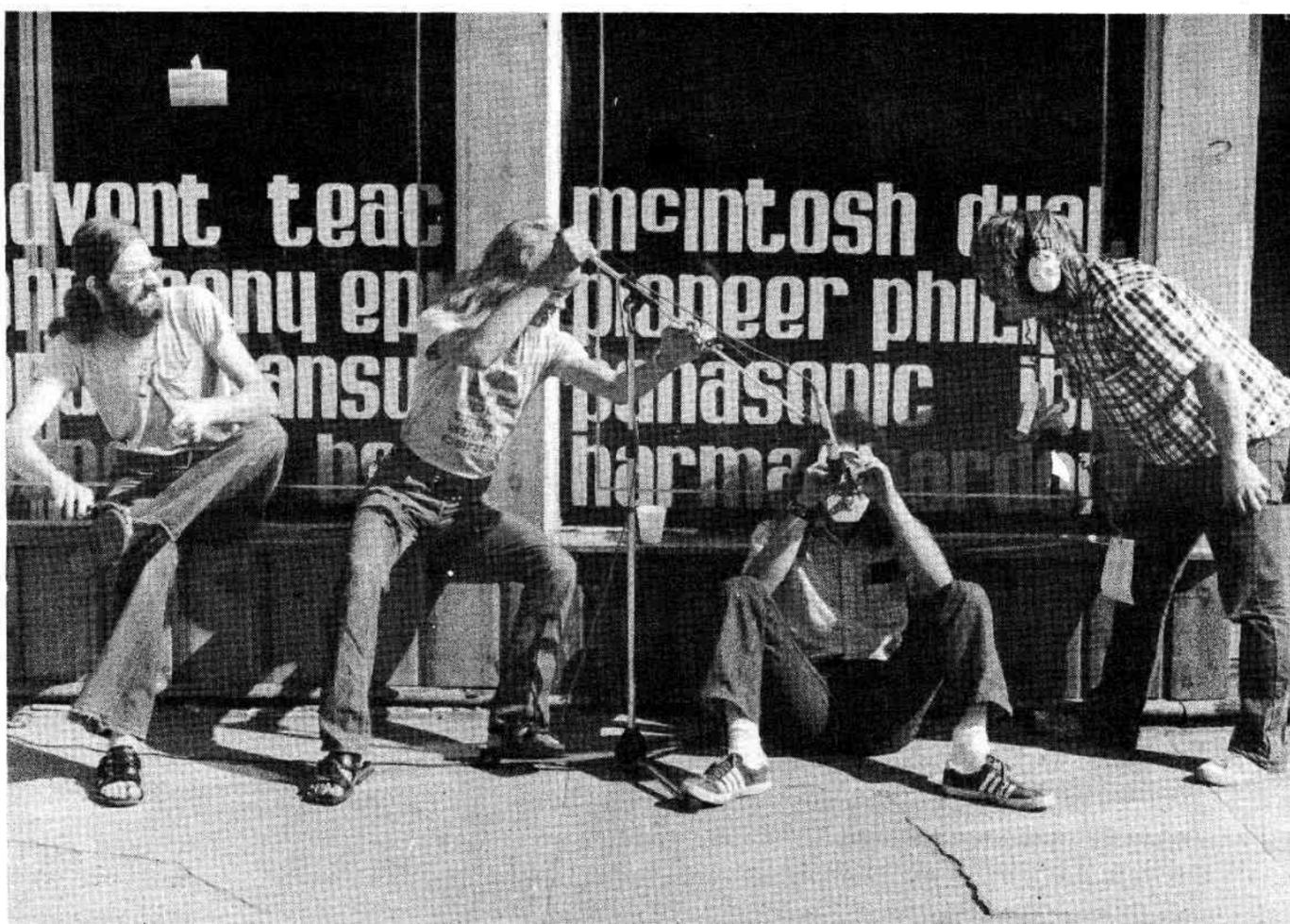
GARBAGE

(CPF) A recent Harris Poll indicates that Americans have more confidence in trash collectors than in the military. Forty percent of those

polled expressed confidence in the armed services, while 52% believed in their trash collectors.

(From VVAW/WSO GI News.)

We couldn't find a good enough place to listen to stereo in Bloomington-Normal, so we designed our own room.



We've recently remodeled our store and expanded to over twice the size. There is a newly designed room for listening to speakers, one for helping you choose a system and even one for listening to four channel sound.

We've enlarged our service department

(oh, by the way we're the only store with our own service department on premises) and added more test equipment.

We're excited about our "new store". And we hope you will be too. It sure is reassuring that now there's a good place to choose your stereo easily and it happens to be our store.

**apple
tree
stereo
center**



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117 e. beaufort, normal 452-4215
1022 w. lincoln hwy., dekalb 758-2442
1669 charles street, rockford 226-9826

11-9 Daily
11-5:30 Wed. & Sat.
Closed Sunday

