

the SENTINEL

KENNESAW JUNIOR COLLEGE

IN THE MARIETTA BOONDOCKS, GEORGIA 30061

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U.S. Postage
PAID
Marietta, Ga.
Permit #325

LIBERATED

VOLUME 9

NUMBER 10

WEEK OF FEB. 3



4 Year KJC or 4 Sale

To Daphna Gregg
Editor of the Sentinel:

We the people in the RLF [Redneck Liberation Front] want to let you all know that it was us who put them signs in the middle of your school. Sunday night we snuck out there and stuck 'em all over the grass in front of the library and on the football field.

Our reasons for putting for sale signs all over the place is because we want to sell your school to raise funds to have Alabama admitted into the Union. You people better watch out because we're gonna get meaner until we get our way. We ain't a couple of idiots, there happen to be 15 of us.

Love,

The RLF

The New Student Center

New Student Center Opens

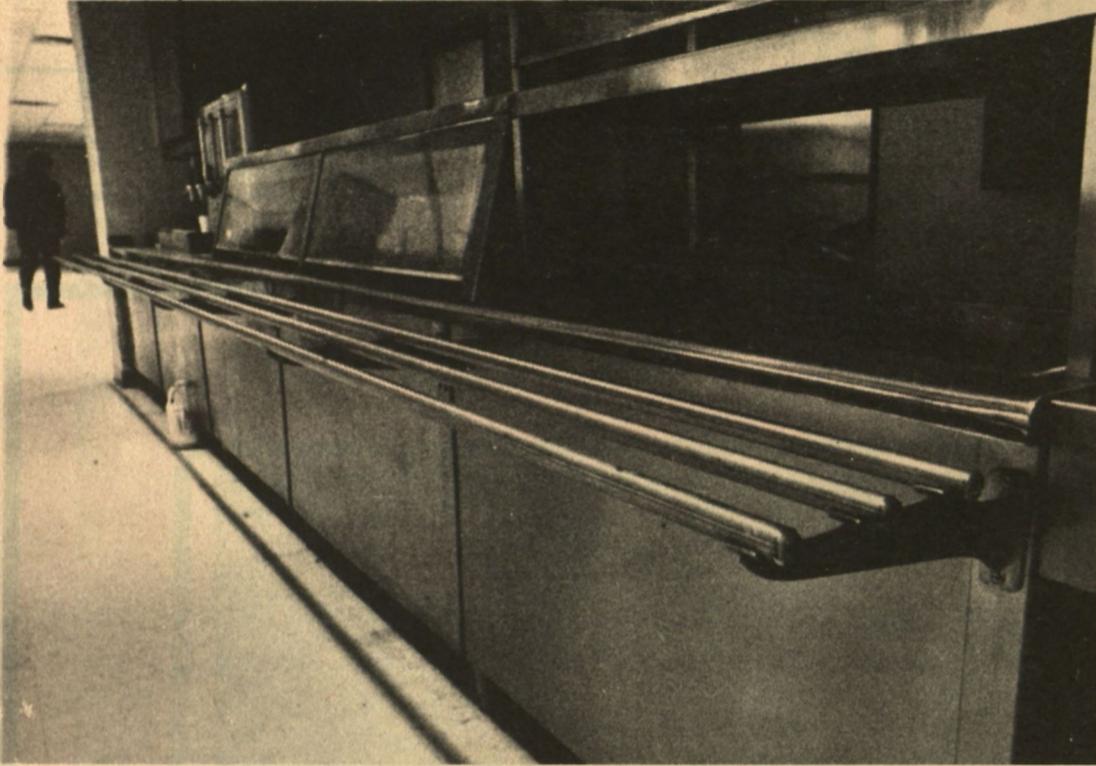


Photo by Rick Ellis

by Kim Smoot

Kennesaw Jr. College has a growing student enrollment which has shown the need for a new student center. Some figures on this are: the number of students enrolled in the fall quarter of 1971 was 2241 with the projected enrollment for 1978 being 2983. This shows about a 10% increase per year.

The new student center scheduled for use Spring Quarter, will provide room for several offices and activities. There will be separate offices for the newspaper, annual, and SGA on the upper floor. A darkroom will be built for their use and the SHARE staff. Some school administration offices, the school President's for one, will also be on this floor. A place will be provided to

be used for posting school and community announcements that will be easily seen and out of the weather.

On one side of the upper story there will be an area for ping-pong tables and on the other side there will be pool tables. The school will provide the proper equipment which will have to be checked out in some way to be used. Also on

this upper floor will be a movie room with two projectors and capable of seating 250 viewers. The first floor will be for general student use.

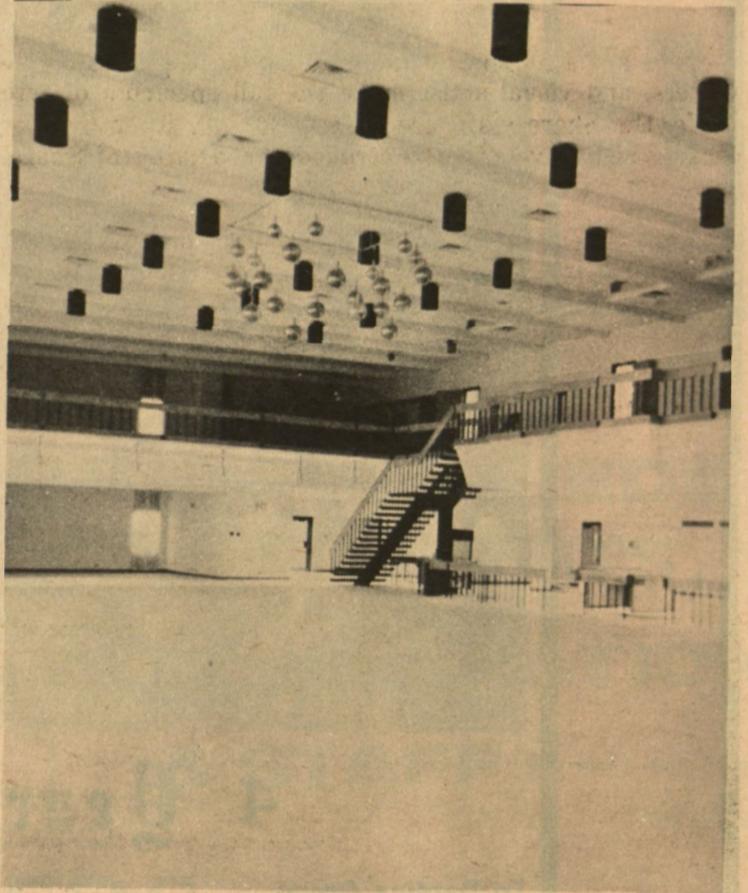
To the students here it might seem to be taking an unusually long time to build the new center. However the length of time for the completion of any building on a state run school is between four and five years, with this student center being no exception. A first architectural plan was presented to the school administration for consideration in 1970, a year after the first proposal for a new center. In 1971 the plans were definitely approved and work was begun shortly thereafter.

The Kennesaw administration has had a voice in the architectural plans and interior design. It is probable that students

will be able to design and change large murals inside the center.

What will be done with the present student center? It will be used as an area for data processing, needed space for the medical school department, storage, and hopefully there will be an audio-visual learning lab for student use. There should be a coffee break area for staff use but no hot lunches will be served there—only in the new student center. The offices will be on the outer walls leaving a large space in the middle.

The new student center may be expanded if needed. If KJC continues a steady growth this is a possibility along with other new facilities. However as the situation stands, it should answer the space and facility problems of the campus.



Coffeehouse Serves Free Coffee, Free Cookies, Free Music

by Buddy Reece

In the never ending struggle to pump some life back into the student body, the entertainment committee has finally struck two good notes among their usual batch of sour ones. These are a "Coffee House" and an improved grade of movies. Both of these have put in appearances before, but not of such high quality or on such a regular basis. As a matter of fact each will appear twice each month. The movies will be presented every first and third Wednesday, and the Coffee House every second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

The Coffee House provides an easy atmosphere for the public exorcism of any talent, no matter how small. Despite this, and maybe partially because

of it, last week's Coffee House was a breath of fresh air and something that I have been waiting for a long time.

So many people stumble around here like stumps of old dry wood, their talents lying fallow (like ice-cold charcoal), that it's good to have something around that might strike a few sparks.

All sorts of sparks flew last week, generated by a multitalented band of seven or eight people, an amazingly fluent poet, and an aspiring young songwriter...to name a few (if not most). The band consisted of David Gibson, Dana McCartney, June Rowland, Howard Carey, Gwyn Bolton and several others. Chuck Markham recited several of his very fine poems. And there was a one-man concert of new songs by Howard Carey.

Next week should be twice as satisfying if we can sucker in a responsive audience and a few people dumb enough to jump up in front of everybody and do their best. We need musicians, singers, poets, jugglers, actors, comedians. If you have any talent at all, how can you resist being made famous by your own college?? If you have classes between 11 and 3, you may request a special time to perform that won't interfere with your education. Please leave your name, your intentions, and your schedule on the poster inside the front door of the student-center.

Please sign and please come! Everyone is invited as spectator or participant on Wednesday, February 12, from 11 to 3.



INSIDE THE GLASS HOUSE

by Gary Simmers

The Thinking Man's Guide To Being Poor

Last issue I discussed the gloomy subjects of recession and depression. Here's a more cheerful note on the same subjects from 19th century French novelist, Victor Hugo. The following is excerpted from *Les Miserables*:

"Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, is so far magnificent that it turns the whole will toward effort, and whole soul toward aspiration. Poverty strips the material life entirely bare, and makes it hideous; thence arise inexpressible yearnings to-

ward the ideal life. The rich young man has a hundred brilliant and coarse amusements...busy-ing the lower portions of the soul at the expense of the higher and delicate portions. The poor young man must work for his bread; he eats; when he has eaten, he has nothing more but reverie. He goes free to the play which God gives; he beholds the sky, space, the stars, the flowers, the children, the humanity in which he suffers, the creation in which he shines. He looks at humanity so much that he sees the soul, he looks at creation so much that

he sees God. He dreams, he feels that he is great; he dreams again, and he feels that he is tender. From the egotism of the suffering man, he passes to the compassion of the contemplating man. A wonderful feeling springs up within him, forgetfulness of self, and pity for all. In thinking of the numberless enjoyments which nature offers, gives, and gives lavishly to open souls, and refuses to closed souls, he, a millionaire of intelligence, comes to grieve for the millionaires of money. All hatred goes out of his heart as all light enters his mind."

Share Needs You

There are a number of talented individuals on the Kennesaw campus. Composers, writers, and visual artist make the full spectrum of artistic endeavor.

We, the Share staff, are looking for quality work. We have no obligation to the clicks which have often controlled the destiny of Share. There is no obligation to carry out only a poetry magazine.

The only obligation we have is to find the best comic work, short stories, poems, essays and visual art that this campus has to offer. Help us to pull the artistic talents of this campus from beneath the rug.

-- Share Staff

Over the Counter Drug Labels

[HEW-FDA] How carefully do you read the labels on the nonprescription medicines you buy?

If you're like most people, you probably think you're pretty familiar with medicines you buy without a prescription and don't have to read the label very carefully - if at all.

Well, you may be wrong, and you may be doing yourself an injustice if you don't read the labels on all products carefully.

This is especially true now, when the Food and Drug Administration is improving the labeling required on many products, including nonprescription drugs.

FDA, which is responsible for regulating foods, drugs, cosmetics and many other products, is now reviewing all categories of nonprescription medicines being sold to make sure these products are safe, effective and properly labeled on the basis of the best and latest scientific information. Any product whose safety or effectiveness is challenged will have to have its formula changed to meet FDA requirements, or be removed from the market.

And any product that meets FDA's new standards must be properly labeled. That means that the label must state accurately how the drug should be taken, what

side effects there are, if any, and what types of people should not take it.

Many of the drugs you use will have to be relabeled to conform to FDA's new requirements.

Already, standards have been set for antacids, the first group of medicines studied, and all antacid products must comply with the standards by June 4, 1975.

Standards for other types of medicines will be established between now and the end of 1975. They will affect every nonprescription drug you can buy.

A new section is being added to the labels of nonprescription drugs to tell consumers which drugs should be avoided while taking certain prescription medicines. The new section is called "Drug Interaction Precautions."

In addition, the claims for many products will be limited to those purposes for which the drug has been proved safe and effective. For example, antacids will be labeled only for three therapeutic claims: heartburn, sour stomach, and acid indigestion.

So - it's a good idea to take a second look at some nonprescription drug labels, and to make reading labels on all nonprescription drugs a habit. You may find out something important you didn't know.

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the SENTINEL

Kennesaw Junior College
In The Marietta Boondocks, Ga. 30061
[A Suburb of Atlanta]

- EditorDaphna Gregg
- Managing EditorKathy Medved
- Repossessed Ex-Editor & Business ManagerRaju Kotak
- Photo EditorRick Ellis
- Contributing to the Delinquency of AboveScott McCune
-Hank Wilson
- Creative Layout ArtistsPeggy Staples
-Susan Goggins
- Business Machine EngineerDebbie Thomas
- Mail [Male] Co-ordinatorPaula Hammac
- Crackajack Faculty AdvisorElliott Hill

Special thanks to the Great Gals down in the Student Affairs Office for their critical appraisal of this paper and deserving help.

THE SENTINEL is printed every two weeks, god willin' and the creeks don't rise, by the fringe element students of Kennesaw Junior College. Star Printing Company, Acworth, produces tea and sympathy as well as the finished product. The views of the newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the student body, the administration, the printer, or the White House.

VOX POPULI

Dear Editor:

Many students reflect upon the proposed 30 per cent tuition increase and say, "Well everything else is going up, why not the cost of education?" For those of you who care about the rising cost we see everyday, let me point out the reasoning the regents give for the increase.

The State Board of Regents finance committee reports supposedly justify the increase, but

there will not be any information available to the public until February 12, 1975. According to the regents, the total cost of education has risen 10 to 12 per cent a year since 1972. Yet, the regents have asked for a 30 per cent increase. Where does the additional 8 to 10 per cent go?

The regents have further stated it has been a tradition for students to pay for 25 per cent of their education. I think it

Continued on Page 4

**BITCH, BITCH, BITCH, BITCH,
 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH, BITCH,
 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH, BITCH,
 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH, BITCH,**

by Robert Webb

An angry bitch is often a misdirected one. Last week I was sitting in the office, trying to compose a decent lead for this column. The truth of the matter was (Heavens to Betsy!) I had run out of things to gripe about for a while. True, apathy and ineptitude reigned, but because of the nice weather and the wonderful Wednesdays, things were a bit better.

Then the door burst open and Junior barged in. Junior, not unlike myself, was a career student at KJC.

"What are you writing?" he asked anxiously. "Do they still let you write for the paper?"

"From time to time," I smiled. "Right now I'm heaping lavish praise on the Entertainment Committee, and Rick Krise in particular, for bringing us all the fine movies and coffeehouses," I long-windedly replied.

"Well, before you finish that column, you'd better come here and have a look at this."

He led me across the student center to the Private Dining Room. This, as everyone knows, is where one goes to eat with a lot of other people, making it virtually impossible to get any privacy for dining. They also allow movies to be shown in there for the thumbsuckers who hate class. When Junior opened the door and turned on the lights, I saw that it was more than just class these people hated. It was life itself. The place was littered with crushed Coke cups, with half-eaten food where cigarette butts stood up in the protein globs like little grave-stones. The ashtrays had been upset, soda pop had been poured into the ashes and butts smeared across the tiles. The furniture was a shambles, the chairs were piled around like an accident on the New Jersey turnpike.

"My God, what happened here?" I felt faint from the sight of so much carnage. One expected to

see bloodstains on the floor under the overturned chairs, or small fragments of bullet-riddled flesh hanging from the walls. I stepped back out of the room, fearful some hand in its death twitch would close on my ankle.

"There was a film shown here yesterday afternoon. It was a rough one. Have you ever seen **Bullitt?**"

I nodded. "Isn't that the one where they blow a guy up with a shotgun, kill two men in a high speed chase, strangle a girl with piano wire, and shoot another guy twice in the chest with a .357 Magnum?"

"That's the one."

Now, until this time I had never been against violent movies. Being an ardent Republican and a staunch supporter of the Constitution, I always felt censorship threatened our freedom of speech. While I had always asserted that it was better to take a child to a sexy movie than a bloody one, I argued that blood and gore were fine things for adults to view on the screen. Grownups should be reminded of what kind of world they run from time to time. I enjoyed seeing realistic movies during my humdrum life, as I'm sure other people do.

Believe me, dear friends if I had ever imagined how these foul, corrupt films undermine our basically American way of life, then never, never would I have shouted and cajoled so angrily to defend the right of those Commie Hollywood faggots to make such subversive trash. Strange, you say, that I should make such an abrupt turnaround? not at all!

It has to be those violent movies that are ruining our youth. How else can it be explained? How else could a nice, peaceful crowd of American college students be turned into a savage pack of snarling animals? What force other than violence itself could reduce such wonderful kids to a tribe of barbarians? It's those

movies! They destroy all memory of decency and cleanliness, which, as everyone knows, is next to Godliness. I know that those students knew better when they went into that room, but the first showing of **Bullitt** drove them to such a frenzy that they trashed the area, destroying any semblance of order. Once the room was messed up, it wasn't hard to keep it that way. Seeing the mess that was already there did a lot to destroy those Deeply

Ingrained morals we were all taught in high school. Once the shooting started, it was all over as far as the janitors were concerned. And this, dear friends, is just the start. They're making more and more of those movies all the time. Hollywood is churning them out faster than our stomachs can churn them up. It's a conspiracy more massive than Watergate, more sinister than the Rosenbergs. They're threatening us all! My God, they

even got Charlton Heston- (did you see what he did to the Egyptians in **The Ten Commandments?** Horrible!)

Anyhow...back in the Real World here, all thanks and praise to Rick Krise and the Committee (from which I unofficially resigned as an Unofficial after The Great Funds Robbery last quarter). Keep the gore coming... that room's clean again by now!

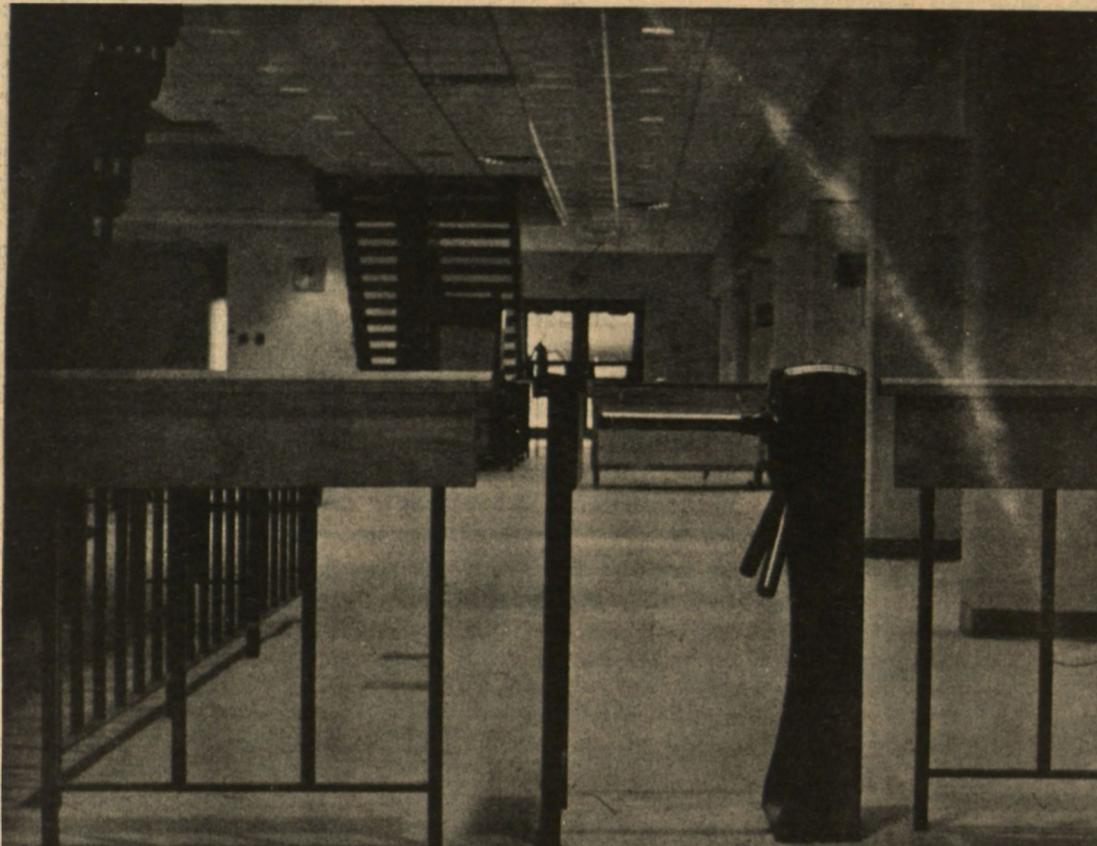


Photo by Scott McCune

VOX POPULI

Continued from Page 3

is merely a philosophy rather than tradition the regents follow.

A major point that I and many students, parents and others are disturbed over, is the fact that the people of Georgia (including students) have absolutely no voting input into the Board of Regents' decision making process. However, when Georgia Power or any other public monopoly asks for a rate increase they are at least required to go in front of the Public Service Commission. The general public is invited to attend the hearings and voice their opinions about rate increases. Furthermore, we have the right to vote the members of the commission out of office if they are not doing their job.

The Board of Regents have a virtual monopoly on higher education in Georgia, and students and tax payers have no means

of voicing their opinion on the way the university system is run.

Can costs be cut in each schools' budget to help defray this increase in tuition? If you were to walk through a campus you would be surprised at the number of unused rooms with the lights left on. Imagine the costs saved if every room not occupied had the lights turned off.

I am not only concerned about the welfare of students at Georgia State, but the students of each college and university within the control of the Regents. Parents are also caught up in the money crunch trying to insure their sons and daughters the opportunity to obtain a quality education.

Please, I urge your support and your help. I personally invite you to come to our meetings and express yourself. Or call my office and talk to me. My number is 658-2236.

It is up to you, the concerned people of Georgia, to work to stop this

increase.

Sincerely,

G. Michael Sloane
 President, SGA
 Georgia State University

Staying tuned to THE SENTINEL for our Valentine's issue.

Memories of My Friend

(For Those Who Are Interested)

by R. Ellis

Rain, and near freezing January weather just add to the loneliness I feel in life. I got the news about my friend today, so now I find myself driving down a long highway so that I can be away from those that want to comfort me. I felt I had to escape those arms that want to fold around you and feel your pain, wishing everything away, and truly believing everything fades into the nice black-white colors of simpleness. I am sorry, but that is not what I want. He was my friend when I had no other, but now that is all past.

I remember when we first met, God how long ago it was. We were children playing baseball in the neighborhood vacant lot, and I was struck by a stray ball. It was he who went with me as I cried homeward, using his shirt sleeve to wipe the blood out of my eye, comforting me in my fright.

As time passed our friendship grew and we became a part of each other's lives. Even though he was a year older than me, and easily a foot taller, he always respected me. I had the mind and he had the physical capabilities, what a perfect pair for the mischief of youth! With nothing but restless energy inside us, we were constantly in and out of trouble, such as

the time I convinced him the trains running behind the house passed slow enough on which to catch a ride. Unfortunately getting off required much more planning, and it was hours before he came staggering home to face a severe punishment, as the trains were strictly taboo.

A light turns green and my thoughts are shattered by a car horn screaming behind me, then I remember I am driving and ten years away from him, smiling at the thought.

We began growing together, and we learned about love, hurt, and all of life's frustrations. I remember how far he fell for Janice, a girl ahead of his time, and that it was he who taught me that the first hurt is the sweetest.

When my first love arrived, he was the one to push me out on the unsteady ground, the ground that seems to cause life to lose its magicalness. From that time forth, we began the slide toward eternity, knowing full well that dreams, creeks, and stolen apples would never have the same appeal.

I come upon a slow car, and downshift to pass. The winding engine reminds me of his first car, and the proud feelings he had.

"Watch what happens to your stomach as I take

this hill," he said shifting down to third. The already speeding car surged forward with new power and I realized as we crossed the rise that we were airborne. The entire world stopped as we slowly, inch by inch, hour by hour crept through space. Some time many years later we touched down, and the world began again, only many times faster than the normal rate. Dust flew, tires squealed, greenery flashed by as splashes as I saw us trying to break a momentum and stay on the winding road. His hysterical laughter and the slapping of his console didn't go well with my nausea, and I remember how furious he was when he made me clean out his interior.

Times changed and I watched him trying to fight an enemy much stronger than ever imagined. It began with curious attempts to get high, and before he realized it the serious game of drugs became a part of his world, and then he became a part of its world.

I remember him through high school having nothing to do with drugs even though many of his friends lived in that world, because as he explained, "I only have one head." After graduation he became a navy man and his outlook

changed. Unable to cope with pressures he sought an out, which he found. Like someone who brings a guest home for the night, only to find they have taken everything you own, so his life became. All his possessions dwindled to nothing, and soon his mind and life was gone too. All that was left was the painful after thoughts, for he was like smoke, once he went there was no stopping him, nor bringing him back.

A lone tear slides down my cheek, splashing only my trembling hands and soon it is accompanied by another. But for whom do I cry? Myself? I loved him as a brother, but that doesn't make me special. His father and family? His father was the biggest, strongest man I've known, who even in his last days wanted him. Wasn't it his father who found us as children, drunk and sleeping in front of the liquor cabinet? Even through his anger his concern for our well being was evident. Maybe I cry for everyone who knew him, all those people that will feel the loss, I'm not sure, yet still I cry.

Somewhere I feel an anger, which too, cannot be explained or directed. I can't hate just because of an unfairness. Welled hate spreads like a cancer, consuming the body, until it explodes, sending hate out in the form of pollen,

taking root wherever it strikes. Still, I find myself beneath a heavy loneliness and loss.

Yet as I blink I can see it through the tears. I'm floating on the lake, sponging the warm rays and slowly drifting to the shore. "Hey R-R-R-Rick!" A shout pierces my slumber, and I look up to see him as he jumps from a tree overhead. He misses me by a foot, yet still manages to upset the small innertube. We fight for the surface from beneath the cool green water, and upon reaching it we grab the tube, gasping for air and laughing with delight, feeling life is at its fullest.

No...people pass on, but friendships never die, and I have my friend for life.



E.C. SPONSORING

"THE WILD ONE"

February 5th

PRIVATE DINING ROOM

11 AM, 1, 3, 6, 8 PM



Writing Contest

The 1975 Agnes Scott College Writing Festival is sponsoring a poetry and fiction writing contest for students enrolled ONLY in Georgia COLLEGES and UNIVERSITIES, public and private. Each college student contestant may submit two works in each of two categories, poetry and short stories. Single contributions should not exceed 5,000 words. The deadline for submitting manuscripts is March 1, 1975.

All entries should be mailed to: Writing Festival Committee, Box 990, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga., 30030. All poetry and fiction manuscripts should be typed, double spaced, on one side

of the paper. Each work must have attached a sealed envelope with the name of the work on the outside and the author's name, institution and address inside. If return is desired, a self-addressed, stamped envelope of suitable size should be attached also.

Prize winning short stories and poems will be awarded \$25.00 each and be published in the Agnes Scott College arts magazine. Winners will be announced at the fourth annual Writing Festival, May 1 and 2, 1975, at Agnes Scott College in Decatur (suburban Atlanta).

Guest professional writers at the Writing

Festival will be two writers who have each been honored as a Consultant in American Letters at the Library of Congress—Richard Eberhart and Josephine Jacobsen. Eberhart, now at Columbia University, is recipient of Pulitzer and Bollingen prizes for poetry and a longtime teacher at Dartmouth College. Jacobsen, presently a Consultant at the Library of Congress, is a published poet, critic and short story writer.

Students and faculty from all Georgia colleges and universities and all interested public are invited to the Writing Festival, May 1 and 2, at Agnes Scott.

Butt and Rebuttal

These two letters to the Editor appeared in our mail box last week. Since one was a gripe against SGA and the other was an appeal for help in the SGA, we felt special emphasis should be placed on both letters. Thus, they appear as a separate article.

Butt

Editor:

There has been some dissent concerning the election for office of senator in the KJC election and office of course, the immediate reaction of most concerning this concept would be "Senator?...SGA?." And after consideration they might decide that it is apparently an organization of figure heads perpetuated by their own "political" and "social" status, (dare I say ego trips).

Therefore, it seems inane and certainly asinine that there is discontent concerning grade point average for those vieing for SGA positions. In the shadows of apathy, six humble persons from our student body applied or attempted to run for senator (there were six positions available)...only four qualified. Simple deduction discerns two positions unfilled (unwanted and basically non-existent?), and two people denied a chance of "doing

something" because they lacked conformity with administrative policies.

This administrative harassment establishes an "elite" society of SGA officials, which no one obviously gives a damn about, (either?). Therefore, our student government will remain distant, unknown, and for the most part, nonfunctional. Sincere desire to accomplish something is not enough, anymore...if it ever was.

H.S. Carey



Rebuttal

Dear Editor:

Once again the SGA has a problem. By elimination of officers who would not (or could not) work, we are down to 6 people -- the people who were willing to work. It seems that infiltration of ego trippers is a perpetual problem with SGA. What possible glory is to be found in busting your butt for SGA has always escaped me. Just the same, the problem still exists. We keep getting gloryhounds instead of officers who are willing to work as well as talk.

The recent SGA election will bring as many as 6 new officers into the organization. I hope we get a good batch this time. We have to! The SGA as it stands can't continue at its present pace for long without help, and we need people who will work to help us provide the services we are obligated to provide to the students. Six people just can't do all the work there is to be done.

This is why I am appealing to the Student Body through The Sentinel. We need people to "jump on the bandwagon" and help us get something significant accomplished.

Attaining 4 year status at KJC is a good example of what I mean by significant. We have a lot of projects in the developmental stage now, and we're going to need help in implementing them. So come on people, bust your butts for once and help us instead of griping about the inefficiency of SGA.

And while you're at it, pressure your representatives to work a little harder. We need the extra push every so often to keep up with everything that has to be done.

Thank you for the space in The Sentinel.

Charlie Copeland,
Senator

VIVAMUS

mind
spanning
eye to eye
you
look
listen
wondering
what
in
the hell
moves
you?
the
most
inter
thinking
the
thoughts
the
real
realism.
then
you
find
yourself
drifting
away
far away
playing
the part
of
a space captain
who
is lost
in
the speed
of
time.

Toomey

English as a Second Language

International students from Kennesaw Junior College are invited to participate in the "English as a Second Language" program which is jointly offered by Southern Technical Institute and the Cobb County School System. Taught by Mrs. Toni Smith, Reading Specialist for the Cobb County

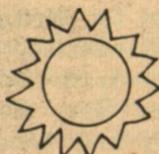
School System, the course is taught each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 2 p.m. in Room 264 of Building Two at Southern Tech.

Dr. Robert Fischer, head of Southern Tech's English and Social Studies Department, said that Continuing Education Credits (CEUs) may be given to students who complete

the course. The course is free.

Mrs. Smith said that the individualized program offers reading comprehension, English structure, and conversation. Colloquial expressions and idioms are stressed. "The program prepares the student better to speak, read, and write the English language," she pointed out.

Further information on the program can be obtained by contacting Dr. Robert Fischer, Professor W.B. Hinton, course coordinator, or Mr. Jack Selter, Southern Tech Counselor.



Solzhenitsyn Film



Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* shows one especially good day of a Siberian labor camp prisoner during Stalin's regime. Based on the author's own experience of eight years in a concentration camp, the book was published in Russia in 1962 but quickly withdrawn because of its derogatory political tone. It is the only one of Solzhenitsyn's novels that has been published in the Soviet Union.

Now *One Day* has been made into a film. Directed by Casper Wrede and starring Tom Courtenay and Alfred Burke, the movie is highly acclaimed for faithfully following the novel.

This extraordinary film will be shown February 12 in the Library Seminar Room at KJC. Show times are 11 a.m., 1, 6, and 8 p.m. Admission is free.



Is Grad School

in Your Future?

Is graduate school for you? If you are a minority student and you aren't sure whether post-graduate studies are in your future or not, the Counseling Office has a booklet for you.

"Thinking About Graduate School" is a planning guide especially designed for Freshmen and Sophomore students. It offers specific advice about career fields and is designed to help you plan your undergraduate studies in case you decide graduate school is for you.

Pick up a copy today at the Counseling Office. It's free.

Gastronomy



the tempting aroma of the homemade bread. The irresistible warmth from the oven - breads and rolls - crusty on the outside, tender in the inside - always top off any family meal.

Here are a few samples that make up part of the fascinating story of bread.

CHEESE BREAD

- 1 package active dry yeast
- 4-1/2 to 5 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1-1/2 cups mild
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1-1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 egg
- 8 ounces process pimento cheese shredded [2 cups]

Combine yeast and 2 cups of the flour. Heat together milk, sugar, and salt just till warm. Add to dry ingredients; add egg and cheese. Beat at low speed of electric mixer for 1/2 minute, scraping sides of bowl. Beat 3 minutes at high speed. By hand, stir in enough of the remaining flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out on floured surface; knead till smooth, 8 to 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning once. Cover; let rise till double, about 1-1/2 hours. Punch down. Divide dough in six pieces. Cover; let rest 10 minutes. Roll each piece into rope 15 inches long. On greased baking sheets, shape into 2 braids, using 3 ropes of dough for each loaf. Cover; let rise till almost double, 35 to 45 minutes. Bake in 375 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

JULEKAKA

- 1 pint milk
- 2/3 cups butter
- 1 heaping teaspoon cardamom, ground
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup currants
- 4 ounces citron
- About 7-1/2 cups flour [sifted]
- 2 packages dry yeast

Measure milk, butter, sugar and salt into a saucepan. Warm at low heat, 120 to 130 degrees. Measure into a mixing bowl as many cups of flour as total cups of liquid used in step 1. Add an additional 1/4 cup of flour for each egg used in the recipe. Blend in yeast and cardamom.

Pour warmed liquid mixture into flour yeast mixture. Add eggs. Beat 1/2 minute at low speed, scraping down sides of bowl. Switch mixer to high speed and continue beating for 3 minutes. Stop mixer. Stir in fruits. Gradually add more white flour until a soft dough is formed. Knead about 5 minutes. Cover let rise in warm place until double, about 2 hours. Punch dough down. Make into loaves and let rise until double. Punch dough down. Make into loaves and let rise until double. Brush top of loaves with egg white. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 to 55 minutes for a 1 pound loaf or for a 2 pound loaf bake 1 hour. Makes 3 loaves.

RAISIN BREAD

- 2 packages yeast
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled
- 6-1/2 cups flour
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1-1/2 cups raisins, floured
- 1 teaspoon salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm water. Add lukewarm milk and 2 cups of the flour. Cream shortening and sugar; add to yeast mixture. Cover and let rise in a warm place for 1-1/2 hours. Add raisins, salt and remaining flour. Knead lightly. Place in greased bowl; let rise again until double in size. Shape into loaves, place in greased pans, let rise until light. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 45 minutes. Makes 2 large loaves.

Before or after the game



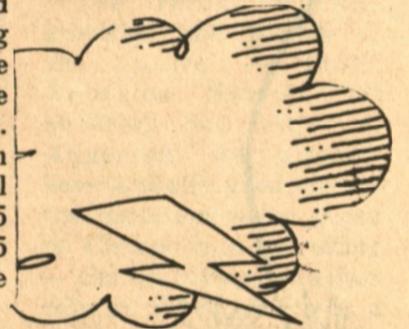
Or the dance, the concert, the movie . . . Or just because of our more than 20 delicious entree and dessert crepes, continental atmosphere and moderate prices.



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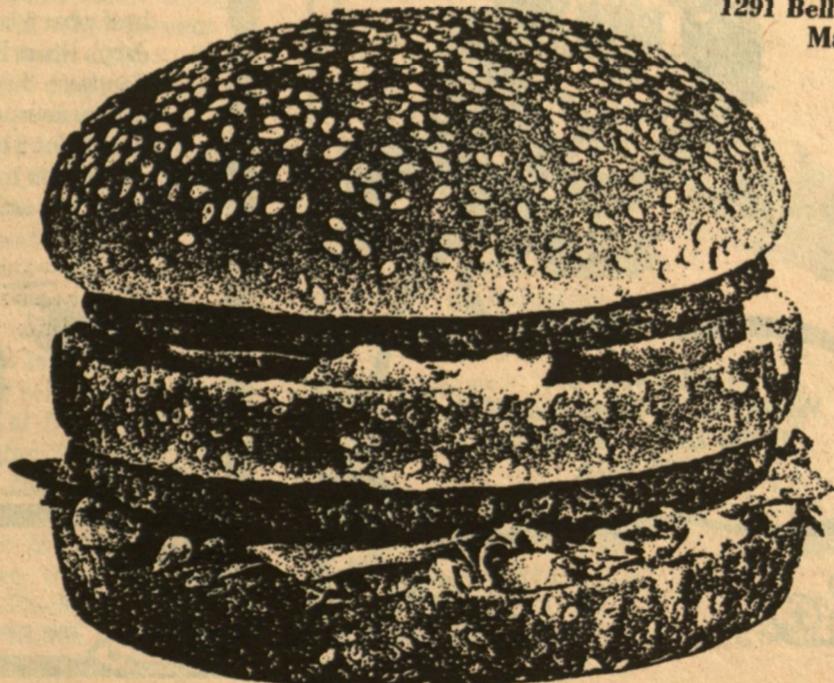


TWO ALL BEEF PATTIES LESS SPECIAL SAUCE LETTUCE CHEESE SESAME SEED BUN.

It's not any one thing that makes a Big Mac taste great. But a lot of delicious things put together. Isn't that interesting?



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Marietta



Sgt. Pepper

to a point, or many points,
or is there only One?

driving a borrowed car
the lease is up,
you refuse to return the keys. . .

i see you in my dreams,
my Heart breaks for you,
i cry out in my sleep. . .

Speaking a Strange Tongue
to a growing Presence,
i fade into I.

Birth is slow
but certain. . .

I[t] will change the world,
by Being. . .

Love,
Ron

Out to Lunch

MENU FOR WEEK OF 2-3-75

MONDAY	OPEN HOT ROAST BEEF SANDWICH MASHED POTATOES GRAVY	.90
TUESDAY	COUNTRY FRIED CHICKEN RICE & GRAVY	.90
WEDNESDAY	SWISS STEAK MASHED POTATOES	.95
THURSDAY	FRIED FISH (2) TARTER SAUCE GREEN BEANS	.90
FRIDAY	MACARONI & CHEESE SALAD	.90

MENU FOR WEEK OF 2-10-75

MONDAY	MEAT LOAF MASHED POTATOES	.99
TUESDAY	SPAGHETTI	.95
WEDNESDAY	HOT TURKEY SANDWICH MASHED POTATOES	.90
THURSDAY	BURRITOS CHILI	.90
FRIDAY	GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICH SOUP	.75

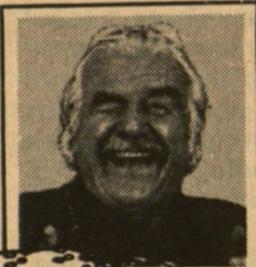


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WINTER '75 LEADERSHIP
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Roast Beef Sandwich SALE

With the price of beef what it is today, Arby's Roast Beef Sandwich Sale is mighty unusual. Don't miss it. At 2 for \$1.50, you might want to share 'em with a friend.




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Beef, Arby's piles it on.

GEMINI ALSO RAISES

by Sue Doenam

"A cross between Albert Schweitzer and Mickey Mouse" — that's how astrologer Linda Goodman described Aquarians. It's a good picture.

Aquarians are best known as humanitarians. They are the Good Samaritans stopping for troubled motorists; they go off to work in the Peace Corps in order to save a nation; they become doctors, nurses, medical technicians, and researchers to alleviate human suffering. Oh sure, some become car salesmen but you can bet that salesman sincerely believes he's helping people get the only honest deal in town. The Aquarius can turn the most mundane occupation into a crusade—it's all in the way Aquarius handles it.

Traditionally Saturn has ruled Aquarius, as well as Capricorn. Since the discovery of Uranus, that planet has been assigned rulership of Aquarius. It is best to take both planetary characteristics into account. Saturn: the

gloomy father time, hard taskmaster, setting limitations on all he governs, insisting on the natural order of all things, governing cycles of time and life. Uranus: planet of technology, upheavals and revolutions, ruler of dramatic change, the humanitarian, impersonal, impartial, concerned with the well-being of society rather than the individual within society. The Symbol for Uranus looks like a TeeVee antenna.

The waterbarer symbol signifies Aquarius dispensing nourishment to humanity. It is a fixed sign, meaning that Aquarians tend to resist other people's influences once they've made up their minds, and once they decide on a course of action, they seldom deviate.

Aquarius is an air sign, intellectual and abstract. Thus they are often impersonal—irritatingly so, at times. For example, a good looking man has spent half the evening asking your opinions on everything, listening in-

tently to everything you say, and gazing deeply into your eyes. Naturally you feel flattered; he was so very interested in you that you must have really impressed him. Then he moves on to somebody else for the rest of the evening and gives them the same treatment. No, he isn't fickle and he didn't mean to deceive you. He's an Aquarius and he's taking a survey. He's not in love with individuals, he's in love with the entire population of the earth.

Because Aquarians' main mode of operating is through this sort of polling approach, they usually go through a stage of promiscuity. That's an unfair appellation, actually, because all they're doing is learning about one facet of humanity in the very same way they learn other things about people. Their curiosity is primarily scientific, satisfied only through serious research.

Methodical they may be. But that doesn't necessarily mean they're well organized. Michael, an Aquarius, methodically (or maybe compulsively) makes lists for himself every day. The lists will have titles like "What To Do Today," "Future Goals," "Groceries," etc. Trouble is, he loses the lists before he can ever use them.

Perhaps it's their abstract approach to life that makes them prone to bass ackwards attacks on problems. I remember the time Michael bought a set of extra-wide snow tires for his truck because they were such a great deal. But the tires were too wide to fit, so he cut the fenders off with a skill saw (breaking several blades in the process). What really made the whole project so absurd was that Michael lives in Berkeley, California, where it hasn't been down to 32 degrees in 100 years — much less snowed.

Aquarians are born social reformers. They see injustices and are too sensitive to ignore the wrongs that most people accept. Thus they easily become crusaders, not only by joining a worthy cause, but also by standing up all alone when necessary. By being the first to speak out, Aquarians become leaders, giving others the courage to join social movements. One reason this sign possesses such bravery is that being popular with their peers is not important to them. What's really important is that wrongs are righted, and if that means losing their friends, then so be it.

The technician, the scientist, the person of the future — that's Aquarius. Having just entered the Age of Aquarius, we already have a pretty good idea of the direction we're going in. Change is in the offing — change rather than just reform. We're coming to a point in time in which we cannot afford to just revamp the existing order. Rather, we must bring about a new system altogether. It's a scary prospect: for the survival of the animal we call Human, society as a whole will be the first consideration. We walk on the brink of 1984 now. And we depend on the Aquarians' ideals to keep us from making the wrong step.

Movies

Reel Life

Murder on the Orient Express

by Gary Simmers

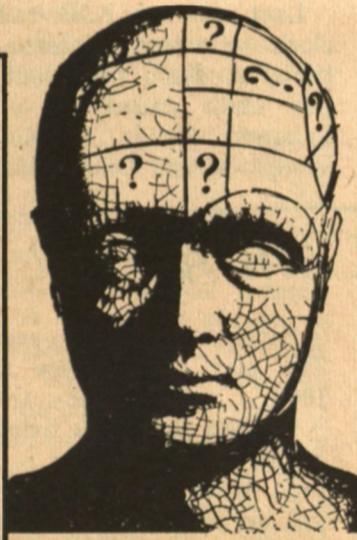
Murder and mayhem, respectively, grace our pages this issue with Sidney Laumet's **Murder on the Orient Express**, a nostalgia buff's classic whodunnit based on Agatha Christie's **Murder in the Calais Coach**, and Ivan Passer's **Law and Disorder** which brings to the screen an every man's version of middle class, middle age cops and robbers.

MOE, like so many recent Hollywood productions, follows the trend of glittering the film with an abundance of stars; unlike its contemporaries, however, **Murder on the Orient Express** takes full advantage of the talents of the cast. The film features the competent English actor, Albert Finney, as Hercule Poirot, the portly Hungarian detective extraordinaire. The mustachioed Poirot is tasked with the solution of the murder of a million-

aire kidnapper portrayed briefly, but deftly, by Richard Widmark. Complication follows complication as Poirot delves into the past of his traveling companions to unveil the surprise ending to end all surprise endings. With well-executed cinematography, superb setting, and perfect casting, **Murder on the Orient Express** should remain one of the year's outstanding entertainment values. The cast (ladies first): Lauren Bacall as Mrs. Hubbard; Ingrid Bergman, the missionary; Jacqueline Bisset, diplomat's wife; Wendy Hiller, Russian princess; Vanessa Redgrave, the Englishwoman; Albert Finney, Poirot; Michael York, Hungarian Diplomat; Sir John Gielgud, the butler; Richard Widmark, the millionaire; and Sean Connery as the English military officer.

It is apparent that some middle class Americans

never quite outgrow the fantasy of engaging in a game of "cops and robbers." At least, this is the initial impression of Ivan Passer's **Law and Disorder**, starring Carroll O'Conner, Ernest Borgnine, and Karen Black. The fabric of the film revolves loosely around the theme of a group of workmen joining an auxiliary police force to fight crime in the streets of New York City. Ernie Borgnine plays Cy, an ex-marine, who is the proprietor of a failing beauty salon; O'Conner portrays Willie, a cab driver whose thwarted ambition is to own his own sandwich shop. Borgnine is the heavy who sincerely desires to launch a vendetta against crime; O'Conner is his loyal friend who goes along for the ride. Borgnine's role is somewhere in between the comical skipper in **McHales Navy** and the total bastard in Sam Peckinpah's **The Wild Bunch**. O'Conner's Willie reveals a tenderness seldom seen by



followers of Norman Lear's Archie Bunker. A particularly touching scene is Willie's confrontation with a teenage daughter who has been given drugs by her Puerto Rican boy friend. The film offers the sensitive filmmaker a rewarding insight into the lives of two men struggling in their own jungle. It is definitely a movie worth seeing.

NEXT ISSUE:
The Godfather [Part II]
Harry and Tonto

FILMS TO WATCH FOR:
Richard Lester's **The Four Musketeers**, starring Michael York

Joseph Losey's **Galileo**, an American Film Theatre

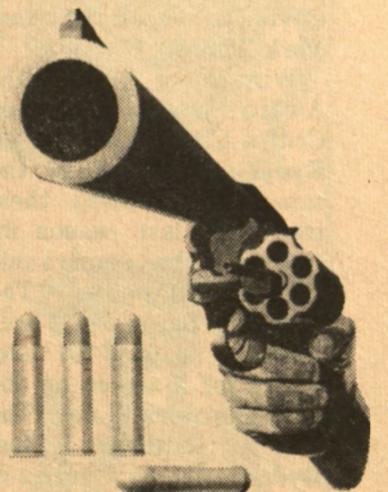




Photo by Rick Ellis

Una Querida Maestra De Espanol

By Susan Goggins

Judy Myers' hobby is foreign languages and learning about the people who speak them. "I'm really interested in people from foreign lands and I think it's a wonderful experience for us to understand a little bit more

about them," says KJC's Spanish teacher and co-sponsor of the International Club.

Last quarter KJC had close to twenty international students representing such countries as Lebanon, Kenya, Greece, Venezuela and Costa Rica.

The International Club was established to make these people feel at home and also to provide the other students with the opportunity to learn about their countries. Miss Myers, along with Mrs. Larsen, the French teacher help the club plan their activities such as last year's International Day and the upcoming International Film Festival.

During the International Film Festival scheduled for the last week in February and the first week in March, the International Club will show one film a day, featuring two French films, two Spanish films, and one Mexican film. The club also has parties and lectures as well as exhibits in the International Club room in the Social Science building.

The International Clubs in the colleges she attended provided Miss Myers with the opportunity to meet people from foreign countries. "They were so patient with me and so kind," she recalled, "They have always made me want to speak their languages."

While in college, Miss Myers' French and Spanish professors took an interest in her and encouraged her to go to Europe to study. The

month after graduation she left for the University of Madrid. "The first day I got in Madrid, it was winter and I was expecting sunny Madrid. I didn't see the sun for three weeks. The first thing I learned was that they don't keep the heat on at night. I thought I was going to freeze. The first night I slept in pajamas, a pantsuit and a coat."

Despite the cold weather and the fact that she went alone and didn't know anybody, she was never alone or unhappy. "I was never homesick once. I really identified with the Spanish people. They are so kind. They never let me be lonely."

Unlike most European Universities, which are spread out over a large area, the University of Madrid has a specific area called "Ciudad Universidad" (University City). The classes are very large and are conducted in a very formal manner. Her art class, which met in a famous museum in Madrid, had 100 people and her history class had 200. The classrooms are old-fashioned and the school itself is run by rules passed in the late 1800's.

One of the things she remembers most about her stay in Madrid is feeling thrilled while sitting

in a classroom and starting to think in Spanish for the first time. That, as any language teacher will tell you, is all-important. "That's why I encourage students to listen to Spanish radio and television programs such as Latin Atlanta, read newspapers and listen to records constantly. That's the clue to why languages have been so unsuccessful. People come into class and think, 'If I study these words, I'll get it.' It's a constant, twenty-four-hour thing."

Miss Myers thinks of her class as a big family. "I want them to be relaxed and get to know their fellow students. I like them to get the feeling that learning a language really is fun. It all of a sudden opens your mind to a whole new world that you never knew existed."

Miss Myers loves to travel. She has gone back to Spain and hopes to be able to return to Mexico this summer where she also studied. She says that she would love to spend a year in South America and really get into South American culture. It was this special interest in South America, and particularly in Brazil, that led her to become involved in the Georgia Partners of the Americas.

Every state in the
Continued on Page 12

When You Comin' Back Red Ryder?

Alliance Theatre Company will present the contemporary comedy-drama, **When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?** February 6 through February 22 at the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. Direct from Off-Broadway by special release, this successful new production by Mark Medoff has been claimed "One of the very best plays of the season!" by Clive Barnes of the *New York Times*.

Winner of the OBIE Award and the Outer Critics Circle Award, **Red Ryder** originated at the same Off-Broadway theatre which last season introduced the remarkable "Hot L Baltimore." "The Hot L Baltimore" was recently adapted to television for a series on the ABC Network. Like "The Hot L Baltimore," **Red Ryder** presents a series of character sketches of a group of people who are thrown together in a "normal" everyday environment in which very

unnatural things happen. The play takes place in 1969 -- a time when the American society is tiring of the turmoil of war -- a time when there are no folk heroes. The usual cult heroes of the fifties like Tim Holt, Gene Autry, and Red Ryder have faded into the background. But "Stephen," the key figure of the drama, is filled with the false dreams of the old movies a small community in New Mexico would be playing ten years too late. His hero is **Red Ryder** and he adapts his life accordingly. The other characters are confronted with "Stephen's" strange and unrealistic style. The plot develops as the anti-hero, "Teddy" arrives. "Teddy" is a Vietnam War Veteran turned hippie traveling aimlessly through the Southwest and Mexico. He provides a sharp contrast to "Stephen-Red Ryder." "Stephen's" identity crisis is revealed on stage as he

futily emulates a combination of his forgotten movie heroes -- a bit of Marlan Brando, James Dean, Paul Newman, Steve McQueen and Elvis Presley. The surprise visit by the starkly realistic "Teddy" creates an identity crisis for all inhabitants of the diner.

Medoff's grasp of contemporary imagery is reminiscent of such movies as "Easy Rider" and "The Last Picture Show." The play is humorous and frightening. New York critics have praised the playwright for his unmistakable gift for dialogue and dramatic confrontation displayed in this story of disaffected youth and impotent violence.

"Stephen Ryder" will be played by Michael Oakes, and "Teddy" will be portrayed by Christopher Curry. "Cheryl," "Teddy's" hippie girl-friend will be played by Marnie Andrews. Susan Mullin will portray "Angel," the sympathetic obese coun-

ROCK ON!

FRANKLIN MUSIC TOP 15

1. Bob Dylan - **Blood on the Tracks** (Columbia PC 33235)
2. Linda Ronstadt - **Heart Like A Wheel** (Capitol 11358)
3. **Elton John's Greatest Hits** (MCA 2128)
4. Yes - **Relayer** (Atlantic 18122)
5. Ramsey Lewis - **Sun Goddess** (Columbia KC33194)
6. Jethro Tull - **War Child** (CHYSALIS 1067)
7. Jimmy Buffet - **AIA** (Dunhill 50183)
8. La Belle **Nightbirds** (Epic KE 33075)
9. Elton John - **Empty Sky** (MCA 2129)
10. Kraftwerk - **Autobahn** (Vertigo 2003)
11. Harry Chapin - **Verities & Balderdash** (Electra 1012)
12. Ray Manzarek - **The Whole Thing Started...** (Mercury 1014)
- Average White Band** (Atlantic 7308)
14. Ohio Players - **Fire** (Mercury 1013)
15. Gil Scott Heron - **midnight band** (ARISTA 4030)

terwaitress. Other inhabitants of the diner include "Lyle" (Charles Noel), "Clark" (Walter Guthrie),

"Clarisse" (Mimi Bensinger) and "Richard" (Mitchell Edmonds).

Wake Up, Ladies and Gents!

By Cathy Cavin

Last quarter the film "Getting Straight" may have reminded its viewers of that "curious" decade in America's history. Maybe one even asks, "Where did all that social concern go?" Ah, yes I recall a cliché about things being best in their beginning. Perhaps it is the "activities" of concern which eventually smother the true motives. (ie. the activities of music-glitter show) Many times well meaning organizations fall prey to their own ensuing power structures and then vitality fizzles-out.

The revolutionary tones of the sixties became a dramatic voice which did demand some long awaited changes. But, certainly changes are still needed and either America will demand that her government be more responsive to her people or —. Okay, so what are we little people supposed to do anyway. Voting is a minor start but, certainly there was a lot of "noise" raised which enacted the

18-year-old's right to vote. Bill Graham, owner of the Fillmore West music hall once told *Time* his opinion on the young generation (Oct.-1970), "they don't have enough guts to try and change things, they just want to stay stoned and hope things will be better when they wake up."

The nuclear scientists have moved their doomsday clock up three more minutes — it is now set at nine minutes until doomsday. No, it isn't one of those drab rumors floating around. This was a feature point, made by Garner Ted Armstrong, in "The Day the World Died", aired this past summer. He mentioned that there is now enough nuclear power on earth to kill its entire population at least three times.

Now I am sure that some people will react by thinking they had better raise all the hell they can, as soon as possible. So, voila - think again, are we so helpless that we will

let a minority of overindulged ego trippers blow-up our world or our children's? After all we DO outnumber them don't we?

In Joan Baez' autobiography, *Daybreak*, she writes:

"... here we are, waiting on the eve of destruction with all the odds against any of us living to see the sun rise one day soon.

You, Dear Reader -
You are Amazing
Grace.

You are a Precious
Jewel.

Only you and I can help the sun rise each coming morning. If we don't it may drench itself out in sorrow."

My what an inspiring passage! Alas, what about concrete (?) efforts. Well, if you do want to voice your opinion here is a

partial list of our "state representatives" with their business phone numbers. If you know of others - let us in on it.

J. Carl Harrison
1630 East Lake Drive
Marietta, 30062
427-7371

G. Robert Howard
49 Green St.
Marietta, 30060
422-1228

George Kreeger
3500 Lee St.
Smyrna, 30080
427-7341

Ken O. Nix
3873 Manson Ave.
Smyrna 30080
436-6296

Joe Mack Wilson
217 Northcutt St.
Marietta, 30060
428-6581

J. W. Cooper
3286 Powder Springs Rd.
Marietta 30060
943-3566

C. W. Edwards
4416 Papermill Rd.
Marietta, 30060
971-1234

Roy Barnes
639 Maran Road
Mableton, 30059
422-5494

Haskew Brantley, Jr.
6114 Riverside Dr.
Atlanta 30328
256-1090

Joe Lee Thompson
Stillhouse Rd.
Vinings
436-2331

A. L. Buruss
383 Kennesaw Ave.
Marietta 30062
656-5072

2 Year Program in U.S. Army

The Two-Year Army ROTC Program is open to both graduate and undergraduate students with two years remaining in school.

The student attends a six-week Army ROTC Basic Camp, drawing \$516.15 plus travel pay to and from Fort Knox, Kentucky, without obligating himself in any way.

In the fall quarter, following successful completion of camp, a student is eligible, but not required, to sign the Advanced Course ROTC contract and enroll in the Military Science Program. By signing the contract the student agrees to complete the Advanced Course ROTC Program, accept a

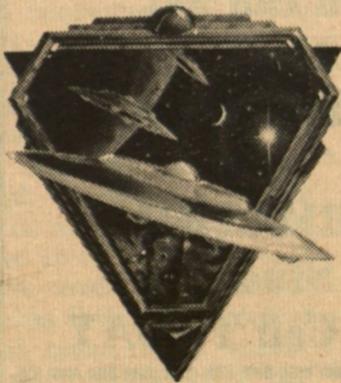
commission upon graduation, and serve from three months to two years active duty, depending on his request and the needs of the service at the time of commissioning. While enrolled in the Advanced Course, students are paid \$100 a month subsistence allowance, tax free.

Processing for the Two Year Army ROTC Program started on 11 January 1975 at the Georgia Tech Army ROTC Headquarters and will continue until 30 March 1975.

For more information, call Georgia Tech, 894-4760; STI, 424-7346; or contact the ROTC office at STI, room 402, Electrical Building.

Xialurian Chronicles

by Carl Maddox



the mists of glittering battle. Her sagas of quest have been recorded for the eyes of time immemorial, and she hath wielded a petite, single-bladed, spiked war-ax. Ilyana was garbed in chain mail, and her stout ax had slain barbaric imps of inhuman veracity. The ax of Ilyana had devastated venomous necromancy in the dark lands of Githrall.

In the days of eons past when the brittle stars of night shone down upon the jungles of Xialuria, and in the archives of time that heralded the day that Lutari fell, the image of the valiant Ilyana hath reflected a demureness replete with braided raven falls, green eyes, ivory skin, and a merciless ardor directed at ending evil legions.

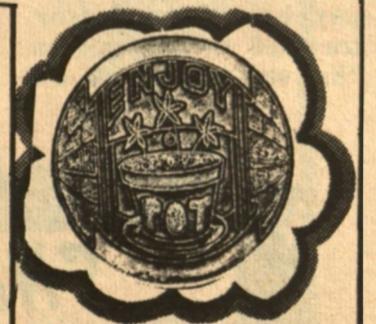
Ilyana was the lovely fury in the cause for the right, and her ebony tresses have flashed in

of her land. Her images (in the dreams I term my own) were akin to succulent wine permeating my lips, and the ardent flames of her exquisiteness were like songs of sublime expression from the lyre of Vlarklas. My heart hath thrilled when her beauteous tresses were drenched in the aura of furious sieges, and my soul has waded in joyous glee as her green eyes have pulsed with the fever of valor.

The gods called Gralgua and Bulrag have known the crimson wake of Ilyana's deadly blade. The barbarous hordes of Karis, the buccaneeress, and the savage infidels of Graithan have felt the slashing sweep of her war-ax. Ilyana mirrored the fiery ardor of her race when dealing death to her foes, and the lurking gargoyles sloughing about decadently in the pits of Lithurnik had lain in a twisted pile of death as she split their skulls.

A red fireball that was Lalkla had torn across the heavens of night as a metal band had gleamed rays of moonlight from Ilyana's locks, and the presence of the patronness to Lalkla hath

wrought her destiny in the blood of her enemies. Ilyana, the patroness of Xialurian valor, has gone forth on her missions in the timeless lands of the past.



SHOWCASE OF BANDS



Photo by Rick Ellis

Showcase Bands laid down the licks at KJC.

Unbeknownst to those students of KJC who refuse to notice signs on bulletin boards, a giant Showcase of Bands was held in the KJC Gymnasium, Sunday, January 19. Students and guests enjoyed a packed day of music ranging from the mellow sounds of "The Other Brothers" to the hard, pounding, glitter-rock of "Teaze". Other bands included "American Union", "Hector", and "Longstreet".

The Showcase, sponsored by IV Star Productions of Atlanta and the SGA, featured eight bands and provided free refreshments. The most successful band of the Showcase, "The Other Brothers", will be providing the music for the upcoming SGA Dance on Friday, February 21, 1975. A great time was had by all who came, so plan to attend the dance on February 21.

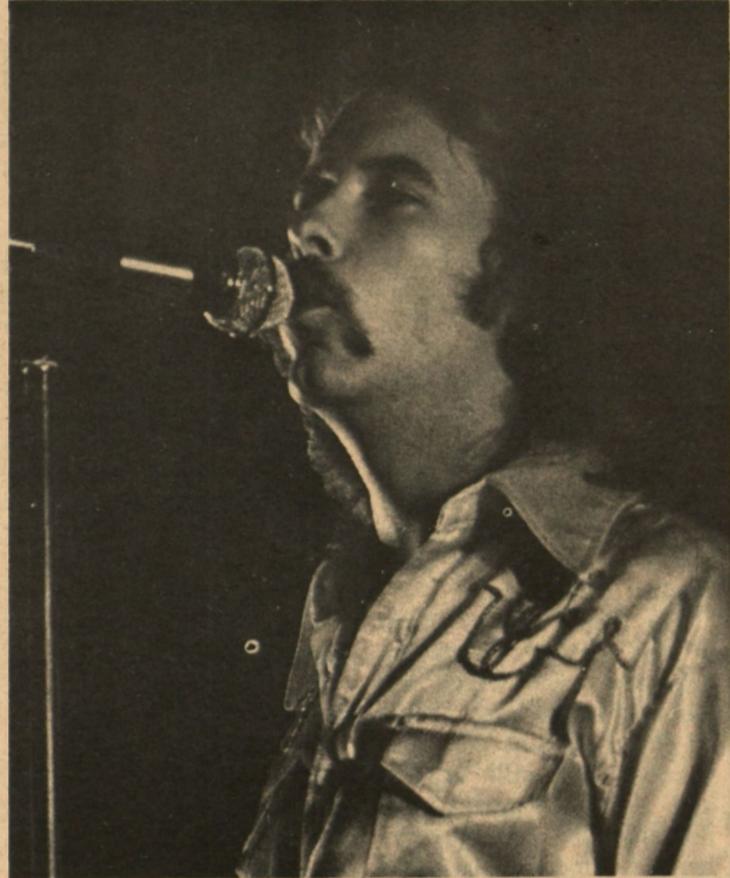


Photo by Rick Ellis

Hector's lead singer wailing it.

UNA QUERIDA Continued from Page 10

Union has a Partner state in Latin America. The program is to encourage people from different areas to get to know each other. Judy Myers first became involved in the program because Georgia's Partner state is Pernambuco in Brazil. The main project of Partners is its yearly Citizens Exchange program in which representatives of a state go to visit its Partner state. This year, as Georgia representatives, Miss Myers, along with Raju Kotak, a sophomore, and Grace Galliano, a psychology professor, travelled to Pernambuco. "You stay with people and

see how they live," Miss Myers explained, "If I could encourage anybody to do anything it would be to travel or to live in a foreign country for a while. I don't think there's been anything that's ever meant so much to me as living in a foreign country."

Miss Myers pointed out that, in Atlanta, there are ninety companies that have relations with South America plus we have the World Trade Center coming. Eighteen thousand people in Atlanta speak Spanish. "Every day I run into people who speak Spanish. Learning a language had immediate as well as long range rewards and it really is fun. It adds so much to a person."

Mark Twain To Visit KJC

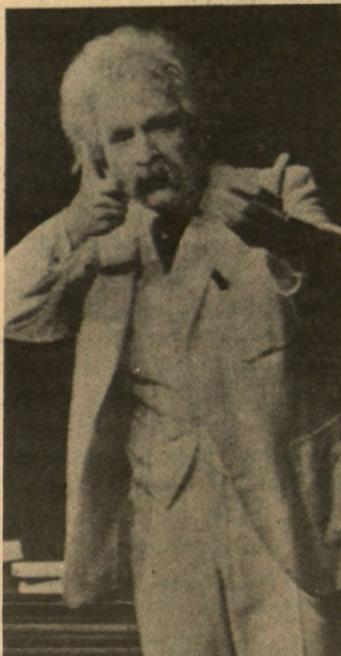
Mark Twain is coming to KJC!

At least, Mark Twain's reincarnation will visit us in the form of actor John Chappell. In "Mark Twain On Stage" every effort is made to insure the most realistic picture of the beloved author of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. The make-up alone takes over three hours to apply; the white suit is a carefully tailored replica of one Samuel Clemens wore in his lifetime. Chappell studied photographs, including the rare Edison film of Clemens, in order

to learn the humorist's characteristic ways of standing, sitting, smoking and moving.

Don't miss Mark Twain. The day is Valentine's Day, February 14. The

time is 11 a.m. The place is the KJC Gym. The visit will make you laugh, give you food for thought, and make you glad that you had a chance to visit with Mark Twain.



SNAK
Blood Drive
Tuesday February 11
Private Dining Room

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Moments in the Life, or the Rounding of the Square

by Marvin Spooker

When last we heard, Tom Merriweather and his best girl, Brenda, were on their way to a dinner engagement. However, since the California Coast Philosophy of "Girl-Invites-Boy to house when parents are away" to well, ugh, to anyway. . . the dinner date was cancelled and away drove Tommi (as Brenda called him), and "Brenda - it takes a lot to laugh; I will if you will; Good times gone, but not forgotten, Jones" (as Thomas called her when he had the time).

Don't forget to lock up the car, called Brenda, as she ran up the steps, found her keys, and unlocked the door to 77706 1/7 Pea Bush Lane and entered. I know you'll love my new album, Tommi. It's by the "Hate Unlimited". My favorite is "Rock-a-day Johnny" singing, "Tell your ma, tell your pa, all of us are going to grow uh ah, uh ah. "Me too," said Tom, lying through his teeth. His favorite was not even on that album. Brenda

knew this, of course, but appreciated the gesture on Tom's part. "Besides," Tom thought, "If the world were Peanut Butter, we'd be sticking by each other."

"Would you care for a drink, Tommi?" asked Brenda, as she strolled into the kitchen. "We've got some super fine wine, some rum, or a taste of gin if you dig sin." "Ha, ha, ha, ha," laughed Tommi; "No thanks, it sounds uncouth, but I'll sip vermouth, if it's okay with youth."

"Get down, Get down, Get down, Get down," blasted the stereo. "Here's hoping," thought Thomas. While in the kitchen, Brenda thought, "Here's hoping." Well dear reader, one thing led to another, until both got up to get down in Brenda's room. Besides, that's where the T.V. is.

Suddenly, Brenda heard a key slide into the front door. "Oh my God, my parents are back. Quick Tommi, get out of here." "Where's the back door,"

asked Tommi, his voice full of fear. "We don't have one," said Brenda. "Where did you put it," asked Tom, really in no mood for a joke, trying to straighten out his shit and look innocent.

"My, Thomas," said Mrs. Jones, "it's so nice to see you again. How have you been? Would you care for a coke or something to eat, we brought oysters back." "No, thank you," said Thomas feeling somewhat sick. "I really must be going." As Tom said goodnight, he thought, "Whoever heard of an aphrodisiac after the fact?"

"Don't worry about me Brenda," Tom said as he walked to the door. "I'll catch a bus home; see you soon." "Goodnight Mrs. Jones; Goodnight Mr. Jones; Goodnight Brenda." As the door closed behind Thomas Merriweather he sang, "Pardon me boy, is this the Chattanooga Choo-Choo." But, alas, it was only the bus.

when Genesis comes back to Atlanta, see them. On January 13, the lamb really did lie down on Broadway.

And All That Jazz

Michael Urbanic and Fusion have recently completed a new album entitled *Atma*. Michael does a fine job of violin jazz accompanied by his wife's vocals. The music is a superb blend of European influence and electronic devices. Among the highlights of the album are *Atma* (Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow) and a solo by his wife using the echoplex. It'll bend your brain.

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something indeed! The curtain went up on an eerie looking object standing behind a blue screen, and the band immediately launched into the title cut from their recently released album, "The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway."

Spectacular! Throughout the entire concert the visual show flashing pictures in rainbow explosions of light on three screens behind the musicians kept pace with the incredible music. The climax of the light show was the appearance of the wart monster - the most creative effect I've ever seen.

After the last music died away, the crowd roared their approval of the fine show, and in the now-traditional expression of appreciation, matches were lit and waved in the air.

Those of you who saw it know that no words can describe the concert to the fullest. For those who missed it, beg, borrow or steal if you have to, but

Rock World

By Gil Davis

Beginning with Genesis

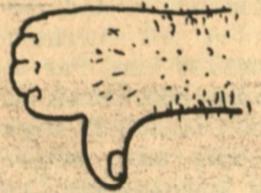
Genesis means the first, the beginning, and if you carry it a step farther, it means Number One. An appropriate name for an amazingly talented group of musicians from England, Genesis has proved to be no mere flash in the pan. In today's fast-paced rock world a hit record means little; the proof of real talent is in consistently creating good material over a period of time.

Genesis has been around for a good while, though only recently has their ability been recognized in the U.S. It's unfortunate, due mostly to lack of promotion in the States. But at long last American audiences are having a listen to one of England's top bands.

The Atlanta Municipal Auditorium was the scene of a concert by Genesis on January 13, and what we've been missing is

Freaked-Out!

It was a hard decision, folks. Your earnest reporter saw a whole passel of boners and even one or two good deeds. By applying the newest scienterrific methods (that is, flipping a coin) this week's awards were selected. So with a brief fanfare -- TA-DA-TA-DA -- we proudly announce the winnahs!



The ATTA-PERSON award goes to the SGA Entertainment Committee for providing not only fine movies but our very own Coffeehouse complete with excellent local talent.

The OOOOPS award is presented to the students who trashed the private dining room during the showing of *Bullitt*. Boo, hiss, you rotten kids.




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Racism Slinks Through Neighborhood on Little Cat Feet

By Daphna Gregg

I'm not sure, but I think there's a race war going on in my own yard. See, this black cat lives in my house -- or should I say I live in his house -- and we've always lived harmoniously together. He's never seemed to notice that I'm white, and certainly I've not discriminated against him. Far as I'm concerned, black is beautiful: Mullah is sleek and shiny and better looking than any cat I've ever seen. Being a he, he's a bit on the lazy side. Still, we have a wonderful relationship: he doesn't try to sleep on the houseplants as long as I keep a supply of liver on hand.

Anyhow, Mullah's a native Californian. So when we moved to Georgia I told him that mixed families were not as common (if at all) as back in Oakland, and that he should be cool with the neighbors. I was afraid someone might say something, well, unkind to him, so it was only right that he be forewarned. But the neighbors, dear folks that they are, saw nothing alarming in a household of white humans and a black cat. Oh, there was one fellow, a relative of a neighbor, who refused to

drive up the driveway one day because, he said, "A black cat crossed my path, and I ain't going any farther." It hurt Mullah's feelings, but I had a talk with him, explaining that some people didn't know any better, that it was nothing but backward superstition. That soothed him. He had forgotten all about it in a few days. He'd made a lot of friends, you see, and he was kept pretty busy going around visiting. Like the old man next door who always calls to him, "Hey, kitty-kitty." ("He's the blackest cat I've ever seen," the old man tells me in admiration.) Then there are the two dogs next door whom he converses with daily. The conversation is pretty interesting: Mullah sits in his yard, the dogs stand in theirs, and the conversation goes like this: "WOOF-WOOF-YARP," "maio-merroow," "WOOF-ARP-GRUFF-WOOF," "meoww-ooow-nnoooow," etc.

A coupla months ago things began to change. This solid white cat moved into the neighborhood about the time

Mullah was courting a cute little calico lady down the street. I guess the white cat ("Honkey Cat", we call him) couldn't stand to see a black cat getting the pretty women, and so he launched a vicious attack on our dear friend. I won't recount the gory details, but vitamin C and lots of fresh liver put him right in a week's time, though he still carries the scars. Unfortunately it didn't end there. That redneck cat harassed poor Mullah at every turn. He'd sneak right up on the porch and eat all the food, so we stopped putting food out at all. He'd jump out of trees and from behind bushes with a hair-raising war-cry. Every few days it's new wounds for poor Mullah.

Certainly the physical abuse is bad enough, but what disturbs poor black Mullah is the hatred. He doesn't understand why Honkey Cat hates him so, and it's hard to explain to him about ignorance and prejudice. I mean, he's just a kitty cat, a black cat, a natural-living man who loves everything and

everybody. It's heart-breaking, that's what it is.

Well, the tide may turn here pretty soon. Mullah has discovered a weapon that may prove to be his salvation: black cats can't be seen at night, and white cats can't help but be seen at night. So Mullah stands quietly in the yard, not moving a muscle, and when Honkey Cat comes tripping through, Mullah springs into action with a blood-chilling "YEEOOOOW!" and bounds after this last bastion of redneckdom. It gets 'im every time! I expect to see exactly who wins this race war in the next few weeks.

Now I've got something else to worry about. I think I'm becoming a racist. Every time I see Honkey Cat I shout at him. Furthermore, I'm sure he's ruining the neighborhood! Just yesterday I could have sworn I saw him scratching around in my yard. I'm thinking about moving.



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HILL ON SPORTS

by Danny Hill

Falcons Traded All They Had!?!?

In the trading of George Kunz to the Baltimore Colts, the Falcons just about lost all of their so-called offensive line. Kunz, along with center Jeff Van Note, were the only offensive line the Falcons had. The Falcons received from the Colts the number one draft pick this year. The Falcons will, in all probability, pick the famous quarterback from California. But, may we ask; Who is going to keep the big defensive linemen off of him? Good Luck Falcons!!

Hawks in Play-offs!

The Atlanta Hawks do have an outside chance of making the NBA play-offs. They must beat-out Houston and New York and/or beat-out Cleveland. The kiddie corps are playing very good ball, but they are going to have to keep it up to make the play-offs.

Laver vs. Connors!!

If you like tennis you are going to enjoy the match between Jimmy Connors from the United States and Rod Laver from Australia. The "Showboat" Connors against the "Rocket" Laver, and I think the "Boat" will sink. This match will take place next month in England.

BOOK POCKET

Hewitt, William. **Police-Community Relations.** (HV 7936 P8 H45)

Cyporym, Dennis. **The Bluegrass Songbook.** (M 1630.18 C97 B6)

Schafer, William. **The Art of Ragtime; form and meaning of original black American art.** (ML 3556 S34)

Blake, Kathleen. **Play, Games and Sport; the literary work of Lewis Carroll.** (PR 4612 B5)

Preferences: 51 American poets choose poems from their own work and from the past. (PS 613 P7)

Gilbert Thomas. **Thinking Metric.** (QC 91 G55)

Russell, Franklin. **The Okefenokee Swamp.** (QH 105 G4 R87)

Bresier, Jack. **Genetics and Society.** (QH 431 B672)

Dory, David. **The Buffalo Book, the full saga of the American animal.** (QL

737 U53 D37)

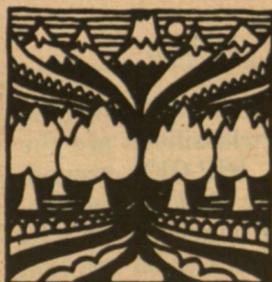
Eccles, John Carew. **The understanding of the brain.** (QP 376 E27)

Steincrohn, Peter. **How to be lazy, healthy and fit.** (RA 776 S817)

Behme, Robert. **Bonsai, Saikei, and Bonkei; Japanese dwarf trees and tray landscapes.** (SB 932 V36)

Wilson, Jean. **Weaving you can wear.** (TT 848 W53)

Gladstone, Bernard. **The New York Times guide to home repairs without a man.** (TX 323 G55 1973)



HINT

How to pan-fry. Pan-frying, rather than pan-broiling, is necessary when meat has very little fat or when meat is breaded or floured. Procedure is the same as pan-broiling except that fat is added first. And despite what you may have heard to the contrary, fried meats, when properly prepared, are as digestible as meats cooked any other method. However, smoking fat is harmful. Fat allowed to smoke forms indigestible acids when eaten.

The art of frying bacon. Soak the strips in cold water for a few minutes before frying. This lessens tendency of the bacon to shrink and curl. Put the slices into a cold skillet, turn them often, drain off excess grease as it accumulates. You wind up with more of the bacon, and what a difference in its appetizing good looks!



by Raju Kotak

Old-world meat loaf with "golden center." Try this. When shaping your meat loaf, put a peeled hard-cooked egg in the center. Makes interesting looking slices and adds egg nourishment to your meal.

Corn on the cob. The kernels of sweet corn are a cinch to remove if you use a shoehorn. The wide end of the horn is just right for shearing the kernels off.

An asparagus tip. Always open cans of whole asparagus from the bottom so that the tips will not break as you ease the spears out of the can.

To prevent curdling, scorching, and stringiness in foods made with cheese or milk, cook at low, low temperatures and don't overcook.

FARADE

Candlelight can be beautiful, unless the romantic touches start to drip. Avoid messy candles by putting them in refrigerator for a few hours before using.

If you wear your ring into the dishpan. .d-o-n't! Bits of soap captured and confined under bands can cause skin irritations.

If you keep your eggs in one basket, pencil-mark leftover eggs, so that you'll use them up first.

Tea sensation. Next time you serve tea with lemon, stick a small clove into each side of the lemon slice. Changes a taken-for-granted beverage into something really special.



ART EXHIBITS

An exhibit of 20 prints and drawings by Georgia artist Derril M. Maxwell will be displayed in the library seminar room at Kennesaw Junior College during the first two weeks of February.

Featured in the KJC exhibit will be works of objective, non-objective and abstract approaches. Some of the works will feature Mexico, where the artist has studied and traveled.

Maxwell, assistant professor of art at West Georgia College and Acting Chairman of the Art Department, holds the B.S. degree from DaPauw University, M.S. in art from Indiana State University and M.S. in art from Fort Hayes Kansas State University. He served for 11 years as Chairman of the Department of Art at Hastings College, Hastings, Neb.

Maxwell's works have been exhibited both in one-man and invitational shows throughout the midwest and southeast. He is a member of Kappa Pi Art Honorary fraternity, Artist Equity, American Association of University Professors, the College Art Association and GAEA.

The KJC display will be open to the public during regular library hours: Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. - 10 p.m.; Friday, 8 a.m. - 5 p.m.; and Sunday 2-7 p.m.



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Job Clinic For Women

(KJC-PIO) - Are there any jobs available for women in the Cobb-Atlanta area? If so, where are they and how can people find them?

Answers to these questions will be explored Thursday, Feb. 6, at a Job Clinic for Women at the First United Methodist Church of Smyrna, 1315 Concord Road. Co-sponsored by Kennesaw Junior College and the South Cobb YWCA, the clinic will be held from 9:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., with lunch included in the registration fee.

Target issues for the clinic include such questions as: Am I too old to find a job? Can I really manage a job and family, too? If jobs are available, do I need training and where can I get it?

Representatives from 18 area businesses, industries and agencies will be present to answer questions and share printed information on job availability.

Diane Willey, instructor of education at KJC, will discuss "Who We Are" and a panel of working women will share insights on "Here's How We Did it."

State employment personnel and representatives of training agencies will present views on "Some Ways We Can Get Ready" and personnel officers from five businesses will discuss "What's Available?" Irma Glover, Marietta attorney, will talk about women's rights and employment.

After the formal program ends at 2 p.m., clinic participants will be invited to browse among 18 tables where representatives from Atlanta and Cobb area employers will answer questions on current employment outlook, company benefits, job requirements and pay.

Each participant will receive a packet of information on self-assessment and evaluation, reading lists, job hunting tech-

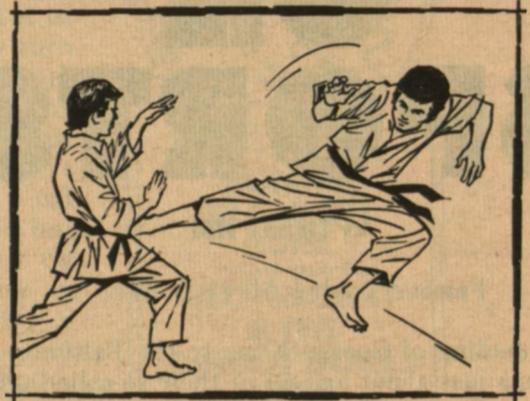
niques and employment-related issues.

The First United Methodist Church of Smyrna is located three miles from the intersection of I-285 and U.S. 41 North near Cumberland Mall in Cobb County.

Pre-registration is required, and the deadline is Monday, Feb. 3. For registration information, contact the Kennesaw Junior College community services office, 422-8770, ext. 333, or the South Cobb YWCA, 432-2136.

The Job Clinic is one of four being offered in the North Georgia area by Kennesaw Junior College. A similar program will be held March 20 at Dalton Junior College and April 3 at Clayton Junior College in Morrow. Earlier, some 160 participants attended a Job Clinic co-sponsored by KJC, Berry College, Coosa Valley Vo-Tech School and Floyd Junior College in Rome.

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MUSICIANS, Comics, Poets, whatever for KJC Coffeehouse. See Rick Krise, SGA Office.

SHARE is accepting your contributions for this quarter. If you are an aspiring poet, etc. come by our office in The Sentinel bull-pen and we will accommodate you.

BE AN ATHLETIC supporter. Sign up for KJC Intramurals.

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MESSAGES

LINDA: Happy Birthday. You ain't gettin' older, you're gettin' better! Love, Debbie, Mary Grace, Daph, and all the rest of the Stupid Center Gang.

SHIRLEY: I love you more than whiskey & gin. R.

WILL the person(s) who mucked up the Private Dining Room after the last movie please knock it off!

DO NOT MAKE an ash of yourself. Shape up or butt out! SGA Entertainment Committee, Custodial Staff, etc.

FREE LOVE NOTES for the Valentine's Issue of THE SENTINEL. Deadline: February 7.

HAIL OUR FAITHFUL editor leads . . . surrounded by a bunch of bums. The Gang.

WHO IS Howell Swain? Pat.

DEAR PAT: Who cares! The Phantom.

HELLEN, you can omit this space. 267740.