Steve Titus, a Tequila Shooter team member loses his flag to a Road Warrior team member during a recent intramural game of flag football. (Photo by Mary Anne Gotheridge)

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Cover photo: A house Anthony Perkins would give his dagger for kicks off our special Halloween issue. (Photo by Elrond G. Lawrence)
Today's

At

The Movies

FRIDAY THE 13TH MARATHON AT RANCHO CINEMA 6

For those of you who missed an episode of Friday the 13th, here's your chance to catch all six.

October 31st, Halloween night, parts I, II, III, will be shown from 9 pm to 2 am.

On November 1, parts IV, V, VI will be shown to complete the series.
Phil Collins was right, Jeffrey Davis had decided. Something was in the air tonight, as he sped his 1964 Mustang through the montage of city lights. Fingers tapping his steering wheel, he listened to Collins' CD a rather throughout the night. Yeah, Phil was right, he decided. Something was the. It could be seen, it couldn't be touched... but it called to him beckoning like a lighthouse to a weary ship. Jeff felt weary, too - a ship without a sail, drifting through a sea of neon light.

In the air tonight, he thought, and inward at his speed. He was restless. His fingers still tapped the wheel, but his mind wandered elsewhere.

It wandered back to his son. His dead son. Why? He wondered, as the hate and rage once again returned to his heart - why was God playing this cruel jum...? All his dreams, plans... all had been laid waste in mere moments. All the time he had planned to spend as a Father - opposite to an ordinary man, of course - would now be useless. He had been cheated, he thought, as Phil Collins' song in his head reared up again, and then Jeffrey Davis' eyes focused on a skull as he walked, reminding him of the soundtrack from a scene in Miami Vice. (I can feel it)

He broke into a run now, hurrying to reach the end of the last hallway.

(coming in the air tonight) the hall that held his son. (Oh, Lord) The dead watched with silent despair.

(And I've been waiting for this moment) He reached the hallway, now, stopped, and peered down the rows of markers. Nothing. Only rows and rows of plon, an air of numbness, and the patter of their footsteps... and then Jeffrey Davis' eyes focused ona pattern at the end of the hall. And his heart stopped.

(All my life) Forty feet down, a plot lay completely ajar, its cover removed, and a rectangular casket hung from the open socket, the lower half of it almost resting on the ground.

It was empty. (Oh Lord) He whirled, and ran out of the building. As he reached the evening air again, his eyes scanned the blue fog, hunting for even the slightest movement. "Danny?" he cried to the mist.

And out of the fog, a figure appeared. Silhouetted by streetlamps, it began to walk - no, shuffle - before him, until once could begin to make out distinguishing features. It was a boy, and as it stumbled through the darkness, Jeffrey could see it was his boy. He didn't know if he recognized him, and at the same time, he didn't care. Instead.

His name was Sam. Sam Baker. His final preparation. His name was Sam. Sam Baker. His final preparation. The figures met at the final resting place of Mary Stone (1866-1969). No hung took place. Instead, Jeffrey spoke.

"Danny? Is it really you?"

It raised its head, while dull eyes stared. "Daddy?" it finally answered. "Are you here to take me away from this bad place?"

Jeffrey didn't notice the starred speech, nor the dullness of his son's eyes. "You bet, son." To me can we play, Daddy? Can we play in your car?" it whispered. "Of course we can, son," he answered, "let's get out of this hole first."

"Oooh, daddy, I want to take a big loong ride in your car," it said, as its voice seemed to show some real emotion for the first time.

An uneasy feeling left Jeffrey as quickly as it had suddenly struck him. "OK, son," he said taking its cold hand. "Anything you want." They walked to the car, as the mausoleum lights highlighted every curve and line of the Mustang. Almost as brightly reflected as the long blade held over tombstones. As he walked, he felt a sense of terror he couldn't explain... more to the place for his final preparation. The vengeance for his unknown sin would be his alone. In the briefing room, which was more like a subterranean fire cave, Sam received his final instructions. This time his instructor was the Reaper himself. In his ghostly form he whispered to Sam the Final Solution. Upon waking Sam was dumbstruck, this time all the memories of his thousand journeys before came to him as clear as day. No it couldn't have been real, just a kid dreaming. He was relieved until the whispered words of the Reaper came to him: Final Solution????

His young mind reached the point of no return and Sam strode out of the house in a mind clamped haze. He walked down the street a few blocks to the construction site. There blazed in a red shack marked "DANGER". The many boxes were stacked upon one another and clearly marked TNT!?

In the last nano-second before he hit the match, Sam came to his senses and realized that the Reaper had won another dream soldier. Sam was then relieved of all future torments in his sleep, as the force of the concussion ripped him down to his very soul.

Was he dreaming or was that his reality? Inside of us all lives the true Reaper, trying to push us all to our own Final Solution.

Pass the Pumpkin Seeds Please! Halloween candies are not the only treats around this time of year. Save the seeds when carving your jack o'lantern. Roasted pumpkin seeds are not only delicious, but also supply needed minerals such as iron, copper, magnesium, potassium, and zinc. To prepare them, just wash the seeds and spread them on a cookie sheet. Bake in a medium oven for 15-20 minutes, until crisp. Salt lightly (if you must) and enjoy a really healthful Halloween treat.
PARTY TIME!

It's horrifyingly hip! Fantastically frightening! Terrifyingly terrifying! And fortuitously...

On Saturday night, November 1st, at 8:00 p.m., Sigma Chi on the Hill will be putting on the party to end all parties. The Saturday night, November 1st, at 8:00 p.m., Sigma Chi on the Hill will be putting on the party to end all parties. The party will be a lively and open to all students from CSUSB, UCR, U of I, or any other college who cares to come.

We've got ahold of a huge warehouse in Redlands, large enough to hold 500 or so of our closest friends, and we are ready to let loose! For a nominal entrance fee ($4.00 w/out costume, $5.00 with) and a college I.D., you'll enter the twilight zone. Lots of beer and munchies will be provided, along with hot music by "Music in Motion."

There will be plenty of good times at this bash and don't worry about it getting broken up like most backyard parties do. It's been covertly through the Redland's Park! Come on out and party with EXO. And have a great, but safe, Halloween!

Serrano Village spirited place on Halloween night

by Vida Makhmoor

Halloween is the time where the residents in Serrano Village take advantage of the opportunity to have fun and enjoy themselves. Having fun means hard work. Therefore various activities and special events are held by students of campus prior to Halloween. And when October 31st is here, dorms at the village is ready to show exactly how hard they have worked for the preparation of Halloween.

The student's efforts and dedication is seen earlier as each dorm performs a fundraiser in order to raise money for Halloween night. This year Tokay dorm put up with an original idea, the "slave auction" was a great success, and their profit was over $100. Student's bedtime stories were so interesting on the account that a group of students (of opposite sex) were assigned a person or persons from Serrano Village to read bedtime stories to. This was to be done during October 20th through the 23rd after 11:00 pm. Also Mojave's roommate game was an original one, and let us not forget Morongo's car wash and Joshua's bake sale. These were most of the activities which the students at the dorms performed.

Halloween has a different meaning in CSUSB's dorms. For example, Morongo's having its traditional seance. Also Tokay will be the place for the haunted house. Furthermore Waterman will be a jail for Halloween criminals. Finally, the remaining dorms will be selling food for those who like Halloween treats. Obviously, it can be seen from these activities that each dorm has its own originality, enthusiasm, and personality.

For those who would like to find out what it's like at Serrano Village during Halloween here is some helpful information. All these events are held on Friday, October 31st, at 7:30 pm. So come and share the experience and excitement of campus life on Halloween.

Ghostly dance sponsored by M.E. C.H.A.

The M.E.C.H.A. organization of CSUSB is sponsoring a Halloween Dance October 31 from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. in the SUMP. The DJ for the night, Personal Touch, will be casting his musical spell on the dance crowd for the evening. A cash prize will be given for the best costume worn to the dance. A charge of $3.00 per person ($2.00 with CSUSB I.D.) and $5.00 per couple will be taken at the door. Come and have a bewitching time with us!

Dr. David Lutz speaks on B.A.'s

Psi Chi, the National Honor Society in Psychology, will present Dr. David Lutz who will speak on "What Can You Do With Your B.A. Degree in Psychology?" on Thursday, November 6. Dr. Lutz will speak from 12PM-1PM in the Lower Commons Room 103. Refreshments will be available and all interested students are invited to attend.
There is an elixir that all of life daily quaffs. It is a potion consumed by plants and animals, angels and humans, exquisites and poets. Nothing escapes this stream that eventually overflows all of life. We are as a vessel too small to wholly contains it, alluring an amount of this precious quantity called time.

Time must run its course, unambushed and unabashed, toward the fulfillment of its desire. Even so it must be alternately flattered to see the attention that is heaped upon it, yet saddened to see how much it is taken for granted, like water or air. We appreciate the common things of life that are basic to our very survival, only when threatened by their loss. This is also true with time. The less we appear to have of it, the fonder it grows under the light of introspection. Until then, it is merely the hands of a clock: a childhood memory; a goal conceived for tomorrow. And of these two, which is longer: time spent or future time? Perhaps the longest time of all is now, such as waiting in line at the market, waiting for the phone call, or waiting to get in. Anywhere. I think the longest time of all is waiting to use the johns. A person can spend an entire weekend in one hour of that delay! That is one time you don’t want to run out.

Without the great expanse of millennia, what could we preoccupy ourselves with? It gives us much needed respite from dull routine, a monotonous lecture, or a menial task. Time looms as an abyss of comfort, an ever fluctuating stream on the road of life. As the need arises, we can cruise to points both past and future, traveling in first class flight of fancy. The conductor of our mind barks out the destinations. “Aboard — Stops at 10 1/2 years old, down by the fishing stream. Second stop, next year, High Sierra pack trip.” The last stop finds us back now waiting for the familiar conductor’s voice to beckon us once again.

Since old Methusalem, folks seem to claim for more time. “I only had more time,” comes the familiar phrase. “I could get this.” That delay. But, if time is a commodity, I suppose it could be likened to money. The more of us possess it, the more we seek it. Not until there will still be no greater surplus. Perhaps, if more time were allotted to us, the more we would use and still have need of yet some more.

But, nobody ever said the common sense should control our craving for time. After all, don’t old people wish to be younger sooner as to live longer? And don’t young people dream of being older to have lived all the more? What a juxtaposition! Seems that the more we consume time, the more it consumes us, and we go on the struggle, for a time.

J. Russell Horton

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**Multiple Expansion: Campus plans take shape**

According to Prof. Shum, the plan encompasses six major projects, the first of which is visibly under construction: the new facility is designated the Faculty Office, School of Education, and School of Behavioral Sciences Building. The plan encompasses six major projects, the first of which is visibly under construction: the new facility is designated the Faculty Office, School of Education, and School of Behavioral Sciences Building.

**HEALTH CORNER**

Just a reminder.

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**Moorefield to present Faculty artists recital**

The first Faculty Artists Recital of the 1986-87 season will be presented by Professor Arthur A. Moorefield on Sunday, November 2nd at 3:00 p.m. in the Recital Hall of the Creative Arts building. The program is entitled “BASICALLY BRAHMS” and will consist mainly of chamber music by that great nineteenth-century composer. To open the program, Dr. Moorefield will be joined by Professor Larry McFatter, Cal State’s artist pianist instructor and Professor of Composition and Theory. Professors Moorefield and McFatter will perform the Paul Hindemith Sonata for clarinet and piano and the Brahms’ Sonata No. 1 in F Minor, Opus 120, also for clarinet and piano. While the composition of these two works is separated by nearly one hundred years they both are filled with the rich harmonies and beautiful melodies associated with romanticism in music.

The second half of the program will be devoted to the Brahms Trio for piano, clarinet and viola and the Brahms’ QWQNO in A Minor, Opus 114. For this work, Professors Moorefield and McFatter will be joined by Catherine McAuliffe, Studio Music Instructor in ‘cello. This work is a product of Brahms’ mature years and has been called the “most beautiful piano trio ever written.” The four movements of this work are filled with the lift of Viennese waltzes and stormy Hungarian melodies.
1 Bedroom apartment for rent, $420.00, directly across from C2388, 338-5132.

AM/PM Word Processing/Editing available. For $1 per quarter all of your data can be saved on an IBM compatible disk. Please call Shirley Lewis at 887-3527.

Tucher stereo turn-table in box $100.00 obo.

HELP: CALYPSO CHARLEY needs energetic, fun-loving & personable people to work as food servers. If you know anyone like that, have them apply in person at CALYPSO CHARLEY'S, 666 Lendall Drive. About 1 mile south of campus. All shifts available.

10 Speed, w/bad pack & foot dips, plus helmet, $100.00, 338-9419. (05/1)

OMNITRON DELTA EPSILON (ODE) invites all economics students to listen to Mr. Timothy D. Helms discuss job opportunities and General Dynamics. The discussion will take place November 5 from 5-7 p.m. in the Pine Room (Commons).

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Hey You! Is your name Jill Burnett? The Chronicle needs a few good features, so give us a call. 887-7497.

For Sale: 26' 1985 Schwinn 370- L00 speed, w/bad pack & foot dips, plus helmet, $100.00, 338-5132.

New York:

After you've done with school, you face one of the hardest lessons in life: Without experience it's tough to get a job. And without a job, it's tough to get experience.

At The Wall Street Journal, we recognize that experience is something you don't start earning until after graduation. But while you're waiting, we can give you a head start by providing some of the same competitive advantages that experience brings. For instance, our wide-ranging news coverage gives you a clearer understanding of the whole complex world of business.

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And our in-depth analysis helps you formulate your ideas in a sharper and more persuasive way.
Security Tightening Around State Prisons; Institutions.

by Kathleen Aulet

Prison security became a big concern, as follows: the escape of Kevin Cooper from the California Institution for Men located in Chino. Cooper escaped from the prison on June 2, 1983, under the assumed name of David Trautman. Three days later, four men's institutions of all prison systems of all prison towers have been added and perimeter lighting that circles the women's prison of Gadsden, AL. They hope will still further reduce the number of escape attempts. The reconstruction of the sally-port is considered to be too large. Prison with space for only one guard. Between the two gates and it is handle. Weekly by the Department of Information, care of the California State University, San Bernardino, 92407.

Kaleidoscope is published weekly by the Department of Communication to augment classroom instruction. Inquiries and comments should be directed to Kaleidoscope, care of the Department of Communication, California State University, Bernardino, 5000 University Parkway, San Bernardino, California, 92407. Lorn Lorenz, co-editor; Dianne Hamre, co-editor; Elaine Patrick, photography; Stan Busch, photography; John Kaufman, advisor.

Kathleen Aulet was on the job last spring. During that time, he held a series of seminars in Fontana, aimed at informing citizens about the realities of Satanism. "I'm not an expert," Gibson said. "I don't even know if I want to be an expert." Gibson was asked to research the subject by Fontana Police Chief Ben Abernathy. For five months he spent his time gathering the full story on Satanism in the Inland Empire—through both criminal, personal sources. Gibson recalls one of the first places he went to—the city library. According to the librarian there, any book they had on the subject had been stolen or destroyed, and any returning books had arrived with cut-up pages. "A week after I talked to her—I don't know if someone heard me and then went and burned her."

The devil them do it—literally. Other lesser life forms. When a weaker form of life, the feeling of power comes to the "disciple"—the Satanist's rituals is that small 

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