

# LAMP

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## Coffee with a cop



### Students enjoy free coffee and doughnuts as LLCC police kick off a new community outreach program

Isaac Warren  
Editor

SPRINGFIELD -- If you walked past a group of cops in the Commons recently, you can rest assured that they were not in the middle of a case. Instead, they were participating in Lincoln Land's first "Coffee with a Cop" event. Students were able to mingle with campus police while enjoying coffee and donuts, courtesy of the Lincoln Land Community College Police Department.

"Coffee with a Cop" is a national event, designed to break down barriers and allows for relaxed, one-on-one interactions," according to the official Lincoln Land Community College website. When asked if this would be a recurring event, Officer

Lucas Ostendorf confirmed that there would be more "Coffee with a Cop" events on campus, with the goal to have them on a bi-semester basis.

Campus police are always available to help students in need. Ostendorf stated that he enjoys helping people, whether they need a jump for their car, or a spare tire changed. He said that his passion for helping people is one of the factors that motivated him to become an officer.

When asked what the hardest part of being a campus officer, no one, even the Sgt. Michael Hanson, could come up with any complaints. Hanson said that the officers were all a family and that they love it so much they cannot complain. The officers agreed, and gave praises for how much they enjoyed their jobs.

Since LLCC offers a Criminal Justice degrees and programs, it is not surprising that some students wish to become officers. For them, Ostendorf said that the best way to begin your college career to become an officer is to earn an Associates Degree in Criminal Justice, and to be well-rounded in academia.

The Lincoln Land police has multiple methods of access. One can use the blue alert poles to call police to their location in an emergency. Students can also call 786-2222 if they are experiencing an emergency. For those who simply need assistance with their car or something else, they can call 786-2278 if they.

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### Sports begin and end at LLCC

Emmi Fisher  
Assistant Editor

SPRINGFIELD -- The Lincoln Land Community College Men's soccer team season ended October 22 during their region game against Parkland College. The match ended up with a score of 7-1. They were 3-13 for the year, with two ties. They will be losing Sophomores Blake Dannehold, Collin Sprague, Seth Fink and Alex Clark, all graduates of Chatham Glenwood, along with Dalton Timm (Springfield High School), Mountaga Diallo (Pike High School), Alex Hamerlinck (Pleasant Plains), Jordan Lovell (Leigh Tech Academy - England), and Oscar Gordillo (Liceo Cervantes "El Retiro" - Columbia).

Lincoln Land Community College Volleyball Team is back in action this year, after last year placing second at Nationals in Arizona. This year their record is very impressive winning 37 games and holding only eight losses. They finished with two wins in the region tournament defending Rend Lake Community College. The Loggers won Saturday against Illinois Central College (2-1), they will again advance to Nationals, which this year will be held in Charleston, W.Va., from Nov. 17 to 19.

The Loggers Men and Women Basketball Teams played over the weekend on November 4 and 5 in shootouts. The Women played at Lincoln CC and went 1-1. The Men played at Harry S. Truman College Tip-Off Shoot Out in Chicago and went 2-2. Basketball season just is starting up, so as the outdoor activities slowing diminish, be sure to go support the LLCC Athletics.

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## Writers for Review honored

By Theaibold Kennon III  
Lamp Staff

SPRINGFIELD -- Students ate cookies and drank punch to celebrate the latest edition of the Lincoln Land Review at noon Tuesday Oct. 18, in the A.Lincoln Commons.

Students got to give a reading and display artwork from this year's Review in front of a crowd of students who stopped to listen and enjoy the free refreshments.

For the last seven years, Lincoln Land has published the Lincoln Land Review, featuring the best collection

of student writing and visual works from the Arts and Humanities Department, as well as other courses at Lincoln Land.

Students can submit work for inclusion in the next issue of the Review until Jan. 15, 2017. Submissions can be for best digital media, creative nonfiction, academic nonfiction, poetry and fiction, which can be written for class, or not.

Professors Eric Stachera and Cara Swafford, who are

Review, continued on Page 7



Lukas Myers discusses his story, "Mint Leaves"

Isaac Warren/Lamp



This newspaper is dedicated to the students, faculty and staff of Lincoln Land Community College.

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# Your vote, your voice

**Isaac Warren**  
Editor

SPRINGFIELD -- This election has been a roller coaster of emotion, accusations, investigations and inner turmoil. In the eyes of the public, neither candidate for any side, even the third-party candidates, are fantastic. Some voters are not voting for a candidate that best represents their ideals, but are voting to block the other candidate from entering office.

On the right, Donald Trump is the boisterous personality who has riled up Republicans who believe their voices have been unheard for too long. He has been seen as someone who can get things done by some, and has even been compared to Ronald Reagan. However, some on the right do not support Trump or his rhetoric. They feel that he will destroy the Republican party and has already caused irreversible damage.

On the other side of the spectrum,

Hillary Clinton is the nominee for the Democrats. At the time of this writing, she is facing scrutiny for her email scandal, but is still ahead in many polls. Her experience as First Lady and Secretary of State has added credibility to her campaign and shows she has dealt with problems her opponent has not.

Both candidates had skeletons in their closets and the amount of damage those skeletons do undoubtedly influenced the election on Nov. 8. For Trump, his rise in wealth and fame are brought up a lot in interviews, as well as allegations of sexual abuse. Multiple women, nearly 20 at this point, have claimed that Trump has groped, made sexual comments, even raped them. Trump's failed businesses, such as Trump University, have been brought to light as well.

Clinton has been investigated by the FBI, and is still being investigated, since it never technically closed in the first place. Emails are

flooding the Internet every day that are being reviewed by investigators to see if they have any attachments to Clinton. So far, many of them are not painting a positive picture for Clinton, or those involved in her campaign or administration.

In my opinion, asking which candidate to elect is like asking which eye you want to get punched in. At this point, it is no longer about voting for someone who has the same beliefs as yourself. It is about blocking a candidate who will cause the most damage to this nation.

So here we are. Left with two people who are not saints by any stretch of the imagination. In my opinion, the founding fathers are rolling in their graves at the thought of this election. For many millennials, such as myself, this is their first election. To be frank, there is not a single candidate that represents every single one of someone's beliefs.

If someone does agree with

everything one of these candidates says, in my opinion, they are either not educated, or do not understand the policies of the candidate they support. Not that there is anything wrong with that; but if you vote for someone to run the free world, perhaps a little background check would be a good idea. It's 2016. The Internet is abundant with information. Nobody has any reason to be uninformed in this day in age, unless they are simply lazy, incompetent, or are illiterate.

It is not in the best interest of yourself, your family, or your country to sit at home on election day and complain. If you do not vote, you do not get the right to complain about how things are not going your way. Innovation, change, and progress are not achieved by sitting on a couch eating ice cream. Get up, vote, make a difference.

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# Nights at the emergency room

**By Edward Gerson**  
Lamp staff

SPRINGFIELD - It was 11 p.m. and time to go to work. I struggled to get up and stumbled out of bed - my nightly routine. I'd return the next morning, force myself to relax, try to erase from my mind what I had witnessed. I'd draw the curtains and the blinds then close my eyes. But no matter how tired I was, I could only drift off to sleep when the evening sun went down and I would have to get up.

I spent two-and-a-half years like this from 1972 through nearly most of 1974 when I worked as an Inpatient Admitting Officer on the midnight shift at a large South Side hospital in Chicago. I had taken the job because I was desperate for money and the hospital needed someone right away to replace a guy who'd just quit after only two weeks.

It was a quiet night at that hour, practically no traffic except for a stray car or two, the air warm, humid, muggy, the moon large, low in the sky. I wondered as I walked down 55th Street what would await me this time: what horror, tragedy, comedy?

My co-workers Lenny and Jim were gossiping as usual when I got to the Admitting Office. Lenny was in his 60s, tall and gaunt, wearing steel rimmed spectacles he was always pushing back. He was a lonely man and had never married. Grief and depression had hollowed him out. First, one brother had died felled by a stroke, then another one slowly weakened away by a series of heart attacks, and finally, his 92-year-old mother. He would watch her sometimes as she slept in her armchair,

he told me later, waiting to see when her breathing would stop - until one night it did.

He had been a bookkeeper for a number of years and brought his craft to the midnight shift. His handwriting was a model of fine precision as he passed his pen from one input field to the next, pressing the ballpoint firmly into the admissions contract. When I first started, he was very clear: "I can train you or he can," he said, pointing to Jim who had fallen asleep slumped next to a tumbled heap of folders, "It's your choice."

He was right, but I couldn't fault my other partner either. Jim had a family to care for and support, and worked two other jobs beside this one. He helped convicts transition back into society.

"You know what their problem is, Gerson?" he'd say. "Keeping them from going back. You've got rights; they don't. Who's going to give a job to a convicted felon, huh? You? Who? You can vote. They can't. And, on top of that, they're black. Three strikes. What chance they've got, you tell me?"

Afterwards, when I had left my job in the ER, people would ask me what was it like working that shift? What did you see, what did you feel?

"Like riding a tiger," I'd answer.

There was nothing like it: the nervous, twitchy anticipation I'd feel approaching the ER door, the adrenaline rush when I'd entered the room, the way my brain catch fire, while on a separate level, I would be focusing down, down, making sure I got all the facts for the contract, making sure to get the patient's name, his address, and his insurance

— always the insurance plus the doctor's signature.

And to be honest about it, I got to mention that the hospital was shot through with sex, a place nearly bursting with erotic energy. How could it be otherwise? Midnights, it was practically unavoidable. I mean, everything flowed towards it like water rushing to a bathroom drain. Because death was always present: in the silent halls, the slow, rhythmic pumping hiss of the respirators, the pulsing beep-beep of the monitors in the ICU with blinking lights, the subdued talk between nurses and doctors as they conferred. Plus, the sick, no modesty there: the bare skin, sometimes mottled, sometimes clear, the naked, nearly translucent flesh beneath the sheets, the fluids: blood, urine, mucus, spit; stark, raw, in-your-face, and feelings, emotions, stark and brutal as well: pain—both physical and emotional — grief, tears. Sex was the only weapon we had, the only way to fight back, the only way we could prove that — no! I'm not dead yet. It was the life force, that elusive, incontrovertible testament that we were alive, proof that we were not that doll-eyed man facing upwards from a pillow staring at the ceiling his only breath coming from a tube.

Plus, there were nurses all over the place, some men — a few — but mostly women in the ER, walking the floors, watching the monitors in the ICU. I may sound sexist. You can accuse me of being a male chauvinistic pig, but the place had women everywhere, every color, every size and shape you can imagine: white, Black, Asian-American, tall, petite, heavy, thin, dressed in blue,

green, pink, or floral smocks. A guy couldn't help himself.

Jim was always flirting with this one or that. I think he had lady friends throughout the place, how serious I never knew. Every once in awhile I would catch him whispering to a nurse, leaning nonchalantly against a wall, at a desk, next to an ER gurney, in the OR, the break-room. I never asked him about it, what was he doing, what was going down. And he never said.

Lenny too. Everyone knew he was a drunk. It was common knowledge. He'd show up for shift, bleary-eyed, dragged out, sucking on lozenges to sweeten his breath, then disappear for hours, sometimes the entire night. No one knew where he'd gone. But after his mother died, he grew worse. He simply went to pieces. That was when Ruth started coming by. Although she had stopped to talk and flirt with him before sometimes, she could see like we all could, that he was melting down. So she took over, stepped in. One night when Jim and I were alone, he told me, whispering, practically conspiratorial in my ear: "He's shackled up with her."

"Ruth?" I said, "with Lenny?"

"Yeah," Jim said, "how about that?"

He said Lenny was selling his mother's place to take a room in Ruth's basement. "But that's a load of bullshit. They've had the hots for each other ever since she started coming round."

But for me, it was Jenny. "I hear the mermaids calling," I would say, "each to each." Lenny and Jim would look at me as though I had lost my mind. "But I do not think they call to me," and with a stage flourish,

I took off. Even now, after all this time, a marriage of over 30 years and a daughter grown, I still think about Jenny, although how much is memory, how much made up, I can no longer tell. Jenny worked the midnight shift like me although like many of the other nurses — not all — she rotated nights so I could never be sure when she'd be at her post on 3rd-East. I first spotted her when I was putting out the nurses' time cards, sitting at her desk, filling out reports. After that, I couldn't get her out of my head. I would saunter up to her floor on breaks, hoping she'd be there. She was a small, petite woman in her early 30s, with a soft, lush body her pink uniform accented rather than concealed. She had long, curly, black hair that rained down her back and large, brown eyes. I treasured those moments when I watched her as she'd yawn and stretch or rise, turn and lift her arms to take a glass or cup from the pantry or absently twist a lock of hair. She was a woman totally secure of herself, assertive, perceptive of others, and me, and could be brutally honest. We'd flirt with one another, banter, argue about this or that. She'd cover my hand with hers to emphasize some point or other and I would simply cave in.

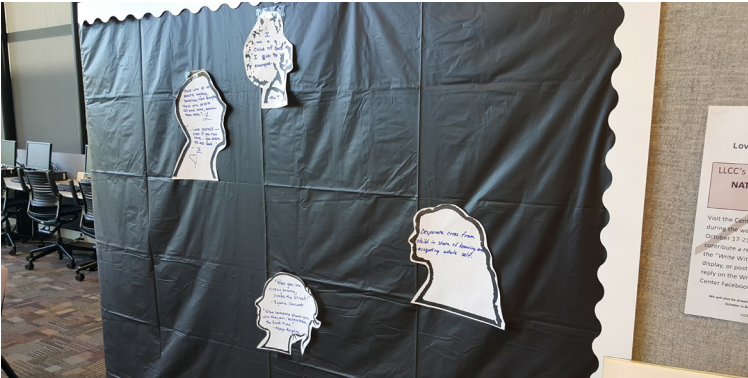
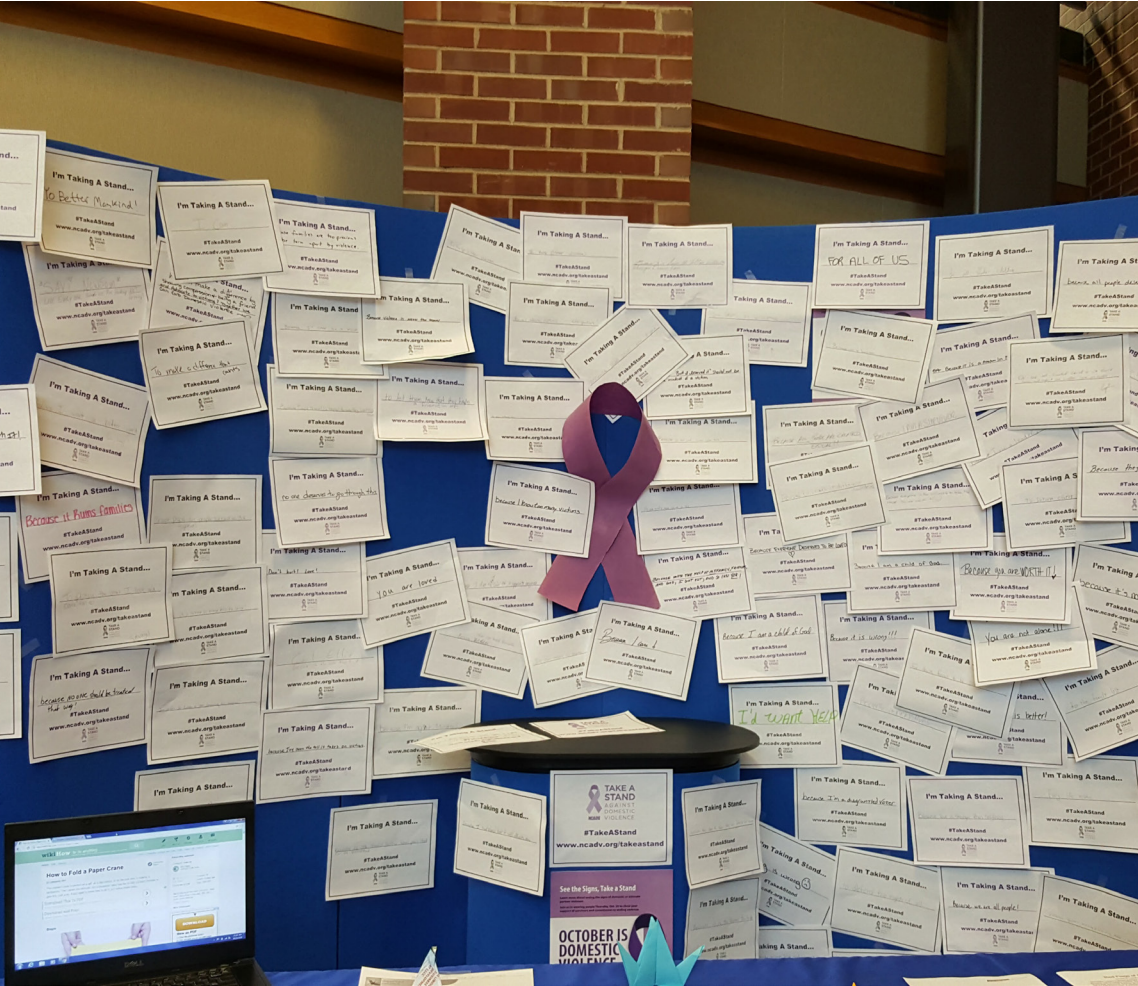
I lusted for her, I admit it, but after a while, that feeling changed, turning into something harder, but softer too, something I didn't understand until much, much later.

"So you're leaving?" Jenny said.

"Yes," I replied, sitting down. "I can't stay here, Jen. I'm burned out. There's hardly anything left of me.

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# Speaking against abuse

## Lincoln Land students develop marketing strategies for local shelter

By Avery Cook  
Lamp Staff

SPRINGFIELD - When people think of October, thoughts of Halloween, horror movies and pumpkin spice-flavored coffee usually spring to mind, but what some people don't know is that October is also Domestic Violence Awareness Month.

Domestic violence is a part of our world, but because the subject is not discussed as often, it is often overlooked.

Many faculty here at Lincoln Land have taken to informing the students of domestic violence by wearing purple to show support and doing what they can to spread awareness.

One of them is Professor Coravonne Salm. She decided that for her class her students would develop marketing strategies for Sojourn, a domestic violence shelter dedicated to educating others about domestic violence and servicing



The new store front for Sojourn resale

those affected by domestic violence. Sojourn is connected to Sojourn Resale, a thrift store where all proceeds go to help the victims of domestic violence. The store features a variety of clothing, and clothing accessories. Salm was already affiliated with the store as her daughter worked there. Salm's students worked to come up with marketing plans for the shelter and store. One of the problems that they faced was the lack of name recognition associated with Sojourn, since many people in Springfield did

not really know about it.

The lack of awareness of the shelter and store could easily chalk this up to how domestic violence is sometimes forgotten about in our society. While domestic violence is a known problem, people are not as informed about it as other issues and it seems that people just are not as interested in the subject as they used to be, at least according to Salm.

"The subject [of domestic violence] isn't as shocking as it used to be when it first became more public knowledge," Salm said.

The store is located near Starbucks and County Market in the Fairhills Shopping Center at 1919 W. Monroe St. It is open 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

To learn more about the Sojourn Shelter, check out their website at [www.sojournshelter.org](http://www.sojournshelter.org).

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My weight's down, I have trouble sleeping, eating. If I hadn't decided to go - I don't know - I might have packed it in, taken pills, jumped off a bridge." I shrugged.

"Where are you going?"

"I got this job on a healthcare magazine, something to do with quality assurance. I put together my education and the time I spent here, drafted a resume and shopped around until I found something. It wasn't easy and I had help."

"Good," Jenny said.

"Good?"

"Oh yeah, if you had stayed here with us, you'd be toast and nobody would have cared or given a crap. You would have wound up like the others" - she waved her hand in the air - "you know, the hangers-on, the forever crowd, working for the university, dreaming about the

day they get their PhDs.' , how they're going to teach somewhere, someday, and get tenure, while they're here, nothing, nowhere, nobody."

"Maybe so," I replied, "but I still can't shake it, Jenny. I mean I never got it, the degree. All that work I put in, all that money: my own, my parents, even my GI Bill. I was accepted to candidacy, Jenny, and then I couldn't write the goddamned dissertation! I nearly had a nervous breakdown."

"So what?" Jenny said. "Stop whining, for Christ's sake!" She was angry. "Stop blaming yourself, feeling guilty, feeling ashamed isn't going to change anything, somehow make things better. Besides, it doesn't matter."

"It doesn't?"

"Nah." She shook her head. "You're not like us, Gerson. You're a poet - you know, one of those strange, fuzzy little creatures who walk around, moon-eyed, staring off into space, constantly thinking about things. You see stuff others don't. You feel things others can't. Plus, you're smart and know all there is to know

about books and literature and...." She waved her hand again.

For the first time in my life, I was at a loss for words. A silent minute passed, then another. I stood up. It was time to go, to say goodbye.

"Jenny," I said, "I've got to get back. Since this is my last night, could I have a hug?"

She didn't say anything but rose from her chair and crossed to me, holding out her arms. And then I did something I had ached to do. I pulled her to me, and rested my head on her shoulder, my face nestled against her neck. I was afraid she'd push me away but she held me close instead, and raising her arm, turned my face and kissed me hard on the lips.

"Wow, Jenny!" I said.

"Simmer down, cub scout, relax. You know, someday, somewhere, you'll meet someone who'll understand you, and protect you, because God knows you're going to need it. You're angry, Ed, angry with yourself, angry with others, angry at the world and filled with hurt. She'll have to be a virtual lioness."

I headed towards the elevator, turned. "I'll never forget you, Jen."

"Yes, you will," she said. "You won't have time to think about me - or us - or this place. You'll be too busy writing books."

And so I left, left the midnight shift, the hospital, the university, even Chicago, settling down in Springfield, and after a lifetime of work, I retired to register just like you at Lincoln Land, sitting next to you, or in front, or behind, listening to the teachers, taking notes, asking questions, offering an opinion.

Is there a moral here? If there is, it's certainly not "follow your dream" or "believe in yourself" - none of that crap you hear on TV or see on the Internet. It's only this, my friend: life's not a straight path, but a winding road and you'll never know whom you'll meet along the way.

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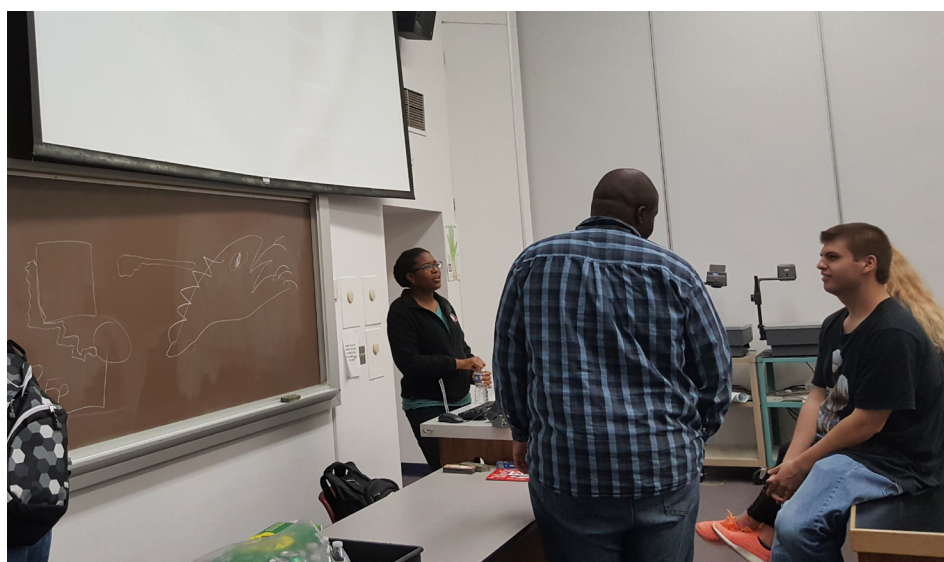
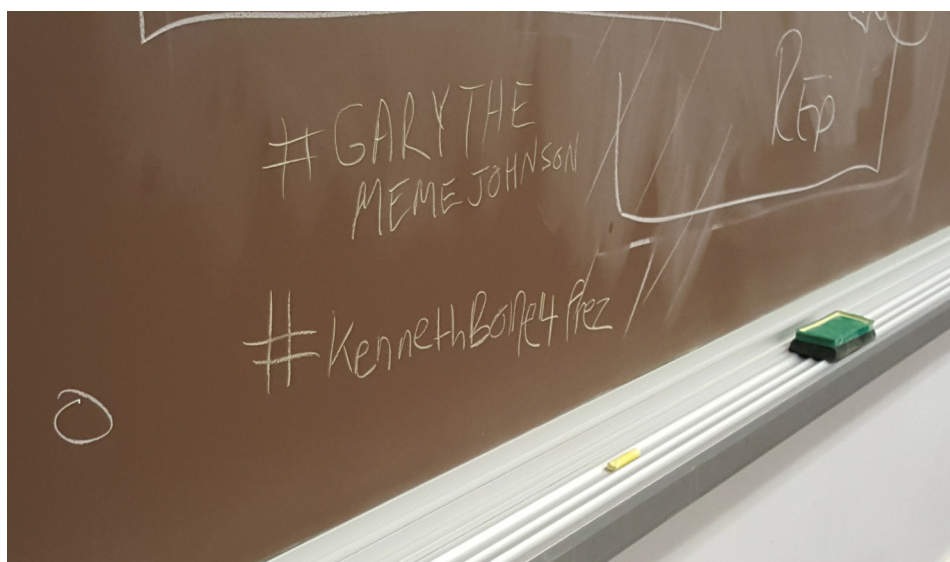
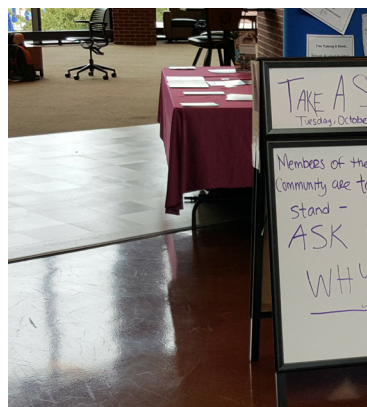




# Slice of life at LLCC









# Hiking guide

By **Jared Gorrell**  
Assistant Editor

SPRINGFIELD -- Over the years, several of my friends have asked me what I consider to be great places to hike around Springfield. My answers varied for each of them, for some wanted a quiet place to stroll with their dogs, while others sought more of an adventure. However, I have decided to open this up to all people. Here are a half-dozen of the best spots to hike in Sangamon County. As I have not been everywhere in this county, I will miss a few locations. Feel free to email me with suggestions. I have decided to break this down into three ratings-easy, moderate, and difficult. By difficult, I mean that there are few trails, heavily brushy trails, and/or that some sections of the trail may have to be improvised. Moderate means grassy paths or some slight hills, as well as possible mud and tree roots. Easy is a very relative term, but I have chosen it for paths that I would trust for children. I would recommend none of these places for differently-abled persons, as the terrain in all of them is too rough. There are quite a few other places to try in this county, but these are a few selected places I recommend.

**Lincoln Memorial Gardens (easy to moderate)**

If you want to get started, or you want to see the largest number of different habitats in one park, visit Lincoln Memorial Gardens. This well-designed, easily-walked park is ideal for the casual hiker or walker. A large number of the plants planted here are far more common in southern Illinois than here, including Baldcypress and Silverbell trees. Large sections of the preserve are prairies. However, one of the largest oak trees in the state lives here as well, older than the Revolutionary War. Lincoln Memorial Gardens borders Lake Springfield, so any wildlife on the lake can be quite easily seen from shore. With a diverse mix of recreated ecosystems, Lincoln Memorial Gardens is likely the best spot to hike in Sangamon County.

Best time to visit: Anytime  
Address: 2301 E. Lake Shore Drive, Springfield, IL 62712

**Washington Park (moderate)**

While the majority of the park is an open, grassy woodland with paths and playgrounds, Washington Park is so much more. The botanical gardens is a haven for many Gray Treefrogs in the summertime, while the lake is the best place to see Wood Ducks in the Springfield area. In spring, the park's display of native woodland flowers is also stellar. Washington Park's location in downtown Springfield makes it easily reachable for most residents.. The hilliness and the large numbers of tree roots on the paths in Washington Park give it the moderate rating.

Best time to visit: Spring  
Address: 1740 W. Fayette Ave., Springfield, IL 62704

**Centennial Park (moderate)**

One of the better prairies in Sangamon County, Centennial Park's grassy paths wind through a huge restored prairie. Come in May, and the entire prairie may be a sea of white with Foxglove Beardtongue flowers, in the single greatest floral display I've seen in Sangamon County. Even at other times of year, there's usually something to impress. If nothing else, climb to the top of the hill and look how far you can see in all directions.

Best time to visit : Late spring to fall

Address: 5751 Bunker Hill Road, New Berlin, IL 62670

**Lick Creek Wildlife Area (moderate to difficult)**

Lick Creek Wildlife Area is one of the wilder areas on my list, and the most interesting features, including a fairly large marsh, are off-trail. If you do not like snakes, avoid this area, as, in my opinion, this is the best place to see snakes in Sangamon County. Mushroom hunters, kayakers, and fishermen love this area, however. If you do venture off the trails, it is quite easy to become lost, but walking in any direction will bring you to a road, field, lake, or neighborhood. This is my personal favorite of the six places listed here, simply because it is little-known and

full of life.

Best time to visit: Late winter - early summer, fall.

Address: 5700 Old Chatham Road, Springfield, IL 62711  
**Nipper Wildlife Sanctuary (moderate)**

This is the most remote of the six places on my list. However, Nipper Wildlife Sanctuary is also one of the finest on this list. Only opened to the public a few years ago, the preserve has rare hawks and owls visiting in the winter, while in the spring chorus frogs call and thousands of crayfish live in its ponds. Occasionally, an albino deer can be seen on the grounds. Like Lincoln Memorial Gardens, a wide diversity of plants have been planted here, including rare ones like Prairie Bush Clover. In parts of the preserve, all you can see is prairie.

Best time to visit: Anytime. Animals most common in spring, flowers best in summer and fall. Rare hawks and owls best in winter.

Address: 9560 Withers Road, Loami, IL 62661

**Carpenter Park (moderate to difficult)**

Sangamon County's only State Nature Preserve, Carpenter Park has a sandstone bluff, the scenery of the Sangamon River, and some of the largest trees in central Illinois. In the spring, the woodland floral display is one of the best in the area, and in late summer, the river's mosquito population is also one of the best in the area. The humidity after a rain is also quite impressive, but let none of this stop you from exploring here. Nothing was planted at Carpenter Park, and every plant and animal species you see has lived there for hundreds of years. As one of the few mostly intact natural areas remaining in this county, Carpenter Park is a wonderful reminder of what Sangamon County used to resemble.

Best time to visit: Late winter-early summer, fall

Address: 1 Carpenter Park Trail, Springfield, IL 62707

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# Cubs a favorite at Lincoln Land

By Jesse Baker  
Lamp staff

In sports, games are usually contested between two different teams or people. These games are very competitive and that is often personified by rivalry games, which can often split the fanbase of the two teams. In football, Springfield fans are often split by the Chicago Bears and Greenbay Packers games, while in hockey it's the Chicago Blackhawks and the St. Louis Blues that holds Springfield's interest.

However, in baseball, the rivalry between the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals has and will continue to divide opinion for years to come. In this year's edition of the Major League Baseball season, the encounters of the two teams were met with animosity and intensity on both sides, and this made the battle for bragging rights between the fans even better.

"It's always nice to beat the Cardinals," said Cubs fan Tanner Reavis.

In the head to head matchup of the teams, the Cubs narrowly beat out the Cardinals beating them 10 out of 19 times, getting their last win in the last game of their season series. In the overall season, the Cubs also beat the Cardinals record posting the best record in the MLB with 103 wins and 58 losses, while the Cardinals came second in the division with 86 wins and 76 losses.

It is because of those two records that Cubs were able to make the playoffs

while the Cardinals could not this season. Given the Cubs record in the playoffs for the past 100 plus years, the question of "Could Cardinal look past their rivalry with the Cubs and support them if they made it to the World Series" arose.

In a survey of 20 Lincoln Land students conducted with that same question, 15 out of 20 students or 75%, stated that would cheer for the cubs if they made it that far whereas 5 - 25% said they would only ever cheer for the cardinals.

Darius Allen, one of the five who said they wouldn't cheer for the Cubs stated, "I probably would never cheer for the Cubs. Most of my family are from down there (St.Louis) and I would never change my team."

Patrick Kline on the other said, "Yes, I would support the Cubs, they haven't won in so long and they're actually good for once. We won back in 2011 so there is no reason why we have to be jealous of Cardinals fans."

Overall, the matter of the fact is that the Cubs are yet to make the World Series as they are currently facing the Los Angeles Dodgers in the National League Championship Series, but if they are to make it, opinions will certainly be divided on the team here in Springfield and at Lincoln Land.

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## Review,

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advisers to the Review, hosted the party.

Kennedeigh McKee read "The Grave Site" from last year's magazine, before she had to leave for class. Robin Easton-Barr shared her emotional and award-winning, for the best submissions in poetry, "Breaking Free." Afterwards, Sheila Bryant recited her "One Vision, Many Solutions" essay to the crowd.

The winner for best short story in fiction, Lukas J. Myers, read a modified part from "Mint Leaves." It was modified because he said he continues to work on and edit it.

The next speaker was Kathy Smith reading from a piece she wrote a few years ago, "Employee Benefits."

Finally, the award winner for best academic nonfiction, Matt LeMasters, read his work, "The Thousand Yard Stare: The Forgotten Struggle of the Greatest Generation," which combined the visual presentation with his reading.

During all the readings, the visual media played on a loop on the screen to the side. They showed visual works such as Jesse Flock's cover art called "Graphic Graffiti." The review features visual work by Antonio Byas, Christine Zack, Gunes Burcu, Suzanne Traylor, Diane Wilson, Miles Guffy, E. Vern Taylor, Matt Utterback, Daniel Stainfield, Lainy Lemley, Jennifer Cawley, Mason Lyons, Lainy Lamkey, Doug Wagner and Brian Blythe.

Those interested in submitting visual or written works, please contact the Lincoln Land Review at [lincolnlndreview@llcc.edu](mailto:lincolnlndreview@llcc.edu) or pick up the free print version of the journal in the library or a digital version at [lincolnlndreview.org](http://lincolnlndreview.org).

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# New faces of superheroes

By Theaibold Kennon III  
Lamp Staff

For those who have never read a comic and only know superheroes from movies and TV, prepare to be introduced to some of the more creative, edgier heroes.

Superheroes have always been cutting edge in the comic books, giving voice to the voiceless, but now a new set of heroes has reached the mainstream thanks to Netflix.

A street level hero is more into stopping gangs, mobsters, triads, corrupt cops and shady business people. They are hardboiled, film noir, adult oriented and progressive.

After the events of the first Avengers movie, New York was left to rebuild. crime skyrocketed, but the Avengers moved on. New heroes arose in the aftermath. Daredevil lost his eyesight as a child, but gained superhuman senses.

Jessica Jones has super strength super jumping abilities, and Luke Cage is a super strong, bulletproof hero for hire. After Iron Fist's series the Netflix Marvel lineup will join forces for a miniseries called The Defenders, next year.

When super powered heroes are done well, they can be a metaphor for real issues. Daredevil is one of the only blind superheroes. He is a lawyer by day and masked crime fighter by night. His blindness does not define his character, it is just a trait. Jessica Jones deals with being a rape survivor, struggles with sobriety, and low self esteem. Luke Cage is wrongly imprisoned and is still wanted.

As a visually impaired person, I don't go out much after dark, let alone fearlessly jump from building to building. As a African American in this day in age, to know that bullets would bounce off my skin would provide some comfort knowing I would come home every night. As a man who has female friends who have been assaulted, I would love it if they could shatter a cinder block with one punch. It not simplifying the problems in the news, but rather acting as an agent of change, of hope.

It has been this way since the beginning. Superman is an immigrant. He was originally a super strong, bulletproof, social warrior who could jump over a building and toss a wife-beater into a wall. Empowerment to the powerless. Comics fans know that we cannot bend steel bars in our hands, that's not why we read comics or watch them in movies, or TV. They are hope, strength, bravery and heroism trying to be human. Now these heroes represent more of the population.

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