SPARTA LIFE

WINTER, 1966

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SAN JOSE STATE FEATURE MAGAZINE

SPARTA LIFE

75¢

Vol.1 No.1

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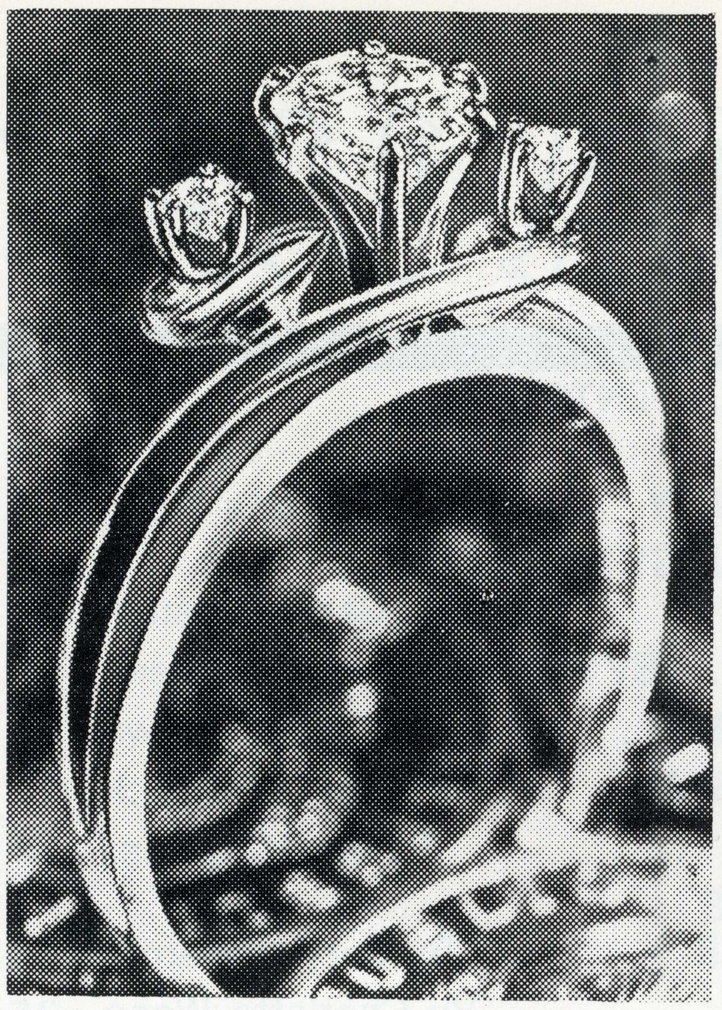
cover photography/Nick Pavloff



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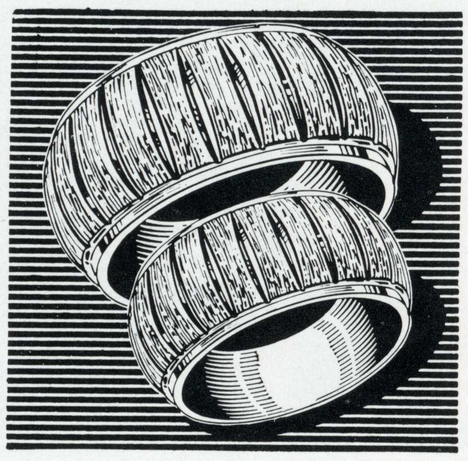

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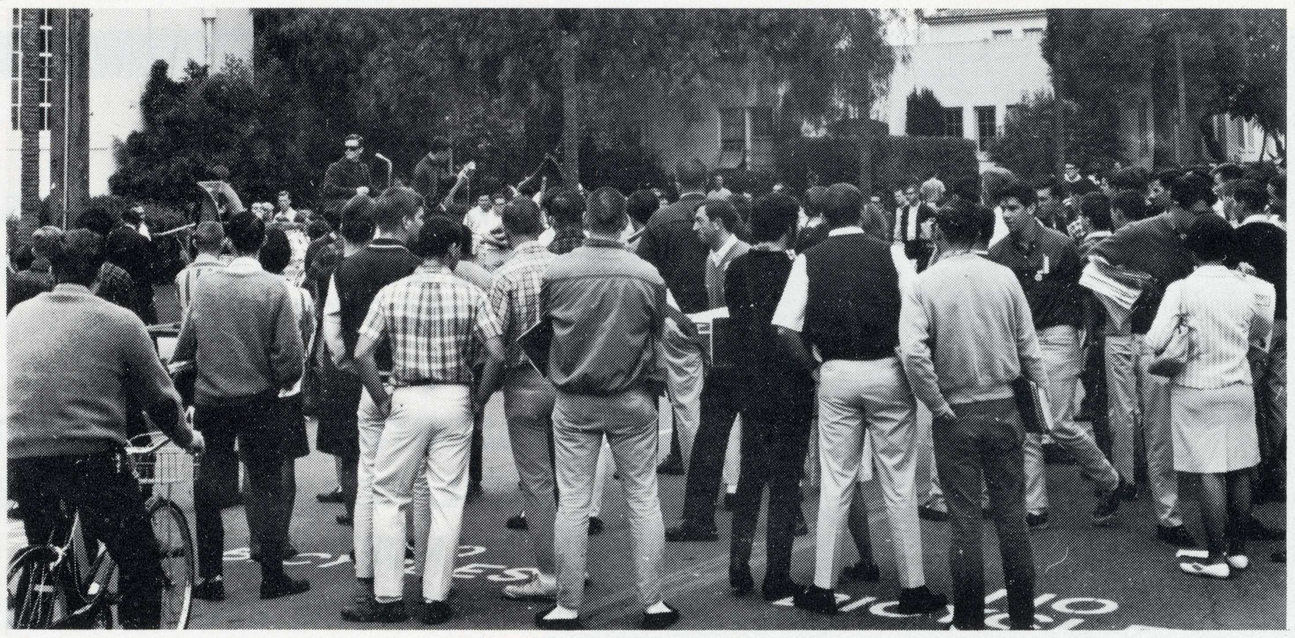


Sparta Life is a new laboratory publication for a course in magazine journalism in the SJS Department of Journalism and Advertising. It springs from two other publications previously published in the department—the feature magazine, *Lyke,* and the yearbook, *La Torre.*

Ironically, we went to press with news from the national Sigma Delta Chi convention in Los Angeles that this distinguished national society of journalists had named the now defunct *Lyke* "best college feature magazine in the nation." This is the third time *Lyke* has been so honored.

Ironic, too, was the fact that the three issues of last year's *Lyke* judged in national competition had all experienced poor sales on campus. *Lyke* wound up its year of publication with a deficit.

Likewise, the yearbook *La Torre* had received high "First Class" honor ratings in Associated Collegiate Press national yearbook ratings in recent years. But yearbook sales also were poor, ranging over the past three years from 2,200 to 3,000 copies sold to a student body of 20,000.

Sparta Life, then, comes as an experiment in a laboratory for magazine journalism. We have made it a large format magazine in order to give our photographers' pictures better play. It is our sincere desire to retain what has been good in both *Lyke* and *La Torre.* We will keep *La Torre's* photo section for seniors in our May issue. And we have retained, we hope, significant features of *Lyke.*

Speaking of features, we have a number of enjoyable, entertaining and informative ones in this issue, as well as a great many fine photographs. We feel sure you will agree with this as you read through the magazine. We have tried to present features which will be of interest to nearly everyone.

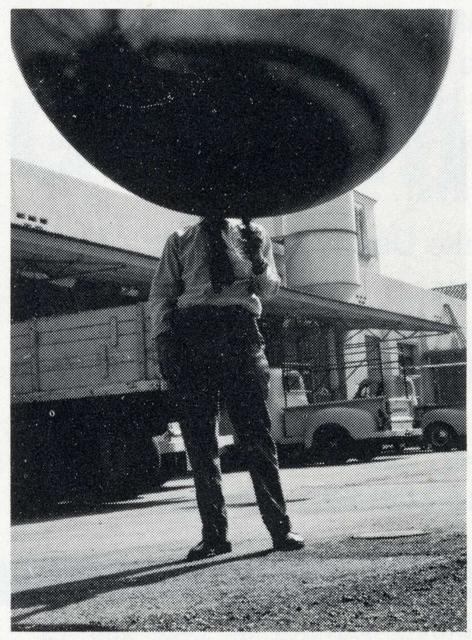
Beginning with "A REFLECTION OF THINGS GREY," we take you first to Japan where you can see through the camera-eye of Nick Pavloff some of what he saw while in Okayama as an exchange student and feel some of the mood he experienced there.

For a change of pace, "WE DON'T WANT NO SCROUNGY MUTHAS IN OUR TOWN," in its highly entertaining style and content, takes you across the country on freight trains as Gary Nichamin, *Sparta Life* General Manager, relates his capricious and oft-times harrowing experiences as a road bum.

We are offering some highly provocative information too. In case you didn't know, the MACHINE is taking over, invading even the realm of love. No longer is it necessary to hustle blindly, seeking the ideal: (a) date, (b) mate, (c) companion (circle answer that best appeals to you). This is the age of the mastermind computer and in this issue (which, incidentally, has been written, produced and directed by human machines), "THE HUSTLE MACHINE" entertainingly explains the many ramifications of dating by computer.

The mechanical monster comes to life again in "CYBERNETICS ON CAMPUS" which makes some interesting prophecies for the future student and educator—entrance exams, registration lines, human teachers . . . *Blooey!* Just slap on the helmet and let the machine pick your brain.

These are merely a few samples of the many fine features contained in this magazine. We hope you enjoy them because it gives us great pleasure to bring them to you, even though we did have a little trouble getting this magazine started.



We had some problems with those big balloons our promotion staff kept trying to inflate to publicize the magazine. They were a big bust. And then (blush) there was the Carol Doda episode which both *Sparta Life* and *Spartan Daily* would like to forget. One wit suggested that our publicity balloons might have been more successful if we had inflated them with silicone.

At any rate, this issue represents our modest or immodest beginning. Take your choice. Anyhow, we're out.

PAPERBACKS

A TIME TO READ FOR PLEASURE

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Bob Killian

Photography: Yoshi Hasegawa Model Carol Beatty

Photography: Nick Pavloff

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A Reflection of Things Grey

Photographed while one of two students representing SJS in last summer's Pacific Neighbors Program, the pictures of Nick Pavloff, senior art major and staff photographer, reflect the varying shades of gray which answer black and white questions. The photographs which appear here were shot during Pavloff's two and a half month stay in Okayama, Japan, San Jose's sister city. Cost of lodging and meals for Pavloff and Pam Bartlein, sophomore home economics major, was paid by the program which hopes to send another group of students next year.

The contrasting patterns of light and texture which appear in the photographs are reflections of contrasts in the land itself. During an interview, Pavloff noted that it was not unusual to see a television antenna or an air conditioner in an area peppered with rice paddies, villages, or temples. He was especially impressed by Zen philosophy and the ability of people to "contemplate calm beauty" amidst a fast-moving, fast-changing society. This central core of peace is also conveyed in the photographs, several of which were displayed in a recent exhibit of Pavloff's work at the library here. (continued)

By Charlotte Wong

Observation of Japanese meditativeness resulted in his new awareness of a need for a quiet time away from the daily run-around, an awareness evidenced by his remarks: "I like to spend a few moments of the day watching the leaves fall off a tree or walking alone. I want to keep tabs on myself. I don't want to let life slip by without really noting it."

The people themselves are warm individuals, noted Pavloff, who sat in on several classes at Okayama University, including one in oil painting and another in Japanese water colors. "The students are a courageous band. From what I gathered, there is not great demand for art students (employmentwise), but even after classes ended for the summer, they were there daily, working on extra projects. It is courageous to be so involved in art. The photographer also observed the strong influence of French impressionism and of French music on the students in Japan.

Unforgettable is the adjective Pavloff used to describe his visit to Hiroshima during the twentieth anniversary of its bombing by the Americans. He remarked that he had not met with the bitterness he expected to encounter in the Japanese and that at Hiroshima he had found not bitterness but hindsight. Remnants of the bombing have been preserved at Hiroshima for posterity and there Pavloff viewed the remains of melted bottles and pictures of cremated people and mangled infants. The sights deeply moved Pavloff, who stressed, "war is one of the absolute

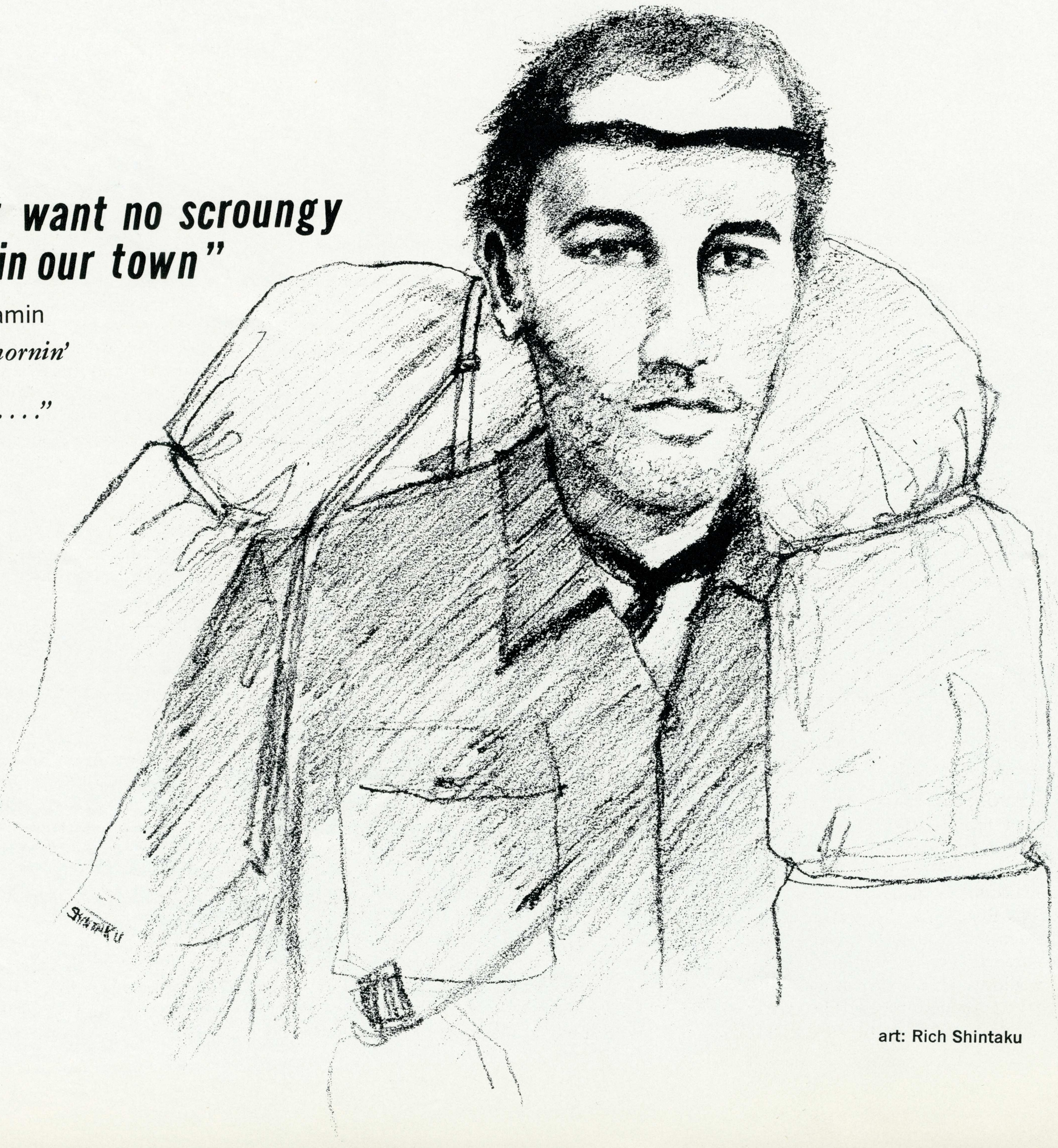
shortcomings of man. When one sees this, one sees the pointlessness of war and the absolute waste of human beings." In the event of draft the student said he would ask to serve in a non-combative position, and, although he abhors Communism and totalitarian forms of governments, Pavloff commented, "there is no right way, no one way of government."

It may be said that in Japan Pavloff encountered incidents which caused him to re-examine his values, but in Japan he also found a peace-restoring philosophy to help carry him through a grey world. ❖❖

"We don't want no scroungy muthas in our town"

By Gary Nichamin

"Early in the mornin'
I'll be on that
train an' gone...."



art: Rich Shintaku

Remember the John Wayne westerns—the ones in which the frightened Indian, wrongly accused of murdering the Widow Larsen's four kids, is quivering in a cold, lonely Laramie jail listening to the grumbling lynch mob outside? The Indian's blood freezes.

Or perhaps you are more familiar with the *Fugitive;* Dr. Richard Kimble, relentlessly pursuing a one-armed man who killed his wife (If he *didn't* kill Mrs. Kimble, we have been rooting for a cold-blooded killer for two years). While being pursued by Lieutenant Whats-his-name, he's chased into a swamp. Just as he begins to relax, as the posse is giving up the search, in the distance hounds begin to bay. Kimble's blood freezes.

But YOURS doesn't because you know this is only a movie or a TV show. When you or I get into trouble there is always the tendency to await a commercial break to put an end to our suffering. During the summer just past, there were many times when I was sure that the voice of Durward Kirby MUST be coming soon to rescue me from my predicament with a message from the alternate sponsor.

Perhaps I should explain. During the month of August, I was a road bum. Ordinarily I am a student, an Advertising major, but immediately after the first summer session I busted out and hit the freights. The reason for this trip was not the typical, "I have always wanted to ride the freight trains ever since I could remember . . ." I had never thought of it until I realized that I had nothing to do during August. I didn't need the four-week session, I didn't want to work, I had little money to go anywhere UNLESS I could get there cheaply. I narrowed the choice down to (1) a Honda trip to Mexico, and (2) "Freight Train, Freight Train, Goin' so fast . . ." My folk music tradition won out. I regretted the decision a few times, but those times passed and I will always be glad I did it. Although it *is* a bit upsetting to find yourself arrested in every town you enter, and laughed at by some and feared by most others. It is most unnerving to get put down by persons whom you consider to be *your* equal. To feel like a party crasher in an A&W Root Beer stand is something out of my normal range of experience.

HEY YOU, GET OFF OF MY RAILROAD

I started making preparations sometime in June, arranging to forward a suitcase with clothes and some traveler's checks to Baltimore, which therefore became my first destination. I wrote to my cousins Regina and Roberta in New York, telling them that I might be coming. I paid my rent in advance and rented out my Honda for the time I would be gone. Conversations with every road bum on Market Street yielded much valuable information. I learned that if I were to look like a college student, I would end up on a right-of-way somewhere and never be heard from again. Apparently the railroads are tightening up their rules about riders and the bums figure (rightly so) that as more people ride for their jollies, the railroads will get more and more upset. This is a way of life to thousands of men and and they don't want to see outsiders ruin it.

My research also turned up a wonderfully descriptive vocabulary that is necessary for communication and to create the impression of authenticity. Like teen-age slang, which kept creeping into my train language, objects are not named for what they are but for the impression that they create. Thus, a railroad cop is a *bull;* a fast through train is a *hotshot;* people traveling by boxcar are *old boys;* The Great Northern Railroad (whose emblem is a goat astride a mountain) is the *Goat;* because the *Goat* boxcars are left open when traveling empty, it is the *Friendly Goat.* There are no engines, only *power units;* slow trains are *deadheads;* refrigerator cars are *snow jobs* or *reefers.* (Everyone I talked to warned me away from the reefers. It is rumored that playful trainmen will tell unsuspecting riders that they will leave the hatches open on the reefers and it will be comfortable inside out of the wind. As soon as the neophyte is inside, getting settled with the cantaloupes, the hatches are sealed and there is a neat surprise for the unloaders, fresh frozen.)

The new automobiles are the thing to avoid most, since these are the most expensive vulnerable cargo carried by the railroads and the bulls are especially wary of anyone who rides on these cars. It is common knowledge that one of the cars on the lowest deck contains keys to all vehicles on that "ten pack", so if it is exceptionally cold, someone can ride in a new car with the radio and heater going. Of course he risks the wrath of an angry bull, and bulls have been known to waylay riders rather than go to the trouble of arresting them. (When I went through Denver, a bull had just been killed by a drunk bum and I ran in and out of the yards for a whole night before I could find someone who would tell me how the hell to get a train out. It is a huge yard and there were many trains being built that night but nothing going out.)

Ordinarily, the switchmen will gladly offer information about the trains and their destinations and how to avoid the bulls; my theory is that they like to see someone take advantage of their employers, in addition to the fact that they are proud of the trains that they build up—each car going in the right train—and love to brag about them. Some of the most helpful, wonderful people I met were trainmen, I even found most of the bulls understanding. I was arrested and jailed only once ($20 sewn in my coat lining got me out) and I think the thing that saved me from getting beaten was my appearance; I was pretty hopeless looking.

But, let's start from the beginning of the trip.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF ADVENTURE, I STUB MY TOE

Angus, my roommate, dropped me off at Hedding and Coleman at 8 p.m. on Friday, July 31. The first night was a series of blunders, my ONLY blunders during the trip, so it served as a learning situation.

I was wearing white Levis (white until about 8:05 p.m.), old torn loafers, a Goodwill shirt, an old tattered army fatigue jacket that I've worn since I was a Boy Scout (it still smells of fish from the High Sierras in 1957). I was carrying a blanket roll and a green bookbag containing one change of clothes, two Happy Harold sandwiches (SJS K-Rations), a bottle of water, my draft card and a list of addresses of next of kin. I had $20 sewn in the lining of my jacket along with a souvenir gold ring, which is pawnable. With a road bum three-day beard, and disgustingly scraggly hair, I was AUTHENTIC, and like Pigpen from *Peanuts,* I was a dirt magnet. As I left Angus and paraded into the yards, I left the ranks of the couth.

I said I made a few mistakes. The first was getting out of the car at Hedding and Coleman. That is right by the freight yards all right, but the switching yards where the trains are made up is about a mile north. I walked, the first of many walks I would take during the coming weeks.

When I arrived at the switching yards and made my presence known to the switchman, I found out that a train would not be going East until at least midnight (midnight standard time since the railroads don't change time). Most of the yard guys wear two watches during the summer; one with Train Time and one with Kitchen Time. I also started to have fun making up stories on where I was going and why. Usually my destination was Baltimore but my reasons changed depending upon my mood. I was not going to admit that I was a student and I figured I may as well exercise my imagination.

A grubby, bearded guy, in a Navy all-weather coat was waiting for a train to San Francisco. He was about 28 and said he was an artist. The first thing I asked him when I walked up to him was his name. All I got was a sneer. Lesson to be learned—road bums tell you what they want to tell you about themselves, asking them only makes them suspicious. Eventually he told me a little about himself. Certain other characteristics were obvious, this guy, Mike was his name, was strange. He walked into the trainmen's shed and took some coffee without asking, he started talking about all his wonderful paintings to a wino who couldn't have understood if the sky had been falling. The trainmaster assured me that this nut was not typical of road bums. I absorbed all this into my road bum personality; I became uncharacteristically silent and perfected a blank sneer.

In wandering about the yards, I discovered that boxcars are monstrous and virile-looking. They weigh about 25,000 pounds loaded, and the switch units bang them around as if they were toys. I wondered first how the cargo withstands this brutal punishment and then felt sorry for the neighbors because of the tremendous noise these monsters made when jammed together. During the trip, I noticed that railroad's neighbors are notorious low-rent districts, without equal, and as I rode through the big cities, I marveled at just how shabby these areas were compared to the Chamber of Commerce brochures and the See The U.S.A. ads. Alviso is like Woodside compared to Railroadside. The trip was kind of an unguided tour of the poverty program. Appalachia is everywhere, but it usually centers around the railroads. And simultaneously, in unpopulated areas, the most magnificent, unblemished

panorama are seen from the tracks, and I speak from the standpoint of having traveled by car across the country three times.

About 10 p.m. I was getting hungry. I asked Mike if he would like to get something to eat. As we walked into Santa Clara, we were busted by the police. As we were explaining that we were waiting for a train (Mike was explaining. I had already launched my "angry young road bum" attitude), another police car drove up and the driver pointed to me and shouted, "What the hell are you doing? You go to State, don't you?"

"I don't know what the ---- you are talking about," I grunted, "I never seen you before in my life!!" Now I snorted, at the same time shoving my hands in my jacket pocket. The first cop saw me do this out of the corner of his eyes and whirled, drawing his gun and scaring the hell out of me. But I kept my cool. He warned me about keeping my hands out of my pockets and from that time on, I was VERY conscious about my hands. I folded them, scratched with them, bit on them and kept my eye on the gun, figuring that if I blinked my eye, he would turn into Quick-Draw McGraw and the headlines would read "SJS STUDENT SHOT IN GUN BATTLE" and the second cop would know he was right and my whole facade would be ruined.

Anyway, the second cop (I didn't recognize him but I was sure he was right. We probably had 25 classes together) left mumbling to himself but he was back in five minutes shouting "PHOTO 1A! YOU WERE IN MY PHOTO 1A CLASS! LIAR! PHONY!" Meanwhile, Mike was eyeing me suspiciously. My sneer had turned sour. Here I hadn't been on a train yet and I was going to jail. But my classmate just said. "Let them go, they haven't done anything." He gave me my draft card back, ruining what might have been left of my buoyant feelings when he crushed my enthusiasm with this neat little farewell, "You Goddamn college kids do the screwiest things with your summers. Why the hell don't you just get jobs and make some money?" Now, coming from a 22-year-old cop, one semester removed from SJS, that was uncalled for. It depressed me until the first train rolled Northward to Roseville, via Oakland, at 5:30 a.m. Saturday, with me in an open boxcar, sleeping on a bunch of cardboard, digging the noise that is *so* cacophonous it is musical, the smell that is *so* permeating it is refreshing, and the experience that is *so* hazardous and foolish it is habit-forming and delicious.

"ONLY A SITTING BULL"

At 5:30 a.m. my first train rolled out of San Jose (the time is approximate because I wore no watch. My next three weeks transcended time). Now, when a train starts to move, there is a tremendous jolt and an obscene noise. The first time it happened, I was knocked over, almost out of the boxcar, and frightened to death. (After one night, however, I could not only anticipate the jolts, I could tell from the sounds whether the train was actually preparing to head down the mainline or just potscke around in the yards.) Every few minutes, the whistle would blow four times signalling that we were rolling down the line and *moving*.

Not much sleep the first night, I was just digging it. I had my blanket unrolled on a bunch of cardboard. Cardboard is a marvelous insulator. A Hell's Angel once told me to stuff some of it under my jacket on long motorcycle trips to break the wind. It works. It also makes a jouncing train ride, on hard board or metal floors, quite pleasant. In my empty boxcar I checked out the passing lack of scenery and made sure the door was jammed open with a beer can to avoid my being locked in. I fell asleep only to be awakened when the train noisily stopped. I assumed we were in Sparks, Nevada, which was to have been the train's first stop. It was cloudy and I couldn't figure out what time it was. As I was going out to find out, I saw a man getting out of the boxcar ahead of me. He saw me and came back to my car, carrying a paper shopping bag. He climbed up into the car by placing one hand on the door and pulling himself up with one hand. Since the floor of the car was about five feet above the roadbed, this was no easy trick. This guy was 60 years old. When I am 60, I will be content if I can lift myself into the sauna bath. From the beginning, I admired him.

We rode to Roseville, California together. There they broke our train down and he took a train to Portland. During the time we rode together, about five hours, I learned much, but not a whole lot about HIM. The code forbids asking personal questions. He was wearing brand-new Levis, a Levi jacket and a brand-new green baseball hat. He had earned fifteen dollars in his last two days in San Jose picking apricots and had blown it all on clothes for the winter in Portland. He was almost eligible for Social Security and his pervading conflict was whether to accept it. He had almost made up his mind not to because it would mean he would have to have a permanent address.

Now, I will not make a value judgment about the desirability of bumming all one's life but I have never seen clearer blue eyes, a healthier com-

plexion or better muscle tone on anyone over forty. I'm sure part of the reason is fresh air, part is DIET. These guys might go three days without eating (a bowl of soup Thursday morning was all my friend had eaten in three days) but when they eat, they scarf down the best-tasting concoctions this side of Howard Johnson's. If Duncan Hines ever asks me, I will recommend the jungle, under the highway bridge, in the middle of the Roseville yards. The vegetables were weeds, the potatoes were gargantuan and probably stolen, the meat was surely someone's dog or cat, the seasoning had been left out entirely —but the result was *unbelievable.*

On the way to the jungle we had drunk ice water in a switch house and at the stream we drank again, and I filled my water jug. As I looked around, I noticed something. All of the guys who were sitting around cooking, sleeping and talking were CLEAN. Not a gotta-get-to-the-office clean but certainly not as dirty as I. My friend said that nothing in the world makes a man feel better than being clean, and he proceeded to wash in the stream and shave with the rustiest blade that Gillette ever stropped. When this man dies, he will die from tetanus, not from old age. He let me use some of his soap to wash my face. He smiled as he gave it to me and he said it was, "Cashmere Bouquet, nothing but big-city high-class in Roseville." It was one of those motel size bars, still wrapped. Indeed, Cashmere Bouquet.

Roseville is a huge yard, the largest Southern Pacific yard, according to one of the bums. (By now it must be clear that I use the term "bum" favorably—I respect these guys mountains more than I do most "respectable" people. After all the bums are not hypocritical, they do what they want without putting down anyone who doesn't agree with their ideas. They are, almost without exception, literate and current. They have money somewhere, as a rule, but don't want it—too much trouble. Some have families, some don't, but all have the respect for their fellow man that you and I pretend we have. They are on the defensive because they are put down, but they are *human.* One wouldn't guess it to see the police force take the dogs down to the yards daily or weekly or roust out the "undesirables.")

As we were walking through the yard (in ninety degree heat the five miles seemed like twenty-five), we saw a parked car on the right-of-way about 100 yards away. In it was a man in a dark suit which struck me funny immediately. No one would wear a tie in this heat. My friend just laughed at him, "Don't worry," he said. "it's only a *Sitting* Bull." That broke me up.

I talked to about fifty old boys as we made our way to the outer limits of the yard. We were walking along the edge of the yards next to the mainline where a train was pulling out. There were three young guys—NOT bums—riding the second deck of an empty three-deck automobile carrier. I asked them if they knew where they were headed and they said, "Sparks, Nevada." I knew from my previous conversations that if a train were going to Sparks, it was going through to Ogden, Utah. That was where I wanted to go. As the car swept past, going about ten miles an hour, I shook hands with my friend, tossed my green bag aboard (my blanket was tied to my back) and grabbed with one hand for the rear ladder—just like in the movies. I rode for a minute with one foot and one hand on board, the other foot cutting patterns in the air and the other hand waving to an old boy, a blue-eyed Zorba the Greek.

"SAN JOSE STATE? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?"

The three guys were college kids. They had jumped a train in Oakland on a whim. They really didn't know where they were going but they were *going.* They had "stays" in Denver if they wanted them, as one of them went to the University of Colorado. One goes to State, which is a hell of a coincidence. I have seen Pete many times on campus since, and even have a class with him. I figured we were lucky that there was no one else on our train because I had visions of an angry bunch of vigilante road-bums. Then, after it started getting late, and the dinner hour approached (I was the only one with water, and *two* Happy Harold Specials) I suddenly remembered "Lord of the Flies."

We spent the day catching rays and a little sleep. Around nine we started getting wind-blown and restless. We looked for a comfortable place to get out of the 60 m.p.h. breeze. The new automobiles on the other cars looked fine, but we had some trouble finding keys for a station wagon so we settled on a pick-up truck bed. We were trying to sleep but without cardboard it was like sleeping, well, on a rocking pick-up truck bed with a 60 m.p.h. wind battering you from all sides with all the relentless noise of a 112-car freight train. Aside from that, we slept fine. The three of them started losing interest in train riding as their stomachs started growling and they decided to call it quits at Sparks. I planned on making a run for some burgers if I had time, but I wasn't about to lay-over there. Not that I had

Photography: Paul Sequeira

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anywhere to be, but I wanted to *move.* Besides, I knew that if I could get some cardboard, I could sleep on the train.

I'm not sure what time it was when we arrived in Sparks, but it was late. The three "tourists" went scrambling for a restaurant and I became a road bum again as I searched out a switchman to see if I had time to eat. Turned out I had exactly enough time to run to a diner, offend everyone with my appearance and odor, grab two burgers-to-go and sprint back to the train, which was gathering speed. I saw the car I wanted, timed my approach, downshifted myself and practically strolled onto the same car I left—so cleanly that I almost expected a stewardess to welcome me aboard. It wouldn't have bothered me a bit since it was an awfully lonely night, and very depressing.

"JOHN, THERE'S SOME GUY IN HERE BOTHERING ME . . ."

The day dawned sunshiny. I had a ball, jumping from car to car, digging the idea that except for the Engineer and the Caboosers, I had the train to myself, like a kid left alone in a circus. The smells and sights and sounds of America the Beautiful, and the purple mountains majesty! I caught some rays and did a lot of thinking and singing. I believe all frustrated singers should ride a freight train; not only can no one else hear you but it is noisy enough that you cannot hear yourself. I sang practically every happy train folk song I know, I had done the Broadway shows to death and was beginning to work on the rock 'n roll when we came to the Bonneville Salt Flats. Then for awhile I was Mickey Thompson and Craig Breedlove and Casey Jones. There were a few interesting mirages on the flats and then suddenly I thought my mind had sprung itself out. We were crossing the Great Salt Lake! C'mon Gary, trains don't go over the Great Salt Lake. But yes, there is a track that completely cuts the lake in two and I checked for sure on my road map. We rolled into Ogden, Utah, in fine style.

The train pulled to a stop and I looked around and hopped off. As I was walking, a friendly bull kicked me out of the yards. "You can catch a train at the end of the yards there, but if I catch you inside again, you are going to cool off in the County Jail for thirty days," he said cheerfully. I left. Asking the switchman at the East end, I found that I had about four hours to kill, so I washed my face in the Weber River (cold, cold rolling river . . . probably Coor's beer material) and walked into town. My high spirits were dampened quite seriously when a poorly dressed Indian boy, about fifteen and *built,* asked me how to get to Salt Lake City. I told him I had no idea and he decided to even up the score that his people owe us since the Indian Wars. I ran track in high school and it's a damn good thing I did.

I found an A&W Root Beer Stand, after being stopped and questioned by two policemen. Ordering a couple of sandwiches and a root beer, I momentarily forgot how bad I looked and smelled and I noticed that the two teen-age girl waitresses were checking me out pretty thoroughly. Not one to let a good thing pass me by, I made some kind of clever remark. Just like the cafeteria at school, I thought. Well, I never got to eat. One girl's boyfriend was waiting for her outside in a '57 Chevy. He left his '57 Chevy when she ran out to him, "John, there's some guy in here bothering me." She wimpered. John didn't. John was quite the football player type and I was running again.

I ran as far as the nearest market—about two miles away. I bought some gum, a Mountain Bar (the last Mountain Bar I had all the way back East and I am hung up on Mountain Bars) and a paper back book, *Flash & Filigree* by Terry Southern. I ended up reading *Flash & Filigree* about seven times because I couldn't afford another book. The first two times it was great but after that I knew what was going to happen, and I kept spoiling it for myself.

I went back to the yards and inquired how they were progressing in making up my train. They had been working on refrigerator trains all day and were just beginning to make up other stuff. Reefers are bad to ride because there is no place to ride except on top and I was informed that just outside of Ogden there were a few long tunnels. Tunnels are bad news because they get filled up with exhaust from the engines and breathing becomes difficult.

So I was waiting just outside the yards when a switchman came up to me and started talking. He told me which train would be mine; it was going to Laramie, Wyoming. There were mostly closed boxcars on it—we were on the Union Pacific now—but there was one open car, a flat car. It would be an hour or so. As he left, he dug down deep in his pocket and brought out some bubble gum. "Take it," he said. I was starting to refuse it when he said that if I got hungry, I could chew it and the gum would keep me from starving. In spite of all my put-downs in Ogden, I think it is a wonderful town, and I have the Swell Bubble Gum to prove it.

An hour later, my train started to pull out. I saw it coming all the way from the other end of the yards and figured it might be going too fast when it approached me, but, as my friend said it would, it slowed down to twenty m.p.h. or so as it turned onto the mainline. About sixty cars went by before my car rolled toward me. I ran out from behind the bridge where I was waiting. I still don't know how I managed to avoid tripping on the rails, but I made it, timing perfect again, and I got onto the car easily, changed my clothes, spread out my blanket and slept. It seemed like about ten minutes later when I felt the train stop. I woke up and looked around. We were off on a siding somewhere and there was not a sound around. I was pretty disgusted. I figured I had picked up a deadhead and would take three days to get to Laramie, but I was too tired to do anything so I went back to sleep. I slept fine. Pullman cars couldn't have been more comfortable, and they don't have this type of air conditioning.

"GET OFF THAT TRAIN, YOU BASTARD"

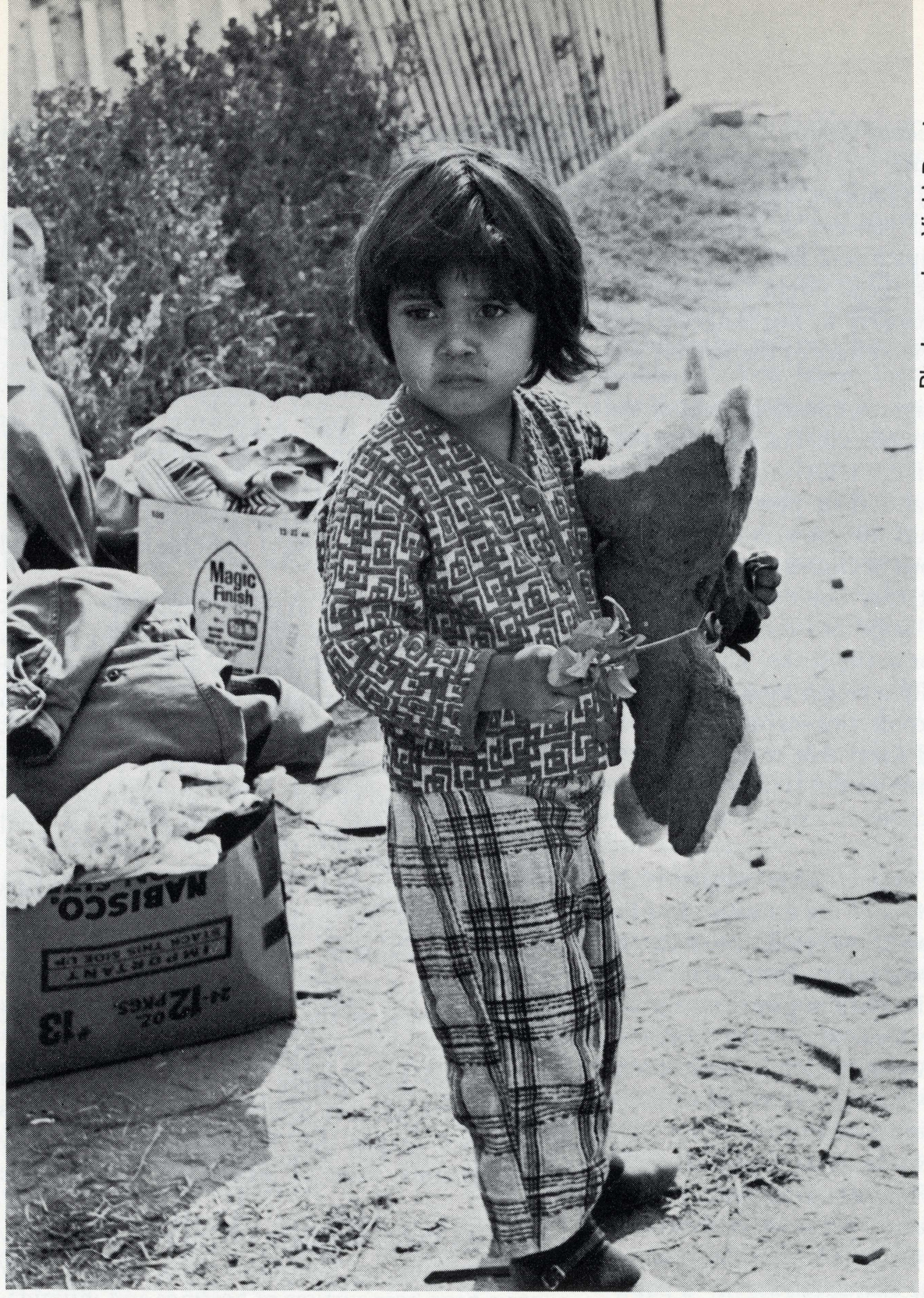
I woke up again when the train pulled into Rock Spring, Wyoming. Another huge yard, there was no one around; it was Sunday and there were only two or three trains going out all day. I couldn't leave the yards because no one in the trainmaster's office knew when the engineers would show up to make the run to Laramie. So I spent most of the morning catching a tan on the top of a boxcar, reading Terry Southern. When the next train left for Laramie, I was riding another empty ten-pack.

Sunday was my best and worst day. The Wyoming country is magnificent, and I was catchin' jollies all day in the sun with the wind and the dust all over me. Every once in a while we would pass a small town (they were never on my road map) where all the railroad section gangs

(continued on page 30)

The Strike Impact

By Sue Wade and Vicki Reed



Photography: Vicki Reed

An expanding and booming community, Delano, California is an old, colorfully historical town on the brink of dynamic change. Its economic pulse depends upon the dusty rich plains, quilted with vineyards and cotton fields that span the San Joaquin Valley's width.

Delano resembles a dozen other agricultural towns dotting the route of Highway 99 which goes through the valley. The 12,000 population, agricultural community, lies 40 miles north of Bakersfield.

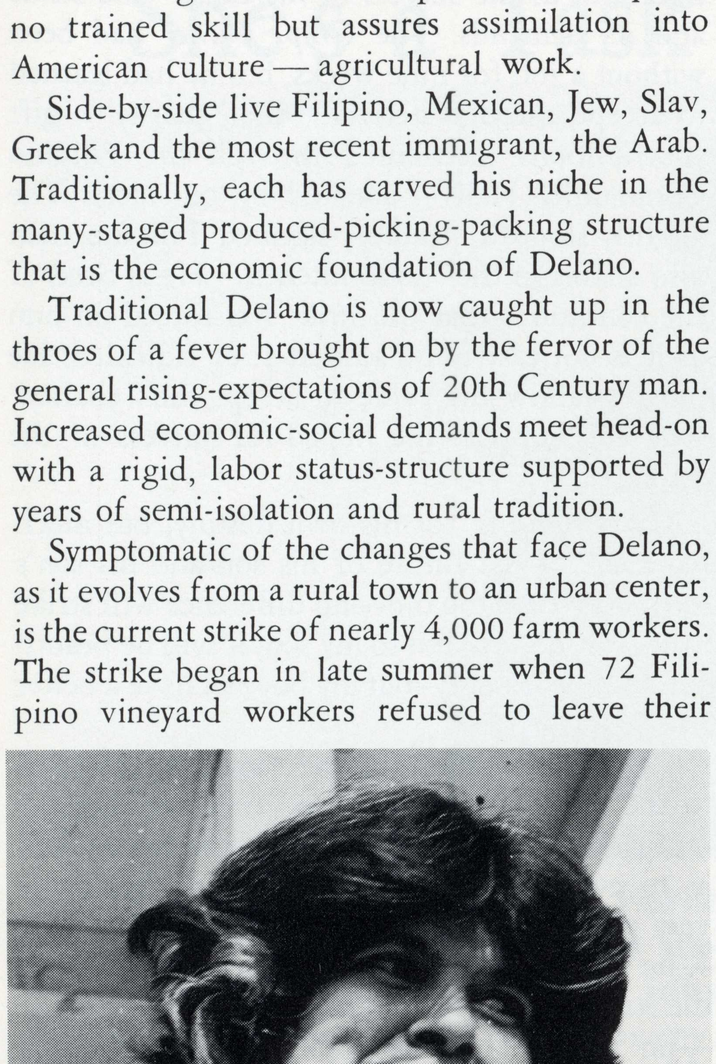
The impact of a grape workers' strike there drew response from San Jose State and other Bay area students. Their reaction reflected the general social and economic consciousness of our time. The interplay of strike, students and social change in Delano became the target of our assignment and trip.

With a population of "minorities"—Delano has had a continual influx of immigrants throughout its past. Each comes seeking livelihood through the one occupation that requires no trained skill but assures assimilation into American culture — agricultural work.

Side-by-side live Filipino, Mexican, Jew, Slav, Greek and the most recent immigrant, the Arab. Traditionally, each has carved his niche in the many-staged produced-picking-packing structure that is the economic foundation of Delano.

Traditional Delano is now caught up in the throes of a fever brought on by the fervor of the general rising-expectations of 20th Century man. Increased economic-social demands meet head-on with a rigid, labor status-structure supported by years of semi-isolation and rural tradition.

Symptomatic of the changes that face Delano, as it evolves from a rural town to an urban center, is the current strike of nearly 4,000 farm workers. The strike began in late summer when 72 Filipino vineyard workers refused to leave their camps to work in the fields. The small, insignificant-at-the-time, "wildcat" action resulted from grievances which workers reported to the Farm Workers Association in Delano. They requested a wage increase from $1.20 to $1.40 an hour as well as better access to water and utilities and improved toilet facilities.



Before the strike, most workers received $1.20 an hour plus 10 cents per box for the grapes. Now, in the fourth month of the organized strike, they are asking $1.40 an hour plus 25 cents per box, coupled with improved living conditions and guaranteed benefits such as health insurance.

Within a month, the action had mushroomed from a walkout, actually a "sit in," to a major strike with organized picketing starting on Sept. 8. During that month, threats and violence rocked the town. These were the first signs of a labor quake that are slowly crumbling the traditional grower-employee relationship that had previously been a "way of life in agrarian Delano."What had begun among a handful of vineyard workers as a "gentleman's agreement" to stay in the bunkhouse, was latched onto by organized labor leaders who took advantage of the small scale labor dispute to introduce and stress the advantages and need for organizing agricultural workers. The Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee, AWOC, AFL-CIO, immediately began its role, under the direction of C. Al Green, director of the Stockton office of AWOC. Striking Filipinos joined under the banner of AWOC, and on Sept. 20, the Mexican-dominant National Farm Workers' Association, NFWA, made its sympathies clear by joining the ranks of the pickets.

As the weeks wore on, the strikers were suspected of certain acts of vandalism and destruction in the area, including fires which broke out on two ranches.

The turmoil was mounting, tempers were growing shorter and positions were becoming dogmatic. It was reported that ranchers were evicting workers from their housing quarters and shutting off the water, butane and electricity to those who refused to leave. Pickets reported being threatened with a rifle, after boarding a rancher's house.

A special policing force was sent in by the County Sherrif's Department at the beginning of the strike, to meet the growing turbulence. Seventeen men from the outlying Kern County area were placed under the authority of Sgt. Gerald Dodd. Kern County picketing, although swollen on weekends with outside participation, had evened off in violence threat to a point where only six officers were retained by Dodd for temporary additional policing by the middle of November.

Going into the fourth week, the strikers were gaining the support of outsiders, specifically from San Francisco labor unions and strength-

ened by Bay area student groups. Delano became the subject of Seventh Street conversations and discussions on the SJS campus, and similar activities reflected student concern at Berkeley. Student and labor sympathizers had no monopoly on concern for the strikers' plight. The Filipino Consul, with headquarters in Los Angeles, was also worried about the welfare of the strikers and their families.

Alejandro F. Holigores, consul general of the Republic of the Philippines in Los Angeles, personally addressed strikers in Delano, urging them to return to work and then present their demands. Holigores said the growers assured him they could not afford a higher pay scale and would not pay it. But, they would take the pickers back with the same wage and living conditions that had existed prior to the strike. The Consul's concern was especially directed toward Filipinos who had not yet become citizens of the United States. He reminded them that to take the law into their own hands might subject them to "prosecution, conviction and eventual deportation."

AWOC and other union leaders charged Holigores with being a "tool of the growers" and his speech would have no effect on the strike except for making the strikers angry. Forty-eight hours later, grape pickers had begun picketing the office of the Consul General in Los Angeles. AWOC and NFWA officials immediately circulated a petition in Delano for the recall of Holigores by the Philippine government.

As non-residents streamed in, especially from the L.A. and San Francisco areas, and became involved in the picketing, publicity increased for the strike. The fiber of the labor dispute took on more and more of the characteristics of "a popular protest with earmarks similar to those of the Civil Rights movement and anti-U.S. involvement in Viet Nam demonstrations."

A group calling itself the California Migrant Ministry was by now an active part of the strike, although the Ministry had originally introduced itself as an "impartial observer" to Sheriff representatives. By October 19, a dozen of the 44 pickets, arrested in defiance of a mandate against yelling on picket lines, were of the Ministry. The next day, Ministry members joined with 22 regular pickets in refusing bail "to test the lawmen's right to curb our free speech."

On the heels of the Ministry's decision, pickets and outside area sympathizers staged a prayer demonstration in front of the jail. The advancing social-religious overtones of the strike were reflected in the demonstration format, which coupled the reading of Psalms with the singing of the Civil Rights theme song, "We Shall Overcome," and the strike song, "Huelga."

San Jose State students joined with representatives from San Francisco Bay Area unions, Mexican-American organizations, the Welfare-Rights Committee of Oakland and other students to add their support to protest the jailing of the pickets and the ministers. They staged an open air mass with a Delano priest as celebrant.

Over the weekend, theological students poured into Delano, along with an increasing number of California Migrant Ministry representatives, and state college and university student sympathizers, to join the picket lines.

At the same time, aid began to roll in in varying forms and from a growing divergency of sources. American Friends Service Committee heard about and responded to problems of strikers' families with offers of financial aid to go toward payment of medical prescriptions, rent and utilities.

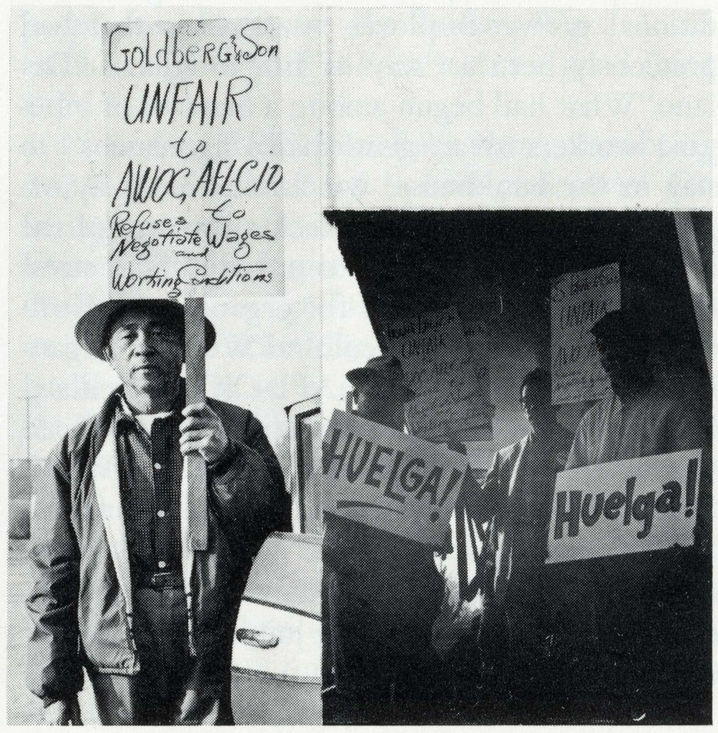
With the increase in publicity and sympathetic reaction from non-residents, the striking groups began to find a festering sore in the response of the townspeople. Angry wives of working farm laborers armed themselves with signs that mimicked the pickets' demands. Their signs read, "Outsider—Go Home", "We are fighting poverty—We are working" and "Delano has no Civil Rights problem."

As strike tactics to draw scabs (farm workers who ignored the strike) away from the fields grew more extreme, community reaction did the same. From a nucleus of aroused farm workers' wives, women of the area banned together and announced plans to bring "harmony and peace" to Delano by forming an organization called "The Americanism Society." Their protest was expressed against the "stirring up of trouble by the agitators, most of whom are from outside areas."

"This thing may have started as a strike, now it is anything but. Since this thing started, many of us have been victims of beatings and intimidation. We've had our tires slashed and rocks thrown through our windows," one of the women said. "The workers are intimidated while trying to do their jobs and out-of-town ministers and students have no business here at all," she added, pointedly.

Swift community reaction did not stop with the organization of the Americanism groups. The long-standing Delano Community Service Organization seemed to sum up much of the town's reaction to the influx of outsiders sympathetic to the farm workers cause. The CSO said, "We sympathize with the plight of farm workers in those areas where poverty exists and where they are exploited," but we oppose the apparent civil rights movement which, "has become the prevailing issue in the formerly labor dispute."

The CSO felt outsiders were performing a "disservice to the well being of the community by creating adverse conditions and feelings of animosity among the citizenry that had not existed for 25 to 30 years."



Conversations concerning the out-of-town people came to the attention of law makers and civic leaders. On Oct. 22, Delano Police Chief James Ailes declared that there was no foundation for statements by Philip Soto, D-La Puente, L.A. County, that law enforcement in the grape pickers strike is "the most biased imaginable." Soto had called on Atty. Gen. Thomas C. Lynch for "immediate, positive action to correct the evident abuse of police power by several San Joaquin Valley law enforcement agencies," which he added, "smacked of 'Southern justice.' "

In Delano today, outsiders continue to swarm in on weekend crusades that help or hinder the cause, depending upon the point of view. As undaunted as outsiders may be, the insider, the Delano resident, is caught in a thrashing, confusing and somewhat contradictory activity, that threatens the very structure upon which he has learned to rely, believe in, and work through. Social change, gradual or swift, regardless of the success or failure of this strike-protest, is inevitable and in fact, already at work. The insecurity and the uncertainty pave the path to distrust and have increased dramatic and dogmatic response from local residents.

While on assignment in Delano, we found that residents expressed their feelings openly. The following viewpoints are representative of the members from the various social groups in the community.

A slight-built, sun-tanned 30-year-veteran Filipino *Grape Picker,* nearing his sixty-third birthday, proudly held high his picket sign in the parking lot outside a community building following a union meeting. His face reflected child-like faith in the success of his cause—the strike and its demands. The *Grape Picker* had been without a job for nine weeks, but he had learned to accept, through necessity, the "charity"—gift contributions distributed through the Filipino Community Hall — donated by outsiders. The slightly-stooped, leathery-skinned Filipino man also shares in the "soup kitchen." He is tired of the conditions that the strike has forced on him as it is not easy to be scoffed at or ridiculed. He must swallow his pride to accept the "charity" that will support the hoped-for success of the strike.

He is fighting for his own destiny, but much more so for the future of his son and his son's son. "Me, I am too old—no difference will strike make for me. Ah, but to my son, it will be beautiful. I am worn out—but my boy can have a better life."

Referring to some of the ranchers' reactions to the strike, which were to cancel gas for the camps and close off access to the water, as well as to evict the workers, the Filipino had some very pointed statements to make. "Frank -------—he the meanest man I ever work for. When the strike come—no butane, he leave in the house—no water. Then we cook outside and along he come, he kick it—kick the fire right over."

This Filipino is in the strike to win. His honest and sincere intentions, he assumes, are those also of all the Filipinos and Mexican-Americans on strike. By his own definition, the *Union Organizer* "tells all the truth—the gospel truth, you listen."

A *Mexican-American community leader,* a college graduate dedicated to helping his "people,"

spoke before a rousing, union meeting audience of strikers and student pickets. He talked in simple terms and carefully directed his words. Delano is important to him, yet it is only one more "battle" in his personal "war" for an equal-opportunity life for all Mexican-Americans. He recognizes a somewhat different reason for participation than many of the students who sit before him as he speaks. "I know how you (students) feel. I marched at Selma, but I've realized it was something I had to do, for me, for myself."

Aware of the growing towns peoples' resentment of the outside influence in the direction the Delano strike is taking, the young *Mexican-American community leader* singled out the students in his audience and said "Search for the reason why you are here. Then decide for yourself what you can do to help." He urged the students to do those jobs necessary to free the striking worker for the picketing. "Let the students sit with little ones, cook, mend, assist and help. But not until the grower confronts his workers on that picket line will he know we mean business."

One of the problems with the Mexican-American farm laborer is that he has been trapped in a pattern of "paternalism" by growers. He needs to take on more responsibilities himself. Let HIM walk the picket line. Let HIM be the free man," the young leader stressed.

A ruddy-complexioned dynamic *Union Organizer* spoke eloquently as he addressed his flock —the striking workers. He explained, defined and described, but most of all aroused a common strength for a common good. His purpose, their purpose—a union—a solidified wholeness with which to bargain.

"Where is our freedom—under our arms or between our toes?" he badgered.

"Strength lies in political power and bargaining power is just that. A union means bargaining power. Our lives are controlled by the politicians. One man in the Department of Labor sets the conditions and price under which we work. Power lies with that greatest strike-breaker, scab-worker—Willard Wirtz." He spit the words out. The meeting hall crowd cheered him on.

The young, *Grower's Son* — in his twenties, with an Eastern university education behind him —faces the realities rather than the book-learned presentations of labor-management life as he adapts to the Delano strike. His father, whom he described as "a man who started out as a grape packer," owns a medium-sized, 1,200-acre Tulare County ranch, laced with vineyards and cotton fields. The family is of Slavic descent. This strike could easily mean a mortal blow to a family dream of father-to-son land ownership. Delano ranches are to a great extent family affairs. Brothers work adjacent ranches. Fathers, sons and sons-in-law share acreage, vineyards, and harvest-rich fields. More than individual futures are involved here. Whole families and a "way of life" is at stake, should an uncooperative union rise up to test, menace and sever the ranch families from their land holdings.

"A grower sinks all his money and future into nine months growing a crop—then along comes a union and wants to bargain at harvest time. A grower simply isn't in a position to bargain. The crops have got to be picked—in less than two weeks a crop may be ruined and then, no one earns from it," he explained.

"We don't consider our ranch on strike because we have people working," he pointed out. We employ all ages, from above 16 to the very old—even some inefficient and crippled. No one has ever been asked to leave our fields because of age. If we have to pay a higher wage, of course, it will force us to let some of these go," the young man added.

His father was one of the ranchers who "asked the workers to leave" the camps (bunkhouses) "because the workers had been threatened and frightened. You know there is nothing worse than working where you don't feel comfortable with your own people," he pointed out.

"They went to work up north of here, on other ranches. Of course we hated to see them go like that. Some had been with us for 15 to 20 years, but there was so much pressure from the strikers and all—it was probably for the best."

"It saved us $3,000 this year by shutting down the camps."

His father's camps cost the workers a 10 cents per hour deduction plus $1.25 per day for food. The camps, clean and well kept, contained rooms smaller than SJS dorm rooms with two beds and one small closet. The rancher paid for a cook and dish washer and provided a garage for each car and a place to keep their "fighting roosters."

The facilities were restricted to Filipino men, living alone. "They are funny people—the men spend their money on gambling, fighting roosters and women," he observed.

Married workers were expected to live on the same wages. "Often a worker's wife and other members of his family can work and contribute to the income," the son added.

Whether a *Grower,* who wore a plaid, cotton wash 'n' wear shirt, and stretched his arms behind his head to yawn in demonstration of his boredom with the strike, realized it or not, his "easy" confidence appeared contrived.

She's a Task Force Girl ...

and a SJS Coed

Marcia Temme is a Task Force Girl. Marcia has worked up to sixteen hours a week in various jobs offered by Task Force Temporary. With the money earned, she is able to live on campus, pay for school supplies, plus splurge on records and clothes, and enjoy campus life. Marcia is working her way through college, thanks to Task Force. A junior journalism major, carrying fifteen units, Marcia says:

"I enjoy the independence of making my own living. Task Force always finds a job to fit my skills and schedule. The people at Task Force understand student needs."

If you need money to finish the semester or help to buy Christmas gifts, Task Force is the place to go. Task Force people are the ones to see.

Photography: Yoshi Hasegawa

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The *Grower said,* "We haven't had any problems with the strike—sure there has been some annoyance and harassment—but that's all. Strikes are a pest—no more."

"The grapes are coming in aren't they? We have workers. They come in from Arizona and Texas. They hear about the strike—they'll work. This will be an even better harvest than last year. Already the papers say so.

"You don't see many workers on the strike line do you, huh? No. Students and others you see, not strikers. Know why? They are picking, that's why. They go north or around to other ranches here, and continue to work. Anyway, it will soon be over," the *Grower* concluded.

A *Law Enforcement Representative* leaned back thoughtfully in his swivel chair. His uniform was precisely pressed. His exacting words and obvious concentration on the problem at hand spoke louder than the actual content of his answer. Physically he looked like a football quarterback, yet his manner was sympathetic but firm. Wrestling with the recent Delano strike movement toward "protest" traits, he said, "This is the poorest town in the world for a civil rights movement. Go down the streets and read the merchants' signs—they read like a little United Nations.

"It's true that growers are predominently Slavonian with a sprinkle of Italians, and contractors are predominantly Filipino and Mexican-American, with a couple of Greeks thrown in—one of the trucking companies is even owned by a Negro but there are no 'second class citizens' here. Arabs are the newest immigrants and are not yet represented in downtown merchant areas —they are still strictly farm workers.

They always worked together, but now nationalities are being turned against one another with this thing that was a wage-labor dispute. The officer, who was raised in the vicinity, added, "Without the outsiders, this would have resolved itself within a few weeks."

"The grape harvest for the most part is over, the strikers originally had the sentiment of the towns people behind them; the outsiders have changed this," he stressed. Outsiders, he felt, served significantly in lessening the "violence potential" of the strike. "Acts of violence have decreased since their participation and demand for non-violence demonstrations," he contended.

One technique used in fulfilling the "peace keeping" function of law enforcement agencies included logging all license plate numbers of cars near the strike areas and photographing all of the pickets along the various picket lines in Kern County. He said the photographs are used only for the "protection" of the public. When there is an act of violence, a witness can simply point out a believed violator from the photographs.

"Anyway, this isn't a grape strike anymore—it's a drive to organize agricultural workers," the *Law Enforcement Representative* said.

With an order of apple pie in her left hand and a glass of water in the right, a pink and gray uniformed waitress breezed past a counter at the back section of a cafe fountain. She exchanged quips with the morning mailman and refilled the empty coffee cup of a regular customer, a Highway 99 truck driver.

A native of Bakersfield—she had been a *Resident* of Delano for the past four years and was a mainstay to the lives of day customers at the coffee shop. She admittedly talks with "everybody."

The waitress' attitude typified that part of the community not directly involved, but increasingly influenced by the strike.

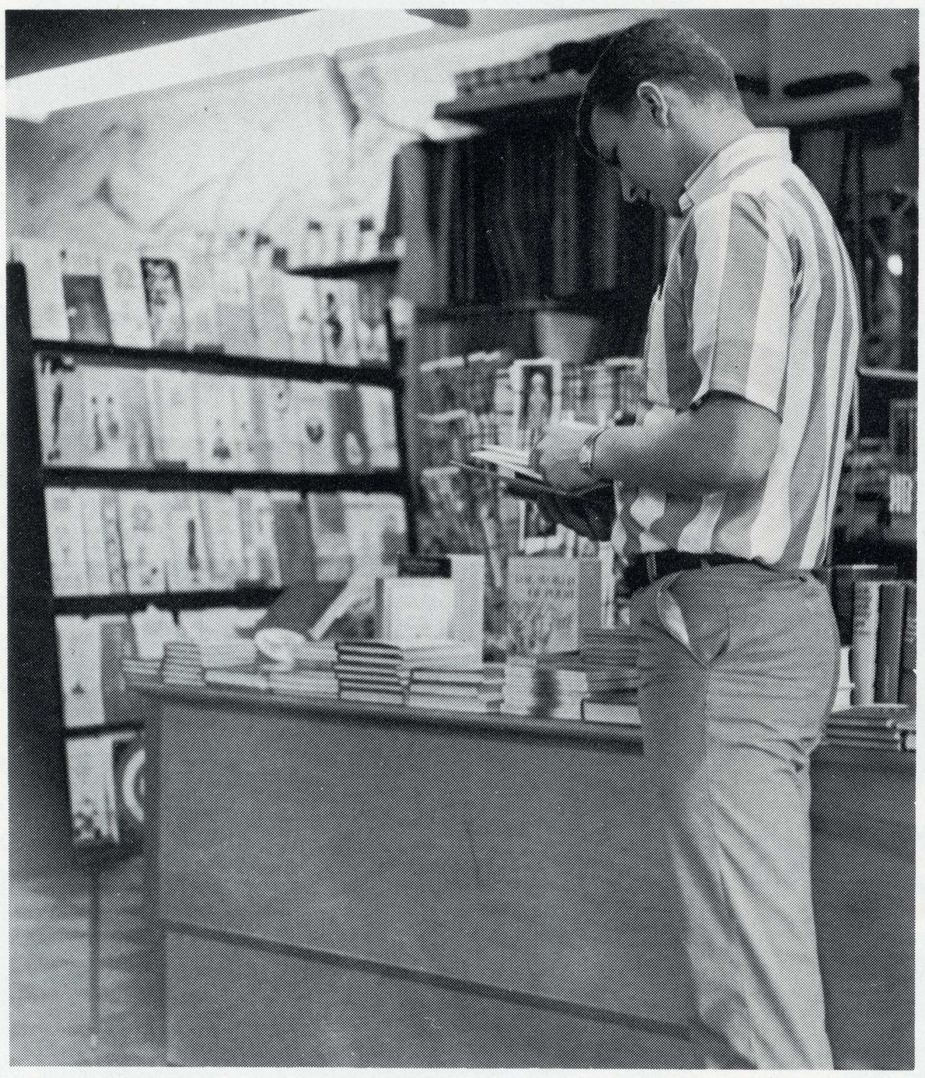
"Those students have just butted in one too many times. Why don't they get the heck out of here—stay in school where they might learn something. Filipinos are good people — everybody likes them. They've earned a good reputation. Those stupid outsiders have just caused a lot of bad feelings toward the Filipinos. It's really too bad. We never had a civil rights problem in Delano. In fact, we have two PTA presidents who are Negros. If the outsiders had stayed out, the Filipinos would probably have gotten that raise by now."

Not all outside symapathizers,in town for a weekend of walking the picket line or attending a union meeting, are as discernible from regular strikers as students. The students are markedly different in clothes, grooming, language and conduct. They are not all in Delano for the same purpose or from the same college, university or theological school. They have enough in common, however, to contrast extensively with the regular worker on strike.

A former *Student* and a current *Participating Sympathizer,* a 26-year-old, leaned away from the desk he presided over. He was sort of a graduate student-picket, and was in Delano to shoulder some of the responsibilities of organization in the growing strike union. His job is accorded more prestige than regular strike picket-line activity and he has begun to identify with the workers to a greater personal degree. He stretched out a sketch book in front of him and glowed over his drawing. It was an exquisite pen sketch of two young Mexican-American children

(continued on page 44)

GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS?



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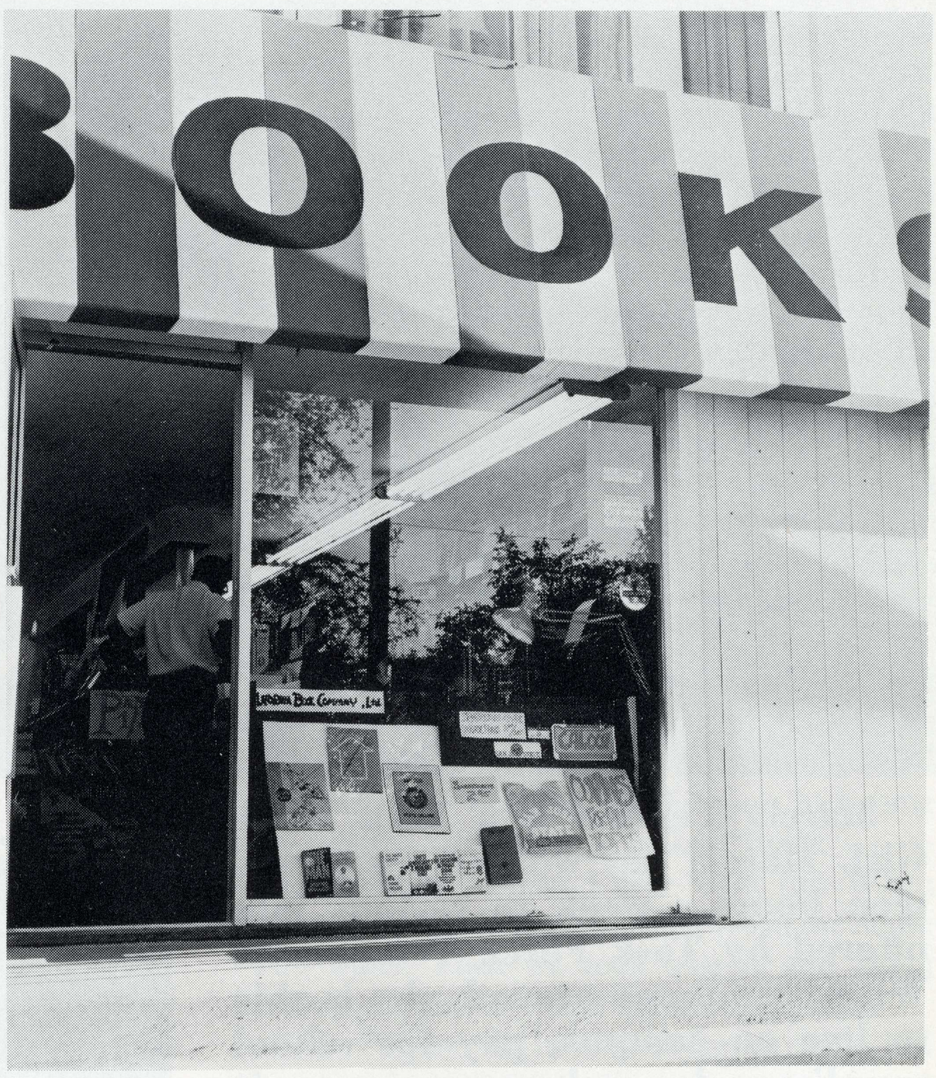

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(ABORTION)
A Conversation

An interview with three coeds who faced it. By Sherry Brown

Abortion — a word which carries connotations of murder or crime in many societies, means to many women facing an unwanted pregnancy, the only answer to the social stigma connected with illigitimacy.

In an interview with three women, each of whom has faced the above problem, *Sparta Life*

has attempted to illuminate some of the circumstances which dictated their decisions and what they faced after those decisions were made.

In accord with their wishes to remain anonymous, we will identify the subjects of this interview as Misses 1, 2 and 3.

The three women were all students over 21 and unmarried.

Question: Miss 1, will you give a brief background of your own circumstances at the time you were involved in this situation?

Miss 1: I was working at the time, I was also engaged to be married. When I became aware that I might be pregnant, I told my fiance and then went to a doctor. The tests proved positive and then we had to start planning. The engagement wasn't too stable and we both agreed that marriage at this time would be wrong. That left two decisions from which to choose; abortion or continuing with the pregnancy and then adoption. We decided on abortion.

Question: Will you give your reasons for this decision?

Miss 1: Yes. I was planning on re-enrolling in college. I knew the engagement was about to mutually terminate and also I didn't want my family to know. Truthfully, I didn't want to go through with the pregnancy. Abortion was the easiest and the fastest way to solve the problem.

Miss 3: If I may interrupt I'd like to add that in many cases it's the least expensive way as well. I have had to check into hospital and medical expenses and found them to be over $500. There are welfare programs which will take care of some of the expenses for unwed mothers, but there are still expenses involved in living in a home. Something like $150 a month. I'm talking specifically of two homes I investigated. One in northern California and the other, which I heard of from a friend, in southern California.

Question: Miss 3 would you continue and explain the circumstances leading to your decision? We should mention here, for the benefit of the reader, that Miss 3 is the one of the trio who decided against abortion.

Miss 3: I feel that it would be more valuable to explain what my feelings are now, rather than what they were at the beginning, since they involved similar circumstances as those of Miss 1. I was and still am close to the father of the child. We talked of marriage, but circumstances were such that I felt it would be wiser to eliminate the possibility. I was afraid at the beginning and felt very much alone, but I certainly did a lot of growing up in those few weeks. Now I've gotten used to the idea and feel there are situations which could be much worse. It's rather difficult to explain my feelings.

Question: You haven't had the child yet, is that correct?

Miss 3: Yes. Now it's an experience. This might sound odd, but it's an experience I've never had before and it's been a valuable one from many sides. As I mentioned before I've done a lot of realistic maturing and I feel that I am completely competent to handle the situation. In other words, it's a situation which *has* to be faced and when something is a must in one's own mind, it alleviates some of the burden simply because the mind decides that it will be faced.

Question: Why did you decide against abortion?

Miss 3: Several reasons. Lack of information was one; perhaps the biggest reason. I didn't know where to go nor to whom I could turn for the information. By the time I did find out, my decision had been made and I stayed with it. The child will be born and put up for adoption.

Question: Are you concerned with the social stigma which you will probably have to face?

Miss 3: I can't deny that I'm not, however I'm old enough and independent enough that I am able to plan for the least amount of people to know, through the duration of the pregnancy and until the child is born.

Question: Miss 2 will you give your side of the story?

Miss 2: I think perhaps, more should be mentioned about the fear involved in the problem. When I first learned that I was pregnant I felt the aloneness that Miss 3 mentioned. I didn't know what I was going to do. In fact I felt like it was the end of the world. I considered suicide, self aborting, anything. After the initial shock wore off, I realized how ridiculous it was and I began to think more rationally. I started making the plans that we have all mentioned. Unfortunately, my situation was such that — the father of the child was unable to give me any help at all. It certainly taught me one thing: think, a million times, before getting involved. I decided on abortion for much the same reasons that Miss 1 did; faster, easier and the least amount of people involved.

Question: Could you perhaps elaborate as to the place where the operation was performed?

Miss 2: The immediate environment, I mean the building itself, was clean and sanitary. There were wall-to-wall carpets and nice furniture in the waiting room. The operating room was spotless and looked like an obstetrician's examining room. I was told to remove my clothing, empty my bladder and put on a hospital gown. Then the nurse escorted me to the operating room. The operation lasted perhaps twenty minutes, although it seemed much longer. After it was over, I rested perhaps half an hour. The nurse returned, helped me dress and then I left.

Question: Miss 1?

Miss 1: It was approximately the same for me. I was given antibiotics in pill and injection form after the operation.

Question: When you were first considering abortion, what sort of information were you given?

Miss 1: I talked to several people, mostly friends. There seemed to be two general patterns emerging. One came from those who had actually been involved in the problem. The other from those who had heard about it. The ones who had been involved said to consider a licensed doctor only. Apparently there are many people who perform abortions and don't know what they're doing. The danger from lack of knowledge and infection are tremendous if the person is incompetent or if conditions aren't sanitary. The people who didn't actually know what was involved told me over and over that I was going to be injured for life or butchered. I think they probably had a point because most of their information was about those people who are not medically trained.

Question: What do you feel about the abortion laws? Miss 2?

Miss 2: Considering the hell I went through in trying to make a decision or find a solution to my problem I think the law is wrong. But of course, as I mentioned before, it's because I consider those who are already involved in life to be the important consideration. Actually I really don't know how the legal end works. I think so much sorrow could be eliminated if the problem were recognized. Such things as death and injury could be avoided by eliminating the abortionist who is not a doctor.

Question: Miss 1?

Miss 1: It's unbelivable to me that society would condemn a woman to the tragedy which is involved, and it is tragic. I agree the laws should be changed, but I am quite biased.

Question: A general question to all of you: What about the moral consideration? Miss 2?

Miss 2: I thought a great deal about that part of the problem. Perhaps it was rationalization, but it all boiled down to one thought: Who is more important? Those who are living now — meaning myself and my family or a minute organism which neither feels nor thinks and in no way is a human being. The answer was evident in my mind.

Question: Miss 1?

Miss 1: I felt much the same way. There was too much life left yet for the living and too much hurt to be experienced from the situation if it were to be known.

Question: Miss 3?

Miss 3: I can't really answer that. I think it has to be up to the individual to decide for herself.

Question: What about the operation itself? Miss 1?

Miss 1: I went to a doctor who was a licensed gynecologist. He was located out of the country. It's been a while and I was so scared that I've put most of it out of my mind. I just felt relieved.

Question: Miss 2?

Miss 2: It was a painful thing to go through. I also went out of the country to a doctor. I'd never have considered the operation if it hadn't been performed by a doctor. The operation as I know it is somewhat like a curettage which is the scraping of the uterus. As I said it was painful as there was little or no anesthesia administered. It was also expensive. I can't give the exact figure, but it was in the hundreds of dollars.

Question: Is there anything any of you would like to add?

Miss 2: Yes. If I had known before what I know now, I would never have gotten involved. There are too many sides which we could never fully explain here, one has to experience it to learn.

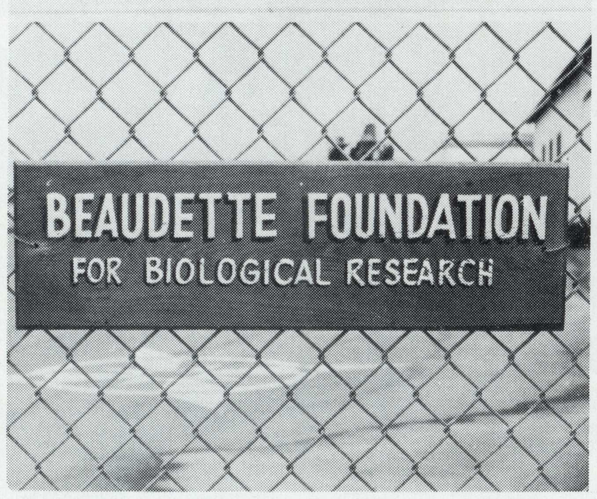
Miss 1: I agree. I feel that not nearly enough people are willing to accept the possibility of legal abortion. They don't realize the cultural benefits of dismissing the social stigma.

Question: Miss 3?

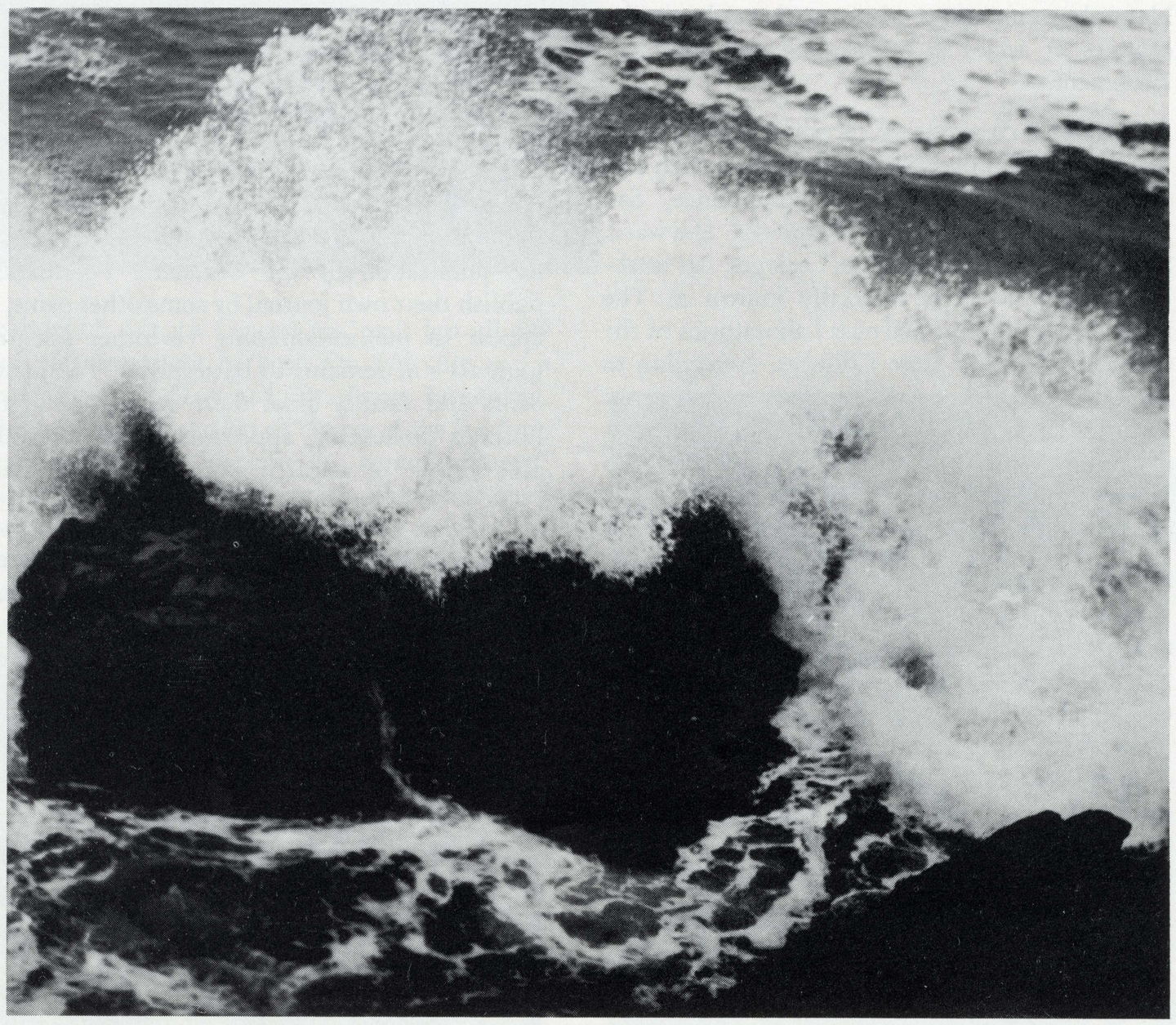
Miss 3: Yes, even though I feel in control now, if I would have realized all the aspects that one feels and goes through, I wouldn't be in this situation now.

In covering the subject of abortion we have purposely eliminated the professional legal, medical, religious and psychological views in order to present the subject from the personal side of the problem. These three cases are in no way meant to be a complete representation of the problems which might face a woman who is forced to decide between illegitimate birth and abortion. They are only three examples of those who did make the decision. ❖❖

Research Amid Sand and Sea



Photography: Steve Ames



Moss Landing research gives SJS an educational boost . . . but it may give the world more.

By La Quita O. Baldock

Within the short span of forty years, the world's population is expected to double. It will be a crowded world. It may also be an extremely hungry and thirsty world.

Thomas Malthus predicted as early as 1830 that food production on all the available land would never be able to feed the future's starving millions. Yet in today's scientific-oriented world, many people believe this is possible and are looking towards the vast and largely undeveloped resources of the sea for a possible solution. Millions of the future may also be denied a chance to quench their parched throats with pure or uncontaminated water because all the rivers and oceans of the world might have become only lifeless channels of industrial wastes and human sewage. As many are today. Likewise, the air, which supplies the very breath of life, is daily polluted and contaminated in an increasing degrees. Scientific research and discovery in all the sciences, with particular emphasis on ecology, the study of how plants and animals (including man) inter-react and live in their environment, are of imminent importance to each person in the world today and to the future generations, as yet unborn.

To develop new untapped nutritional resources, as well as those of medicinal and mineral value, extensive research in the fields of oceanography and marine biology is becoming even more of a necessity. Americans cannot afford to delay. The National Science Foundation, realizing this, granted San Jose State and four other California state colleges $150,000 for research and study.

The grant was used to purchase a Moss Landing laboratory site, formerly the Beaudette Foundation for Biological Research. San Jose State College President Robert D. Clark hailed this purchase as "the most exciting development on campus during my term of office."

MAN SURROUNDED BY SCIENCE

All plants and animals are members of some natural community in which they find conditions favorable, or at least tolerable. In all parts of the world, man appears able to survive by building a suitable environment around himself through his clothing, shelter, and scientific achievements. Although man is able to control his environment within these communities to a greater degree than other animals or plants, he has not always used this ability to its best advantage. In many instances he has wastefully squandered natural resources and sometimes, unknowingly, crippled or killed off numerous natural communities. Man is not always to blame for the changing natural communities, for there is no true "static" community. Change is a characteristic of all living things; the aging process, for example, is one of the most typical and consistent of these changes. Natural communities also go through similar changes or cycles in connection with their environment.

LANDING OFFICIALLY INTER-COLLEGIATE

Now enabled by NSF to attain a research and education program of such importance, San Jose State, along with San Francisco, Hayward, Sacramento, and Fresno State Colleges, has established what is to be officially known as The Montrey Bay Marine Sciences Laboratories of the Central California State Colleges. According to Dr. John Harville, acting director, long-term research studies will be conducted on the surrounding waters; in particular, the Elkhorn Slough, the shallow waters of the bay, and an offshore underwater canyon.

LANDING IS IDEAL SITE

Few marine biology laboratories can claim a more ideal location than the Moss Landing site, for a variety of marine animal and plant life abound in the sand, marsh, and mudflats of the immediate vicinity. Situated almost in the middle of the 20-mile expanse of sandy beach which curves around the arc of Monterey Bay, Moss Landing is located only 22-miles south of Santa Cruz and 18-miles north of Monterey.

Dune-covered sand forms an arm of the Elkhorn Slough where the three-acre property is located on the edge of both sand and sea. The building's expanse at one section extends nearly across the slough. Seaward, from the structure, the usual lapping waves are faced by a staunch conrete seawall, installed for protection against the waves of winter storms. Rich in sea floor life, the broad coastal shelf is cleft by an enormous submarine canyon beginning a few hundred yards outward from shoreline. This submerged canyon, in front of the mouth of the old Salinas River channel, only adds to the property's scientific worth. With in the building itself there is more than 14,000 square feet of combined laboratory, office, and maintenance floor space.

Indoor spacial divisions as remodeled under the Beaudette Foundation include a huge second-floor library, a lecture hall with projection facilities and seating for fifty, a cork-walled chart room, eleven individual administrative and scientific offices, a staff lunchroom and kitchen, restrooms, shops, and warehouse—storage space, in addition to the six major laboratories.

"Whereas the foundation was designed strictly as a research center there was a necessary refitting job to be done in order to modify three of the six labs for instructional use", Professor Harville said. These rooms, to be used for education purposes by the colleges, were not covered under the NSF Research grant, but were paid for by the colleges themselves. These three rooms were those described by the foundation as Lab No. 2, the Conference Room, and the Chemistry Lab.

LIBRARY WORTH $30,000

In order to continue the fine research library (valued by the foundation at $30,000 at the time of purchase), the colleges, in connection with their research findings, will make information available to other scientific-oriented and industrial groups within the community-at-large and in the international realm in the hope that reciprocal information will be returned to them, to the mutual scientific betterment of both. The Beaudette Foundation included 313 exchanges from over 60 countries on all continents. Thus the new multi-college project will of necessity have their scientific findings published in some manner in order to attempt to keep the scientific data near the level attained by the Beaudette Foundation. This scientific backlog of exchanges would be almost impossible to acquire, and vastly expensive without some form of an exchange program. Whether the colleges will continue the publication of *The Pacific Naturalist*, formerly the publication of the Beaudette Foundation, publish their own journal by some other name, or appear in publication only via other scientific journals still remains to be resolved. To aid students and faculty alike there was also "in the library's possession, approximately 150 invaluable serials" of research data, Dr. Harville said.

FIRST A FISH CANNERY

Prior to purchase by the colleges, the present neat, white-washed stucco facility was rebuilt from three adjoining structures of a sturdy sardine cannery, unused since 1947, and purchased by the Beaudette Foundation for its research headquarters, adopted in July 1963. Now, only one active sardine cannery and a small commercial fishing fleet remain at Moss Landing from its earlier history of fishery, pre-150. However, in the surrounding area, many sportsfishermen and hunters still remain very active during the open seasons.

A foremost goal, according to Dr. Harville, is "to study marine life forms and their effect on environment." But more particularly to deciper how ". . . man can effectively live with them." Continuing, he said, one of my personal interests lies in "the impact of hot water output on the surrounding biological life. For several years Pacific Gas and Electric Company has operated a steam-heated plant just a few miles south of Moss Landing . . . now PG & E is considering converting the plant site to a thermo-reactor plant system which will put even more hot water into the area's waters . . . and will open the surrounding area to life forms formerly found only in the warmer southern waters.

SEA PROBLEMS INTER-DISCIPLINARY

He commented that "most of the problems of the sea are inter-disciplinary, and all science departments of the college will work together in small groups on problems of mutual interest. This has usually been the most rewarding plan in all professional oceanographic research throughout the world." Possibly the best feature of the plan is the "opportunity that it provides for institutional inter-disciplinary action and scientific contribution on these problems of common interest, which is a tremendous departure" from the

usual separate-college, separate-research system. Albert Einstein in his *The World as I See It* stated, "Scientific research can reduce superstition and dissention by encouraging people to think and survey things in terms of cause and effect." Agreeing with him on this topic, Professor Harville believes any good program must contain the elements of both "research and educational excellence in connection with the instructional program."

Another of the better aspects of this project would be that of the instructors being able to go back to the time of the small, interested, highly-motivated student group", ". . . with its accompanying close contact between student and professors."

The faculty and staff members of the five colleges will comprise a 22-man advisory board to direct the actual operation of the Laboratory consisting of two from each of the various colleges; an administrator and a scientist, plus the two ex-officio members, Dr. Harville and SJS Business Manager Glen Guttormsen, who will serve as business manager for the enterprise. All departments of the natural sciences will be available for use by the faculty for both research work and classes.

Instruction at the three-acre seaside site, which will eventually be open to both graduates and undergraduates, is scheduled to include marine biology, biology, chemical and physical geography, geological oceanography and meterology. Quarters for full time graduates working on research projects may tentatively be provided by a private housing firm in the near future.

SUMMER SESSION SLATED

The first official educational program is slated to be a summer session Saturday class in "The Ecology of Aquatic Organisms" will last all day and will be taught by both Dr. Harville and a professor from Hayward, Dr. James Nybakken. The first regular session of classes at the landing, described by Dr. Harville as "quite exciting," will begin in Fall '66 semester, although student classes will be taking field trips as soon as the state receives clear title to the land. In the meantime, requests have been pouring in for an "open house" which is also tentatively set for a post clearance date with a short prior preparation period.

A total of 60 part-time staff members will be assigned to Moss Landing from the various participating colleges, with two and possibly three full-time staff members. One of the future programs envisioned for the center would be that a staff member from a certain department and college would be assigned there on a permanent one-year basis, after which time he would return to his former college and a rotating system of some sort could be worked out. Staff members themselves are enthused with this idea because it would give them a chance to do research work and also give students, upon their return to the college classroom, more up-to-date information on the topic and the benefit of a past year's experience in the field.

Moss Landing research project may well be the beginning of an era of increasing inter-college participation in matters of mutual concern within the scientific realm of research and education. With the combined talent and effort of scientists and students from the various state colleges involved, the Moss Landing laboratory will undoubtedly become not only a place for learning but also a place from which will evolve significant contributions to benefit the world of science and the world of the future. ❖❖

The Hustle Machine

By David Vincent

"What do you say to a person you meet through an IBM Machine?"

If you are a male, you can say something like "Hello. My name is _____ _____, and we were matched up through Operation Match." or something just as original.

If you are a female, you can coyly answer "Oh, yes, I have your name on the form they sent me. Hi."

Now the fellow really has to think of something brilliant to say and from then on anything can happen!

This is the Machine Age—a time when the cybernetics revolution has displaced common laborers of all types, thus making available more creative use of the human mind. Machines can assimiliate, record and constructively use all the data fed into them. Some are actually able to "reason." And now the computer, under the

Just turn on the computer
and it turns you on
to your ideal date.

sponsorship of the Harvard undergraduate firm of Compatibility Research Incorporated, has invaded that most human of emotions—LOVE—in a project called Operation Match.

Operation Match does many things which have not been done before in getting two people together. In the dark ages of arranged marriages, the biggest criteria were usually wealth and position of the prospective partner. Today's usual method of blind dating, in which your friend or roommate arranges something "with a real swinger" often convinces you that he is blind, his judgment leaves much to be desired, and he is the one who needs to be swung, preferably from the nearest tree.

Although the nation-wide Operation Match fills the same purpose, there is a big difference. Basically you ask for a specific person and the persons you are matched up with ask for you. The Computer (an IBM 7090) then just matches those of you together whose responses are the closest on certain questions "making you your ideal date's ideal date." Don't forget, as Match Representative Caspar Weinberger put it, "One person's kook may be another person's ideal."

Actually, the Match Questionnaire provides the data from which the machine produces a match. This questionnaire has been modified from a rather crude form to a highly re-evaluated and searching personality study, both for yourself and your ideal date. As one Harvard man put it, "It was a delightful means of self-evaluation!" Political affiliations, smoking, sexual, and drinking habits, social and monetary status-—all are criteria for evaluation, and sometimes the truth is hard to be truthful about. Of course there are other opinions. An M.I.T. man wrote, "this is probably the most foolish test I have ever filled out."

"Our personalities are often reflected in the way we react to specific situations" says the questionnaire. Here is one of the problems: "67. You happen to receive in the mail two simulated silver spoons, sent by a well-known charitable foundation, with a note asking you to buy them or return them. You realize that you are not legally required to do either, although they do seem worth the price."

The possible answers are designed to test your reaction to this situation. "You: (1) send the money—it's worthwhile. (2) send them back, with a courteous note. (3) send them back, slightly annoyed. (4) allow them to get lost in your desk drawer."

According to its originators, this section interjects a little humor into the test," and "takes the participant a little away from the usual dry personality tests." Other sections are deeper and certainly more provocative. "Is extensive sexual activity preparation for marriage, part of 'growing up'?" You then rate yourself on a scale of one to five.

Now that you have your test done, and you have rated yourself and the person you think you want, using some of the same questions, you put $3 in the envelope, send it off To Compatibility Research, Inc., and wait. When your answer comes back, you will have a list of five or more names, addresses and phone numbers (depending on the total number you want) from the San Jose or Palo Alto area, (or any adjacent areas if you so request).

Then, of course, it is up to you. Operation Match has one final thing to add before they turn you loose, however. "We cannot guarantee these results, nor can we endorse the characters of the individuals participating."

Well, just who are the people participating? According to Janet Roth, SJS Advertising major who publicized Match in the Bay Area, some 3,000 college students and others of related age used the Match service here during the summer program. There are probably many more during this fall semester campaign, since so many more people are in school now, compared to summer session, so the selection will be greatly increased. The old motto of "the more the merrier" definitely holds true here. Probably the biggest reason for matching simply comes under the heading of "fun," although those with a serious intent are also among the majority, even if they won't admit it. So a selection of "Types" and "Personalities," from all walks of learning, are sure to be represented.

The history behind Match is something of a modern success story. It started in February, 1965, as a group of "mixer-weary" Harvard Juniors decided to do something to make blind dating a more positive action, especially in non-coeducational New England. The man who came up with the name, and is still the main brain behind it, is social relations major Jeffrey C. Tarr, 21, of Auburn, Maine. Actually Match is not the first in this utilization of computers, but it is certainly the largest. There have been computer introduction services and college computer dances, but this is not the philosophy behind Match. "Our purpose isn't to match people for marriages, either, though we expect some marriages may occur. Our purpose was to set up a matching project for college dating that worked and at the same time be fun to participate in," said a Compatibility Research spokesman.

Another reason that Tarr is interested in Match is that it is the subject of his undergraduate thesis. "And the amount of data he's getting is fantastic," said the spokesman.

At the April deadline, some 8,000 application requests from 100 eastern colleges had been sent in . . . including requests for applications from 483 Vassar girls—in one envelope!

Match realized this spring program was still in the experimental stage, so they sent out an evaluation questionnaire to the 8,000 participants, asking them to rate their dates. "Suggestions there were, but the results were so generally complimentary that they surprised us—on our first try," the Match people claim. The improvements were to change the geographical setup so people would get matches from closer by, and change the weights of some of the questions to get better results.

But an improvement in the matching system was probably the most important change. Instead of the person receiving three names which corresponded best to his desires, he (or she) now gets a mutual cross-match of five names, for no extra cost.

Expanding nation-wide during the summer, Match processed some 14,000 applicants, and during the beginning of the fall another 6,000 to make over 20,000 Matches. Current plans include student representatives in 500 colleges, where some 1,200,000 students in 25 cities will hear the Match pitch. Already a Canadian and an English Match are being established.

Why is "Operation Match catching on like the hula hoop?" One big reason has been publicity. First off, many Boston Newspapers carried the story. During the spring, Compatibility developed their own publicity by naming Newsweek cover girl Vicky Albright "Miss Match of 1965." The story received national display, and perhaps also helped her to land a television career. She was a junior in dramatics majoring at UCLA at this time.

Another "project" was when the Matchers used the IBM 7090 to judge the Miss Massachusetts pageant. The winner was Miss Dorothy Fischer, and let it never again be said that a machine cannot think like a human. The human judges had picked the same girl as first runner-up!

With the expansion of Match over the country, newspapers picked up the story in each area where there was an operation. In our own area, the San Francisco Chronicle on August 9 carried an interview with their West Coast operations director Caspar Weinberger.

In the article he described the experience of his Harvard roommate, who took the match test. "He's one of the most disinterested persons alive—doesn't seem to care about anything. Of the 70 questions on the sheet, he answered 50 with a zero." So what happened? "Why he got exactly what he wanted—a girl who didn't care about anything. Now, together, they don't care about each other."

So that is how Operation Match can work in practice. But perhaps there is a bigger question that has been asked. A Vassar College girl asks "Is this the beginning of 1984 or a return to pre-arranged marriages?" We wonder. Pre-arranging may be the right term, although there is no absolute condition. But let us set up a futurish scene in a marriage license bureau.

YOUNG MAN: "We've—uh—um—come to get a marriage license."

CLERK: "Certainly. Your names, please? And your social security card numbers."

YOUNG MAN: "Uh—yes. Bill Jones and Marilyn Smith." They fumble in their respective pocketbook and purse until they find their cards. The young man reads off, "Mine is 333-22-4444 and her's is 111-66-5555."

CLERK: "All right, thank you. Please be seated and we'll see how you match up. I'll call you when I get them." The young couple sit down on the hard straight chairs and look at each other, discouragement in their eyes. After an interminable 15 minutes, the clerk comes to the window and motions them over.

CLERK: "I hate to have to tell you this, but the scores on your match cards indicate that your attitudes are so opposite that it would be unwise for the State of California to grant you a marriage license. I'm sorry, but I'll have to refuse your request. You know, we have been able to hold the divorce rate in California to four per cent using this system of computer matching. We don't like to do these things, but we feel it is just better for all concerned—especially any children involved. Sorry."

The disconsolate couple walk silently away.

YOUNG MAN: "Well, Honey, I guess we'll go to Nevada to get married. They still don't have any test there."

Impossible? Only for the science fiction books? Perhaps. But maybe a more stable family life could come out of it also, and fewer broken homes.

Think about it. ❖❖

Times Have Changed Since Dink Stover Was At Yale

Look to the skies — the teeney boppers may soon rule the world.

By Gary Nichamin

Lothrop Worthington, Jr. was a teenage instigator. In 1939, as a Harvard freshman, he won a $10 bet by being the first college student to swallow a live goldfish. This epicurean event started a national fad, which was soon replaced by hollow tree-trunk stuffing (world's record: 16 people), telephone booth stuffing (34), Volkswagen piling (26), bed pushing (317 miles), bowling ball rolling (30 miles in just over four hours), piano destruction (4 minutes and 51 seconds), and marathon telephoning (somewhat over four days). These fads, along with such colossal nonsense as a flagpole sitting and marathon dancing, have certain common qualities—they were all started by teen-agers and they are all dead.

Teen-agers throughout history have been losers in this respect—they never could initiate anything that would stick. But the times they are a-changin' and youth is taking over the world. By 1972, half of the world will be under 25 and there are already signs that the new majority will rule. "Kowabunga!" will be the rallying cry when the Alamo is long forgotten.

The kids are not just taking a free ride; they are buying their way to the top. There are today more than 24 million teeney-boppers who spend over $25 billion (and INFLUENCE the spending of over $100 billion) on stereos, avocado-flavored lipstick, McDonald burgers, Dewey Weber surfboards, Rolling Stone records, 409's and GTO's.

There are many factors which contribute to the affluence of today's teen, mainly prosperity, but the basic force is the FEAR that people over 25 feel due to the onrushing horde. Appeasement! "Give them a larger allowance and maybe they'll support us in our old age." "Christ son, I'll give you a dollar if you'll turn off that cruddy music." Just as we fear and respect the Communist Chinese who have 700,000,000 and the bomb, adults fear and respect youth because youth has 24,000,000 and a hell of a lot of nerve.

How is this fear and respect displayed? For the answer one need only turn on a radio or TV. Or pick up a magazine. Check the ads. The Pepsi Generation. The Lively Ones. Nausea Au Go Go. Since the teenagers buy 55% of the soft drinks, 26% of the cosmetics, 44% of the cameras and most of everything else, and because age is often jealous and envious of youth, advertisers feel that by aiming for the youth, age will follow along. There are a few persons in Advertising who disagree with this, but their voices are lost in the din of electric guitars.

Commercials for such unyouthful products as Acrilan carpets are done with solid rock background, jumpin' shakin' kids and emulative adults. Try to purchase a Rambler-type family sedan (compact, utilitarian) today. *Every* brand of American automobile is designed for the 20 year old male (who is buying his first *new* car but his *fourth* car) and for the generations after him who will purchase it used when he sells it in 2.7 years. Hop-up rear panels, useless floor shifts for automatic transmissions, fastbacks, magnesium wheels, tachometers, big engines, a minimum of chrome—even the Rolls Royce is bringing out a non-boxy model to follow the low, sleek trend; of course it may be some time before the teeney-bopper can afford the $18,000 tariff, but wait!

Whatever industry comes to mind, the influence is obvious. Women's fashions are being designed by English girls who are barely old enough to vote . . . but they *count.* American youth accounts for over half of movie revenue so what does the adult see when he scans the local movie guide? *Gidget Goes Berserk, The Beach Party Gang Meets the Hulk,* or somesuch. But the kids fry their minds on motion pictures other than these Technicolor monstrosities and ulcers in the cinema industry are thick because of the search for a picture that will capture the modulating taste of the kids and still draw the adults. *A Hard Day's Night* was a huge hit with the kids who saw it many times over—the record was claimed by bleary-eyed Kathy Lindsay, 13, of Chicago, who *paid* to get in 34 times, seeing the picture a total of 77 times—and it still was acclaimed by many adults including Dwight MacDonald from Esquire who called it "perhaps the best film of 1964". It was even shown in many cities on an "Adults Only" basis to keep the noisy, screaming kids from disturbing the esthetic effect of the film. It is also interesting to note that the director of this, and many other *new* films, is Richard Lester, who at 33 is one of the older directors of the hip flicks.

A Hard Day's Night points up the overwhelming difference between today's trends and the adolescent fads: the Beatles started out as the property of the teen and sub-teen. Then, just as the adults stole the twist and called a record hop a "discotheque" and started frugging and monkeying around, they stole the Beatles. So the kids counterattacked and picked up on some of the groups the adults couldn't tolerate—the earthy Rolling Stones, the magnificent Lovin' Spoonful, Bob Dylan—and the kids keep inventing new dances which are more and more frenzied and intricate so the adults will stay away.

Arthur Murray ads are pretty funny now: they say that anyone can be taught to put more fun in his life by learning the Boston Monkey, the Jerk or the Swim. Can you picture a thirteen year-old *paying money* to learn something like the Watusi? Kathy, next door, will teach him for free. And *she* learned it on TV while watching one of the new disciples of the Lord, Lloyd Thaxton, or Dick Clark, or Murray the K. Picture now one of today's young generation in twenty years. Her daughter is asking who influenced her most. Mom answers, "Well, it was either Pat Molitieri or Annette Funicello. Of course, "Spin 'n Marty" affected me deeply for quite some time."

Dr. Snell Putney, of the Sociology Department at SJS, devotes a good portion of his lectures to the writing of Bob Dylan, the voice of the teeney-boppers and the post-teens, who, we will see, are a part of the teeney-boppers also. Dylan is a magnificent poet who has "electrified" the adult folk audience with his new sound, the same poetic lyrics set to the pulse of the generation; rockin' and a-rollin', moovin' and a-groovin', splishin' and a-splashin', and most important, *signifyin'*. Dylan has set the pace for the new sound—rock 'n roll with a message. Now, instead of just a fad, popular music is a learning situation; there is something more to a dance than sweating, meeting people and mousing. Now, the words to live by, the gospel, as it were, are echoing in every high school gymnasium, in crowded apartments, and most significantly, on the college campus. The beat doesn't peter out after the decline and fall of acne. The person who graduates from college today is still in the rock bag. This is why he is still part of the teeney-boppers at age 24 or 25. And this trend will continue. It is not new.

The vanguard of the trend is found in the underground Elvis Presley movement. Elvis, once of the hip-shaking, Country and Western, sneer-and-grunt-for-the-people-and-look-hungry school has matured. He still makes monoplot movies and three single records a year. His records seldom make the top 40 charts and his movies never win any awards, BUT, all of the records sell over 1,000,000 copies and ALL of the movies gross over $5,000,000 (of which Elvis gets $1,000,000 plus fringe benefits). Who is his audience? It is the same audience that fainted and screamed when he was a hip-shaker. There are millions of 25 year-old housewives in this country who buy Elvis records and take their children to see the movies.

This is the shape of things to come. You will grow with Bob Dylan and the Beatles and will take your children to see them. You will grow misty and start showing your children how to do the bop. Once you learn to ride a horse, you never lose the skill. Once you learn to stomp, you will never forget it. If you do, you will be trampled under by a Coxey's Army of world beaters.

"It swept this whole wide land
Sinkin' deep in the heart of man
Come on boy, join our clan
'cause rock 'n roll forever will stand."

Many clergymen are reciting rock lyrics in churches, they have to. They realize that kids

attain a sort of religious ecstasy through this music. Today's teen, whether or not he believes in God, believes in the rhythmic pragmatism that is the Top 40. The song which becomes popular today is a long way from the "Be-bop a Lu-la, she's my baby" loser school.

"If I can't be your one and only man
I'll go to your daddy, give him back your hand . . ."

"Look out kid, it don't matter what you did,
God knows when but you're doin'
it again . . ."

"Hey you, get off of my cloud . . ."

The kids listen to the music that reflects the changin' times and they

Believe in the magic in a young girl's heart
How the music can free her whenever it starts
And it's magic; if the music is groovy
Makes you feel happy like an old-time movie.
I'll tell you 'bout the magic that'll free your soul
But it's hard to tell a stranger about rock 'n roll.
Do you believe in magic?

"They'll grow out of it," say the adults. Will we? There are so many more of us than them. There is no conforming to "adult society" if we *are* adult society. Also, a person who is raised on Pablum alone may never crave meat and a a carniverous person will not be happy with pureed prunes. A person raised on *Mairzy Doats* and Shirley Temple could be content always with *The Sound of Music* and Bert Parks. A person weaned on Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton and the Stones chokes on Bobby Vinton. Fewer and fewer of the graduates of teendom are damned to go through life with a cottage-cheese mind since they are listening to, reading, writing and *believing* poetry like this from Bob Dylan's *11 Outlined Epitaphs:*

". . . it is me an my kind
that will make those rules . . .
if the people of tomorrow
really need the rules of today

rally round all you prosecutin attorneys
the world is but a courtroom
yes
but I know the defendants better 'n you
and while youre busy prosecutin
we're busy whistlin
cleanin up the courthouse
sweepin sweepin
listening listenin
winkin t one another
careful
careful
your spot is comin up soon" ❖❖

Gayle Morris

Photography: Nick Pavloff

You'll like what you find in

Mann Haus

clothing

Model: Lynn Nibbe
Photography: Paul Sequeira

MANN HAUS

Traditional Clothiers

419 Town and Country Village 243-3352

"Scroungy Muthas"

(continued from page 16)

lived with their families. Everywhere there were the goldenrod-color trucks and cars belonging to the Union Pacific. I figure that UP owns the state of Wyoming. Always the kids in these towns would be waiting for the train and they would wave and holler and I would eat the whole thing up. There are 3,897 kids in Wyoming who waved to me, and I am probably the only exciting thing that has happened to most of those towns since the blizzard of ought 6.

I sang all day Sunday too. I didn't repeat many songs—I figure I know more songs than any seven people. A very relaxing day, indeed, but I was getting hungry. My Happy Harold Sandwiches were crushed beyond recognition (my green bag was my pillow) and I think Harold would forgive me if I told him that they are growing root somewhere outside of Rawlings, Wyoming.

At Rawlings, the train stopped to let a passenger train pass. My car stopped directly opposite the trainmaster's office. I stayed down and held my breath. He saw me, as I thought he would have to (the car had no sides) and yelled to me, "Get off that train, you bastard!!" I started to put my things together, figuring to catch the next train through but just then the train started moving. "Hurry up, you - - - - - - - - - - - -," yelled the TM. He ran after the train but he was too late. I assumed he would wire ahead to Laramie and I decided to switch cars when the train stopped again. It didn't and he did. There was a little surprise waiting for me when the train pulled into the yard at 7:45 p.m. D.D. Davis, of the Union Pacific Railroad was in a car with the Chief of Police of Laramie and they picked up the train at the beginning of the yard and followed alongside the track until the train came to rest. Mr. Davis boarded the trains, drew his gun, flashed his badge and escorted me peacefully to the car (*another* '57 Chevy) and turned over custody of the prisoner to the Laramie Police.

"SHAVE? YEH SURE, WE GET TO SHAVE ON FRIDAYS"

The Laramie jail is the worst I have even been in. It is dirty. The uniforms don't fit. The food is completely inedible. The judges are corrupt. The facilities are unsanitary. The guys in jail were pretty cool, but not at all encouraging, "Oh, they'll probably give you thirty days . . ." The literature available for perusal consisted of seventy paperbacks of the "Crotch & Crude" school, and "Goldfinger." I read the James Bond book that night and lost $1 playing hearts. I also caught cold in my drafty cell. I couldn't eat either of the two meals they served. One bite and even my 15¢ burger-pizza-cafeteria oriented stomach revolted. I traded my food for a bar of soap with a young man who was in jail for robbery. Because he has *six* kids to support, he has made arrangements to serve a five-year sentence, *on weekends.* I wished him lots of luck. Another guy drove me bugs with his singing. He knew only two songs, "King of the Road" and "Wolverton Mountain," and he sang them with the *wrong words.* When I subtly suggested that they were not the correct words, he agreed but said he liked his words better. I suggested that perhaps he might like to sing some other songs, and he didn't seem to think there *were* any other songs. (That sounds like we didn't get along; actually we all got along famously, all six of us, and it was a pretty humorous night). There was a trustee who supplied everyone with all the cigarettes, narcotics, and various other necessities that were needed, and it was a pretty homey place. I just didn't want to make it *my* homey. I pictured me not being able to eat for thirty days; I started out at 130 pounds, wet. Thirty days and I could escape through the bars.

Anyway, I went to court at 1:30 the next afternoon. The judge fined me more than he thought I had with me; he wanted to teach me a lesson. When he asked me if I could pay the fine ($14) I smiled in answer to his hateful leer. I told him that I had the money sewn in my jacket and he blew his mind. I had to sit in solitary confinement for two hours before they would let me out.

After I said good-bye to my cell-mates and turned in my uniform and mattress, I headed for the nearest liquor store, bought a 16 oz. Pepsi and rinsed out my stomach to give me strength to leave town. I walked toward the bus station, which happened to be the same direction as the freight yards (followed at a discreet distance by a town cop). As I walked past the bus depot, I broke into my sprint. A train was leaving and I hopped aboard, laughing like hell at the cop. I wished the train was headed toward Cheyenne, where I could catch the Burlington Route, the friendly Burlington, but I was in no position to argue when it pulled into Denver, Colorado. I didn't care where I was, so long as they had food there. I was as hungry as a road-bum who hadn't eaten in about two days.

That was about the pattern for some time. I stopped off in Denver for a day and had trouble getting out, but finally caught the right train. I was trapped in North Platte, Nebraska, for a day and a night. I was stopped six times in North Platte, questioned each time and released. There were eight bulls in the yard chasing me but I eluded them. As the trains left the yards they were traveling at a speed of 70 m.p.h. and they were impossible to catch. I hitchhiked out of town, catching a ride with the only nice person in the county, a sweet lady who was out for a ride in the country. She took me to the next large town where I caught a gondola into Valley, Nebraska.

At Valley, I was trapped in the gondola as they broke down the train and I was getting battered around inside as the switch engines played catch with the train. The noise was unbearable with the echoes inside and I blew my mind. When I was climbing out of the car, I was spotted and I ran down the highway toward Omaha. I had gone about two miles when the only police officer in Valley caught me. It was about 10:30 at night and he didn't want to go back to the jail, so he let me go. I walked to Omaha (twenty-five miles) *barefooted* because I didn't want the soles of my shoes to fall off completely. Eventually they did anyway. Actually, I didn't walk ALL the way. I was given a two mile ride by a troop of Boy Scouts returning from a Camporee, and a one block ride by two nice, friendly policemen who suggested I try the Salvation Army which was downtown and they would take me there except they had an emergency call.

After I found the Salvation Army (I had to pass the two "hangs" on the way there and if you don't think I got put down, you're out of your mind. I couldn't help but remember all the

road-bums I have put down, and actually the streets of Omaha were the scene of a personal Yom Kippur that night) I found the Salvation Army closed. I rolled out my blanket and slept on the steps. During the two hours I slept, it *hailed.* My blanket hasn't been the same since. But, then the crusher, that particular Salvation Army has no facilities for showers, or meals. The place that does is open all night, the Open Door Mission. The Open Door Mission is Oral Roberts' dream locality. There are many people at that Mission that need *help,* and the twenty minute sermon that precedes the soup breakfast is saving as many souls as Santa Anita.

I figured I was in need of a cleaning and the Mission's shower hour had passed so I made it to the nearest laundromat. For one dime, I washed and dried everything I had with me, not that it helped much. There is nothing that can get that much dirt out in one washing. In case you're wondering, I borrowed a towel from the laundromat man while my stuff was in the washer.

Then I tried to get my shoes repaired—no luck. They were beyond repair. I was on my way to the freight yards when a guy offered me a ride across the river to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Unfortunately this guy was queer. *Just* what I needed to make my day complete. I got out of the car as fast as I could and started walking down the highway. It was the middle of the day, about 100 degrees and I practically cashed in my chips before a man in a Henry J gave me a lift to Carson, Iowa. He had what he called the perfect job. He worked fifty hours a week in a packing plant. He was the guy who affixes the USDA stamp to certain meats. He gets four dollars an hour for sitting at the end of a chute and stamping meat that goes through. That's the perfect job and I'm Sheena, Queen of the Jungle.

AT LAST, I AM THE KING OF THE ROAD

Carson, Iowa is really no place to get stuck, unless you happen to be there at a time when the daughter of the family that owns the general store is working in the store and you have trouble getting a ride because there's no traffic and she is horny and she has a lot of straw in her ears and there is a cornfield handy right outside of the store. Enough said.

"WE DON'T WANT NO SCROUNGY MUTHAS IN OUR TOWN!"

It took me three rides to get to the Interstate, one with the Iowa state treasurer, who bought me a Coke, and one with a nut taking corners in his empty semi at 75 m.p.h. Then I got a ride with Jim in his '64 GTO. We had not gone more than five miles, at 90, when his engine blew up. Since I was in no hurry, I helped him push it over to the side of the road and we walked to the next town, Brooklyn, Iowa. He called ahead to Cedar Rapids and got his friend, Buzz to come out to tow him away. While we were waiting, Jim went into the bar to get drunk. I went to the only other open place in town, the American Legion Hall, where there was a high-school rock 'n roll dance. I watched for awhile from the door, talked to the gym teacher for awhile (he was chaperoning), walked out every few minutes to see if Buzz had arrived yet, and to see if Jim was still standing up. After three hours of this, Buzz finally arrived, with his girl, Naomi, who was thirsty and we would go as soon as they had a few beers.

As I'm waiting in Buzz' car, four farm boys from the dance come over and ask me if I'm getting ready to leave. I say yes, as soon as the others come out. The self-appointed leader tells me to leave NOW. And I think he's kidding and start to kid around. He's not kidding. "We want you out of this town in five minutes!! We don't care if you *are* waiting for them, *they* aren't dirty and scroungy. *YOU ARE!! We don't want no scroungy muthas in our town!!*" Their ranks are beginning to swell, there are now about ten. They took turns pointing their fingers at me and accusing me of (1) being dirty, (2) hustling their high school girls (which I *wasn't*) (3) being scroungy (4) giving their town a bad name (5) wanting to move in next door. I was petrified. I have never been hated for being myself. I hadn't intentionally provoked anything and I had fifteen farm boys—the Brooklyn,Iowa, Vigilante Committee—threatening to kill me if I didn't leave in five minutes.

They left to give me time to leave and I went to get Jim, Buzz and Naomi. They didn't see any reason to hurry and it was fifteen minutes before they were ready to go. By this time the posse had reformed their ranks and started yelling at me again. The leader told Jim, "We have nothing against *you;* it's *HIM* we want. Let us have him and you just leave." Jim answered by starting up the '62 Ford and leaving a cloud of dust and a hearty hi-ho silver on the way out of town. Four cars followed us. When we reached the GTO, Jim went to it and began drunkenly to brandish his pistol, quite loaded, at the pursuers. Naomi and I stayed in the Ford and she kept asking me what in the name of God I had done. I kept swearing to her that I hadn't done *anything.* Meanwhile, Jim had counted them and decided that it wasn't too smart to defend *ME,* since there was only one of me. Jim was bombed. I was somewhere in the twilight zone. The posse helped Jim and Buzz hook up the tow rope in hopes that they would be so grateful that they would give me up. The posse was drawing straws for me. Real nice, I thought, they're going to raffle me off.

Finally, I convinced Naomi that I wasn't responsible for anything, that it was only a case of a gross misunderstanding and she went to bat for me. She whispered something to Buzz and we got going. I was still shaking when the tow rope broke and the highway patrol stopped us.

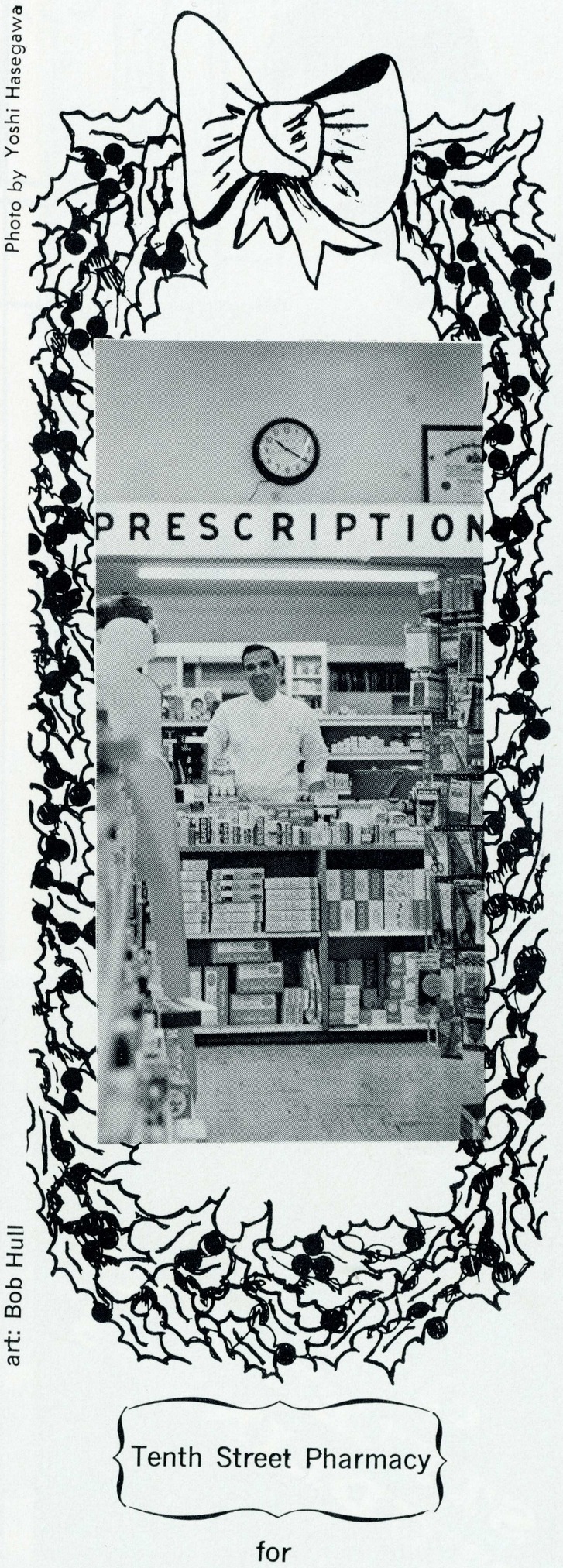
Now, the highway patrolman had seen us towing a car on the Interstate, everyone was drinking (except me), there was open beer in the car, Jim had been tossing empty beer cans out of the window of the GTO. There was a loaded gun on the console of the GTO and we had been clocked by the highway patrol at 80. I figured that I was going to jail for ten years, and I'll *never, NEVER* know what Jim said to the cop that made him *let us go without even a citation,* but it worked and we were back on our way to Cedar Rapids.

On the way, Jim said something profound, surprisingly. I had said that I could not believe that anyone could react so violently to an outsider as those kids had. Jim said that simply showed that I hadn't been around at all. I objected and he said that until I lived at the *bottom* of the social scale, I would *never* understand how things were. "The sociologists have no idea how things are. The psychologists cannot fathom how *people* behave because they never see the bulk of the people. They see a Disneyland assortment of certain segments of the population. You want to know how things are, go to the bottom. The Indians in New Mexico and the Negroes down South know how it is; the road guys, the

Holiday Greetings from

TENTH ST. PHARMACY

Photo by Yoshi Hasegawa



art: Bob Hull

Tenth Street Pharmacy

for

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Prescriptions

Miscellaneous student needs

10th and Santa Clara 294-9131

Squire Shop

Photography: Nick Pavloff

clothes
STYLED FOR
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Berg's

52 SOUTH FIRST ST.

MODELS: Hank Cavalier
Diane Judah

tramps, know how it is. Anyone who hasn't lived at the bottom has no idea how *people* behave."

When we got to Cedar Rapids and they let me off, I went to the first open space I could find and rolled out my blanket. It rained heavily that night and I awoke, soaking wet, in the middle of an empty drive-in movie. The night before seemed like a thousand miles away. I dried off and had popcorn and Coke for breakfast courtesy of six guys who were cleaning out the drive-in. They were actually cleaning it out in more ways than one. They were dissatisfied with the 75¢ per hour they were receiving and were supplementing their meagre incomes by stealing money and food. They had panicked when they had spotted me; they thought I was their boss spying on them. They were happy to help me out. I was happy that they helped me out. Everyone was happy except their boss, who will probably stop hiring high school kids. Funny, one night I am practically killed by teen-age vigilantes and the next morning saved by teen-age Robin Hoods.

My blanket now had a bad case of mildew.

THIS IS THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM; NO HITCHHIKING, STOPPING, PASSING SPEEDING OR SLEEPING.

I walked out of Cedar Rapids still shaking, both from the nightmare and from the moisture which was soaking through me. I was headed East when a car stopped and I was moving again. Although this time I wasn't too happy to be moving as fast as I was. The driver seemed to have the impression that 90 miles per hour was a nice safe speed for traveling and that passing on curves and hills was fine sport. I tightened my seat belt every five minutes until I just gave up and resigned myself to a fiery death. He was headed towards Niles, Michigan and I decided that if we got that far, I could drop in on my cousins' in Detroit. The God of the Highways smiled upon us and we burned into Niles in an absurdly short time, average speed 75 m.p.h. including gas and food stops.

In Niles, I caught a ride to Kalamazoo. I walked around town during the evening (it was a Saturday night and I got put down by all the Kalamazoo teeners) and managed to meet some terrific people on the Western Michigan campus. They offered to buy me a beer and were surprised when I told them that I don't drink. It seems that anyone who would ride a freight would *have* to drink beer. I let them buy me a Pepsi; it was a step in uplifting the image of the road bums.

Around 10 p.m., I walked the five or so miles back to I-94 and started thumbing toward Detroit, but I started feeling the effects of my new hard day's nightmare and I walked about ten yards off the highway, unrolled my blanket and went soundly to sleep in the poison ivy. In the morning, I caught a ride to Detroit.

In the twelve years since I was last in Detroit, I have forgotten most of streets but I remembered enough to have myself dropped off at Seven Mile Road and Woodward, about two miles from my old neighborhood. (Who said "you can't go home again?") It was about 9 a.m. Sunday when I walked past the house I was born in. (That might not do very much for *you,* but I dug it.) I then found my cousin Rick's house, about three blocks away. On the way, I kept marveling at how small everything was. I guess perspective has a lot to do with it since everything looks huge to a small boy. Rick's family was surprised, naturally. They weren't sure at first whether to call the cops or simply shoot me to put me out of my misery. But they accepted me and treated me to a day and a half of the best Detroit has to offer. Ungrateful as it seems, I would prefer the worst New York has because Detroit hasn't much. Anyway, I talked mainly about the trains while I was there and couldn't wait to get going. Also, in the clothes I wore when we went out, I felt worse than I did in my grubs. I borrowed some ill-fitting things but couldn't get a pair of shoes so I polished my road-bum ones. I felt like a Gentlemen's Quarterly reject in my Gant shirt, Cricketeer jacket, new H.I.S. slacks and grunchy loafers. After a busy day and a half, I'd laid around and played around that old town too long . . . .

For the next few days, I took my time, alternating between the trains and the Interstates. Times were good in Michigan and Ohio and I met a tremendous number of cool people, many of whom offered me jobs. I was getting so I could measure the friendliness of an area by the number of sincere job offers I received. On the Road-Bum-Labor-Index, Ohio ranks number one. I got six chances to settle down there and offers of places to stay. I felt like William Holden and kept looking for Kim Novak and Susan Strasberg next door (remember from the movies?) I was extremely polite and turned them down on the basis that I had this one special job in Baltimore that I had my heart set on. I always turned them down *after* the free meal (I was getting a little short on the greenback dollars). Once, when a greasy fat man was slow on the free meal, I washed some greasy dishes for a greasy meal. "You gets what you pay for."

I should never have left Ohio. When I crossed into Pennsylvania, I was immediately treated like a visiting leper. No one would even look at me. I was trapped in Ligioner during the PGA Golf Tournament—I couldn't get a ride out to save my life. I got busted once at the freight yards and again when I tried to hitchhike out. So I looked at my battered road map and picked the town to walk to. The nearest town of some size was Greensburg. I figured it would be a "nice Jewish town" because of its name. I was unbelievably *wrong.*

I arrived in Greensburg about 8 p.m. and went directly to the freight yards. I would have had to wait some time before a train would leave and every store in town was closed. I went into the bowling alley to get something to eat but there were only about three surly bowlers at the lunch counter and they all glared at me as if to say that I wasn't wearing the proper bowling clothes. I had a wild impulse to bowl a line or two and hustle a few bucks, something like Paul Neuman—I would be a kind of California Skinny—but then at the last minute I remembered that I only carry a 145 average and haven't bowled in three years. I decided not to hustle anyone. Those surly guys sure don't know how easy they got off.

Anyway, I had a donut and left out the back way. The alley led into the town swamp and I assumed that this would be the place to get some undisturbed rest. My judgment was getting poorer as time went on. I found a quiet place to bed down on the hill overlooking the swamp, and there was even some cardboard there to cover the ground. It was a perfectly still night with a full moon. I could see quite clearly and hear things that were happening three blocks away. I noticed a light on in a house across the way and saw the shadow of a young child looking

(continued on page 34)

UNCLE JOHN'S PANCAKE HOUSE

Our delicious pancakes, omelets and waffles are served all day long, but if you prefer we also have other luncheon and dinner favorites. Bring your date and come as you are, the atmosphere is relaxed.

1415 SOUTH FIRST ST., SAN JOSE

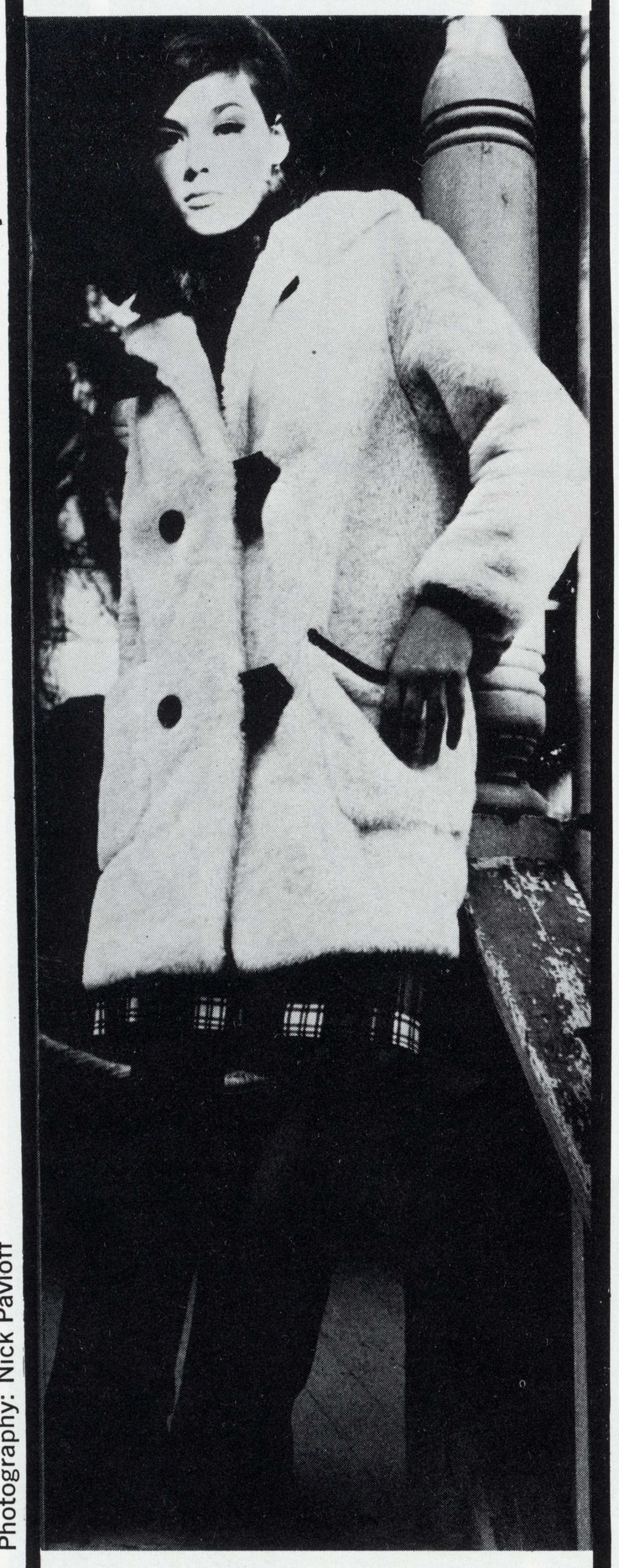
other peninsula locations

SANTA CLARA
1680 El Camino Real

PALO ALTO
3150 El Camino Real

MILLBRAE
1301 El Camino Real

for
campus
casuals



Model: Sherry Nunn
Photography: Nick Pavloff

THE
GILDED
CAGE
455 East William
(Near Tenth)
294-7629

10:30-5:30 Daily
10:30-9:00 Thursday

out the window. I stopped moving, hoping that I couldn't be seen if I kept still. I was playing statue when the sweet young voice echoed for three blocks, "Mommy, there's a *man* out there. What's he doing there?" Ding.

Mommy came sprinting into the bedroom saying how it might be a good idea if they called the police. I tried to tell her, through telepathy, that I was just a poor college student who hadn't done anything illegal but she wouldn't listen. I split down the hill into the swamp and moved to a place about one hundred yards down from where I had been, crawled out and found a place under a fallen log. I parked myself there and waited. In about zero time, the city police force (consisting of one man) and about ten volunteers in private cars, all showed up. They went through the police training manual from beginning to end. First they surrounded the swamp area. Then they shined their flashlights all over the area, moving closer to where they thought I was. "That's a horse on you guys," I thought. I was perfectly situated since I could see and hear everything without being seen myself—sort of like the ghost of policemen present.

There were two roads, one on each side of the swamp, and for about six hours I watched in hysterics as the cars sped first one way, then the other, shining light constantly into the murky water. If they had decided to drag the swamp for my body, it couldn't have been funnier. About 3:30, I realized they had a horse on me. In the distance I heard the hounds. God, what had I done? What hath Gary wrought? I figured I should just give myself up; but I couldn't see myself shuffling my feet and saying, "Sorry guys, but I'm just a college student and I'm sorry if you had to stay up all night . . ." I wondered what Hopalong Cassidy would do in a case like this and then I remembered the *Fugitive.* In and out of the swamp about six times. Then hide again. Dogs can't follow a scent in water, I hoped. But if it worked for Kimble, it must work for me. It did. The dogs bayed and yelped but never came close to me. I started to relax for awhile until I thought how bad the action would get when the sun rose. They'd probably have snipers in every tree, just waiting to nail me.

I decided to make the Dog-Bus scene, since I couldn't get to the freight yards and hitchhiking was out. The bus station would be downtown and I stalked through the sleeping town (like Wee Willie Winkie without a nightgown) to downtown. Lo and behold, the bus station was in the same building as the police station. All in one nice city hall. How classic! The bus depot was closed until seven and there was nothing I could think of to do except sleep on the bench in front until the first bus arrived. I pulled the blanket over my head and prayed to the God of the Dog-Bus. When the first bus drove up, I dove aboard and left the driving to them until I reached Baltimore, with 34¢ in my pocket.

ONE LAST ARREST, FOR THE ROAD

From Baltimore, I hitchhiked to Fort Meade and walked into Odenton, where my suitcase was waiting. Also waiting were two more cops who just couldn't resist the impulse to shake me down. So that was the clincher. Before I hopped my first train, I was given the question scene and now, five blocks from Joanne's, I was emptying my pockets and lying. They let me go, because I am such a magnificent liar, I guess. I dragged myself up to Joanne's house, hot and tired and DIRTY, so dirty that I was afraid to sit down for fear I'd dissolve the furniture.

HERE I AM IN GOTHAM AND I CAN'T FIND BATMAN

Joanne and I went to see the *Fantasticks* (me in more borrowed clothes) and the next day, I accompanied her to the camp where she was a counselor. I reverted to seven years old for the day, learning to play "Duck, Duck, Goose", a game I missed in my childhood. Then Saturday morning, I hitchhiked to Arlington, Virginia, burdened down now by a thirty-five pound suitcase. The weather was sweatbox-hot and I regretted, with every gallon I excreted from my overworked, soot-laden pores, having sent my suitcase on to New York. It was about three weeks of twice-daily showers before I unclogged my pores and cleaned out the accumulated grit.

I went to Arlington with the intention of seeing a friend from U.C.L.A. However, my timing was quite poor as Leslie had moved that very morning, leaving no forwarding address. It took a few quick laps in the pool of her old apartment (one might say I *streaked* through the pool, since I was attired rather immodestly) to get my strength up to make it to New York. My suitcase felt like it weighed about thirty-five hundred pounds but around midnight, I came schleping down Broadway ("They say the neon lights are bright, on Broadway . . ." They're right.) where I checked my suitcase in a locker at the bus terminal and proceeded on an unguided tour of the City. Riding the subways all over, I had an immense blast just checking out the haps. I broke some of the cliche rules by walking through Central Park at four in the morning, but the muggers were busy on the *Prosperous-looking* strollers. About 5:30, I picked up my suitcase, took a subway to Jamaica and transferred to the Long Island R.R. to Roslyn, where my stays were. (In case you're wondering, I am paying for things now with $80 in traveler's checks from my suitcase.) I had two kaleidoscopic weeks in New York. Regina and Roberta and I saw everything that IS cool and ISN'T "we-have-to-see-the-Rockettes-or-we-haven't-seen-New-York" cruddy.

Andy Warhol movies, a Mets' game (that they *won*), food from Pakistani to Parve, folk dancing in Washington Square, a nightmare in Harlem—which Reggie and I were foolish to enter but we only claimed to be inquisitive, not smart —Oscar Brown Jr., *The* Controversial Forest Hills-Dylan-Mod-and-Rocker-Clash, *The Roar of the Greasepaint,* The World's Farce, silent flicks at the museums, the lower east side on Sunday morning, Italian lawn bowling and more and more and more fantastic, wonderful stuff we did. But the outstanding thing in my mind is the subways. I guess I have blown my mind for anything that even hints of a train. To my way of thinking, the subways are not transportation to New Yorkers. They are life encapsulated underground. The subways become a second home for many, a drive-in-movie for others, entertainment for more, a playground for a few, a battleground. And all of it surrounded by the fairyland of American Advertising. If they could sell ads on peoples' necks, they would. Every square inch of the subway is a poster.

Getting back to San Jose was presenting problems. Marcia, one of my bestest friends, was working at an inn in upstate New York and we *were* going to ride the freights back together but the threat of the two of us getting jailed for

(continued on page 46)

SPANNING THE ABYSS

By Charlotte Wong

"Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman — a rope over an abyss."
Frederick William Nietzsche

It is too late to know the exact thoughts of the philosopher Nietzsche as his mind produced the above utterance, but one can know the thoughts and aims of men today who hope, through study, empathy, and communication, to give Superman the benefit of a doubt. In recognition of his dedication and enthusiasm in working to span the abyss, Sparta Life devotes this section to next semester's Scholar in Residence, architect Richard Buckminster Fuller.

The activities, achievements, and awards of Richard Buckminster Fuller occupy a column each in the 1964-65 editions of *Who's Who in America* and *Who's Who in Commerce and Industry,* but such sources do not reveal the philosophy of the man. It is hoped that the following excerpts from his poem, "No More Secondhand God," written in 1940, will give the reader a glimpse of the mind of the man who will be on campus from February 7 to March 31, 1966:

I see God in
the instruments and the mechanisms that
work
reliably,
more reliably than the limited sensory
departments of
the human mechanism.

Ecce!
all peoples divided against one another are
in their digressions
equally inverted and self-deceived
in their respective tampered-with standards.

The degree of self-deception
is proportional
to the width of the angle
of disagreement,
and the greater that angle of stress
the greater the anger.

The greater the anger,
the greater the susceptibility
to further propaganda—
a cancerous hate growth.

And all propaganda is false
if merely by misemphasis.
It is false because it approaches diametric
unbalance,
which scientifically speaking is chaotic.

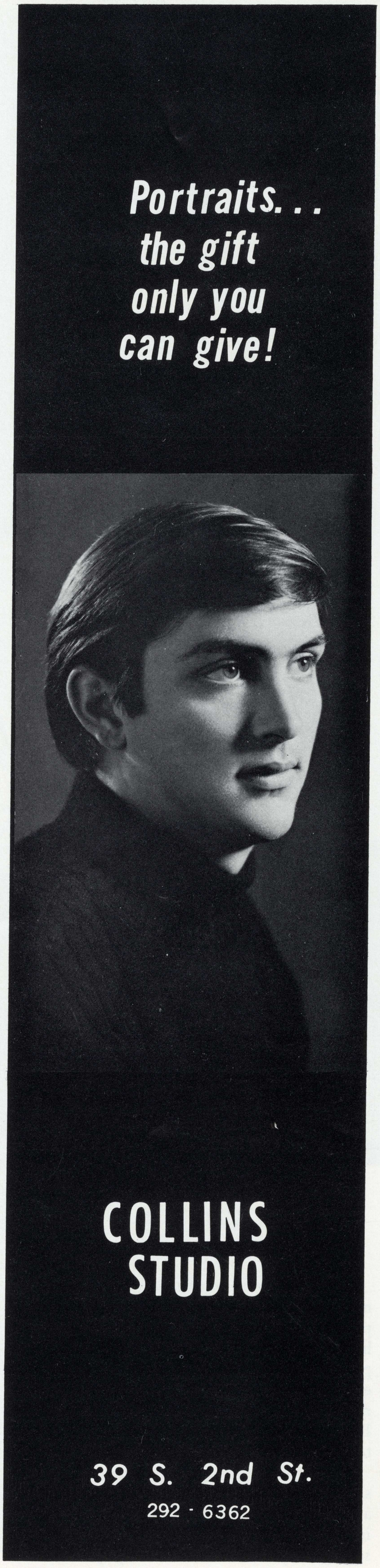
Chaos is erosive, explosive, shattering,
and therefore the antithesis
of the only potential survival means
of homo sapiens:
through the harmonic integration of
knowledge
whose kinetic is uni-versal.

If you don't really believe in the world that is,
but only in one to come, or one gone by,
your best chance of finding such another
is by walking out a very high window.

In the poem Fuller also calls for the invention of a means for a daily, nation-wide, secret vote which would insure democracy and for faith in one's fellow man and in God.

The 70-year-old engineer will serve as a consultant and lecturer to the campus community during his eight-week stay. This role will not be a new one to the much-traveled Fuller, who in 1962 lectured at Brandeis and Harvard Universities, as well as in London, Japan, India, and West Germany. In 1959 he was a member of the United States Presidential Advisers Committee on Human Resources to consider new educational strategies. His accomplishments include the designing of the Dymaxion three-wheeled automobile, the Dymaxion House in Chicago, the Kaiser aluminum domes in Hawaii and the Space-orama, Ford Motor, Encyclopedia Brittanica, U.S. Science Halls, and Boeing Company domes at the Seattle World's Fair. In addition, Fuller is the inventor-discoverer of energetic-synergetic geometry, geodesic structures, and tensegrity structures. (Fuller defines synergy as "the "behavior of whole systems unpredicted by behavior of their components," while geodesy may refer to the surveying of areas so large that an account of the earth's curvature must be included in one's calculations.) Fuller is also the author of the books, *Nine Chains to the Moons* (1938), *No More Secondhand God* (1962), *Unfinished Epic of Industrialization* (1962), and *Ideas and Integrities* (1963), the latter being an autobiography.

R. Buckminster Fuller is a scholar working to span the abyss, to make man more than an animal who would take without giving, who would exist without progression toward his full potential. ❖❖



Catch The Wind

By Barbara Dunn

sailing competition offers the excitement of a sport that knows no season.

A strong wind powerfully blowing from the north shifts suddenly as a nimble sailboat prepares to make a turn. An able seaman could right his boat and continue, perhaps to capture a first place in the regatta. For the amateur, this is no easy task. It means winning or placing in the race and sometimes even sink or swim for him. But sailing has a following today of more amateurs than ever before.

From its earliest days as a business venture in small fishing towns, the sailboat has been blown along the currents of the wind. Man, delighting in the harnessing of such a fickle force has turned sailing to sport, the better to display his ability to catch the wind.

The adventursome peoples throughout history have devised many ways to use sailboats competitively. Races of many sorts have been developed and prizes have been both great and small.

But few sailors would complain of having achieved a small prize. For the goal in sailing is not to win always, but to enjoy the experience and master the technique.

Most sports have their season. This is where the advantage of sailing breezes through. It is a year-round recreation to those who excite in its thrills. Lakes in the San Jose-Santa Cruz area and local reservoirs are open to the interested sailor during all seasons.

Collegiate sailing teams are gaining in popularity in the area. Last summer, Stanford Sailing Association ran an ad in the Spartan Daily announcing that they would open their membership to SJS students during the summer. A small response was made and cooperative participation at nearby Vasona Lake (on Highway 17) began when they moved their fleet of ten fiberglas sailboats to their summer quarters there.

One participant, Bonnie Mix, has since written to other colleges for advice on how to start a sailing association on this campus. Along with a group of interested students—many of whom have sailing experience on boats belonging to their families and others who have never sailed before—Bonnie has begun the process of forming a sailing association here.

James E. Stevenson, of the Industrial Arts department, said there was much enthusiasm of students and other faculty members on this campus concerning the formation of a sailing association. Many who have access to boats sail with family or friends in weekend regattas.

Most common boats sailed in this area are the one-sailed El Toro and the two-sailed Lido and FJ (Flying Dutchman Jr.) class boats. Proper handling of the boat and boating safety are stressed in association competition and pleasure-sailing.

Many beginners can handle a boat by themselves after the first time out and most can do it after the second. On the lakes, there are sailors as young as seven or eight years in perfect control of a boat. The goal of maintaining an even keel is not hard once you learn how, say these young sailors, and many place in competition.

No matter what the age of the enthusiast, there is still the same excitement from the moment the boats hits water—excitement in maintaining an even keel and letting the wind do its work in the sails, controlling the course, rounding the markers in a race, reaching the finish line first. Winds may not cooperate, the air may be chilly, but the competition pushes the enthusiast onward.

Recreational, adventuresome, exciting and still new every time the sail catches first wind, this oldest of sports is available to all interested in excitement. Soon, if a fleet is obtained by the group now working to initiate a sailing association on campus, SJS students may participate more actively through inter-collegiate competition. ❖❖

Photography: Yoshi Hasegawa

Photography: Paul Sequeira

STUDENTS FROM ABROAD

SJS has become second home for hundreds of foreign students.

By Barbara Dunn

This year American colleges and universities enrolled 60,000 students from Africa, Latin America, Europe and the East. San Jose State is educating and entertaining between 325 and 350 of these international students. For many, the chief motive for coming here is lack of educational facilities at home. What, exactly, does San Jose State offer?

Apparently the single biggest attraction at the college is the Engineering Division with its many courses. About 40% of the foreign students are involved in engineering, with a large number in the sciences and mathematics.

The three primary reasons for entering San Jose State are tuition, climate (particularly for the middle East students) and the engineering departmental programs. Thomas R. Coke, foreign student adviser, indicated that most foreign students transfer from junior colleges, since it is often easier to get into these schools first.

Students at SJS represent about 55 different countries, with the largest number coming from Free China and Persia (Iran). Another 20 students arrived last month from Mali, West Africa, on a special program to learn methods of teaching the English language.

The two types of foreign students are classified by Coke's office as those who come on the "F" student visa and the "J" exchange visitor visa. The "F" student enters the U.S. to study in an academic program and returns at the completion of his study. Generally, he practices work within his field upon his return home. The "J" students are usually studying with the Department of State's A.I.D. (Agency for International Development) program. They may not choose another major study area, nor can they change their visa classifications. Their schools are chosen for them and they often go into colleges with no background whatsover about the schools.

In addition to the 325-350 students on these visas at SJS, there are over 200 foreign students who are permanent residents and several others who are practical trainees as graduates working in on-the-job training in their field prior to returning to their countries.

Many foreign students are reluctant to evaluate the usefulness of their study programs. They are often afraid that they might offend their hosts. Often, some admit, Americans do not understand their particular problems and needs. The greatest problems arise when students move from their own culture into an entirely different one. Linguistically, academically, financially and culturally, they often find great barriers. Is it any wonder that many return to their own countries both dissatisfied and disillusioned when Americans fail to understand their needs?

And it is not only their needs which are misunderstood. Many students, and even some professors, look upon the foreign student as some strange breed of animal who has come to be observed—but not to observe; to sit in a class—but not to be spoken to outside; to stay with "his own kind"—but not to learn of our customs, goals and ideas through association with Americans.

At noontime whole tables in the cafeteria are taken up by international students, intermixing with students from around the world. All too few Americans join into the atmosphere, though, for only a few are brave enough to enter where a foreign language is spoken.

When asked if they feel at home, foreign students usually answer yes, but they are being polite. The truth is that many are discontented with the way they are treated in this country. Many American students, when seated in the cafeteria, look at them and ask, "Why do they always sit apart from everyone else? Who do they think they are?" But American students seldom go out of their way to sit at a table with foreign students.

Certainly, some clubs and churches invite foreign students to special functions as guests or performers, but they are seldom treated as equals.

Hospitality? Some foreign students have not yet discovered the meaning of that word. Although they are afraid to offend the American host, some will quietly admit that they do not want to be looked at as though they were some strange caged animal, but would like to be treated as equals.

Certainly, the language barrier plays an important role, but it is only through use of a language that the student may improve it. But how can he practice it when the only people he's associating with are other foreign students with as little grasp of the language as he has?

Yet, many foreign students do learn to speak English quite well. They do manage to understand their professors and they do manage to graduate from the college. Sometimes, just barely.

As strangers in unknown places, foreign students find it is hard to make the first move. A student from Thailand stated, "I feel at home everywhere, but I don't know anybody around here at all, although I imagine they are all nice. Some people have gone out of their way to be

friendly to me."

The concept of "friendship families" has worked out "beautifully almost without exception," according to the foreign student adviser. "Students have enjoyed it. It's a place to call home base. The families have enjoyed it, too.

But not all of the students have a family and a place to call home. They, like so many other students, live with others from their own country in an apartment near campus. They content themselves with attending classes and meeting a few people around the school.

For those who are interested in meeting people, there are many activities available. They often attend the International Student Organization (ISO) functions on campus and sometimes meet informally with American students and adults at the International Student Center downtown. The center serves five local colleges—SJS, University of Santa Clara, West Valley College, Foothill College and San Jose City College.

The center provides a wide variety of programs, as well as sponsoring the friendship families program. At the center, every Friday night, students may talk informally, dance or play ping pong. Variety in programming takes the form of panel discussions, ballroom dance lessons, dance parties, costume parties, suppers, excursions and contests. Many times, the program is one in which students tell of their own land. Other programs tell the students about some aspect of American life or education.

The ISO is the SJS version of what is known at other colleges as the International Club. Programs this semester have included a talk by the college President, another by a history and social science professor from University of California on South Africa, and a talk on jazz. A talent show not only raised funds for the organization, but demonstrated a cultural exchange which previously has come only through the international week events during the spring semester. The organization is oriented toward the needs of the foreign students as well as their chances for enjoyable experiences during their stay here.

"We have pretty good foreign students academically now," Mr. Coke believes. "We've increased the standards for admission. I just wish they would be more active in things—make more of an attempt to meet Americans and to learn about America. They should take time off from their work or study and go out and do things that are significant. They should try and broaden their perspectives. This is my wish for them. At least when they do something, if they hate America when they go home, they hate it for a reason. Or if they like it, they like it for a reason."

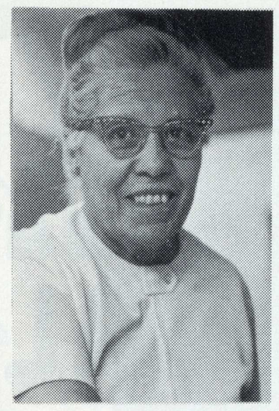
Take, for instance, Mohammed Adwan, 23, a junior political science-international relations major from Jordan. Adwan has joined many activities since he came here in the fall of 1963. They include becoming president of the Arab-American Club, vice president of the ISO and member of Tau Delta Phi, men's honorary fraternity. He is also a member of the Model United Nations (MUN) and is on the coordinating committee of the Northern California Chapters of the National Organization of Arab Students, which has 7,000 members. Adwan plans to get his bachelor's degree from San Jose State and do graduate work at a university, probably the University of California.

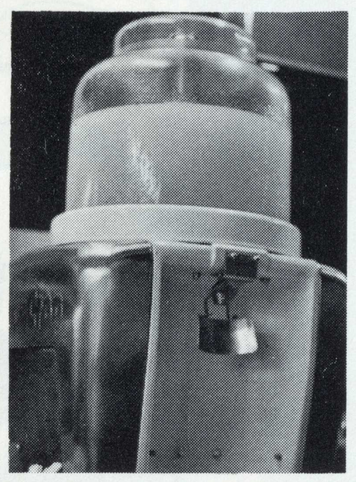
One of Adwan's views on the school is that "the state of California should pay more money to professors and to build up student facilities such as the library and academic institutions." He feels that professors in his department are "well-informed, though some of them are biased on certain issues. A student should be his own professor as far as broadening his general education."

One major complaint about San Jose State is the study atmosphere. "You get invited to too many parties and you're always tempted to go," stated Farid Shuayto, 27, of Lebanon. Shuayto will get his master's degree in mathematics and his junior college credential at the end of this year.

But the truth of the matter is that many of these parties are primarily foreign student parties or, again, parties where the student is asked to "please come in native dress" and, practically, to perform for an audience. Americans are too often afraid to be on the same level as the student from abroad. Foreign students throw their own parties in an attempt to meet Americans, but these are usually attended by the foreign students themselves and a few Americans who care enough to involve themselves with foreign students.

"I think they have a good quality of teachers in the math department," he states. He seems quite satisfied with his education here. "They do a sincere job. They don't care where you're from—if you ask for help, you get it. If you don't ask, you never get it." (continued)

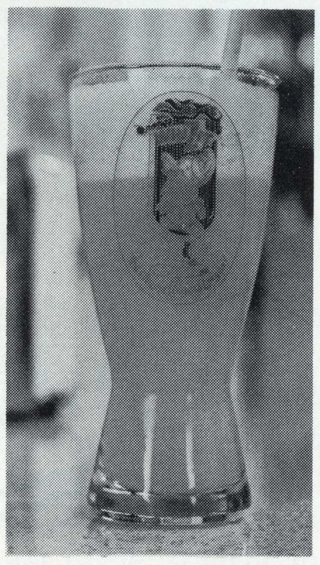
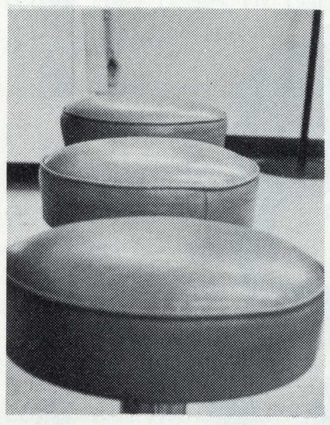
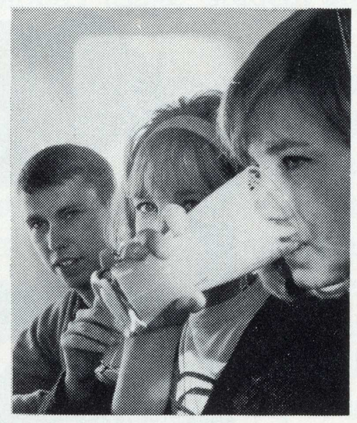


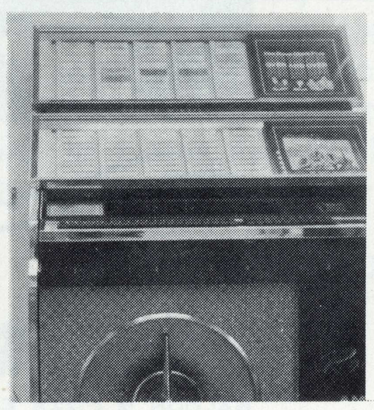


ORANGE WINZIT

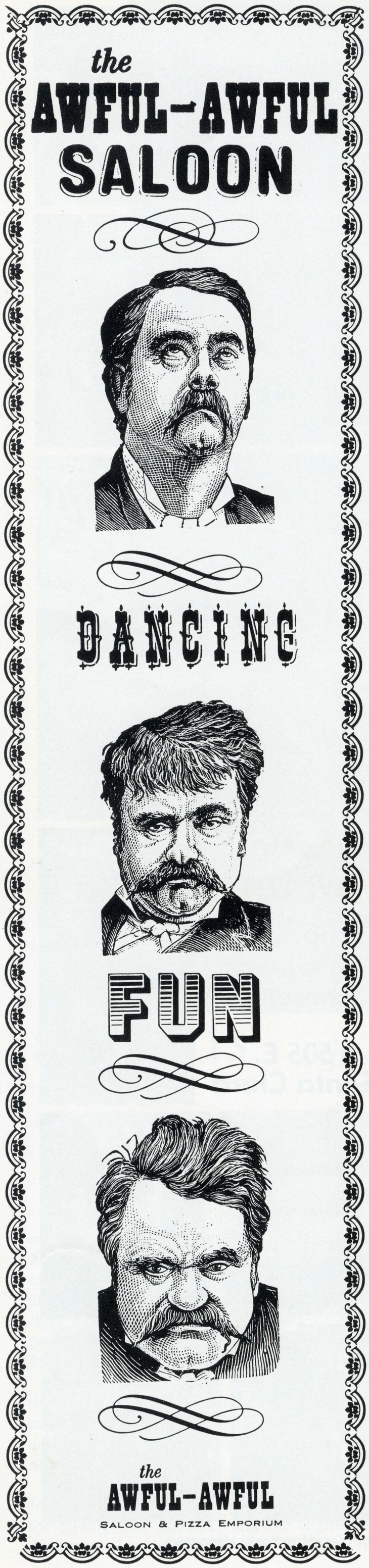
Where the "in crowd" meets.

505 E. Santa Clara



Photography: Yoshi Hasegawa



This is often a problem with American students, too. Many professors are willing to give help to students, and a professor will often spend much extra time with individual problems of foreign students once a need is recognized. This chance to communicate is one of the aspects of American life which many foreign students enjoy and appreciate.

But some students feel that there can be too much attention showered upon them at a school, too. Jeeba Abbeyquaye, 27, past president of the ISO, is a senior health education major from Ghana. At his former school, a private college in Napa County, he felt he was getting too much attention and too many privileges. "It wasn't fair to the other students," he stated.

This points up one of the basic needs of the foreign student: the need to feel he is an equal. To be put in a class by himself is not the purpose of any of these young people. Instead, it is to learn from experience what it feels like to be a member of the American society.

Foreign students come here for an opportunity to learn and to share knowledge. Not all of the knowledge is from books. More of it is cultural—pertaining to our culture. Achieving a balance between the stern and the lighter aspects of life in the United States is another problem faced by the students. Often they are only invited to cultural events and no social gatherings. Others receive too many dinner invitations or are asked to speak before many civic groups and no social groups.

Carlo Micheletti, who was the principal in the November SJS Opera Workshop production of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," is a senior music major from Italy. Besides being interested in the vocal arts, he also enjoys rock 'n' roll in his spare time. Like many American students, he finds that his time must be divided carefully.

dents here are hard-working. "Americans," he relates, "are like every other people. You can find people who are interesting and not so very interesting. All you have to do is make friends. It is no more difficult socially than in Nigeria. I think I'm doing fine with people."

Friendship and understanding, the dual goals of the International Student Center, are not easy to reach. Pat Fasang, 23, from Thailand, entered SJS as a graduate student this fall. He feels there is "not enough guidance and help for the new students fresh from their countries. The school is much bigger than I had anticipated. I'm glad I started as a graduate student—I have a background in the American way of education."

Other students have expressed loneliness and fears upon first being transplanted into our strange environment. Specialists want more guidance and counseling for foreign students here as well as more orientation before they come. But this goal is hard to achieve. Some nations often do not give an adequate background in the English language and others give almost no background. Students often enter America merely because their families could afford to send them here.

The U.S. government screens applicants carefully for their programs. But students under private sponsorship may enter on the basis of less stringent requirements.

Most students will return to their own nations. Often, they will help in building, industry or health projects. Some will teach English or subjects from their major field in schools. The students who enjoy this nation often find means for staying here, for prospects upon their return are often poor culturally, politically and economically.

Above all, the foreign student is a living and

Photography: Yoshi Hasegawa

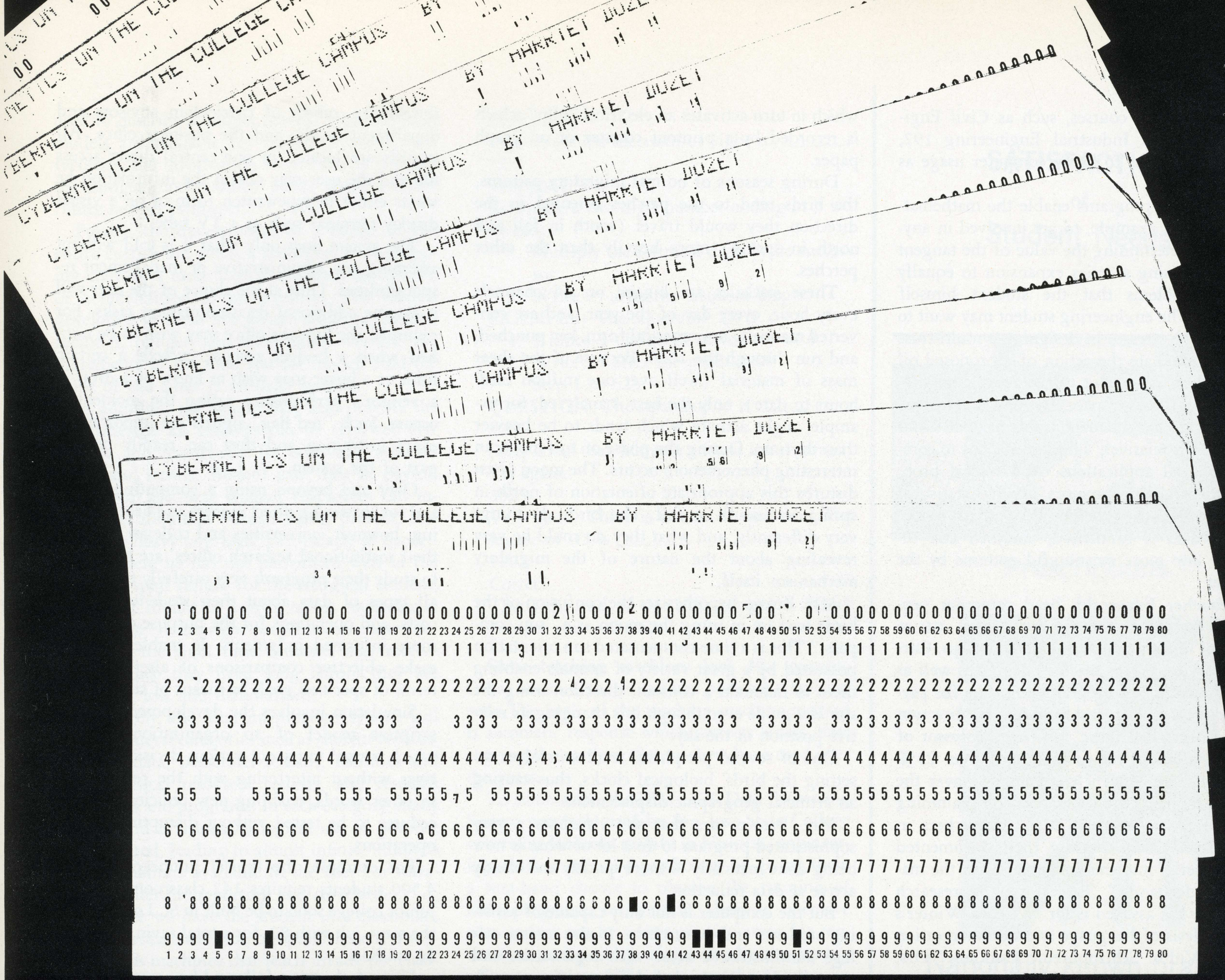
"Too much activity is going on in the library —people walking in and out and laughing, flirting and talking. The place to study is your own home," he declares. "The students are very outgoing, usually pleasant and friendly. But the majority don't make an honest effort to study. The boys are more concerned about their studies than the girls are," he feels.

What sort of examples are we, as students, setting for the guests in our midst? Are we showing them our true nature? Why do many return to their nations disgusted with "misguided Americans"? Why do others have only words of praise for the country as a whole?

Amaraegbu Olumba, 29, a senior electrical engineering student from Nigeria, who came here through the A.I.D. program, feels that students are hard-working. "Americans," he relates, "are like every other people. You can find people who are interesting and not so very interesting. All you have to do is make friends. It is no more difficult socially than in Nigeria. I think I'm doing fine with people."

breathing human being who has human emotions and needs, just as any American has. He is fully capable of evaluating the hospitality which has been extended to him here. He may return to his own country thinking that everyone in the United States attends lectures and dinners all of the time. He might go home believing that everyone here eats foreign food but never bothers to speak with students from abroad.

The foreign student might go home thinking that people here are warm-hearted and that his experience in America was worthwhile. No matter what his opinion is, it has been formed through those experiences in which he has been invited to share or partake and through the people he has met during his stay. His experiences are his only means of evaluation. ❖❖



CYBERNETICS ON CAMPUS . . . . By Harriet Duzet

Man constructed a computer, a computer which could practically think, a computer that made possible the abolishment of registration lines, entrance exams, unused classrooms, and wasted money. Man looked around and saw that this was good, but for every good thing there is a price. For his freedom the student had to submit to having his thoughts read and analyzed by a computer which would, on occasion, "talk" back to him. Faculty members were also affected since hiring was done according to a computer analysis of the subject areas in which instructors were needed. This is a picture of SJS as it may be in the near future, but let's take a look at the computer world as it is developing now.

More than 500 colleges and universities around the country offer courses related to the computer, and over 200,000 college students will be taking them this year. This over-all figure includes all California state colleges and universities. These institutions maintain computing centers ranging from basic computer such as San Jose State College's IBM 1620 Data Processing System to major computer installations like that of the University of California at Los Angeles. UCLA's Western Data Processing Center fills not only local campus demands but processes overflow jobs from other California campuses.

Traditional approaches to institutional data handling have been crumbling under the pressures of growing enrollments, curriculum modernization, and shortages of funds. In the best traditions of the United States Navy, for instance, the growing role of computers in modern day society was recognized during a recent change-of-command ritual at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey. The outgoing skipper of Naval Reserve Research Company 12-8 and the new one stepped smartly to an IBM data processing system, saluted, pressed a button, and it was all over—no bosun's pipes, no booming salutes!

Time is running out for less sophisticated computer installations such as San Jose State College's 1620. Allan V. Collister, associate professor of engineering and associate director of institutional studies, boldly predicts that by 1984, SJS students will not have to take entrance exams, wait in long registration lines, hunt for research material, or sit through lengthy lectures.

Let's first take a look at the role of the 1620 on today's campus and then make some "educated guesses" about the future.

Basically, the SJS computer center accommodates two types of computer usage: student and non-student.

Student-originated jobs stem from a variety of programming courses given on campus, mainly by the business, mathematic, engineering and psychology departments. Some of these classes deal with computer technology (Engineering 50), computer programming (Mathematics 144), and business data processing (Business 168AB). Students are usually taught very simple computer model languages that graphically illustrate the principles underlying computer programming and how the machine works. It isn't until they get in advanced classes that they learn advanced programming languages that enable them to more completely utilize the computer's

(continued on page 42)

capabilities. Other courses, such as Civil Engineering 190 and Industrial Engineering 192, require the student to know computer usage as a prerequisite.

These model programs enable the mathematics student, for example, to get involved in anything from determining the value of the tangent of an angle using a series expansion to equally involved problems that the student himself dreams up. The engineering student may want to determine the stresses in designing a multi-truss bridge, or simulate the action of a proposed oil refining plant, or to plot the courses of missiles and satellites through space. Business majors may tackle business management problems of all kinds ranging from relatively simple decisions to complex industrial applications. And typical problems for psychology majors involve statistical studies of all kinds. Drawing upon actual source material, data is condensed, analyzed and rearranged into more meaningful patterns by the computer.

W. Fancher Fitzgerald, head computer programmer for the psychology department, acts as consultant in statistical and research design. Currently working on his master's degree as well as teaching a computer programming class for psychology majors, Fitzgerald, under the direction of Dr. Robert B. Clarke, associate professor of psychology, has personally logged over 25% of the total non-student computer use over the past 18 months. Using advanced programming languages, he works with many researchers in the massive job of putting their documented source material into the numerical form the machine "understands." Typical of the research projects he has assisted is Dr. William Winter's "The Analysis of Language and Communication Patterns Within Schizophrenic Families." Drs. Gene Meddinus and Harold Keeley are making an analysis of food preferences, and Dr. Norman Egger is investigating attitudes towards aging and death.

Aside from current extensive analysis of behavior both of rats and humans, the psychology department has undertaken consultation on opinion questionnaires and attitude polls, one of which investigated the relationship between voting preference for Johnson or Goldwater and certain authoritarian personality correlates.

Fitzgerald states that the psychology department currently utilizes 40% of the total non-student use of computer time, exceeding even administrative users. The extent of this proportion of computer use by the psychology department, he says, is possible only because of the excellent coordinating job done by Henry Malter.

One interesting research project now in progress is that of Dr. L. Richard Mewaldt, professor of zoology, and his research associate, Mrs. Irene Brown, who is currently completing her master's degree in zoology.

They are investigating "The Influence of the Moon on the Orientation of Migratory Restlessness in the White-crowned Sparrow." This species of bird flocks to San Jose in winter from its summer home in Canada and Alaska.

Mrs. Brown points out that the birds are housed individually in eight circular activity-orientation cages on the roof of the science building. Each cage has eight perches oriented to points of the compass. When the birds hop on the perch, the action depresses a microswitch which in turn activates an electrical "blip" which is recorded by a printout counter or on graph paper.

During seasons of normal migratory patterns, the birds tend to use perches oriented in the direction they would travel (south in fall and north in spring) more heavily than the other perches.

These statistics are logged on 64 channels every hour, every day of the year, and are converted manually to numerical form, key punched, and run through the 1620. Because of the sheer mass of material (well over one million bird-hours to date), only the best is analyzed, for example, night activity which tends to be heavier than daytime. During the phase of full moon an interesting phenomenom occurs. The moon often disturbs this appropriate orientation of north in spring and south in fall. The birds do things very differently, and what they do could be very revealing about the nature of the migratory mechanism itself.

Mrs. Brown hypothesizes the confusion of the birds may lie in using the moon as a "sun compass." This is a time-compensated sun orientation possessed by a great variety of animals enabling them to maintain a constant direction using the sun as a guide even though it is changing its relative position in the sky.

One of several peripheral studies involves resetting the birds' biological clocks, thus causing an artificial geographic displacement.

Mrs. Brown says that she visualizes a very sophisticated program to do a lot of what is now being done manually to more quickly and clearly arrive at data reduction.

But the computer is not only capable of assisting students and researchers. It also assists college administrative areas with registration and posting of grades, and the testing office uses its services extensively to analyze IBM tests. These involve use of printed IBM cards and an electrographic pencil. The cards are run through a mark sensing and punching device which prepares the cards for input to the computer.

Helpful as the 1620 is in processing registration packets containing the eleven IBM cards each student fills in, it is still woefully inadequate in the face of a 20,000-member student body. SJS President Robert D. Clark recently stated that "this college will register students by computer within two years." Obviously, this can only be accomplished by means superior to the present computer setup.

Collister says that the college may soon have a contract out to bid for an IBM System/360, Model 40, or its equivalent. This total information system is a general purpose computer with phenomenal speeds. A problem which would take about three hours on a 1620 can easily be done on this computer in less than two minutes.

In addition to computing capabilities, it has the ability to store tremendous amounts of information, depending on the number of auxiliary storage units attached. With sufficient storage capacity, the larger computer has the ability to do routine batch jobs such as payroll, inventory, accounts payable, or other data processing or scientific computation programs and, in addition, handle individual queries from remote terminals so quickly that each user feels he alone has command of the machine's facilities. Remote terminals might be stationed in such places as the library, offices of curriculum advisors and department heads, and the business office. All records are located in one central direct access file and the user may obtain the information he wants either in typewritten form or on a visual display terminal such as a TV tube.

The system does only what it is told without assuming any administrative or management responsibilities. Only at the choice of the user will it assume additional decision-making tasks. For example, the bursar's office may wish to be notified when a budget account exceeds a certain limit or a buyer may wish to know of a drop in a vendor's performance rating the moment it occurs. Such "red flag" signals are important to every institution and they can readily become part of the system.

Over and beyond using a computing system and for answering direct queries and data processing, however, universities and colleges, through their institutional research offices, are beginning to study their programs very carefully to develop all types of data about their students, faculty, costs, and operations for the purpose of making more informed judgments. It enables them to make objective comparisons of alternatives in terms of specified goals by means of simulations.

Simulation involves the development of a descriptive model of an organizational system which is used to try out various decision alternatives without interfering with the real system; in other words, enabling new policies and procedures to be tested without disrupting present operations.

For example, the typical junior college for 4,500 students requires 142 classrooms, but the junior college soon to be built in St. Louis will do the same job with 80, for a total savings of some $3 million.

Using techniques followed by aerospace engineers to simulate the performance of the Gemini space capsule, programers fed an IBM 7094 computer a diet of data that included the college's project curriculum, the expected lineup of courses for the students, the size of classrooms, labs, lecture halls and shops, the size of the faculty, and time patterns for classes. In less than 30 minutes, the computer produced a schedule that would keep the instructional areas in use for 80% of the college's 45-hour week—as compared with an average utilization rate of from 30% to 50%. This increased space utilization permitted curtailment of proposed building plans.

Another application of simulation techniques that offers outstanding possibilities is careful analysis of the academic performance of students to determine the effect of changing requirements for admission, graduation, or both. The breakdown of students by curriculum provides the base for estimates of future enrollments in subject matter fields. Or, working backwards, the relative success of graduates in different fields suggests what areas of the curriculum need expanding and those that need trimming.

A detailed model of the faculty assists in the recruitment and selection of new faculty. The faculty model is then related to the student model to see that there is faculty distribution to match future student distribution. Plant utilization records are used to simulate future building needs and to test alternatives in achieving better utilization of present facilities. Financial data is

used to describe a budget model. Assuming that models are available for students, faculty, and facilities, the information from these is fed into the budget model which yields more accurate future budget estimates.

Finally, the development of a model of the entire curriculum yields a reduction in overlapping courses, a more logical sequence of courses, or a redefinition of prerequisites. The models developed in these five areas—students, faculty, facilities, budget, and curriculum—become the ingredients of the total systems model. And the value of the latter is virtually infinite.

In addition, the system may also provide the tool whereby all students can be reviewed frequently and impartially for scholastic achievements and trends. Student loan data or payroll records of part-time student employees can indicate an abnormal burden being present. Assuming a heavy unit load, particularly in departments where he has not performed well in the past, can spell failure for the marginal student, a fact that should be known to his counselor at registration. If the right people know these conditions at the right time, students may receive the guidance they need long before they are hopelessly lost and demoralized.

Ultimately, the total information system will contain general categories such as student records, curricula data, personnel records, facilities and other physical resources records, and research data tables and programs. In each category, many subfiles and divisions by logical use or purpose can be stored, leading to almost infinite numbers of combinations available to the user for intra-file and inter-file reporting and correlation.

But once we have the student in a classroom, will his contact with the computer lessen? Probably not, as machines that teach invade the classroom. One gadget enables each student in the classroom to take tests that are corrected as they are given, with the student "talking back" to the teacher. Typewriters operated by the student will stutter, admonish, and inform the learner when a wrong answer to a problem is typed.

The University of California at Irvine is currently preparing courses of computer-assisted instruction which will be ready for use by next June. A typical dialogue might be:

sign on
type course name
amdnosq (name used for demonstration)
type your number
s0000
your name is
testing (name used for demonstration)
Do you already know a quick method of squaring numbers such as 45, without using pencil and paper?
no
O.K. Let's learn it now then.
Do you know what the successor of a number is?
Answer yes or no.
no
When counting, the number which follows another is called the successor of that number.
Example: The successor of 3 is 4.
Question: The successof 25 is _____.
26
Good.
The successor of 87 is _____.
88
Very good.
Eight times the successor of eight is _____.
72
Very good.
To square a two digit number ending in 5 we we can:
1. Multiply the leftmost digit by its successor.
2. Write 25 after the result of Step 1.

EXAMPLE: The square of 25 is
1. 2 times 3 (leftmost successor) = 6.
2. Write 25 after the product of Step 1 = 625.

QUESTION: The square of 55 is _____.
325
Sorry about that, but your answer is not correct.
Try again.
3025
Very good. There is one more question. The square of 35 is _____.
1225
Correct
That's the end of our little program. Thank you for your attention.

Some teaching machines look like conventional books. Others look like portable television sets. The basis of the teaching machine method is automatic response which corrects errors, thus copying the method that teachers have used over the years.

To summarize, the IBM 1620 Data Processing System presently used by San Jose State College is serving students mainly in business, engineering, mathematics and psychology by giving them a first-hand chance to observe the running of their programs. In addition, there is extensive non-student use by administrative areas for registration and posting of grades, by the testing office to analyze IBM tests, and by faculty for research projects.

By 1967 a total information system may be in operation that can revolutionize college procedures. For example, to register in classes at the beginning of a semester, the student will be required to prepare only one 8½" x 11" sheet with basic information, submitting from one to four or more preferences for class scheduling.

"Hopefully," says Collister, "the computer will be able to handle most of the scheduling on a first-choice basis. No more waiting in long lines only to find a class cancelled out."

"By 1984," Collister declares, "instead of taking entrance exams, students will sit in a booth, don a helmet-like apparatus and mentally answer questions asked by a computerized voice. As the student 'thinks' the answers, electronic sensing devices in the helmet instantly record the impulses and feed them to the central computer for complete analysis of the student. Within minutes of the question and answer session, the student will get a card which gives him recommended majors, list of courses to take, and registers him in classes."

This may stagger the imagination, but the straightforward role of the total information system is not difficult to visualize. Improvements in financial control, use of existing facilities, allocation of instructor loads, and effectiveness of courses taught can be measured with cold, hard numbers. The computer will release the human from servitude to tedious detail to more fully utilize his capabilities as a decision-maker. ❖❖

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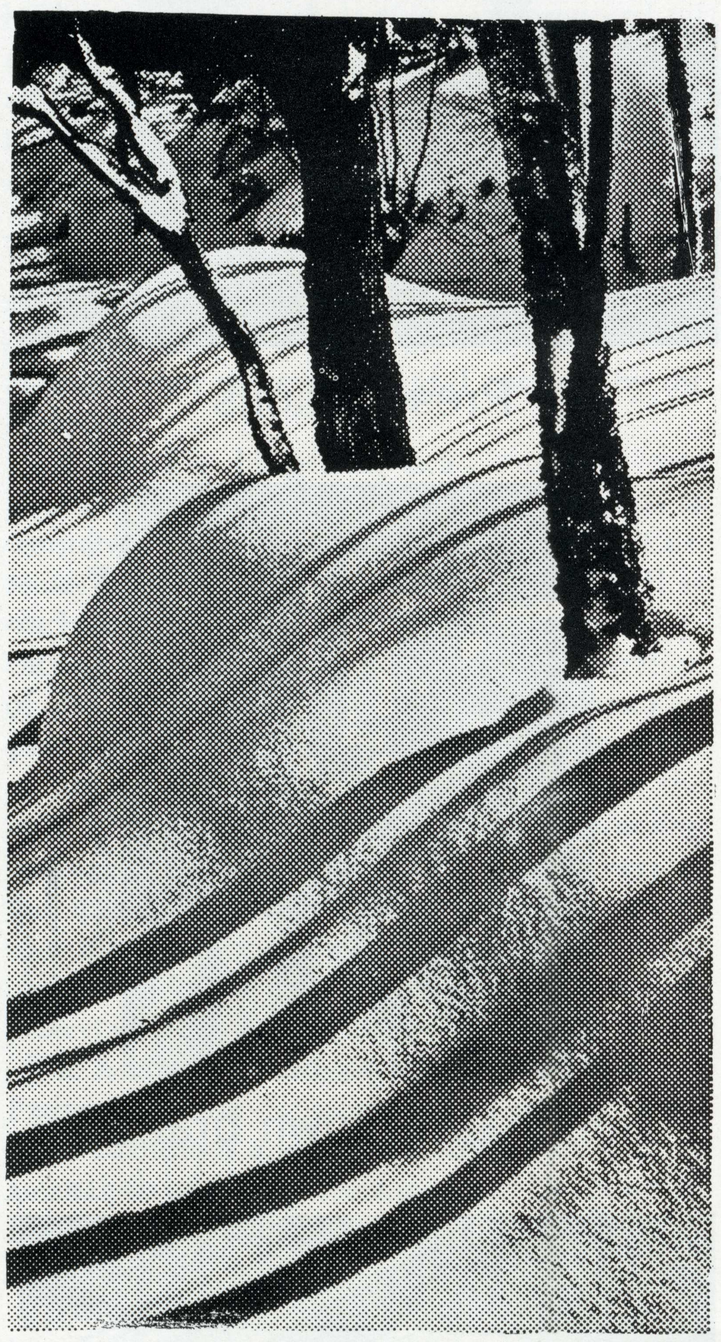

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Strike Impact

(continued from page 20)

nearby. When he looked back at the children, he slapped the sketch book to the table and drew his mouth into a brooding expression. He stalked to the drinking fountain and wiped his wet mouth with his arm when he finished.

Clothing distribution, following the arrival of out-of-town trucks and vans loaded with donated goods, was underway. Women were shuffling with joy through the donated clothes. "The stuff people send! Look at it—nothing but rags. It's junk for Jesus," he said as he looked bitterly down at the tattered pair of boy's levis he took from one of the boxes.

A woman on the left proudly clutched a pink sweater and two pairs of shoes—well worn but usable. She did not hear the former student mutter. She was busy and grateful. She called to a little girl, who came to her, to try on the sweater.

A *Student* waited on the steps of the Filipino Community Hall. The sun was not yet up and the morning air was more than brisk. He huddled with four others as the runners searched local ranches for Scabs. The sky was still dark and forboding, even as the first runner returned. The young *Student,* his hair long and his clothes wrinkled and slept-in, had a stomach that growled, but so did everyone's. He jumped into the car, pulling his "Huelga" ("Strike") sign in with him and headed for the fields where the Scabs had been spotted. "It's all-important they know about the strike. Once the Scabs are in the center of the vineyard, picking grapes, they can't hear us. We have to catch them as they go to work, just as the sun rises," he explained.

Of the striking farm workers he said, "These people must be free. Why should only a few have freedom? So few have money to educate their children, to own their own home, to enjoy some of the luxuries of life. This strike must succeed. No strike-breakers or imported Scabs are going to stop us, either. My folks say 'Stay in school.' What do they know about it? They seem unable to realize I must commit myself. Committed to making life easier, better for others—better for a few more is better for us all."

As the day wears on, other students will replace the early morning ones hoping to catch the field workers attention and gain their support.

The strike, this momentary plight that is Delano's, is wrapped up in a greater or lesser revolution in social attitudes and economic distribution. The direct and indirect influence of the strike requires sacrifice by the families of growers, pickers, scabs, pickets, strikers and merchants. Delano's plight is real and Delano's plight is not over.

Grape harvesting, for the most part, is over. The number of employees, for the various jobs remaining, lessens each day. Pruning of the vines is coming up and there will be the perrenial caring for other produce in the immediate and surrounding vicinities.

What will happen to the people, already wearied by the impact of the strike, should the strike continue through Christmas, through Easter, past the projected June deadline and through another harvest? Prediction runs high that the combined AWOC and NFWA strikers will break before they break the growers. The budding organization has placed its chips on the January pruning season. If the growers do not hire those vineyard workers skilled in this precise operation—not only the grape crop will suffer but also the growers and subsequently the community.

Even with the strike in its fourth month, supplies are more or less plentiful. *The Good Samaritans,* impulsive donators and since contributors from outside areas have filled storeroom areas with food, clothing and day-to-day necessities.

Striking morale is still soaring, enveloped in faith and bound-up with high hopes. But if-and-when the cupboards get bare, the test will earnestly be underway. Going hungry yourself is easier if your children are full and immediate comfort is unnecessary as long as an end is in sight. The question is, how long must they hold out and how long can they hold out for the highly-coveted success of the strike?

Another ramification involves whether or not these two nationalist-oriented organizations, joined for a common purpose, but working within a community that is nationality conscious, will be able to withstand both community and outside sympathizers' pressure as a social-religious emphasis becomes more and more attached to the once, small-scale, labor dispute.

While the grower was groping for workers—the striker could see the power that striking wields. Now the grower has been freed of his greatest need—workers at harvest time—and the question is, can the striker outlast the grower?

The grower has almost a year to contract the workers for next year's harvest—time is on his side. ❖❖

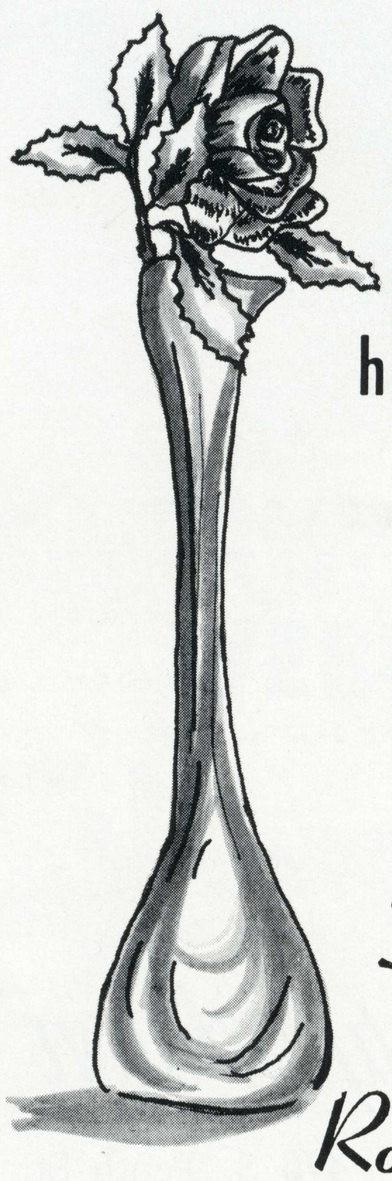
Photography: Nick Pavloff
Model: Sue Carlson

Campus Beauty Salon

275 E. San Fernando 476 S. Tenth St.

Aftermath of the Parents' Day Game

Photography: Steve Starr



the way to a woman's heart . . .

Flowers by Rose Marie

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art: Bob Hull

"Scroungy Muthas"

(continued from page 34)

thirty days, and missing school, was too great. So we found an ad in the Village Voice looking for two persons to drive a Porsche to Berkeley. (We placed an ad ourselves but all we got were obsene propositions from some interesting perverts.) So six days and 18 states later, we limped into San Jose with a burned-out generator and kinks in our muscles. No one should suffer the pains of a Porsche for more than three or four hours, if he has a full complement of luggage, which we did. But we saw the Tetons when the leaves were beginning to turn, the Oregon lumber country and much else. We met some wonderful people, including the gas station attendant in Missouri who insisted that our Porsche was a Volkswagen—we couldn't convince him otherwise. We also met some nice animals. In Ohio, I was awakened by a stray mongrel who wanted to share my blanket. He also decided that my face made a wonderful lollypop. The next morning, a cat sat upon my head and was asleep before I woke up. (This story is only partly ruined by the confession that Marcia placed it there.) Anyway, we made it.

I asked for trouble and found it. I feel that, in spite of the obvious hazards and risks, I managed to explore, or least touch, the last frontier. I know I have done something that I'll always remember because every time I hear a whistle blow, it takes all the strength I can muster to keep away from the yards and away from the fantastic groovy trains. But at least I know what to do whenever I get bugged or unsolvably hung-up. There's always a lonesome freight at six-o-eight, comin' 'round the bend . . . . ❖❖

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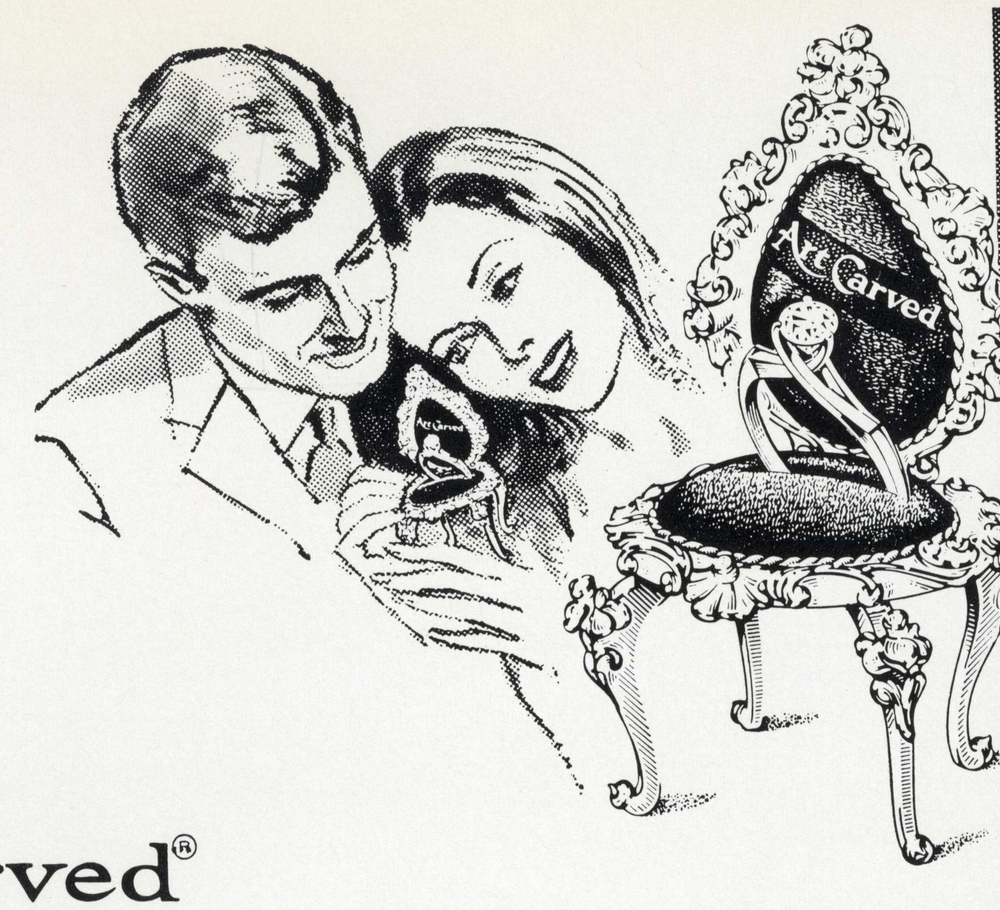

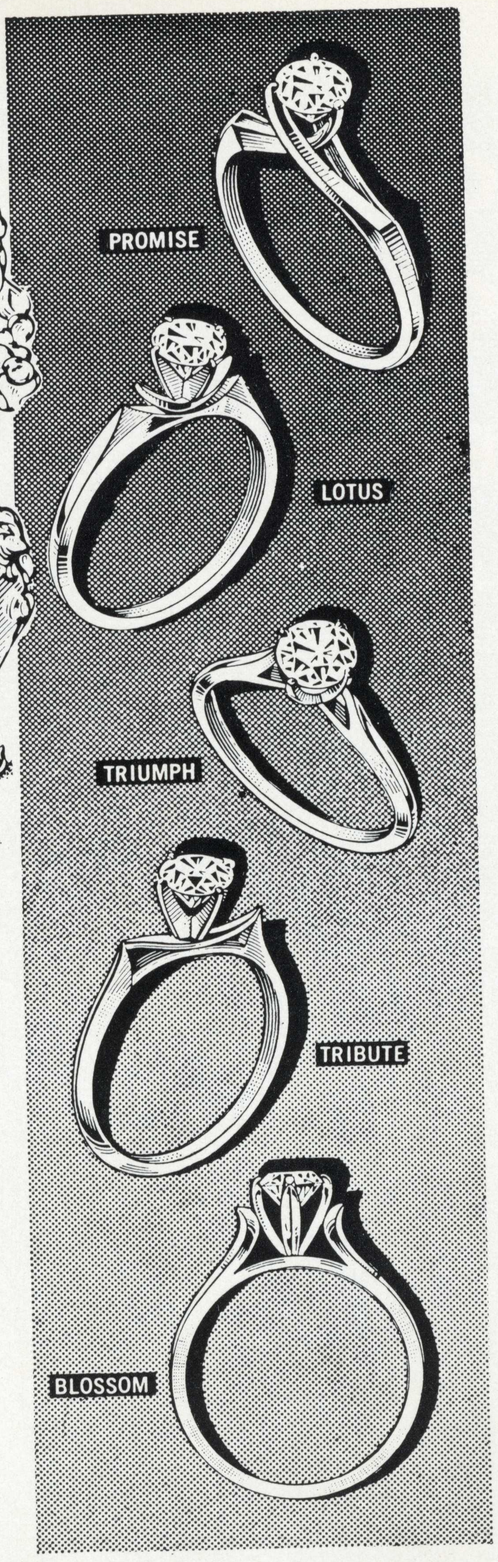

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