

# MISC.

*California State College, Hayward*

*May, 1972*

**A gay marriage - page 24**

**How to buy a term paper - page 30**

**Confessions of a dropout - page 44**

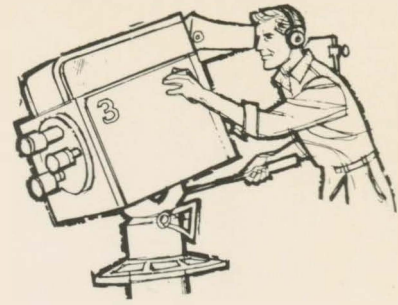
**What's going on over**

**at Juvie? - page 17**

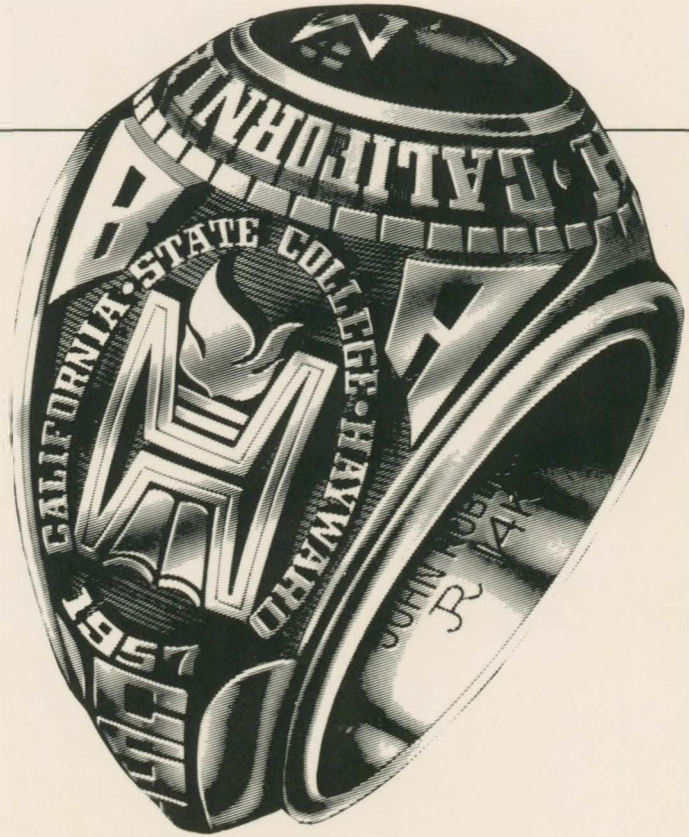




GET  
YOUR FUTURE  
IN FOCUS



*Graduation  
is only  
the  
Beginning...*



SEE YOUR NEW  
CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE HAYWARD RING

*It represents what you have already accomplished*

**CAL-STATE BOOKSTORE**

*(Sold all year around)*



What's so  
good about  
rotary engine  
cars?

**MAZDA**

of  
**Hayward**

25995 Mission Blvd. at Harder



"The thing is far smoother than the zingy engines in most imports and you might even fool somebody into thinking you've got a mini V-12 under the hood."

— Motor Trend, May 1971

"For a given power output, a rotary is usefully smaller and lighter, and it's practically vibration-free: At 100 mph, the Mazda RX-2's engine-presence sensation is comparable with a Cadillac's."

— Playboy, January 1972

"The Mazda doesn't need any Super-Zap gasoline. Anything above 70 octane is just fine, and the worst, cheapest gas you can find in America is well above that level."

— Car and Driver, May 1971

"The Mazda power plant is a lightweight, almost vibration-free model that sends the car rocketing off like a scalded cat."

— Wall Street Journal, October 1, 1971

"... its appointments, luxury and handling made it feel a mini-Ferrari."

— L.A. Herald-Examiner, 9/5/71

**MOTOR  
TREND**

**PLAYBOY**

**CAR & DRIVER**

**THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.**

LOS ANGELES EVENING AND SUNDAY  
**HERALD-EXAMINER**



# LYONS



- **OPEN 24 HOURS**  
corner of Mission  
and Fletcher
- **Fireside Lounge**

**—Dinner and a Show—**

The presentation of this coupon (you don't have to cut it out) and the purchase of dinner for two or more entitles you to two complimentary tickets to the Hayward Theater—

This offer expires June 15, 1972. Good only at Lyons, Mission Blvd. Hayward, California.



# MISC.

MAY, 1972 Vol. 4, No. 2

**California State  
College,  
Hayward, California**

## **EDITOR**

**Thalia Ann Pennix**

## **MANAGING EDITOR**

**Jim Coolbaugh**

## **PHOTO EDITOR**

**Mike Paquette**

## **ADVERTISING**

## **MANAGER**

**Juanita Bertancelj**

## **FACULTY ADVISOR**

**Dr. John Gothberg**

## **STAFF:**

**Olivia Austin, Laura Baxter,  
Jeff Chapman, Chim Hung  
Chau, Hal Conklin, Peter  
Davis, Jeff Dols, Gordon  
Thomas, Jim Luiz, Steve  
Manousos, Ted Yeghoian,  
Donna Zwolinski.**

## **CONTRIBUTORS:**

**Sharon Aglito, Alice Grace  
Chalip, Laurence Hilmond,  
Jon Lucchese .**

MISC. is published twice yearly in the winter and spring quarters, and is the product of an instructional laboratory in journalism at California State University, Hayward, 25800 Hillary Street, Hayward, California 94542. To work for, or contribute to future issues of MISC, contact the Journalism office, M 3091.

# **Contents**

**COVER:** "Love is where you find it"

*by Mike Paquette*

<i>Bishops' Coffee House</i>	5
<i>Dialing Inner Space</i>	8
<i>Will you still need me?</i>	11
<i>Chinese Students Look at Red China</i>	15
<i>What's Going on Over at Juvie?</i>	17
<i>Bless the Beasts and Their Children</i>	21
<i>Child Care Center</i>	22
<i>Gay Marriage</i>	24
<i>The Castle</i>	27
<i>Term Papers For Sale</i>	30
<i>Scapegoat Computers</i>	34
<i>Winetasting</i>	36
<i>Alternative Family</i>	38
<i>"I love to steal when I can. . . "</i>	41
<i>Confessions of a Drop Out</i>	44
<i>The One That Got Away</i>	48

MISC. is supported by advertising revenue, magazine sales and the Associated Students. Because of our dependency on our advertisers it is necessary that they realize the effectiveness of MISC. as an advertising medium. While you are already familiar with and patronize these particular advertisers, please mention to them you saw their ad in MISC. Thank you.

—Editor and Staff



# CABLE CAR BURGERS




**Call ahead...your order will be ready**

**886-0533**

**EAT HERE OR TAKE HOME**

**25144 MISSION BLVD.**



# Bishops' Coffee House

"Our age has produced volumes on the need for communication while providing little opportunity for experiencing it. I decided it was time to open a new channel. There was a need for a place where students, or anyone for that matter, could sit down for a cup of coffee in this city and talk without someone coming around to hassle you about buying something or requesting your booth for other customers. Everywhere you turn in this town someone either has their hand out trying to earn a buck, or they create an atmosphere which is non-conducive to conversation."

Thus spoke Dick Friedline at the opening of the Bishops' Coffeehouse

in Oakland in January of 1969. The occasion was the culmination of a dream for Friedline, a former Disciples of Christ minister. With three years behind it, the Bishops' is emerging as an intriguing model of the future for persons who are trying to bridge gaps between life styles and generations.

The Bishops' could best be described as an Oakland experience. Situated in the restaurant of the old Coit-Ramsey Hotel at 15th and Harrison Streets in downtown Oakland, this coffeehouse with hanging chandeliers and mahogany walls is the "new Oakland community" for a unique coalition of people: hip and straight, young and old, professors and students, the in and the out of the establishment, ministers, housewives, and with the whole gamut of ethnic, racial, and religious backgrounds.

The Bishops' is a coffeehouse in the strictist sense of that word. The menu on each table describes 15 different coffee combinations, 20 different types of teas from the remote hills of India and the Asian and South American continents, and odd and assorted delicacies with names like Uncle David's Monster Muffins.

What emerges at the Bishops' might be considered a non-organizational structure. It functions like the center of a wheel.

The calendar of public events posted on the wall indicates that much of the ongoing activity focuses on the stated needs of the people who walk in the door.

On any given night a visitor may find a folk singer performing in one room, a food co-operative organizing its activities in another room, and a senior citizens' dinner being served in yet another location.

"The key," says Mike Joy, present manager of the coffeehouse, "is that any undertaking we select, or any subject we approach, has its beginning with the people. There is nothing that we try and 'lay' on anyone."

"Any program we start is activated by the people who walk in our doors. In a religious sense, I guess you could say that we have a real congregational style of leadership. Right now we have between 50 and 200 people participating in one thing or another around here on a regular basis."

*Continued on next page*

*Story and photos  
by Hal Conklin*





*Continued from previous page*

The Bishops' operates seven nights a week, 7:30 to midnight, and has maintained this operation by relying on a large force of volunteers called servants.

A servant is a student or resident of the community that volunteers to give one night a week to the operation. A servant's primary task is to wait on tables and to be available for conversation as needed.

"Some nights we may spend the entire time playing chess," related Dawn Redlaczky, a nurse from Herrick Hospital who gives one to three nights a week of her time. "Last night we had a group of students in who were just looking for a place to play a little music. Tonight we have a group of senior citizens in as well as some young working types who are just looking for a quiet place to relax."

Each night at 9:30 the Bishops' has what it calls its "happening." Although these presentations of drama, music, or poetry readings are provided primarily for entertainment, much of the material is presented to stimulate thinking and conversation.

"The beauty of the happening," according to Joy, "is that it leads to the indigenous creation of major entertainment events. We have had Ron Coulter, director of the Myth and Magic Factory in Oakland volunteer to produce a happening every night for six months because he was turned on to what we were doing. We had Jim Griener come in and do an evening of mime theatre.

"We have had theatrical groups emerge here and produce an entire series of professional dramas. We have had musical co-operatives start here. We have also had the experimental wing of the San Francisco Committee here and we've had to open our windows just to accommodate everyone who was trying to squeeze in. The beauty of all this is that we can maintain our identity as a coffeehouse and at the same time engender a reputation for being a center for the arts."

Coffeehouses are not new to the Bay Area. Through the '50's descriptions of expresso dens and hip communities were woven into much of the writing of the period. The uniqueness of the Bishops', though, is that it is next to

impossible to place a label on its clientele.

"One night we may have a committee from a local Methodist church meeting here and the next night we may have the Gay Women's Lib," Mike related. "Essentially we try to keep in contact with all segments of the community and give support to any activity which nurtures or liberates the human spirit."

The walls of the Bishops' give testimony to many of its members' convictions. Appeals to the American conscience regarding the war and poverty are prominent.

"We are not only anti-war types. Since we are within close proximity to the colleges and to the many military bases around here, we have just about everyone on the spectrum in here. The thing that I enjoy most, though, is using our people and atmosphere as a catalyst for conversation. It pushes people to think and to seek hopefully to have greater conviction," Mike says.

---

**"The thing that I enjoy most  
is using our people and  
atmosphere as a catalyst  
for conversation."**

---

Whatever the reason for patronizing the Bishops', it is apparent many people have chosen to participate in one or more of their activities.

According to John Holland, successor to Friedline as director of the Bishops', "the reality of the situation is that we have had more than 500 persons working in here over the last three years. One reason is that Oakland is essentially a 'day' city and people need a place to plug into at night.

"Another reason is that students from Cal State and the Peralta District colleges need social contacts with other students. Another important reason is that many people, young and old, are just tired of a society that is plagued with complacency, mediocrity, and conformity. We just need to evolve some new life styles!"

There are few enterprises around that can match the Bishops' board of directors for diversity of background.

One director is a pilot for United Air Lines, one is a student at Cal State, one is from the woman's society of a local church, one is a conscientious objector doing his alternative service, and yet another is a WAC assigned to the Oakland Army Terminal.

"It is this group of people," says Holland, "whose members came from divergent and diverse communities and outside involvements which now sees its identity here, and most important, now provides the majority of financial support for our operation. Some people have the money and they give directly, and others give their time and talent to seek funds from other sources."

It is this sense of the "emerging community" which gives the Bishops' its unique flavor. It is also from this base that new spinoff groups have started.

"After meeting here, five of our students and clientele attended a two-week seminar on drug usage and effect at Cal-State. From that experience we initiated the In Touch drug crisis intervention center next door to the Bishops'. Now they operate on a County grant shared with BUMP (Blacks United to Motivate Progress) and have taken on a round-the-clock commitment to be available to meet the needs of persons who have in some way reached a point of crisis in the use of drugs."

Inadequate funds limit the Bishops' activity. Even so, over the past three years the Bishops' has met nearly \$125,000 in expenses. Much of the funding has come from the Northern California office of the Disciples of Christ denomination and from the Downtown Oakland Christian Parish. These two groups have minimal representation on the board of directors.

"Who would have thought that we would have made it for three years," related Harry Ellenburg, a servant and a graduate student at Cal State.

"When we opened we thought we might last six months. Every three months since then we have been preparing a funeral service for the place just in case we couldn't make it, but the money or the people to help always appeared just in the nick of time."

*Continued on next page*



**story and photos**  
**by Ted Yeghoian**

Though the "pill" is a highly volatile issue in society these days, even the animals at Cal State Hayward are taking it.

At the Cal State Ecological Field Station Laboratory the pill that the animals are given has a different purpose. Administered by Dr. Samuel McGinnis and his colleagues, the pill transmits information about the animal's temperature regulation, heart beat, and bodily functions. Signals from the tiny electronic transmitters are picked up on FM receivers.

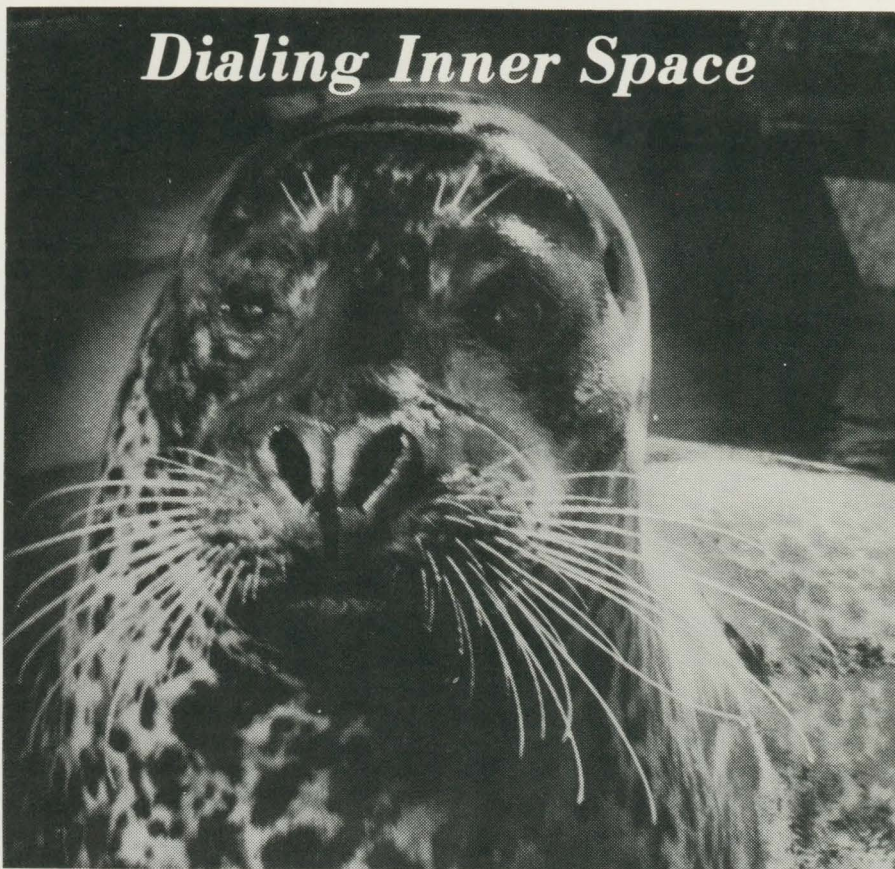
Cal State's ecology Lab is run by Dr. McGinnis and Dr. Howard Cogswell for graduate students who are doing research for their masters theses. Since its dedication on April 25, 1970, the lab has been the scene of continuous experimentation by both students and professors. One of these projects concerns a pair of Asian otters.

Tom and Jerry, two short-clawed Asian river otters, are probably the cutest animals in the lab. They are curious about anything shiny and love to play with a key chain. They have very good manual dexterity with their hand-like claws and there is usually a penny or two in their cage for them to play with. They even like to take rings off your fingers if they get a chance.

Asian otters are similar to the river otter found in America but are less dependent on the water. They look almost like people when they eat the chicken necks fed to them at the lab. One of the most recent research projects is to test the eyesight of the otters on land and underwater. At present it seems that Jerry can either see a little better than Tom or he is just more patient and looks more carefully at his target objects.

Cal State's lab is completely unique. According to Dr. McGinnis it is the only lab of its kind at any state college or university. "None of the colleges or universities has this type facility within walking distance of their campus. Ours allows students to go to school and work long hours without spending much time commuting to jobs, school, and labs."

Students are welcome to go to the field station if they want to hike around in the hills or come to the lab



itself but should phone ahead to be sure that their presence won't disturb any animals that are undergoing experimentation.

Dr. McGinnis, a highly respected and well liked faculty member in the Biology department at Cal State, has a hand in almost everything that goes on at the lab. He owns the field station "mascot," a nontoxic Mexican beaded lizard, and a relative of the poisonous gila monster of the southwestern U.S.

Dr. McGinnis spends many of his summers doing research on animals all over the world. He spent time in Africa researching the zebra and antelope. His work there is closely related to his work at the lab. He is studying how animals are able to regulate the temperature of their bodies in various climates. "A caribou, for instance, has become so accustomed to conserving body heat in the northern cold that it would not have any chance in the hot climate of Africa, and it would quickly die from the continuous heat."

Dr. McGinnis recalls one trip to San Blas, Mexico where he and his colleagues monitored iguanas. He had the native boys catch the iguanas and

then fed them pills. He could then keep track of their body temperatures.

"We simply dial 'em in," he said. "This animal comes in at 94.1 on your FM dial." The iguanas could be monitored from 200 or 300 yards away, so they could be left alone in their natural habitat.

Later they tried to catch the lizards and the last one fell into a pool of water. Dr. McGinnis and a few of the boys jumped into the water after it and managed to catch it but unfortunately Dr. McGinnis also caught a case of hepatitis. He is much more careful now about jumping into water.

The idea for the field station had been kicked around since 1961 or 1962, but no concrete plans were made for the station until 1966 when Dr. McGinnis and Dr. Cogswell worked on it. Dr. Cogswell picked the best land for the station, and Dr. McGinnis designed the building. With the backing of Executive Dean William Vandenburg they finally arranged to construct a road and the building for only \$30,000 on land the college

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*  
already owned.

The building is 60 by 40 feet and has a large central area for the main laboratory. Along the outer wall are six cubicles for offices with one-way mirrors so the animals in adjoining cages can be observed without disturbing them. Outside there are six enclosures for the animals, of which two consist of pools; one is 12-feet long and the other is 40-feet long. The larger pool holds two sea lions donated by a Navy research center.

Sam, a 400-pound male, and Bibi, a 170-pound female are being studied to determine how sea lions live in the ocean. The researchers have been trying to find out if the sea lions depend more on their sight or on their hearing to catch food.

Brian Johnson, one of the researchers, said that they were using some very expensive electronic sound equipment to see if the sea lions use sonar to locate fish the same way submarines use sonar to locate metal objects in the water.

Maeton Freel, the field station manager, is currently completing a



*Sam McGinnis*

two-year research project on heat regulation of mule deer. His three deer have complete freedom around the field station. Simply by rattling their food can the deer will appear instantly to beg a meal. Diane Gilardi, a pretty Cal State student, got her first chance to feed and pet a deer when Mr. Freel coaxed the deer over to us. The deer are not afraid of small groups of people.

Although many of the animals at the lab have names, Dr. McGinnis does not like to name his animals. "Giving them names leads to too many emotional and sentimental ties for good research." He has never named his "mascot."

Dr. McGinnis, or "Buffalo Sam," as he was once nicknamed, is well known for having done an experiment to analyze buffalo sweat. He assured us, however, that he has never even touched a buffalo.

When he lectures to off-campus groups Dr. McGinnis occasionally takes a transmitter pill and swallows it in front of the audience.

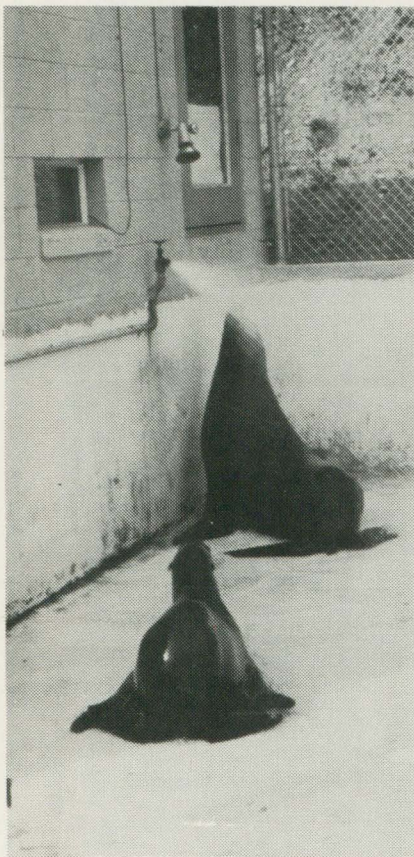
Someone started a rumor that the pill gave him heartburn when he swallowed it, but he said, "You could

get a much worse effect from eating something served at the Cal State cafeteria." He admitted he usually "cheats a little by taking the smallest pill so it won't bother him."

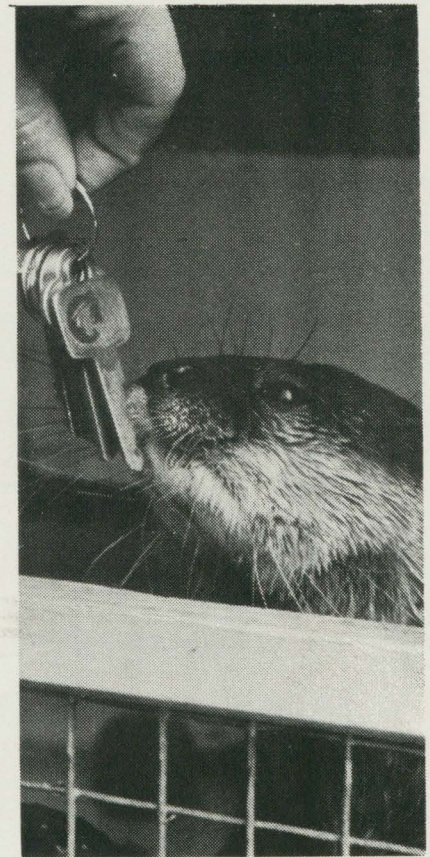
Chandra Sargent, a student in one of Dr. McGinnis's biology classes, suddenly found herself getting deep into research at the lab — about three-feet deep, in fact. She is working with Goldie, a 140-pound harbor seal. Chandra spends a lot of her time in the pool with Goldie trying to get him used to her. By her fourth time in the pool, she was holding onto his flipper without much objection from Goldie. When Diane Gilardi rattled a bucket, which is used to carry the fish fed to Sam, Bibi, and Goldie, they immediately came out of the water and were ready to eat. They were more clever than we thought, and when they did not see a fish they would not pose for pictures.

Recently the lab received two six-ounce sea turtles that will eventually weight about 600 pounds. At present they just float in their tank waiting for someone to think of a

*Continued on next page*



*Sam and Bibi*



*Tom? or Jerry?*



Your  
Comments  
Compliments  
and  
Criticisms  
about this magazine  
are vital.  
Please address them to  
MISC.  
Journalism Dept.  
Cal State Hayward  
25800 Hillary St.  
Hayward, Calif. 94542

*Continued from previous page*  
research project involving them.

The animals in the lab are not the only reason for visiting the field station. It sits down near the bottom of 36 acres of undisturbed land filled with all kinds of natural plant and animal life. The only major problem facing the ecology of the area is a housing project that was built on top of the hill above the lab two years ago and is still being worked on.

It caused a lot of trouble when mud washed down the hill and destroyed some of the small plant and animal life along the creek bank. Each year rain washes more mud down, but there is hope that the ground cover above will prevent further erosion soon enough to save some of the ecology.

In the area are hiking trails which

have been carefully constructed to prevent erosion. Along the trails students can see a wide variety of plants and animals. Over a thousand insects in the area have been caught and classified, as have most of the plants and animals. Down in the bottom of the canyon is a tall eucalyptus tree which is believed to have been used as a landmark for the original Spanish land grants in this area.

The ecology laboratory, located on the southeast end of the campus is well hidden from the rushing crowds of students. To get to the station you walk or drive to the end of the parking lot across from Meiklejohn hall, leave your car and walk about half a mile down a dirt road into the canyon.

What in the world  
makes **VEGA** such  
a success?



**The competition.**

*When you've outsold every American competitor (and most of the foreign makes, too) there's got to be a solid reason. Come in and drive that reason... the little car that gets the job done better.*

**McCULLOUGH**  
Watkins at C Street . . . . **HAYWARD**

If you've never been in

**LUV** Try  
it!

**A little import truck tough enough  
to be called Chevrolet. That's LUV.**

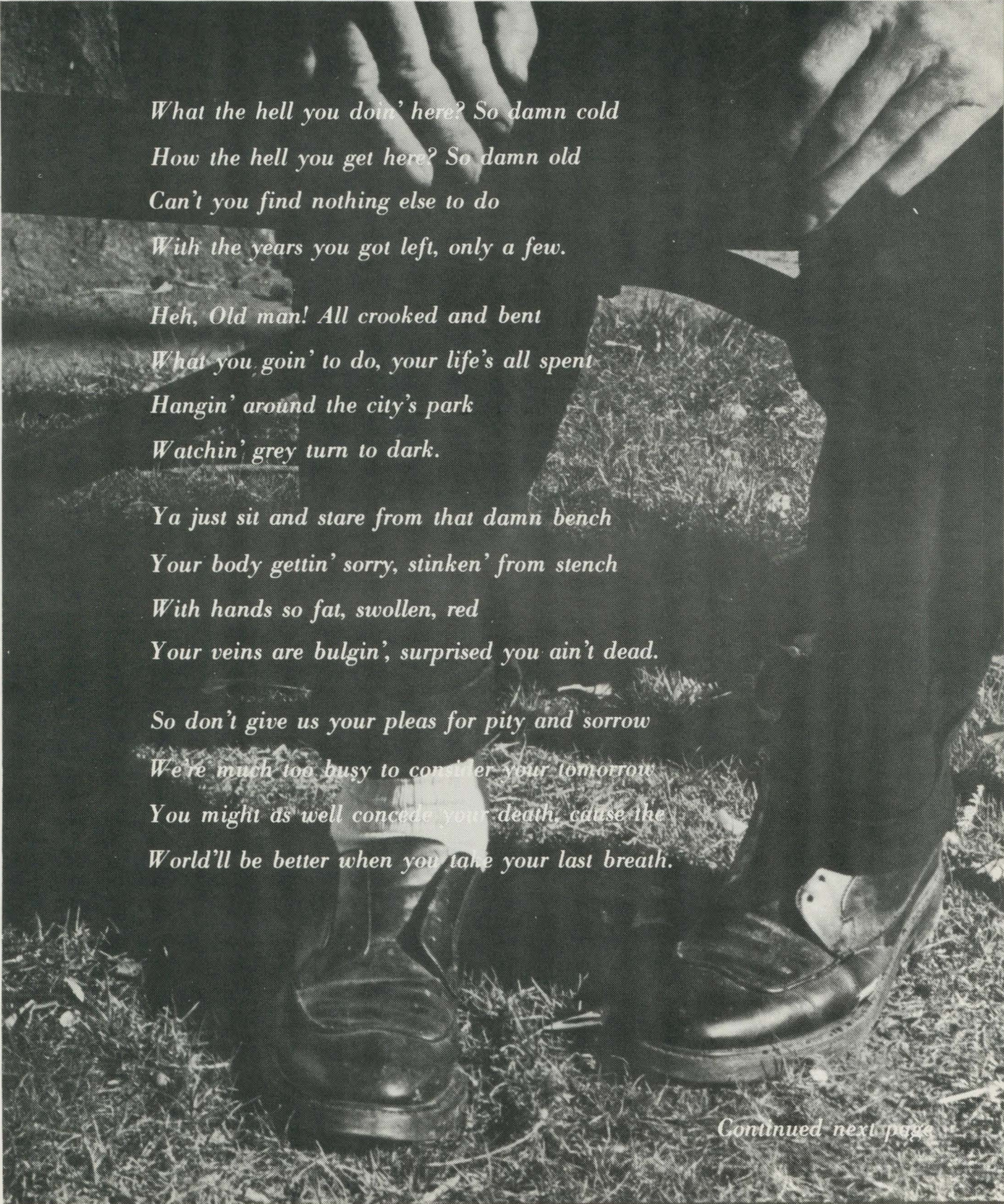
Immediate Delivery  
Good Selection





# *Will you still need me. . .*

Story and photos by Jim Luiz



*What the hell you doin' here? So damn cold  
How the hell you get here? So damn old  
Can't you find nothing else to do  
With the years you got left, only a few.*

*Heh, Old man! All crooked and bent  
What you goin' to do, your life's all spent  
Hangin' around the city's park  
Watchin' grey turn to dark.*

*Ya just sit and stare from that damn bench  
Your body gettin' sorry, stinken' from stench  
With hands so fat, swollen, red  
Your veins are bulgin', surprised you ain't dead.*

*So don't give us your pleas for pity and sorrow  
We're much too busy to consider your tomorrow  
You might as well concede your death, cause the  
World'll be better when you take your last breath.*

*Continued next page*



Minds filled with dim memories of a wife, a home, children, a job. They sit and watch the cars drive hurriedly past. Another day at the park begins.

An endless stream of questions ran through my mind as I talked with the old men resting there. Why are you here? What have you done all your life? What do you do now? Differences were not extreme, but subtle. Each was an individual.

The park is on Mission Boulevard across from the old Hayward City Hall. The city library sits in the center. Tall trees shade the area and benches are scattered under the trees.

Sandy is one of the old "bums" who comes to the park. His real name is Al McDonald, and he's an alcoholic. He's 74 years old, has a seventh grade education, and has lived in the Hayward area since 1905.

Sandy worked at odd jobs most of his life but was a roofer for 20 years. He classified himself as a jack of all trades and master of none.

He lives in a small one-room apartment on Montgomery Avenue. The rent is \$57 a month and is paid for from his social security check. Money for food comes from the Welfare Department.

There is no kitchen in the apartment, and his landlady won't let him keep a hotplate in his room, so Sandy must eat in restaurants. "You eat a \$1.50 meal and you're hungry again an hour later," he laments.

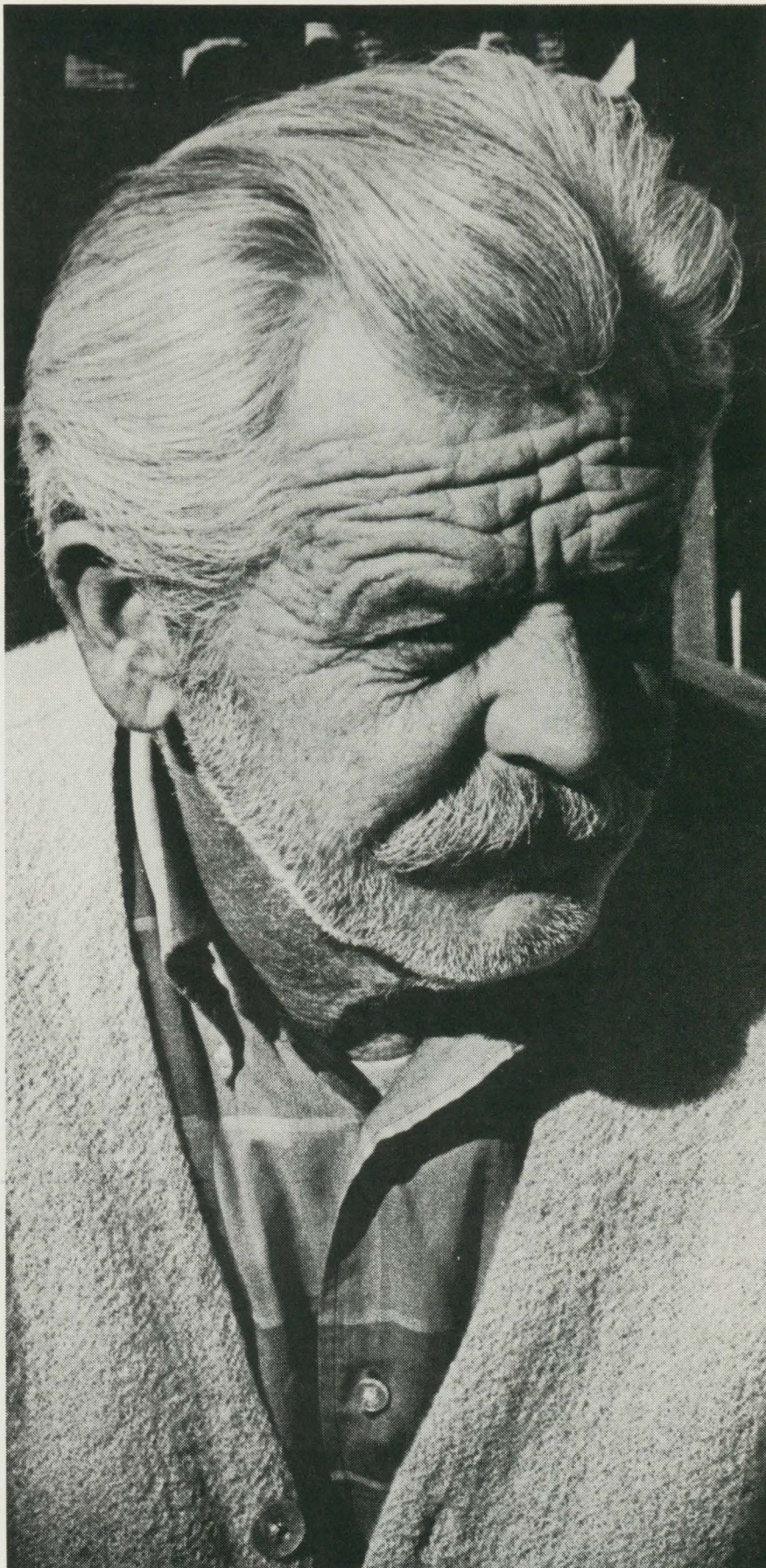
Sandy comes to the park every morning to read the newspapers in the library for free. He then sits on a bench in the park.

It was very cold the morning I met Sandy. He wore two shabby overcoats, but still shivered. He began to roll a cigarette, but spilled most of the tobacco on the ground. His hands were stained a dark orange from tobacco.

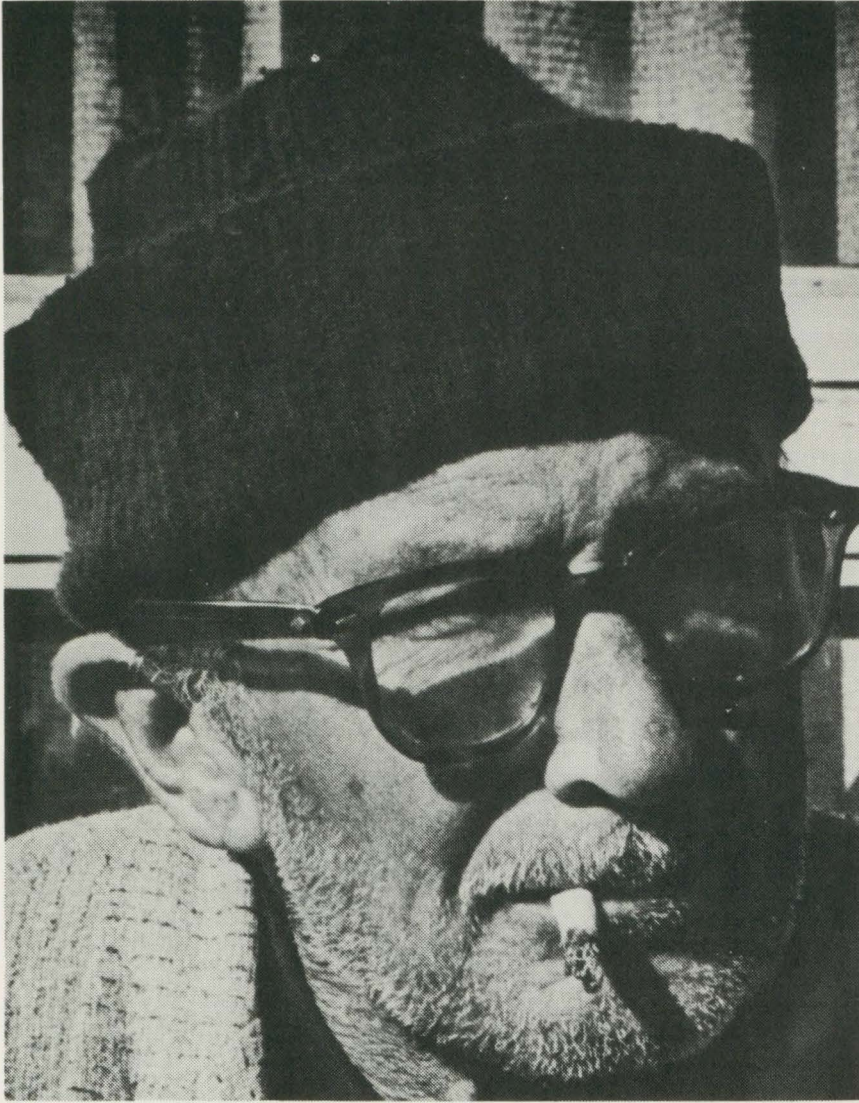
He said he had not received his last two social security checks. As he spoke I noticed several teeth missing in the front of his mouth and rotting, brown ones in the rear.

Sandy suddenly turned and looked over his shoulder. An old man with long groping jowls came close and motioned to him. I sat watching as they excused themselves and briskly edged out of the park, whispering to each other.

The following day I returned to the







*Continued from previous page*

park and caught Sandy as he walked out of the library. His friend Kelly was with him today. We sat behind the library because Sandy and Kelly had something to do.

The task at hand this morning was that of getting drunk. Sandy had a bottle of gin hidden in the bushes. As we talked, Sandy, and then Kelly would sneak over to the bush and take a swallow. I was asked to join but declined.

Sandy had a new transistor radio and wrist watch today. I asked where he got them. He said he bought them. I didn't pursue the matter.

Looking over at Kelly I noticed dirt covering one side of his face. He had spent the night on the floor of a friend's apartment. His landlady had rented out his room without his knowing.

As Sandy got drunker, he became more talkative. In an almost childlike manner, he said: "My landlady likes me. She calls me The Old Man. She likes me because when I get drunk I don't raise no fuss. I just go to sleep. Yeh! She really likes me."

As the alcohol took effect, Sandy became serious and somewhat depressed. As he came closer, I could smell the gin. He talked about being an alcoholic.

"I know I'm an alcoholic, but I can't help it. I'm still a hell of a great guy. I don't worry about dying either because I know I won't come back. The only ones waiting for me when I die is the worms. I know they got to eat too."

"Ya got to have confidence in yourself," he shouted at me, and then suddenly became very calm, almost whispering. "I got confidence. I just

need security. I got no security, I got nobody. People make security and I got nobody." Tears were in his eyes and he began to drool all over himself.

Kelly tried to cheer him up. "I gotta get my coat cleaned, I'm beginnin' to look like a bum." Sandy grinned and I began to laugh. His grin soon became a full smile and his eyes opened fully for the first time.

Sandy turned on his new transistor radio and began to dance. As he did, urine began to run down his legs and into his shoes. He soon noticed his error and ran to the bathroom. Kelly got up and went to the store for another bottle.

Sandy soon returned. As he came closer, I could smell the urine and gin. As the alcohol took effect, his mood became more repressive.

"Ya know, there's too many people in this town now. People get edgy and nervous when they're close together. Some fellas ya meet ya can't even talk to them. A lot of these fellas just sit around and drink wine. Ya know, this town's got a lot of winos."

It was warm and sunny at the park. The trees moved rhythmically with the steady breeze. Sandy was sober but not feeling too well. He said, "you know what's the matter with people today?"

I thought of a million replies, but he didn't give me time to answer.

"They don't care about people like me. They're too busy helping themselves. There's been talk about building a place to help old drunk bums like me, but they never did it. I guess they didn't have the money, but they sure got the money for goddamn wars."

I merely sat and stared. What could I say? He just looked at me, and I looked down at his torn shoes with no laces. I just couldn't look at his tired old face anymore.

I tried to change the subject by asking him what he does when he doesn't come to the park. "I just sit at home and stare at the four walls." This was the first time I really felt like running out of the park. Sandy never intentionally played upon my sympathy. He didn't have to.

Before I could tell him I was leaving, he said, "I guess I'll go up to my room now. It's cold out here and I don't feel

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

to well. I'll see ya tomorrow."

I walked out to where my motorcycle was parked. I looked back. Sandy was already out of sight. He seemed to vanish almost instantly, in a magical fashion. He's an invisible man, one we rarely see.

Returning to the park later that afternoon, I met another man. Raff had spent his life sorting laundry at Fairmont Hospital and had to retire because of a bad back.

Everywhere Raff went he carried the new transistor radio he had received for Christmas. It was all he could talk about. "It's a good radio, ain't it? It plays good don't it?" These seemed to be the only words he could speak.

As we sat and listened to the radio, another old man walked by. Raff yelled at him, "Look at my new radio." The old man seemed not to hear. Raff yelled even louder, "Hey! I got a new radio." The old man shuffled past.

The radio played incessantly. Raff bragged about the fact that it was still playing on original batteries, and this must be a sure sign of its dependability.

Raff was no alcoholic, but he lived behind a thicker screen than Sandy, almost a childlike dream world. The music from his radio seemed to lull him into that world. Raff was truly unattainable. I could't even touch him.

Marty was an auto worker starting back in 1921. He still wears his gold U.A.W. button on his lapel. He is an immense man with huge fat fingers and a handshake that makes me feel old. Marty has a bad heart.

The morning at the park was the first time he'd been out of his apartment in four months. Marty could walk only short distances at a time due to his weak heart. He spoke of his illness in a very matter-of-fact way.

Marty has a deep felt respect for the young people today. He sees their need to improve world conditions. He has only an eighth grade education, but a fantastic ability to see beyond his own world.

I asked Marty what he thought of President Nixon. He first pinched his nose and then said, "You mean Tricky Dick? He ain't helping me much. He's only helping the people who don't need it, the rich." Marty also disagrees

strongly with the Viet Nam war.

I soon discovered that I was talking to an 82-year-old "Hippie." He had spent so much time a part of the system only to fall victim to it.

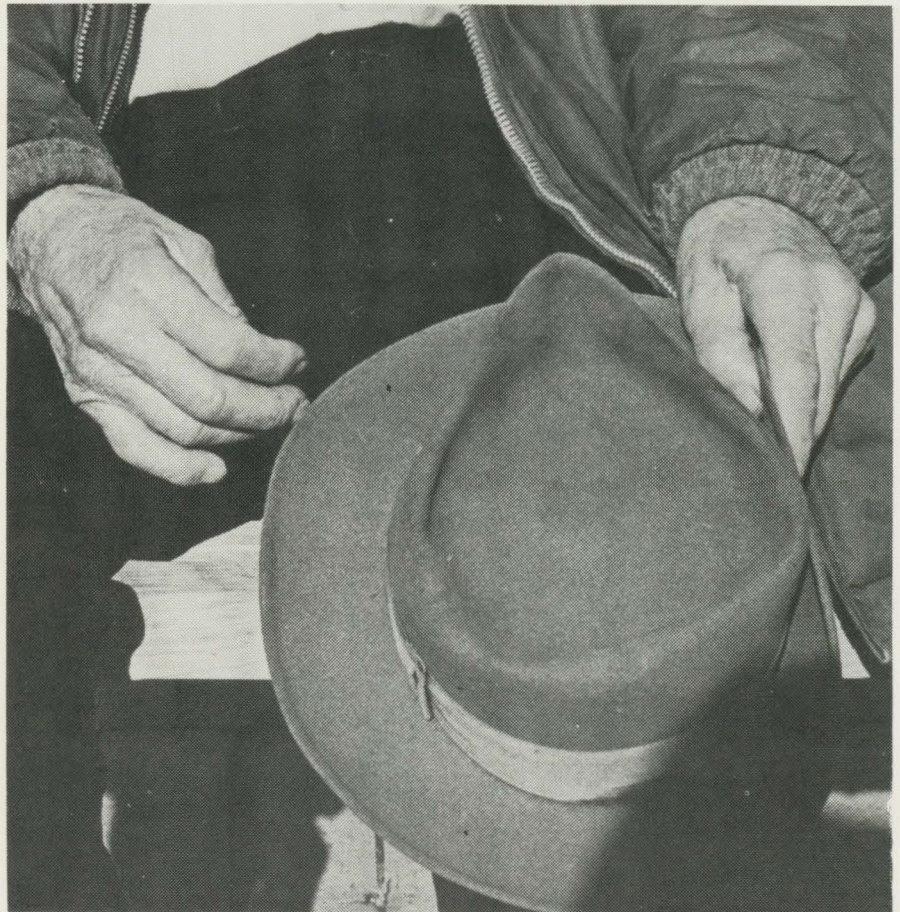
We talked a while longer and then he had to leave. He said he had some business this afternoon. I sat and watched as he walked a block and rested, and then walked another block and rested . . .

The look in their eyes was always the same, complete insensitivity and despondency to their environment. Whether they were dirty old bums, or

time. Their lives are a daily encounter with boredom.

Most live in one room flats with poor heating, only to come to the park where there is no heating. They meet the same old friends and discuss the same old problems: the relentless landlord, the social security check that hasn't come, the cost of living, and truly futile hope of finding some type of work.

These are men who can still move and think. Why can't they be given something to do? Something so they may at least mimic usefulness. Once



nice, clean, elderly gentlemen, the look was the same.

Within each and every one I met I saw myself. The inevitable question came: "When I get old will I just waste away in the park?" The thought of it frightens me. The experience has killed them.

Their daily routines are invulnerable to change. A new stimulating experience is unknown to park inhabitants. They discuss only past experiences which have been overexaggerated by the passing of

active, useful men are now merely existing — wasting away. The experience shows deeply in every crevice of their faces.

For some, only alcohol can ease the pain. Others, like Raff, do it by forming their own new world. It seems as though they force themselves to stop thinking, in hopes of finding some peace of mind and tranquility.

If you doubt this story, stop by the park any morning. Sit on one of the benches. You will see what the aged experience daily.



# Chinese Students Look at RED CHINA

*story and photo by James C.H. Chau*

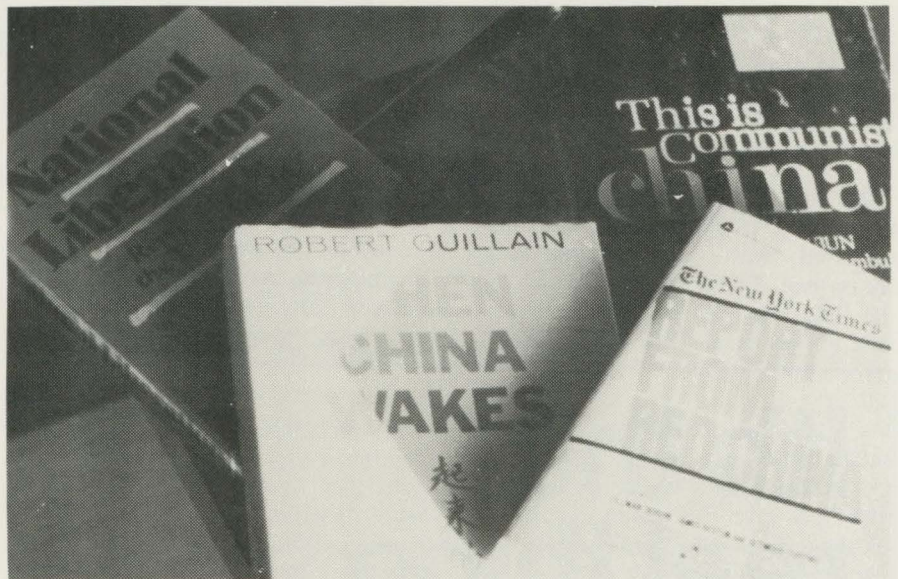
Four years ago a young man in Hong Kong was turned down by the United States Consulate General when he applied for a student visa. The reason was not clear, but it was believed that it had something to do with his father's occupation. His father worked in a department store owned by the People's Republic of China.

Even in the United States most Chinese foreign students were not interested in what was happening in China prior to last year. They were afraid of being suspected of being communists and deported by the Office of Immigration.

A very good example of this was the case of Dr. Ch'ien, a world-famous aerospace engineer. He was an expert in jet and rocket propulsion and worked under a federal grant at the California Institute of Technology. In the 1950's, because of Senators Taft, McCarthy and Jenner, the administration policy concerning the Far East "lost" in China and "tied" in Korea, Dr. Ch'ien was one of the many suspected of being communists. He was deported.

There has been considerable change concerning political thought of educated Chinese in the United States. "We are proud of being Chinese today," an American-born Chinese said. Although there are different types of Chinese in this land, they all have in common the identification of nationality.

Most American-born Chinese and some Chinese immigrants care less about their nationalities. They would not be bothered even though they were not identified as Chinese. Their



families are here. They have no direct linkage with China or Taiwan. What is happening in the People's Republic of China and Taiwan can never affect them. They are happy to live in the United States because they can own property and enjoy freedom of speech and belief.

Generally, Chinese brought up in Taiwan dislike the communist government. It is quite natural because they might have experienced or heard about the difficult lives of people in mainland China. Some of them believe that nationalist Taiwan is the real government of China.

On the other hand, because of the growing technological development and political power of the People's Republic of China, some of the Chinese from Taiwan are pleased with The People's Republic of China.

However, not many of them would admit in public that they like the government of the communist regime. Their parents or relatives are still in Taiwan and they don't wish to endanger them.

Although most of them do not plan to go back, they fear that the Taiwan government would threaten their relatives if they attempted to make public recognition of the Chinese communist government.

If it was said by some that this kind of threat happened before. Even when they protested against certain high officials of the Taiwan government to the Taiwan Consulate General, they were pictured and identified. Their parents were contacted and urged to use their influence with their children abroad.

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

Thomas Yu, a Chinese student from Taiwan said, "I like the people in the mainland and I love to hear whatever they've accomplished."

Those Chinese who came from Hong Kong seem to have no national home. They are either holding British passports or British issued certificates of identity. However, none of them ever identified themselves as "British." These people are either born in Hong Kong or are refugees from the mainland. They were brought up under the British Government but were nourished by the Chinese society in Hong Kong.

They may be pro-communist China, or pro-Nationalist Taiwan or neither. Most of them heard of the good and the bad of both governments. Therefore, they are watching how time will test the two sides.

One important change of this group is that they are getting more and more involved with politics, especially concerning China, as they remain in the U.S. They can see their own race in a foreign land. They are interested

in what the world is doing with China.

On the day of the nation-wide broadcast of President Nixon's arrival in China, hundreds of Chinese students gathered at Berkeley. They cheered when President Nixon shook hands with Premier Chou.

"It is time the Americans should cease their silence about the People's Republic of China. And it is... nonsense not recognizing a nation of 800 million people," Normal Ko, a Chinese student, said.

Although President Nixon went to visit China, and people look upon China as a developing great nation, few Chinese students in the United States would go back to settle in mainland China.

The People's Republic of China may not accept them because of their educational background and political ideas. It would be more secure for the Chinese government to avoid the influence of people from capitalistic countries. Moreover, the Chinese communists are confident they can develop into a great nation without help from the outside. There is almost

no hope, therefore, of Chinese students returning to China.

George, a Cal-State Chinese student, said: "I appreciate very much the accomplishments of The People's Republic of China. I think for China to be strong, communism and socialism are necessary."

When he was asked if he would go back to China and settle down, he said it was impossible. His family here is well-off and he believes he could have a promising future if he stays in the United States. He said he might not be able to live under a communist regime. "At least, I don't want to give up what I believe," he said.

In the United States Chinese have the opportunity to discuss Chinese politics in public. There is no fear of any kind even when they say they like the People's Republic of China. When they gather together this is the main topic of discussion. They are proud of their nation and their people.

## MISC.

**needs you!**

**All students**

**and faculty**

**are welcome**

**to work for**

**and contribute**

**to future issues**

**of YOUR**

**magazine.**

Contact the Journalism department  
for details.

It's the  
real thing.  
Coke.

Trade-mark ®

Enjoy  
Coca-Cola  
Trade-mark ®





# What's Going on over at Juvie?

*by Alice Grace Chalip*

*photos by Thalia Pennix*

"Is anybody out there? Why doesn't anybody answer me!"

The black teenaged girl peered from the high window of her isolation room as she called after a group of Cal State (Recreation 1000) students who had come to tour Alameda County Juvenile Hall. She could have been calling to the whole outside world.

Less than two years ago the thick green walls of Alameda County's juvenile prison in San Leandro, near 150th and Foothill Boulevards, had kept about 9,000 children each year temporarily away from the angry eyes of a silent majority. But reluctant changes in the monolithic prison bureaucracy may let in enough light to show us the shadowy, frightening "treatment center," built on an earthquake fault, where too many of our local teenagers are forced to live. These kids, our own neighbors, may stay at "Juvie" for a few hours, days, weeks, or, if they are waiting for foster homes, possibly more than a year.

The experience may make children thus "treated" feel a little less human.

A boy or girl is first brought into

Juvenile Hall by his parents (who find him hard to live with) or by a police officer (who has reason to believe he has committed a criminal act). Most juveniles are "in" for running away. A secondary problem for boys is petty theft. For girls it is often something associated with sex.

The child is brought to a "reception section," a coffee-and-cream colored room with benches and desks. The area is dull and functional looking, except for a single attempt at humor. A sign on one door says "Bear (sic) room. No Lookin'!!" After some preliminary paper work, the child waits in the "Bear room," totally naked, while his clothing is searched by his jailers.

The adjoining section looks like "death row," a long hall of locked doors with high, barred windows facing the hallway. Inside each door is a bleak cement cell with a heavy wire grill over a small louvered window. The room contains only a bolted-down cot. Here the newcomer waits overnight — sometimes as long as two days — until a doctor can see him.

Eventually the child is assigned to a room where he will spend most of his time — an 8 x 12 foot, green-soap smelling cubicle with two beds and barred windows. The only decorations are words previous occupants have scratched on the walls. There are no toilets in the room. If a child wants to go to the bathroom, a guard must unlock the door and accompany him to the community john.

There are four "living sections" for the boys, separating them on the basis of age. The current population, 165 male and 35 female inmates of all races, range in age from 8 to 18.

The girls live in only one "living section." it looks like the boys' in most respects except that it is smaller and painted a bilious green.

For a few minutes each day, some of the kids who have been deemed most trustworthy may leave their rooms for schoolwork: art, shop, reading, etc. Shop and homemaking projects are elementary. In physical education classes older boys simply run around, lift weights or throw balls for an hour.

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

Younger kids may play simple, organized games like "King of the Mountain."

The children wear uniforms and line up, single file, to go to meals, to shower, or, if allowed, to classes. Twice a week parents may visit, bringing them a candy bar or several Disney-type comic books. Other adult contacts are limited to guards, caseworkers, probation officers, or for some, a dentist or psychiatrist.

Community Alternatives, Inc., (formerly called Bay Area Jail Reform Committee), has recently concerned itself with the treatment of juvenile prisoners. Using evidence of "cruel and unusual punishment" documented by Community Alternatives, the Legal Aid Society of Alameda County is reportedly preparing a lawsuit on behalf of the children at Juvenile Hall.

A new hall is being built, but C.A. insists that the worst features of the old plant are being incorporated into the new — i.e., the building is situated on an earthquake fault and small, toiletless, locked rooms.

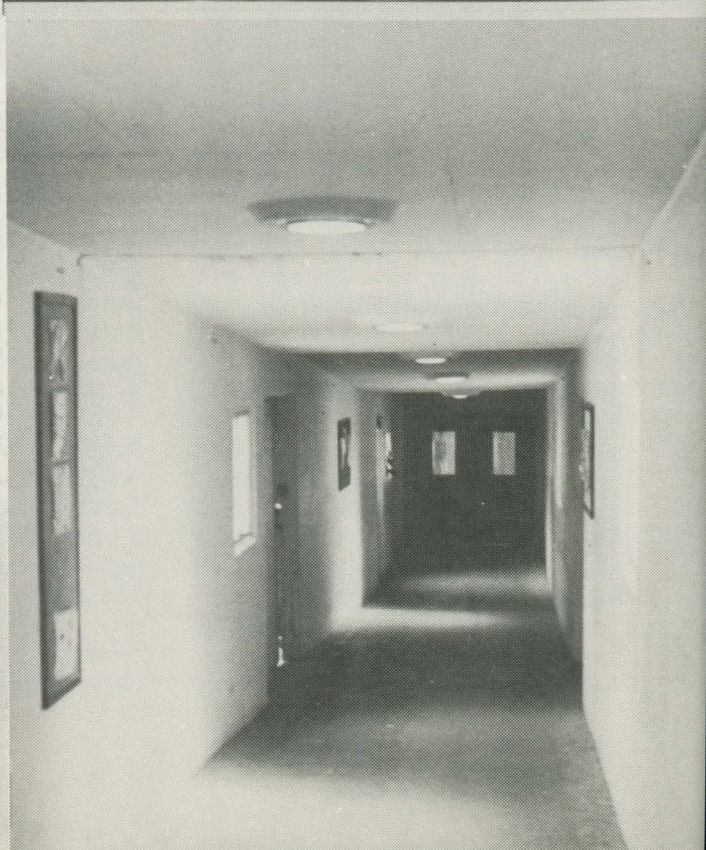
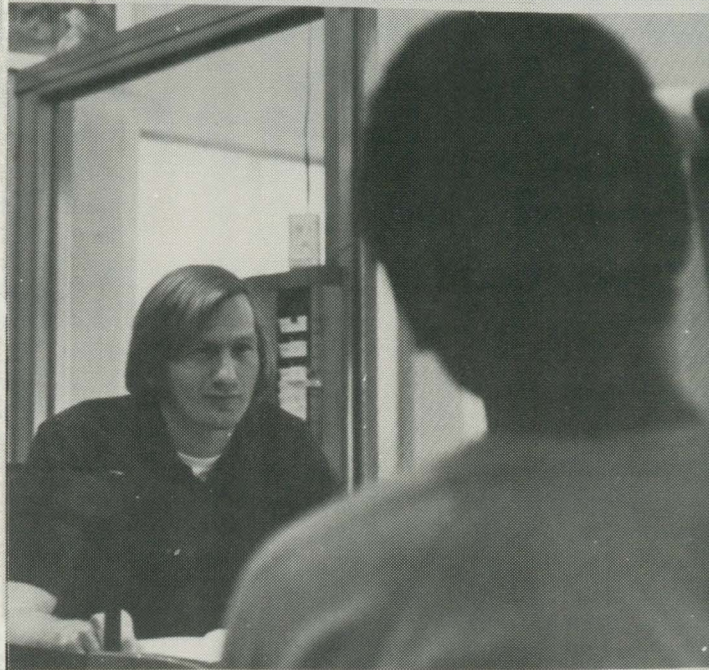
"Can you imagine what an earthquake could do with each individual child locked in a room alone or one other child?" asks Kay Nollenberger, one Community Alternatives member. "The very least they could do in that new horror (the new Juvenile Hall) is to put in a master switch to unlock all the doors at once in an emergency."

Juvenile Hall director Paul Green emphasizes that Juvenile Hall is "legally a detention facility — not a rehabilitation center." As soon as possible young prisoners are usually either sent to another institution or are sent back to the surroundings that caused them to act up in the first place. A lucky few are transplanted, at least temporarily, into foster homes.

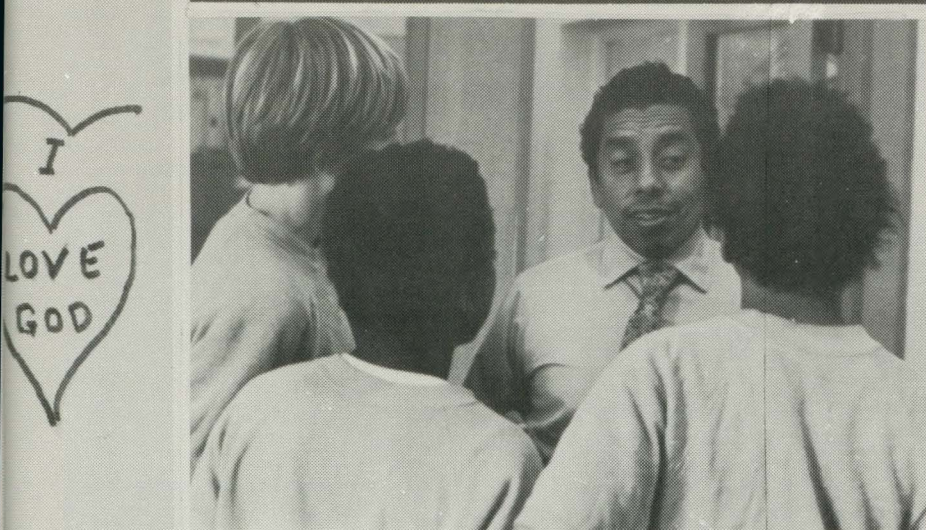
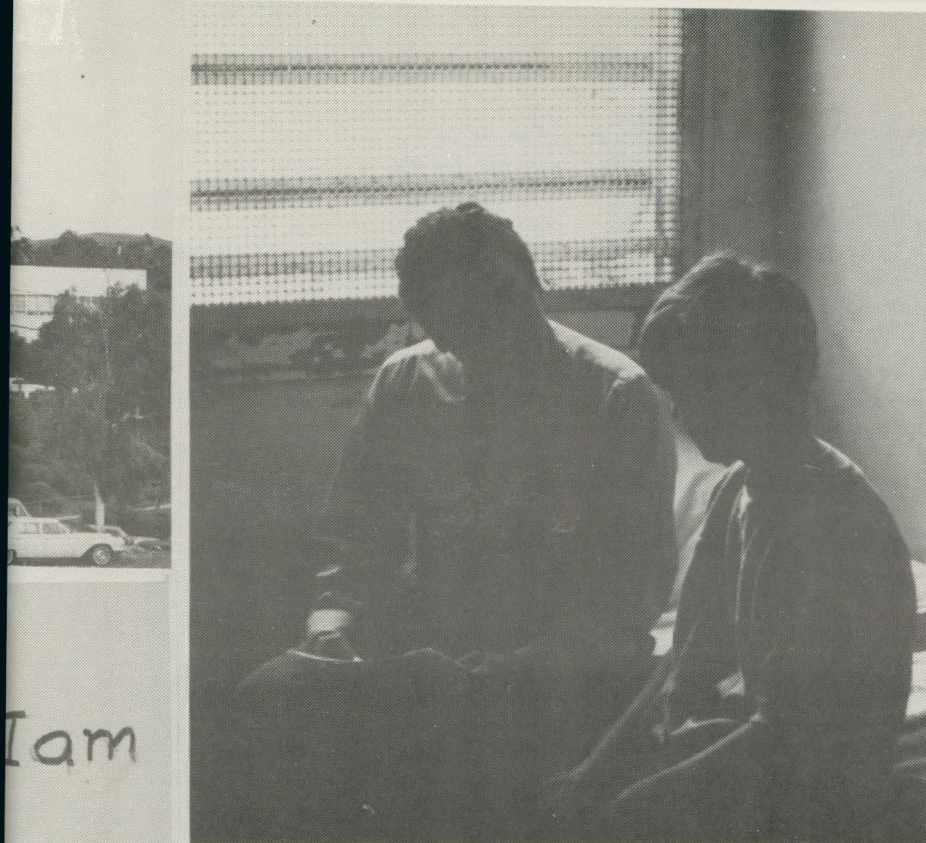
The Alameda County Juvenile Probation Department is aware that most outsiders dislike seeing, or even thinking about the complex problems of "juvenile offenders." But they also know that human beings rich in healing love, though rare, might be found anywhere. Consequently, two potentially significant changes are slowly being made.

First, foster home licensing is

*Continued on next page*







*Continued from previous page*

becoming simpler. Foster home care offers the most radical as well as the most promising potential for helping some children face up to the pain and challenges of growing up. Married and single individuals as young as 19, including students, have in some cases been accepted as foster parents, particularly if they indicate a willingness to take children who have been held at Juvenile Hall. Almost anybody with room for an extra bed, emotional maturity, reasonably good health, and a large capacity for acceptance and/or love can and should apply for this job. Potential foster parents who might be willing to take children 16 years or older need not even bother with the licensing procedure. Persons interested may call Juvenile Hall at El 1-0420 and ask for Mrs. Lynne Barrett.

The need is staggering. According to Frank Whitman, a particularly sensitive Juvenile Hall caseworker, some kids stay locked up at Juvenile Hall for a year or longer while they wait for somebody — almost anybody — to rescue them and make possible the relative freedom of a foster home.

Alameda County pays up to \$116 per month for the temporary care of foster kids. From this amount, a foster parent is expected to pay for the child's food and incidentals. There are other arrangements to pay for medical and dental care, clothing, and such special needs as tutoring.

There is another, somewhat more conventional change taking place inside Alameda County Juvenile Hall itself. So far, the change is almost insignificant.

Like most other nearby juvenile prison facilities did years ago, Alameda County Probation Department has recently begun what is called a Volunteer Service.

Raymond Raineri, a probation officer whose new title is "Coordinator of Volunteer Services," told a group of Cal State students last February, "We are not encouraging widespread recruitment (of volunteers)." Subsequent investigation showed this to be a masterpiece of understatement.

When asked the number of volunteers now working at all county

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

probation facilities, Raineri said there were 200. This figure included the members of the Women's Auxiliary of Star Bethel Baptist Church in Hayward that take in some of The Hall's mending and put on an occasional party at The Hall, and the minister and some of the congregation of Elmhurst Baptist Church in Oakland. The latter has been ministering to the spiritual needs of black girls at The Hall long before December, 1970, when Raineri's Volunteer Services was established.

When asked for the names of volunteers now serving at Juvenile Hall in any capacity on a regular basis, Mr. Raineri was only able to name two: Murial and Marquita Boykin, students at Merritt College. Since that interview, Cal State English major Barbara Lindsay has started 45-minute weekly dance classes for the girls of The Hall.

Mr. Raineri seems most interested in finding clerical help for various probation offices, as well as donations of money and things. He is very enthusiastic about volunteers who

made draperies for the dentist's office, as well as those who mend the children's uniforms. Mr. Raineri does not give the impression that he is interested in having community people from outside The Hall working directly with the children who live there.

Barbara Lindsay expressed surprise when she found her volunteer job was so unique. "Mr. Raineri told us he was open to suggestions or ideas," she said.

Barbara applied earlier as a volunteer to several other institutions and hospitals, but only at Juvenile Hall did she get the impression she was "really needed."

Mildred Lee Fox, supervising group counselor in charge of the Delinquent Girls' Section at Alameda County Juvenile Hall, is the only "inside" person who has had volunteer help other than clerical workers, as of this writing. The Boykin sisters and Barbara Lindsay are directly responsible to her.

"I most certainly feel that volunteers add a lot to my program," Miss Fox said. "They make it possible for me to do a lot more than would otherwise be possible."

She would like to have volunteers working enough hours so that each one might get to know the girls personally — particularly the inmates who return frequently to Juvenile Hall. She would also like to have younger people than the 21-year olds that currently represent the minimum legal age for volunteers. She feels that young people under 21 communicate best with adolescents.

Cal State freshman, Barbara Ceruti, a member of the judicially appointed Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency Commission, agrees with Miss Fox.

Barabara said: "Young people are needed (as volunteers) because they relate to teenagers better than do older people. People who once had similar problems are especially helpful in their ability to relate."

Barbara has begun a campus-wide, well-publicized effort to recruit volunteers. She has been working with Miss Anna Falvo, program advisor to the Assistant Dean of Students in charge of Special Programs. According to both Miss Ceruti and Miss Falvo, student response at Cal-State, Hayward, has been gratifying.

*Continued on page 29*



*Standard equipment:*  
*Radio . . . power antenna . . . radial tires . . .*  
*wood-grained instrument panel . . .*  
*tachometer . . . reclining bucket seats . . .*  
*rear window defogger . . . solex glass*

**\$2940<sup>02</sup>**

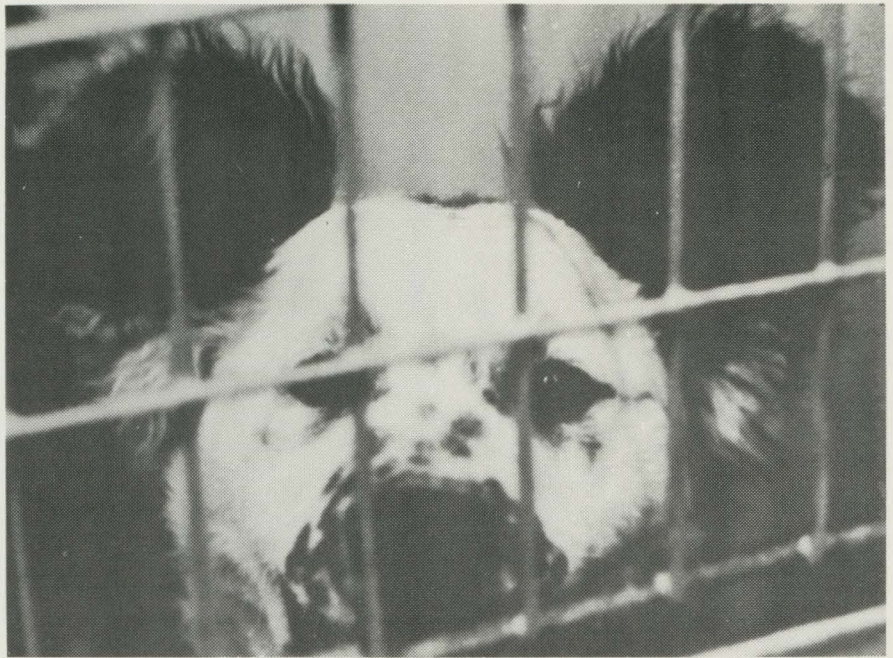
**S&K  
TOYOTA**

21715 Mission Blvd. • 581-6464

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAY



*On the way to die . . .*



# Bless the Beasts and their Children

by Hal Conklin

200,000,000 animals were "put to sleep" in this country last year by humane societies and private citizens. That is equivalent to every man, woman, and child in the United States. In the Bay Area alone 800,000 wild and tamed creatures were, as they say in the vernacular, "returned to dust" in 1971.

Owning a pet is an American pastime. In some student communities the dog population often times appears to rival that of the humans.

Statistically, college students make up the largest single contingent of animal owners in this country.

In 1971 Americans spent \$13,000,000 on animal food, which is more than the national budget of many countries on this globe.

Yet the fact remains that the carnage we create in one year on the sub-human level is rivaled in human terms only by the Black Plague of Europe. Why is it then that we take animal life so much for granted?

One answer might be that we rarely are given the opportunity to witness death. This process has been neatly

sanitized and removed from view. Parents often times justify their breeding of cats and dogs by stating that they wish to have their children witness birth. By removing from their experience the ending of life, children often times grow up never having fully witnessed the life cycle.

What happens to an animal that is finally taken to a pound? According to Mr. Bob Marsdon of the Los Angeles Pound system, one of the biggest contributors of dogs to the county are students who let their animals loose at the end of their stay for the year on a campus. "We pick up about 200 dogs a day during the spring and summer months." About 25% of these are sold the the rest are exterminated.

Dr. John Lemon, spokesman for the Long Island S.P.C.A., speaking with Barbara Walters on NBC's "Today Show," raised yet another point in the continuing dilemma of animal care, and that is that for the most part, there aren't very many "humane" methods of animal disposal that are being used throughout this country.

"most cities," according to Dr.

Lemon, "use a method called Euthanair to quickly dispose of large groups of animals painlessly. But the question keeps being raised as to whether this method is really humane? A recent ad depicting the advantages of the Euthanair method state that this is "one of the most interesting and beneficial outgrowths of World War II. Total blackout occurs within 60 seconds and peaceful 'sleep' occurs within 3 minutes." This process eventually causes the animal's lungs to explode.

According to Dr. Lemon, there are many localities in the country which are not as advanced in their technique as Euthanair. Some places put alligator clips on the ears of small animals such as cats, place them into a tank of water, and "plug in the cord!"

Coming up with a solution to the problem is not easy, but then becoming sensitive to the issue does not require having the answers. It only requires a "reverence for life," as Albert Schweitzer put it, and a determination to get involved.



*What do you  
think of the  
Cal-State Day  
Care Center?*

*photos and interviews*

*by Jim Luiz*





Billy — "I'd rather be with my Mommy than here because she's my friend. She gives me a lot to eat too."

Misha — "I like it here because I like to play with people."

Sean — "I like to come and see all my friends. I know my Mommy has to work."

Lisa — "I don't like it here but I come to see Tera. She's my friend."

Leo — "I like it here but I'd rather be at home with my Mommy. I love my Mommy and Daddy."

Mark — "I don't like it here because you got to take naps. I really got no use for this place."

Laurie — "I like it because of the other kids."

Ross — "I hate it. My Mom is the one who brings me here."

Luis "I like it here because Peter Pan really doesn't make a better peanut butter."

Tom — "I like it here fine." He had heard me ask the other kids.





Myrna and Flo are not the real names of the Cal State coeds described in this article.

— Ed.

# A Gay Marriage

The prelude to their marriage was dating, stimulated by a strong physical attraction.

Flo and Myrna met on the Cal State campus, began dating and soon considered themselves in love.

They were aware of possible difficulties. Flo, the "wife," was three years older than the 18-year-old "husband," Myrna. Also, Flo had dated quite a bit, while Myrna did not have any serious romantic attachments until she met Flo.

Like most lovers, they felt their love was strong enough to overcome any difficulties.

They exchanged wedding rings which they wore on the little finger of their left hands. The pair considered themselves in love, committed to a life-long, monogamous marriage. They expected fidelity and wanted to share both the good and the bad times.

To them their marriage was normal. The only difference was the set of partners.

Deciding that college wasn't what she really wanted, Myrna left school and became a telephone installer. Flo remained in school as a full-time unemployed student. Myrna became the family breadwinner. They opened a joint checking account. Flo felt free to use the account, although she tried to keep to the budget they had worked out.

The first six weeks of their marriage was the honeymoon. The joy and excitement of constantly being

together provided excitement. Both girls tried to develop a more mature and satisfying relationship, sharing their thoughts and activities like any newly-married couple.

Both girls sought mutual support and satisfaction from each other. Each was keenly aware of the other's moods, needs, absences and emotions.

In their love-making, Myrna was the aggressive partner, while Flo played the more passive roll.

No relationship is idyllic, and lover's spats developed. These were followed by negotiations, resolutions and compromise.

Peace offerings followed the quarrels. Dinners out, flowers, small gifts and arranging the apartment lighting, stereo, etc. to create a romantic mood.

Jealousy was part of the relationship at times, like when they attended a "gay" dance. Flo was approached by a black girl.

"Hey baby, you want to dance?" the girl asked Flo.

Myrna became tense and was ready to step forward. Flo quickly refused the invitation and danced only with Myrna that night.

When the honeymoon ended, more serious quarrels arose, leading to discussions and major adjustments in living habits. In the more tranquil periods, there was a feeling of contentment. They settled down to a real union.

After being together for about 18

months, Myrna began to express her dissatisfaction about committing herself so soon to a permanent, totally-involved relationship. Even though she loved Flo, Myrna wished she had dated more before the marriage. She hoped Flo would let her have an occasional evening out by herself. No questions asked. Perhaps she could get it out of her system.

Flo said Myrna would find out "just how green the grass was" if she started dating other people.

Flo hoped Myrna would have less desire to have an occasional fling. She tried harder at making the relationship work. She pampered Myrna by cooking her favorite foods and being as good-natured and loving as possible. Myrna saw the improvements and seemed much happier.

Despite this, Myrna suddenly moved out one weekend. She still loved Flo but she was too young to settle down and was leaving. She assured Flo that she would continue to see her. The relationship was not finished, she said.

Flo pleaded with Myrna not to leave. But after a tearful farewell, Myrna departed, saying she would call in a week.

When I saw her three days after the separation, Flo was wan and pale, unable to eat or study. Grief plagued her. There would never be another person as desirable in every way as Myrna.

She had built her life around her



# age

by Sharon A. Aglito

loved one and now that she was gone Flo's incentive had disappeared.

She refused to believe that it was all over. She hoped Myrna would call so they could begin rebuilding the relationship.

Myrna later told me that she simply had gotten tired of Flo's instability and decided to get out before she was "dumped."

Flo apparently swung between being satisfied and dissatisfied with her partner, so she engaged in a periodic search for another. Even while professing to be satisfied with her "husband," she would meet other people and exhibit interest in them.

One evening both girls were invited out to dinner where a guest was a good-looking, single fellow. Flo developed a terrible crush on the guy immediately.

Flo would go through periods when she wanted to be "straight." She would date guys, only to run back to the safety of gay women after the guy tried to make love to her. She enjoyed the kissing and necking, but she was turned off at the sight of a man's body ("Those awful hairy legs!") The thought of letting a man put "THAT THING" in her was revolting.

Just before the girls broke up, they went on a vacation together and had an unhappy time because Flo indicated she was really attracted to the man she met.

She told Myrna she was "itchy" and didn't know how long they would be

together. By the end of the vacation, things had settled down, but Myrna figured that when Flo graduated from Hayward in June, she would get dumped. So she moved out.

After the split, Flo got in touch with an old lover. They moved into an apartment together, but just as roommates, since the former lover was "engaged" to another girl.

The two became serious in a few months, and the third party was dumped. So far they have been together nine months.

The ease with which Myrna ended the relationship with Flo illustrates one of the major differences between gay and straight marriages.

Gay people cannot legalize their relationship, so marriage is a state of mind. It ends when the minds change.

Another difference exists regarding children. There are no plans for children, and no worry about unwanted pregnancies. Perhaps the most obvious difference is that in spite of the "husband's" masculine dress and manner, both partners are definitely of the same sex.

Also important is society's attitude toward the relationship. Married heterosexuals are encouraged to continue their relationship.

Common-law couples are encouraged to repent and get married.

A gay couple is pressured to separate and stop engaging in deviance. There is no recognition of any kind of a relationship. At best, there is a

tolerance. Often there is derision about the "dykes making it together." The gay marriage must be kept secret from those it might hurt (parents who are ignorant of their child's gay state) or those who can hurt the couple (employers and landlords).

I asked Flo what her parents would do if they ever found out. Her folks are very WASPish, materialistic Canadians who came here when she was a teenager.

"My father would never speak to me again, and my mother would commit suicide from the shame," she said.

She thought her parents might be suspicious because they sometimes asked why all her girl friends were so masculine. When she broke up with Myrna, her father asked "Why don't you two kiss and make up?"

Flo had other problems besides sometimes wanting to go straight. She had trouble deciding whether she was a "butch" or a "femme." She said she broke up with a lover because she wanted to play the masculine roll at times, and the two of them would fight about it.

I noticed that some days she would come to school dressed in jeans and boots, stomping around like a full-fledged bull dyke. Other days she would come to school in a dress, with nylons and wearing eye makeup. She likes masculine women, but wants them to have full breasts.

I went on a picnic with Flo and some

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

of her friends. I was amazed when they all pulled catcher's mitts out of their cars and began throwing a baseball around like guys do. One girl had a football in her car.

They used no profanity, did not engage in any affectionate gestures, like holding hands, and they made no comment in reference to sex. In a way they seemed almost asexual.

Flo took me to Leonard's, a gay night club for women located in South San Francisco. The club featured an all-girl band.

Most of the people in the place were women. There were a few gay guys and somehow a straight guy sneaked in. He danced with me and asked me for a date. I could have told him I was married and straight, but just for the hell of it I told him I was involved with the girl who brought me and that we lived together and she was very jealous. He offered to take us both home and make love to both of us. I thought it was funny, but Flo was revolted when I told her about it later. As she and I were leaving the place, he patted her on the fanny. She fumed.

Most of the female couples in the nightclub consisted of a masculine

looking woman and a more feminine one — not really feminine, but more feminine than her partner. A pair of pretty, feminine girls were sitting next to us, and even though they looked like many of the coeds on our campus, they were gay and involved with each other.

A bull-dyke-type checked our ID's before we came through the door. She was a beefy little "mamma," and Flo later explained that she was the bouncer. They tried to keep guys and straights out because they (gay women) have few places to go where they can be themselves and not hide their gay state.

I felt free to associate with these girls without worrying about anyone making a pass at me. Flo explained that gay women simply don't want to get involved with straight. They want someone who thinks the way they do. They also don't want straight women to be afraid of them and reject them.

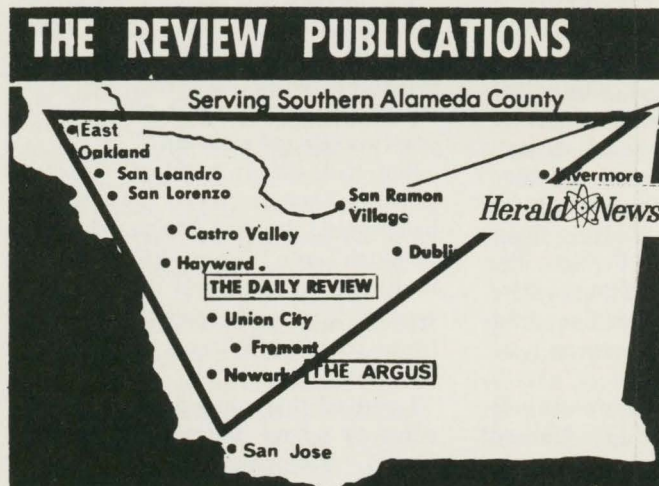
Although books have been written about the various aspects of the homosexual marriage, the average person thinks of the sexual aspect of the relationship and mocks the idea of marriage.

---

I consider myself liberal  
to the point of not sharing  
the average person's fear and  
revulsion toward homosexuality.  
Nevertheless, I, too, thought  
only of the sexual relationship.  
I was ignorant of the emotions  
and economics of a gay life  
until I met Flo and Myrna.

---

# JUDGED OUTSTANDING



Dailies 15-50,000

Best Sports Coverage  
Merit Award, Spot News Reporting  
Merit Award, Youth Interest

1971  
PRIZE WINNING NEWSPAPER  
of the  
CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

...In Seven  
Categories  
In The 1971  
California  
Newspaper  
Association  
Competition!



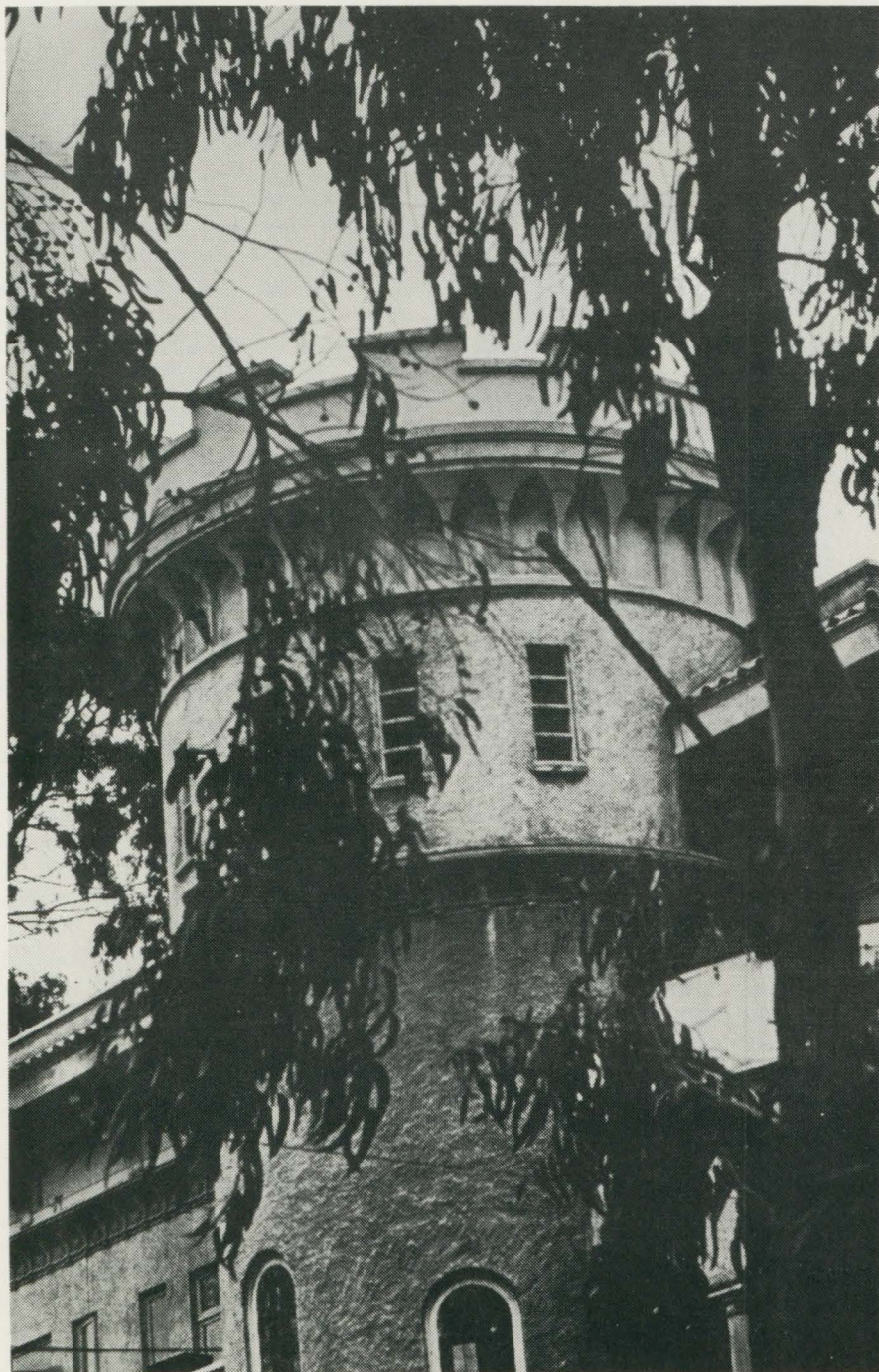
# The Castle

Story by

Peter H. Davis

Photos by

Jim Luiz



A hazy grey overcast sky enveloped the bleak towering structure. The huge pepper tree in the muddy front yard added an aura of mystery to the scene. I carefully turned my front wheels against the curb and switched off the ignition.

The front door creaked as Jim, my photographer, opened it and we entered The Castle. The air seemed to vanish, as in a sealed coffin. A stained red carpet, worn thin from years of use, hugged the creaky hallway floor.

We wheeled left and faced the circular stairway which leads to the second floor. A round glass lamp the size of a volleyball hung from a rusty chain in the center of the stairway. The top of the chain was attached to wooden rafters, visible because of the fallen plaster, crumbs of which lay on the stairs.

Jim started up the stairs. Each step brought a loud creak. I tip-toed behind. As we reached the second floor, someone started a vacuum cleaner in a nearby room. Jim knocked.

"Yes?"

"Hi. Could you tell us where the manager lives?"

"I'm him."

We said we were doing an illustrated article on the place and were allowed to enter his apartment. Dave Williams is 19 years old and manages the apartment house as a favor to his father who owns it. He is a tall, lanky young man who acts much older than he is. Dave seldom speaks unless a question is directed to him.

"Do students cause more problems than other tenants?"

"No. Most of the tenants are O.K. About every six months I come across a character."

Reaching for a cigarette, Dave

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

glanced nervously at Jim who was busy snapping pictures.

"Is it pretty quiet here or do the students get a little carried away with parties, or stereos blasting?"

"Everybody keeps it cool and quiet around here. The rule is no loud noise after 10 p.m. We have a couple of old ladies living downstairs."

"Does the health or fire department make regular checks here?"

"The building inspector comes by twice a year. Last time he got us for a leaky roof by the stairway. You may have noticed. I repaired it, though."

"The leak was repaired?" I asked.

"Yes, it was," Dave replied.

Eight Cal State students live in The Castle. One-room apartments cost \$85 a month, while a one bedroom unit costs \$115. All utilities are paid. Each apartment has a kitchen and bath with a stall shower. There is a bus stop across the street.

Dave escorted us to a secluded one-room apartment located about 50 feet behind the main building. We were introduced to Ron Clemmens, a junior at Cal State and a Psychology major. He is a husky young man of average height, balding, with sideburns which almost meet at his chin. Shy, yet friendly, he let us into his apartment.

The room was small. A single bed, a dresser, a desk, bookshelves, pictures, bric-a-brac, an AM radio, a colonial chair and one straight backed chair filled the space. It was neat and the bed was made. A short hall connected the room with the kitchen. A small bathroom was adjacent to the hall. Ron complained about Dave's taste in the color of the freshly enameled kitchen walls. Lemon yellow!

"It'll wake you up in the morning," I said.

"At night, too," Ron grinned.

The kitchen and bathroom were spotless. Returning to the room, Ron asked us to have a seat. Jim remained standing.

"You don't mind if he takes a few pictures, do you?" I asked, realizing that we'd invaded his privacy.

Ron was discharged from the Navy six years ago. Since then he has

worked full time and attended college part time. His veteran's educational benefits will expire in less than two years. Since Ron must take full advantage of these benefits, he has quit working entirely and is going to school full-time.

The V.A. pays him \$175 a month. After paying his rent Ron has only \$90 left for food, clothing, and transportation. Entertainment must be squeezed in.

We left Ron to his seclusion and went back to Dave's room. He introduced us to another tenant. Barbara, who attends Cal State, is an English major and will graduate this spring.

About The Castle, Barbara said: "I love it. The building is old, but I like



Barbara

the atmosphere. I love the people most of all. We never worry here. We have each other. If I'm ever hungry, Jennifer will feed me and vice versa. It's like communal living, but with more privacy."

Barbara led us to her friend Jennifer's apartment on the second floor. Even though Barbara works 16 hours a week in the Cal State library and carries an 18-unit course load, she is able to maintain a 3.4 grade point average.

"We spend practically all our time studying here during the week," she said. "Most of the students here get better grades than I do. However, I think I study the most. I guess I'm just a little dumber than the rest."

Barbara says she received a pay raise to \$1.79 an hour. Her parents give her

\$20 a week and pay for her books and tuition. She splits the \$100 a month rent with her roommate, her boyfriend.

Most of the furniture in Jennifer's room seems as old as the building. Barbara sat sideways on an old straight backed chair. A tree stump sitting in the corner served as a stool.

We relaxed around a large oak coffee table. An old flute lay on a bookshelf. The aura of antiquity was broken only by the stereo tape recorder and microphone in the corner.

Jennifer sat cross-legged on the couch embracing an old 12-string guitar. It belongs to her boyfriend, Tom, who lives with her. He was gone for the weekend with some school friends.

"Is Tom an entertainer?" I asked.

"No. He just likes to fool around with music. Sometimes all of the students will get together and sing. It sounds lousy, but it's a lot of fun."

Jennifer attended Chabot last year and is successfully developing her decorator display business. She's currently doing a job for Liberty House in San Francisco. She plans to move to Canada in five years.

Admittedly, she prefers the country life to the city. She showed us the tower.

The Castle's tower, that looms up above the roof, offered a spectacular view of the East Bay. The haze had lifted and the sun warmed our backs. Tar paper had been loosely laid over the tower roof. This was how Dave repaired the leaky stairway below.

We walked gingerly down the stairs from the tower. One of the boards was completely displaced. Dave kicked it back into position. We climbed down the stairs to the basement.

I grasped the handrail along the stairs and almost ripped it off. There were only a few wood screws holding it in place. The stairs leading to the basement creaked so badly that it seemed as though the worn carpeting was all that held them in place.

A musty darkness engulfed us as Dave finally switched on an old bulb which hung from the ceiling. The light revealed only a ping pong table surrounded by old furniture and cardboard boxes filled with old clothes. Alas, no dead bodies.

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

At the rear of the basement was a laundry room. It housed a 15-year-old washing machine and a dryer. Jennifer put in a load of clothes, then we left the basement for Dave's apartment.

A shapely young blonde was washing dishes at the sink. Her name is Vicki. She is Tom's sister who came with him from Bakersfield. The apartment became too crowded, according to Jennifer. Vicki shares Dave's apartment in exchange for light housekeeping.

Dave has the best apartment in The Castle. As you enter his parlor, you first notice the giant moosehead sticking out of the wall. An American flag hangs in place of a closet door. Most of the furniture is similar to that found in Jennifer's apartment. The large round coffee table is identical. A stereo component system was intermingled with old vases and candle holders.

The ceiling in all of the rooms are at least 10 feet high. In Dave's room, Oak paneling and beams covered the ceiling and walls. Dave's water bed even had a carved headboard. I wondered what

William Randolph Hearst would have thought.

Dave's bathroom is as large as his bedroom. The walls are light blue. Windows with white trim cover two sides. A ceramic sink which resembled an expensive bird bath stood between the windows in one corner.

The toilet occupied another corner. The ceramic tile floor is large enough for a moderately-sized dance party. A stall shower was built into the wall nearest the door.

Returning to the living room, Jim noticed the Sacramento Union newspaper laying on the coffee table. It was dated 1915. "I found that in the attic the other day," said Dave. He also said The Castle had been built in 1911.

As we walked towards the car, I turned and took a last look at The Castle. It resembled the type of structure Vincent Price might use as a stage prop for "The Pit and the Pendulum." The tenants at The Castle are very much alive, however, and their image (especially the girls) dispelled any uneasiness I'd previously felt towards the old building.

## ...Juvie

*Continued from page 20*

However, most of the volunteers recruited for the Alameda County program are put behind a desk or a sewing machine. Some volunteers tutor children with learning problems at Snedigar Cottage (for neglected children) or in foster homes. A few might be permitted to teach swimming, although not to The Hall inmates. A project designed by winter quarter's Cal State Recreation 1000 class for Juvenile Hall is being carried out in a limited way by Recreation 3500 students this spring.

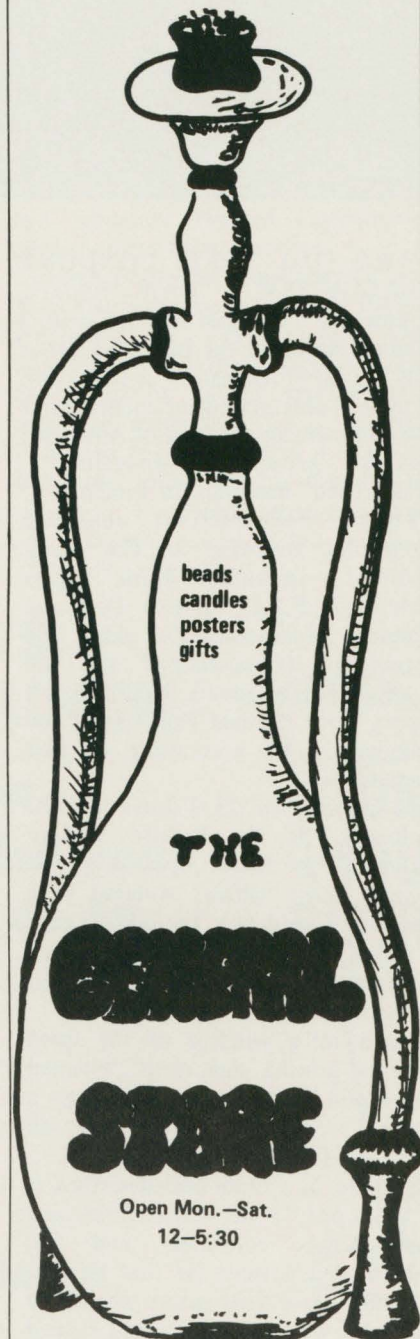
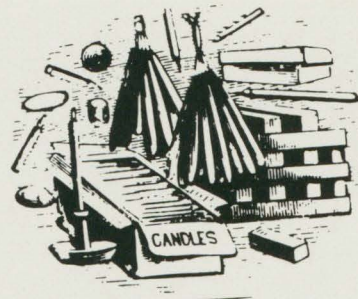
But these represent mere tokenism. San Jose Juvenile Hall boasts 450 volunteers working directly with Juvenile Hall kids. Fifty San Jose volunteers donate four hours or more weekly. In Martinez, Contra Costa County's fifteen-year-old Juvenile Hall volunteer program now has 200 volunteers in person-to-person jobs, 46

of them working at least once a week.

Clearly it is possible to do this kind of creative relating, but most Alameda County residents will have to be very persistent if their aim is to reach out in a personal way to the unlabeled, unloved Juvenile Hall inmates who so desperately need to be assured that somebody out there cares.

There are thousands of human beings, most of them non-professionals, who still believe that all young people deserve help. Until a day comes when our society no longer pretends that juvenile jails solve problems, it will be necessary for such people to aggressively find ways to show youthful prisoners the power of friendship, kindness and love.

In Alameda County, foster home care and, perhaps eventually, volunteer services offer the most promising avenues for this kind of human expression.



24532 Mission Blvd.  
Hayward 538-0257



# TERM PAPERS FOR SALE

*by Jon Lucchese*

"WE DO NOT CONDONE PLAGIARISM." Term Papers, Unlimited, the largest research-writing student service in the Bay Area claims this ethical proclamation as its motto. However, this statement incorporates the commerciality of one of America's fastest growing industries — "researched" materials for students.

Three commercial research companies advertise in *The Daily Pioneer*, including Term Papers Unlimited, F.L.O. Service Co., and Planned Paperhood. To judge the nature of its operations and the quality of its products, I purchased a report from Planned Paperhood. The following is an accounting of that transaction:

On Friday, Feb. 25, I drove to 2112 McKinley St. in Berkeley where Planned Paperhood operates in a second floor "office" situated in a ramshackle residence. The place is easy to find, as the Berkeley Police Department and City Hall are just across the street.

Taped to a window of the front door, a printed sign reads "Planned Paperhood." A "knock" brings a "buzz" signaling release of an electronic lock, and admittance.

Upstairs, in a room best described as a "crash pad," I met Wayne Weber and Judy Kahn, co-owners, and two unidentified writers. At first all four refused to give their names when they learned I was a reporter. As I rapped with this group, I browsed over several of their sample papers.

Weber indicated he had been in operation four months and had sold

about 350 papers. Miss Kahn said "February was a slow month," but expected business to pick up in March." She indicated Paperhood had 40-60 customers a week, most of whom were students. At least a third of Weber's clients are Cal State students.

When I asked about the length of their papers, Kahn said "most average eight pages" and though Planned Paperhood had no minimum, she frankly stated, "You don't get much on a page." They also indicated they do all types of papers, including essays, term reports and Masters theses.

Most of their work costs \$3.50 a page, with \$1.25 going to the company and \$2.25 going to the author, one of Planned Paperhood's 60 free lance writers. "We have all sorts of people writing for us," Weber offered, "most with degrees, some not. When a job comes up, I call a writer who would be interested in the topic. If he doesn't finish it, I just reassign it."

Sitting on the floor next to a gallon jug of red wine was a guy in his mid-twenties who had written seven politically oriented papers for Weber. "Mostly about Vietnam," he reflected. By his own admission, he had only a couple of years of college and wrote most of his papers "off the top of my head." "I've written these kinds of papers so many times I can sit down at a typewriter and 'plunk' them out in an hour or so he boasted." He also claimed writing a Masters thesis for a student at U.C. Berkeley.

Weber, though not guaranteeing his

work, claimed that most of Paperhood's products were "A" and "B" papers, and that his customers were generally satisfied. "Once we had to rewrite this guy's paper, and once, because of a misunderstanding about the topic, I refunded a guy his deposit." Otherwise, a client is stuck with the paper he gets.

Weber, when questioned about students submitting papers that obviously look too well done, replied that his products can be "typed with some errors" to make them "look good" upon request. He made no pretensions about acknowledging that students submit Planned Paperhood reports as their own, at one point referring to his endeavors as "ghost writing."

To insure copies of original work (which only cost \$2.50 a page) do not get re-submitted to the same professor, Weber maintains files on all of Paperhood's customers. On the order form, he fills out the following information: the client's name, address, and phone number, his college and year in school, and the name of the course and the professor for whom the paper is intended. This is all taken with the assurance of "complete secrecy." No anonymous or "phone" orders are taken. When a paper is completed and paid for, the top part of the form listing the client's name and address is clipped off, then destroyed to insure privacy.

As Weber took my order he carefully jotted down details on what I wanted in my paper. Did I want footnotes?

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

Did I need a bibliography? How extensive did I want it? What areas of my topic should be covered? Should it be written so it could be "turned in" as is? How soon did I need it? (Less than a week's notice cost \$4.00 a page.)

Weber then offered my "project" to a girl named Penny, who at the time was discussing a finished paper with a displeased black woman client in her mid-forties. I paid a \$2.00 deposit, got a receipt, and left.

Exactly a week later, I returned to the office of Planned Paperhood where Weber pulled my paper from a stack he had laying on his desk. The document was 2 pages long, as ordered, and was stapled at the top and "3-punched" for possible binder use. The report had several typing errors, the kind average students might not bother correcting, a misspelling, and generally did not look very professionally done. Maybe that was the object.

The title, and topic, "Paper Writing Agencies: A New Student Service," seemed an appropriate subject for

Planned Paperhood to write on authoritatively. The paper reads more like an essay than a "research project," at first citing some general statistics about the industry locally, then filling the remainder with a philosophical justification of the commercial research-writing operations. The following quotes typify the philosophical bent.

"When asked his comment, one professor said he felt somewhat complimented and impressed that students would pay so much to please him."

"Many students make use of their (paper writing) services with no small amount of qualms or guilt...but in the end, expediency is the name of the game, and the game is education."

"The students who use these agencies cannot be stereotyped. Their reasons are many, individual, and beyond condemnation."

"It seems to me that somehow everything has become expedient, from getting an education and a diploma to writing a paper."

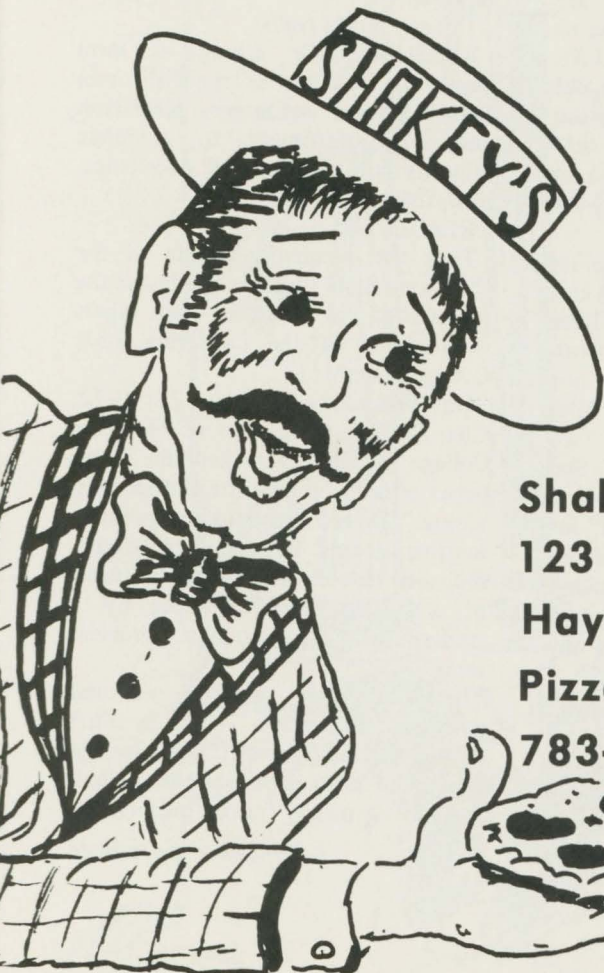
When I requested Weber to certify that Planned Paperhood had indeed

produced and written this report, he hesitated, then inquired if I was an investigator for the Academic Senate (of the California State Colleges) or for any other legislative or law enforcement agency. I assured him I was not, and he signed the article. As he did, he commented, "We've been having lots of paranoia fits around here lately."

I paid Miss Kahn the \$5.00 balance due on the report and received a receipt. She indicated that the identification information on the order form had been disposed and I then departed. As I did, Weber was taking an order from a new client, and Kahn began interviewing a very "straight" looking job applicant who had answered Planned Paperhood's advertisement for new writers.

In San Francisco, Jim Crawford and Erick Nisemon operate Term Papers Unlimited at 2379 Ocean Ave. advertised as the "largest local distributor of quality research and reference materials." T.P.U. of San Francisco is one outlet in a chain of the same name that has agencies in

*Continued on next page*

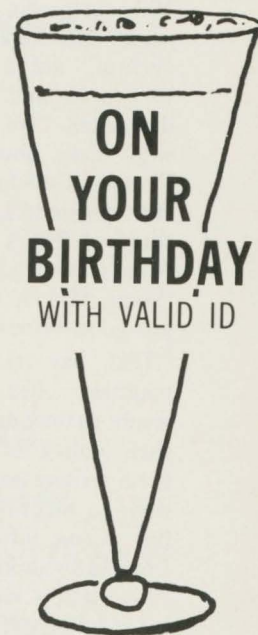


## SHAKEY'S BUNCH-OF-LUNCH

**All the pizza,  
chicken, salad you  
can eat for \$1.39**

**Shakey's Pizza Parlor  
123 West Jackson  
Hayward**

**Pizza orders here or to go  
783-5441**



**100 oz. BEER  
FOR \$1.00**



*Continued from previous page*

more than 50 American and Canadian cities. Ward Warren, the originator and only owner of the TUP enterprise, is today, at 22, a millionaire as a result of his efforts in this field.

Crawford, an ex-writer from Boston who holds a degree in psychology, spoke at length with this reporter about TPU's operations.

"About 90% of our customers are students," he estimated, who want papers "on everything from Hamlet to the History of the Bra." The cost ranges from \$3.85 per page for original work specified by a client, to \$800.00 for a Master's thesis, complete with consultations, multiple drafts, and extensive reference work. For only \$2.50 a page, a student can select a report which has already been written from among the 18,000 papers TPU has on file. These copies can be produced in 2-3 days.

Crawford commented the TPU "usually writes papers so they can be turned in as they are," but adamantly stated that his firm "limits its responsibility to producing reports." "What the students do with them after that," the co-owner continued, "is their business."

TPU maintains about 60 writers which accommodates between 60 and 100 customers each week, 90% of whom are students. "Our business is cyclical," noted Crawford in reference to quarter and semester end of term due dates. "We keep 15 writers busy who make about \$150.00 weekly." Though Crawford's partner holds a B.A. degree in Literature from N.Y.U., some of TPU's authors do not. "We have a few Ph.D's," Crawford noted, "some M.A.'s, some B.A.'s. Most are just good writers."

TPU, like its Berkeley competitor, maintains files on its customers to insure against duplication. TPU applies their policy of complete secrecy to their writers as well, refusing in any way, to identify or give out anything but vague information about them. Crawford summarized TPU's policy: "All matters regarding internal affairs are strictly confidential."

Though there has been much controversy about research paper organizations, Crawford flatly stated TPU "had not been hassled" by anybody from the academic

community, or any law enforcement agencies. However, Crawford did articulate what increasingly appears to be an underlying feeling among the employers in this field. "We pose a direct threat to the status quo and to the traditional concept of education." Crawford explained his statement. "Researching a paper became a tradition during the Victorian Age when information was difficult to obtain. This situation does not exist today, and having to do research is simply old fashioned." He noted in a later interview, "the prime number of people who are involved with printed research after their certification is diminishing," and therefore the vast number of students simply do not need the practice.

Helen Jones, office manager for F.L.O. Service Co. of 1020 "B" St. in Hayward, agrees with the spirit of Crawford's statement. Miss Jones, a Sociology major at Cal-State, Hayward, states, "Research is just a formality" a student has to go through when writing a paper.

Ken Little, a partner in the firm, expanded on this observation. "We get about 10 students a week who request research information; most are working and do not have the time to research. I know, stated the F.L.O. leader, "I'm a student at Cal-State and it's impossible to get all the researching done." He added that students pay on the average of \$5 to \$10 an order, and that all have been satisfied.

F.L.O., which takes its name from its owners, Ray Franklin, Ken Little, and Kristan Ostermiller (all Cal-State undergraduates) differs sharply from other research agencies. "We do not write term papers," declared Miss Jones in a telephone interview, "we only provide research material." She further stated that F.L.O. had decided not to provide "finished products" for students as part of its service, because "we feel that's wrong." Little added that "students who do their own research really learn more, but the important thing is in the writing."

What F.L.O. does provide, however, is word-for-word researched information on a given topic, complete with all necessary bibliographical citations. And, as all of F.L.O.'s 12-15 research aides are Hayward State

students, most of this reference work is done right in Cal-State's own library.

F.L.O. differs too from other commercial research firms because they charge by the hour, not the page. "We work on an hourly basis at \$2.50 an hour," Miss Jones stated, "with a 2-hour minimum of library work." She also indicated F.L.O. tries to accommodate students when it comes to cost. "We take into account a student's needs, wishes, and financial situation," and allot him as much research time as possible for the money he can spend.

Though F.L.O. maintains informational files on students and their papers, Miss Jones clearly indicated there was nothing secretive, or unethical, about its service. However, there are others who think most commercial research-writing agencies are not only unethical, but should be made unlawful as well.

Earlier this year, the Academic Senate of the California State Colleges reacting to the growing number of term paper agencies which are undermining student research efforts, passed a resolution denouncing the practice of selling written materials to its students.

The resolution reads:

WHEREAS, the selling of term papers to students of the California State Colleges encourages plagiarism and is a detriment to academic integrity and educational excellence, now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED:

That the Academic Senate of the California State Colleges condemns the practice of the selling of term papers to students of the California State College system.

On Wednesday, January 26, 1972, Glen Dumke, Chancellor of the State College System, attacked the term paper sales "as repugnant and morally wrong." Dumke, obviously expressing sentiments held by many professors, indicated he considered the submission of a purchased term paper by a student, as "cheating in its simplest terms."

In a strongly worded editorial entitled "Education - At a Stiff Price," the Sacramento Bee recently demanded term paper sales be halted, "even if it means formal prosecution

*Continued on page 46*



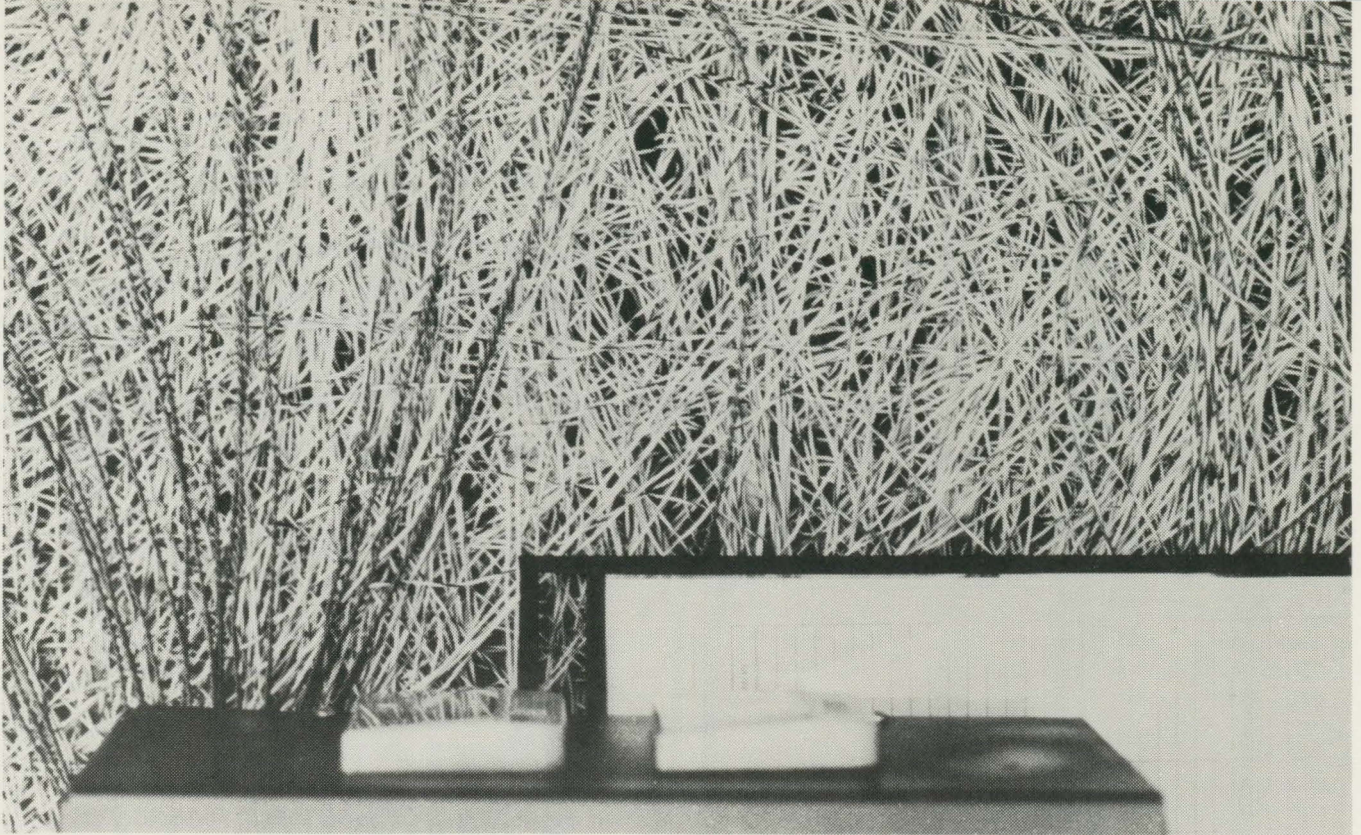


# COLUMBO'S ITALIAN Cuisine

**Columbo's Plentiful Dinners:  
a new concept in  
Italian dining**

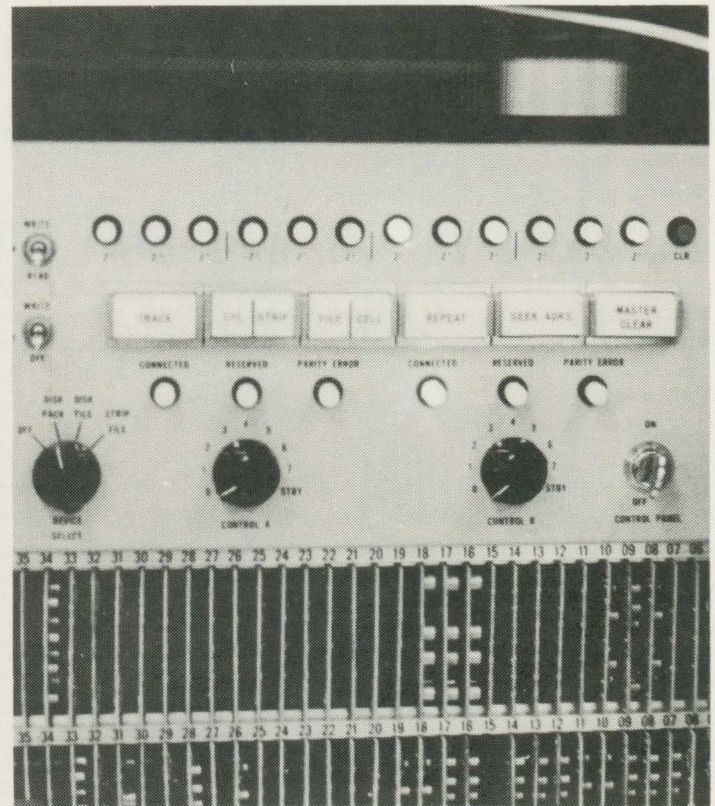
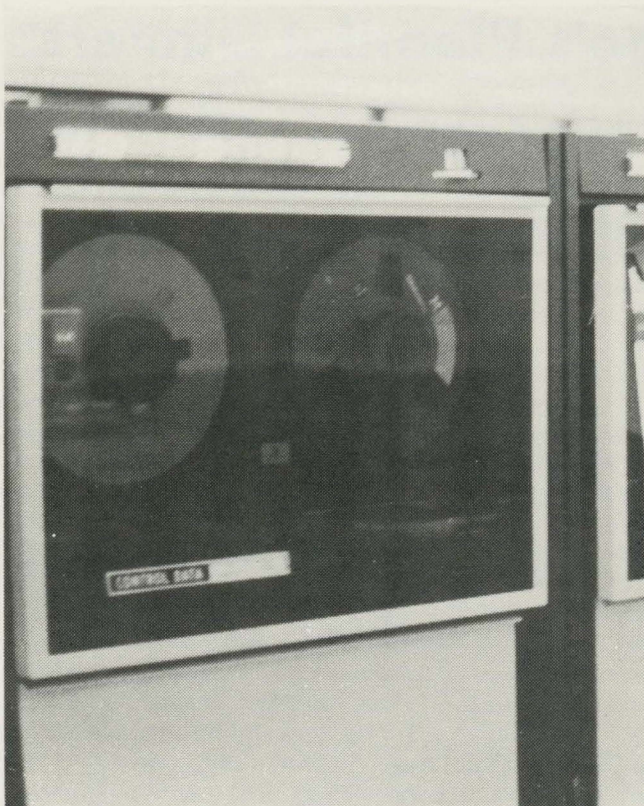
**24895 Mission Blvd.  
Hayward - 581-2335  
Sun. thru Thurs. 5-10 pm  
Fri. and Sat. 5-11 pm**



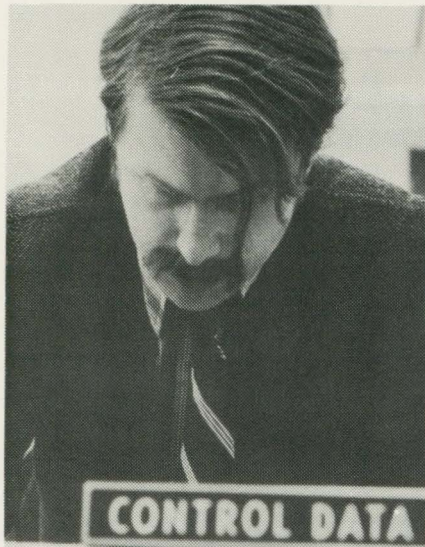


# Scapegoat Computers

*by Mike Paquette*







number could cause a student's grades to vanish.

Student grades are recorded under the student number. A clerical error could easily give the student a new number, under which the student's grades might be recorded. Later, when the machine was instructed to print out the student's grade report, the misfiled grades would not be printed. If the misfiled grades happen to land in some other student's file, somebody may wind up wondering about getting two grades in Psych 2000.

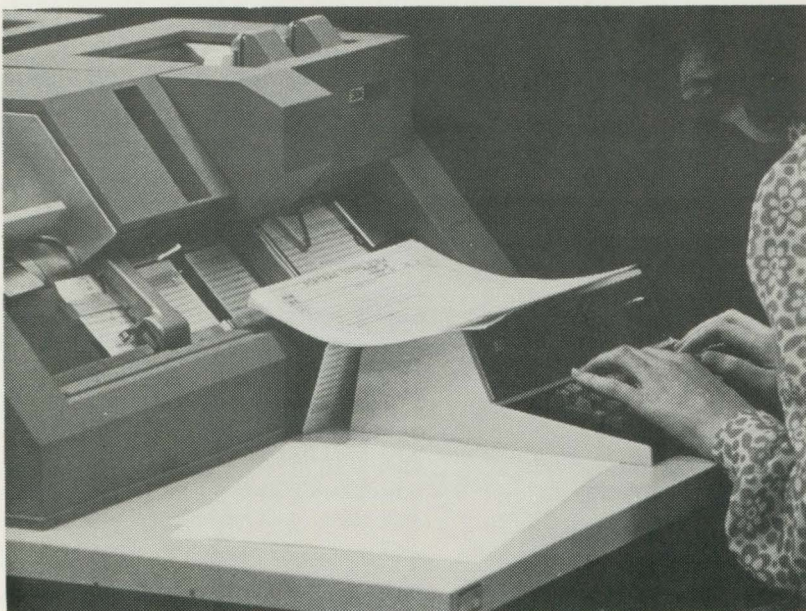
Of course, some improvements are needed in the system. When the school first acquired the CDC3150 computer, the Office of Records and Admissions was forced, by would-be efficiency experts, to stop using the Hayward Unified School District's Honeywell system, and press the new computer into service. The unit records were slapped onto the new computer, to give a functioning system. The correct procedure would have been to prepare a complete new program tailored to fit the new machine. Time to do this was not available. The result of all this is apparent to anyone who has had to deal with an error in their records.

Fortunately, now, after two years, a complete new setup has been finished. The new system is scheduled to go into service during Summer quarter. Under the new system, all students will be able to get into the system.

Students have had to live with lost report cards, fouled up records, and general bedlam in bookkeeping for quite some time. The standard explanation is that the computer is acting up. The machine is at fault.

Not so! The machine is innocent. The computer has been catching all the blame because it is a convenient scapegoat. When the machine is blamed, nobody gets hurt (except maybe the programmers!). The machine isn't responsible for most "computer errors." It's just a glorified adding machine.

When the machine does make an error, it does something obvious, like spewing 500 feet of paper out of its printer. Most trouble is caused by clerical errors. A single misplaced



# Kraski's

## Nutrition FOOD SHOP

vitamins and minerals  
sugar free foods  
whole grains  
dried fruits  
vegetable juices  
fruit packs  
salt free foods

Food Coupons accepted  
Blue Chip stamps  
(double on vitamins)



22491 Foothill  
Blvd.

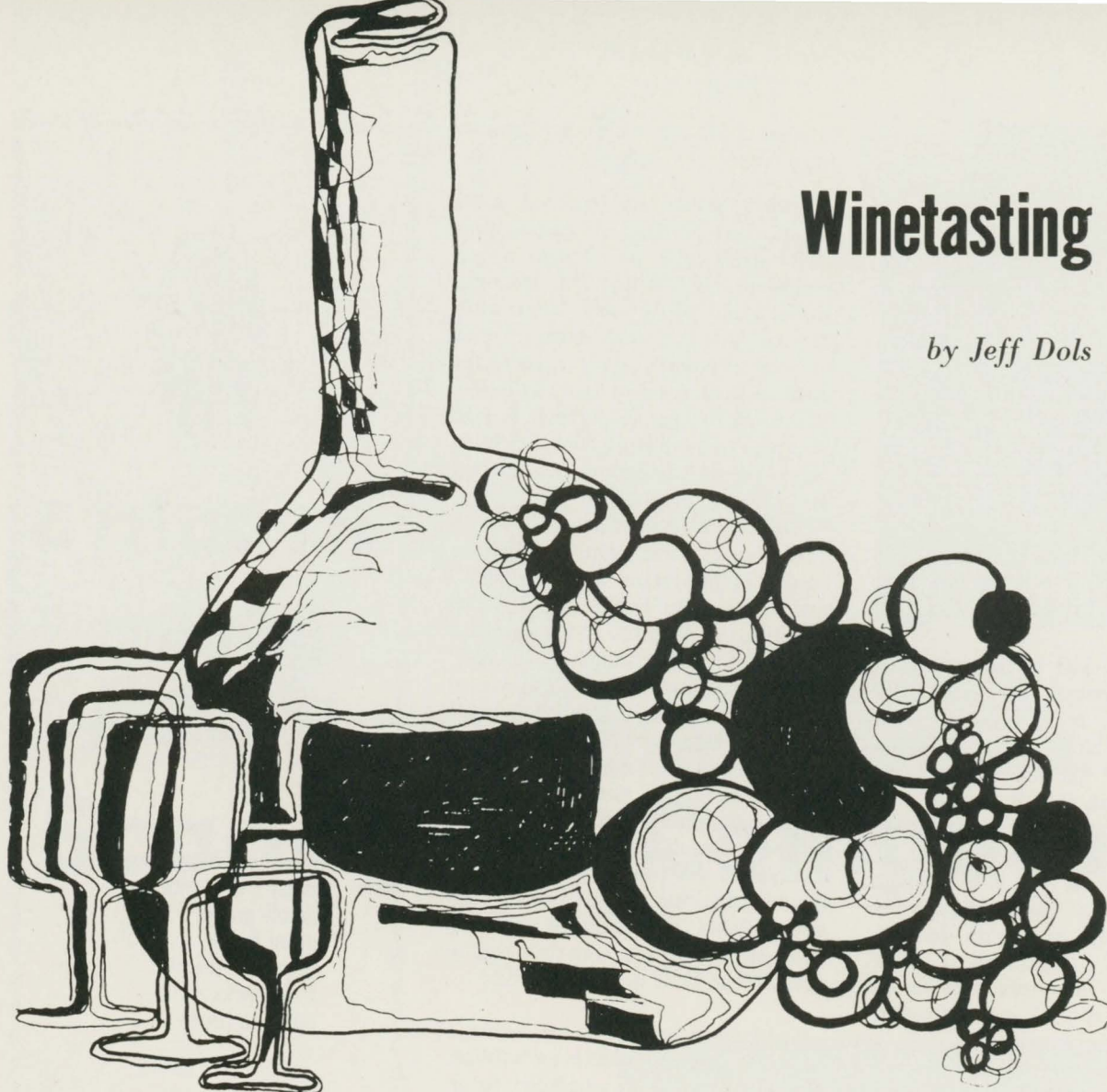
Hayward

581-2602



# Winetasting

by Jeff Dols



During the last few years, the wine industry in the United States has expanded fantastically. In 1971 Americans consumed 340 million gallons. Each year more acres of wine grapes are planted. More and more liquor stores and restaurants are increasing the varieties of wine they stock. California wineries report that more people than ever are visiting their tasting rooms. In short, the industry is enjoying a boom.

While consumption and availability of premium wines may be up, this new interest has not been accompanied by a boom in knowledge about wines. People may be spending more for their wine, but they don't seem to be sure of what they are getting.

Most wine experts say the wine you select should "match" the food that goes with it. For instance, a light, delicate white wine, such as Johannesberg Riesling, should not be

served with a highly seasoned food or with char-broiled steaks or chops. These foods have a strong, distinctive flavor of their own and stifle a light wine. It is also possible to drown out the flavor of many foods by serving a heavy, full-bodied red wine such as Gamay.

By knowing what wines to choose, you could also save yourself some money. Because of the wide range of wine prices, you could spend less if you know how to substitute wines. Cabernet and Chardonnay are usually the most expensive, ranging from \$3.50 to \$5 a bottle. Roses are fairly inexpensive, about \$2 a bottle.

In choosing a wine it is helpful to know that table wines can be grouped according to the types of foods they are best served with. Because of the type of grape and the fermenting and aging process used, certain wines are more suited to one dish than to

another.

Rhine wines are a group of light, fairly dry white wines with a tart taste and a flowery bouquet. Since it is light wine most people serve it with delicate foods. Johannesberg and Gray Riesling are both wines that go especially well with seafood. These wines should be served chilled.

Chablis-type wines are more full-bodied than the Rhine wines. They are not as dry and tend to have a crisp taste. They are served with fish, omelettes, and other light dishes. Pinot Chardonnay and Chein Blanc are Chablis and should be served chilled.

The red table wines can be divided between heavier and lighter varieties. The lighter reds include Cabernet Sauvignon, and Zinfandel. They go especially well with roast beef, ham and port, veal and most poultry served in a white sauce.

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

They should be served at room temperature or chilled very slightly.

The heavier reds, such as Pinot Noir, Charbono and Burgundy-types are served with steaks, chops, roasts with brown sauce and stews. These wines also go well with most Italian foods. Serve them at room temperature or slightly chilled.

Rose wines are grouped by themselves. Rose is an all purpose table wine that can be served with any food. A good rule of thumb might be, "when in doubt, choose a Rose."

All the wines mentioned so far have been table wines usually served with a meal. But there are other wines, Dessert and Apertif wines, that are never served with a meal. Sherry is a wine that can be served before or after a meal. Sherries range from dry to sweet, but they all have a rich nut-like taste. Port is a sweet wine that is best served after the meal or as a refreshment. There are several different types of both Ports and Sherries in a wide range of dryness, body and flavor.

Certain wines go best with certain foods. Experts will tell you how to

match them. While it is valuable to go along with the experts at the start, you may soon find yourself disagreeing with them. Wines are very personal, and you will soon discover what you like best. Make up your own list of what wines go with what foods, and ignore the experts.

To properly taste and judge the merits of a wine, you have to use your senses: sight, smell, and taste. It requires that the wine be properly served, in the right kind of glass, and at the right temperature.

Red wines are usually served at "room temperature." However, this does not mean 72 degrees. The room temperature standard was established before modern central heating systems came along. Red wines should be served at about 65 degrees (placing the bottle in the refrigerator for 5 minutes before serving will lower the temperature). White wines usually are served cold — about 45 degrees (2½ hours in the refrigerator should do it).

The glass you use should have a brim two to three inches wide and should be filled about one third full. The wide

brim allows more air to come into contact with the wine and helps to bring out its flavor. By filling the glass one third full, you leave yourself room to swirl the wine and stir up its bouquet.

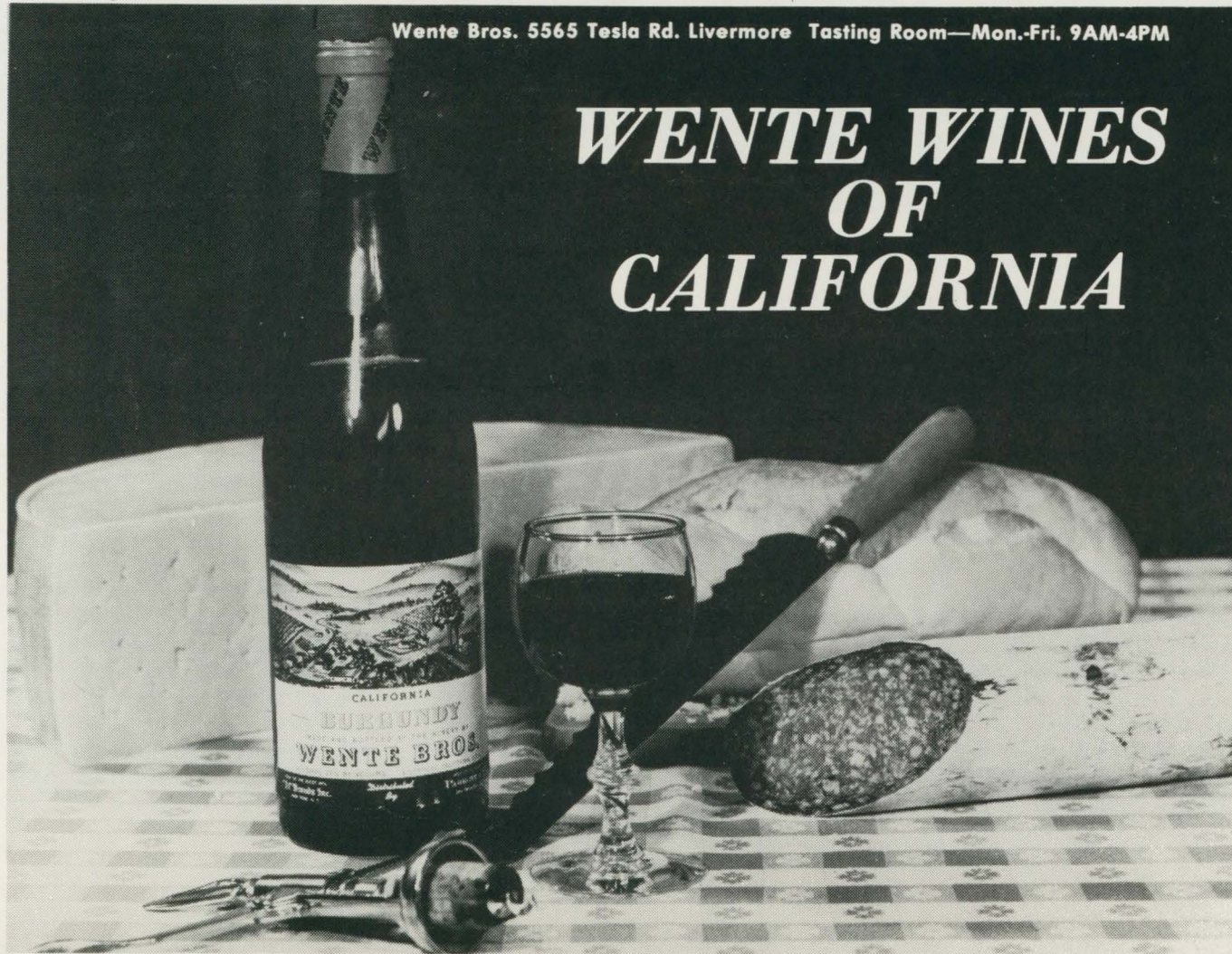
Swirl the wine around the glass and note the way it forms into sheets on the side of the glass when you set it down. A good red wine will slide down the glass in broad thin sheets. A good white wine will form into long thin fingers as it recedes down the glass.

Now is where your nose comes in. Hold the glass right up under your nose and take a good sniff. Even a beginner can enjoy the bouquet of the wine, but as you become more experienced with wines, you will be able to tell a great deal about it with your nose.

Now taste the wine. Hold it in your mouth and let all your taste buds work. Move your tongue through the wine. Look for the distinctive qualities of the wine. Note the tartness or sweetness, the degree of dryness, the body and consistancy, or other things that cause you to like or dislike it. Remember, it's all a matter of personal taste.

Wente Bros. 5565 Tesla Rd. Livermore Tasting Room—Mon.-Fri. 9AM-4PM

## WENTE WINES OF CALIFORNIA





# Alternative Family

by

Donna Zwolinski

*Diane Perkel*



Joshua, blond haired and big eyed, sits on the sofa, unusually quiet for a 2½-year-old. Small feet dangle, with one heel tapping out a persistent beat no one else hears.

A big, black shaggy dog waddles up to be cuddled. Long hair hides the shiny eyes that hunt for a friendly hand.

Karen, in an uncharacteristically domestic scene, works in the small kitchen preparing dinner. With a country simplicity, her manner is naturally friendly.

Diane sits unnaturally poised on the sofa. The gentle smile and honest beauty are her own.

Laryssa skips in, bubbling over with a million things to tell Joshua. Slightly

bigger than Josh, she speaks with the authority a 3½-year-old has over her younger brother.

Close behind Laryssa comes Nancy. Her commanding nature represents a head-of-the-household strength.

The family is home for dinner.

Although the family may seem incomplete to some, it has become real to the five people who've lived together for the past 10 months.

Three women, two children and their dog, Jenny, live and share together. Everything is communal property: clothes, money, men. They don't have "mine-type" things.

They aren't unusual people, just normal people leading unusual lives. Two are Cal State students, Nancy

Rebello and Diane Perkel. Karen Pfeifer is a former student who now works.

These five people have initiated a unique "alternative life style."

"We're doing primarily the same kinds of things we'd be doing if we were married or single, living in a hippie commune, living with a roommate, whatever," Karen explained. "Nancy would probably be working for the D.A. Diane would probably be going to school. I'd probably be working. And yet the way we're relating to each other, the children, other people, is really different."

"The way I feel towards most  
*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

alternative life styles, is it's like running away or escaping," Nancy said. "They try to change their environment somehow, with the hope that that's going to make them more mellow. Most of the communes I've lived in, and for most of the people I've known who've done that, it hasn't worked out. There are very few people working on just changing their outlook on the way they live, within the context of what they're already doing."

"It's like changing the basis instead of the environment," Diane said.

The three speak almost as one, completing each other's sentences and ideas. An annoying habit, but for them it seems natural.

"Everyone can't move to the country," Nancy reasoned, "it's a physical impossibility. If everybody moved to the country, the country would become cities. It seems to me, that people have to learn to live in the environment that they're in. I think there's nothing more basic than the way you look at things and at other people."

"As Mao says, external causes the condition of change and internal causes the basis of change," Diane said. "It really is true. You really have to start from the inside and work out."

"But I think the problem is that people don't respect other people," Nancy argued. "And I don't think that moving to the country changes that."

Diane and Nancy did make one move, out of their marriages. At the time, Karen was living with Diane and her husband, Charles. When Nancy and Diane began divorce proceedings, the three women began living together.

"It wasn't so much a matter of us not wanting to be married to the people we were married to. We just didn't want to be married," Diane explained.

The women had known each other for about six months before they set up housekeeping. They were involved in women's groups and political organizations at Cal State. Women's liberation was the common bond.

Karen stressed big advantages to living with women rather than with men. "It's very hard to be honest with men. It's easy to be surface honest.

But to actually say what you're thinking, and to say what you think they're thinking, it's very difficult. And I haven't figured out why. Some of our closest friends are men. And yet even in a living situation, where you live with the same man or men for a long period of time, it's very difficult to develop that kind of trust. It's not the kind of thing you can verbalize, cause it's not trust. Maybe it comes to respect."

"We've long since passed the point of really needing each other in terms of a material sense," Diane said. "We've all become very independent people, but still there's this kind of honesty and love that still exists that's just really incredible. I've never seen it happen in any other situation. And it certainly didn't happen in my marriage."

All three agree that trust is the basis of their relationship. It's this respect for each other that allows them to share everything.

All money goes into a joint checking account. Three names on a check tends to be confusing at times.

"When we got our food stamps, I was the head of the household, Diane was my authorized representative and Karen was one of my dependents," Nancy said.

Karen now earns the most money. But she reflected, "All three of us are financially better off than we would be living on our own."

Besides attending classes, Diane and Nancy both work at school, Diane in the financial aids office and Nancy in the legal aid office. Karen works full time off campus.

"One thing we really haven't hassled much about is everybody doing her share," Diane said. "Because everybody's really tried to bring in as much as they can without compromising themselves too badly."

Besides sharing money, all clothing belongs to the family as a whole. Clothing that was once Karen's or Nancy's, may end up in anyone's dresser. They've considered setting up two huge dressers in the hall for everyone's clothes.

"This is something that really puts my parents uptight and sort of puts Karen's parents uptight, but less so since they've gotten to know all of us," Diane said. "My mother wants to make sure that when she sends

something, it's for me. Like, if she sends me a check for \$25, she wants me to spend it on myself. But we also deposit everything in the checking account. If we can afford to splurge \$25, then we'll splurge it on everyone, and not just on one of us."

Responsibility for the house is also equally shared. "We've found that we've all been conditioned so thoroughly, that things like doing the dishes and cooking dinner come naturally," Diane explained.

Chores are not assigned. When something needs to be done, someone does it. Dishes may wait awhile. The house may need cleaning. But eventually the work is accomplished without anyone being forced into it.

"Nobody wants to rip anybody else off," mentioned Nancy. "It's not like a crash pad where you're only there a week, so you try to get out of as much as you can. We all have to live here. Everybody does what they think is their share, and so far it's worked out."

Although the children recognize their biological mother, all three women act as mothers. Karen describes it, "We share the children, the responsibilities and joys in common."

"We have a general over all theory, that the children are everybody's responsibility," Nancy said. "Diane and Karen are more objective with Laryssa than I am. And Karen and I are more objective with Joshua than Diane is. They tend to get a lot more consistent discipline, not as much retracting on thing and giving in."

Besides having three mothers, the children have seven sets of grandparents. "A maternal side, a paternal side and mine," Karen explained.

"They have ten male figures, their two fathers and about eight others, that they adapt to, get babysat by and generally mess around with," Nancy added.

Nancy countered the argument that a child needs one set of parents to relate to, by stressing the benefits their situation has brought Laryssa and Joshua.

"Most children grow up with their mothers and fathers, and then they start seeing school teachers," Nancy

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

commented, "But the men and women that they see are usually their mother and father. So they have the idea that women are what their mother is, and men are what their father is. The two of them know that women are all kinds of different things, and so are men, instead of Joshua thinking all women are like Diane."

"We have this theory," Diane said, "that in 20 years all those books they wrote about children from divided homes are going to be so out of date. Because they're going to be writing books about children from divided homes and how much healthier they are."

The children play happily together. Joshua's initial shyness disappeared quickly. Watching them together, they look at times to be neighborhood friends and in other moments they argue like siblings do.

"I think the kids are a lot more outgoing and tolerant, because they're used to functioning with a lot of different people," Nancy said.

All three women feel the children are much freer and less inhibited than children from a traditional family.

They're free to visit whom they want and free to run around naked if it's warm enough.

The children are free to make their own decisions and solve their own problems. When they argue between themselves, the women let them resolve their own conflicts.

The children have become used to this independence. Visiting people whenever they wish, they see their fathers frequently.

Even their toilet training differed from the orthodox family's. The children were first trained not to go in the house, but to go outside. They were then trained to go in the bathroom, and finally in the toilet. According to Diane, it's much easier than toilet training from the beginning.

They've found children far less trouble than most people think they are. "We really have a unique situation for having children around," Diane commented. "If Nancy comes home really tired and just can't deal with anything, she can go to her room and Karen and I will deal with the kids. If she were living with Roz (her

ex-husband) or if she were living by herself with Laryssa, she would have to cope. It really is an alternative."

Both children spend the day in daycare centers. Joshua uses Cal State's Daycare Center, but he's on the waiting list for the center in Hayward Unified School District, where Laryssa goes.

Fewer problems have resulted from the children than from complaints about picking up after each other. Nancy summed up their arguments. "I'm a fanatic neatness freak, Karen's a fanatic sloppy and Diane's a fanatic in-between forgetful type."

This led to problems when they first moved in together. "There have been times when one or the other of us, for some reason, hadn't expressed a criticism," mentioned Diane, "and it's built up into a real hostility."

She described last summer like, "riding on an ocean that had a full gale going and a tidal wave at the same time."

Periods of silent hostility were usually broken by a demand to discuss the problem. Long, honest talks helped to resolve difficulties.

*Continued on page 43*



# Hugh's Hof Brau

821 Sycamore

Hayward

Open 11 am - 8 pm Mon-Sat

Closed Sundays



# 'I Love to Steal When I can . . . '

*Story and photos by Jeff Chapman*



The Cal State baseball team has had its ups and downs this year, evidenced by its losing won-lost record, but the diamonders have a junior third baseman who has never been and hopes never to be down.

Kenny Robinson, 6-0 feet, 180 pounds, is a 21 year old transfer student from Laney Junior College in Oakland.

His assets to the Cal State baseball team this year are so numerous that coach Al Mathews can't even name them all.

"He's in the ball game all the time," said Mathews, "and he is the team leader by example.

"He works hard and he is outstanding in all aspects of the game," he added.

Robinson, through eleven games, has an overall batting average of .388 and has reached base more often than any other member of the team.

In 36 official trips to the plate, he has 14 hits. In five games, he was credited with two hits.

Besides that, Kenny has walked eight times, been hit by a pitched ball once, stolen four bases and only struck out four times.

"Sometimes the pitchers try to psych you out by throwing real hard in warmups, but I just study his motion, see how he is pitching, and see if he throws to spots," said Robinson.

"Nine times out of ten, when I go to the plate, I'm going to guess him right. It's all a matter of concentrating and relaxing.

"But you have to make contact to get on base if the pitcher is right on the money," he added.

Kenny made it obvious that he loves to hit. "I would love to hit for everybody and let them run. That would suit me just fine."

Kenny was born and raised in Arkansas and spoke of his father's experience in the sport.

"My dad played a lot down in the South, but there weren't too many scouts there looking for black players, so he left the game.

"He hoped that one of his boys would make it in the game, because he loved it so much."

Kenny is the oldest of three boys in the family, but has three older sisters. Overall, there are six girls and three

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*  
boys in the home.

Often, his parents bring all eight of his brothers and sisters out to watch his game, forming a one-family rooting section all by themselves.

He attended Oakland High School and played baseball all four years, being selected to the All-Oakland Athletic League first team in his senior year.

He won the OAL batting titles in both his sophomore and junior years at Oakland High.

After graduation, he went to Laney, where he won the Golden Gate Conference individual hitting championship both years.

In the 1969-70 season, he hit .336 and was Most Valuable Player on the team, besides making the All-GGC team.

During his next year, he upped his swinging percentage to .428, breaking seven Laney baseball records, including most doubles, most runs batted in and most hits.

With Cal State not being a scholarship school, he had doubts about coming here. "Coach Mathews could promise me a chance to play, a good education, and a possible job around campus," he said.

He was given an offer by the San Diego Padres when he graduated from high school, but turned it down in hopes of furthering his academic education first. He has also talked with representatives from the Detroit Tigers.

Kenny has played every infield position during his limited career and has also been in the outfield. He considers third base as his home.

"I play the bag like it is my home. I know that I have to stop everything that heads my way and I'll break my back to do it.

"Third base just fascinates me. It's like a separate section of the infield altogether. Like everyone else, sometimes the game rests on the ability of a players' fielding, so I try my hardest all the time."

Mathews has nothing but praise for his third sacker. "Kenny is a much better defensive player than I expected. I knew he could hit, but he has really surprised me with his fielding play.

"He's very consistent, both on the

field and at the plate. He has an arm like a rifle and is very accurate.

"He can muffle a ground ball, which he seldom does, and still have plenty of time to throw the runner out. That shows you what type of arm he actually has."

He doesn't steal that often, but when he does it's a slim chance to catch him.

"I love to steal when I can," said Robinson. "During warmups, I'd watch the catcher's style as closely as the pitcher before the start of an inning. I figure he doesn't have too hot an arm and I'll go if I get the chance.

"But some of those catchers try to impress you by steaming that ball down to second because they want you to think they can do it all day. The only way to let them prove it, or disprove it, is to run on 'em."

Kenny has been timed in 3.2 seconds just running from home plate to first base and has times of 4.0 and 4.1

---

**In came "a big fat one" and Robinson smacked it right up against the screen in front of Clark.**

---

running from the batters' stance in a game situation.

His right handed batting stance takes away some advantages of being left handed because as a left hander swings, his movement is shifted towards first base already.

"He slides very well and gets good jumps off the pitcher's delivery," injected Mathews. "He's a step ahead of everybody else on field."

Mathews also pointed out that two members of the Cal State squad, Mel Yearby and Floyd Hurndon, are on their own on the bases and that Kenny is on his way to be on his own also.

Robinson states with hesitation that Cal State will win the Far West Conference baseball title.

"We're having a little trouble with the bats in the early going, but we are a good, young team and I'm sure it will come around.

"The majority of this team are juniors and freshmen, to show you our youth. Experience plays a huge role in baseball success, so I give us a couple of more games to get the hitting up."

To date, the Pioneer pitching staff has given up an average of 2.5 runs per game, but the Cal State batting order

is averaging only 1.5 runs per contest.

Said Robinson, "Our pitching is great so far. I give (Mike) Marcoulis, (Harvey) Gabel, (Ron) LaPlante, (Jim) McPhee, (Mark) Hansen, and (Don) Watson all the credit for our wins this season. They've done a helluva job."

"I have no doubts as to whether or not we are going to win the Far West Conference baseball title this year. We are!! There is a lot of talent on this club and we are well coached," Robinson said on his way to the batting cage.

Our interview was over for the day, and it was time for the Pioneers' practice.

As assistant coach Stan Clark threw batting practice to a trio of hitters, one of whom was Robinson, Mathews walked over and said, "You'd better watch it out there Stan, Robby hits 'em right up the middle."

"Right," was the reply by Clark, who had a four-foot screen barrier for protection in front of him.

Robby took a couple of pitches, then nailed a line drive over the shortstop's head into left field.

Being allowed only three swings in the cage at a time, Robinson was very selective about the pitches he chose to take.

In came "a big fat one" and Robinson smacked it right up against the screen in front of Clark. "I wouldn't be as stupid as to come out here and pitch to him without it," he said as perspiration rolled off his forehead.

Robinson put all he had into the next pitch, sending it over Clark's head (by a foot or so) into center field.

Mathews, known to his players as "Iron Mike" figured that Clark had had enough and decided to take over for the next trio of swingers.

But the consensus of the players was that Robinson hits that way all the time. Said one individual, "It's hell pitching to Robinson . . . life insurance isn't cheap."

Meanwhile, Robinson just jogged to the dugout, picked up his hat and glove and took his position at third base while others hit.

The sting of that last hit had left his hands, but the hit that he has made in a year with his fellow players will be a long time leaving.



# ...Family

*Continued from page 40*

Despite the problems they first had, they stayed together. The reason according to Diane was, "I think it's basically when somebody's having a down, there were people there to support them. Or when someone was really up, there were people there to laugh with you."

As their relationship evolved, their attitudes towards men changed. They noticed and mentioned changes in each other that occurred when men were around. When they realized how phony it was, they stopped inhibiting themselves.

They no longer really have boyfriends, just friends who are males. Diane labeled it, their "communal pot of men."

Men have reacted variously to this new concept. Nancy said, "We've found a lot of men feel comfortable coming over, because they know they don't have to act the way they've been told they have to act. They're more comfortable. They don't feel like somebody's putting on a show, or that they are."

Other men couldn't cope with such an alien situation. Nancy described one man she'd been sleeping with. "When I was on vacation, he slept with Diane. When I came back, he was afraid I was going to know. I already knew it was going to happen and sort of assumed it. He put it in the middle of a conversation about the weather or something. And my reaction was, 'oh, okay, yeh,' and I went on with what I was talking about. And he was hurt. He was hurt because I didn't get upset. And I didn't see any reason to get upset. But when I slept with his roommate, he got upset! He locked himself in his room for a day and a half. And called up on the telephone and told us to send his roommate home. It's really strange the kind of reaction you get from people who have always been taught to think one way."

Sharing for these women has worked out. But they do insist on having their

own rooms. Their own room is a place they can go to escape the daily confusion.

"One of the reasons I think this is better than a normal family," remarked Nancy, "is everybody has her own room. Maybe marriages would work better if people had their own rooms. There's something about having that amount of privacy."

Presently the children share a room, and each woman has her own room. Karen's room is actually a converted dining area. They have been looking

"When I was on vacation, he slept with Diane. When I came back he was afraid I was going to know. I already knew it was going to happen and sort of assumed it. . . But when I slept with his roommate, he was upset!"

for a larger house, with four bedrooms for 10 months.

"We've been living here temporarily since we moved in," Diane laughed satirically. "People do not want to rent to three single women with two children."

Nancy said prospective landlords object to them because they're college graduates and not married. "The first thing is they say they have a yard and it needs taking care of, so they have to have a man around. Second, they don't want to be called out every time something needs to be fixed. And the other thing is we all must be hippies, because any woman who's a college graduate and doesn't have a husband or a family is a hippie."

Until they can find a person willing to rent to them they'll stay in their house, now overcrowded with posters, artwork and the family.

A unique family. Perhaps they are the only ones who could make it work.

## Carlos Bee Residence Hall

FOLLOW ME  
TO CARLOS BEE



CAN YOU RELATE TO

- \*People living and working together
- \*3 meals daily (we do the dishes)
- \*Weekly linen exchange of sheets and pillowslip
- \*Weekly cleaning service in your room
- \*Student-managed activity program
- \*Recreational activities Color TV
- \*Laundramat and dry cleaning service
- \*Study rooms
- \*Easy walking distance to campus
- \*24 hour visitation policy

## Carlos Bee Hall

25400 HILLARY STREET  
HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA 94542

PHONE 415 582-4745

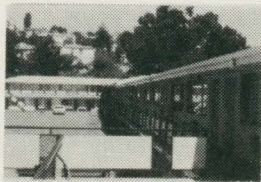




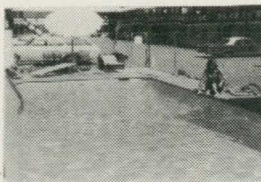
## Mission Lodge



*water beds*



*direct dial  
phones*



*heated pool*



24400 Mission  
Boulevard

537-5404

# Confessions of a Dropout

by Laurence Hilmond



"My dropping out wasn't a rejection of learning. I dropped out so that I could learn."

Ernie was in his sophomore year at Cal State when he drew a safe number in the newly instituted draft lottery.

"While doing research for papers, I always used to come across stuff in the library that I wanted to read, but didn't have the time. After I got my draft number, I really went nuts. I played lots of basketball, and spent all kinds of time reading in the library. I was free! When the finals rolled around, I knew the stuff but didn't feel any motivation to prove it. I walked out and just never came back."

Since then he has worked as an office boy, a house painter, a store detective, a vendor at Oakland A's games, and an apple picker in the state of Washington. Throughout it all he has been intent on continuing his own education.

"I enjoy learning. I read endlessly.

But mostly I've been trying to learn about life by living it. In a sense, I dropped out so that I could do things as well as just learn about them. I guess I've been trying to discover what options and alternatives a person really has in life."

While Ernie talked, his fingers traced abstract designs in the sand at Alameda Beach. He frowned as he tried to verbalize the things that bothered him most about the educational system he had rejected.

"Somehow we have taken the 'man is a machine' myth to its logical conclusion. We educate on a cybernetic model — as if input were the basis of learning. In and of itself, information is worthless. Education should be an integrative process in which students are encouraged to find relationships among data — to give structure to information and ideas. Then they should be allowed to seek

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

out applications for resulting insights. Why know facts if you can't put them together and make use of them?"

But this, he says, isn't all that should be changed in contemporary education.

"It's time we stopped making learning a chore. Grades, tests, authoritarian teachers and busy-work assignments are merely counterproductive. We accept the Calvinist notion that work and play are functionally separate. Maslow showed that for self-actualized persons this simply isn't the case. Education should be a joyful experience. It should be play."

Between jobs Ernie likes to spend his time fishing, clamming, reading, foraging, or taking in a good film. He looks forward to these respites between times of work-a-day living.

"To me, life is a process of experimentation. Each job is a learning experience. I find the idea of a 'career' frightening. Personal growth is more important to me than financial security. I can't ever see myself being in just one thing for any long period of time."

But it is clear that there are some things which remain continuous enjoyment for him. His usually calm dark eyes light up when he speaks of the living experiences he loves most.

"I really dig kids. They're so open-minded about everything. They seem to know that life is here simply for the living.

"Lately, too, I've been getting interested in film as an art form. It represents an integration of all kinds of art forms. It can be bigger than life and intimate at the same time. There's an involvement between music, photography, drama, and even sculpture. It can be a smorgasbord from which people extract those things of use to themselves."

Ernie seems to be most himself when deeply involved in speculative discussion. His animated way of speaking communicates a concern for the future of life on this planet.

"We can't keep going around decrying how bad everything is. We've got to start with what we have available to us, and work comprehensively toward solutions. As long as we continue to assume that there can never be enough to go

around, there never will be. A lot of farmers get paid for not planting, but who gets paid for not eating?

"Capitalism and communism are outmoded. They're economies based on scarcity. The beauty of a thinker like Bucky Fuller is his demonstration that an integrated world technology could do more and more with less and less — like a 500 pound Telstar outperforming 75,000 tons of transocean copper cable. Wealth is energy and raw materials, not money. The earth is incredibly wealthy. 'Every man for himself' isn't true."

Although his neat, almost conservative style of dress would seem to deny it, Ernie much prefers outdoor work to indoor work. So far, apple picking has been his favorite job.

"In the city, you expect a certain amount of hostility. Up where I was in Washington, people were really friendly. At first I was scared because I was grubby, had long hair, and am not white. But they made me feel accepted for what I was.

"Besides, seasonal work gives me the chance to vacation while I'm still

*Continued on next page*

**GLENN'S LIQUOR**

**OPEN 9 AM TO MIDNIGHT**  
**29851 Mission Blvd.**  
**Hayward**

**Having a Party?**



*Continued from previous page*

young enough to enjoy it. And the travel that goes along with it gives me insights into people and ideas, such as the so-called bums I met while picking apples. Mostly, they're just guys who've broken out of routine. I learned a lot from some of them."

People, says Ernie, shouldn't allow themselves to be categorized. Rather, he argues, they should try to become all that they can be.

"People are more than words. Pigeonholing them is too easy. They start believing it themselves, and that smashes their potentialities.

"That's what's wrong with so many of our love relationships today. People in love should support each other's growth. As soon as one starts trying to remake the other, growth ceases.

"People in love shouldn't try to be the same. They should mutually compliment each other. Then there's mutual support, and not just reflections of each other's strengths and weaknesses."

Basically, Ernie is optimistic. It comes through in the self-assured way he discusses his own future.

"Maybe someday I'll go back to school and become a teacher. I'd like to help kids learn how to use their own resources. I have a lot of ideas

about how education might be improved." He smoothed out the Alameda beach sand where his designs had been embossed moments before.

"Maybe by getting an advanced degree and involving myself in

experimental education, I could spearhead something. Well... We'll see..."

And that "We'll see" seems to sum up Ernie's approach to living — relaxed, confident and footloose.

## ...Termpapers

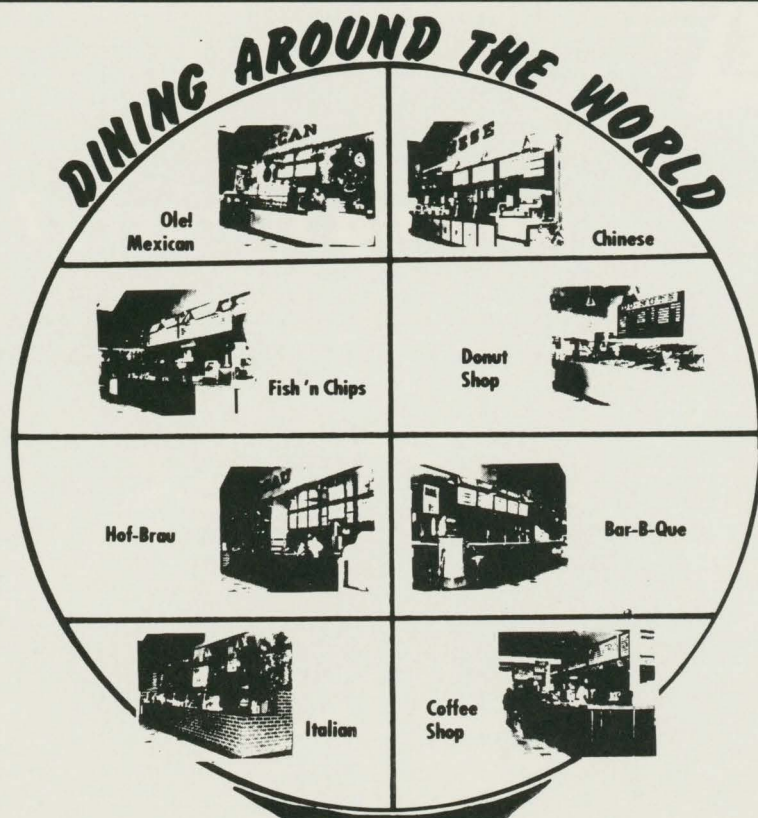
*Continued from page 32*

of the peddlers and punitive action against those students who cheat their way around the semester-end assignment, a tough but traditional chore of research and writing." To put "bite" into this kind of "bark" Assemblyman Jim Keysor (D-Granada Hills) introduced a Bill in late January that will prevent the sale and advertising for sale of term papers intended to be used by a student as his own effort. Keysor, in a statement published by his office at that time, said, "Such conduct is already a basis for academic discipline against the student who uses such materials. There is no particular statute, however,

which is specifically directed at the actions of non-students in selling term papers."

However, the passage of Keysor's A.B. 230 "would make it a misdemeanor for anyone to distribute any term paper, thesis or dissertation for a fee when the subject of the material has been assigned to a student for academic credit in an institution of higher learning in this State." The Bill was reviewed and amended.

AB 230 was finally turned down on the floor of the Assembly after the opponents of the measure insisted such a law infringes on the basic principle of freedom of expression.



## EIGHT EXCITING RESTAURANTS IN ONE!!!

The entire family can enjoy a fabulous variety of inexpensive meals in the air conditioned comfort of WORLD'S FARE.

Take a World's Fare break for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or snack time. You'll taste the greatest food in town for mini-prices.

### HOURS:

Open: 7 Days a Week 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Coffee Shop & Donut Shop  
open 6 a.m. for the early birds

# WORLD'S FARE RESTAURANT

Southland West, Hesperian Blvd.



# A CHECKING ACCOUNT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE CONFUSING (NOR DOES IT HAVE TO BE EXPENSIVE)

Bank of America introduces the College Plan. Here's what you get:

**LOW COST** only \$1 a month during the school year.

**NO CHARGE** in June, July and August. Get a year 'round checking account at nine months' cost!

**MONTHLY STATEMENTS** 12 months a year.

**ALWAYS OPEN** even during the summer — all college checking plans have this feature. You can keep your account open throughout the summer with a zero balance at no charge.

**SPECIAL LOW COST CHECKS** or, if you wish

— for a small additional charge — beautiful, full color scenic checks that show sporting events or California scenery from the surf to the Sierras.

**OPTIONAL SERVICES TO AUGMENT YOUR COLLEGE PLAN CHECKING ACCOUNT** Instant Cash — which protects you against the cost and inconvenience of overdraft checks. Plus our widely popular BankAmericard."

**COME IN TO YOUR NEARBY BANK OF AMERICA BRANCH SOON.** Find out about this new service. Ask any teller — or, pick up a copy of our booklet *The College Plan* which gives all the details.

## **BANK OF AMERICA**<sup>NT & SA</sup>

available only at these branches:

**Watkins-Fletcher Branch**, 24089 Watkins Street  
**Mission-Sorenson Branch**, 26801 Mission Boulevard  
**Hesperian-La Playa Branch**, 24700 Hesperian Boulevard  
for more information, call 537-1121

Member FDIC



# ***The One That Got Away***

*by Jim Coolbaugh*

A barracuda may not be the most dangerous fish in the sea, but I met one in September that made a believer out of me.

Robert and I fired up the tired old motor on the dingy and chugged from our mooring in St. Thomas harbor to a small jetty around the point, below the ruins of Bluebeard's 18th Century fortress. We tied up on a rusty old steel ladder and donned our snorkeling gear. The water was warm and clean — crystal blue. I treaded water while struggling to cock the double spring speargun against my stomach. That accomplished, we headed along the south shore, exploring the coral and limestone formations.

Schools of multi-colored aquarium sized fish swarmed along on their zig-zag courses, keeping just out of our reach. Gray lumps of brain coral spotted the sandy bottom, surrounded by black spiney sea urchins. I test fired the gun at several lumps of coral, but merely churned up the sand without hitting the coral. We slowly drifted along in 20 feet of water, occasionally diving to the bottom when something looked interesting.

In water this deep, it is very difficult to get close enough to a large fish for a good shot with a speargun. Several times, I had close shots, but missed each time. After an hour or more, Robert swam back to the jetty and stretched out in the hot afternoon sun.

By now, I had discovered that a poor marksman had a better chance of hitting something in shallow water. I blazed away.

Eventually I got the feeling that the fish rated me such a lousy shot that they could safely make a game out of it. They would dash in, smirk, and be gone, inches before my spear buried in the sand. Trying to salvage what little remained of my prowess, I made some threatening gestures and swam away. Some of the more presumptuous players

followed along behind, trying to coax me back. I turned my head and shot a menacing glare and they disappeared. Turning back to continue, my heart nearly stopped. Some 40 feet away was the biggest fish I'd seen all day. Easily four feet long, the thin silvery shape presented a motionless broadside shot that I knew I couldn't miss.

I gave several strong kicks with my fins, then came to the fastest dead stop I could manage. My "quarry" had slowly drifted around to face me and I could see nothing but teeth. Tales of barracuda attacks welled up in my mind and the fish vanished. One very short and loud heartbeat later, he appeared a body's length away from my mask. The barracuda waited, his jaws slowly opening and closing. Acres and acres of long sharp teeth.

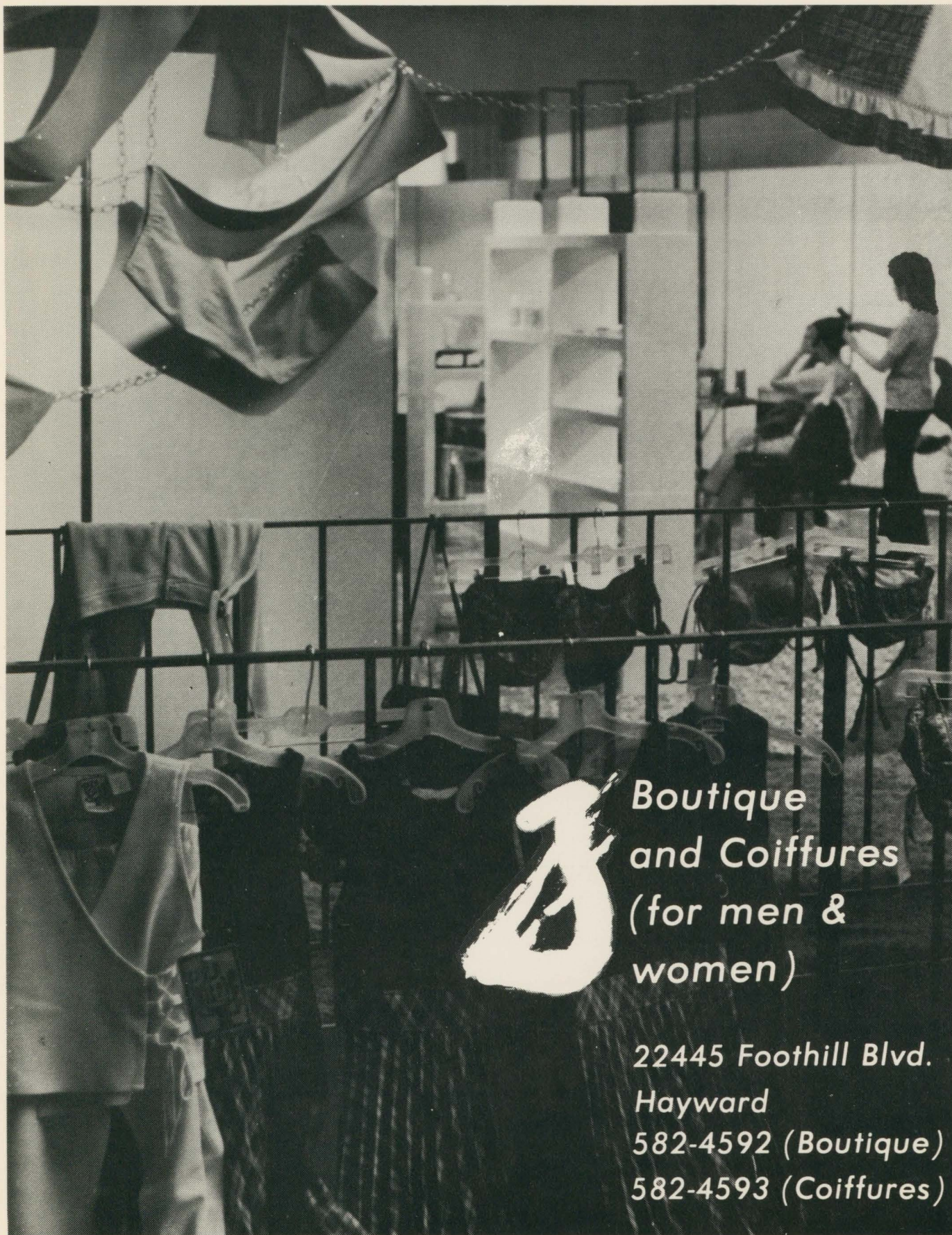
With the nonchalance of a jellyfish, I back pedalled until I could get the speargun between his face and mine. Slightly reassured, I contemplated shooting. But suppose I missed? Or worse yet, what if I just grazed him? Even at that close range, the possibility didn't inspire me. Besides, which, being face to face, he didn't present that much of a target. I had consistently missed better shots than that all afternoon.

I gave a short feint with the spear. He didn't move — just those great jaws opening and closing. That did it! Furiously, I back pedalled until I had enough room to turn and run — yes run. I was too scared to swim.

Nearing the ladder, I took a chance and glanced back. He was less than a foot above my butt. I didn't bother to check his teeth, figuring they'd still be there.

With one mighty pull, I grabbed that old ladder and hurled myself out of the water — gasping, babbling, and bleeding. The entire width of my right palm had been neatly sliced open. I don't know when that happened, and I doubt the barracuda had done it. But to say he did makes the end of the story better, and besides, "who needs truth if it's dull."





**Boutique  
and Coiffures  
(for men &  
women)**

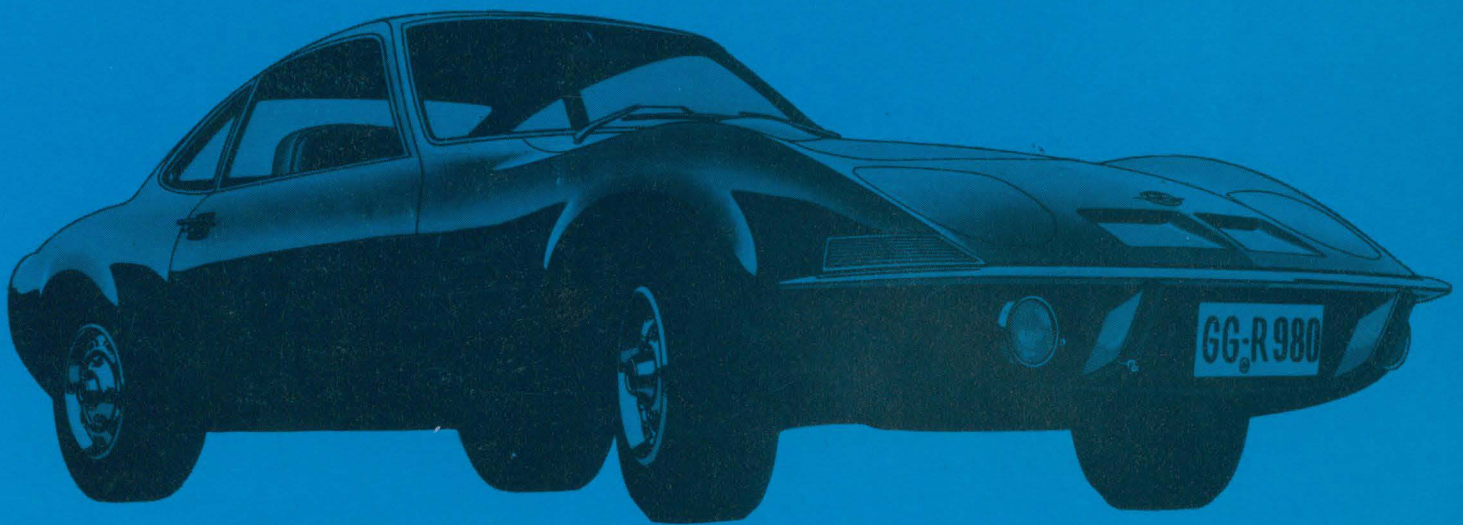
**22445 Foothill Blvd.  
Hayward  
582-4592 (Boutique)  
582-4593 (Coiffures)**



# THIS OPEL IS RATED GT.

## 1972 Opel GT

IT MOVES LIKE IT  
LOOKS. AND IT'S  
PRICED LESS  
THAN YOU THINK.



# Turner Buick-Opel

22850 Mission Boulevard, Hayward

581-2644