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## Pacific Review Winter 1970

Pacific Alumni Association

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UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC

# PACIFIC REVIEW

WINTER  
1970

STOCKTON - SAN FRANCISCO - SACRAMENTO

*India  
Land of the Bharatas  
Twenty-two years young  
Five thousand years old  
Caught in the sand between*







DARRYL PARRISH

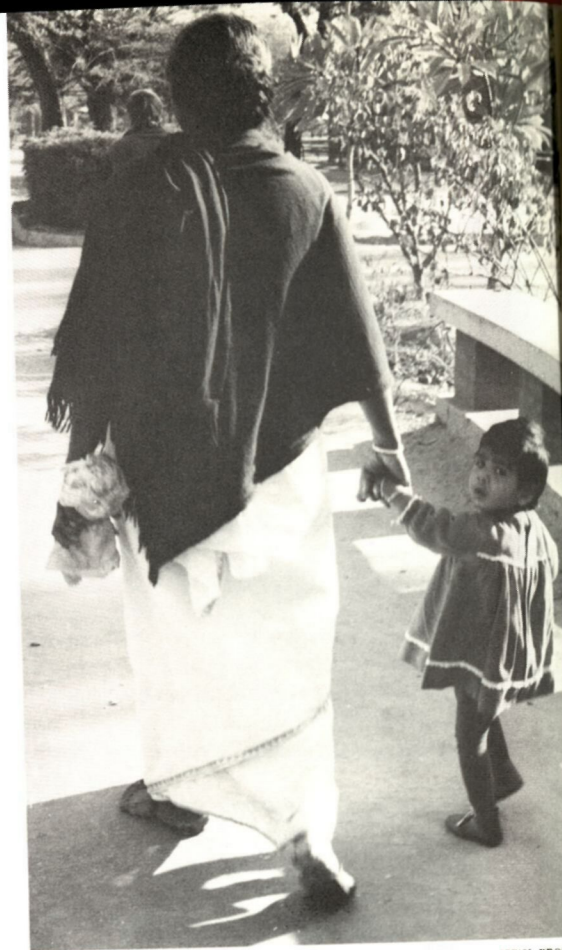
Editor's note:

The charter class of Pacific's third cluster college, Callison College, has returned from its sophomore year in Bangalore, India. This experience, unique in American higher education, is reported in the first 17 pages of this issue of the *Pacific Review* by the students who lived it.

The cover photograph, by Craig Patterson, shows Craig and Ginger Stephens on a hillside overlooking a lovely high valley near the city of Bangalore. The verse on the cover was written by Miss Robbieburr Burger.

I wish to thank all the students and faculty members who took time to contribute their writing and photography to this issue—with special thanks to Miss Karen Marston who gathered together virtually every word and every photographic negative produced by the Callison class, selected the material, layed out the pages, read proofs, and saw the project through to completion. She was the actual editor of this issue.

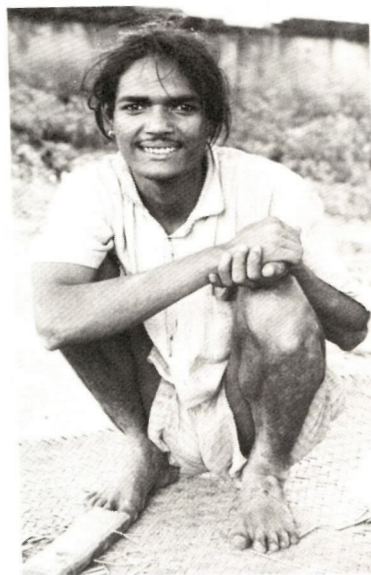
—JACK WHITE



JUDY PROULX

*Loaded with packages, I was rushing home. As I passed a little girl with her mother, she placed her two little hands together and said, "Namaskara ma'm." I whirled around, putting my hands together, with packages between, called "Namaskara Ma'm." The little girl broke into a wide smile and bowed. I bowed and went on my way—only slower and with a little bounce.—KAREN MARSTON '71*

KAREN MARSTON



CRAIG PATTERSON





# A Letter to Friends

Why is all given to some—so few? Why is all given to me?—youth, motivation, strength, physical “beauty,” brains, skills, money, love, years full of experiences, potentially many years more . . .

Why the hell am I so lucky? How can anyone with eyes in this country of hungry, hollow-eyed people be complacent?

Here I am making smug little plans for the future—itineraries for the “sights” of Europe, applications for jobs and “positions,” plans for a career that is pure selfishness and which, called by any other name, would stink just as much of hedonism.

And the irony is, I know that these things are ludicrous and awful, yet I feel no shame. I take it all as if it were rightfully mine, as if somehow I deserved it more than the 90% of the world that never eats enough, that dies with mucous crusts on their eyeballs and knots of worms in their bellies.

By JUDY PROULX '71

□ So. You want to know about India. Or what I remember of it — those are quite different things, though. You know—I really know so little about her—India; it's only when one moves away from a place, or a person or thing that the inner lens of one's mind is clear.

Just now I can offer only smatterings and splashings of thought—little dots of color, a pointillistic composition not yet recognizable as a picture.

All right then. There's the skinny, chocolate-colored harijan\* who waters down and sweeps the compound; in his eyes—large and yellow with secret hates—gleams an awful vengeance as he throws cans of water on the ochre earth. He casts about him with quick, jerky motions, then catches the end of his short bundle of straw and quickly sweeps up the decaying leaves and petals, the bothersome misplaced pebbles, and a rich cloud of choking brown dust. The rhythm of his broom whispering, the sound of the can scraping bottom in the pail, and the spatter of heavy drops will linger. . .

There is the sun, and its colors—the colors of mud, baked earth, stucco walls, red tiles. There is the brief hour of coolness as it climbs the morning side of the sky, and then the long, lingering of heat so ferocious, so unbearable, and so inescapable that, but for high-ceilinged rooms and shady ban-

yans, I too would drop, like the paper-flowers. As the sun burns its way westward, and crows cackle the approach of evening, the colors change, and change. The whole sky, which has been all day a blank, imperturbable blue, takes on a pinkish glow. In a little while one's curtains and verandah are suffused with tones of peach and amber and persimmon. Then, light fading, hues paling into lavender, the palm trees, arches and roof lines of buildings silhouette themselves in dark relief against the sky. Sanje—evening.

What more? Old women — brown, very wrinkled, with earlobes stretched comically, grotesquely to their shoulders, breasts sagging to their navels, eye pouches soft and puffy on their withered cheeks. Old women have a peculiar smell of not-quite-clean saris, rancid coconut oil, aged and no longer vital sweat. The sapping liquids, the spicy and astringent odors of their betel-stained mouths, and the accumulation of years of bitterness—these lodge the women on my mind like sour spittle on grass.

Markets bright with powdery cones of kum kum, printed saris lifting in market alley air . . . hardware stores with brass jars big enough to hide a child, small brass lotas, statuettes of Ganesh, and lumpy incense burners. Stalls exhibit stiff and styleless children's clothing, woven cloth sacks, hand towels and wool scarves for the head. All the time these things are passing, rich, bold odors of urine, dung, hot



Judy Proulx will graduate from Cal-lison College with a major concentration in international business, specifically export-import area. Her interests are mainly in the arts. She is an accomplished actress and writer and has mastered the Indian art of batik. During her junior independent study month, she will travel to London to study an artist community.

coffee, oranges, and sweat boiling up into one's nostrils. These odors are good, real—like the place itself—nothing halfway about it.

In the streets, stray mangy dogs shy away, because they are used to being kicked, and sloe-eyed clumsy bullocks meander, dipping their curved horns. They are slow and patient, and they block the alleyways with their bony white haunches.

There are little boys with pearls for teeth and scar tissue stumps for hands, little girls with ornate tilaks, grimy hands, oiled hair, and fat little legs sticking out of too-small flared dresses. Here are open hands, demands for money, and all kinds of deformities—stumps, sores, withered limbs, blind eyes, skin diseases peeling white, hunchbacks, lepers, putrifying human vegetables. And all around, behind, beyond, the melting loveliness of the day as it runs its course of more than 5000 years of days, and the sun, gilding the brown faces and the temple, and the blue minarets. □

\*Gandhi's name for the Untouchables, meaning “Children of God.”



# Happiness

By DARRYL PARRISH '71



CRAIG PATTERSON

DOUGLAS MOORE



- ☆ sunsets, sunrises, violet skies
- ☆ massive stars, moons suspended in black
- ☆ smiles from brown wrinkled faces
- ☆ eyes huge and black and wise
- ☆ non-sterile environment, sights, sounds, smells mingled into one
- ☆ awareness of body, walking, exercise, hands busy at work
- ☆ sense acute
- ☆ slow pace of life with time infinite and rest
- ☆ sleep, moments of total silence
- ☆ beggars moving around me along aisles of buses and maimed, deformed, diseased
- ☆ the cry of mankind
- ☆ and with feelings of guilt I sat in wholeness
- ☆ sensitivity
- ☆ people interacting with people
- ☆ retaining their humanity
- ☆ spiritual forces burst forth into the world of diversity and contradictions.
- ☆ hospitality and kindness and friends for life even though time moves on
- ☆ always warm
- ☆ touching bodies
- ☆ physical expression of feelings for each other
- ☆ I the West
- ☆ realization of values and tendencies
- ☆ depressions and utter joy
- ☆ lapping waves on the sand
- ☆ overcoming my values of space and privacy
- ☆ roughing it
- ☆ lying on train floors
- ☆ and soot
- ☆ vendors wailing
- ☆ Moslem call to prayer piercing the still
- ☆ music blaring and radios and sitars and village instruments
- ☆ ashrams and silence pervading like sleep
- ☆ bargaining and haggling and the joy of a shopkeeper having made a morning sale
- ☆ laughing children
- ☆ temples, carving, sculpture ancient
- ☆ Shiva and Vishnu



# me in India



Darryll Parrish, who is concentrating in South Asian Studies, has a very deep interest in India. While in India, he studied sitar and batik. Using his skill in photography, he did a very sensitive photo-essay for his Indian field project. Currently, he is studying Chinese brush painting. He will be returning to India this fall to deepen his knowledge of India.



JUDY PROULX



CHRIS SZECSEY



KAREN MARSTON



- ☆ cow dung on rocks drying
- ☆ vivid colors alive
- ☆ pavement covered with grain and tires roll
- ☆ firewalking and nights under the stars
- ☆ surging high
- ☆ flowing on the wind
- ☆ life and death
- ☆ alms sahib
- ☆ beggar kids befriended
- ☆ swaying and standing on buses
- ☆ child in my lap
- ☆ father and son
- ☆ baskets filled with fruit
- ☆ city market, browsing, watching
- ☆ smelling
- ☆ living close to nature
- ☆ subsistence level
- ☆ nature maintaining her balancing ways
- ☆ early morning in Bombay and sunrise
- ☆ tears
- ☆ gone
- ☆ flashes of moments past
- ☆ it's alright
- ☆ it's life and life only . . .



# The Music of Om

*Where the hand goes, There also should go the eyes.  
Where the eyes go, There should go the mind.  
Where the mind goes, Bhava (feeling) should follow.  
And where Bhava goes, There Ras (mood) arises.  
So the words of ancient times are spoken to guide  
the dancer in creating and fulfilling his art.*



*Laurie McBride, on tabla, accompanies  
Darryll Parrish and Paul Sitzer on sitar.*

CHRIS SZECSEY



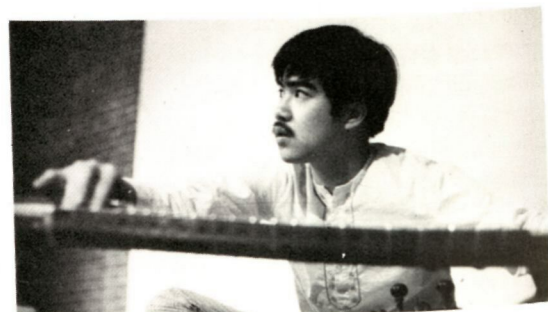
CRAIG PATTERSON

*To many students, music and dance gave a glimpse of the  
essence of India. Jo Valens and Jean Danielson display  
their talent in a performance of a dance written by them.*

☐ Guru had once told me while sitting before him, after practicing the tabla, that the sound it produced was that of "OM." The conception of "OM," Indians relate was the first word uttered by man. "OM" means perfect or everlasting. If one hits the tabla it does emit a sound of "OM."

I often wonder whether a Westerner can fully understand the Music of India. One can learn to play it with all its graces, but can we ever learn to express it as an Indian really would? Then taking this further, is it necessary to grasp the deep psychological answers which the Hindustani artist is trying to convey? Often, when I listen to a concert I do not really realize what stirs the audience. In this frame of mind I enjoy more than lose myself in it. Enjoyment in this sense comes in the driving tabla beat and the mastery of which the Indian sitarist has taken years to learn his art. However, reflecting on my own system of music, I can appreciate the mournful cry of a lone trumpet, and also that of the sorrowful gamuka of the Hindustani artist. If man cries in one culture, he may cry in the same manner in another culture. In justifying this, the statement "experience in two or more cultures is the same, but expressions are somewhat different." Where a section of a large orchestra in the West needs the bass and treble sections to give the piece the full dynamic concert, Indian Music works on the principle of a single pitch found in the sruti of the Thunpura.

—RANDALL WONG '71





# The Sound of Devotion



DARRYL PARRISH



KAREN MARSTON

*... science derives from the outer light,  
it must be complemented by the  
inner light. You have developed the  
head; the heart did not keep pace.  
With us it was the opposite. It is with  
the development of the heart we have  
been concerned in India, and we are  
still concerned.*

ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE

It isn't buildings and the ruins, or the rituals and cults, or the snake stones under trees or the saris or the caste marks, or the food. Nothing like that. If it were something like that I could satisfy all those hungry minds of people in the U. S., who write and ask me, "What is India like?" But Hinduism isn't conceptual for me; and so I struggled for a while, trying to force some of what I felt into word-molds, conceptual patterns; I was frustrated.

Now I admit how foolish I was. The concepts are there and I let them be. And the world outside, the thousands of sights and sounds, colors, and closeness, the basic humanness I feel—I let those grow in me. I was fighting the current of something terribly vast and ineffable, trying to put limits on it. Now I move with the current, taste it, feel it, breathe it.—JUDY PROULX '71



KAREN MARSTON

The essence of the Vedic chanting lies, not in the words, but in the perfection of sounding the words. Thus the devotional song reflects an emotion and an experience which are deeper and wider and older than the emotion or wisdom of any single individual. The song is the ritual which sets at rest that wheel of the imagination and the senses which alone hinder one from contact with reality.

—SUE MEANS '71



# The Games Children Play

By DEBBIE BECKER '71

□ The wind blows everywhere and the wind sees everything. In India the wind seems warmer than the wind in other parts of the world, but it is still the wind that blows hair off a sweating face or makes the clouds move. It is the wind that bends the trees and makes the rice paddies look like oceans of waving green. It is the wind that makes ladies hold on to their saris and makes men stop their work in the fields, thankful for the breeze. It is the wind that sends a hat flying down the street. It is the wind that brings the perfume of the street to the doors of the houses. It is the wind that carries kites high in the air and makes the pinwheels turn and sets balloons free.

You may ask what the wind has to do with children and their games. You may ask, what difference does it make what games the wind plays and what work it does? Well, to many people it makes very little difference, but to children it makes a great deal of difference. And to the wind it makes a great deal of difference.

You see, the wind and children are very much alike in one way: to both of them work and play are the same thing. When a child is building a castle out of

sand, his parents say he is playing, but if you watch, you will see the child is working very hard. Adults accuse the wind of playing also. "The wind is playing havoc with the gate," they say meaning that the wind is working very hard to remind the adults to close the gate firmly the next time they come through it.

Because of the wind's and children's similarity, they are friends. The children love to watch the wind and its work and the wind loves to watch the children.

The wind is very old and the children are very young. The wind understands the games children play and the rules they make because he has watched many children play, but the children often don't understand the wind's games and just love to watch. Because this story is about children and not the wind, and because the wind is older and knows more about children than I do, the wind will blow us through the streets and fields to the ocean and into the market; it will blow us through streets to schools and it will show us children playing and working.

The gate is open and the wind is pushing us on to an adventure. Hey,



*Debbie Becker, who is from San Mateo, California, has a major concentration in literature with a special interest in children's literature and creative storytelling. While in India, she not only studied children and their games, but also became talented in the South Indian dance.*



CRAIG PATTERSON



the wind has stopped pushing. Where are we? Wonder why we stopped here in the market? There is a small child playing with the dirt of the street, I wonder what she is saying to herself? Look, she is watching us and smiling; now she is playing again, absorbed in the dust and the scraps as the adult world hurries past.

The wind has started again, but it only pushes us a little farther into the market. There are two boys sitting on the ground with baskets of oranges in front of them. Any one can see that they are businessmen; but wait—they are rolling oranges at a third orange and trying to hit it. There is real skill attached to this game because all the time the boys are playing they must keep an eye out for customers.

The wind whispers that darkness is coming and it must leave us to gather clouds for the sunset. "Go home," says the wind, "I'll take you out again tomorrow. Watch for my friends on your way home."

We are on our way home and suddenly, above us, we hear branches moving, though we are sure the wind has left—and then there are giggles and then voices. We look up and it seems as if the trees are bearing children instead of fruit. Arms, legs, and faces keep popping out through the leaves. We walk by and then turn into our gate.

The sun rises, and we rise a little later as a cool breeze tugs softly at our sheets. "Let us go, for children wake early," says the wind. We find ourselves pushed out of the gate again.

As we walk down the road with the wind at our back, we pass children in uniforms carrying bags holding a snack, their books and slates slung over their shoulders. "Follow them," a voice says to us. We do follow the children who are teasing and joking in many different languages on their way to school. Some boys are carrying hockey sticks and in some of the girls' bags there are jump ropes that stick out the top.

We are in a school yard now, and the children are going to class. The wind has left us long ago; we wonder what happens now. We really don't belong here on a deserted playground. There's a sandbox over in the corner

and some swings and some bars for climbing; maybe we could rest over there until—no, no rest, here come some kids. They all look well dressed and clean. All of them are wearing shoes and all of them are smiling. Here comes a teacher.

We introduce ourselves to the teacher. She is young and very enthusiastic. She explains that the girls are playing that they are cooking, and the boys play that they are engineers building dams in the sandbox. She also tells us that the wooden boat in the yard just had a birthday and the children made sand cakes for it.

The wind speaks to us again, "I am going to the sea. If you would like to come with me you may. I must hurry, but I will be there for a while, why don't you catch a train next weekend and I will meet you at the ocean."

The next morning we wake up very early and start for the train station in a rickshaw; we pass boys playing with hoops in the street. We pass them so fast that we will never know if one of the boys whose hoop was going fast ever caught up with it.

We are now in the train station. There are many adults and even some children ready to get on the train. The train roars into the station; we get on it. In our compartment there are some children with their mother. We ride and watch out of the window with the children.

We pass out of the city and into the country; we pass people working—bending in the rice paddies and climbing the trees; sometimes children are carrying water home to their mothers, talking about everything that is going on around them.

We pass a lake, or is it a pond? Anyway, in whatever it is, there are boys swimming and bullocks standing in the water. The boys have big brass water pots that they are turning upside-down in the water and using as floats. A water fight starts as the train moves on.

It is getting hot, and the children riding with us fall asleep because the journey is long and the heat makes everyone sleepy. We fight to keep our eyes open; when we wake up it is morning.

The sea breeze is waking us and calling us. We get off the train, find a hotel, and change into clothes that we don't mind getting wet, then head for the ocean. The town where we have stopped doesn't seem to be any larger than three streets and seems to be built especially for tourists. On the road to the beach there are many huts where shells and beads are sold. We reach the beach and run into the water. We are surprised to find it warm. We run down the beach enjoying the sand and the water. We feel a slight breeze, but we have forgotten everything except for the delight of the ocean. We run and run until we are out of breath and far down the beach.

We sit down on the warm sand and just breathe. The wind is still blowing gently, and slowly our minds seem to be coming back from the almost drugged state they were in. We look down the beach and there are a group of people who are coming toward us. They are very far away, and we hope that they will stop before they reach us, but they keep coming. As they get closer, we notice they are carrying baskets.

Soon they surround us. There are eight children in all, and each of them is trying to sell us shells. We tell them that we have no money, but they don't go away. They ask us what country we are from and what we are doing in India. We tell them and ask them their names. We tell them our names and write them in the sand; the children write their names in the sand for us. We ask how old they are, because every child except the smallest one writes his name perfectly in English. They are from three to ten years old.

We feel the conversation is ended and sit back down on the sand. We are hoping that the children will go away because we just want to enjoy the sea. The children sit down with us. We are getting hot and would really like to go swimming, but these kids won't leave.

"Come on let's go for a walk," I say, hoping that the children won't follow us.

The children do follow us and we find ourselves holding hands with the children as we walk through the waves. I begin to pick up shells as I walk down the beach. The children see what I am doing; then they catch my hands and



begin to run with me down the beach. Other children grab your hands and soon we find ourselves near some rocks. The children are climbing among the rocks picking up shells for us. I hold out my blouse and the children pile more and more shells in it. Finally my blouse can't hold any more shells and we turn and go back up the beach. We sit down on the sand again to rest and the children hop, then skip. The children have stopped this game and sing a song for us and then another song. After they are finished singing, we must sing a song for them. The children's first songs were in the area's language and the last ones they sang were in English. We ask if the children will dance for us; they do. It is a folk dance. One of the girls sings as the other children dance.

The children say they must leave. By this time we are sorry to see them go. Before they leave they ask for money for peanuts. Somehow they seem like traitors asking for money, but there seems like nothing else to do but give them money. The children leave saying good-bye in many different languages—French, Italian, Greek, and Russian.

Finally we are able to go swimming. While I'm walking out into the water, I'm thinking that there was very little else that we could expect from the children because we are tourists and tourists are rich and everyone else in this community makes money from tourists. A wave splashes over me and I am pushed back towards the shore; you are already swimming.

We are both out in the water and the wind says to us, "You have seen my friends here, don't think they meant that you were here just to give them money; they are your friends, too. You see, for these children it is part of life to expect money from strangers and besides, most strangers dressed like you have money to give."

We listen and pretend to understand, but we don't understand. We ride the waves and play some more in the water as the children must do when there are no strangers on the beach. We get out and sit on the sand.

The wind speaks to us again, "I know you must leave soon. Enjoy the waves

and the sand because you only have a short time here. I have work to do; I must blow the sand and bend the trees and the weeds. I will meet you in the city again and lead you to more children, but I must work now."

Late one night the wind calls and we go with it. It pushes us through streets until we come to a street well lighted and filled with crowds of people. We are carried with the crowd to a temple. We find ourselves on the top of a building looking down. On one side of us is the crowd, more dense than we remember it just a few minutes before. The heat from the crowd below seems to climb the wall; we turn away and walk to the other side of the roof and look down. Below us is a temple filled mostly with women in bright saris and children waiting for the festival to begin.

In the temple yard there are two stone elephants which the children mount and pretend they are riding. Some others are playing tag. While the children play, the sacred fire burns, and the adults offer puja, bowing down before the gods.

Soon there is room for neither playing nor praying; everyone in the temple is sitting waiting for the auspicious hour

when the festival will begin. We also wait on our high wall.

The auspicious hour comes and the priest begins the rites. For a moment our attention drifts and we look away from the temple toward the street. We see a balloon rise high into the night air until it is a speck and then nothing, and we feel the wind that has carried the balloon so high. We know that the wind is saying good-bye.

The story ends here. The wind has blown us to many other places, but you were there and you saw the children playing just as I did.

The other day I was reading a book outside, or rather, I was holding a book and daydreaming. While I was off in some other world, a breeze turned the pages of my book. When I looked down and started to read again, I found that I was on the wrong page, or perhaps the right page. I had been thinking about children and this was a poem about children by Tagore.

"Forget him not in your hurry; let him come to your heart and bless him," said the poem.

I have thought about the poem since then and I don't think I shall forget; think I will always stop and watch to see what game the child is playing.



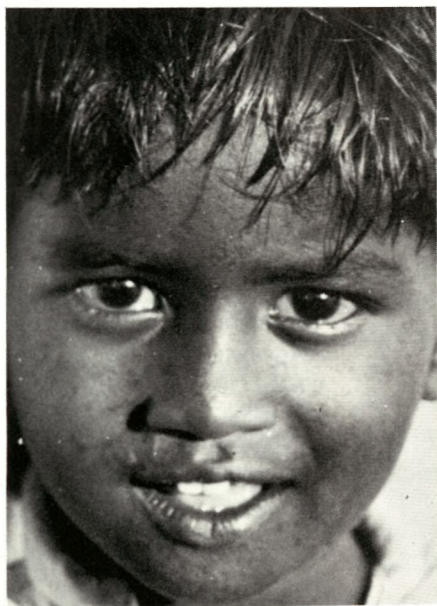




DARRYL PARRISH



CHRIS SZECSEY

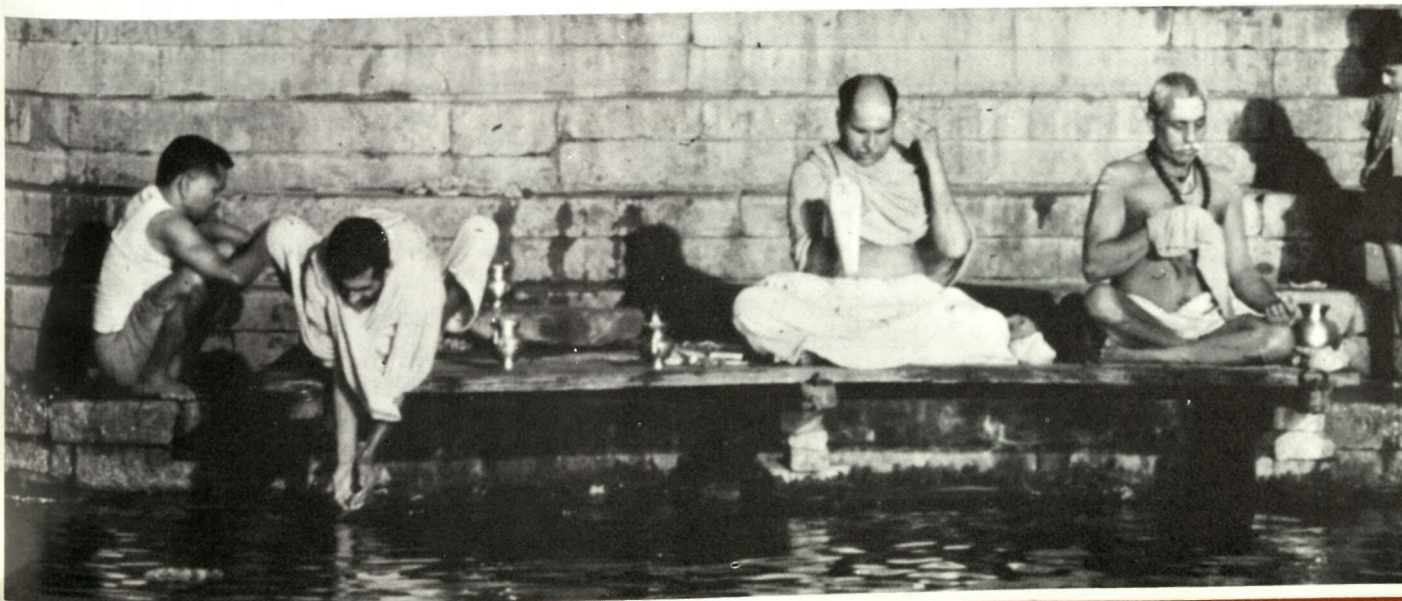


CRAIG PATTERSON

*A trip beyond the seas;  
Upon the wings,  
I flew to see the heights of man.  
The troubled little son,  
Or the quiet, sacred priest,  
Spoke their lessons to be heard.  
Along a rhythmic track,  
Down a rocky, slipp'ry path,  
I heard the world a whispering.  
The Vedic chants begun;  
The veena winds its way up;  
The gods accept the puja.  
Down to the sea I ran;  
Hand in hand we met;  
The soul of humanity in a child.*

KAREN MARSTON '71

KAREN MARSTON





# The Callison Experience

Two faculty members closest to the overseas program discuss the first year. Weldon Crowley, who served as director of the Bangalore campus, is a native of Texas. He holds a BA in English from McMurry College, a BD in Church History from Drew University an MA and a Ph.D. in History from the University of Iowa. Ramachandra B. Magal holds a bachelor's degree from Madras University, a master's degree from Osmania University in Hyderabad, and has done post-graduate studies at Columbia University. He has held various teaching and administrative positions in Indian institutions.



Dr. and Mrs. Crowley



Professor Magal

By WELDON CROWLEY, Preceptor, Callison College

□ The Callison College Charter class went to Bangalore, India with high expectations. We felt that our first year together in Stockton had given us some insight into ourselves and had prepared us for living in, and absorbing an alien culture. We were all convinced, I think, that Callison's experiment would succeed.

I think the first year did take us a long way down the road to success. We found:

1. A living environment which, while not ideal, was at least adequate for maintaining good health for the majority.
2. We located and hired a faculty which was willing to work with American students in such a way as to begin to evolve a teaching system somewhat like our own.
3. We were able to devise travel programs that covered most of the Indian sub-continent. (Most travel was arranged by the students themselves.)

4. We acquired information about India, but more importantly, we gained greater insights into ourselves. Some of the insights:

- a. How it feels to be a white minority in a predominantly dark culture.
- b. How parochial we Americans are in our outlook.
- c. How simple answers do not fit complex problems.
- d. How frail we are when deprived of our many creature comforts.
- e. How difficult it is to reconcile the theoretical with the practical.

The first year in India was not easy for us, but it was also not easy for India. We owe a great deal to the courage of Indian educators and government officials for allowing us to come to their rich culture. We owe much to the vision of Dr. and Mrs. Callison for endowing our program. We will be perpetually indebted to the daring of Dr. Robert Burns, Dr. John Bevan, and Provost Larry Jackson for laying the foundation for our pioneering endeavor.

In the years that lie ahead there will be a group of people at work on this planet who will carry the scars and the achievements of Callison College into many walks of life. It is my firm conviction that all of us will look back on our year in India and say, "IT WAS GOOD."

Callison College has a long way to go. We are expanding in our faculty, in our student body, and in our overseas program. We are trying to continue our original vision of putting an international dimension into education. This is a risky task, and one which we must review from year to year. Students, faculty, staff, all must combine in their efforts to see that the original vision is not lost. This requires constant attention.

Our major task at Callison now is to capitalize on our achievements, and to try to rectify our mistakes. I firmly believe that this can be accomplished, and that our year in India will evolve into an ever more important year for a group of students who will become more mature and more responsible adults in American society. No educational system could have a greater goal.



By RAMACHANDRA B. MAGAL,  
*Associate Director, Callison  
Overseas Study Centre*

The Callison College Overseas Study Centre, Bangalore, is the first institution of its type in India. There are a few other American undergraduate programmes in this country like the Wisconsin, State University of New York at Buffalo, the Friends World College, etc. These, however, are not geared to a comprehensive approach. Nor are they organized as to provide students specialized opportunities fitting U.S. student needs.

One of the first questions raised at the time the Centre took shape was whether at all such an attempt was feasible. To require even a semblance of U.S. academic conditions in a totally different atmosphere like India seemed impractical. Also there were deep misgivings about the effect U.S. students would have on their Indian counterparts and vice-versa. The chances of this project succeeding were therefore none too bright. There were very few indeed that were prepared to take the risks involved.

Nonetheless persistence paid off. The Bangalore University, and in particular Prof. Gokak, deserve credit for their willingness to look beyond immediate doubts and for convincing the Ministry of Education in Delhi that the project was indeed feasible and worthwhile.

An assessment of the programme has therefore to be made in the light of this skeptical background. It seemed too uncertain a venture, too full of uncontrollable factors.

The students were, of course, the big question mark. The worst was expected of them. Both American and Indian educators were chary of handling a group with a reputation for iconoclastic individualism. Therefore a fear of their reckless indifference to other values preceded the students.

When the students actually came, they helped erode this feeling of distrust and fear. Though they neither cared for nor achieved the reputation of a bunch of angels, irresponsible behav-

ior was minimal and when it did occur it did not cause mass hysteria or other repercussions. By and large, the group melded into the Bangalore community and was not particularly noticeable or noticed, except for their enthusiasm and energy. Despite a few trying moments, the overall effect of the first batch of Callison College students in Bangalore was positive. They were no longer feared as a bunch of yahoos descending on a traditional society for the purpose of wearing weird clothes and practicing strange rites with a view to shock the natives. They were accorded the right to serious studenthood, and were appreciated as conscientious individuals as careful of others' rights as of their own. This is a significant achievement.

As a group of individuals exiled to a strange land, students did attempt to find out why Indians behave like Indians and weren't particularly enamoured of the American way of life. Often this attempt was frustrating. Indian attitudes, ways of life and behaviour patterns were either charmingly traditional or shockingly out of tune with present day reality. Even worse was the fact that both these appeared to be simultaneous and coexistent phenomena. Adjustment to this was complicated and made more difficult by an academic system that seemed to be aiming at non-achievement. Added to this was the tremendous urge to look at, participate in, help to mould, real life outside the repetitive, monotonous, often boring classroom.

Any one of these factors would have been enough to daunt the students and make them retreat into a shell. The combination, therefore, posed almost insurmountable difficulties even in just being individuals, let alone students attempting to learn and to understand. Frustration, anger, plain confusion was often the lot of most students. Every student at one time or the other felt he or she was wasting time. Some felt it oftener. Notwithstanding these fairly severe roadblocks to understanding, the effort to understand, to assimilate, and to grow, was made, and, what is more important, did succeed in an extraordinary large proportion of the group. This too is an achievement.

Understanding and accepting the validity of another, alien, culture is very difficult even in the best of circumstances. For a group which had grown up in a belief that theirs was the ultimate and perfected way of life, such understanding involves traumatic re-evaluation of their own system. This needs both courage and confidence, also a sense of humility and humour. These are characteristics not particularly prominent in a group of young people. The India year helped accelerate their growth. They gained courage in facing inconvenient questions involving personal discomfort and uncertainty, confidence in the basic future of mankind, humility in not arrogating to themselves all the virtues, and humor in being able to laugh not merely at others but even at themselves.

One of the consequences of the growth of this understanding is a re-assessment of total value systems as well as those of one's self as an individual. Most, if not all, students evidenced such growth. India was no longer a geographical phenomena — its culture and habits no longer bizarre, exotic, cruel and wasteful. It was but yet another effort of man to find a balance in his life in an all but too close a part of a shrinking planet. What happened in India would no longer be a matter of indifference to the Callison student.

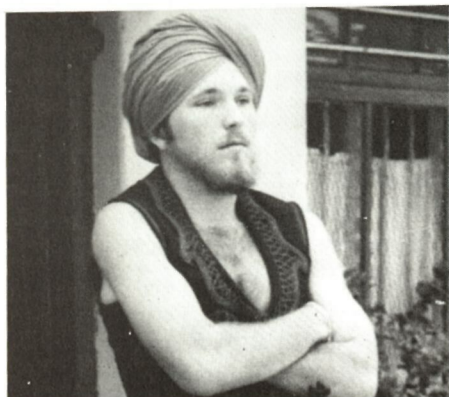
This is yet another achievement.

I could continue to catalog achievements. On the other hand I could magnify small incidents out of proportion to argue a total stoppage of all intercultural exchange. The achievements, however, are real. They are bound to have left more indelible, more permanent marks on student minds than the physical inconveniences, the misery and ennui, the doubts and other trivia of life in strange lands.

The Callison experience, if not exactly in this form, has in my opinion, come to stay in India. If anything it will grow in proportion and in numbers. The problems, discomforts, and inconveniences are well worth the consequences. The results are too positive to continue to cause any but the briefest of misgivings.



# Individual Impressions

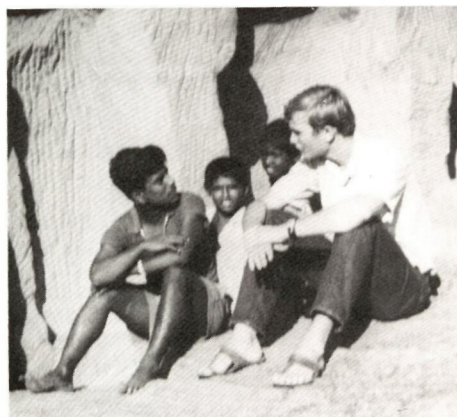


□ One month and two days have passed since we left San Francisco and . . . this poor idealist has been disillusioned by everything here. I suddenly realize the harm of too much reading and study in one area, in this case, India's spiritual development. I thought India was a land filled with Buddhas—a land free of social and moral hang-ups, one free of baseless discrimination, etc . . .

As in every other country, I guess, society must have rules and order, so I find that India is even more hung-up in that way than America—I used to talk about the uptightness of American society—man, I have really seen uptightness now . . .

Until this year, I have despised America for what I considered its bigotry, sterility and "uptightness." From the reading I did before coming to India, I somehow thought that the things I hated in America would be absent here: strict class and racial boundaries, religious dogmatism, and materialism. When I came here and found the caste system, the dogmatic Hindu religion, and a great deal of materialism, I was bitterly disappointed. I had hated America and wanted India to be a utopia of spiritual pursuits, equality, and freedom. Of course, India is not such a Utopia, and I realize now that I blamed the Indians for my disillusionment—I thought they had fooled me. Such a silly reason for creating the gigantic wall of prejudice that surrounds me now. —ANN MEYERS '71

□ It has been hard for me to "get to know" the Indian people personally. I think I have only begun to understand the "mindset" of India through its patterns of acceptance and assimilation. More than any other nation, India, with its decentralized Hinduism and tremendous diversity of people and cultures has been subject to the whims of foreign agents. The land itself has seen so much, it feels old and tired. To set out to discover India has become a loaded statement. The more I learn about the country, the less I seem to know. And the most important part of this whole year, I think, the most dynamic aspect of the experience in India has been watching me learn about myself and watching other people learn about themselves. —TAMMY VAATVEIT '71



□ Out in the spacious rolling hills, or wide open plains, homes are built close together in clusters. Most homes are one or two rooms, with mud floors. The cow shed is inside the house, often at one end. Leaky roofs, absence of any windows allowing for ventilation, encourage respiratory disease. There is no separate room for cooking and generally a house is filled with smoke from lack of ventilation. The one or two rooms serve as multi-purpose rooms. Here the entire family eats, sleeps and lives together within a few square feet.

—VICKI JOHNSON '71

□ Indians, it seems, are more aware of their history than most Westerners. They know what happened and why but they do not know when—and only seldom can they document what they say. That, of course, is unimportant because history actually is only what one believes or accepts as having happened. For this reason I discuss, with no documentation . . .

Hinduism is not, as some people believe, dogmatic in the way prescribed for living. Christianity and Islam are far more dogmatic than Hinduism. The *Vedas* are not so much dogmatic dicta (like the *New Testament* and the *Koran* tend to become) as transcripts from life. They register the "institutions of the perfected soul." They record the spiritual experience of souls strongly endowed with a sense for reality. In the Hindu view of life an individual can discriminate between truth and falsity in religious experience not only by means of logic but also through life. Hindu thought believes in the evolution of one's knowledge of God. "The bewildering polytheism of the masses and the uncompromising monotheism of the classes are for the Hindu the expressions of one and the same force at different levels." The Hindu readily admits other points of view than his own and considers them to be just as worthy of attention. —STAN YON '71







□ To create something with your hands is a marvelous experience. I've only completed one item but it was a fantastic feeling to know that out of a rectangular clumsy looking piece of wood, you have carved something of beauty. It gets to be a very possessive feeling, a bit like raising a child. You nurture the wood along, carving a little here, some there, finding the grain and workings in the wood and trying to work the wood so the best possible effect is gained.

I could feel the excitement in me as the thing came closer and closer to completion and gained more and more form and a kind of personality. It's really nice to see this same process taking place in the other craftsmen, too. They would constantly stop and inspect what they were working on, turning it over and over in their hands, running their fingers over it. Their fingers were very sensitive to the grain and texture of the wood. My master would take the piece I was working on and just sit there for a few minutes running his thumb across the surface, applying pressure, taking in the smoothness, and then would hand it back and would show me the part that needed more work. —GAYLE ERBE '71

## The Callison Student

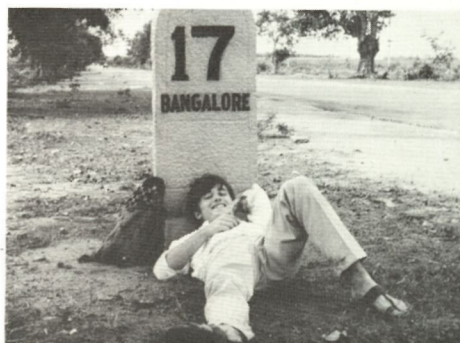
A high degree of self-assertion, sophistication, and great expectations characterize the typical Callison College student, according to Mrs. Beth Mason, UOP's director of counseling.

Mrs. Mason administered a number of educational and psychological tests to the students of the charter Callison class when they first entered as freshmen and again just before they went overseas. She is currently testing the class for a third time to see if the India experience resulted in measurable psychological changes.

In comparison to national norms, Callison students as freshmen measured high in such things as creativity, self-assurance, and intellectual orientation. They measured low in orderliness and respect for authority. They had unusually high expectations of the intellectual climate of the college and were relatively uninterested in organized sports and social activities.

The Callison student tends to be very flexible, expecting and welcoming change, always looking for novel solutions to problems. They were extremely sophisticated in their background experiences and very widely read; in many ways the freshmen were comparable to upper division students.

The students are unusually eager for sensual experiences but, surprisingly, were somewhat more puritanical in regard to sexual experiences than other students. They all had an unusually high sense of personal dignity and they expected to have a strong voice in running the institution. More than 95% of the incoming freshmen said that students should design the curriculum, and 82% felt that faculty pay should be based on student evaluation.



□ Babies are wanted in India for various reasons. Besides the human pleasure of loving a child, children are desired in India to carry on tradition and family name. Families without children are looked down upon, and the traditional role of a woman in India is to be a mother. Thus her security and status in the joint family hinges on producing children; it is a sorrowful thing not to have children. Finally, children, especially sons, are needed to carry on the family line and to fulfill their role at their father's burial and other occasions. There is no differentiation in the care of the child whether it be a male or a female, after it is born, however.

Indeed, it is a time of great joy when a baby is born in an Indian household.

MARTHA MCCLELLAN '71

□ Even though there is this social status in the village it is important to remember that the majority of the people are poor. One of the most outstanding points that I experienced in and around Kolar was that the poor peasant did not seem to overwork in order to provide his family with more. He seemed content to live at the level he was at. This may be in some respects due to his lack of awareness of his problems, or else he realized them but felt the pressures of the caste system in striving for a better life.

—PAUL SITZER '71





# A Haunting Fragrance...

By KAREN MARSTON '71

□ As a voyager, I travel to India...to be touched by the fervor of it all. I grope through the filth and degradation of Calcutta. The retina of my eye...the plasticity of my eardrums...the tips of my fingers...the tiny nerve endings in my skin—are all activated by the unknown — PERCEPTION CHAOS; my mind can't take it all in! The sidewalks are crawling with human beings. To move anywhere, I must slide in and out the minute pauses of humanity — bumping and touching their very being.

I step over red stains...through cow dung...around cows. The stench clings to the passages of my nose. Like an American State Fair...booths line the steaming, brown streets, filled with sandals—not water buffalo, as befits India—but plastic and rubber! The city is pulsating with Humanity...my entire soul is being born. THIS IS HOME. The people are emanating from the walls...This is Life. THIS IS HOME.

I journey to Bangalore—and enter heaven. The cool breeze unties my constricted feelings; life is pleasant. Modernization and westernization of the city pulls a veil over

the swelled stomachs  
the mangled bodies  
the struggle for life.

As yes—the market is unique...the small shops that I shop in...one for jewelry...one for material...and don't forget to stop at the tailors! The food is decent; the water is safer—yet, still five levels below the Peace Corps standard. It is an easy life.

Then...ever so slowly...I stir...I emerge from my womb. I catch glimpses of Mysore City...Jog Falls...Vellore...Benares. Money is precious—only a few rupees left! Experience is short, so I squeeze myself into a third class compartment—a compartment made for six—overflowing with fifteen. The seats of wooden plank, pressing against my pelvic bone...my back screaming for mercy! The woman in the compartment ahead of me gets sick; I am sprayed from an open window! I also become buried in smoke

and debris from the stack of the coal-burning engine.

At every stop—usually every fifteen or twenty minutes—vendors swarm upon the cars crying: “Coppee” “Bananas” “Sweet Limes” “Peanuts.” The beggars parade by—arms outstretched; my senses are rudely disturbed. LEAVE ME ALONE! The stops are not long. Soon, I'm on my way...but not before the walls begin closing in on me. The fans have been turned off; India comes down upon me! God! The kid in the next compartment has just urinated on the floor—all will have to live with this for hours!

The trip could be boring...my words are suddenly meaningless! I'm viewed from the corners of eyes...distrust. I grow bold...attempt to bring forth my meager knowledge of Kannada. “Namaskara!” WOW! Their eyes light up! They display amazing patience. Meaningful sentences are few...yet both of us understand...each of us has been touched.

Later, I take a third class sleeper and discover the wonders of a wooden bench for a bed. I close my eyes. The children cry through the night...the train jolts to a stop...WHAT ARE THOSE MEN YELLING ABOUT!...THE TRAIN HASN'T MOVED IN EIGHT HOURS—these my eyelids can't shut out.

I am glad to reach my destination. I sit with villagers; accept their food; respond to their hospitality—smile. I walk slowly around the third highest waterfall...descend into its very depths. There, I sit in quietness...the wisdom of the water speaks. I tread the passageways of towns...horns blare in vain at an unconcerned cow...a tractor in a village lit by smoky, oil lamps...gilded spirals of ancient glory surrounded by beggars stretching forth their stumps. My heart beats faster; I thrill to know India's valiant attempt—new hydroelectric plants, new hospitals, new industries, Five Year Plans.

Yes, I roam the earth. I grow to know the insecurity, the horror outside my cocoon; I perceive the chaos and confusion. I endure: my senses have been attacked—and yes—I discover the



Karen Marston has a major interest in International Affairs and photo-journalism. In India she explored the world of the adolescent Indian boy in Bangalore and next year, she plans to do a photo essay on the Changing Status of the Japanese Woman. She is currently studying Chinese brush painting.

exotic fragrance that is India's—one that haunts me in my dreams...leaves a mark of beauty on my soul.

I cannot comprehend them all...

I cannot shut them out...

They press upon me...

They become me.

Certainly I can't ignore the poverty the corruption; the ugly; the decay. Certainly they are present—and how obviously so. The rickshaw drivers, the tailors who try to raise their prices. The postal officials who charge duty on all packages...then pocket some. The beggars on the street. The filth I step over and around, and wash off by the pound at night. Yes they are all present.

But then Her haunting fragrance comes back...the temples of peace...the calloused-hand people that belong to the land...the sound of OM...the call of the sitar...the rhythmic pulse of the tabla...the wisdom of the ages. India can only seem bad in comparison. I can't rate India against the United States—that would be like comparing a delicious peach to a steak. Which one is better? No...I had to consider India in her own right. If she is to be judged at all...judge her against her own capacities...her own valiant attempts...her own failures...not others.

TO DO THIS  
IS TO LOVE HER.



An oldish upcountry man, tall and lean,  
with shaven, shrunken cheeks like wilted fruits,  
jogging along the road to the market town  
in his patched-up pair of countrymade shoes  
and a short tunic made of printed chintz,  
a frayed umbrella tilted over his head,  
a bamboo stick under his armpit.  
I imagine he has his cow in his stall,  
a parrot in the cage,  
his wife with bangles round her arms  
grinding wheat,  
the washerman for his neighbor,  
the grocer's shop across the lane,  
a harassing debt to the man from Peshawar,  
and somewhere my own indistinct self  
only as a passing person.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE





# Campus Notes

## New Appointments

□ Carl S. Miller, director of development at Marquette University in Milwaukee, has been named vice president for institutional advancement at the University of the Pacific.

Mr. Miller succeeds Dr. Thomas S. Thompson, who resigned recently to become president of Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa.

In announcing the appointment, Dr. Robert E. Burns, president, said, "Mr. Miller brings to the University of the Pacific an extensive background in successful university advancement work. In his new position he will co-ordinate the Office of Alumni and Parent Relations, the Office of development and the Office of Public Relations. We are very pleased to have Mr. Miller join us."

Mr. Miller has been director of development at Marquette since 1966 and for three years prior to that was associate director of development there. While at Marquette, he reorganized the development office, completed a major capital fund drive, \$2.4 million over a \$15 million goal, and launched a five-year \$30 million campaign.

Before going to Marquette, Mr. Miller was director of the University of Portland Foundation in Portland, Oregon, and prior to that he was employed by the Oregon Journal for eight years.

Mr. Miller saw action in the South Pacific during World War II and was recalled in 1951 for the Korean War.

He is a native of Portland and is a graduate of the University of Oregon. Mr. Miller is married and has four children.

He is a member of Theta Chi, national social fraternity; Alpha Delta Sigma, professional advertising fraternity; the American College Public Relations Association; and the Public Relations Society of America. He was a member of the industries committee of the Metropolitan Milwaukee Association of Commerce, the Friends of Art, Friends of the Museum and the Milwaukee Symphony Society. He also is listed in the most recent edition of "Who's Who in American Higher Education."



Carl S. Miller

□ Dr. Douglas R. Moore, preceptor of Callison College, has been named to head the College as provost.

Dr. Moore will succeed Dr. Larry Jackson, who has been named to head a new cluster college being established at the University of Evansville in Indiana. Dr. Jackson will complete the current year with the Callison sophomore class at the College's study center in Bangalore, India. Dr. Moore currently is acting provost.

Dr. Moore joined the University of the Pacific in 1967 as preceptor. Prior to that he was dean of students and assistant professor of psychology at Southwestern College. He holds the Bachelor of Science Degree from Texas Wesleyan College and the Bachelor of Sacred Theology and the Doctorate in Psychology and Counseling from Boston University.

In announcing the appointment, Dr. Robert E. Burns, president, said, "We are fortunate to have a replacement for Dr. Jackson already on the Callison College staff. Indications are that the experiences of the first Callison class in India were very successful, and we are grateful for the leadership Dr. Jackson provided in the initiation of the College."

□ Richard Doty, a reporter with the *Lodi News-Sentinel* for the past four years, has been named Director of the News Bureau at the University.

He succeeds Jerry Weaver, who moved to Southern California to become Director of Public Relations at Whittier College.

Doty, 26, is a 1965 graduate of San Jose State College, where he majored

in journalism and was news editor of the daily campus paper. He worked at the *Roseville Press-Tribune* before coming to Lodi. His duties at the *News-Sentinel* have included assistant city editor and coverage of city hall, Delta College and the Lodi Unified School District. He was also the Lodi correspondent for *The Sacramento Bee*.

## Grants and Loans

□ In the wake of severe cutbacks in federal aid to dental students for next year — a situation which conceivably would result in immediate curtailment of education for nearly half of Northern California's dental students — the California Dental Association (CDA) has begun a new student loan program.

The CDA, in an emergency measure to help compensate for slashes of up to 50 per cent in the government's Health Manpower Act, is providing a substantial loan fund reserve which will guarantee in excess of \$300,000 for approved loans to needy dental students now in school or about to enter training.

In revealing plans for the loan program, Dr. Douglas R. Franklin of San Leandro, president of the 5,000 member CDA, stated: "As a professional responsibility to the people of California, we have taken it upon ourselves to meet this crisis and to insure, for the time being at least, that the continuity of education for dental students will not be disturbed."

According to Dr. Dale Redig, dean of the University of the Pacific's School of Dentistry, and Dr. Ben Pavone, dean of the University of California, San Francisco, School of Dentistry, a total of 365 students at both schools would be forced to drop their dental training in the absence of outside help.

Currently, the University of the Pacific dental school has an enrollment of 337 students, 245 of whom receive financial aid; while of the University of California's 320 dental students, 120 are dependent upon assistance.

Federal appropriations for UC's dental student loan program were slashed from \$138,025 in 1969, to \$64,506 for 1970. The University of the Pacific's funds were diminished from last year's \$144,689, to \$73,165.



It was also pointed out that the full four-year dental curriculum is the costliest of any professional training, with tuition fees alone totaling up to \$16,000 exclusive of living costs. Depending upon individual circumstances, some students may become indebted up to \$50,000 before they can begin professional practice.

□ The University has recently received grants totaling \$5,000 from the Sears Roebuck Foundation.

William Walsh, local representative of the foundation, presented the checks to Dr. Robert E. Burns, president.

Mr. Walsh said that the Sears Foundation was making 1969 nation-wide grants totaling \$1.5 million to 950 privately-supported colleges and universities. In California, 34 institutions will receive grants totaling \$106,200. Of the total funds given, \$1 million is in the form of unrestricted gifts which the colleges can use as they deem necessary; \$500,000 is in the form of restricted gifts to be used only for the purchase of books by the school libraries.

In addition to its grant program, The Sears Foundation will invest more than \$700,000 during the current year in various student financial aid and other educational programs. This will bring higher education expenditures by the Sears Roebuck Foundation to more than \$2,225,000 in 1969.

□ A \$2,500 grant has been received by the University of the Pacific from the Esso Education Foundation.

The grant is made under the Foundation's Presidential Contingency program. Presidents of the recipient institutions are invited to use the grant to underwrite some aspect of undergraduate education.

The Esso Education Foundation is supported by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and Humble Oil & Refining Company, its principal domestic affiliate, together with certain of its other affiliates.

Grants made by the foundation this year total more than \$3 million, with a record \$1.4 million allocated for experimental and innovative projects exploring new approaches to higher education.



*Raymond College students held classes one day on the MGM movie set between scenes in the filming of "Strawberry Statement" at Civic Auditorium in Stockton in November.*

*Students and faculty of Raymond College worked as extras in the movie, holding classes between scenes. All funds earned by the students and faculty were donated to the Raymond College student body fund, with the major portions of it designated for financing the Raymond High Table program series.*

*During the Christmas vacation, hundreds of other Pacific students got jobs as extras during the filming on campus of the Stanley Kramer production, "RPM." The next issue of the Pacific Review will cover this event.*

□ The Ford Foundation has approved a grant of \$60,000 to the University of the Pacific for use in a new program of full scholarships for up to 200 economically disadvantaged students.

In announcing receipt of the Ford Foundation grant, Dr. John C. Diamond, Pacific's director of community involvement, said "This grant will be a tremendous boost to our program. Even though the University waives all tuition for these students, they still must have some money for books and certain fees. The University must also provide special tutoring help. To offset these costs we are conducting a continuing fund drive in the Stockton community and elsewhere. The Ford Foundation has recognized the value of our program in a most substantial way."

Dr. Diamond also announced the first gift from a local firm to the new program—\$1,000 from the H. H. Robertson Company of Stockton. The Robertson Company is a steel fabricator.

The "200" program began at Pacific this year in response to the concerns of various student and faculty groups about the University's contribution to the community—especially the economically and culturally deprived elements of its neighborhood. It was determined that, by asking the faculty to accept a somewhat higher teaching load, the

University could absorb up to 200 non-tuition-paying students—150 in the upper and 50 in the lower division.

These students are accepted on the basis of financial need. They must be residents of the Stockton area and have graduated from high school or junior college. Some of them do not meet the normal academic requirements for admission to the University, but all must meet the high standards required of all students before they can graduate. Therefore, strong tutoring and counseling programs have been set up to meet the special needs of these students.

□ A \$12,000 scholarship fund for Latin American students has been established at Elbert Covell College of the University of the Pacific by the Tennant Foundation in New York City.

The Tennant Foundation is affiliated with C. Tennant, Sons & Company of New York City, which has a merchandising history dating back to 1825. The company and its associated corporations in the United States and abroad trade in and market ore, concentrates, metals, and a wide range of diversified materials and products. Its activities encompass all six continents and its overseas operations include a network of offices and agents fully conversant with local markets.



## KUOP-FM begins Spanish programs

□ With a sensitive eye toward the Stockton community, KUOP-FM, 91.3 on the FM radio dial, broadcasting from the University of the Pacific, is focusing some of its programming toward the Spanish-speaking populace of Stockton, with its own members broadcasting.

The Spanish-language broadcasts are presented every Tuesday and Friday from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

The first programs alternated between music and commentary oriented toward the interests of the Mexican-American community. Later, the programs will include members of the community discussing current issues, presenting educational opportunities and informing the public about the availability of services from the various community agencies.

## UOP band marches for television

□ The 110-member University of the Pacific Marching Band, directed by David S. Goedecke, presented the half-time entertainment at the Oakland Raider-Denver Bronco football game in Oakland November 9.

The band, largest in the history of the school, resplendent in its new orange and black blazer uniforms, was lead on the field by Master Drum Major, Mitch Perry, of Santa Barbara and Head Twirler, Linda Orlandella, of Lodi. Miss Orlandella was the 1968 California State Senior Twirling Champion. Debbie Elems of Tracy and Danielle Ferris of Stockton are twirlers with the "Tiger" Band and Jim Hodge of Dixon is Graduate Band Assistant.

Each year the Oakland Raiders select a number of outstanding bands to perform at the home games and this was the second consecutive year the Pacific band has been so honored. The game was televised nationally in color.

## Dentistry alumni hold annual meet

□ The 71st annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the School of Dentistry, University of the Pacific (formerly the College of Physicians and Surgeons) was held in November. All business sessions and clinics were held for the first time in the dental school's new \$9 million building, located at Sacramento and Webster Streets in San Francisco. A large percentage of the Alumni Association's membership pledged more than 1½ million dollars toward construction of the new building in 1967. The luncheon meetings were held in the Miyako Hotel of the nearby Japanese Cultural Center.

Harold R. Stanley, D.D.S., M.S., Professor and Chairman of the Division of Oral Pathology, University of Florida College of Dentistry, presented a two-day course on "The Dental Pulp." Dr. Stanley is the former Clinical Director and Acting Chief of the Oral Medicine and Surgery Branch of the National Institute of Dental Research, Bethesda, Md. Also featured were several clinics and lectures by professors of the University of the Pacific School of Dentistry.

During the Business Meeting, Dr. John H. Flint, Jr., 490 Post Street, San Francisco, turned the president's gavel over to Dr. Ralph R. Ermoian, 1259 R Street, Fresno.

Program Chairmen for the event were: Drs. Emmett M. Stanton, 205 E. Third Avenue, San Mateo; Robert C. Bell, 427 Doyle Park Drive, Santa Rosa, and Dr. Donald C. Wallace, Dental Division, Public Health Service, San Francisco.

Nearly 500 of the school's 2100 living alumni attended the meeting. The University of the Pacific School of Dentistry has granted approximately 3000 D.D.S. degrees since its establishment in 1896.

## TIGER TRACKS..

By TOMMY TIGER

### 1900-1929

JESSIE MOORE CUTTEN '16 visited with Pacific classmates Wilma Sherman Dyche and Miam Burton during the annual Convention of the Music Teachers Association of California in Berkeley.

GEORGE SPERRY '20 died of a heart attack in Glendale, August 6, 1969. He was singing with his Barbershop friends at the time death occurred. He was director of Physical Education at the College when it was at San Jose from 1915-20, where he was active in Dramatic Music, and Sports.

DORIS CRUMP BRADSHAW '21 writes from Columbia, Missouri where she has resided for some time.

PAUL EASTERBROOK '24 is enjoying retirement. He spent last summer traveling through Europe by car, returning in time for his 45th reunion.

ROBERT IRVING BALDWIN '26 died in Hilo, Hawaii, his home for the past 42 years, where he was a teacher in the Hilo schools as well as an active community worker. HELEN SHIRAS BALDWIN '23 will remain in Hilo where two of her three sons reside. Mrs. Baldwin is a writer for the *Hawaii Tribune Herald* specializing in natural history and Hawaiiana.

FREDERIC A. ROEHR '27 has retired after 47 years of teaching—the last 37 years as chairman of the Music Department of the College of San Mateo.

BERNARD D. TREASTER '29 and LILLIAN CLARI TREASTER '25 have recently retired. Lillian from teaching in 1968, Bernard this past June from high school teaching in Sacramento.

LUCILLE YAGER SNYDER '29 is in Weaverville as head of The Highlands Art Center. We understand there is quite a contingent of UOP alumni in Northern California around Weaverville who keep in touch with each other. We take this opportunity to say a special hello.

JAY AUGUST '29 has retired after 24 years with the Berkeley schools. Jay says he has 101 things he plans to do in retirement, including foreign travel.

MRS RUDOLPH BERGROTH '29 is English Department Chairman at Winship Jr. High in Eureka.



DILLON W. THROCKMORTON D. D. has served as the Director of the Western Division of Heifer Project, Inc. for the past nine years. Dr. Throckmorton, now assistant Director of Promotion, is available as a speaker relating to this very worthwhile project. Contact can be made by calling Modesto (209) 526-4296.

## 1930-1939

NAOMI HELWICK PASCHELKE '30 reports she has been Treasurer of the Portland Branch of the American Association of University Women for the last four years.

HELEN THOMAS ROWLAND '31, wife of Dean Rowland of the School of Pharmacy, has been re-elected President—National Women's Auxiliary of American Pharmaceutical Association; re-elected Board of Managers, Friends of Historical Pharmacy; appointed to Mental Health Association Finance Committee and also serves with the National Drug Abuse Program.

CLARENCE D. HAMMA '31 is retiring after 38 years with the California Division of Highways, District 3, Marysville.

WILLIAM F. and MAYMIE KIMES '31 report they are both enjoying retirement in Mariposa. Grand children and the Mariposa Historical Society keep them busy.

IDA RICHARDS CHAMBERLAIN '32 has moved to Estancia, New Mexico where she is a case worker for the Health and Social Service Department, State of New Mexico.

LILY SCHILD BUSICK '33 has retired after 31 years of teaching in elementary and secondary schools in Oregon. She received her Vocational Home Economics degree from Oregon State where her daughter is a Senior.

GIL '30 and MARYBELL COLLYER '34 report all is well in Redding. Gil reports a very successful year at Shasta College where he is District Superintendent and President.

TOM '34 and ALICE PETERSON WILSON '36 are both busy in San Francisco. Tom is assistant administrator, Manpower Training Skill Center—MDTA Federal Project. Alice is a high school principal.

RUTH KENT RAPP '34 and husband GERRY have moved to Balboa Island. A son and daughter are still in college.

ROBERT BROWNING '34 has completed a five-year term as chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Northwestern. In the past year he published "Human Nature in Lewis' Theory of Value" in *The Philosophy of C. I. Lewis*, edited by PAUL A. SCHILPP, who was professor of Philosophy at COP until 1934.

DWIGHT '35 and HARRIET '32 THORNBURG have returned from a three-week tour of the Orient.

MYRON J. ROBERTS '35 Professor of Organ, University of Nebraska, recently has been appointed Foundation Professor, a distinguished position awarded for international recognition as an organist. Professor Roberts also has published *Pastorale and Aviary* (H. W. Gray, NYC), and was commissioned to compose a work for the Kansas City Regional Convention, American Guild of Organists.

DR. RAYMOND MCCALL '36 in November was named president-elect of the National Association of Public School Adult Educators. For the past two years Ray has served on Project Federation.

DR. GEORGE S. BUTLER '36 has been appointed Medical director of Sonoma State Hospital. George has a BA and Masters from UOP and is a graduate of University of California Medical School.

DR. ROBERT S. BARTLETT '38 reports in July, 5 years of boat building was ended with the launching of his 28' cruiser.

ERWIN and ARTELLE FARLEY '39 are another busy Pacific Alumni family. Erwin is Director of the Production Division of Region VI of Housing Assistance Administration, Department of Housing and Urban Development. Artelle is supervisor of Student Teaching at Dominican College in San Rafael.

GLENN WILSON '39 died in Phoenix last August. Glenn retired from the Air Force in '62 as a Lt. Colonel. At the time of his death he was a mathematician for NASA.



## 1940-1949

MILTON KWATE '40 of Orland died last May 8. He was director of music for 30 years at Orland High School.

PHYLLIS LIEBMAN FINNEGAN '40, of Redwood City, traveled to Cambridge, Mass. in September to attend son Gregory's wedding. He is a Raymond College graduate (1967), and is currently working on his Ph.D. at Brandeis University.

DOROTHY RICKARD '41 is teaching kindergarten this year at Windsor Elementary School District.

PATRICIA JACOBSEN '44 reports the family will be moving to Lodi where her husband is now with Valley Tow-Rite.

CDR. R. R. DAVISON '44 will soon be retiring from the Navy. San Diego will be home for the Davison family.

JOANN GIVAN who came to Pacific for a Master's Degree in '44 recently celebrated her golden wedding anniversary. Mrs. Givan, a retired school teacher, taught for 32 years prior to retiring in 1963.

HARRIETTE GUNTON CHURCH '46 previewed gowns in a September issue of the Oakland Tribune for the 69-70 Bay Area social season. Among the Church family's activities is touring through their home town, Piedmont, in husband Don's 1922 Ford Depot Hack.

WILLIAM E. LOVVORN '47, Air Force Reserve Lt. Colonel, recently completed a special active duty tour at Tinker AFB, Oklahoma. When he is not on duty, Bill is an elementary principal in the San Lorenzo Unified Schools, Santa Cruz County.

DR. HERBERT K. YEE '48, School of Dentistry, has been elected president of the State Board of Dental Examiners; the first Chinese-American to hold the post.

GORDON GIBSON '48 is the new principal of Pittsburg High's north campus.

JOHN RUNCIE '49 is teaching at Camden High School in San Jose, where he is chairman, Department of Health and Safety.

MRS. ROBERT LORD '49 is teaching vocal music at La Sierra High School in Carmichael.

ART and VIRGINIA KENT '49 of San Diego are keeping up the Tiger tradition; daughter Kathleen will be a Callison student in the fall.

## 1950-1959

CARL STUTZMAN '50 began as Professor in Elementary Education at Fresno State in September. Carl will work with teacher interns in "Operation Fair Chance," a program designed to prepare teachers to work in schools with high concentrations of educationally disadvantaged children.

DR. DONALD LEHMANN '50, professor of biology at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, will do research on Chagas disease in Costa Rica for the World Health Organization.



ED LeBARON '50 has joined the law firm of Laxalt and Berry, of Reno. This season he provided color for the Dallas Cowboy TV coverage and still found time for speaking engagements such as the Stockton Hall of Fame where he was principal speaker in October.

JOHN G. AUSTIN '51, of San Luis Obispo, works for the County Road Department as an engineer assistant.

DON McADAMS '51 is president of Butte County Title Co. in Oroville.

JOHN P. ROSE '51 is in his third year as principal of Atascadero High School.

HAROLD L. JACOBSON, JR., School of Dentistry '51, has been elected and installed as the Exalted Ruler of the El Cajon Elks Lodge No. 1812.

MITCH WORCHOL '51 sends along greetings to California friends as he advises he is still working for the Corps of Engineers on flood control, dams and military installations in New Hampshire.

RAY KRING '51 is head track and cross country coach at Allan Hancock College, Santa Maria. Ray said that ED ZUCHELLI '51 is on the faculty at Cal Poly and has sold his radio station.

RAY '51 and BEVERLY '52 WHITE live in Denver where Ray has been appointed Director of Agencies for the newly-formed Assured Investors Life Co. He retains his positions as vice president of the parent holding company and president of an affiliated agency, Assurance Associates.

DONALD M. THORNE '51 has been decorated with his second through seventh awards of the Air Medal and the Air Force Commendation Medal at Holloman AFB, N.M. Major Thorne, an F-4 Phantom navigator, received the Air Medals for outstanding airmanship and courage on successful and important missions completed under hazardous conditions. His commendation medal was for meritorious service while assigned at Takhli Royal Thai AFB, Thailand.

DR. HUGH BLOCK '52, Fremont dentist and graduate of the School of Dentistry, has been elected Mayor of Fremont.

EUGENE C. ROSS '54 has been appointed director of publications and public relations for the National Council of Teachers of English, Champaign, Illinois.

CARL E. WILSEY '56 has been named Santa Cruz City Schools superintendent.

JOHN E. CORSON '57 has received a Parish Ministers Fellowship to study Pastoral Counseling at the Pacific School of Religion. The Corsons have adopted a daughter and are living in Walnut Creek.

CLAYTON '56 and TOMMY KAY SMITH '57 are busy educators. Clayton is principal of the Bowers Elementary School. Tommy Kay has completed her ninth year as teacher-consultant in Music for the Sunnyvale School District.

LOIS LaBONTE '57, of Hollywood, is with a singing group called "The Establishment," recently appearing with Anthony Newley in Vancouver and Reno. Last season she made regular weekly appearances on the Jonathan Winters TV show and appeared with Ernie Ford, Roger Miller, and Andy Griffith in Reno, Las Vegas, and Lake Tahoe.

ALEX VERESCHAGIN '57 is chairman of the Orland, California School Board and president of the Orland Orange Growers as well as manager of his own firm, The Vereschagin Co. Wife JERI '57 does substitute teaching.

VANCE and ROBIN NELSON '57 have returned to Fremont, California from Logan, Utah where Vance took his Ed.D. degree. Vance is an area Administrative Assistant for Fremont Unified Schools.

REV. RAY SMITH '58 is Southern California director of Project Heifer, whose aim is to increase meat supplies in underdeveloped parts of the world.

JULIANNE K. HOIBY '58 announces the birth of her third child, Matthew, born Dec. 1968.

JACK '58 and BARBARA BUTTERBAUGH '61 BYBEE are living in Walnut Creek where Jack is an attorney. The Bybee's second child, Joanna Carol was born in March. Jack is a new director on the Alumni Board.

GLEN W. DAVIDSON '58 has been appointed head of the professional degrees program for the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

DONALD L. BALDWIN '58 advises from the University of Kansas he has moved to Lawrence where he is Director of the Wesley Foundation. A new member of the family, Joy Roxanne, the Baldwin's second daughter, made the trip from their prior home in Yosemite.

HOWARD JOHNSON '58 has been appointed Director of Process Development for Pittsburgh Corning Corp., Plum Boro, Pa.



STEPHEN HENRY '58 is deputy district attorney in Fresno, having recently passed the bar. Stephen, a Lt. Commander, has received command of a naval reserve unit in Modesto. Steve and his wife have 2 daughters.

JOHN E. WEEKS '59 is executive director of Palomar Family YMCA in Escondido where they have just opened their olympic swimming pool—first phase of new construction.

NEAL '59 and NANCY THOYNE O'DOAN '60 helped open the Seattle Youth Symphony in November as guest artists performing on two concert grand pianos. We understand the O'Doan home in Seattle includes two such pianos.

JACKIE COKER '59, Pacific's first blind and deaf student, and now a highly respected worker in the field of rehabilitation for other blind people in Sacramento, is helping the Turlock Business Girls Club raise funds to help the blind.

EDWARD O. CHRISTENSON '59 was recently appointed manager, Laboratory for Applied Management Sciences in addition to his duties as Assistant Professor of Computer Information Sciences in the School of Business, Sacramento State College. Ed is working on his Ph.D. dissertation in Mechanical Engineering at UC Davis.

## 1960-1969

DR. LYNN ENGBAHL BA '60, MA '62 is moving from Coe College to Pacific University where he will be professor in the speech department.

DARYL MRASEK '60 and MARJORIE SWAR MRASEK '59 are busy people. Daryl is a counting manager for United Can Co. Division of Norton Simon, Inc. Marjorie continues as Adult education teacher as well as working with the local Head Start Program.

BOB '60 and MARILYN CHRISTENSON LADDIS '60 live in Yuba City where Bob is managing several ranches and investment properties and is associated with Strom Associates, Real Estate and Investment properties firm.

ARLENE E. COX HUNT '61 reports she is working with husband Al on a special 3-year business information research project for Bell Telephone Laboratories.

SUSAN '61 and BILL DEUBNER '61 have adopted Brett Douglas, their first child.

DENNIS F. GHIGGEU '61 is an appraiser in the assessor's office of Contra Costa County.

JAN BEEHMAN '61 is teaching the sixth grade at Crocker School in Hillsborough.

SUE BARTON ENGER '61 announces the birth of her second daughter, Kristen Lee, born in September.



GEORGE MILTON '61 has transferred from Los Angeles to Dallas to Oklahoma City where he now is staff analyst, exploration and producing department of Mobil Oil Co.

PAT '61 and RAOUL KENNEDY '61, a Pacific duo, are enjoying the pleasures of the Bay Area. Pat is a fashion coordinator for Capwells; Raoul earned an LL.B. at Boalt Hall.

ALICE L. BRADY '62 returned to Pacific this year as assistant professor in the Conservatory of Music.

BARBARA NAGATA '62 is one of the newest members of the City Beautification committee of San Mateo. Barbara has been doing photography for a booklet of Heritage Trees of San Mateo.

D. KIRKWOOD BOWMAN '62 has been elected assistant VP of First Capital Corp. of Chicago, a subsidiary of the First National Bank of Chicago.

WAYLAND L. EZELL '63, MA of Oregon State, has received an award from the Society of the Sigma Xi to make a biosystematic study of Monkey flowers.

NEAL and SUE EDELMAN HANSON '63 live in Santa Barbara where Neal operates his pharmacy. Neal was recently elected president of the Santa Barbara Pharmaceutical Association.

WILLIAM '64 and BECKY TOBITT '65 announce the arrival of Mary Cathryn to their Livermore home last June. Bill commutes over the hill to Hayward each day where he is Associate Engineer, Assistant Chief of Design for the city.

FARID MAWLAWI '64 since graduation has taken an MS at San Jose State in Civil Engineering and has been a lighting engineer in Saudi Arabia. After a short return to California, Farid is returning to Damascus to start his own business.

GEORGE HESS, M. D., '64, has begun his residency in Sacramento. John Harrison, the Hess' first son, accompanied mom and dad to their new home.

CHUCK SIMPSON '64, pharmacy, writes he and his wife Sally are enjoying their second son Jeffrey. Chuck is a pharmacist for Long Drugs in Fairfield.

JOHN ANTHONY ALBASIO '64, Captain USAF, was killed in Guam as he and his B52 crew were starting a combat mission over Vietnam when his B52 exploded.

LORETTA LEE '64 is associated with Harkness Community Hospital and Medical Center in S.F. as its only medical social worker. Miss Lee, whose parents are both M.D.'s, plans to marry soon. You guessed it—to a doctor.

JOHN '62 and SUSAN THOMAS COLEMAN '64 are making their home in Fairfield where John teaches high school English and speech.

HOWARD CAMPBELL '64 will spend the fall in Mexico where he will do research work for his doctoral dissertation being completed at American University, Washington, D.C.

DAVID and RENNIE MORLEY '64 announce the birth of their third child, Andra Lynn Stern, born on November 22, 1969.

D. GAYLE HIGHTOWER '65 who recently moved to South Pasadena will be teaching high school in Japan this fall.

JOHN STAG HANSON '65 has been working with JOHN GRAVES '49, reviewing and editing the new UOP film for use on commercial television.

DAN DUGAN '65 has a busy schedule ahead next year. In addition to duties as vice principal and administrative assistant in charge of student activities in Williams, Dan will conduct the 50 voice choir and will coach basketball and baseball.

RON '65 and NANCY REAMY SHELLY '67 are on a 1-2 year assignment in Curacao Netherlands Antilles where Ron is the production planning and data processing manager of the Texas Instruments plant. Nancy advises son Keith Wayne born September 4, is destined to be a Tiger basketball player like his dad.

TAI-ICHI SHIBUGA '65, MS physics, completed his doctorate at Yale in chemistry and is now working at California Institute of Technology as a research fellow.

FELIX J. VANDERSCHOOT '65 has been appointed control chemist for San Pablo Sanitary District.

SUSAN MOLLRING MELIN '65 and hubby DALE announce the birth of daughter Michel Sue, April 16, 1969.

PAUL and JANE WHEATLEY '65 report the birth of son Benjamin Paul in Phoenix, September 30.

ROBERT RIECHEL '66 is now a full chemist at Whittaker Corp. in San Diego. Bob is working on a Secondary Battery contract for COMSAT.

RICHARD A. PHILLIPS '66 has joined fellow alumnus LARRY LEASURE '63 as director of Alumni and Parents relations at the College of Idaho. Larry is Director of Development.

MARILYN JOHNSON '66 has married BOB KECH. They are living in Eugene, Oregon, where both are working on Masters Degrees in Education.

LT. CHARLES W. ROMINE '66 has arrived for duty at Rockville Aircraft Control and Early Warning Station, Iceland.

DIANA SHOVLIN ROARK '67 was married in May and is making Palo Alto home. Diana is employed as a secretary and part-time research assistant for the American Institute for Research in Palo Alto.

DEDE JENKINS JOHNSON '67 announces the arrival of triplets on June 6, 1969. Home is Sacramento where Dede is a member of the Phantom Guild for the underprivileged.

JIM '68 and LINDA BRONSON BYRD '67 announce the birth of their son Andrew, June 17, 1969.

PATRICIA JACOBS '68 is returning to Stockton after graduate work in Colorado and will be teaching at Franklin High School.

SCOT F. VON BERGEN '68 has been commissioned a second lieutenant and is stationed at Laredo AFB, Texas, training to be a pilot.

PETER OLMI '68, Vance AFB Oklahoma, has been selected Airman of the Quarter for his outstanding performance on his job in the Consolidated Base Personnel Office.

MARJORIE FARR '68, Raymond, is engaged to Christian Klaus Manegold, of Dresden, East Germany. Christian was recently released from an East German prison where he was held after trying to escape to West Germany.

Airman WILLIAM B. AGLER '68 has completed basic training at Lackland AFB, Texas. He has been assigned to Lowry AFB, Colorado, for training in the supply field.

Airman DAVID H. OBERG '69 has completed basic training at Lackland AFB, Texas. He has been assigned to Lowry AFB, Colorado, for training as an intelligence specialist.

ANN WARREN '69 married BILL MOON '68 last September in San Mateo. Bill is on active duty as a Lt. j. g. in the Naval Reserve stationed in Alameda.

Airman JOHN L. PATTON '69 has completed basic training at Lackland AFB, Texas. He has been assigned to Sheppard AFB, Texas, for training in the civil engineering mechanical and electrical field.

PAMELA FRANTZ '69 married John L. Weisenberger in Morris Chapel in August. They are now living in San Jose.

JAMES H. BUCKLEY '69 reports from Michigan State University where he is working on a Masters Degree in communication. He plans to earn a Ph.D. at the same institution in another two years.

MICHAEL ROSS MATSON '69 married RENAE MARIE HARVEY '73 this summer. Mike will be attending the UOP School of Dentistry; Renae will complete her education at the University of San Francisco.

JOHN A. BURKE '69 and MARTHA ELLEN ECKHART had a story book wedding in Hawaii last April. John and Martha returned to campus this fall.

DON ARGUE, Ed.D. '69 former dean of students at Bethany Bible College, Santa Cruz, California is the new director of student life and spiritual life at Evangel College, Springfield, Missouri.

MONTE BENSON LAKE '69 has received the California Scottish Rite Foundation Fellowship Award to study at the School of Governmental Business and International Affairs at George Washington University.



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## PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS



Conservatory of Music

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School of Pharmacy

School of Engineering



School of Dentistry  
San Francisco

McGeorge School of Law  
Sacramento



GRADUATE SCHOOL

Graduate School of  
Medical Sciences, San Fran.

The official name of this institution for legal purposes is "University of the Pacific, a California Corporation located in Stockton, California."

The Office of Estate Planning Programs was established by the University to assist individuals and their advisors in the area of deferred gifts. Gifts by Will and through life income agreements have a major role in the advancement of the University. For information and assistance please telephone (209) 946-2361, or write to: Office of Estate Planning Programs, University of the Pacific, Stockton, California 95204.

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## CAMPUS CALENDAR

### February 1970

- Feb. 7 Pacific Music Clinic
- Feb. 12 Resident Artist Series: DAVID S. GOEDECKE, *trumpet*
- Feb. 14, 15, 19, 20, 21, 22 Theater: *Three Penny Opera*—  
DeMarcus Brown Theatre
- Feb. 16 Theater: *Three Penny Opera*—Merced Junior College
- Feb. 18 Raymond College High Table: FRANK ZAPPA—head of the  
Mother's of Invention
- Feb. 21-22 French Play—Conservatory
- Feb. 27-28 Band Frolic

### March 1970

- Mar. 1-22 UOP Sixth Annual Student Art Exhibition—Haggin Art  
Gallery
- Mar. 4 DR. EDWARD TELLER—Conservatory—8:00 p.m.
- Mar. 6 Public Affairs Institute—CONGRESSMAN HENRY GONZALEZ  
(Texas): *The Role of the Mexican-American Citizen in  
American Politics* — 8:00 p.m.
- Mar. 7 In cooperation with A.A.U.W.—DR. PAUL EHRLICH—Delta  
Speech Arts Bldg., afternoon
- Mar. 10 University Symphony Orchestra, Warren van Bronkhorst,  
*conductor*
- Mar. 13 University Concert Band, David S. Goedecke, *director*
- Mar. 13, 14, 15 Children's Theater: *Tom Sawyer*—Rotunda—  
evening
- Mar. 17 Resident Artist Series: WARREN VAN BRONKHORST, *violin*
- Mar. 21 Beginning of Easter vacation
- Mar. 31 Classes resume

### April 1970

- Apr. 5 Art exhibit: National Competitive Exhibition of Small  
Paintings — through May 3rd
- Apr. 7 Pacific Affairs Institute: ROBERT MONAGAN—afternoon and  
evening — place to be determined
- Apr. 10-11 California History Institute: Jedediah Smith Society
- Apr. 10, 11, 12 Theater production: *Zoo Story* and *Dumb Waiter*  
— DeMarcus Brown Theatre
- Apr. 14 A Cappella Choir Concert, J. Russell Bodley, *director*
- Apr. 17, 18, 24, 25 University Opera Theater, Lucas Underwood,  
*director*
- Apr. 20 Faculty Research Lecture
- Apr. 21 The Gabrioni Trio: Warren van Bronkhorst, *violin*; Ira  
Lehn, *violin*; Wolfgang Fetsch, *piano*

### May 1970

- May 1 School of Education Recognition dinner
- May 6 Raymond College Faculty Research Lecture
- May 8, 9 Mardi Gras
- May 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17 Theater production—*Genet*
- May 10-29 Department of Art Senior exhibition
- May 16 Parents' Day
- May 16 School of Pharmacy dinner



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