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Pacifican, November 1, 1968

University of the Pacific

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PACIFICAN

IMPORTANT!
Cleaver Cancelled
No New Date
Announced

Vol. 68, No. 9

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, Stockton, California 95204

November 1, 1968

Interview with Donald Grubbs

Eldridge Cleaver:

"... A Matter of Democracy Itself"

By KATHY QUYLE

Q: What do you feel is the major difference between the two candidates?

A: The major difference between the major candidates, if there is a difference, is the traditional Republican fiscal conservatism.

At the same time, they're also less connected with the Democratic war, for a couple of reasons, partly because it isn't their war, and so Nixon is more free to act than Humphrey is. Nixon, for example, has been more forthright in promising an end to the draft... more to the point, I think the reason the Republicans are more likely to be able to act with some freedom in ending the war is that the Republicans are primarily a business party, and high profits don't depend on full employment.

The Democrats are primarily based on labor, and for a party that's primarily based on labor, your votes are pretty much predicated on full employment.

Since our economy depends so highly on defense expenditures, the Republicans are much more likely to favor the "biggest bang for a buck," whereas the Democrats are much more likely to be ready to fight small, limited wars calculated to spend a little more money (and) pump a little more into the economy.

Q: What do you think of the American Independent Party?

A: The American Independent Party is primarily an emotional reaction; Wallace is saying a lot of the same things... that the major parties are: resentment over "Why don't we win this war in Viet Nam?" and resentment over these "pushy niggers," but Wallace's response to them is entirely emotional, whereas there is some attempt to deal with the problems rationally on the part of the two major parties.

Q: What do you consider the place of the dissatisfied youth in this election? What about Pacific students' apathy in the national elections?

A: Well, the apathy that you see at Pacific is due to the fact that Pacific is overwhelmingly upper middle class, and comfortable, and until the Viet Nam war, and the draft, there really wasn't much to break in on their comfortable little world and get them upset. Pacific was apathetic because "We're all right, Charley!" and there's still some of this. At the same time, the farce of this election, the fact

that we're obviously going to get a president who is elected only because the Democrats so completely fell down on their responsibilities and nominated so completely un-democratic a candidate, the fact that Mr. Nixon is going to be an accidental president, the fact that there is an increasing appreciation of all the dishonesty that has been associated with the Viet Nam war, there is an increasing appreciation of what a complete catastrophe it's been, all this is helping to shake Pacific students out of their apathy, because you see, these are things that affect even upper middle class students.

Q: Do you think that the issues that are being talked about and debated are really changing people's minds?

A: No, because this whole law and order thing is a farce. It's simply disguising the whole issue. It's a fake issue. Any issue is a fake issue when you are only talking about symptoms and not causes. Nobody is debating the causes of lack of respect for authority, of crime in the streets, and so on. Not a soul is even attempting to discuss the reasons that our country is a violent country, the reasons that our streets are much less safe than those of London, for example, which of course is not a police state... You have to look very deeply into the issue of violence to even begin talking about this.

Q: Do you feel that the candidacy of George Wallace is going to affect the outcome of the election? to change the future political climate?

A: Yeah, because, although typically in American history, third parties exist for one election only... I don't think this is likely to be the case for Wallace, if he even comes close to putting it into the House of Representatives. The South is paranoid; the White South is sick. Throughout the whole American history... they have seen themselves losing power, losing their influence within the United States, steadily having their ideas count for less and less, steadily being heeded less and less. Instead of asking any meaningful questions as to why nobody listens to white southerners anymore, white Southerners have simply become more and more militant in trying to find some way of altering the nation's political destiny in a

Con't. on pg. 4 col. 1

By NANCY ROBERTS

This is a revolution. It started long before I came into it, and I may die before it's over, but we'll bust this thing and cut out this cancer. America will be as strong and beautiful as it should be, for black folks and white folks."—Dick Gregory.

("You say you want a revolution, well, you know, we all want to change the world...")

"We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it."—Eldridge Cleaver.

("But when you talk about destruction, don't you know that you can count me out...")

"Count me out," sings John Lennon in "Revolution," and "count me out" is the cry of those who would see the cancer of white racism cut out of American society—but painlessly, in a neat, sanitary operation performed by white-masked surgeons.

But the surgeons have stripped off their masks, and the faces beneath them are black; and the instruments they wield are not scalpels but swords.

One of these black surgeons is Eldridge Cleaver, who describes himself as "a full-time revolutionary in the struggle for black liberation in America." Born in Arkansas 33 years ago and raised in the Negro ghetto of Los Angeles, he was jailed at 18 for possession of marijuana, and served subsequent sentences for

"We Will Have Our Manhood"

rape at San Quentin, Folsom, and Soledad.

While in prison Cleaver became a Black Muslim, and read widely, first revolutionary works, then Negro writers, then contemporary white authors. Now on parole from Soledad, he has written the best-seller *Soul on Ice*, serves as staff writer for *Ramparts* magazine, and is Minister of Information for the Black Panthers of Oakland. He is the California Peace and Freedom Party nominee for President, although his age and criminal record make him ineligible for the presidency.

Cleaver sees today's militant black leaders as the end product of an evolution dating from 1911, when W.E.B. DuBois founded the NAACP and ended "the era of begging and supplication." He elaborates, "Protest as the new posture of black toward white America was on its way in, and was destined to dominate the black struggle for the next 50 years."

Between this protest leadership and the present militant leadership were two transitional figures, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. The difference between them, says Cleaver, was that "King's leadership was based on the black bourgeoisie and Malcolm's on the black masses."

This, he feels, was the crucial change: "When black leaders stopped chatting with Charlie and started cutting it up on the

block, a decisive juncture had been reached, and blacks had seized control of their own destiny."

What will this destiny be? According to Cleaver, blacks will use their newly-acquired control, with the attendant threat of violence, to force recognition of their equality and civil rights. In this struggle they will not be alone, for, says Cleaver, "There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect," and they will join the Negro cause.

It is this coalition of black militants and white sympathizers that frightens the count-me-outers, and it is of this coalition that Cleaver states:

"What white America had better do is find out what these leaders want for black people and then set out to discover the quickest possible way to fulfill their dreams.

"The alternative is war, pure and simple, and not just a race war, which in itself would destroy this country, but a guerilla war which will amount to a second civil war, with thousands of white new-John-Browns fighting on the side of the blacks, plunging America into the depths of its most desperate nightmare, on the way to realizing the American dream."

One is left with this thought: should such a war come, who would be able to count himself out then?

Burns Urges "Yes" on Prop. 6

By KIM BARSOOM

University of the Pacific President Robert E. Burns has urged a yes vote on Proposition 6 on the November 5th ballot.

Proposition 6 is a constructive move to prevent a discriminatory tax that would be levied only against independent colleges and universities, and against the teachers and employees of those institutions through the premiums they pay into their retirement benefit funds.

Dr. Burns is a member of the Statewide Citizens Committee for Proposition 6.

Historically, the retirement programs of California's colleges and universities, both tax-supported and non-tax-supported, have not been subject to the premium tax. A recent Supreme Court decision however, would subject the retirement programs

of independent colleges and universities to the tax while the retirement programs of the state-supported colleges and universities would not be taxed.

These independent educational institutions today are faced with a financial crisis; and it is of vital importance that they be allowed to operate free from discriminatory taxation.

California's independent colleges now educate more than 25 per cent of all college students at no cost to the state.

If all students now attending independent colleges and universities were enrolled in state-supported institutions, the cost to California taxpayers would exceed \$150,000,000 annually. And this does not include the value of the land, buildings and equipment, which have been privately financed.

"A yes vote," Dr. Burns said, "would free the independent colleges and universities from the tax on its retirement programs. No other state in the nation places a tax on the retirement programs of either State-supported or independent colleges and universities."

Proposition 6 was placed on the November ballot by a unanimous vote of both houses of the State Legislature and is endorsed by both the majority and minority leadership in both houses.

ROBERT T. MONAGAN, Assembly Republican Leader and University of the Pacific Alum, JESSE M. UNRUH, Speaker of the Assembly, and BOB MORETTI, Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Finance and Insurance, strongly urge a Yes vote on Proposition 6!

The Pacifican

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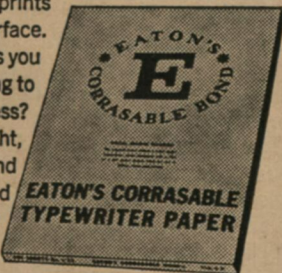
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Friday, November 1

Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information, Black Panthers; candidate for the U. S. Presidency, Peace and Freedom Party; Senior Editor of Ram-parts magazine—Conservatory Auditorium—3 p.m.

Y Film: "The Haunting"—Phillips Center 140—3:30, 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Rally—Greek Theater—7:30 p.m.

IFC Rush Dance—Delta Upsilon —8-12:30.

Saturday, November 2

Football: UOP vs. San Jose State (here)—8 p.m.

Aftergame dance—Raymond College Great Hall.

Methodist Student Day

Graduate Record Exam—Anderson Lecture Hall—9 a.m.

Gamma Phi Beta Dads' Weekend
Alpha Chi Omega Dads' Weekend

Kappa Alpha Theta Dads' Weekend

TIGER GUIDE

Delta Gamma Dads' Weekend

Sunday, November 3

Raymond Film: "Death of a Salesman"—Phillips Center 140 —8 p.m.

Stanislaus State College Faculty Exhibition (paintings, sculpture, graphics) thru November 27th—reception 1:30-4 p.m.

Gamma Phi Beta Dads' Weekend

Alpha Chi Omega Dads' Weekend

Kappa Alpha Theta Dads' Weekend

Delta Gamma Dads' Weekend

Monday, November 4

IFC Rush Dinner—6:30-10 p.m.
Institute of European Studies
Coffee Hour — Gold Room — 4 p.m.

Tuesday, November 5

University Symphony Orchestra —Conservatory Auditorium — 8:15 p.m.

Chapel: Dr. Robert Blaney—"Celebration of Democracy"

Wednesday, November 6
IFC Rush Dinner

Friday, November 8

NCFA Invitational Speech Tournament

Friends of Chamber Music—Alle-gri Quartet—8:15 p.m.

Y Film: "The Bicycle Thief"—Phillips Center 140—3:30, 7 and 9:30 p.m.

IFC Rush Dance — Phi Kappa Tau—8-12:30.

Saturday, November 9

NCFA Invitational Speech Tournament

Football: UOP vs. Santa Barbara (there)

Alpha Chi Omega Pledge Dance
Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Jazz Band Festival — Conservatory Auditorium—8:15 p.m.

IFC Rush Dance

AWS Playday for Underprivileged Children—1-3 p.m.

Poetry

Mark Strand To "Open Eyes" At Raymond Today

The rising young American poet, Mark Strand, will be on campus today at 1:30 p.m. for a poetry reading in the Common Room at Raymond College.

The poetry reading will conclude before Eldridge Cleaver's speech at the Auditorium. Interested students may return to the Common Room for an informal question-answer discussion with Strand later in the day.

Mark Strand has published poems in a wide variety of national magazines and journals. His poetry has been collected in two books: *Sleeping With One Eye Open*, published by Stone Wall Press in 1964, and *Reasons for Moving*, published by Atheneum this year.

He has taught, lectured, and delivered reading of his own poetry at many colleges and universities in the United States and abroad.

Mr. Strand's present tour of the West Coast includes readings at the University of California at Irvine, UCLA, Sacramento State College and Humboldt State College.

All interested undergraduates and graduate students, COP English majors in particular, are urged to attend.

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McCullough-Strauss

A Day In The Life

McCullough-Strauss, following the great American tradition of fair play established by Rutherford B. Hayes, Sally Rand, and Edward Albee, have decided to dedicate one column to a candidate for political office whom we support. Someday we may even get around to writing it. But for now, it being time for all good Americans to come to the aid and abutment of the enemy, we are going to deal with the Republican Party's ace-in-the-hole, whose detractors blow into by calling "a real joker whose tricks and marked dishonesty may hand a Senate seat next week."

In order to flush out the straight dope we decided to find out what a day in the life of Dr. Max Rafferty is like.

Our cameras skilfully hidden on the good doctor's night stand, between the dogeared copy of *None Dare Call It Treason* and a cheesecake shot of Betty Grable, we caught California's next great folk hero as he sprang lustily out of bed at 7:42 A.M., threw open the window, and sucked in a lungful of Good Old American Air.

After a quick stopover in the makeup room, he tripped fantastically into the dining room of his modest manse and dug into his Sugar Jets without so much as the time of day.

A Good Old American Breakfast inside him, he called his personal secretary to his side and, giving her a cheerful ribbing, cleverly quipped, "Good morning, Zelda, nice day isn't it?" Zelda, who was in no mood for humor, hit him in the mouth with a malacca walking stick and groused roughly, "You gotta appointment in five minutes with the Governor's speech writer, so get your—"

"Careful Zelda," cautioned Max warningly, as they left the house. "You've been watching those dirty Swedish movies again. By Horace Mann, ol' Shirley was right about those Japs smuggling them across the Pacific on rafts. I'll have to look into that when I get up there to Washington."

After an unexciting session with Governor Reagan's speechwriter, conducted largely in yips and grunts unintelligible to the normal human eye, Max was off again to speak at a meeting of the California Teachers Association. After a few of his patented ribticklers (Sample: Why did the moron jump off the Empire State Building? To get to the other side), Rafferty launched into his speech, in which he called for higher salaries for teachers, greater university autonomy, and a broadly expanded curriculum. This speech was followed later in the day by an address to the local chapter of the California Young Republicans, in which he called for a campaign to get Communists out of our universities, a reduction in unnecessary spending by the University of California system, and a return to the three R's (which, contrary to an old wives tale—some think it was Jane Wyman—are not readin', ritin', and rithmatic, but Reagan, Rafferty, and Republicanism, which only shows to go ya, as Rafferty is fond of saying in his lighter moments).

Rafferty, who in addition to being an educator of no little ability, was named Father-of-the-Year for 1957 by the Happy Camp Chamber of Commerce, anxiously rushed home in the late afternoon, after his labors were done, to "toss the ol' pill around" with his 17 year old son Nerdley.

Nerdley, however, was at his R.O.T.C. meeting, so, with a philosophical shrug and a muttered "By Socrates" (an epithet he uses only in moments of extreme emotional stress) Max took a final suzerainly turn round the grounds and headed inside to dinner. His faithful secretary Zelda, who had been hiding behind a tree shooting spitwads at him, rumbled her way into the house after him.

After a dinner of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, hot buttered corn, whole milk, and chocolate ice cream, Senator-elect Rafferty retired to his den, where, despite the growling of the other inhabitants, he does his nightly studying.

In seven minutes he appeared looking refreshed, having perused (as our hidden cameras recorded) the book of Job, the memoirs of Prince Metternich, and a short selection of poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Marianne Moore.

Then he went into some high level conferences with his aides, which ran continuously until 10:00 and were interrupted only once, when Zelda got out of her cell and began clawing the furniture. She and Rafferty exchanged pointed words and, after the solemn ritual, fell to bickering terribly. Finally, Zelda hit Max with a brick and, dragging her stenographers pad, shuffled back to her bunk, which she was writing for the wire services the following day.

Max was unhurt, fortunately, and like the trooper he is (remember World War II) he got back on his feet, mumbled something unintelligible about Alan Cranston, and decided to retire. At this point, an aide pointed out that he hadn't even been elected yet, which only served to compound the problem. Rafferty, in his puckishly cherubic way, stuck his tongue out at the lot of them and, turning into a pillar of salt, shook sedately into his trap-door pajamas. And so to bed.

—JERRY McCULLOUGH

FORUM:

OF PIGS
AND STUPIDITY

Dear Editor:

"Because we're just as sick of dumbness in a student newspaper as you are, this year's *Pacifican* will not be 'as per'..." This was written in your first editorial of September 26. It sounds like a fine idea, but when exactly do you plan to start?

Is a wasted editorial on Harold Baines Pigh your idea of "doing your best to make it a paper worth paying attention to?" I've read better editorials in high school papers.

So far, the so-called "variety" of your paper has included: embarrassment of one of your secretaries for misreading your hieroglyphics, news stories that are completely editorialized, even on the first page (without a byline, yet!), numerous corn stories of little or no interest. In the October 25 issue, you decided to give "equal-time" to the AKL-IFC problem. So you gave a fine three column front-page article expressing IFC's views, but not one inch to AKL.

Instead of spending time being a funny man, how about proof-reading your paper to help correct the hundreds or so copy mistakes.

I realize being head of a campus paper brings on a lot of pressures, but perhaps a course in Journalism and ethics could help you eliminate the "dumbness" of the *Pacifican*.

—CHERYL HANSEN

☆☆☆

PACIFIC IS MOLDIN' IN THE GRAVE

In order to solve a set of problems you must determine their nature, understand your relationship to them and finally realize the actuality of your progress. The *Pacifican* article described such a set of problems. The problem is Urban America in neglect, illusion and polarity. It is a complex matrix of poverty, lack of long-range planning, white racism, minority disorganization and agriculture versus industry.

Understanding the relationship is simpler and yet harder to grasp. Perhaps the best clue is found by reading Max Rafferty's answers to our problem (*California Election Extra*, League of Women Voters of California, November 5, 1968): "Specially-trained, highly mobile federal forces should be available to state governors when uprisings occur. Besieged cities in the future should be put promptly under martial law."

Is this the America you want? A land of revolution and repression? A land turned into a camp armed against itself? Unless the programs and wisdom of the Kerner Report is implemented, the years spent in school will be meaningless because the social fabric of this country will not be left.

BLACK VS. WHITE

Don't you think that Stockton will turn into another Watts? Then you have not seen the hate against white pigment and the growing incidents of Black vs. White gang fights at our local high schools. You don't believe

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

it, then ask about what's happening in Sierra Vista and look at the pick-up trucks (white-owned) that carry gun racks downtown.

The last problem is really summed up in one word: **Action!** Ironically, some of the strongest reaction, I have been told, comes from some of the most committed students and teachers. The reactions of the community leaders in the article were not aimed at them. Those who are regularly involved in Project Identity, Long-Range Planning Committee, tutoring at McKinley and other schools, and Project Terminous we thank and praise.

But in spite of these realistically-committed individuals, the University as an institution and the students as a body don't give a damn in action and deed about Stockton. It is still a rich, spoiled little girls and boys finishing school which has effectively screened itself off from the problems and promise of Stockton.

WHITE RACISM

Some organizations like the Spurs and the sororities spend their non-school work time in degenerate games of social exclusiveness, husband-gathering and social ladder-climbing (one sorority recently excluded Orientals because of white racism).

Many independents and fraternity members do nothing at all. This is especially true of Covell College. While Raymond and Callison, in theory, are committed to social change, it appears much is done because it is the fashion and less because it is important.

To the Stockton community that wants change, Pacific is moldin' in the grave.

When criticism is given, it is launched because it is hoped that the target is fundamentally important and good. The community people, seeing the significant impact made by small numbers of committed students, knows the tremendous weight that the University would have in making urban Stockton a rich, humane and decent place to live in. It is because there are so many good people at Pacific that we care.

—ROBERT SONENSCHIN

☆☆☆

HEALTHY COMPLEX

Sirs:

I do not know if Marc Slott lives in West or South Hall or not, but his article in the October 25, issue of *Pacifican* stirs me somewhat.

As a resident of West Hall in my fourth year, I have not seen any mosquitoes flying constantly overhead while trying to sleep.

If Mr. Slott can find any moss on the walls of the showers and show it to me, I will then believe him. He may not realize how much work the custodians do each and every work day in cleaning up the hall floors and bathrooms.

West and South Halls are not as bad as some people would like to have you believe.

RANDY GIBBS
COP

UOP IS COMMITTED TO INVOLVEMENT

Sirs:

Your story in the issue of October 18 about the community involvement of Pacific students presented one strong viewpoint.

While the students, faculty, and administrators that I have talked to at Pacific agree that these efforts are small compared to the needs of the community, we hope that this can develop into a program that can make a real impact on some of the desperate problems in our local area. We know that this student volunteer service has made an impact on many of those who are involved with it.

After only about two weeks of planning there are many Pacific students already serving in Stockton schools. About 40 students are tutoring on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in a joint effort with Edison High students at McKinley Elementary School.

One Covell girl goes to Harrison School every morning to work with a child who does not speak English and who would have had a much more difficult time without this additional help.

There are about ten Callison students working throughout the school district in Headstart programs and about the same number at Hamilton Junior High School. One Callison girl who speaks Iranian is helping a student from Iran who speaks little English. And there are other individual situations.

In the meantime if your article has stirred up interest in serving in the schools, please remind your readers that there are many more college volunteers needed and they should register at the Anderson Y. High School students desperately need tutors who often can make the crucial difference between a pupil keeping up with his work or giving up entirely.

There are youngsters who need a friend to encourage them with school work, and many classroom situations that need the assistance of college students. There are two southside schools in particular that are seeking college students who can come in during the school day to work with individual children who must have special attention outside of the classroom.

The pre-school programs in poverty areas always need older students who bring their enthusiasm and energy. The teachers in these situations are eager to plan with volunteers, to help them, and to provide an experience for them that will be part of an awakening to the needs of the world around them.

Pacific students have been serving in the schools for several years now, and it has been an important experience for all concerned. The students have had an effect on the schools, on the teachers, and of course on individual pupils who have grown through the additional attention and concern. Above all, perhaps, many college students have truly learned a great deal about our society today and how important it is that education must include training for lives of relevant community service.

MRS. DELPHINE FRAZIER
Coordinator
Volunteer Services

DR. GRUBBS' INTERVIEW

Con't. from pg. 1 col. 2

way that is totally out of proportion to their numbers.

WEASLE WORDS

One thing the Nixon administration could do that would be very profitable, and would keep the dwindling minority of the White South from continuing to pose this threat, would be to amend the constitution in such a way that the election can't go into the House of Representatives, but is won by whoever achieves a plurality. That could be the best thing that comes out of this election.

Other things that might come out of this election, since it's a foregone conclusion that Mr. Nixon's going to win, unless Humphrey comes up at the last moment enough to throw it into the House, in which case we have disaster, is the abolition of the draft, which Nixon has promised, though with weasle-words, sort of ambiguously, and perhaps, as I said, Nixon could end the war in Viet nam. His hands at least are less tied than are those of the Johnson-Humphrey administration.

As I see it, the over-riding issue is to repudiate the Johnson-Humphrey administration, because of the un-democratic nomination of Humphrey, which completely defied the wishes of the rank-and-file. This is not simply a matter of bitterness . . . it's a matter of democracy itself.

OUTRAGEOUS WAR

If you believe in democracy, you believe that the nomination of the party should go, must go, to a man who has demonstrated some concern for the rank-and-file of his party, and at least has been one of the major choices, whereas, of course, there was no comparison this year.

Everybody in the party was for McCarthy and Kennedy. As we got closer and closer to the convention, the Johnson-Humphrey people were more and more discredited, except they had control of the machinery. That I think is the major issue, and then repudiating the Johnson-Humphrey administration as thoroughly as possible because of the most outrageous, tragically-catastrophic war in American history is also important.

Better Education For Your Money

By DAVID MURPHY

A short time ago I was first forced to defend the idea of a discussion on Wallace to a disapprover. Surprised I replied "for once we can escape from this ivy island and get into the mainstream of the world, of life itself." For a short time Monday night several students and two faculty members did just that. The subject matter was less important than the idea of a discussion. For intelligent ideas were developed and torn down, not faculty ideas but students.

The idea of having a discussion on the controversial George Wallace came from the mind of a student, a rare occurrence. This interested sophomore with the vital help of a freshman, wished to challenge the ideas of others and have their own challenged.

Their object was one of idea exploration and application of all that time spent studying to the world. Something seldom tried before, why? The format was student participation, and

patient Grubbs and Darling only spoke in slow parts. There were many slow parts.

The over all result of this was a sharing, reformation and destruction of ideas and concepts. Students were forced to rely upon the total of their knowledge, all of those 16½ units each of us must blow his mind to pass a semester. This is why we are here, for the use of that information we work to obtain. To use in application of life. We do not come to college to simply earn a grade average, if we do then education here and elsewhere needs a major overhaul.

If this is true then why haven't there been other programs where one can apply that information from all classes, especially on a college level, and especially here?

The result Monday night could not be measured, in terms of success or failure. The idea of discussion still exists as a good one and the best type of education anyone could offer anyone involved.

On Election '68

"An Unctuous Head and A Sincere Mouth"

A former colleague of mine characterized the political fall in 1964 as a race between an honest nincompoop and an intelligent crook. Four years of "intelligence" has brought us to the brink of a black white apocalyptic, the evisceration of any real effort to end poverty, the acceleration of imperialism both in political style and foreign policy, student anarchy as a protest against liberal irrelevance, and a sentimental air to this maelstrom of malconfidence in the "general will."

The republican alternative offers the incredible mystery of resurrection, by-passing all the agony of crucifixion over the issues of urbanization, overpopulation, pluralistic socialist styles, and the black revolution.

Our president-in-waiting (hiding) risks nothing in declaring for "law and order." The probable spectacle of the state of California opting for president a man whom they overwhelmingly rejected as governor has me, along with Rosemary, believing in witchcraft.

The American Independents are, of course, neither American nor independent if we mean by the one freedom for all citizens and by the other responsible exercise of analytical imagination. George Wallace will be a nesting place for racial hawks and exasperated simplistic pigeons.

With Eugene McCarthy acting like a spoiled child (who if he couldn't pitch won't play), and Robert Kennedy snapped by Jordanian passion, the 1968 political fall looks like a race—no a limp—between an unctuous head and a sincere mouth.

At this writing an unenthusiastic vote for Humphrey.

—LAWRENCE MEREDITH



THE SWEATER-ER

That's the way the proprietor earned his letter, and is still doing so. Whatever the preference, he has it—lamb's Wool, shetland, turtle, U-neck, saddle shoulder, etc. All the plays that put sweaters out front in the choice of fashion-plate. See him. One little old sweater will sweater you!

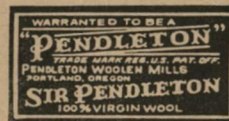
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Q: Scarborough Fair? — — A: No, A Marin Shopping Center

By NANCY ROBERTS

(Renaissance Pleasure Faire, held annually over several weekends at the Marin Civic Center, is well worth the \$2.75 admission fee. If you really want to have a good time, though, trying to sneak in without paying will do it for you. Just what else it will do for you is described below).

☆☆☆

It's more medieval to try to sneak in"

At about 3:00 last Saturday afternoon the UOP Renaissance Pleasure Faire Expedition, consisting of Conni, Pat, Jim and myself, pulled into the beautiful downtown Marin Civic Center parking lot.

We didn't park, though, for we had been advised by history Dr. Donald Grubbs that it was more medieval, not to mention cheaper, to sneak in without paying. How fun! we thought. Well, we've been wrong before.

So we cruised around the parking lot in Conni's intrepid VW, checking things out. It seemed that the idea was to park your car and get on a bus which would transport you to the Faire.

This smacked of the Establishment to us; undoubtedly you had to pay your \$2.75 before they let you off the bus (we were wrong about that too). Instead, putting our \$12,000 UOP educations to good use, we reasoned that if we followed one of the

buses we could find out way to the Faire, park, and start sneaking.

Tiptoe through the oak trees

Our plan worked beautifully. We found the Faire, spread under a cluster of trees in the hills; drove past it for a mile or so; and parked the intrepid VW in a dirt area guarded by a sign reading: "China Camp Motorcycle Club Parking—No Trespassing."

Next came the sneaking, which involved hiking over several absolutely monstrous hills. Jim, Pat, and Conni were doing fine; but I, a flabby exercise-avoider with cholesterol running rampant in my veins, thought I would die of asphyxiation, or a heart attack, or something, before I made it up those hills. As for getting back down them, we frankly gave up on walking and slid down instead.

In this fashion we approached the Faire from its rear and ours, and sent Jim, as the only male member of our expedition, ahead to scout for us. He reported that the coast was clear, so we strolled casually out of the trees into the Faire, covered with glory and oak leaves.

Pride goeth before a fall

The first thing I noticed was a couple making love under a tree. The second thing I noticed, several seconds later, was a hippie sitting under another tree, clad in a green felt vest and a peaked cap, bearing a large staff. "How quaint, how medieval," I thought as I walked past him.

"Have you got a pass or a stamp," demanded Quaint and Medieval, lunging to his feet and planting his staff rudely at my feet. I ignored him, staring off into the distance and listening to the faint tinkle of my illusions being shattered.

He then tackled Pat, Conni, and Jim, and discovering that none of us had passes or stamps, kindly offered himself as our escort to the front gate. And so we marched off together into the sunset, feeling slightly ridiculous and incongruous: three clean college kids being persecuted by a hippie.

Quaint and Medieval (whose name turned out to be Phil) left us at the beginning of the path leading into the Faire, with the broad hint that "the gate where you pay to get in is over there." "You are not what you seem," I accused him as he walked off. It didn't seem to bother him much.

The friendly art of persuasion

Well. So there we stood, staring down the path which was studded at regular intervals with similar staff-bearers. I got the distinct impression that Robin Hood's regulars were stationed in the trees bordering the path, arrows at the ready.

I soon learned that arrows are obsolete, even at Renaissance Pleasure Faires. A Q & M approached us as we debated which direction to try next, seated himself beneath a tree bear-

ing the sign "Station No. 4," and picked up a walkie-talkie. "Yep, they're still here, Phil," he said into it, then lapsed into silence.

"Creature of the Establishment," I said, looking straight into what I could see of his eyes, obscured as they were by long bangs. He winced and protested, "I'm just doing it for the money!"

Conni, Pat and Jim then took over, and after a few minutes Station No. 4 relented and waved us down the path to Station No. 5, a frizzy-head who bore a marked resemblance to John Lennon, rimless specs and all.

Dino, as he revealed himself to be, said he'd let us in at 5:00; it was then 4:30 and the Faire closed at 6:30. Another Q & M (there seemed to be more guards than visitors) strolled up with a long-haired, long-dressed girl, and proceeded to roll a marijuana cigarette. "Hit?" he offered amiably, and when we shook our clean college kid heads in unison, he shrugged and finished off the joint himself, then stuff-

ed the butt into his mouth and swallowed it.

I was staring at this strange rite in fascination when Conni announced that it was 5:00. "Watch out for Phil," Dino warned as we began our second sneak-in of the day.

Renaissance Pleasure Faire re-visited

Lo and behold, whom should we see looming along the path but Phil, guiding yet another recalcitrant group of non-payers to the borders. We veered off into a creekbed, plunged up a hill, and found ourselves in the midst of the Renaissance Pleasure Faire.

The Faire itself turned out to be rather anti-climatic, not to mention impossible to describe (this is what is known as a journalistic cop-out). It's all over for this year, but if you get a chance, try to make it next year. Sneak in if you can, but avoid Phil, or, better yet, go dressed as Robin Hood and carry a staff. That way they might even pay you.

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JEFF BANKS

SPORTS SPECTRUM

Stefan Schroeder and
October 26 - - -

The icy mountain wind howled through Colorado State University's Hughes Stadium. Stefan Schroeder, eyes cast downward in determined concentration on the flat rubber base he had placed on the ground before him, shivered as the cold air whipped his sweat dampened jersey.

He looked up at the twin poles that stood fifty-nine yards down the field. Twice before that day he had kicked field goals of 31 and 25 yards. Clenching and opening his hands, he readied himself for the snap. The ball spun up for between the center's legs and spiraled into the holder's grasp.

Like some finely tuned machine, the practiced holder set the ball at the desirable angle. Schroeder, with that little hopping approach peculiar to soccer style kickers, swung his leg high and snapped it smartly.

The whumping pop of his foot meeting the ball echoed in the cavernous and beautiful new facility at Fort Collins, Colorado. The ball arched high and then higher as the stiff wind caught it. All watched as the brown and white orb spun end over end through the very middle of the uprights. It was perfect! The ball cleared the goalpost by at least fifteen feet. Schroeder's was the longest NCAA kick so far this season. The score jumped to 11-0 and the ebullient kicker, hands held high overhead in twin signs of victory, was mobbed by his teammates and deafened by the crowd.

It was the third field goal of the day for the Pacific kicker and both his PATs were good that afternoon. Stefan Schroeder scored eleven individual points in the 31-0 stomping that the University of Pacific Tigers delivered to the favored Colorado State Rams.

His game field goals of 59, 31 and 25 yards established him as just possibly the best collegiate kicker in the nation.

Stefan Schroeder looks very much like a stereotype German private in some "B" movie. (Actually, he was a soldier in the U. S. Army for three years). His strong triangular face with the prominent lantern jaw and the placid blue eyes topped with a shock of wheat colored hair betray his ancestry immediately. He was born in Germany and raised there and in Austria as well. He speaks his native language fluently and is also extremely articulate in English. When called by his nickname "Heinie" he often snaps to attention, thrusts his arm skyward in mock salute and shrilly screams "Sieg Heil!" He gets a very large laugh from the other Pacific players gathered in the locker room for his sarcastically chauvinistic impressions.

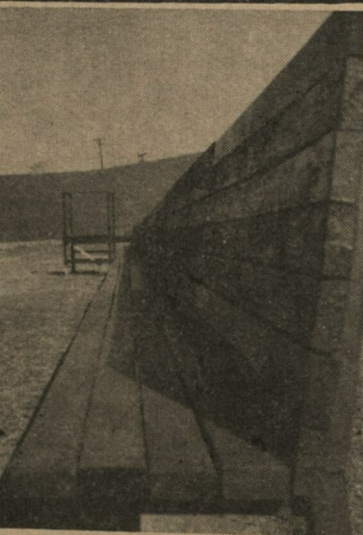
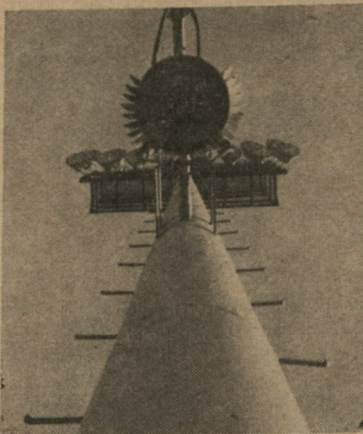
Schroeder's soccer style of kicking goes back to his youth in Europe. He began playing at age seven in the "Pop Warner" type soccer leagues in which thousands of young European children participate. At thirteen his family came to America and settled in the Los Angeles area. He continued to play soccer with a few of the boys in loose sandlot games. Schroeder did not kick a football until he was nineteen years old.

His first inclination to kick the football occurred when as an incoming freshman who was two days late for registration, he tried to enroll in San Diego Mesa Junior College. Classes were all full, but a friend told him that football players sometimes get a little extra consideration from the Registrar.

Stefan Schroeder, who had never kicked a football in his life, went out for the team and a few games later in a contest against Glendale, Arizona P. C. kicked an eighty-eight yard punt through the air! "It was a matter of necessity," says Schroeder, "I either rooted the football or waited a semester to root myself in school." "88" became his good luck number and he now wears it on his Pacific jersey.

The young German-American works hard to improve himself. Each day as the rest of the Tiger squad block and tackle, Schroeder walks alone to the kicking field. He dumps the ball bag slung over his shoulder and some thirteen or fourteen footballs fall to the ground. He begins to systematically practice kickoffs and punts. After about an hour he is joined by his holder, Al Namanny, and a center and together they try to perfect PATs and field goals. Stefan estimates that he kicks from 150 to 200 times a day. He feels that with that much work he's bound to improve greatly.

Schroeder, a Junior, has one more year of eligibility left at UOP. He has, of course, been noticed by many pro scouts. He looks forward to the Professional ranks with the same optimism and obstinacy that he has carried through his short football career—"I work hard to get better. I will be better." Sounds simple enough, doesn't it?



The Stadium

SPORTS

Hungry Tigers Face Wounded Spartans

By ROGER NADEL

Revitalized in the mile-high city of Ft. Collins, Colorado, the UOP Tigers return to sea-level tomorrow night to face an injury-prone San Jose State Spartan outfit.

This should really be a godd effort by the Spartans, who come to Stockton with revenge on their minds after being upset by the Tigers for two straight years.

Unfortunately (at least for the Spartans), that may be a difficult chore, since the local footballers have what must be called the best team to come out of the Virginia Creeper (and Boston Ivy) covered walls of Anderson Dining Hall in some years. The Tigers are currently riding on a three game win streak, which makes a season record of four wins-two defeats.

There is also going to be a great battle within the ranks of the Bengals to see who is going to be awarded the honor of leading the Tigers on Saturday. Both Mickey Ackley and Randy Bergstrom are working hard to receive the starting call, and, as they say, two heads are better than one.

San Jose State comes in to this game with a 2 wins and 3 defeats season tally, and perhaps their worst team in three years. They have been beaten by such teams as Stanford—68 to 20 (whom we will be hearing more from); California, which is the number 8 team in the coun-

try this week; and San Diego State, which is the number 1 ranked small college team in the country.

As for the two victories, the Spartans have defeated both Fresno State and the University of New Mexico.

The Spartans have been slapped with more than their share of injuries this year, as they have lost both the starting quarterbacks and the starting tailback due to injuries. Russ Munson was the starting quarterback, but has since been replaced by Don Perkins. Also lost to the San Jose backfield is Walt Shockley, who was the leading ball carrier for San Jose with a 4.2 per carry average.

The Spartans have a good crew of pass receivers, due to the fact that the bulk of their game must be played through the air. They are led by John Crivello, Dwight Tucker, and Mike Scrivner.

UOP's win over Utah State jelled them into acting as a unit, and last Saturday's victory over CSU jelled them into a powerful unit. They deserve the support they should have received, but up until now have not.

Perhaps we can take two or three hours out of our busy schedules (how busy can you be on a Saturday night, unless...) and cheer for the team.

The game begins at 8:00 in Memorial Stadium, unless the wooden seats get too warped.

Editorial Comment

The Mud Bowl

By PETE JENSEN

Yesterday, as hordes of gophers watched and participated, Pacific Memorial Stadium collapsed in a massive cascade of mud and rotten wood. Or at least it should have.

The stadium, now almost 19 years old, is in desperate need of renovation. Only a few weeks ago I watched with amused displeasure as a step broke under a 90 pound hot dog vendor and he went flying. The entire bank of rooting section bleachers hasn't dried out since the first rain this year. God help us if they do, the splinters would be lethal.

There once was a time, I suppose, when a spectator could dress normally at a UOP home game. Now I feel compelled to wear something akin to coveralls if I want to preserve my

meager wardrobe.

A stadium can be aesthetically pleasing. Simplicity of construction, a graceful bowl rising high above the heads of approaching spectators, simple requirements achieved by some of the most ancient stadiums in the country and Pacific Memorial has the foundation to do it. Maybe.

At the next game look at the wooden fence leaning drunkenly and unevenly running around the top. At great cost and expense this fence was disassembled and brought to Pacific from a South Stockton Auto junkyard. I think it's time it was ripped down. In fact, it's time quite a bit of sanding, painting and replacing was done before a step breaks under a 90 year old man instead of a hot dog vendor and the stadium is sued for thrice its worth... say, thirty cents?

THE INDIAN NATION ALL WILL FALL SOON!