

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGIAN

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No. 4

Advisory Committee sends football's fate to Trustees

The last pass of the season has been thrown and the last opponent has been played, but Saint Mary's football team now finds itself involved in another type of struggle—a struggle that could determine whether it ever plays again.

It became known soon after the 1968 season ended that the Football Club was in financial difficulty. It seemed that an important source of revenue had failed to materialize as soon as was expected, and that because of the difficulties involved in the restructuring of the Club without communication with the College, the club found itself with a deficit that (at this printing) runs into four figures. This deficit seems to be the incident that has precipitated an overall re-evaluation of the Football Club's structure, from the official status of the coach down to the organization of the students involved.

With this in mind, Tim Hogan, President of the Football Club, approached the Executive Council, and asked its members to consider sending a resolution to the College's Board of Trustees asking them to direct the Athletic Advisory Committee to study the status of the Football Club. This the Council did and in turn the Trustees so directed the Athletic Ad-

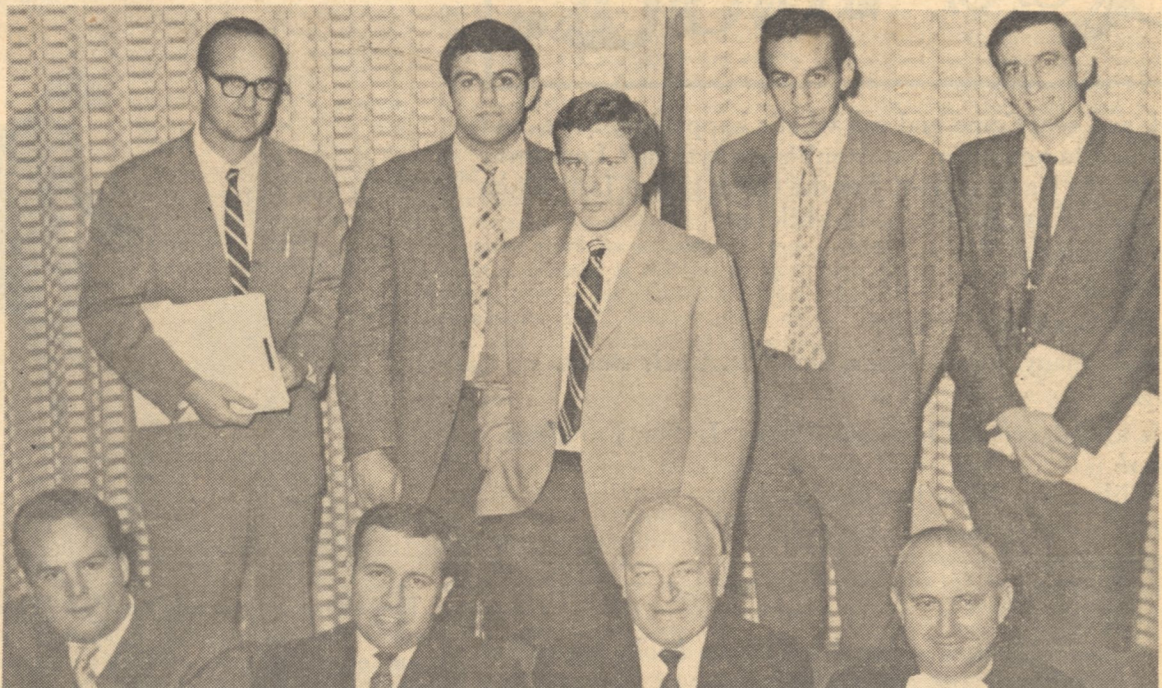
visory Committee.

In order to facilitate a presentation to the Committee an ad hoc committee was formed to draft a proposal for the Athletic Committee to consider. This group was made up of the President and Vice-President of the Student Body, the President and Special Events Chairman of the Football Club and the student representative to the Athletic Advisory Committee.

This student group, after much consideration, and after consultation with Coach Galli, came up with a proposal aimed at solving some of the Club's inherent problems and existing financial woes.

This proposal was made in the form of a motion to the Athletic Advisory Committee last Tuesday night by the student representative, Steve McFeely and was elaborated on in a presentation made by Club President Hogan. Also in attendance to make presentations were Student Body Vice-President Dave Lachiondo, coach George Galli, and Dean of Admissions, Peter Mohorko.

The main thrusts of the proposal were two: 1) that the College, to insure control of the direction and scope of the Club, contract with the head football coach for his services and that it be responsible for his salary; 2) That



Pictured above are the members of the Athletic Advisory Committee. Standing (l-r): STAN PEDDER; visitors DAVE LACHIONDO and TIM HO-

GAN; ODEL JOHNSON, MIKE CIMINO. Seated (l-r): STEVE McFEELY, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, BILL FISHER, BROTHER JEROME.

in order to guarantee competent and experienced supervision of the business end of the Football Club, the Trustees direct that a Steering Committee be formed to supervise and oversee the activities of the Club—this Committee to be made up of the President and Treasurer of the Football Club, the Athletic

Director of the College, the Controller of the College and a member to be appointed by the President of the College.

After private consideration a more detailed form of this proposal passed the Committee, with but one dissenting vote.

It should be noted here that the

Athletic Committee is merely advisory to the Trustees and that any definitive steps on this matter must be taken by them. But the first important step has been taken, and it would seem that the future of football at Saint Mary's is once again in the hands of the Trustees.

Whitehurst presents twelve proposals on College change

A list of twelve proposals presented by President Dan Whitehurst sparked a discussion of the role the executive council should play in determining the future of our academic community. The proposals concerned: 4-1-4, Unit Requirements, Course Requirements, Grades, Grade Reports, Finals, Co-Education, Housing Rules, Curriculum Expansion, Housing Arrangement, and Recruiting and Admissions.

The Council discussed whether or not it should forge ahead with the kind of issues President Whitehurst put forth or wait until the students themselves take action. Damien Ford expressed the opinion that the Council should be the driving force behind the educational resurrection of Saint Mary's.

The Council agreed. Whitehurst said that a group of concerned members of our community would be formed this week to assist the Council in this work.

John Hartnett proposed that the Council send a letter to the faculty supporting the 4-1-4 calendar system. That motion was tabled and Dave Scholl moved that the Council inform the students that it is in favor of the 4-1-4 system and that it will decide whether or not to recommend it to the faculty at the next meeting.

John Blackstock, Chairman of the Campus Development Committee, reported that the Gaol will be relocated to De La Salle Lounge and that Mitty Lounge will be re-

Glee Club concert features Yuletide program Tuesday

The Men's Glee Club of Saint Mary's will present its fall concert Tuesday, December 10, at 8:30 p.m. in Dryden Hall.

The program, under the direction of Edward Lowman, will include sacred songs, music from the Russian liturgy, traditional favorites, drinking songs (of course), and medieval and early Renaissance Christmas carols.

A nominal admission charge of 50¢ will be asked at the door.

"The glee club is one of the very few choirs in the west which still specializes in music for male voices," Lowman said. "We are able to present a wide variety of selections from this great but seldom-heard repertoire."

The Club itself is composed of a small group of 21 men and Mr. Lowman expressed the desire that more members of the student body would join the Club next semester. The Glee Club has made three appearances this year: at the Christian Brothers Centennial Banquet, for the Moraga Historical Society and at an Ecumenical Hymn Sing in Orinda.



JIM THOMPSON

... castigates upper classmen ...

vamped as a substitute for the lounge in De La Salle. He also said that there was a general plan that includes new furniture in Dante, Aquinas, and Augustine, fixing the roof on Galileo, and painting the gym. It would cost in excess of \$200,000. Blackstock also reported that right now there is not enough money to fix the showers in Aquinas.

In a lengthy discussion of Whitehurst's proposals, Jim Thompson said that it is the Classes of '69 and '70 that prevent any progress or change.

Freshmen officers plan active, unique class participation

The Frosh election of this year finally ended after three days of balloting and run-offs among the candidates two weeks ago. The final results were: Dennis Callagy, President; Jeff Stokes, Vice President; Ric Ochoa, Secretary; Mike Fornell, Treasurer; Mike Genovese and Ernie Perrucisi, Class Representatives.

For the remainder of the school year, the Frosh administration will conduct a total re-evaluation of the purpose and influence of student government concerning the Freshman class. Already a student poll is being conducted by the officers concerning the value of the Sophomore-Thank-You Dance, and other similar activities. The officers are attempting to determine whether it is worth the time and effort to sponsor this traditional dance or whether the resources of the class could be used in a more constructive project.

President Dennis Callagy and his fellow officers have made tentative plans and activities such as the Big Brother Program at a juvenile center in Danville. Callagy considers this to be the most worthwhile of the projects that the class can pursue. The boys ranging in age from 13-18, are wards of the state. They have no parents and have very little contact with the world outside of the center. The boys need the outside contact and the friendship of the members of the class who are working with them.

Another project planned by the Freshmen involves Encounter sessions with other Colleges in the area. This will provide members of the class with the opportunity to meet people and "to exchange ideas in a real and meaningful way." This program is still in the planning stages, but could prove to be one of the more worthwhile projects endeavored by any class.

The work of the officers has begun, programs have been started and activities are being planned. The only way these projects can be fulfilled and realized is through the cooperation of the whole Freshman class.

Brickpile hours slashed; "abuse" listed as reason

Early last week, to the surprise and dismay of many students, the doors of the Brickpile were posted with a notice that said it would be closed between the hours of 5 p.m. and 5 a.m. The Brickpile, which contains a number of food and drink dispensers as well as two change machines, had formerly been open all hours of day and night for the convenience of the students.

There had been a meeting scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, December 3, between a number of students and representatives from Allied Vending Company, the com-

Speaking on specific examples, Mr. Haman remarked that a \$2,200.00 change machine had been tampered with and forced out of order. After an inspection made last week, it seems that three candy machines in the dorms have been kicked, abused, and defaced; as many as seven to ten napkin dispensers have disappeared; and that ketchup and mustard have recently been spread upon tables, machines, and walls in the Brickpile. There have also been actual cases where certain students have been caught stealing goods out of the cold food machine and theft incurred from entry into the storage room.

Mr. Haman went on to remark that the hours were to be extended on December 3 from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. with the hope that this restriction need only be a temporary one and lifted later. He feels that Allied has lived up to their part of the bargain by providing all new machines, a man who works eight hours a day exclusively at Saint Mary's, and the fact that they have tripled the commissions from the machines for the college. He expressed a hope that the students would cooperate and be more considerate and at such a time as this is achieved, the Brickpile would be reopened at its former hours.

However there was also a poll conducted on the 3rd concerning the Brickpile situation. Passed out at dinner, the questions posed dealt with satisfaction of the present system; satisfaction with the types and quality of food offered; the possibility of returning to the counter method employed last year; and the hours desired for the Brickpile to be in operation. The Executive Council postponed discussion on termination of the contract with Allied pending the results of this poll. Although he has not yet met with Jerry Scatina and the other students involved in the Brickpile reforms, Mr. Haman also expressed a desire to continue the contract with Saint Mary's and hopefully resolve the present sources of trouble.



ED MOFFATT

... "Ed who?" ...

pany contracted to supply and maintain the Brickpile. Unfortunately the meeting was cancelled but the Collegian was able to speak with Mr. Haman, Vice-President of Allied Vending, about some of the measures that have been adopted and plans for the future.

Mr. Haman began by commenting on the new restricted hours. This measure, he said, was adopted in an effort to discourage the recent theft and vandalism that has been taking place in the Brickpile.

Que Pasa!

Look and see. Come and see what's happening, boys, and girls. What do you mean you don't see anything? Look over there! See the Gaels gallop! See the Gaels gallop fast! From Oliver Hall. Wave to the Gaels, children.

(wave, wave)

Very good.

What do Gaels do?

Gaels do many, many things, children. Gaels study.

(laugh)

Gaels also dance at Christmas dances. In San Francisco.

Ooooo!

Gaels like girls. Girls like Gaels.

I don't see any girls.

Bite your tongue!

Gaels also read.

About Spot?

No. About themselves. They have a new book. It's called the "Red and Blue." And guess what?

What?

It's red and blue!

Pretty!

And it tells the addresses and phone numbers of ALL the Gaels, and other nice things.

Wow.

Look and see all the Gaels over there!

What are they doing?

The Gaels have a new toy. It printed their new book.

What's it called?

An A. B. Dick Printing Machine.

Oh.

Look. The Gaels are giving a prize to one of their own kind.

He's cute (giggle).

I don't know who it is.

I do. It's little Kenny Hogarty. He lives next door to me.

We used to play cowboys and Indians together.

That's right. They're giving him the A. B. Dick Memorial Holly Wreath.

Why?

Because he always prints what the Gaels do.

He's a bad boy. (snicker)

Don't be smart . . . It's time to go now children. Wave good-bye to the Gaels.

Yes, Gaels do many, many things. (laugh)

(Crunch)



The above painting is entitled "Fishermen of Nazare" and was painted by Eleanor Elsocht. She is one of the 67 Eastbay artists that will be participating in an invitational show sponsored by the

Oakland Art Association. The exhibit will take place during December and January in the newly renovated art gallery on campus.

Noted artists to participate in exhibit in renovated Art Gallery

During the months of December and January Saint Mary's will sponsor an art exhibit as part of a new arrangement between the College and the Oakland Art Association.

The invitational show by association members will inaugurate a policy in which the Oakland Art

Association will exhibit its members' work every other month, and supervise exhibits by other outstanding and notable artists the rest of the time.

"Because of both budget and personnel restrictions," said the College President, Brother Michael "the gallery has not been as active

as we would like. Now, with staffing by the Oakland Art Association and the work of an expert selection committee, the gallery can be a first-class facility. We hope through this arrangement to offer the very best art available to people in the community."

During the exhibit, Gallery hours will be 1 to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday; 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday.

The Oakland Art Association was founded in 1956, and is sponsored by the Oakland Museum. The newly-renovated gallery on campus will be the association's first permanent home in which to schedule regular monthly shows.

The invitational exhibit will run from December 7 to January 26. Alexander Nepote, famed San Francisco artist, will have a one-man show opening February 1, followed by a second O.A.A. show selected by a special committee.

Saint Mary's Students welcomed to

FREDDIE'S PIZZERIA

LAFAYETTE

Phone 284-9927

BILL and JIM TATE

3598 Mount Diablo Blvd. LAFAYETTE, CALIFORNIA

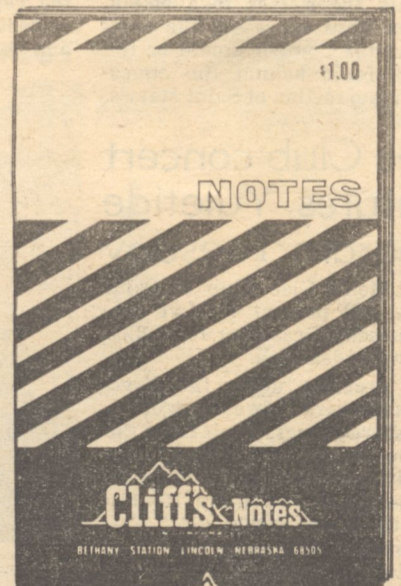
RHEEM VALLEY BOWL

Home of The Saint Mary's Collegiate Bowling League

Rheem Valley 376-4495

TENTATIVE SKETCH OF 4-1-4 FOR LIBERAL ARTS

	Term 1	Term 2	Term 3
Freshman			
Theol or Philos	3 units (4 hrs. per wk)	sem 4 un. Philos or Theol	3 units (4 hrs.)
Eng 2a- WdCl 35	3 units (4 hrs. per wk)	Eng 2b-WdCl 3	3 units (4 hrs.)
Language	4 units (5 hrs. per wk)	13 hrs. Language	4 units (5 hrs.)
Math or Hist	4 units (5 hrs. per wk)	12 hrs. Hist or Math	4 units (5 hrs.)
Total	14 units 18 hrs.	4 un. 13-12 hrs. Total	14 units 18 hrs. = 32 units
Sophomore			
Theol-WdCl	3 units (4 hrs.)	sem 4 un. Theol-WdCl	3 units (4 hrs.)
Language	4 units (5 hrs.)	(12 hrs.) Language	4 units (5 hrs.)
Science	4 units (5 hrs.)	(background Science	4 units (5 hrs.)
Phil 3 or Back El.	3 units (4 hrs.)	elective) Back El or Phil 3	3 units (4 hrs.)
Total	14 units 18 hrs.	4 units (12 hrs.)	14 units 18 hrs. = 32 units
Junior			
Theol or WdCl	4 units (5 hrs.)	sem 4 un. WdCl or Theol	4 units (5 hrs.)
Phil 104a	3 units (4 hrs.)	(12 hrs.) Phil 104b	3 units (4 hrs.)
Major	3 units (4 hrs.)	(major or Govt 102	3 units (4 hrs.)
Major	3 units (4 hrs.)	elective) Major	3 units (4 hrs.)
optional 1 or 2 unit elective	13 units 17 hrs.	4 units (12 hrs.)	13 units 17 hrs. optional 1 or 2 un. = 30 units elective + elective to total at least 32
Senior			
Theol or WdCl	4 units (5 hrs.)	sem 4 un. WdCl or Theol	4 units (5 hrs.)
Phil 118 or Major	3 units (4 hrs.)	(12 hrs.) Major or Phil 118	3 units (4 hrs.)
Major	3 units (4 hrs.)	(major or Major	3 units (4 hrs.)
Major	3 units (4 hrs.)	elective) Elective or Major	3 units (4 hrs.)
optional 1 or 2 units	13 - 15	4 units (12 hrs.)	14 units = 31 units + elective to total at least 32



HERE I AM, PICK ME UP AT: GUY'S MORAGA DRUG

The optional 1 or 2 unit courses can be Music (including Glee Club), Drama, Art, Debate, PE or a 199 in the Major. Note: If soph amalg Theol-WdCl drops Theol title (leaving course descript. which indicates emphasis in religious questions), total units become 128 of which only 11 are labeled Theol. leaving 117 non-Theol. If fresh. scripture course could similarly drop the Theol. label, the total units not-labeled Theology would become 120.

The Interview(?): Chiappe on Education

The Collegian asked Mr. Chiappe, the following questions for its interview. The answer immediately follows the questions.

In your opinion is St. Mary's College truly a college?

Is there a dormant potential in Saint Mary's? If so, specifically what?

Right now does the College have any claim to existence as an academic institution?

What do you believe as a faculty member of long tenure to be the image of the Saint Mary's man?

Do you think this image is changing?

Do you believe there is any harmony existing among the faculty? Among students and faculty?

If not, what do you think can be done to alleviate this situation?

There has been much discussion concerning academic re-evaluation. What are your opinions concerning curricula changes. Should certain courses be required? If yes, what courses?

What is your opinion of coeducation at Saint Mary's?

What is your opinion of the Administration of the college?

Is there any truth to the rumors that you will be moving to Canada shortly? Why are you considering such a move?

Just recently, I was given a lengthy list of questions by a representative of the Collegian, and asked to comment upon them. The questions (see appended list), like all such, are intended to elicit a certain response. Many of them are obviously rhetorical in the sense that they provide a springboard for rhetoric on my part. This was no doubt intended. The urge to bait animals is an old one, and perfectly understandable. However, I am sure there was also a desire for some serious remarks, and not merely fulminations on my part. This may, of course, be merely wishful thinking. Further, it must be admitted that I am not in agreement with most of the process called education that goes on in our society in general, and at Saint Mary's in particular. Hence, my stance no doubt invites such queries.

However, I shall utter no battle-cries; no shall I suggest that everyone purchase a pike suitable for carrying about upperclass heads. (This is not to say, though, that one cannot hear the muffled tread of the *Jacquerie* in the distance.) Instead, I shall discuss education

as a current social phenomenon, and everyone may make up his own mind about the pike; or, for that matter, the *Jacquerie*.

The primary social goal of edu-

cation, it seems to me, is to deal with the young in some manner approved by the society. This is obvious. Every society does this. The rites surrounding this may, and do, range from circumcision to granting a Ph.D. However, while the forms that education takes may be analogous among societies, content is what counts. If one receives something worthwhile losing a foreskin, it's better than receiving nothing worthwhile, though gaining a sheepskin. While all this may be regarded as perfectly self-evident and reasonable, education, as it exists today, does nothing much more than bestow a sheepskin. This, naturally, is the real tragedy, because what is implied, among other things, is that the youth of today are dangerous fools. This, beyond doubt, will be vigorously denied in many quarters. "Why," it will be said, "some of my best friends are students." But it may be asked, "would you want your daughter to marry one?" That question, I am sure, would be met with uncomprehending and hostile stares. Yet, in my opinion, this is a very important question for it lays bare the fact that students—especially male students (which is a point worth examining itself) — are not to be trusted.

What is being said, of course, is that society intends to make sure that the young are made safe before they are permitted to partake in society. As Friedenberg and others have remarked, a diploma is far more a certificate of legitimacy than a recognition of competence. Education, then, is more of a conditioning process than anything else. The means and techniques involved to achieve this are many, varied, and occasionally subtle. All of them have as their fundamental pattern control, distrust, punishment. This has produced, among other things, a state of mind in some students that frequently borders on paranoia. They accept the American clichés about education, but deny that they exist in this college (i.e., the one they are attending.) Other students, who accept the institution they are attending as fulfilling the goal of education, indulge in other fantasies. The chief of these seems to be that their college is unique in some positive way. That is, their education is better than what is received at other schools. This view, naturally, is admired by the faculty and administration and these students usually receive their reward in the form of good grades, jobs, what have you.

Both positions are, in my view,

irrational, and produce irrational products; in extremis, the hippie and the grey flannel suit, the ultimate hipster and the ultimate square. That this is tragic waste of humanity is, to my mind, axiomatic. One seeks free love and an unlimited supply of speed; the other, a Maserati and a mistress with a 42-inch bust. While both groups are analogous, it goes without saying that they are not viewed as such by the society in general, and—to use an eminently useful word—the establishment in particular. Thereby, of course, hangs a tale.

As Mr. Brown pointed out in



his perceptive article published in *The Student*, education is a social phenomenon. Indeed it is. Learning anything is, at root, a social process. However, the word, social, is not unambiguous. It can, for example, have reference to control techniques employed against a general population, or a segment of it. These have been mentioned in passing, Awarding of grades, or degrees, giving of tests (especially Finals, which have the sound of doom connected to them) term papers, all are techniques of discipline, and as virtually any instructor will tell you, are ineffective as teaching aids. This is not to say such devices are inherently bad—they may not be—but their chief utilization can be, and is, in our times, very bad. Any male college student is painfully aware of the consequences of failure to comply with these mechanisms. The draft is but one. To the female college student, the punishment for failure is not so direct as the draft, but I suspect, no less drastic.

All of the above-mentioned things are well known, if not assessed in that fashion, to practically everyone connected with an institution of higher learning. How-

ever, if these were the only means of conditioning the young, they would have failed long ago. Such methods as those require, at the very least, the tacit assent of those being manipulated. This assent is based on the assumption held by more students that they are really being educated. This idea is by no means totally false. The quality of instruction in any given class or institution may vary from excellent to non-existent. It is my opinion that the class room teaching, at least at Saint Mary's, tends to be quite good, on an average. But what is learned at college, or anywhere else, is not a function of the classroom itself, but an effect of the total environmental experiences the student receives.

If one considers the environmental situation surrounding the college student, I do not feel it is difficult to see why I have referred to education in our time and place to be primarily conditioning. For example, he has little or no control over what material he is to study, or when, or even how. He is presumed either to have no interests, or his interests are immature, ill-conceived or can be put off until the really important subjects are covered in the proper sequence. He must perform tasks that are, more often than not, to him pointless and arbitrary. That the task to be performed is considered valid by the instructor is immaterial. It is not he who has to do it. The student is also faced with a double standard. He is expected to perform consistently at a certain level, and is punished if he does not, but instructors can be inconsistent in their performance levels. And, I assure you, they are. Nobody bats a thousand. The great difference is, and the student knows this full well, that if the student has an off-day, the repercussions to him can be serious. It may be argued, I suppose, that Rank Has Its Privilege, but this is an argument that appeals only to those who have rank. There are other and more generalized aspects of student environment. For example, if a student fails in college, it is automatically assumed by one and all to be solely his fault. In short, when something goes wrong with a student's career, he is entirely to blame. This is, of course, a reflection of the student's

status in society. He is the original low man on the totem pole. This is observable elsewhere. No one needs to be told that student unrest is commonplace today. I hope that no one needs to be told that the absolutely consistent reaction of society in general to a manifestation of student unrest is furious indignation. Our esteemed governor has made it abundantly clear that the role of the student in society is to take his education like a man; i.e., with stoic resignation to whatever comes his way. In other words, the student had better know his place, and by God, keep it.

The effects of all of this on the student is, to put it mildly, profound. Very little of what he has been told about individual rights is, for him, empirically true. The college student quickly learns, if he hasn't learned it before, that individual dignity and respect is derived from power, not from justice. Unhappily, when he has learned that and accepted it, he is educated insofar as society is concerned. He is also of course corrupted. Power as Acton observed corrupts; both those who wield it and those who must bow to it.

I hope it is clear from the above that the faults of the educational process are the faults of society in general. It is neither original nor profound to remark that our society or any other with which I am familiar is based on power rather than justice. This is what education teaches us; those who learn it well can (at least some of them) move up the scale in society; at what moral cost I shall not speculate. Those who do not are left behind as salutary lessons.

It should also be clear that the questions originally asked by the Collegian are not especially relevant in my opinion or are answered in the text. I do not wish to take bread from the mouths of critics I shall reiterate: What I have said here explains some of my thoughts on the matter of education. That many are incomplete or incorrect would not surprise me in the least. For those who tend to agree with me you may be chagrined to learn that I am indeed going to Canada next June. For those who disagree, this fact will no doubt come as a pleasant revelation. However, in either case, I may be back.

S. Claus presents Social Chairman new idea: Dance with Band



THAT'S A FACT

TIME HANGS HEAVY...
A WOUND CLOCK IS HEAVIER THAN AN UNWOUND ONE! AS THE CLOCK RUNS DOWN IT LOSES WEIGHT!

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR HEART IS - IN AMERICA! BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS!

THE RISE AND FALL OF A RAISIN!
A RAISIN DROPPED INTO A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE WILL MOVE UPWARDS AND DOWNWARDS IN THE GLASS!

THE NEW WAY TO HELP YOUR COUNTRY IS TO HELP YOURSELF - BY BUYING U.S. SAVINGS BONDS AND FREEDOM SHARES!

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGIAN

EDITORIAL

• Editorials in the Saint Mary's Collegian reflect the opinions of the writer and make no claim to represent student or college opinion.

PAGE

"If they want men, they'll get them."
— Sister Ambrose,
President
College of the Holy Names

Since this is the de facto Christmas edition, and as a result decorated by four pages of what we believe to be a very valid literary (etc.) supplement, we believe that it is appropriate (particularly on this feast day of Saint Nicholas) to ask that gifts graciously granted to the *Collegian* (in its pursuit of truth) and the Student Body as a whole.

Present number one— That the 4-1-4 system be approved at once so that it can go into effect and more importantly become effective by the Fall semester of 1969.

Present number two— That the Board of Trustees will follow the example of the Athletic Advisory Board and recognize the renaissance of the Saint Mary's football program.

Present number three— That more students will take creative initiatives in a variety of endeavors, and that students that oppose these views will not be afraid to stand up and make their differences open to public (i.e. community) scrutiny and evaluation.

Present number four— That members of the faculty will continue to manifest those same said principles having already proved themselves in this regard.

Present number five— That a journalism course be offered here at Saint Mary's, so that many of the inadequacies of the *Collegian* can be corrected (and also so that many people can be educated in a field that we believe they would choose) such as copy-editing etc., and yet that the *Collegian* will always keep a personality and not become simply type and paper. We believe that it is much more beneficial to be the "Monarch of Northern California men's college bi-weeklies" than an ersatz "Daily Californian."

Present number six— That the editor of the *Collegian* be permitted to retreat from and use of the word we, so that just once we can say I and possibly even attempt to be funny, or maybe satirical, or just a slight bit cynical as if writing a column for the S.F. 3-dot journalistic Misprint: No editorial comment necessary department . . . at the rate Mike Cimino's been going the last two years (8 wins), it will take him only two hundred more years to tie Adolph Rupp's career-high coaching record of 800 victories, or something to that effect . . . or even wish everybody a Happy Christmas vacation without using a very insincere we . . .

Letter, Christmas affair rating decorate social tree

Dear Social Editors,
Being a freshman Integrated student, and, shameful as it might be, a descendant of the Basque population, I find myself frequently consulting you paragons of prognostication for advice on the social ins and outs for the week. Your pythonic recommendations have proven to be more than just and to date have never been wrong.

There are a few questions I would like to submit to you, the white knights of the social world, in hopes that you would deign to reply to one of such humble origins. 1) Why are there so few 3- and 4-star events? 2) Are there really such places as Holy Names, Mills or Notre Dame?

Humbly I remain your ever dutiful servant,

Sabino Etchebarrenburu
p.s. I have long suspected that my ethnic background has been nothing but a hindrance in my social life and would like to thank you for verifying my suspicions.

Dear Sabino,
Despite your most obvious shortcoming, we decided to answer your little exercise in lucubration.

The reason for the dearth of 3- and 4-star events is, strangely enough, found in the answer to your second question. Yes, there really is a Holy Names, Mills and Notre Dame, Sabino. And it is precisely that fact that brings about a super-abundance of mediocre 1-

and 2-star events. —Social eds.

Friday, December 6
*****SMC Christmas Ball. St. Francis Hotel, Colonial Room. 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Music: Don Carle. Promises to be a truly Gael affair. The only reason this received five stars instead of the traditional four is because both social editors will be in attendance. (One not as obviously as the other.)

*Senior Christmas Party. St. Francis Hotel, Italian Room. 7 to 9:30 p.m. (Social eds predict seniors 0-for-4.)

Saturday, December 7
***Basketball, SMC vs. UC. Harmon Gym. Frosh, 6 p.m.; Varsity, 8 p.m.

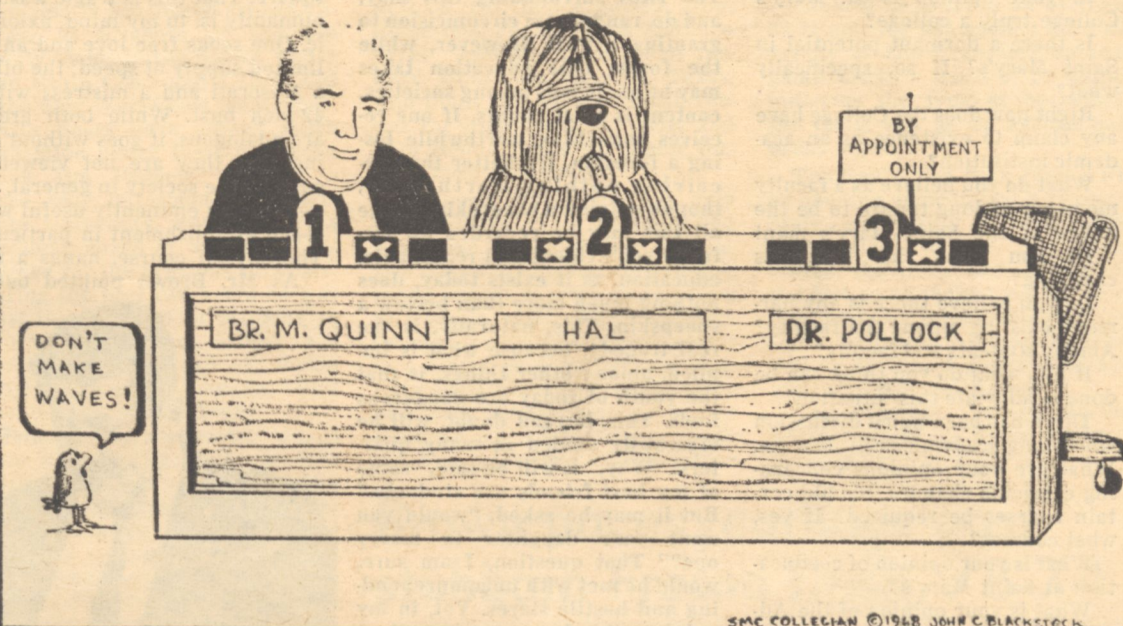
---Mills Christmas Ball.
---Notre Dame Christmas Ball.
---Providence Christmas Ball.

After applying a few of the tricks used in higher mathematics, we discovered that if you each received one-third of a star, the sum would be equal to one whole star. So grab a piece while you can.

---CHN Christmas Mixer and Open House. When are you going to learn? By the way, after a completely unbiased and random survey, we decided to retract your star from last issue. This now leaves you with 2½ out of a possible 20 stars.

Sunday, December 8
**SMCI, Eire Oge and Senior Class Christmas Party (Senior Class??—enough said).

WILL THE REAL BRAINS OF THIS OUT-FIT PLEASE STAND UP?



President explains reasons behind proposed change at Saint Mary's

To be quite frank (and at this stage I'm not at all worried about alienating more friends or making more enemies), Saint Mary's College has little, if any, reason to exist if it remains as it is now.

Saint Mary's is, to be sure, a happy place: we laugh, drink beer, dress and speak as we please, yell loud at games and have a good old time together. Things are really peaceful here too, because we don't have to be bothered with things like poverty, student activists, niggers, women or war. No sir, we're really special because these things don't interfere with our "unique fraternity life," "the memories we will always cherish," "that intangible, undefinable Saint Mary's spirit."

Saint Mary's does serve several purposes:

1) It provides a haven for white, middle class, Catholic, California males who either could not get into "good" schools or wanted that happy life of Moraga; 2) It serves as a receptacle for those boys whose parents want their kid to endure that terrible phase called education without having someone like those kooks at Berkeley or S.F. State "put ideas in their heads;"

3) It fulfills society's demand that young people finish their college years steeped in society's values, trained for a career, and anxious to live the good life.

Which brings me back to my original point: Saint Mary's has little or no reason to exist or to call itself a college if it continues as it is now.

The recruitment picture is, at best, depressing. We have no problem getting enough bodies to this place — nothing sells like mediocrity (it's so palatable). However, the brilliant high school seniors aren't exactly ecstatic over Saint Mary's. They seem to be more interested in places like Berkeley, U.C. Santa Cruz, Stanford and Antioch. Apparently these students have the notion that they want something called an "academic atmosphere" and that they want to relate personally with such strange people as non-Catholics, blacks, foreigners, non-capitalists, and even women. Unfortunately, Saint Mary's would not help them in that respect; and if we cannot compete for the really bright students, we cannot expect to be a great college.

The reason why I presented twelve proposals* to the Executive Council and why I have been urging students to start challenging the Saint Mary's system is

that I am convinced that this College, with but a few readjustments and some direction, could become a truly outstanding college, a model college, and would attract dedicated students. It will involve experimentation, guts, risks, mistakes, discomfort and

the end of certain "traditions." However, if Saint Mary's really cares about what it calls true education (i.e., stimulating students to seek out basic principles and to try to understand the meaning of life), then chances (Continued on page 12)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors:

When a young man enters the hallowed halls of higher learning we can expect some changes.

However, we were hardly prepared for the great change that took place when your paper interviewed the respective presidents of the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans in your Nov. 1 issue.

The picture labeled "Y.R. President, Tim Gilmore" did not in any way resemble the product produced by his parents — or his Creator.

We are familiar with "credibility gaps" and even the "Generation Gap" — but this was ridiculous.

Hang in there, group! We still think the Collegian is great!

—Mrs. James Gilmore

Dear Editor:

Today, many of us are acutely conscious of our public relations image. Speaking of an "image," I believe that the Associated Students of Saint Mary's College are to be felicitated. I refer to a recent trip a representative group of our students made to Southern California.

The Saint Mary's men who formed the rooting section and led it on the occasion of the recent Saint Mary's-Loyola football game in Santa Monica won unanimous applause from the personalities in our bleachers. In an amazing fashion too, they captured the respect of many of the enthusiastic devotees on the opposing side. Listen to the press comments of one! Chuck Johnson writing in his weekly column of the Los Angeles Tidings: "Truly a remarkable demonstration of school spirit and sportsmanship! Saint Mary's made more points at that moment than most teams amass during an entire football season." (The moment was the return of the Saint Mary's football squad to face the rooting section for the singing of the Bells

of Saint Mary's.)
With congratulations to all who participated, I remain
Sincerely yours,
Brother U. Albert

Saint Mary's Collegian
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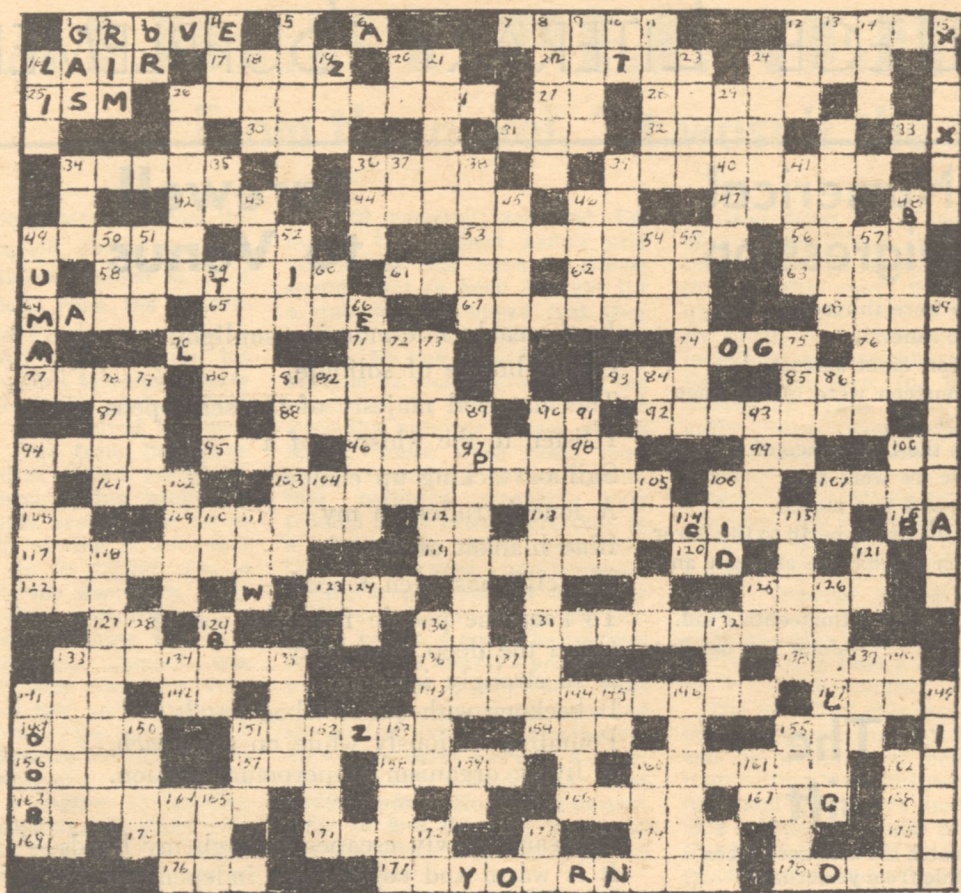
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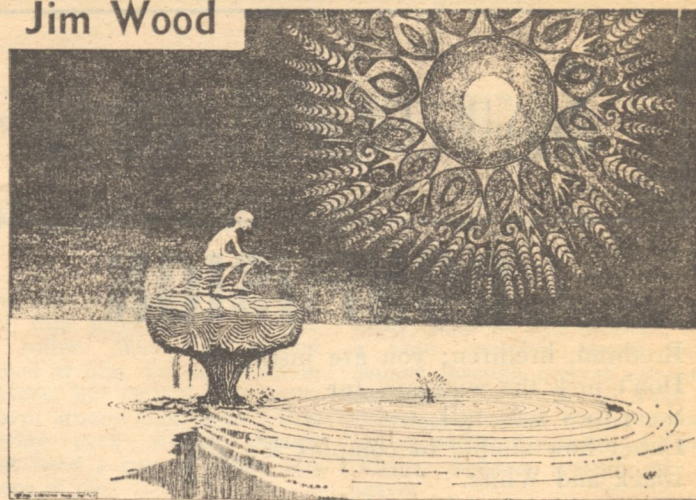
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Collegian Crossword Puzzle



Jim Wood



OBSEQUIOUS OBSERVER

As implied in the last column discussing Catholicity, it is my firm belief and conviction that anyone who describes his life as being that of a Christian, his life must be that of *living* what he professes. While it is an essential aspect of the Christian life, intellection and emoting alone cannot be described as that particular type of life. And in this spirit, an institution of higher learning that professes to be Catholic or Christian must be responsible for two areas in the education of anyone who attends this institution: 1) that the opportunity be presented to every individual to actively investigate, in a truly academic atmosphere (in and out of the classroom), the beliefs of his religion. And I feel that this necessitates a *serious investigation* of the Bible, of the writings of great men of faith, of current writings in the faith (encyclicals, writings of Councils, letters of the hierarchy etc.) and finally of varying and different religions and beliefs in the history of man;

2) By the nature of an individual saying the words "I believe" this seems to me to necessitate that in every moment of his life he reflect and activate this belief. It is beyond my comprehension that an individual in the development of the awareness of his faith must devote his entire effort in College to the intellectual and that at some hypothetical point in his life (upon graduation?) that he will begin to apply these great intellectual principles to his life and develop his faith and live his faith in relation to his immediate environment. Rather, is it not that these two areas are vitally and necessarily dependent on one another for their development? The exclusion of the one necessitates the exclusion of the other. Further the development of these two, and thus of one's faith, is a life long development and not limited or primarily emphasized at any period in one's life or only in an educational institution.

In reference to this spirit that has been swelling in me over the past few weeks, I have been barraged by many things that have nauseated me: 1) Blood Wednesday, Chicago; 2) 10 million votes for one of the most bigoted, hate-full individuals that the history of this nation has ever seen; 3) Saigon's hope to save face by not going to Paris; 4) President-elect Nixon's desire to end the war and redirect the excess funds for defense and police tactical training; 5) Violence on campuses propagated by militant organizations and reciprocated by police; 6) the failure of Government officials (Reagan and Rafferty) and "educational" boards to listen to sincere, non-violent students who speak for the improvement of their education.

What does this have to do with a discussion of Catholicity? A great deal I think. In one's true religious education he develops the awareness and sensitivity of his relation to the Maker, to himself and thus, with others. And if a Christian, or for that matter anybody that professes any relationship with the Creator, sees a wrong being done he generally feels that it is his obligation to rectify this. But speaking philosophically, politically, and religiously the most effective way to accomplish this is for the individual functioning within a community.

A common response heard here is "But what can I do? I am only one person." We, at Saint Mary's, are a Catholic College, and supposedly we are a community . . . a community interacting for the improvement of one another and for the community itself. This community, no matter how we try to persuade ourselves, does not exist. And I believe that Dan Whitehurst, through his twelve point program, is striving to make this a truly academic, Christian, vibrant community.

And to conclude with the prophet of our generation: "Come mothers and fathers throughout the land, / and don't criticize what you don't understand, / Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command, / Your old road is rapidly changing, / Please get out of the new road if you can't lend a hand, / For the times, they are a changin'."

The Collegian offers a prize of \$10 to the first person who submits the correct solution of this crossword puzzle to Dennis Tonsing (Augustine 301) before January 1, 1969. In the case of a tie the winner will be determined by a drawing. Members of the Collegian staff and their families are excluded.

ACROSS

- 1. Party Zone
- 6. Article
- 7. A.S.S.M.C.V.P.
- 12. Spiral
- 16. Loyola eatery
- 17. Stan _____ (jazz)
- 20. Pris. of War (abbr.)
- 22. Central theme
- 24. Acid rock group
- 25. Distinctive doctrine
- 26. Monarch of Catholic College Bi-weeklies
- 27. Old Indian (abbr.)
- 28. Italian river
- 31. Beer (slang)
- 32. Used to genuflect
- 33. Babe
- 34. Party school
- 36. S.M.C. basketball coach, 1911
- 39. _____ Tuesday at S.M.C.
- 42. _____ and vigor
- 44. Wrote fables
- 47. What Houston had over Tulsa
- 48. What goes on at ex-council
- 49. Wrote the Zohar
- 52. Home of wizard
- 53. Dorm dweller
- 56. Vase shaped jug
- 58. Frosh basketball coach's wife
- 61. Johnson
- 62. Permeates S.M.C. campus
- 63. Designed for aerial use
- 64. Harold Bunton's high school
- 65. Peace conference held here
- 67. Shade of color (pl.)
- 68. Lease
- 70. What S. I. Hayakawa wore to school
- 71. Doe (syn.)
- 74. Worn by a Roman
- 76. British Zoological Exp (abbr.)
- 77. Cosmonaut
- 80. Br. Albert's birthplace
- 83. Cal Poly at _____
- 85. Rhymes with booze
- 94. Comes from grapes
- 95. Help
- 96. Figure of speech
- 99. Taught by Br. Cassian (abbr.)
- 100. _____, she, it.
- 101. Suffix denoting native of homeland
- 103. True by virtue of its logical form alone
- 106. Either, _____
- 107. Student rec. center
- 108. Second stooge
- 109. Mediterranean sailing ships
- 112. Road (abbr.)
- 113. Companion
- 116. Revealed rump
- 117. What Eldridge Cleaver's
- 119. Evening party
- 120. Not ego-

- 121. Dodger who hit home run in 1963 to cinch pennant
- 123. Editor
- 125. Hodgepodge
- 127. Don't (opp.)
- 130. Moraga college
- 131. Neo-Platonic philosophic doctrines
- 133. Beautiful city (hint: Laugh-In)
- 136. _____ntula, a hairy spider
- 138. Frankel's Dept. (abbr.)
- 141. Ten decibels
- 142. Conjunction
- 143. Inclining in opposite directions
- 147. What your underwear is the fruit of
- 149. Former King of Sweden
- 151. Collection of poems by Shevchenko
- 154. Formerly, center dorm
- 155. To fish by letting bait bob and dip slightly
- 156. S.M.C. basketball coach in 1960
- 157. Owns Basque restaurant in S.F.
- 158. Type of ray used for medical photography
- 160. Label Supremes record on
- 162. Baseball league (abbr.)
- 163. Vessel used at kegger
- 166. Alumnus
- 167. On the _____ (slang), unhappy
- 168. Assistant to President, S.M.C.
- 169. Student in S.M. Political organization
- 170. Ugly girl (slang)
- 171. Winnie was one of these
- 174. Doctor of laws
- 175. Him or _____
- 176. Reciprocal of an oam
- 177. Irish for my darling
- 178. Entranceway

DOWN

- 1. Petrol
- 2. Wheel
- 3. Conjunction
- 4. I (Latin)
- 5. Holds up world
- 8. Love (French)
- 9. Empty
- 10. Pronoun
- 11. Tight end for Eagles
- 12. Color
- 13. For example (abbr.)
- 14. Drug
- 15. Persian leader
- 16. S.M.C. nurse
- 17. Stop (opp.)
- 18. Invented gin
- 19. Oriental philosophy
- 20. 3.1416
- 21. Origin of library floor tiles
- 23. Senior eligible for Danforth fellowship
- 24. Wrote of dreams
- 26. Religious reformer
- 29. What Mary did to Jesus
- 34. Cows do this
- 35. Sports Magazine (abbr.)
- 36. What's your _____? (slang)
- 37. Old English (abbr.)
- 38. Means "that which is recited"
- 39. S.M.C. founder's middle name
- 41. What does the world have

- behind it (hint: Saint Mary's Credo)
- 43. Type of wool
- 45. Next to last syllable
- 46. Oven
- 48. Library statue cast in _____
- 49. Kind of food Mom makes
- 50. Type of acid
- 51. Yes (Navy lingo)
- 52. Zag (opp.)
- 54. Adam's wife
- 55. Wise Greek in Trojan War
- 57. Should pass here on way to Hades
- 59. 3rd person possessive plural
- 60. Gold (chem.)
- 66. Humanist
- 69. To form into mosaic
- 72. Beginning
- 73. Hogarty and Wood
- 75. Old
- 78. Descartes
- 79. Fifteenth of March
- 81. When bunny comes
- 82. Teaches logic
- 84. Greatest city in the world
- 86. Great Soul singer (initials)
- 89. Chief officer in a shire
- 90. Contraceptive device (backwards)
- 91. Jolt in rear
- 93. Wife of Zeus
- 94. Not attending S.M.C.
- 97. River in No. Italy
- 98. Subterfuge
- 102. Final
- 104. Alternting current (abbr.)
- 105. You dirty so and _____
- 106. Old Irish doctor (abbr.)
- 110. Elapsed time (abbr.)
- 114. Congressional investigation (abbr.)
- 115. Garbage
- 118. Sway with a wiggle
- 121. Exclamation of delight
- 124. And (Latin)
- 125. Hello
- 126. Grinning
- 128. Old Roman (abbr.)
- 129. El Gate
- 130. Green Bay Quarterb (abbr.)
- 132. National Student Association (abbr.)
- 133. Struck (past tense)
- 134. Peep's first name
- 135. Brand of cigarette
- 137. Royal Triton (abbr.)
- 139. Son of female dog (abbr.)
- 140. Preposition
- 141. Dummy
- 144. Plug up
- 145. Lucky Strike (abbr.)
- 146. Found under gray
- 148. S.M.C. alumnus in Calif. government
- 150. Make of auto
- 151. Holds beer
- 152. Sound made after kegger
- 153. Postulate
- 155. Little person
- 159. Tomahawk
- 160. Not female
- 161. Oriental Rug (abbr.)
- 162. Nomenclature
- 164. Sends cookies from home
- 165. Sound made by Indian
- 172. Short laugh
- 173. You (Latin)

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CONFUSION

Brethren, brethren; you are justified.
 Don't pick the winesaps for
 Soon they will fall
 Either how simple or complex it's all
 Black and White.
 "Tim Miller for dogcatcher"—after all
 He's not ambitious,
 He's breathing—so he must be dead.
 The weather is threatening. You
 Know, nature is so beautiful.
 Anyway it's the wrong wing—
 You stupid bird
 Can't you see it's what an intelligent
 Designer left?
 It's a bird, no,
 It's the super deceiver
 Leaving "brain teasers" on our land.
 But you promised, you promised!
 And look, I gave up playing
 The organ last Lent.
 Jupiter is the king of the gods,
 I think
 Trivial, temporal things are
 For the birds.

So they all shouted
 "Unfair, unfair"
 And then walked away
 In a lazy drag.

—VINCENT C. CROAL

A Trip To the City

... mere social criticism.

One day, a while back, we made up a plan
 to have us a fun-filled day
 with nothing but good leisure time at hand
 we'd cast all our pressures away.

"Let's have us a good time and go to the city"
 we all agreed would be good,
 "so we'd better get all slickered up and pretty,
 and act as high society should."

The parents came in, "we don't mean to be petty
 but you must wear your best Sunday clothes...
 ... and be sure to look happy, while sticky and sweaty
 'cuz that's how everyone goes."

... so we did.

We went to a restaurant to have us a snack
 as I knew where they served just the best,
 "Oh, look at the couple in Levi's out back,
 ... those 'hippies' are such dirty pests!"

The girl's brown hair hung long to her shirt,
 which was simple and flowerly sprayed,
 "Humph! Don't she know that she should wear a skirt,
 or at least be presentably arrayed?"

Her companion, a moustached, unkempt young lad,
 his jeans faded out with his manners.
 "They should be cleaned up; sloppiness is so bad!"
 ... still, their comfort was enviable glamor.

"Here comes the head-waiter, he'll throw the bums out,
 and inform them of just what they lack."
 "You will have to leave!" he fairly did shout,
 "For we do not serve ladies in 'slacks'."

And so they were gone, still their presence remained
 but the embarrassment was not at all theirs;
 the "red" head-waiter apologetically proclaimed,
 "Such disrespect is quite hard to bear."

We finished our lunch, uncomfortably content,
 as we were the type they'd accept.
 But my spirit, with the Levi-clad couple went,
 for their comfort was not, as mine, wrecked.

So, we got up to leave, and paid up our tab,
 making sure that our ties were all straight;
 for if in the slightest, our appearance was bad,
 the head-waiter might us berate.

Then silently back home we did parade
 all itching and scratching in session;
 but still all maintained that a good time was had,
 ... and at least we made no bad impression.

EPILOG: I glanced at a flower, how pretty it seemed!
 "I must take it home to my dearest."
 but I, "ouch!", cut my finger on its plastic seam
 "It isn't quite what it appears!"

—JACK SHAUGHNESSY

Numerical Digression

There were thirteen people
 At the funeral.
 Five for, eight against.
 We fourteen were united once
 more.
 But in the inter-space of my mind
 I knew we were six.
 There as I was moved
 From the upper berth to the lower
 (Which is what we all want any-
 way)
 I was only five-thirteenth's sad.
 —John Van der Zee

The Gift

Just watch the billboard faces
 who hide from yesterday
 and suns which shined to others
 when Lady turned her head
 as no one thinks to ask them where
 do all the clowns come from

Perhaps it's just as well then
 that closets do exist
 the echos from the stairways
 have started to talk back
 and no one listens to the tale
 of how come clowns are born

And some will crawl towards
 midnight
 to pray the candle's end
 they wish the clocks moved faster
 but fear the sleep they crave
 and no one has to tell them where
 the many clowns come from

In agonizing sad-masks
 they hide the scars revealed
 by accidental mirrors
 to nuns of Friday nights
 when creeping shadows won't
 admit
 where unseen clowns are formed

But martyrdom is passé
 the lonely need not be
 their pain is fearful vision
 the unclaimed gift of me
 these guards of tunnel vision know
 where all the clowns come from

—KEVIN DOYLE

Farewell to Venus

In the early mid-morning sunlight,
 Gentle breeze of solitude,
 The maternal majesty of the sea, opens.
 I listen to the whisper of a
 Sailboat tacking up channel,
 A lone intruder on my
 Blue blanket of thought.
 The cliff has been fenced—
 To keep the people from the water?
 Often the deep blue body
 is so strongly inviting.
 It beckons with outstretched hands
 Pounding furiously white on the beach,
 A living organism of perpetual motion.

The sand slowly escapes through my hands—
 It is warm and collectively independent.
 To stop its return to the beach
 Would be selfish—
 I have seen you
 Coming from the white foam flowers.
 I can embrace you as I do the breeze,
 For a second only
 Then your ethereal self passes
 Through me and vanishes.
 You are a goddess
 With only a first name.
 I would not entrap you
 In my own self love.

The ocean is a pensive place
 And I often think that
 Just across the street
 Is only something I made up
 In a nightmare
 I'll just let it go by.
 The palm branches live to the music
 Of the wind
 Played by the sea.
 And I fear the pigeons and gulls
 Know something,

(Continued on Page 7)



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"It's merely a question of semantics."

Steve Ledyard

ALBERT PEENER'S FRIEND: ED

From the novel, "It wasn't the Fault of San Andreas"

The noise generating from the band screamed forth and the small nightclub seemed as if it might explode from the disturbance. Albert Peener struck Ed in the ribs and screamed into his ear. It was hard to communicate through the noise and flashing lights, but Ed received the message. The Girl from the Moon had winked at Albert, sending a shudder through his back and down his arm, causing the subsequent jerk of the elbow that found Ed as its target. For a moment, Ed too was taken in by the green dyed woman from the moon. "Look at those tits! All-mity-Godin-heaven, damn!" was what Albert said. And they were kind of nice, tart, and tasty looking, but it wasn't the moon maid's tits that attracted Ed so much; it was something else. For Albert it was only a matter of another pair of tits coming on stage with a girl "who just can't be beat!" but for Ed it was all that went beyond the tits and the queer green face of the Girl from the Moon. It was what lay underneath.

But really, one would be hard pressed to find what lay underneath the curves and flesh made green, red, and purple from the steady stream of lights flashing to the dancer's advantage. How could you communicate with a girl who could roll her breasts toward the other and then reverse the process? Which of those froth-mouthed men would let you?

It seemed as if the Girl from the Moon had one central motive arising from her act and that was to entice the alcohol inspired astronauts in the audience. She would sensuously lick her lips and stand, legs apart, rubbing her thighs; all in time to the throbbing music. There were decaying plastic ferns and palm trees crowding the stage and the Girl from the Moon looked out of place among them (It was probably in keeping with the name of the club—The Garden of Eden—and the theme apparently had been too expensive to replace).

At one point the green figure went behind a group of palms and parted them to reveal the scant side of her g-string. When Albert felt sufficiently sure that the moon maid was beaming down on him, he made motions of rising. Ed realized that Albert Peener was planning to return her benevolence and emptied a drink down the collar of Albert's shirt hoping to divert his energy. But Albert was angry only for the loss of his drink and suggested that they buy four more to cover future accidents. Ed said nothing, but sat patiently scrutinizing the tired, bitter look of the waitress taking their money.

It seemed like it had been this way the whole night, practically ever since they had left St. Mary's. Albert Peener had jumped up and down on Ed's newly re-upholstered seats and left him nervous from the skitterish laughter and exploding wheeze that came from cross-currents caught in a valve that couldn't control itself. It was "tits!" for Albert laughing his way across the Bay Bridge, "tits!" for Albert wheezing through the Embarcadero, and "tits!" for the choking Albert Peener as Ed tried to find a place to park on Broadway. But again Ed just patiently laughed and fed just-colored jokes to Albert until they could find their way to North Beach.

"Let's blast!" yelled Albert, slamming the car door.

"Well enough," returned Ed, hoping that Albert hadn't misunderstood his answer. Albert would want to head straight for a club, but Ed hoped that they might linger for a while about the streets. He had come here mainly because he was interested in the people; in the faces of those who were the unfunny clowns of the street. These were those dark shadows walking out of dreams that bothered sleepers, only painted much better here than in a nightmare. They were the thieves, whores, homosexuals pimps, drunks, and all the other drifters of downtown society. When he saw a queen he realized that here was merely a person who was trying to change those lines and hollow spots where tears and the dust of living death collected. To Ed, the cover was only a color; the paint only a shade away from understanding. He wished desperately to find the real flesh and spirit of these suppressed clowns of Broadway.

"I can't see it myself," replied Albert Peener. "They look like queers to me."

Ed was about to attempt an

answer when a man caught hold of his arm. "Wait a second Albert," he called. There was something in this man's face that required attention. It was the broken spirit, the collected bags of loneliness, or something of which Ed was not sure. His lips were interesting. Each spoke haphazardly: "Boys," they rasped, "contrary t' popiler opin. . . opinion, whishky does not reshtrict the eerechshun. . ." Albert drew closer feigning rapt attention. "Rather, rather. . . an' I do mean rather. . . a little whishky screws one man's cour. . . courige to the hitching posht of the univershe, giving rishe to endlush shpeculashun an' all I needs is twelve cents to get me t'. . . to the shtars."

The breath of this man was almost overpowering, Ed detected, and he would have been more than willing to neutralize its foulness and the man's insecurities with a little coffee and friendship if only Albert would have stopped pinching him out of restless anxiety.

"I was only going to talk to him for a second, Albert," he said indignantly. At any rate he had

given the man fifty cents and made him promise to buy pie and coffee. When his friend laughed at him, Ed said nothing to Albert but smiled and threw his arm around him, noting that someday even Albert Peener might need a cup of coffee and a piece of pie.

A half-hour later they were sitting in The Garden of Eden ("Come on in, see some titties, boys!") drinking two drinks apiece and watching The Girl from the Moon. She was flirting with the drummer now, dancing the "Skate" and pursing little sighs with her lips. It was effective, thought Ed, who was now more relaxed and understanding a bit more in retrospect of what the drunk had said about alcohol's effect on the rise of endless "shpeculashun." When Albert released his excited elbow again, Ed was more receptive; close to returning his own.

Then abruptly the band ceased to play, announcing the O-riginal Eve, of the O-riginal Garden of Eden, would entertain for a short time, while they and the moon maid took a break. The light show

quit with the band, leaving a coldly white-lit area of stage, and a tape recorder played rock sounds through a weak speaker, scratching feebly in the wake of thundering sound waves. People got up awkwardly around Ed and Albert, passing heavily by to leave.

"Wanna go?" asked Albert.

"No." Ed didn't want to go. For some reason he believed that Eve should be the main attraction here, in spite of the fact that live bands usually played for the main attraction. . . . "Eve," and the "Garden of Eden". . . He had to see why she didn't have the band behind her.

Albert's wheeze was more than enough to signal Ed's sudden awareness of why Eve couldn't find shade in the colored lights and noise of The Garden of Eden. His rise to endless speculation gave way to sober realization, and he agreed pragmatically with Albert: She did have tits that hung like the pupils of a wálleyed duck.

But he could see where, at one time, Eve might have held a man's obsession, for she was still somewhat attractive though an ugly sort of belt hung from her mid-section. He could even imagine her among the palms and ferns in times past, enjoying the whistles and cat-calls of the audience. But now, the position of her act was second to that of the Girl from the Moon, who was more pleasing to the space age crowd.

When she danced closer to him, Ed noted that Eve was older than she had first appeared and that wrinkles were beginning to count the disgraces of advancing age. With make-up she had tried to betray her face, but with little success; her face was far more truthful than to be painted with lies. And looking closer at the belt that hung loosely and ugly around her stomach he thought he saw it move. He took a drink when he was certain that it was moving without any aid of bump and grind from Eve, and with a touch of self-mockery he recognized it for what it was. It was the ugliest snake he had ever seen.

It wasn't smooth looking or shiny; it hung with all the grace of a limp sausage affected by mildew. Ed didn't like snakes to begin with, and this one was no exception. But the snake didn't bring forth fear; only mild disgust because it was merely satirizing a reptile. He would have even believed that the thing was wearing make-up if it were not for Eve's clean hands after picking him up the third time he had fallen. When the snake opened his mouth (Ed was not so sure that it wasn't a yawn) there was no sign of fangs, or even gums; only a slight movement of a tongue that hung limply from his head.

Albert was in the bathroom, and could not criticize Ed for being so affected by this act. The sheer badness of it all caused Ed to focus intently upon the disguise of the act. He was drawn to Eve because he could see beyond the paint and fake suggestiveness postured on her face. He was attracted by her boredom; he could sympathize with her frustration at not being able to keep time to the music. The tunes were new; Eve's styles of dancing were dated. One could understand that.

When Eve caught Ed's gaze, she did what she had learned to do long ago. She beckoned to him. It was done much in the same way as that of the Girl (Continued on Page 9)



her wet hair yellow and flaxen soakin' th colors of the sun.

nightgown open draggin' along the sand catchin' rocks and bottles but you don't have to speak

because i can see in your eyes and mouth that . . .

— WALTER QUINN

Farewell to Venus

(Continued from Page 6)

They'll never tell us.
The sea is the great actress—
How easy to identify with her role.

And you're coming back again,
I don't know where to put you—
All I can offer is my life,
My soul is in another place.
And you bring words and happiness,
I'm not certain what they're worth now,
But I would not deprive you of them,
It is so painful to choose.

(The more I think about it,
The fence on the cliff is
There to keep the water
Away from the people)

Time is suspended—I wait for the sea.
Tomorrow is cancelled
And there is only today.
The sun sets passionately on the shore
And puts an end to now.

—CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Island Walkers

It's August thirtieth in the leap year of nineteen sixty-eight and I'm walking again and I guess it's about time. Not that I was crippled once or something. I knew this cripple once, a Disabled American Veteran. He would be limping strategically along the front walk of the Bank of America building every time I went to deposit my paycheck. I gave him a dollar once and he gave me a small red-white-and-blue battle ribbon which I carry with me at all times like a draft card. The cripple put a lot of stock in patriotism, and he would have made an outstanding Southern governor inasmuch as he hated "niggers." Maybe you heard the news about another first-string nigger-hater:

"A naysun wept today as Gov-unuh Lestuh Madd-ox of the sov-in' state o' Joejuh announced that he would not accept the nominay-shun fo' the presidency from the Democratic Pah-ty, because it had succumbed to the terr-o-rest and anah-chist elements."

No, Lester, please, I'm on my knees. If you don't run I'll go cat-fishin' with my black neighbor on election day. I can't vote anyway,

you ass. I can't fish either. I can walk, though; they lowered the walking age to eighteen and my car's in the shop.

It started when I walked home from school on top of the dirt levees which keep the McKinley Canal from flooding the taxpayers' homes. Cars slogged past the orange equipment of the road crew and faded into the humid mirages near the next stoplight. People tried desperately to sweat; the effort made them nauseated and the vomit dripped like pudding into the mangled asphalt. It was one of those days. The sun kept getting into my eyes. As I'd shut them a red star would flash against the yellow backdrop.

I decided to quit walking during the day. Summer evenings are different; it's best to walk on the cement divider islands in the middle of the traffic. This way you don't have to confront the scenery of the roadsides. One night I walked in the right gutter of Chestnut Avenue on my way to White Front. I came upon a bombed out house which had been ripped to the ground and reduced to junkpile status. Dead leaves, rotten shingles and a cracked toilet bowl smoldered in a dis-

owned heap and the khaki-colored cropduster kept making passes. One block later the street dead-ended. A white stone church stood in the way, and there was no getting around it; I never did find White Front, never did get the toothpaste and as a consequence three molars are rotting.

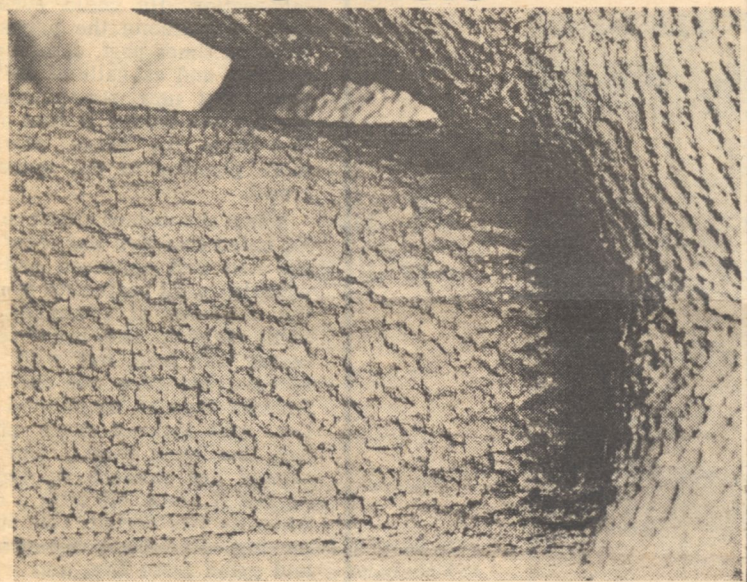
I went to the dentist today. He never did get my teeth filled, just kept talking about the Democratic Convention. It was hard for me to argue through a mouthful of gauze. He kept telling me that the police were right but just the same I should look at both sides of the issue. What an open-minded bastard. I spit the gauze out and walked out of the office; I never could stand dentists with bad breath.

So my teeth are still crying out for toothpaste, and that's why I'm walking to White Front tonight on the islands. You might ask me why I don't forget the whole walking mess and learn how to thumb. Well, you can't thumb around here anymore. You see, ever since Lester Maddox turned down a free ride from that Edsel, they've been giving hitchhikers twenty years.

—Jerry Freeman

Comment—this is dedicated to...

GENESIS



Matt Kelleher, Dan Monte

And God but rested

And his love is some hair now—so suddenly gray
Leaving him with nothing to say.
But nothings are said so often now
It matters not what is said, but how.

And staccatoed stammerings reverberate
Above the wintered forest of his pate.
But forests will their life be reborn,
Not so this creature of hate and forlorn.

And on the sixth day God created man
Making him beautiful as only gods can.
But then gods are only glands to express
A feeling of love that we possess.

And he was naked and proud and shimmering with light.
Unblemished, uncovered, he protracted his might.
But mightily he sinned and nothings protruded his lilt.
And hair! Black hair covered his guilt.

And he was scared of nothings and hid in a cave.
And while very young he was a slave.
But even slaves grow old and wise
And turn black hair gray to complete the guise.

And on the seventh day God did rest
Guilt-free and impregnable from arrest.
But where arrests are made, shackles placed on hands,
Who'd shoot at God but black haired glands?

—KENNETH WILLIAMS

dancing in the eyes of hot temper
the rage increased as passion
mounted

he fought for control but his
heart ran on,
bounding to and fro recklessly—
he passed the crucial moment
only to

find he had failed—
the stars came out against the dark
background—causing ripples of
laughter

to peel from his eyes,
but she wouldn't care—
he tore

himself asunder only to see
her playing
Benjy's consort..

streaks of yellow crossed the sky—
the fire spread to his innards—
he was eaten alive—

charred forever, never to recover
their lips met but not so their
hearts—

he pulled the ropes and the
strain increased
she fought for breath only
to find him there,

smothering her—he inhaled.
seeing her gasping—
the blackness
Benjamin!

—DAN DELANEY

A pitch-black nigger, one with a greasy crop of elastic curls, piano teeth, and white eyes yellowed in the manner of all niggers, approached the door with cautious abandon. He stopped about twenty feet in front of the ivory door; a sign shouted "NO ADMITTANCE!" and he started mumbling, muttering, and scratching his nuts in consternation.

He didn't know what to do; the door was massive and must be heavily guarded from the inside. Christ, even if he did make it in, those possessive bastards would probably beat his ass to a pulp. Making a quick sign of the cross, he closed his eyes and charged the door screaming every filthy word his sweaty mind could think of.

Nothing happened; it was like the door wasn't there. But it had to be; no one can run through a solid, ivory door like a ghost, least of all a black ghost. He opened his eyes and looked around and around the room and then began to puke.

He was in a large, oval room that looked much like a studio apart-

The Undergraduate

"Take all of my money"
the Father proclaimed,
"Just be sure that you get good grades.
... for you will have done nothing
that should bring you shame;
just forget those who boast 'self-made'."

"Opportunity is offered
to only a few,
so this may be your only big break.
Who care if there's no
self-pride left in you;
just pretend that it's hard work to 'take'."

It sounds real nice
just to sit and relax,
with nothing to pressure but books;
"No one really cares that you
don't break your back;
you're imagining all those dirty looks."

"... and even if not
why should you give a damn,
if people don't give you respect?
Of course you have tried
you've done all you can
just don't tell them you called 'collect'."

—JACK SHAUGHNESSY

The Prophet of Night

Existing from and into misty oblivion
The blind prophet bursts onto the plains of eternity
Riding the green demon horse of pestilence,
Trampling on our garden of forbidden fruit,
And from behind his black veil of time
He hurls thundering into existence, Hate!
With the aftermath of death close on its heels.
He echoes his spiteful laugh through
The corridors of the universe, foretelling
How all will be struck down by life.
The armies of Philistines will march over our
Sister earth—they will ravish, plunder, burn
And fill her with lifeless corpses.
The prophet gallops off, condemning us into life.
And Christ died for what?
For the blind, deaf, soldiers, Pharisees
And money changers,
All who reject him
In their silver acceptance.
Love drained from his body,
The thirsty earth sucked it up
And now is the only one who has it,
Hidden in her seven corners.
Together we are left to seek this blood,
This love — To stumble and collapse
Between our wars and peaceful hypocrisy.
Our humanity is a parasite on our souls
And our search will end only in self-destruction —
And the prophet laughs.
And salvation is for those with heavy crimsoned foreheads.
Who have not abandoned their
Search for a drop of love in the midst of
Barren desolation.
Those who do not turn their backs on the night
Step into it.

—CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

KACK IS LIFE

Mike Appel

ment. There was a small stove and refrigerator in one corner; in the other, a sink, mirror, and toilet. The rest of the furnishings were things considered essential to life: bed, lamp, wall-clock, table full with bottles of milk and a box of Wheaties, two button-down starched shirts complete with knife-edge pants, three issues of Reader's Digest, and a Playboy.

But it was the shit that seemed important. Yes, it was the shit. The shit; it was everywhere, was hanging from the ceiling, was in big, hardened globs on the floor, was dripping from the table, and completely covered every object in the room. Yes, it was a rotten, stinking, honest-to-god, no shit-yet-it's shit, two-feet-deep roomful of shit. It looked as though all the shit that was ever shitted had been forced up through the bottom of the vitreous china toilet.

After his nausea could provide no more satisfaction, the nigger started crying. By this time he had fallen to the floor in a pre-natal position. He couldn't believe it, couldn't believe that he was ac-

tually here, wallowing in a roomful of shit, clutching his belly, slobbering for God's sake.

He got up and looked around again. Could it be a dream? No, the door had disappeared; he couldn't leave, so it had to be real. Something in the back of his mind crawled over to the ear and whispered; with the sureness of a dog digging for his bone, he rummaged through the piles until he came up with the can of white paint and a brush. Very slowly and very methodically he started to paint the shit white. He whitened the icebox and stove, the bed and the lamp, the walls, the ceiling, the floor, and finally there was only one object left in the room: the clock. With a sad and loving care he scraped the shit off the crystal and then eased the liquid onto its white face and black hands.

Then he painted himself white; first it was the arms and legs, then the torso and butt, and finally he poured the last of the paint over his head. He then laid down and curled up for a long rest in his sterile, shit-free room.

And that's all Sixteen Reasons

And That's All of Sixteen Reasons
I see your filthy old tennis shoes
under the bed!
I see your filthy old tennis shoes
under the bed!
I see your filthy ...
I see ...

Once I had a dream.
I was asleep at the time.

Smelling the oily sweat of your
Running underarm;
tasting the acrid alcohol
of your tongue as we
try and try and try
to come
to an understanding of
what we want.
And then we are still.
And I know that this is love,
And I am ill.

Dan Delaney

Lin

The autumn sunlight's icy glare
Caredressed the evening.
I turned to touch the earth
And placed my hand
In my sister's open wound,
Bleeding slowly from the winter.
I found you in very crimsoned leaf
And violet haze,
Cradled in the grey mist of twi-
light.
Cousin autumn recalls the summer
In the heat of her passion colors
And awaits the winter
With her frozen breath.
I wrapped myself in the
Gradual night,
Returning to everywhere
Which is where I find you.

—CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Air Man

Black centuries ago
he fell
from windy stars

and silence
to the kingdom
by a tree
which had lifted him
from life
and pressed him
into lordship
over quiet forest creatures
who pause
to see and listen
to their handing hollow god
who speaks
from darkest reaches
of the recess in his eyes
when the winds
and breeze
awake him
to his dry and empty shell
which cries
within its depths
for the sleep
below the grass
and the kiss
of Mother Earth

—KEVIN DOYLE

Rusty Lying 5 Times

I'm sorry it ended that way,
I still think you might be inter-
ested in what
I'm doing, I'm doing fine.
I have to move from here; God
that week.
I switched to cigars and they're
pretty neat.
I'm hungry Los Angeles:
Right, right Peter Burns ...

—PAUL BRIAN

To Yours Truly, or How I Hate to use Words when I Talk to Your Mother

Catch see i'm ittying out one time real artistic
when this horrorshow golass corrupting from some rot
says "no"
so i'm stuck.

"Well," i says, "i be guessing there's no reason
to leave anyway
an step back real oozhassny like."

But next raz i'm trying it's a "sure"
real brother like
an i'm gone real skorry,
ready for a good smeck.

But i don't pony it, the ole rassadock fails
an i get stuck.
I get stuck an have to itty on back.
A baddiwad scene.

So then this sharp catches on
an i catch on real skorry too
thinking all the time for real
but you pony how that works.
She cracks and you get real oddy knocky
an you is back where you started.

Which is to say
that i am back where i started.
An i mean this happens over and again, meaning a way
to bring me back.
O my brothers, the same veshch happens an each and every
which is enough to blow the old rassadock
but then i don't pony much anymore.
I don't care.
And You?

Ed (who knew Albert Peener) and his amazing exploits concerning the Girl from the Moon at the club Garden of Eden—Continued

(Continued from page 7)

from the Moon. Ed turned away, crimson. She had misunderstood his stare; and even then it wasn't a stare. It was understanding seeking response. And when she turned away, disappointment frustrating her face, Ed reasoned rather suddenly that she must have thought that he thought that she was disgusting and that was the reason he had turned away. Oh, for the damn of it all!

When Eve had failed to excite the young man watching her so intently she threw her bitterness into a frenzy of movement, re-creating acts that weren't her own because her own had failed her. Ed could see the moon maid's gestures in Eve's body and count the steps and styles of acts that must have been playing in clubs near them at the very moment. He didn't really know what her own act was but knew that it wasn't being played out on the

stage above. And he felt oddly sad, like a little boy might feel watching his drinking father trying to outwit every game in a carnival while all his friends are watching, and only he knows that his father does best at some one thing like maybe even throwing those little leather hoops around prize stickdolls, but that he does it darn well, and he isn't ashamed of the fact, while his friends only see his father acting stupid at games he can't control.

That was the way Ed felt when Eve tried to swing her breasts in opposite directions like the Girl from the Moon. They were limp enough but not self-sufficient. She even tried to get them to reverse by using her hand as a propellant, but it only worked for a few revolutions. And seeing the frustration once more fill her face, Ed wanted in some way to help her. But how? He thought his heart would melt at times, and could almost feel the heat at one moment when in her dance Eve brought the snake up to her lips.

She tried to make it look like part of her act, but when she kissed that snake it wasn't a dancer kissing the dance. It was warm, almost apologetic: her attempt to comfort the snake for old times gone bad. And he just hung there, like a limp piece of

rubber. When she parted her lips to plead reckless desire, a tear of betrayal kissed the painted smile.

"Swing d'em watermelons, young thing. Swing d'em." Ed looked up angrily at Albert who had just returned with a comment he had probably copied off

hadn't been weaned from the "tit" yet. None of them could see that in crying Eve was showing her true self, the only real self that she would ever bring onto the stage. But Ed saw that, and if she could see that he saw that, then she might be willing to discolor that shade of coloring which kept

true act. He suddenly realized that what he had wanted to see achieved, he had not seen accomplished. He had wished for the death of the unfunny clown.

"I hope you get the load off your mind!" yelled Albert Peener to Ed's already disappearing back. And then softening his voice like W. C. Fields, he added, "Hope everything comes out o.k., m'boy." Albert then sipped from the last drink that he and Ed were to have shared that night.

Ed flung open the curtains that led into a dark passage way. A door was just closing. He ran to the door and threw it open almost recklessly, noticing in the same movement that women had been carved into the wood. He whispered almost madly, "Eve!" but Eve didn't answer as Eve. He started to speak but could only choke, "oh!"

For a moment he expected to hear another scream when he opened the next door, but this time the woman's back was turned to him; the back was supporting a snake. "Eve?" Ed asked, safely. Eve turned and winced. Ed looked at her eyes and his heart gave a sudden twinge. "Oh, hey Eve," he cried, softly. She had been sobbing through paper towels and her eyes, swollen with tears, now welled with fright. Ed grabbed her by the shoulders, wanting to be a source of strength for her to build courage upon. "Eve, Eve please. Eve please. . ." and he wanted to tell her to go ahead and cry and sob and please be herself her real self not something on a stage with a snake for a friend but his words kept jumbling and they seemed to distort themselves so that he couldn't say anything right but she was crying even more and trying to force something from her lips and so she must understand: "Oh yes, Eve . . . please."

When she finally screamed it was, and could not be mistaken for anything else but, the frustration and suffering that she had so long endured and so strongly suppressed. Ed knew that in his heart and wanted to communicate his understanding and affection. It was when he made that loving and meaningful gesture towards her breast that the police slammed open the door.



the wall onto toilet paper, just so he could taunt his friend's spirit. Albert knew nothing of tears. Tears were, were. . . And then it struck Ed. Tears were Eve's real act!

But none of these people could understand that because they

her disguise. Tears could wash that disguise. . .

Suddenly the band was back on the stage again. One of them touched Eve on the shoulder and she hurried from the stage. Ed stood up. She had left without having gone through her act: her

Cagers travel to Berkeley for annual clash with Golden Bears

On Saturday night the Gael cagers face the Golden Bears in each team's third game of the year.

The Bears show great promise as a big contender in their conference. Sports Illustrated ranks California as fifteenth of the top twenty teams in the nation. Other than Santa Clara and UCLA, Cal is the only West Coast team rated.

The Bears have gained much unification under their new head coach Jim Padgett. Padgett, a three year letterman at Oregon State University, was California freshman coach at San Jose City College for the previous six years. During the past two years he was most instrumental in bringing to California five high school All-Americans, Trent Gaines, Jackie Ridgle, Charlie Johnson, Phil Chenier and Ansley Truitt.

Johnson, a sophomore guard from Redwood City, was leading frosh scorer last year with a 15.8 average, also pulling down nearly 10 rebounds per game, and Jackie Ridgle, a 6-4 sophomore forward from Altemer, Arkansas, who shattered 12 freshman records last year and scored twice as many points as had any Cal freshman before him, will be prominent rookies of this year's team.

Some of the returning starters include Bob Presley, a 6-11 senior center from Detroit, Michigan, Trent Gaines, a 6-2 junior guard from Long Beach, Waddell Blackwell, a 6-0 junior guard from Homestead, Pennsylvania, Clarence "Tree" Johnson, a 6-6 junior forward from San Antonio, Texas, who holds the national frosh record for high jump at 7-3 1/4, and Tom Henderson, a 6-5 junior forward from Piedmont.

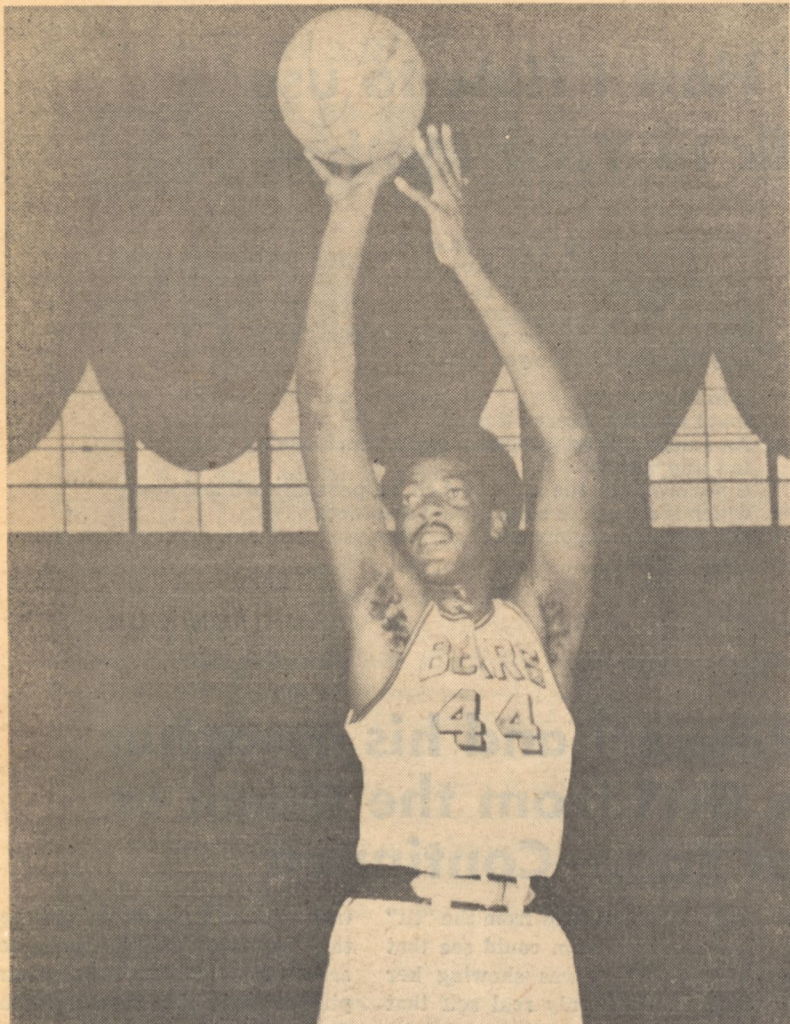
Although Presley has only played three years of organized basketball, he holds the impressive record of only having five men in Cal history to score more points in a single season than him. Only two men have averaged more points in a season than he did last year. Only Darryl Imhoff has ever grabbed more rebounds than Presley acquired last year. Gaines "made the best adjustment from junior

college to major college basketball I've ever seen," says coach Padgett. He was a prep All-American at Long Beach Poly and CIF "Co-player of the year" in 1966.

Cal will be spurred on by their 82-71 opening win against the University of San Francisco. In that game Ridgle's score of 35 points indicates the type of basketball the Gaels will be up against Saturday night.

The Gaels, just back from a 91-83 opening game defeat by Fresno State, are relying on Rich Holmberg, Mike Johnson, and Chris Dayak, the three high scorers of the first game of the season. A possible point for improvement by the Gaels for the up and coming game will be 43% field goal percentage and 66% on the field goals.

Last year the Gaels lost to the Bears 76-69, in one of Saint Mary's best games.



BOB PRESLEY, one of top basketball players on West Coast, will lead the Cal Bears against the Gaels Saturday night in Harmon Gym.

Hons holds tight volleyball lead in blue league murals

Volleyball season is now in full swing and the standings indicate a tight race. In the Blue League, Hons has taken over the first spot with a 3-1 record. Following him are Tochini, Reed and Brothers with identical 2-1 records. Silvestri holds down the third position with 1-2 record. In last place, hopelessly out of the race is Malone with a record of no wins and four defeats.

In the Red League Taylor has nailed down first with a 4-1 slate. In second is Baldwin with a 3-1 record. Not on their tails is Jamison with a 2-1 record. The final two teams, Balanesi, 0-3, and Kooyman, 0-3, share the cellar spot with no victories.

But Intramurals has not quit with volleyball. They are now in the process of sponsoring a 3-man basketball hunch tourney, with both the day students and the resident students.

Also a movie, "Signal 30" was presented to the student body last Tuesday and Wednesday nights with the paltry sum of 25 cents being the admittance donation. The purpose of the movie was to encourage safe-driving and it graphically illustrated the ill-effects of careless driving.

Also being sponsored by the Intramural Committee is a Bridge Tournament, organized by Bro. Myron. There is a great anticipation that it will be an inter-collegiate tournament in which the girls schools from around the area will be included.

In addition, the Collegian has exclusively learned that Bill Talunas is joining the Union (no more picket lines). Actually the Union is an organization at the Univer-

sity of California which sponsors tournaments such as ping pong, pool, badminton, etc. In fact there are 22 such tournaments a year.

This will provide many of the students who have individual talents and who wish to engage in individual competition. There would, of course, be entry fees but there would be so many more opportunities.

Gael ruggers meet U-Club in Saturday's season debut

Saint Mary's Rugby enters into its new season this Saturday with a game against the University Club. Considering the large turnout for Rugby this year and the number of returnees the contest should be a favorable one. Nearly seventy have gone out for the sport and there are seven starting players on the present team from last year.

The University Club is a team of predominately older men in their twenties with strength and skill but a lack of speed. There are five Saint Mary's Alumni on the club.

Brown paces yearlings past stubborn Fresno frosh, 78-74

Saint Mary's yearling roundball squad started off the season on a successful note by downing the rallying Fresno State frosh cagers by

a count of 78-74 in the winners gym last Saturday night. The Gael frosh were led by 6-4 forward Roy Brown who burned the nets for a hot 25 points, taking high scoring honors. The St. Mary's frosh went into the locker rooms with a comfortable 44-32 lead at the half.

Besides Brown's 25 points, the Gael frosh were helped in the scoring department by John Stimson who ripped for 17 markers and Maloney who put in 14.

Tomorrow night the frosh hoopers will play one of their toughest games of the year against the Cal Berkeley frosh. The Baby Bears had one of the strongest freshman teams on the coast last year, and will field another powerhouse this year. The team will be looking ahead to its two games with archrivals Santa Clara and two with the Loyola frosh.

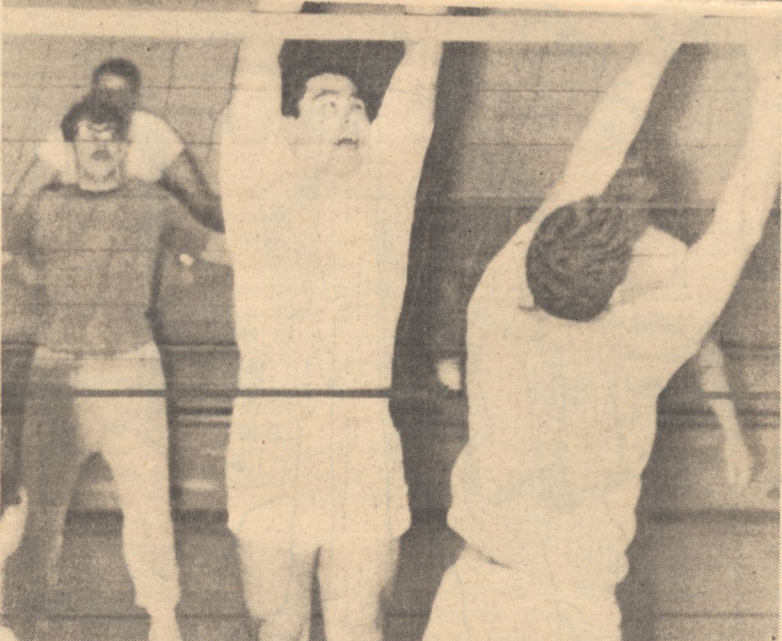
Our team will again be headed by Pat Vincent, a coach with plenty of Rugby experience. Captain Paul Lombardi remarked that he is "regarded by many as one of the finest Rugby minds in the country." Vincent played a couple of years in Australia with the top Rugby team in the world, the All Blacks.

In past years there was a problem with having enough experienced men ready to play in case of injuries. This year there are at least three or four players battling for each position. Letterman Grove Hummert says that "ability is now on a higher level," then speculates, "with a small team we had to play scrappy in order to win; you should see a more refined team this year."

The two more distinguishable points to look for is the speed of the backfield and the size of the front line. The eight man line averages 210 pounds.

The teams to be played in the coming months include San Francisco Rugby Club, The Ramblers, The Bay Area Touring Side (Bats) and a "grudge" match against Cal. Saint Mary's lost a close one to the Bears last year.

Saturday's game begins at 1:30 and will be followed by a "B" team game against the San Francisco Rugby Club at about 3:30. (Refreshments will be served in the grove afterwards.)



ABE DE LAO, of Silvestri in Blue League, prevents spike by BRUCE FRANK in Wednesday volleyball action. JOHN CONSIGLIERI backs DE LAO up.

RHEEM THEATRE

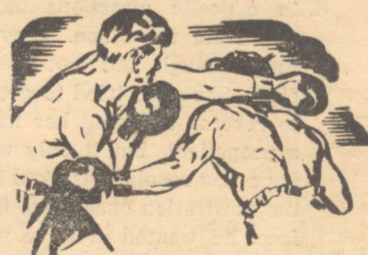
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Intramural Standings at present

Blue League	
Reed	30
Brothers	28
Tochini	27
Hcns	17
Silvestri	15
Malone	9
Red League	
Baldwin	32
Taylor	27
Jamison	25
Kooyman	22
Balanesi	12
Regalia	10

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Saint Mary's Collegian

Sports Section

Mike Duda
This is Dedicated to...

Gaels end football season fifth in Nation; Galli amasses 5-3-1 record

Terminating their 1968 season, the Galloping Gaels coached by George Galli, rank as the fifth best club team in the nation. With a record of 5-3-1, the Gaels had their three losses at the hands of teams which compiled a 22-5-1 record.

Hopes were feebish at the start of the season as the competition picked up immensely this season as compared to last year, and due to the poor performance against San Quentin Prison, 18-12. This

dismal outlook was finally altered when the Gaels slew meddlesome Diablo Valley College.

Although Galli's Gaels spirit was estatic, they flew to Southern Nevada only to yield under the Rebel's cleats, 27-20. The fire in Saint Mary's was kept alive only by super quarterback Greg Huarte and numerous penalties.

Against Claremont, the Gaels retired with a tie at 13-13 and were frustrated seven times by having the ball inside the ten

yard line only to be shirked off by the Claremont defense.

Colliding with Oregon Tech, the Saint Mary's Gaels debuted Tom Miles at the end position who promptly sprinted for a 36-yard touchdown with a Greg Huarte pass. Due to the emphasis on their running attack, the Gaels thwarted Oregon's Owls 20-14.

Chastised by Riverside with a 40-28 thumping, Coach Galli admitted losing to the best offensive unit the Gaels have ever met.

The U.S.F. tilt was surely the highlight of the '68 season, for the Gaels, in spite of the fact that they fumbled the ball away seven times. A key play in that game was Huarte's short eight yard lob to end Bob Vallon for a neat six points.

Southern Oregon, with a five and one record was riding high before their skirmish with the Gaels, but were soon disenchanted by a 33-14 count. Again, the Gaels relied heavily upon Huarte's aerials.

Battling Azusa Pacific, the Gaels took a quick lead of 13-0 but relaxed and Azusa led at the half 14-13. This forced the Gaels to come up from behind to admonish them 34-14.

After a two-week polish on their running offense, the SMC Gaels vied with the Loyola Lions for second spot in the National Football Club ratings. It was a nip and tuck battle until the end of the game but Loyola scored twice in the last 90 seconds due to an interception of one of Huarte's bombs. The final score was 36-14.

The last game against San Diego was another Gael victory, 27-13. Huarte was again sparkling in his aerial game. Top pass snatchers were Bob Vallon and Jim Huarte. An outstanding offensive effort was noted of back Mark Ferrari who scored twice.

Next year's outlook looks bright with the return of Greg Huarte, John Blackstock and Bob Godfrey. The Gaels will gallop in '69.

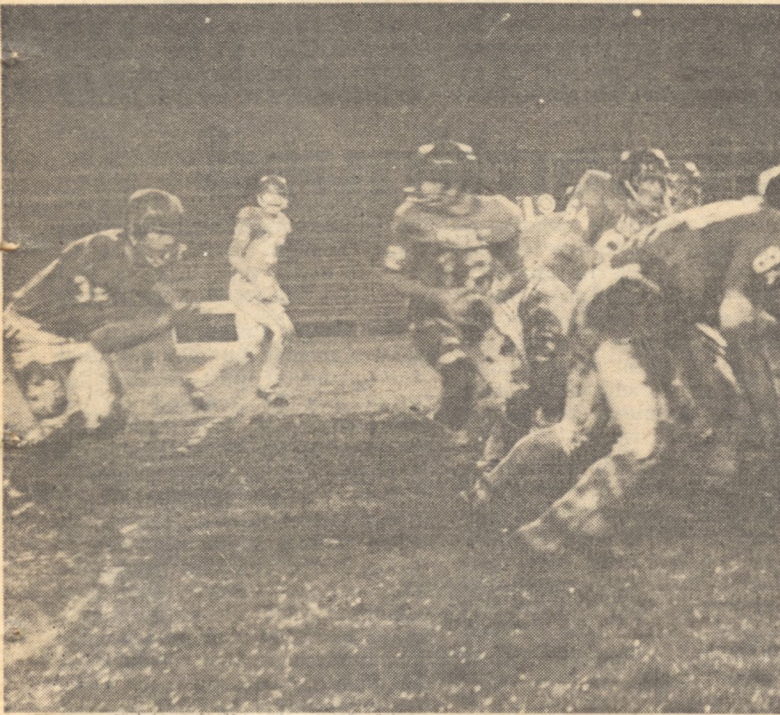
Lickess pleased by workouts; Rowers rest for January

The Gael Crew terminated their fall practice two weeks ago, culminating two months of preparation for a 1969 racing season scheduled to begin on March 28. Gael coach Ed Lickess expressed pleasure with the varsity's strong showing and also with the progress made by the freshmen on Lake Merritt. The Crew will resume formal practice after the Christmas vacation and will continue rowing until May.

Highlights of this 1969 season include a triple meet with U.S.C. and Cal on the Oakland Estuary, the two-mile race for the Milens Cup against Santa Clara, and the West Coast Finals in San Diego in May.

Strengthened by their intensive weight training program, the varsity boat remains nearly intact for the Spring season. Increased depth provided by returning members of the junior varsity and by last year's speedy Frosh crew will add to Gael rowing prospects.

The recent appointment of Collegian Sports Editor Michael Duda as Crew Publicist guarantees that the 1969 Gael oarsmen will be heard. "Increased community relations will provide the Crew and St. Mary's with additional attention," commented Duda.



Quarterback GREG HUARTE (12), hands to fullback BOB GODFREY in season finals versus San Diego. Gaels capped 5-3-1 year with 27-13 win.

Gael grapplers open season with San Jose State Tourney

Saint Mary's wrestling team, following an even season record of 6-6, "has even further expectations for this year's squad," says manager Joe Sanchez.

This year's team is anchored by five returning lettermen: Greg Aloia, who is assistant coach of the team, Steve Aloia who together with Greg participated in the Olympic trials last year, Greg Grimmard, Tom Miles and Len Davenport.

Composing the rest of this year's team are the up and coming freshmen Ralph Fonseca, Dan Ferem, Ron Ortman, Bruce Metros, Joe Schneider, Chris Morin, Jim Tomasello, Jim McWhorter, Brian Pederson and old timer Mike Ward.

For the last three years that the team has been in existence

it has been under the guidance of coach John Owings, who also doubles as football coach during the season.

Tomorrow's match is the San Jose State invitational where the team will meet competition from thirty different schools and the Saint Mary's representatives will be Greg and Steve Aloia, Greg Grimmard, Tom Miles, and Bruce Metros.

The schedule includes nine matches, five in Slip Madigan Memorial Gym. After the San Jose tournament, the grapplers



TOM MILES
 ... Leads wrestlers ...

take a two week layoff until the 13th when they meet Sonoma State.

The schedule resumes Jan. 11 with the first home match with Humboldt State. The season will be wrapped up with a Feb. 27 match with San Jose State at home.

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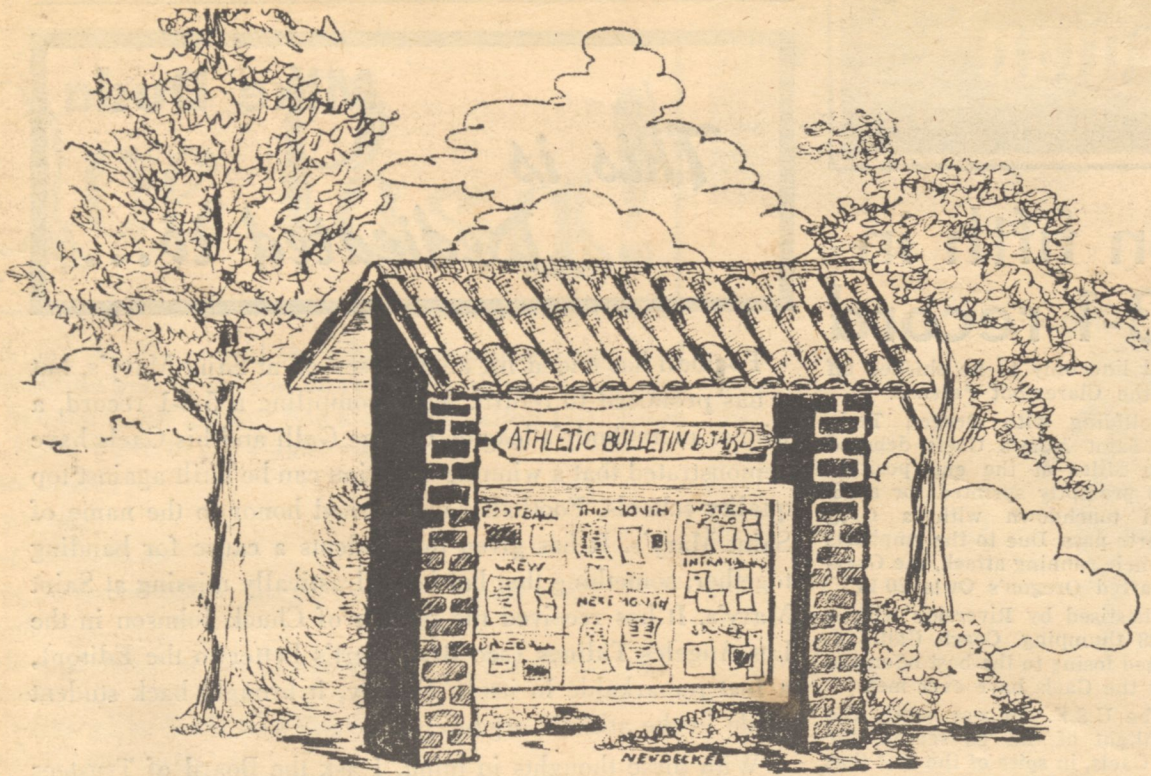
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Athletic bulletin board set for construction near dorm

Approval has been given for the construction of the long awaited sports information bulletin board. As advertised, it will be situated in front of Aquinas and Mitty Halls. A maximum of \$500 has been collected for the project.

The proposal was formed earlier in the year by the Students for Athletic Improvement (S. A. I.). Since then, they have worked hard to get the support of the college. The intramural manager and Athletic Director Mike Cimino have given their encouragement from the start.

The importance of the athletic bulletin board is to provide a better unity for the entire athletic program. Sports events, practices and such in the past have been scattered and posted at varying locations throughout the school. Now there will be a centralization of events and the risk of possible confusion will be eliminated.

The type of design to be used is essentially the same as the brick and weed "Campus Directory" located next to the main entrance guard house. There will be an eight section division: six sections

to be used for display by each current organized sports program, and two sections occupied by a month and the preceding month.

The size of the bulletin board is to be fourteen feet long and nine and a half feet in height. This is a substantial improvement from the originally accepted four foot by eight foot board.

Another proposal, a central college trophy case, has also received approval, but the money for the construction of this is to be taken from the remainder of the \$500. The S.A.I. is in hopes of another appropriation for this purpose.

Present trophies are stored in an inadequately small size in De La Salle Hall. It is apparent that they do not sufficiently represent the college's past athletic achievements.

A big problem with a new case, besides the financial, is the location. The favored suggestion that it be placed in Dryden Hall Reception Room was rumored to be rejected. The S.A.I. has reason to expect the decision to change due to the absence of another locality.

Rising composer to perform in program

Pianist-composer Douglas Allanbrook will perform works by J. S. Bach and one of his own works at Saint Mary's College of California, Saturday, Dec. 7.

The concert, which is the second in the college's current chamber music series, will begin at 8:30 p.m. in Dryden Hall. Tickets will be available at the door with general admission \$2.50, students, \$1.50.

A child prodigy, Allanbrook began his musical studies at the age of eight, and went on to work with

such teachers as Walter Piston at Harvard University, Nadia Boulanger at the Conservatoire in Paris, and the Italian harpsichordist Ruggere Gerlin at the Conservatory in Naples.

Allanbrook's works include three symphonies, two operas, string quartets, and music for the piano and harpsichord. His third symphony, "Four Orchestral Landscapes," was premiered last spring in Berkeley by the Oakland Symphony under the direction of Gerhard Samuel.

Whitehurst continued

(Continued from page 4) will have to be tried.

I've heard a lot of talk recently about the "Saint Mary's spirit" and I've been accused of trying to destroy that wonderful thing. But, you know, the "Saint Mary's man" doesn't give a damn about this college. He couldn't care less about raising the level of the academic atmosphere or making the admissions policies more selective ("If you raise the

admissions standards, what's going to happen to guys like me who couldn't get in anywhere else?" — quote from a "Saint Mary's man") or adjusting the curriculum so that it brings students to a direct confrontation with the social and moral crises facing the people of the outside world, the real world.

No, the Saint Mary's man is concerned only with those things which immediately affect his comfort positively or negatively. If he has a nice room, good food, a good football team, good janitorial service, operating vending machines and the now proverbial "beer in the hand and "C" on the report card," he is a happy man.

The role of student government is not, as the editorial in the last Collegian implied, to keep this kind of person happy; rather student government should be dedicated to insuring that the students are receiving the best education possible. If the college and the student government cater to people who are not concerned with improving their education, this College would condemn itself to total failure. I guess I'm

optimistic enough and I love this place enough to think that we can do better than that.

DAN WHITEHURST

*The Twelve Proposals: that the 4-1-4 Calendar be adopted; that the number of units required for graduation be reduced to not more than 120; that general requirements be discontinued, except perhaps for a more comprehensive Classics program; that a prose report grading system be adopted; that midterm grades be discontinued and that grades be sent only to students; that final examinations be replaced by some other means of student-to-teacher communication; that co-education be adopted; that the only housing rules would be those enacted by the majority of students living in each dormitory; that the curriculum be expanded to include Social Analysis, Black Studies, Modern Media, and that the Humanities fields be developed; that the housing arrangements be made more educational; that our recruiting efforts reach minority, non-Catholic, out-of-state students and that we re-evaluate the notion of what kind of student should be admitted to Saint Mary's.

Sichel Foundation bestows grant of \$100,000 for needy Students

Mr. Franz W. Sichel died last year but he will not be forgotten. A friend of the Christian Brothers, Mr. Sichel established a scholarship fund worth \$100,000 for needy Saint Mary's College students "who alone could not help themselves but who, with some encouragement, would have the opportunity to aspire to a better, a more human, a more liberal life than they could otherwise have known. Last week at a dinner on campus Mr. Alfred Fromm, President of the Board of Trustees for the Franz W. Sichel Foundation, presented the fund to the College.

Mr. Franz, as he was called by his close friends, was born in Germany in 1891. He was the son of a partner to H. Sichel Sockne, a vintner and world wide distributor of wines. When he came to America in 1939 he devoted himself to the development and furtherance of American wines and brandy. In

1944, in association with Alfred Fromm, he founded the distributing firm of Fromm & Sichel, Inc. which was then, and is now the exclusive sales agents of the California wines and brandy of the Christian Brothers.

Brother U. Gregory, President of Mont La Salle Vineyards said of Mr. Sichel: "In precise accord with the Winery Brother's interest in and love for fine wines, Mr. Franz, as well as his partner, Alfred Fromm, early established in their sales program and executive thinking, the high standards of quality, both in the product and in the image they were to propagate

and enhance. Brother Michael Quinn, President of Saint Mary's College, stated concerning the scholarship: "It is my belief that those responsible for this endowment are to be congratulated for this marvelous mix of concern for the youth of our country and the deprived youth of the world, and too, for the marvelous way they have attempted to meet contemporary problems in a manner altogether consistent with the ultimate purpose of the winery, the aims of the Brothers on the Pacific Coast, and the vision of a holy man who lived in France some centuries ago!"

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