

California State University, San Bernardino

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February 25th, 1972

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CSUSB, "February 25th, 1972" (1972). *Paw Print (1966-1983)*. 153.
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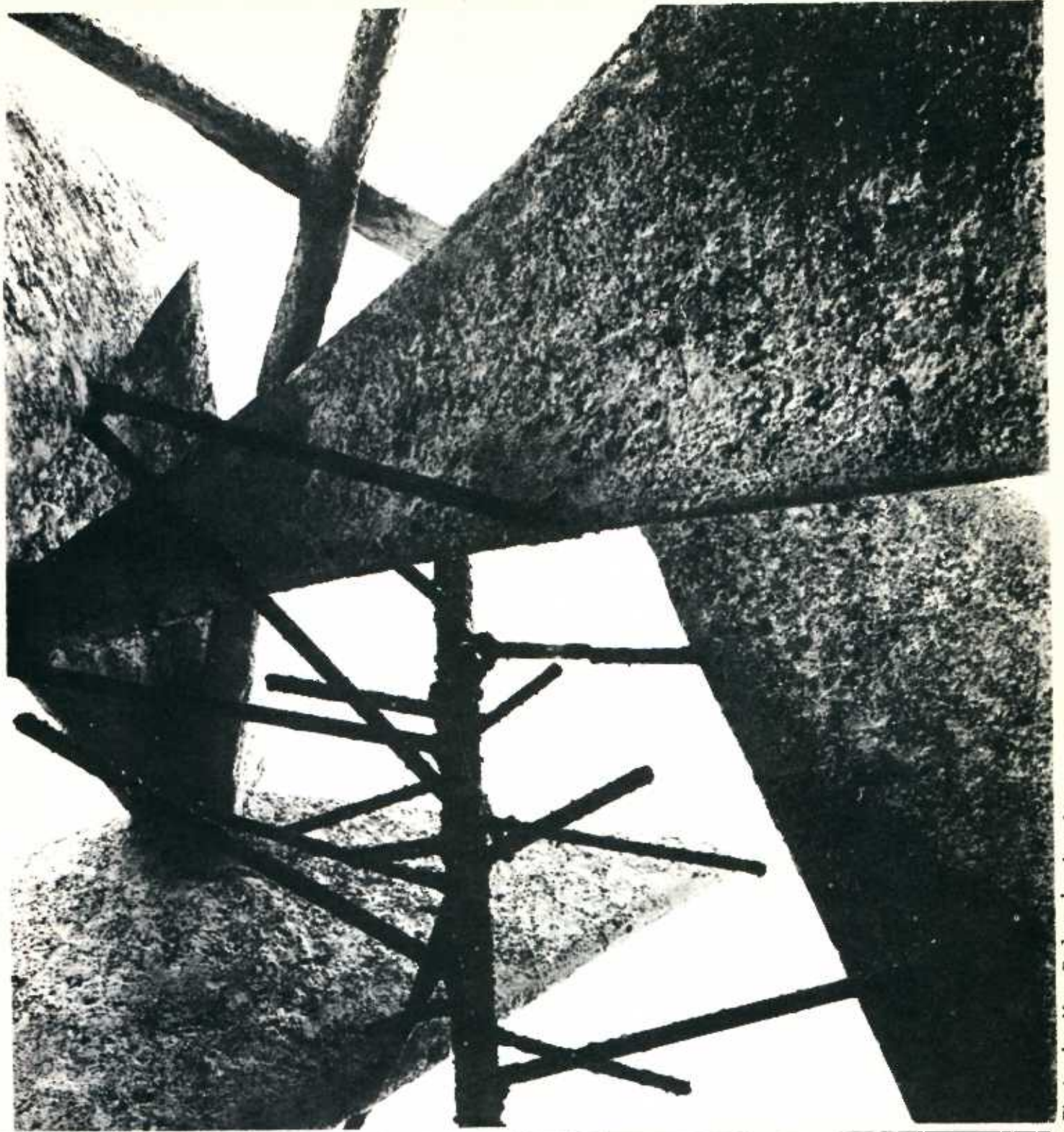


Photo by Mr. Bolger's daughter

2-29

PAWPRINT

Letters

Pen-Pal Wanted

Dear Students,

I am a convict confined in the Ohio State Penitentiary, I am serving a life sentence for my part in the killing of the chief of police in the city of Ironton, Ohio during an escape and gun battle with the city police and the highway patrol on Dec. 2, 1966.

I am 25 years old and I only get mail about once every week and a half from my mother who is getting old (63) I really appreciate her letters but would like to hear from someone around my age.

Up until August of last year, we were only allowed to write and receive letter from our immediate family, but the governor of this state changed all this and now we can write and receive letters from anyone that wants to write to us. During this time, I lost all contact with my friends and so-called friends on the outside.

The reason that I am writing this letter to you school, to the whole student body is, I am hoping that someone may read this letter and write to me, it is hard setting in this cell day after day, watching the guard go past you cell with a handfull of mail and hardly ever stopping at your cell.

I am asking that whoever gets this letter will put it on the bulletin board or in the school paper or whatever it is that you have there that will let the people know what is going on, and I am hoping that some of you that may read it will decide to write to me, anyway I am hoping and if any of you do read this letter and do decide that you might want to write to me, then here is the address that you should write to:

Ron Browning No. 125538
Box 511
Columbus, Ohio (43216)

I want to thank each and every one of you that take the time out

to read this letter and I hope that I will hear from some of you in the near future, so I will close this letter for now and hope that I will receive some letters from some of you soon, and too, I want to wish every one of you the best of luck in your future lives.

Thank you very much,
Sincerely yours
Ron Browning No. 125538

Editor's note:

It isn't often that PAWPRINT gets fan mail from a self-confessed murderer. This letter is printed batim, just as it was received in the PAW-PRINT office. If you feel the need of correspondence, may we suggest you drop a line to Ron Browning?

Dear Mom

Dear Mom:

Van C. Andrews is becoming famous, I can't see why though, he obviously believes in literacy. He keeps talking about having teachers or being had by them. This is strange talk.

Mary Jane Shoultz will not be with us much longer; in spite of her glamorous name, it seems she doesn't fit in the indoctrinational plan of CSCSB, so we must bid her adieu and wish her well and hope she finds her never-never Land for teachers.

Daddy George ain't got the pull he used to. We don't get to go out and party on his birthday any more. Either they think we need more of the better learning we get here or they think we'll chop down more than cherry trees.

I've always believed that one should make the best of the situation, so I've made the best of the design of this campus? I've developed a "door fetish".

There are signs sprouting up here and there and all over campus.

The newest one grew up outside the library pointing the way to PS 10. Not only did they set it apart from all other rooms but they have the audacity of calling it "The Lecture Hall".

Love,
Mike

Cop-out

Editor:

The great college cop-out is now taking place with student and faculty support. Right on! Let's get rid of all the "irrelevant" G.S. courses. Perhaps we can just study courses within our major in order to obtain a college degree. We can all become specialists. History majors will be able to learn who is buried in Grant's tomb without being side-tracked by irrelevant knowledge. Math students will be able to learn how to balance equations peacefully without being bothered by trite historical or social problems. Perhaps in a few years all one will need in order to receive a college education is to pass a competency exam in his major field of study.

Personally, I find it ironical that the best teacher I've experienced was in a G.S. required course (Iwanage - Spanish) and the class in which I've learned the most was also a G.S. course (The Death of God). So keep up the good work, people. Let's find the easiest route out of college, raise the number of college graduates, and lower the quality of education. Just think! Someday we might even be able to do away with graduate schools. Right on!

Larry Cutting
Vice-President,
Tommy Toobusy Club

Boobs

Editor:

First of all, the picture you printed in your last issue as Gary Hagerman was mine - I'm Alan Warsh. Secondly, the comments I made on the "boobs" and "incompetents" teaching here were on the subject of the GS courses, and specifically the history, art, and philosophy GS courses. I have found some very competent and dedicated teachers in both the Psychology and Sociology departments, and would appreciate your correcting the impression you created by quoting me out of context.

Sincerely,
Alan Warsh

& on & on &

Editor:

Good teachers being fired; students being arrested or killed; brave people being punished in all kinds of subtle, cunning, devious ways, and there is little or nothing that the average person can, or is willing to do about it. How many beatings can a brave person take before she gives up and cries "Stop, I have had enough." How many times must a brave teacher lose her job, how many times must a brave person be beaten or thrown in jail, or how many times must a brave student be thrown out of school before she gives up in disgust and says fuck everybody else, I'm going to cover my own ass. I don't blame them. The pay is lousy, the hours are long and too many times the only reward is licking your wounds in some dark, lonely corner, crushed and continued on page 4



Rocky Courts Emmy!

by
Frank Campbell
Assistant Editor

Princeton gave the entertainment world Jimmy Stewart. Pomona spawned the late Robert Taylor.

At CSCSB, Freshman Rocky Doubenmier has tasted fleeting fame on the tube and is ready to make it his career.

It all began last fall. "I wanted to be a contestant on one of the quiz shows," Rocky said, "so I wrote the one I liked best - 'Password.' About three weeks later, after I'd given up all hope, I got a letter and an application blank. I sent it in, with the requested picture of myself, and waited another two weeks. Then I got a note asking me to call the ABC studio in the Vine Street Theater in Hollywood. Wow!"

Rocky, all 128 pounds of him, is an uninhibited, enthusiastic young man who knows what he wants.

"I called and they asked me to come in for an interview. I was getting pretty scared, but I went. At the theater, the elevator took

me to the third floor, where Leslie Sinclair, the contestant coordinator, has his office. The elevator doors opened and I stepped off right into his reception room.

"Scared? I didn't know what to do. So I hid behind a partition a couple of minutes until my heart dropped back to normal and then I walked up to the receptionist."

Rocky talks like a frantic Frenchman asking directions to the Men's Room in Peking. Reacts like one, too. His eyes light up, he waves his arms, and his flexible face reflects his thoughts before they come bubbling out in a contagious effervescence of charm.

"The young lady asked me what I wanted and I didn't know what to say," he said. We doubt that, but go on. "I was about 30 minutes early. Then I had an idea. 'Where,' I asked, 'is the men's room?'"

He laughed and in the lunch-time cafeteria where we were talking, all heads swung his way. He didn't notice them.

"After I'd stalled in the toilet as long as I thought I could," he said, "I went back to the receptionist's desk. By this time there

were several other contestants there. Mr. Sinclair came in, introduced himself, and led us into the interview room. I had a scary feeling that I wasn't going to make it to the show. I didn't realize there was a contest just to be a contestant.

"Mr. Sinclair explained that we would be divided up into groups of four and we'd play the Password game, just to see how we reacted. I drew a nice little woman as my partner and we were off."

When Rocky tells a story, you are there.

"The first word our team had was 'opera.' It was my turn to give my partner a clue. I was still scared, but I knew we had to win. Leaning back in my chair I waved my arms like an opera singer working on an aria and singsonged in a high voice, 'Falsetto-o-o-!' and she got it! We won nine points!"

"This went on for 45 minutes. When Mr. Sinclair came into the room again, I said, 'Okay, which of us get to go on the show?'"

"He looked at me. 'It depends,' he said, 'you have to come back for another interview.' He called us into his office individ-

ually. I don't know about the others, but he set me up for another interview in two weeks.

"I went home and practiced playing Password every day until I was due to go back. I was ready man!"

On his second visit to the Vine Street Theater, Rocky was only 15 minutes early. Needless to say, he survived the second interview and returned home with the sure knowledge that they had his name in their files. But three days later he got a call. "Mr. Sinclair wants you on the show Saturday."

Rocky said his family was really excited and he just touched earth here and there until time for the show.

On Saturday, the entire following week's five Password shows are taped in the studio. Rocky arrived - on time - and was introduced to Allen Ludden, who in turn introduced him to the show's stars for that week, Elizabeth Montgomery and Peter Lawford. "Peter Lawford was my partner," he said.

Before they started taping, Betty White and Sebastian Cabot wandered onto the set and Rocky met them, too. "Wow!"

The show started. Allen Ludden turned to Rocky and introduced him to the audience. "And now, Rocky," he said, "tell us about yourself."

Never at a loss for words, Rocky said he was almost stopped. "I'm a Freshman at California State College, San Bernardino, love acting, drama, talking, and people, and here I am!" he said.

During the game it was Rocky's turn to clue Peter Lawford on the password, which was 'Universe.'

"I thought about it for a few seconds," Rocky said, "then I raised my arms and swung them wide. All I could think of to say was 'Sta-a-a-ars!'" Mr. Lawford didn't get it. He was laughing. Mr. Ludden asked me to do it again. I did. Mr. Lawford laughed so hard he cried. But he didn't get it.

"Later it was Mr. Lawford's turn to clue me. 'Rocky,' he said,

continued on page 6



What's Going On

Choral Society to Present Baroque Concert

The Choral Society of California State College, San Bernardino, will make their third appearance of the season in a concert of music of the Baroque era on Sunday, February 27, at 8:15 p.m. in the Physical Sciences Lecture Hall.

The program, under the direction of Arthur Wenk, will present two faces of Baroque music. The first half of the concert will offer Carissimi's oratorio, *Jephthe*. The work recounts the tragic story of the Israelite king who promised that if he were victorious in battle he would sacrifice to the Lord the first thing that greeted him upon his return home. As luck would have it, the first thing he saw at his triumphant homecoming was his own daughter, singing and dancing. When she learned of his promise, she insisted that he keep his word, asking only a bit of time to retire to the mountain in preparation for her death. The part of *Jephthe* will be sung by Ronald Whitney, tenor, of San Bernardino. His daughter will be portrayed by Carol Wellington, soprano, of Cucamonga. Other soloists in the work include Kyla DeRemer, Donna Bell, Linda Wenk, Mary Whitney, Joseph Chouinard and Peter Sprague.

The second half of the program will present music of quite a different tone. John Blow's "Begin the Song - Ode on St. Cecilia's Day 1684" is a paean in praise of music. From the first chorus, "Begin the Song!" to the last, "Come then with tuneful breath," there appear a cornucopia of solos, duets and full ensembles to delight the ear in devotion to the patron saint of music.

Let every hand, let every Tongue to make the noble

Consort throng,

Let all in one harmonious note agree

To frame the mighty song,

For this is music's sacred jubilee.

Soloists include Kyla DeRemer, soprano, Mary Whitney, alto, Ronald Whitney, tenor, and Joseph Chouinard, bass, all of San Bernardino.

The concert is open to the public without charge and will be followed by a reception.

"BIKE FOR LIFE" TO ATTRACT ENVIRONMENTAL "SPOKES" MEN

Wheels will be turning for clean air, land, and water on Sunday, March 12 when "Bike for Life" is held in 6 Southern California locations.

People's Lobby, a grass-roots environmental organization, is sponsoring the rides to raise funds for a media campaign in support of the clean environment act. The proposition, described as "A Crackdown on Air, Land, and Water Polluters," was qualified for the ballot through the initiative process, by volunteers gathering over a half-million signatures of registered voters throughout the state. The clean environment act will be submitted directly to the voters in this June's primary election.

From San Diego to the San Fernando Valley

The six locations of the rides are: Los Angeles, the San Fernando Valley, the Long Beach Area, Orange County, the San Gabriel Valley, and San Diego.

"Bike for Life" routes are each approximately 40 miles long, but participants may pedal any distance they wish. Each of the routes have been broken up into 6-8 checkpoints. The rides begin at 9 a.m. and the riders can start from the checkpoint nearest their home and proceed from there on the established route.

Riders carry the "Bike Cards," on their trek and will stop at the various checkpoints for validation of mileage.

"BIKE CARDS" AVAILABLE NOW

"Bike Cards" are available at all High Schools, Colleges, and most bicycle shops throughout Los Angeles, Orange, and San Diego counties.

For more information or to obtain a "Bike Card" call: Los Angeles 713-8321; San Fernando Valley - 988-5829; Long Beach - 864-0432; Orange County - 821-6782; San Gabriel Valley - (213) 334-1681, (714) 626-2790; San Diego - 264-0302.

PLACEMENT OFFICE - UPCOMING RECRUITING DATES

March 6	- Paradise Valley School District (Phoenix)
6	- Best Line Corporation (Sales)
March 8	- Palm Springs Unified School District
8	- U.S. Navy
March 9	- Pacific Telephone (Summer Intern Program for Minorities and Women - Juniors Only)
9	- Redlands Unified School District
March 10	- Pasadena Unified School District
10	- Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Letters (continued from page 2)

all alone because the people you fought for wouldn't fight for you. Oh god, I'm so afraid we're going to run out of brave people.

Van C. Andrews

can claim the distinction of having fired this free-thinker after having relieved the Department of Psychology of Dr. Freeman who was

even a tenured professor. We have outdone Stanford University and made our Governor proud.

While the combination of William Haney and Albert Elsen could not make me an authority on Art History, I no longer feel self-conscious when the subject is brought up. If felt the thirty some odd hours spent in his class were as beneficial as any comparable number spent in any other G.S. course at this college.

California State College at San Bernardino will come out the loser for its action and New York City will add to what is by far the greatest pool of artistic talent in this country.

His opinion of this school when he leaves may remain a mystery but mine will be, "It's a great place to visit, but I wouldn't like to teach there".

Benjamin Rodriguez

Haney

The executioner has struck again. The latest victim for the headsman is Mr. William L. Haney, who has been denied tenure at this institution. As is the policy in the system, in the case of probationary employees, no reason was given for his dismissal. This assistant professor may well be guessing as are some of his students as to what those reasons may be.

In the eyes of this student those reasons may well be for Mr. Haney's political views and activities rather than his teaching ability.

Mr. Haney may well be seen as a threat by some of his colleagues because he has shown sympathy for such a group as the Fair Play for Cuba Committee or has pointed the finger at such an enemy of the environment as Kaiser Steel of Fontana. California State College at San Bernardino

The Political Corner

By Bill Smith - Political Editor

STUDENT DISORGANIZATION

Congratulations, Mr. Yee. Your perspicacity has again enabled you to accurately predict the fate of the latest student protest organization, or more precisely disorganization, on campus, S.U.F.F.E.R. But it wasn't necessary to employ the services of Mr. Yee and his renowned spies to foretell the inevitable death of S.U.F.F.E.R.

This group of students attempted to tear down the walls of bureaucratic insensitivities built by the college administration. Student indignation was aroused when the administration began to seek curriculum alternatives without regard for active student involvement in those changes. The obstacles that S.U.F.F.E.R. had to overcome were inexorable and ironically, self-imposed. The first, and primary, drawback in the S.U.F.F.E.R. disorganization was its choice of goals. The primary aim of that group was to secure more student representation on the task force. These representatives, as proposed by S.U.F.F.E.R. spokesmen, were to be selected by the students and not by faculty members and administrators. If one could assume for the moment that President Pfau would allow such an event to occur, which, by the way, he has adamantly refused to consider, it could be successfully argued that the results of the task force would not be affected to any significant degree. Student representatives which are selected by the students are merely means to an end, and S.U.F.F.E.R. has yet to define an objective that differs from the administration's.

Another fault in the foundation of this particular student group is the strategy that it has attempted to employ, a one-shot rally held on a Friday, of all days. Indeed, it would be a spectacular event if change, of any kind, could be brought about by a single pronouncement of displeasure.

One last parting word for those members of S.U.F.F.E.R. who are contemplating prolonging the agony of defeat, acquiesce. Try it, you'll like it.

RUMBLINGS FROM THE SENATE

To everyone's surprise, the student Senate is not just a phantom organization in the minds of the Walter Mitty's on campus. I was finally able to find out where this cagey foe was holding one of its meetings and to say the least I was very conspicuous, being the only observer there. But my presence did not distract from trivialities that were being hurled around the room.

The Vice-President of the ASB called the meeting to order and subsequently adjourned the meeting. He paused for a few seconds and again called for the meeting to come to order. When questioned about this unusual move, Vice-President Jim Robertson responded by informing the Senators that they needed to fill their quota of meetings for this quarter. It was extremely agonizing to sit through the remainder of the meeting, but determined to find out if the charges of incompetence hurled at the Senate were true, I stayed. A point of possible interest to the readers, proposed by John Guitierrez of the Activities Committee, and passed by the Senate, was a measure to spend \$4,750 of student money obtained by the student union fees. I won't even attempt to explain the unstructured logic of the Senate members in reaching that decision, but I can give you a breakdown of that money: 1) \$2,500 for an appearance by David Frye at Cal State San Bernardino, 2) \$1,500 for an appearance by Mort Sal, and lastly, \$750 for an appearance, or maybe a performance, by Christine Jorgensen. At this point I would ask the forgiveness of the reader for my not going into further detail of that gathering of student representatives, but I do not wish to relive those agonizing hours of irrationality.

INTERESTING QUOTE

John Lindsay, 1967: "The Democratic Party has at one and the same time happily embraced anti-civil rights interests and illiberal doctrines in some areas and liberal courses in other areas. In the big cities of the North it has shaped itself into machine governments which have been as inward-grown and regressive as their allies of convenience in the South. Often it is only the perpetuation of the status quo - most often patronage - which has been the motivational force. Power has been used or taken either for the feeding process or for its own sake."

CALIFORNIA IN '71

As 1971 becomes history and a large part of 1972 lies ahead, it is interesting to look at what's been accomplished during that year, and look forward to what remains to be done. In Sacramento, 1971 was a mixture of inaction and frustration. The Legislature stayed too long, and accomplished too little. Property tax relief failed again and again. Legislative reapportionment, left to the very end, never passed during the regular session and was embroiled in legal and constitutional challenges from all sides - then, only to be returned to the Legislature.

Despite much talk again about the need to save our environment, nothing of substance passed. Coastline preservation was killed when a Senator, whose vote was needed, left Sacramento to buy race horses. All no-fault insurance bills were shelved by the Senate Judiciary Committee, which, by the way, is dominated by lawyers. California prisons were wracked by violence, but no meaningful prison reform legislation was enacted.

Our glorious leader of California, Governor Reagan, for his part, blitzed the Legislature with a long string of bills and budget vetoes. Among the many programs he vetoed were: an Ombudsman for the State prisons, liberalized V.D. education in public schools, and unemployment insurance for farm workers.

Now, examine some accomplishments. All in all, the positive achievements were few and far between. A sales tax on gasoline was signed into law which provided some mass-transit funding for Southern California. The State Supreme Court produced the bombshell of 1971 when it ruled the present system of public school support to be unconstitutional. If the decision is upheld, it will force the Legislature to completely restructure public school financing. And that's about it.

That's the way it's been, and that's the way it will probably continue to be in 1972. Shouldn't Californians be proud of their dedicated, elected officials?

BMC! A Toast

By Mike Ziemer

This reporter had the unique experience of attending a meeting of one of the tightest clubs on campus. In fact, they were tight enough for most of the clubs in San Bernardino.

The Business Management Club, whose title tends to throw one off the track concerning what the club is all about, had a somewhat dubious off campus meeting Friday night. Pawprint does not suggest that the character of the club is slipshod, or that the membership takes part in the vulgar consump-

tion of suds. However, we think it odd, that a pool game at the Kings Head Inn (where the meeting was held) lasted for an hour because the players couldn't find the cue ball. At any rate, the meeting didn't seem to have gotten much accomplished in the way of business management, it seemed to be much more of a party where the only seriousness was in drinking beer.

The BMC will continue these "meetings" in an effort to raise both membership and interest in their club, one of the most active at CSCSB.

ROCKY (continued)

'you should get this one easily.' His clue was 'Crossword.' It didn't mean much to me, but I could hear the audience buzzing and I had to try. "Puzzle?" I asked. The audience applauded and our team won nine points. It was great!"

Rocky won the first game, but was on the losing team for the second.

"When I had to leave the stage," he said, "Mr. Lawford got up out of his chair and bowed to me!"

And although he didn't win a bundle of cash, Rocky's prize for his initial effort was a Longines wristwatch. More important than prizes was the comment Peter Lawford made to Allen Ludden as Rocky walked backstage. "That's the funniest contestant I've ever seen!"

Back home, Rocky relived his moments of glory and decided to call Mr. Sinclair. He did, explaining that he really wanted to get into television and what advice could Mr. Sinclair offer him?

"He invited me to come in to his office a few days later and I did. He was very encouraging.

Said he saw me perhaps in comedy roles. 'Maybe a young busboy on his first day on the job.' "

Mr. Sinclair told Rocky that he would arrange a meeting for him with Jane Russell's manager, who is in New York for four weeks, but would be returning to Hollywood.

"I guess I talk too much," Rocky said. "I asked Mr. Sinclair what Miss Russell's manager was doing in New York. He laughed. 'Miss Russell is making some television commercials for Playtex Bras.' "

It figures.

Born in San Bernardino, Rocky went to several different schools in the valley and graduated from Pacific High School last year. He plans to major in Psychology and will continue with college regardless of career plans.

"It's a scary thing," he said. "After I was on Password Mr. Sinclair told me they received many letters about me. And, funny thing, my mother and I were in Inland Center one day and several people recognized me!"

Rocky has two dreams. He wants to meet Carol Burnett -

which Mr. Sinclair is trying to arrange for him - and he wants to own a new Ford Pinto.

Last Saturday he was scheduled to meet Miss Burnett. The Ford?

That's in his future.

Pawprint Survey results

By Jim Yee

In a survey concluded last week the Pawprint was gratified to find that 98% of the students (N = 50) read the Pawprint. However, only 28% of the students said they liked what they read, 22% definitely did not like it, and 50% were undecided. 10% think the Pawprint is awful, 30% think it is poor, 38% think it is only average, and only 12% think it is good (0% think it is excellent or superior).

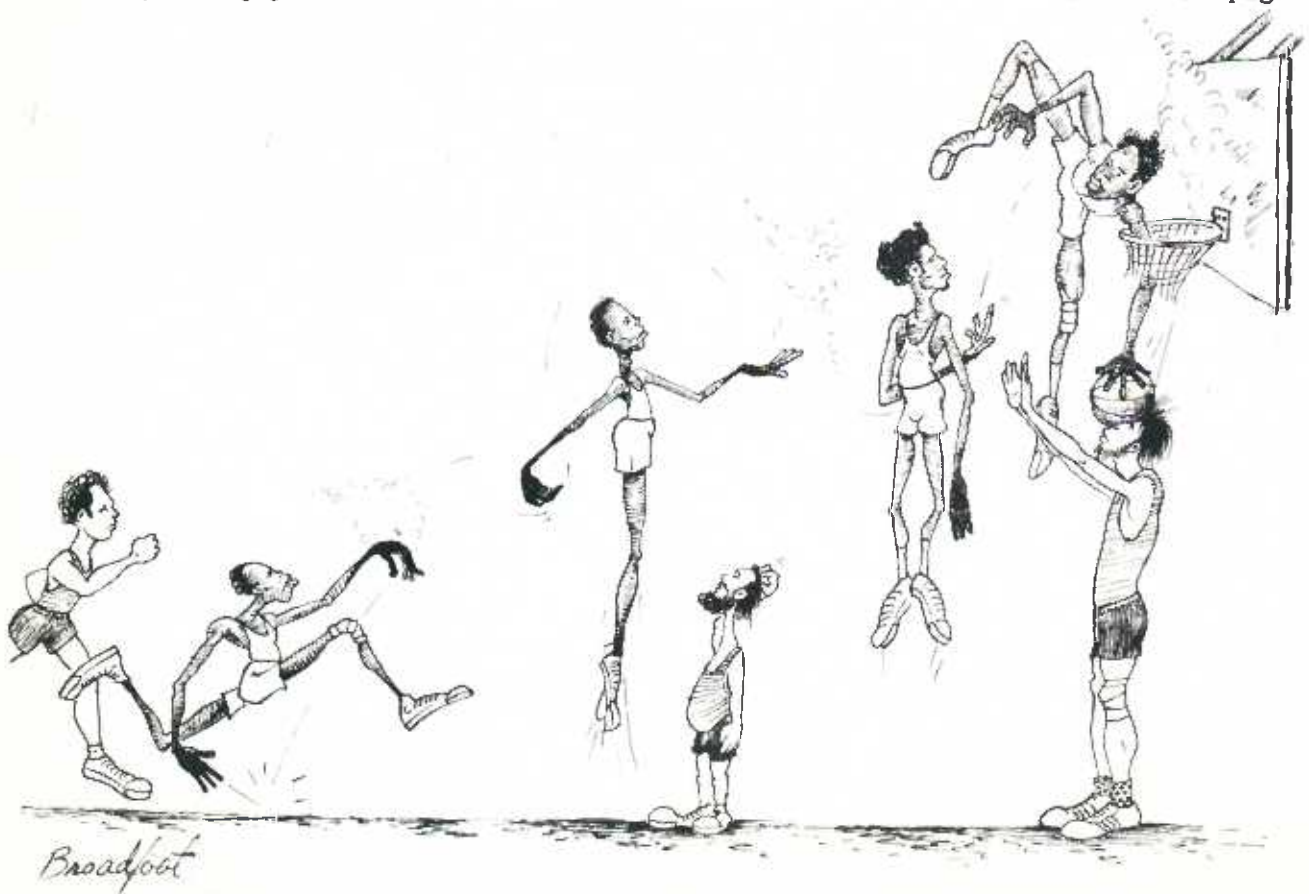
60% of the students read the Pawprint when they can find it while 26% were under the impression that they read it once a week - this is surprising since the Pawprint does not come out once a week.

54% of the readers thought the Pawprint should be a weekly while 30% were satisfied with the current schedule of publication.

Of those things the readers found they liked about the Pawprint, 34% liked the features, 24% liked the covers, 20% liked the letters, 14% liked the news, 12% liked nothing, 28% liked some other feature, and 4% liked the lack of editorials.

But 16% said they disliked the covers, 12% disliked the letters,

continued page 8



PAWPRINT SUPERSTARS...are preparing for Intramural Baseball.
We seem to be in a basketball league by ourselves.

OPINION By H. Caulfield

MEMORIES OF G.S. 190

It's incredible. The whole damned idea is just incredible. I walk into a classroom. Some Phi Beta Kappa designer must have grown grey hairs trying to make it comfortable. It's pretty comfortable. Then this guy with a gawdy looking tieclip walks in. God it's absolutely tasteless. I sat there half the first week trying to figure out what drove this guy to wear such a crummy tieclip. Christ, on Friday I almost asked him why he had such crummy taste. Just before class was over some girl was trying to ask a question. Unbelievable. This girl must have had a hole in her lung. Nobody could hear her. No kidding. It was impossible to hear her. The guy with the crummy taste leans over the table. She tries again. Mush. The only thing I could hear was mush. He leaned a little further. She was getting pretty tight. For Chrissake, I was about to die laughing. Here this guy was trying like a madman to make sense out of mush. Then he said it. He points to this damn tieclip and says he can't hear very well and would she speak up. God, the bell rang just in time. I must have laughed for a week.

The first two weeks didn't seem very important anyway. We were reading the *Crito*. All I got out of it was a sad story about a guy who'd spent his whole life irritating people. Surrounded by friends trying to talk him out of killing himself and all he can think about is irritating people.

Dad and I B.S'd a lot about Socrates. Dad thought he was all right. I thought he was all right. Why not.

The third week we're supposed to read a myth. Christ I like a myth as much as anyone. I started to read this myth. It was impossible. It wasn't even English. I mean Camus would say "this . . ." or ". . . it . . . that . . ." and I'd think "God, I'm finished . . . what the hell's he talking about". For Chrissake, it didn't even sound like a myth. The words were incredible. I'd ditch a couple of days. I couldn't get anywhere without a dictionary. I'll be damned if I'll take a dictionary to the beach. I feel like a damned illiterate tied to a dictionary. I killed myself. This was no damned myth. Anyway I must have been the last one in the class to find the myth.

Most of the time we'd sit at the dinner table saying nothing. I tossed in Camus. Dad thought it was o.k. Mom got hysterical. My brother-in-law liked it. He never told me why. He liked it though. I mean you could tell. Really.

Camus was finished. Nobody knew anything about Camus. The myth was o.k. Then this guy with no taste hands out a dittoed sheet. God they were really fresh. Next to springtime and the smell of spaghetti, I like the smell of ditto fluid. In high school that's what we'd wait for. Fresh dittos. I guess if I'd have gotten in with the wrong group I gures we'd all have turned out to be ditto fluid freaks instead of college students. Besides, teachers gave out these things. The fresh ditto sheets. God they were great.

This ditto sheet for 190. It was great. It smelled good until I read it. We were supposed to compare and contrast Plato and Camus on the basis of some very fuzzy word like "death" or "passion". Real B.S. words. How could I B.S. this guy. I mean he had a hearing aid. If I B.S'd a guy with a hearing aid I'd feel rotten for a month. Besides this guy has an impeccable record of destroying B.Sers. I didn't feel much like being destroyed. Maybe some other quarter.

I started writing the paper. I couldn't write. I told the guy I couldn't write. He told me to do my best. Damn it, he sounded like a father cow. What kind of help is that. I didn't know how to write and this guy with no taste tells me to do my best. Not knowing how to write wasn't too bad. Damn it, I didn't know what to write.

Ten days later it was due. I'd lost six pounds, was sheet white and just a little scared. I get to the door and this guy says "you look like you've lost some weight, and you're sheet white." Tasteless. I would have lugged him if he said I looked scared. God I would have.

I did O.K. on the paper. I rewrote it just to show him I wasn't scared.

God I got out of G.S. 190 with barely my life. I mean I was losing weight like made. Which was O.K. because my mother thinks I'm secretly pregnant. God she makes so much food. Eat. Eat. Anyway I came out of G.S. 190 a perfect 33, which was good enough for me. I've never mentioned it, but that class was a great thing that happened to me. I mean where else can I learn critical thinking, writing, how to use a dictionary, how to get my father off of ancient history, lose ten or twelve pounds and get five units of college credit.

God the tieclip is tasteless. It's always on.



The Pear Tree Rip-off Story In Next Issue

Committee on Fine Arts & Social Affairs Presents:

CHEECH & CHONG
& Carla Thomas
Saturday March 4 8 pm
UC Riverside Gym

Tickets Available at Betsy Ross Pants & Flags—San Berdo.,
Rebel Shop—Inland Center, in Riverside at Gillette's Records,
London Britches, and Disc Records in the Tyler Mall.
\$3.00 advance.

Our Chinese Answer to Art Buchwald, James Yee, may no longer work for this paper, but he will be long remembered as an outstanding Yellow journalist.

In Another Example of Pawprint's massive effort to give you, the student body, facts pertinent to your education, we ran an inquiry to find out what that minor-sized crater located due West of the dormitories is used for. According to building coordinator James Urata, it was scraped up to help solve CSCSB's problem with building drainage. This dispelled any rumors concerning what happens to students on their third quarter of academic probation.

The Final Scoreboard read Pawprint 19, Ringers 16. Unfortunately, this was only due to the scoreboard's inability to hold three figures, as the Ringers came within three points of lapping our basketball team 116-19. Unofficially this constituted the most lopsided victory since Dunkirk. With our perfect record remaining unblemished, the only question which now remains is how did K-MEN beat us to the title of "Fumble-foot Five"?

After the Game an on-looker asked one of the Ringer stars (we made their whole team into "stars" in one performance), why they ran the score up so high. The Ringer (notice the pun) replied, "Have you ever seen the Lakers slack off after they get way ahead of Portland?" Imagine that, Pawprint's basketball team being compared with the Trailblazer's, and with yours truly being a starting forward, insinuating that I'm as good as Sidney Wicks. So much for that analogy.

The AS Senate has accused us, quite validly, of giving them more than their share of criticism, but for some reason beyond my comprehension I couldn't resist the following:

Happiness Is a committee. Right Breck?

And Speaking Of the Senate, Mary Sessom, our Sophomore Class President, appointed our favorite reporter - me - to fill a vacancy as a Sophomore Senator; she did add though that I was only appointed because no other, academically acceptable, student apparently wanted the position. The whole incident reminded me of Mayor Holcomb's speech concerning "Politics By Default".

After Fighting Hard to get signal lights at the corner of Kendall and College Parkway, we now find the signals change from green to red so fast that they work like stop signs anyway.

And Speaking Of the Signal lights, why is it that every place in town has the warning "Signal Ahead" posted before the lights, until you get out to the college. Here they have signs with a picture of a signal light on it. Apparently someone thinks the so-called "hope of the future" can't read.

Early Voter Registration information had eight times as many students signing up as Democrats than Republicans. If students vote as their parents (only half the Democrats voting Democratic and the other half voting Republican, with all the Republicans voting for their fellow Republicans), Nixon would carry this campus with 55.5% of the vote.

With Pawprint Members taking about one week to submit material for each issue and our printer taking an additional week to put out the finished product, it might be advisable to change our "What's Going On?" section to "What Already Happened" and before submitting Letters to the Editor, it is advised that readers make sure the same person that is running the paper at the time the letter is submitted will still be the editor when it is printed.

Since Mr. Yee's "send in your jokes" section was such a widespread success (two entries), we, myself, decided to have another contest. Other schools have aliases (don't you ever get tired of telling people that you go to "State", and having them reply "Which One?"), for example, San Bernardino Valley College sometimes goes by the names Mount Vernon Tech or USC (University of Southern Colton). If Uncle Ronny's proposal to change State Colleges into State Universities succeeds our obvious alias would be "Berdo U". Take your suggestions to the Pawprint office and the winner will receive an autographed picture of the Pawprint basketball team. Members of the Pawprint, and their immediate families are eligible to enter the contest, and since they choose the eventual winner they will most likely win.

N=50

Results (continued)

10% disliked the news, 10% disliked the writing, 20% disliked the editorials (this is interesting in view of the fact that there have been no editorials this whole academic year), and 36% disliked the content.

40% of the people want the Pawprint to retain its magazine-size format while 26% would prefer a newspaper-type format. The others had no opinion or some other preference.

Concerning the editorial policy 20% were satisfied with the way it is, but 28% thought the writing should be less flippant, another 28% thought it should be more issue-oriented, and an additional 16% indicated dissatisfaction with the present editorial policy.

Only 10% of the readers indicated they read the Pawprint to become involved, 28% read it to be informed while 20% said they read it to be entertained. 34% read it to pass the time and 38% read it merely because it's there.

18% said they save the Pawprint while 46% trash it (some before reading it). 16% give it to a friend and 4% say they give it to an enemy (one gave it to his wife). 16% had some other use for it (one girl used it for her cat's training paper).

In spite of the poor showing, a full 28% of the students say we need the Pawprint while only 14% said CSCSB needed a rival publication. Fewer than 41% of those polled say CSCSB needs a newspaper other than the Pawprint.

When asked for suggestions on how the Pawprint could be im-

proved, 42% were satisfied with the present product and did not list a single suggestion (it is of interest to this writer that only 40% of the females had no opinion to express on this point compared to 57% of the males. Maybe this explains why women always have the last word). Of the other responses, here are some of their suggestions:

- Have more relevant issues
- Say something good about the school once in awhile
- Be more informative about campus issues
- Be less opinionated
- Bring it up to adult-level
- Print both sides of an issue; be less critical and more objective
- Put in a comic section and better coverage of club activities
- List movies in advance and have a less snotty attitude when people come into the Pawprint office
- Have a sports page
- Have more letters
- Have fewer letters and more news
- Have more interesting subjects

Despite this shock to our ego, we here at the Pawprint appreciate your cooperation in helping us conduct this survey and we hope our future endeavors will rectify some of the defects which are presently distressing our readers. If we don't improve, you have our permission to bomb our printing press.