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Discrimination still exists at Cal State

Please return to
Office of Publication
California State College,
San Bernardino

By D. Pat Roberston

Discrimination is the Gordian knot of the twentieth century, impossible to unravel, impossible most times to find a thread with which to begin. Discrimination is one of the most subtle forms of oppression, one particularly hard to prove (even with statistics) as everyone these days is trying to stop it, if only because the "federalees" say they must.

It depends which way you cut the cards. If you lump together all statewide campus employees, as Mary Pew — a trustee of the California State Universities and Colleges — recently did, it looks this way: 1974 statistics show that less than 20 per cent of the full-time teachers but more than 90 per cent of the clerical staff are women. Or, women make up 73.6 per cent of schools' employees earning between \$5,000 and \$8,000 a year but only 21 per cent of employees earning more than \$10,000 which is approximately how Cal State tallies. Sounds like discrimination, doesn't it? Well, surprisingly enough, it isn't.

Richard Ackley, Associate Dean of Academic Administration and head of Cal State's Affirmative Action Program explained, "It has to do with tradition. You don't start at the top in administration. And it isn't actually a case of discrimination, it's a problem of availability." According to Federal Guidelines, if 21 per cent of the employees earning more than \$10,000 a year (i.e., in full-time teaching or administrative

positions) are women, that is par for the courses simply because there aren't enough qualified women (or minorities, for that matter) available to fill the positions. The Guidelines are not based on common sense (50 per cent women, 20 per cent or so minorities), they are based on the percentages of Ph.D.'s granted each year in the respective categories. In 1975, for instance, 21 per cent of the Ph.D.'s awarded that year were to women (5 per cent to minorities, lumping all non-Caucasians together). That same year Cal State hired (or retained) enough women to bring its percentage to 24 per cent, 3 per cent above the required average. In the case of minorities, the percentage was also above federal minimums. One aspect of this the federal government does not deal with is the fact that no one teaches for just one year, if they are lucky — male or female, black or white. Cal State must be given credit in that, given the somewhat strange federal government assumptions, they are doing their best. Ackley's office advertises nationally for all teaching positions to obtain qualified people. They process approximately 300 applications for every 1 job opening. They even churn out a very large book full of statistics each year to show they are doing their job.

The really sticky area of the discrimination question is that of "quality," particularly if you are dealing with administrative

positions. Quality is, quite often, based upon experience and very few women at this stage of the game, have that many years under their belt. In administration there are, according to Oscar Jackson, Personnel Officer, at least 150 different ways of classifying the individuals involved in campus administration. Cal State uses a particularly complex system that encompasses all categories but makes it discouragingly hard to compare positions straight across the board. Certainly, in terms of salary, the five women who would be classed in top administrative positions, are earning comparable amounts to their male counterparts, even though traditionally women have held less prestigious jobs and therefore have earned less, making their bargaining position when originally hired much less substantial. In terms of prestige, it must be said that the majority of the women are in the lower echelons of the scale, with the exception of perhaps 2 of them. In terms of title, there is one woman "Acting Dean" and one woman "Assistant Dean" while there are 7 male Deans, 8 "Associate Deans." Clearly, there are no women who are full and permanent deans, nor any women associate deans. The closest anyone comes is Gaye Perry as an "Assistant Dean." When you look closely, it is fairly obvious that women, when hired for administrative positions, are being put on the lower rungs of the

ladder. Given ten years time, in which these women could assume greater responsibility and years of experience, we might see something different.

Cal State has had an Affirmative Action Program since 1972 when it was instituted by President's Order in January of that year. But, as Ackley stated, you can't have discrimination in reverse. You can't hire someone less qualified because they are a woman or a member of a minority. For one thing, it would lower academic standards. And when probably less than 1 per cent of the Ph.D.'s granted in 1975 (of the 5

percent to minority persons) were granted to blacks and even less to American Indians, it's not surprising there are so few minority people in teaching or administration on any campus. It is a vicious circle involving motivation at its most basic level. Certainly when there is no visible reward for attending college and obtaining a degree (like seeing minority and women professors, for instance), the motivation to do so is almost nil, particularly when the home, neighborhood and peer group

(Continued on Page 6)

Many events planned for Black History week observance

Cultural events, a discussion by community leaders, and a two-day basketball tournament will take place at Cal State, San Bernardino during the college Black History Week observance.

Teams competing in the basketball tournament will play Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21 and 22, in the large gym.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25 and 26, from 2 to 6 p.m., a variety of events will be held on the Lower Floor of the Commons Building.

Wednesday events include a seminar on the contribution of Black Americans in American culture. Participating will be representatives from various professions including community leaders from San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

Gospel music will be another Wednesday feature.

Black Student Union members from local high schools will participate in the Thursday events, which include an art exhibit and a talent show.

Excerpts from "Wine in the

Wilderness" will also be presented during the afternoon. The play, sponsored by the Inland Empire section of the National Council of Negro Women, is scheduled to be given in its entirety the next night at Pacific High School.

The Cal State Black Student Union is sponsoring the observance. Club advisors are Walter Hawkins, director of Educational Opportunity Program supportive services at Cal State, and James L. Robinson, assistant professor of political science and coordinator of ethnic studies.

"The observance will stress the importance of the educational system in all endeavors of life," Hawkins says.

"Leaders are usually recognized," the director adds, "but also acknowledged will be the contribution of each individual in the community and to the community."

Further information on the celebration, the theme of which is "Reach Out and Touch," may be obtained by contacting Hawkins at Cal State.

The
Weekly

Haw Print

Published by the Associated Students of Cal-State, San Bernardino
Volume VIII No. 16 Tuesday, February 24, 1976.

Tobacco Road opens Thursday

By D. Pat Roberston

With the playing of "Tobacco Road," Cal State will get a glimpse of what life was like, for many people, during the Great Depression of the 1930's — a glimpse into one of the lesser known areas of America's history. For most of us (who were not old enough to experience the fear and hardship of the time), the depression is a mythical word, something we can't grasp, something so totally removed from our lives that we have no way of imagining it. Though "Tobacco Road" and the life it portrays deals very specifically with Georgia tobacco and cotton farmers during a particularly bad period, its relevance extends much further, particularly in this year of patriotic back-patting.

The play, adapted from the book by Erskine Caldwell, is part of a tradition of American writing that grew out of the school of social realism, earlier works such as Frank Norris' *The Octopus* and Sinclair Lewis' *The Jungle*. It is

termed a "naturalistic" point of view, one of whose assumptions is that environment and heredity have an overwhelming influence on people's lives. The play, "Tobacco Road," became a show case of the naturalist school of writing, stripping, as it does, the characters of almost all softening educational and social influences. They are worn down to a level of basic survival because of their poverty; it is an almost animal level, where food (when there is food) is not an avenue for polite conversation and an enjoyable evening but a fight for portions where the quickest and strongest eat, the old or lame do not.

The play when it opened in 1933 was considered a shocking production because of the limited amount of swearing and open sexuality. Like "The Moon Is Blue," it appears to be quite innocent by today's standards. However, the commercial value of sensationalism carried the play, at a time when money for theater was

not abundant, till it became the longest running continuous play on Broadway. When it went on the road, the sensationalism grew even more pronounced in the hands of James and John Barton, two vaudeville-acting cousins, until the humor and outlandishness of the production almost drowned out the meaning of the play.

William Slout, the director, said that the CSCSB production was trying to capture the underlying social meaning of the play, that they had not, in fact, played up the shock value at all (what there is left of it after over 40 years). For Slout, the play, though humorous in parts, is a "depressing commentary on a specific era but one which is not limited to that period in its profounder implications, one that in many ways, is still occurring today." It is a powerful and moving play, with a superb performance by Colin Cameron in the role of Ada. Ada is, perhaps, the most familiar role in the play as she retains a stronger grasp on the realities of her life than most of the other characters. She is aware that people must eat and that if money and jobs are not available then theft is as good a way of filling the stomach as any. She is, in fact, a victim of pellagra, a skin and nerve disease brought about by simple vitamin deficiency. She has become addicted to snuff over the years as it is cheaper than food and

Festival of Arts and Humanities scheduled for Thursday

A concert by a 65-member university choir and a talk by California artist David King are among highlights of a Festival of the Arts and Humanities Thursday, Feb. 26.

Poetry reading and an art gallery reception are other afternoon happenings, to which the public is invited.

The day's events are free, with the exception of the evening play, the opening performance of "Tobacco Road."

At 12 noon, a musical concert will be presented by the University Concert Choir and the Kellogg Chamber Singers from Cal Poly, Pomona. They are under the direction of Dr. Charles Edward Lindsley, head of voice and choral music.

Each group goes on an annual tour, in addition to quarterly programs on the Pomona campus.

At 1 p.m., David King of Point Richmond, whose work has been on display in the Cal State art gallery this month, will give an illustrated lecture on "The Role of Visual Arts in Contemporary Society."

King is known for his beautifully-crafted tools with their unexpected

features, such as a hinged-handle hammer and a saw with pink gums and real teeth, both now on display at the college.

At 3 p.m. a poetry reading will be presented by members of the English Club.

Among the students who will read their original poems are Stephen Killian of Blue Jay; Leonard Ehret, Colton; Carla Coldiron, Fontana; Joe Judge, Israel Johnson and Donna Conant, Riverside; John Neiuber, Ontario; and Christie Heslep, Doug Garrett, Steven Jacobsen and Joe Pjerrou of San Bernardino.

All three of these programs will be held on the fifth floor of the Library Building.

At 4 p.m., the Art Gallery in the Fine Arts Building will be the setting for a reception, also open to the public. Visitors will have an opportunity to meet King and view the "Object and Image" show on display.

At 8:15 p.m., "Tobacco Road" will be presented in the first of eight scheduled performances.

The play is the only event for which reservations are needed. They must be made through the Cal State drama department.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24th
TIM MCMULLEN
THE PROFESSIONAL FOOL
LOWER COMMONS PATIO
12 NOON
COME AND BE AMUSED

(Continued on Page 7)

The ant and the policeperson - A modern fable

By Dan Clint

I was once asked why newspapers always dealt with violence and the morbid aspects of life. Later I was informed that violence sells newspapers. Since this newspaper isn't sold directly, it doesn't need violence. Also it is a small campus.

Last week I recommended to readers an approach to an appreciation of nature. I recommended that students take time from their busy lives to observe lizards and clouds and sunsets.

I was walking from the gym to the library building. It was a warm, slightly foggy day. I noticed a cluster of red ants gathered on an ant hill. First I thought of Thoreau, the ants on his window ledge. Then I began thinking about collective subconscious, and communicating. Temporarily distracted I sat down and began to seriously observe ants.

Apparently not many people watch ants on the campus. I got some very strange looks. A couple of girls offered suggestions on how they communicate, other people acted like they didn't even see me.

It isn't difficult to compare man to ants. Ants have an incredible way of accomplishing things while giving an appearance of utter chaos. Then there were individual ants who seemed to have specific jobs, like scouts, or ground clearers. They didn't seem to care if other ants weren't working as hard as them. They worked well on their own.

Ants seem to be less pressured by over population. I became intensely fascinated by a large cluster of ants that appeared to be "sunning." The cluster would move lazily, almost in orgy fashion, until a portion of the cluster toppled over, then there would be a hasty readjustment. I noticed their bodies were so shiny that I could see a reflection of myself silhouetted against the sky.

I may have been contemplating the various physical laws that govern different sized bodies. I may have been trying to figure out just exactly what color of red they were. I didn't pay much attention to the car that cruised up and stopped.

When I looked up I saw a police person squatting nearby, observing me, observing the ants. We all know a "police person," means a police "woman" who is seeking to not be discriminated against. A police man is still a policeman. So there is Pam the police person staring at me awkwardly.

"Uh, are you ok?" she asks.

"Sure." I say and resume watching the ants.

"Uh, what are you doing?"

"I'm watching the ants," I say.

"Oh, do you have an ant farm or something?"

"No, I just like to watch ants."

(Some part of my savage nature wanted to tell her "Hell no I don't have an ant farm, I can watch all the ants I want right here, I mean an ant farm...really, do people have weed farms, rock farms, lizard farms. Nobody has ant farms anymore." I remained pleasant though.)

"Do you go to school here?" she asked.

"Yes." I said glancing at my books.

"Oh! You major in biology or some physical science right?"

"No."

She resumed her puzzled expression. Perhaps she was wondering if I were high on something besides just plain life. (Lenny Bruce said, "I have enough junk buzzing around in my mind without taking drugs.")

I stopped watching the ants and looked at the police person. "Have you ever read Thoreau?" I asked.

"No," she replied.

"Well you've heard of Thoreau haven't you?"

"Oh yeah, I've heard of him."

"Well he indicates ants are interesting to watch..." I then proceeded to explain why I was sitting there watching, what ants do that are fascinating, and on and on.

"Well, you sound like you major in English, or Philosophy."

"English."

That must have tipped the scales. She must have decided that I was relatively sane, on a scale of one to ten bananas. She got back in her car. I mumbled that I should get back to studying my French and walked along the path in front of the patrol car feeling slightly disgruntled and highly interrupted. Somehow it bothers me that the only person who really stopped was a police-related-individual.

I can't help but think that women are losing it. They were once the aesthetes of the society. They were the supporters of fashion and interior decorating. They were the ones who visited art museums and had poets speak at their social clubs. They were mothers teaching their children about art, and beauty, and life. Of course women still do those things, but more and more women are seeking rewarding careers only to sacrifice a valuable role to join the "work force."

At any rate, in my last editorial I suggested people take the time to watch the lizards, I said people probably won't think you're weird. I was wrong. We have to watch lizards at the risk of being weird.

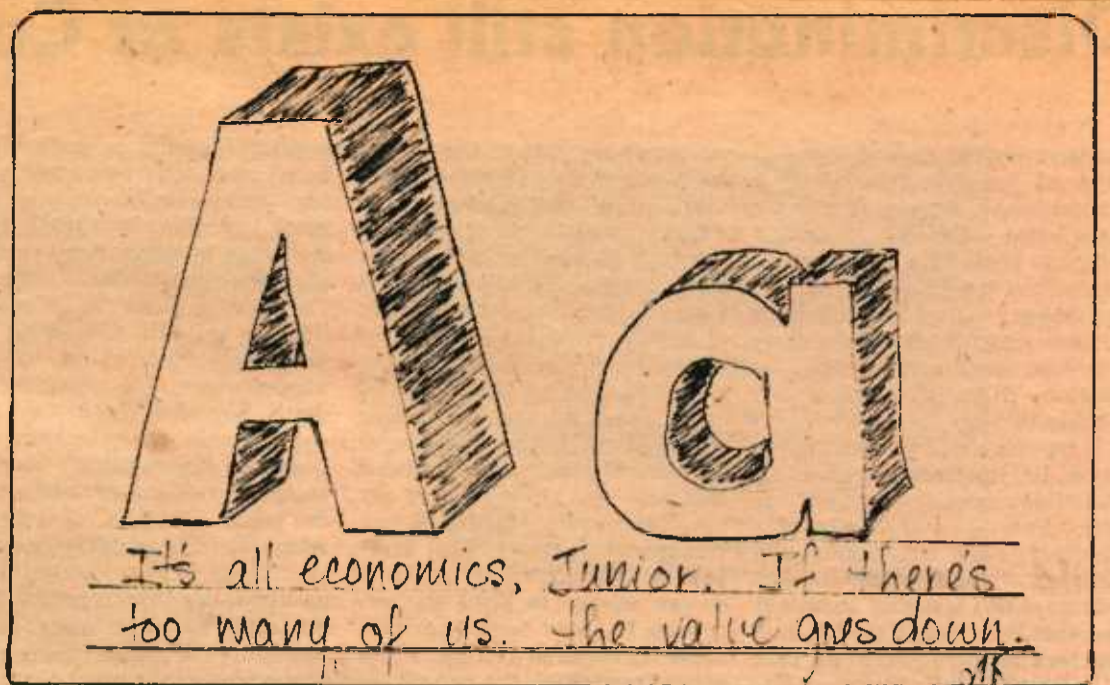
Pawprint trivia

The PawPrint is published every Tuesday during the school year, except during final examination periods and quarter breaks. Editorial and business office is located in room 22 of the Physical Science building.

All contributions must be typed and double spaced when submitted or they may not be printed. Letters to the editor will be printed on a space available basis and must include proper identification of the author. Names will be withheld on request.

All opinions expressed are those of the author.

Address all correspondence to: The Weekly PawPrint, 5500 State College Parkway, San Bernardino, California, 92407.



Can we halt grade inflation?

By Michael Routh

More serious than it perhaps at first seems to be, the damage caused by the collapse of college grading standards during the past decade has already been too long ignored. Quite simply: too many students are receiving too many A's and B's, and — less obviously, and a much nastier topic to boot — very few students, no matter how incompetent, are being flunked.

Probably nobody has ever accused the American university of overusing common sense or, indeed, of even using it at all. Presumably the bastion of the rational mind, the university is itself frequently run irrationally. And grade inflation provides a case in point. For (extremely unusual situations aside), when over half the students receive A's and B's, the exceptional is no longer exceptional, and the system of evaluation is rendered meaningless. As Gilbert and Sullivan observed, when everybody's somebody, nobody's anybody. Or, as Shaw put it, "In heaven an angel is nobody in particular."

And let us dismiss at once the idea we sometimes hear used to account for inflated grades that students are somehow better today. This presupposes that students of the past decade either benefited from some miraculous leap forward in the evolutionary process, or that their precollege teachers nationwide suddenly developed new and dazzling techniques that somehow had escaped other teachers for thousands of years. Suspicious hypotheses, these.

I recall listening at a teacher's workshop to one professor explain his grading scale as consisting of A, B, C, and "No Credit." F's and D's, he held, were somehow punitive — though he never got around to explaining how a grade of "No Credit" differed from an F, or how a C in his system wasn't as "punitive" as the traditional D. "We're all humanists," he kept saying, implying that therefore we should all grade easily.

I have yet to discover whose humanism this professor had in mind; but the idea that no one must fail is at best unrealistic. Besides providing rather a dubious definition of success, such an idea is damaging to a student's intellectual growth. For, like other people, students tend to come up to the standards set for them. Lower standards, or abolish them altogether, and — educational pop psychology theories or no — in most cases the result will be lower performance.

Of course such reasoning carries

with it far too great a burden of common sense to be of use to the university. Yet we see this sort of reasoning used elsewhere quite frequently, often in far more mundane settings. In a recent advertisement an international airline emphasizes its rigid standards for selecting pilots; imagine your reaction to this airline if its ad were to read: "We let just about anyone fly our planes." But that, in effect, is what happens in college when virtually anything handed in is passed not because it is actually college-level work, but, rather, simply because it is handed in.

If a person is to improve his mind in college, then the college must necessarily be demanding. It must require that students come up to legitimate academic standards, rather than adjust itself — as it is now doing — to the level of the students. No instructor could amble out to the football field and say, "Coach, I'd sure like to make the squad. Trouble is, I'm slow, weak, and overweight — think your guys could ease up a little when they hit me and let me score a touchdown once in a while?" And yet, because college has become reasonably easy, this is precisely what students have been led to expect — that if something's too tough for them, well, we'll make it easier. This is why departmental chairmen hear students complain not that a teacher is incompetent, but that he is "too difficult," that his standards are somehow "too high" (though it is seldom if ever explained in relation to what the standards are too high).

Unfortunately, improving academic standards significantly probably isn't feasible today for that grossest of reasons, money. The nation's colleges and universities are scratching as desperately as the rest of us to stay afloat financially, so administrators aren't likely to beam with delight upon those instructors who do uphold standards. For to many administrators, students are monetary units, and if they start getting low grades and quitting or flunking out or transferring to easier schools, then the instructors who are "too tough" are thought to be costing the school money. Indeed, the governor of a state I once taught in delivered an address — which was distributed to the faculty of our state university — acknowledging the serious financial difficulties of the state's educational program and saying that the university's job, therefore, was to get as many students as possible into each classroom-then to keep them there by any possible means. This can hardly be construed as a clarion call for quality

education.

Now part of what a college instructor is paid to do is the very difficult and sometimes very painful task of evaluating student performance. Yet many administrators will fire someone for doing this task honestly (academic freedom be damned) if the result is too many low grades and will retain someone else who tacitly ignores it by keeping everybody smiling with a liberal sprinkling of A's and B's. The question, then, isn't a qualitative one — whether high standards are good or bad; or a moral one — whether high standards are right or wrong; the only question that matters, it seems, is the financial one — whether the monetary unit, the student, will be lost.

The trend toward teacher evaluation questionnaires has helped foster insecurity in those instructors who would like to upgrade standards. Rodin and Rodin recently found that "students rate most highly instructors from whom they learn the least," who also happen to be the instructors who tend to grade leniently. Similarly, last fall Powell found that teachers "receive much higher evaluations from students when they are required to do less work, receive higher grades, and learn substantially less." He concludes: "If it is true that students inadvertently give higher ratings to instructors who require less work and give higher grades, and those instructors are rewarded for 'good' teaching by their departments and the administration, while more demanding instructors are punished, then there is pressure for all instructors to behave in this way... (thus, students) are short-changed on the most important commodity which is supposed to result from their university experience — learning."

Instructors who do uphold academic standards, then, are not "against" students, but, rather, are trying to ensure that students' college years are worthwhile. Moreover, the students themselves are not to blame for someone else overevaluating them. Only the faculty — only those who actually assign grades — with the encouragement of supportive administrators, instead of the obliquely threatening postures these people too often assume, can stop grade inflation. Certainly the university owes the upholding of academic standards to the students, to itself, and to society. As Robert M. Hutchins states, "The first obligation of an intellectual institution is to set high intellectual standards and to insist on good intellectual work."

Final plans laid for Roman orgy

A Roman holiday is coming to Serrano Village on Saturday, Feb. 28, at 12:00 noon! Plans are now well underway for the Tokay Headhunter production for dorm residents, "Circus Maximus Headhunterus." All of the Tokay Headhunters are confident that the "Circus" will bring a day of fun and festivity, with a Roman flavor, to Serrano Village.

"Circus Maximus Headhunterus" was originally conceived as

simply an electric cart match race between Ken Conner and Weldon Sutton, both of who are Village residents. "The idea for a circus started when we heard that Weldon, of Shandin house, was riding around campus in a new electric cart," said a Tokay spokesperson. "We challenged Ken, of Tokay house, to race his electric cart against Weldon's. We Headhunters then held an informal discussion where someone

suggested expanding the match race into a full-day extravaganza for the entire Village."

Ironically, the electric cart match race, the idea that started the "Circus," had to be canceled, since the race would present a safety risk to Weldon and Ken. According to Ken, the Headhunters are planning an alternate attraction that would not present such a safety risk. But, what about the other events in the "Circus?"

Well, the proposed ten-event Decathlon has been whittled-down into a neat, compact, five-event Pentathlon. Richard Robles, of Tokay house, stated that the Pentathlon will include a sprint run, a four-person relay, a shot put, an archery event, and a discus throw.

Robles also detailed the batacka fights, the wheelchair chariot race, and the wheelchair joust. "A batacka," said Robles, "is a foam-rubber device with a handle on one end. What we are going to do is put a plank across the dorm swimming pool, and let two people sit on that plank and face each other with the batackas. The object is for each person to try to hit the opponent into the water with the batacka."

"We also have at least two wheelchairs lined-up," continued Robles. "In the wheelchair chariot race, one person will drive a wheelchair, and a team of people will pull that wheelchair. The fastest team wins." Robles also emphasized that certain prizes will be offered to the winners of these events. Said Robles, "We are thinking of giving away complimentary tickets to our private Headhunter party to the winners. Maybe even a six-pack."

An event that promises to be fun is the wheelchair joust. According to Robles, "We are going to stretch a rope across a certain amount of space. On either side of that rope, facing each other, will be two wheelchairs, with someone to ride the wheelchair, and someone to push it. The riders of the wheelchairs will have a joust, but instead of jousting with lances, they'll joust with pies. The object is to try to score a direct hit on the opponent's face!"

The last event of the day is one in which everyone is a winner. All of the dorms are encouraged to scrape-up all of the water balloons that they can find, and all seven dorms will have the biggest water balloon fight to hit the Village!

Child care center almost here

Final negotiations are under way for the long sought Cal-State child care center.

Assistant Dean of Students, Gaye Perry, who has been trying to obtain the program for a number of years, is confident the center will be in operation for the Spring quarter.

"We are sort of in a holding pattern until the final contracts are approved," she stated, "the possibility of approval is good and we will know for sure by the end of next week."

The center will be located at Kendall Elementary School which is only a short distance from CSCSB.

The new center will be staffed by professionals and there will be a maximum charge of 75 cents per hour. Parents may get involved in the program if they wish, but

unlike the present parent-participant child care available, they will not be required to help out.

Children from two to six years of age and toilet trained will be accepted into the program.

The center will be able to handle 32 children per hour with a maximum of 60 to 90 student-parents using the center each week.

Applications are still being accepted for students to serve on the Child-Care Parent Advisory Board.

Information on requirements for the board is available in the Activities Office. The deadline for the completed applications is March 3.

An open house is planned for March 25 and the public is invited to come and inspect the facilities.

Hitchcock's 'Rebecca' screens this week

When Alfred Hitchcock puts his mind to it, he can build suspense like a bridge architect. Only moreso.

'Rebecca' — which was Hitchcock's first American production, starring Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, won the 1940 Academy Award for best picture. And it still holds up as a classic.

It's Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 11:30 a.m. in the Listening Facility on the fourth floor of the Library, and again at 10 a.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 25th.

'Rebecca' weaves a Gothic mood with superb performances by a top cast. A young girl marries Maxim DeWinter, the handsome, tormented master of Manderly and

soon finds her life turned into a turmoil of self-doubt by the dominating memory of his first wife, Rebecca. Her efforts to take the place of this ghost are not helped by the sinister presence of the housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers — a superlative performance by Dame Judith Anderson.

Based on Daphne DuMaurier's novel of romance and mystery, Hitchcock winds this one up with a surprise ending that was terrific in 1940 and is just as effective this Bicentennial Year.

If you missed some of the earlier film classics in the Library series, try to make it a point to see this one. You'll be well rewarded.

And you can bring your lunch.

This week's calendar

By Mike Heister

Tuesday, Feb. 24

AS Senate, 7 a.m., C-219

Gads, that's early, but that's when they could all show up.

Singer-Comedian Tim McMullen, 11:30-1:30 p.m., C-104

We'll give your jokes a fair chance before we hang you.

Christian Life Club, noon, LC-293

Serrano Village Council, 4 p.m., C-219

Show your voice in the management of the plaster tee-pees.

Wednesday, Feb. 25

IOC, noon, C-219

Social Workers, noon, LC-204

MEChA, noon, LC-256

How'd the Dance go?

AS Activities Committee, 2 p.m., ASB Trailer

They help decide what films and lecturers we get on campus.

Black History Week Programs, 2-5 p.m., C-104

Lecturer Paul Zall, 3-5 p.m., LC-500

"Ben Franklin and the Comic Spirit," right in tune with the bicentennial.

Overweight Clinic, 5:30 p.m., C-219

Be something different...thin.

Thursday, Feb. 26

Cal Poly Pomona Choir Concert, 11-2 p.m., LC-500

Combined Business Clubs meeting, noon-2 p.m., C-219

Artist David King, 1-3 p.m., LC-500

"The Role of the Visual Arts in Contemporary Society"

Black History Week Programs, 2-5 p.m., C-104

Student Poetry Reading, 3-5 p.m., LC-500

Mushiness irrelevant

GSU, 4-6 p.m., PS-131

AS Sports Committee, 5 p.m., Commons

Streaking (what's that?) not included...I think

AS Executive Cabinet, 5:15-7 p.m., C-219

If they can get together a quarum

Woodpushers Anonymous Chess Games, 7-12 a.m., SS-Atrium

It really is fun, if you can castle right

Christian Life Speaker Jerry Mitchell, 7-10:30 p.m., C-104

Play, "Tobacco Road," 8:15, Little Theater

An activity really worth going to

Friday, Feb. 27

Bus trip to LA County Art Museum, 8:30 a.m., depart from CSCSB main lot

Film, "Steppenwolf," 6-8 p.m., PS-10

Not seeing will hound you for the rest of your days

Basketball, 7-10 p.m., Large Gym

CSCSB vs. Rapsallions

Play, "Tobacco Road," 8:15 p.m., Little Theater

Don't miss it.

Film, "Steppenwolf," 8:30-10:30 p.m., PS-10

Wolf a snack between showings.

Saturday, Feb. 28

Bus trip to Santa Anita Race Track, 10:30 a.m., depart from CSCSB main lot

Go ahead and place your bets, the ride home is included

Tokay House Dinner & Party, 5 p.m., Tokay kitchen.

Play, "Tobacco Road," 8:15 p.m., Little Theater

Another chance to see a great production

Sunday, Feb. 29

Concert Band, 7:30-10:30 p.m., PS-10

The Band is taking advantage of our extra day this year.

Monday, March 1

AS Appropriations Committee, 7 a.m., SS-171

Tuesday, March 2

AS Senate, 7 a.m., C-219

CLC, noon, LC-293

Ski Club, noon, C-219

Political Science Council, 4 p.m., C-219

Serrano Village Council, 4 p.m., C-219

Play, "Tobacco Road," 8:15 p.m.

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The gambling of Las Wages

By Dave Fowler

So Roger picked me up in Dumbo, his low flying two forty zee car, and we motored out to the freeway. At the onramp, he shoved in the afterburners and we took off at the general heading of 038 degrees, NNW.

We had planned the trip to Vegas two weeks back. And we had seen ten days of the balmy Southern California winter weather that anybody's ever had to endure. But now, of course, it was raining. Big globular spots of water crashed into the windshield, then aligned themselves in jagged troop marches to the edges of the glass. More often though, intermittent showers splashed otherwise unoccupied raindrops onto the glass as though irregular sacrifices were being made to a hungry god.

"Oh no," complained Roger, "there'll be flashfloods in the desert, and snow in Victorville."

"I tried to suggest that to the CHP weather lady and she laughed me off the phone."

"But her report was five hours old. It's snowing there now."

But it wasn't, and it didn't. For the rainiest weekend of the year to that date, it wasn't very wet. We saw lots of clouds, but very little rain. I mean, if it was so wet, how did we make it there in three and a half hours, safely?

The clouds at Victorville were a majestic gray that provided a better color contrast in the scenery than you usually see while driving through the place. It was the same color gray that Cecil B. DeMill used in his epic films to suggest the climax and resolution of internal conflicts in the hero. The guy stares forward into the camera, his Roman jaw outthrust. A blower atop the camera pushes gentle air currents into the hero's hair, mussing up a few strands here and there. Now, if you concentrate on that picture, you'll see the sky two inches to the left of the hero's nose. It's gray. That's the color I'm talking about.

A CHP car pulled onto the freeway just ahead of us. Roger dumped Dumbo into third gear and prayed that we wouldn't be seen. "We're gonna get stopped," he said fatalistically. But after a three and a half mile chase, we couldn't catch him and he disappeared up the road. "I bet he waits for us up the road."

Roger owns a bar so he doesn't have to work for a living (well, he's young, folks). I pointed out to him that owning a gambling casino would be a more profitable enterprise. We reckoned that we could get into that game with four or five million dollars. And as we speculated as to exactly how we were going to raise the capital, we passed the CHP car. The officer allowed us a diesel truck with trailer headstart, then pulled out to follow us. We eventually decided that since the Brooklyn bridge gets sold regularly, we should acquire a deed to the school and go hock dear CSCSB, somewhere in the mid-west, say Dubuque, Iowa. The CHP officer didn't stop us.

It was raining in Barstow. Would you believe it? I've lived in this state twenty years and I didn't know it rained in Barstow.

That city is now a booming metropolis. Fingers of newly-built city stretch in eight or ten directions. Industrial buildings mark the fringes of the local civilization. The Santa Fe Railroad recently built a massive railyard in the area. Mobile home parks cover entire sections of the residential districts.

Sometime later, crossed the California-Nevada border and happened across the first gambling casino, some two yards down the road. Roger was hot to stop, never having gambled before, legally. But I convinced him to go on. If I'm going to get cleaned of my money, I'm going to do it in a plush place, not some border wayside station.

We arrived at the Strip, the biggest, most expensively-built playground in the world. Some

nineteen super plush, palatial, multi-story, multi-wing hotels line both sides of Las Vegas Boulevard for about four miles. Each one of these play places has an enormous advertising sign in front of the building, some as tall as our five-story library, as though you would otherwise miss seeing the thousand foot wide, fourteen story building off to your side fifty yards or so. Caesar's Palace also has bigger-than-live living color statues of Roman senators, gladiators, and supposed vestal virgins. The Showboat tops that by having the entire front end of a paddlewheel boat, and a ship's captain at the helm. We gawked as badly as tourists do anywhere. "Look at that." "Lookie there." The Strip is like a Texas playground, as big and wild and colorful as the Texans would hve you believe.

According to Roger's zillionaire uncle, the El Cortez (down the Strip to Fremont, go right; a block and a half down on the lefthand side) is the place to gamble. We started there. A timid beginner, Roger was afraid to get his feet wet. He wasn't sure but what he could lose his entire money stake in ten minutes. So rather than plunge into things, he decided to watch me.

I, who always love an audience, began to perform. Ten hands at the blackjack table netted me two dollars. Two minutes at the crap table lost me five dollars. Four dollars worth of nickels into the slot machines got me a dirty hand. But at the roulette wheel, the game began to heat up.

I accept the idea that outside bets on the roulette board don't make you much money when you win, and that you lose a lot. Consequently, I play the inside individual numbers, covering one or two with a chip. Well, the second time I hit number twenty-seven, in about eight spins, and the croupier pushed three and a half stacks of chips over to me, Roger got excited. He bought some chips and began to scatter them about the board recklessly. It took me some time to convince him to not bet more than four or five chips per spin, that otherwise he would throw the money back as fast as he could win it, probably faster. Stupid me, during this lecture, one of his insane bets, four chips on one single number, came up. Wham, the croupier passed over Fort Knox. The dollar signs spun madly in Roger's eyes. He began to shove out more bets. I grabbed his arm and wrenched him away from the table. He didn't stop foaming at the mouth for five minutes.

"Roger, you're seventy-five dollars up. You wanna go home?" "Go home? What?"

"If we don't go home, you'll lose all that money."

"You've got to write the article for the paper, and I won't lose this money. I'll play real slow. You'll see."

It's amazing how fast gambling addiction can set in. You see, the problem with winning in Las Vegas

is that if you win once, there's no good reason why you shouldn't win again. After all, you exert exactly the same kind and amount of effort the next time. You're going to win, right? That line of reasoning supplies one third of the Nevada State fiscal budget every single year.

"Let's go play some slots," I had to get Roger away from the tables before he threw all his winnings and his shirt away. But the machines just ate our money. The free drinks we ordered while playing the slots only cost us four dollars of nickels each as we waited for the cocktail waitress to get back to us.

Over at Caesar's Palace, we discovered the two dollar minimum bet signs at the tables. (you find them on the strip, but not downtown). We couldn't find a one dollar table, so we didn't play. I don't mind making a two dollar bet, but I won't be forced into it. We wandered around and landed up playing the slots. But after Roger hit a nickel machine for seven or eight dollars, I kept him moving. We floated from row to row, playing five or seven coins per machine, skimming jackpots.

As we passed a roulette wheel, the chairs jumped out and grabbed us, the croupier snatched money from our wallets and shoved chips at us. Without even knowing what we were doing, we placed bets. But all worked out well. Roger hit the first number, I hit the next three numbers, we both missed the next two numbers, and we got up from the table fifty dollars richer. When you're hot, you're hot; when you're not, you're not. Seems to me that you ought to play your money that way.

We plopped into the Keno Lounge to relax and order more drinks. "How do you play this," Roger wanted to know.

"Ever play bingo?"

"Sure."

"Good, It's a totally different game, but very similar. Here, there are eighty numbers. You pick one to fifteen numbers and bet money. The house randomly chooses twenty numbers. If more than half of your numbers come up, you win. It's real simple." But the ridiculous odds of a seven spot card (seven chosen numbers) turning up five numbers defeated us. I think Roger won part of his money back twice, but not much more. We idled away an hour at Keno: the pace was slow and the chairs were comfortable.

I wanted to show Roger how to throw the dice on the crap table, but I didn't have the stake. If you can't pyramid bets, betting on single numbers coming up between the second throw and the throw where the passer craps or makes the point, and if you can't take losing fifty or sixty dollars in five minutes, you shouldn't play craps. You don't win or lose much money and you clutter up the table for the high rollers. The crap table is not a place for the ladies sewing circle. It's a fast money thing.

We also couldn't play Baccarat. At the tables where it was being dealt, the dealers worked at lightning fast speed. Now, Baccarat is a European leisurely paced game, not a Vegas assembly line con, and I wouldn't accept the insult. And at the special cordoned off areas where the game was played at the proper speed, the minimum bet to play kept us away. (Although simple to play, the game is too difficult to explain in this column. The library has references on the subject. The rules given out

at the El Cortez are silly, and will help you to part with your money.)

Finally, after six long hours of gambling, of winning and losing, of drinking and belching, of searching for the freebie, Roger got tired. He couldn't play anymore; he couldn't watch anymore. He couldn't take any more of the electric bicycle bell jackpot sounds of the slot machines, or the flat monotoned "E-O-eleven" and wild "Come on, seven!" cries of the crap table, or the estatic "Black-jack!" of the Pasadena librarian who had just defied the gods and bet two dollars on the table. He realized that there aren't any clocks in the casinos, that the party never stops, just slows down sometimes. He had lost his winnings and all of his stake. His something-for-nothing bubble had popped.

On the way out of town, the last billboard reads, "Bet you had a good time." But it depends on your definition.

Concert band schedules performance

Very familiar standards as well as contemporary works will be performed by the Cal State, San Bernardino Concert Band Sunday evening, Feb. 29.

Music by two ensembles within the band, woodwind and brass, will also be a part of the program, which begins at 7:30 p.m. in the Lecture Hall of the Physical Sciences Building.

Director is Dr. Arthur Moorefield, Cal State music department chairman and associate professor of music.

"For this concert we have chosen two oldies but goodies, Bagley's 'National Emblem March,' and Holst's 'First Suite in E Flat'; and two contemporary pieces, Forsblad's 'Concertata' and 'Chant and Jubilo' by McBeth," said Moorefield who uses only music written for band and not that transcribed from orchestral works.

A fifth selection, chosen in recognition of the bicentennial year, is "Tippecanoe Quick Step," written in 1840 by Henry Schmidt.

Four trumpet players will be featured in the pieces played by the brass ensemble, directed by Steve Pargmen, graduate assistant.

Highlight of the woodwind ensemble numbers will be "Parthia 2," by David Michael, an American of German birth who composed for the Moravian Church in Bethlehem, Pa., which is noted for its music.

The public is invited to attend the concert. There is no admission charge.



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by John Woodhouse

"Coney Island Baby"

Lou Reed
RCA

With "Coney Island Baby" Lou Reed has adopted a subtle approach to his portrayal of city life and in particular, New York city life. Unlike many previous compositions which were explicitly graphic in detailing the exploits of assorted hookers, queens, T.V.'s, pimps and other street hustlers, the songs on this album indirectly steer you towards this subject matter. Instead of an axe he now wields a rapier.

Ever since the days of the first Velvet Underground recordings, Lou Reed has been a master at painting the bizarre and seamy side of life, a modern Hogarth, uniquely sketching a life style which chills the hearts of Middle America. Thus we find a song like 'Kicks' which is absolutely frightening in its intensity of expression. Set over snatches of party conversation, a bored soliloquy unfolds with Lou coolly spitting out a shadowy actor's desire for the ultimate adrenalin rush-cold blooded random murder! The rest of the album's subject matter is very mild in comparison and this fits in with the musical backing which is low key and restrained in comparison to that found on his last few albums. "Metal Machine Music" was a total failure and Reed is obviously aware of this mistake, producing a new album which is likely to be far more commercially successful than the last electronic albatross. The album even closes on an optimistic note with the rap song title cut. Even though the "city is like a circus or a sewer" and times may be real tough, love will get you through in the end. The glory of love!

"Reflections"

Jerry Garcia
United Artists

While the Grateful Dead pass through various periods of hibernation and inactivity, Jerry Garcia, as a lover of live performing, spins his prodigious talents among a number of Bay area bands. This new recording

features his new band which includes the legendary Nicky Hopkins on piano. As a break from bluegrass and the Old and In the Way group, Garcia contents himself these days with a basic boogie band which sounds fairly much like the Dead themselves.

Half the songs on the album are performed by the full Dead family so there are no surprises in the style Garcia affects for this recording. 'Might as Well' opens the album on a rolling, bouncing note with an uptempo song which reflects the new lease of life which "Blues for Allah" injected into the Dead. Keith Godchaux has done wonders for the band, broadening the scope of the Dead's sound and his tight honky tonk piano is used to full effect here and elsewhere on the album. After this energetic first cut, the rest of the album slips into Garcia's familiar world: slow, rambling journeys which are pleasingly effective on songs like 'Mission in the rain' but have a soporific effect on other tracks. Thus Allen Toussaint's 'I'll Take a Melody' barely keeps the fire glowing. Garcia even seems to have forgotten what a superb guitar player he can be, only surfacing with some hot licks on 'Come a Time.' Dead Heads will grasp this album with open arms, the rest of the country will just have to wait if they want to hear the fine music which Jerry Garcia is capable of.

"1975: The Duets"

Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond
A&M

The Dave Brubeck Band was one of the most successful jazz groups of all time, creating a brand of cool jazz which was distinctly their own. Eight years after the group disbanded, Paul Desmond and Dave Brubeck are united again, though in a novel situation — that of a simple duet. This surprising arrangement arose by pure accident a little while ago when the two of them were playing on one of the S.S. Rotterdam's jazz cruises. Their bass player didn't know the changes to one of their compositions, 'You Go To My Head,' so on the spur of the moment they

decided to play it alone. As the result was such a success, the two decided to record a complete album in this vein.

Although the two musicians are given equal billing, it is Paul Desmond who is the star of the show. On numbers which the band have played over the years, Desmond's unique alto sax paints the broad images while Brubeck adds the light background. Most of the album is full of relaxing mood music with a brief dive into some experimental random sounds on a revised 'Koto'. The absence of bass and drums is hardly noticed. Desmond and Brubeck are such competent musicians, they can easily create interesting music on their own.

"K G B"

K G B
MCA Records

Few bands can claim to have produced an impressive debut album. KGB have achieved this without too much trouble. Of course when you realize who comprises the band, then such an achievement should almost be expected. KGB thus includes Mike Bloomfield, Rich Grech (Blind Faith), Barry Goldberg (Electric Flag), Carmine Appice (Jeff Beck) and Ray Kennedy. With such a talented line up many interesting compositions are included on the album. Many of their songs are of the slow building variety which reach a mighty climax after carefully laid out progressions. Thus they perform classic panoramic ballads like 'Midnight Traveller' which would suit Linda Ronstadt perfectly. The faster numbers are the most striking, 'Let Me Love You' and 'It's Gonna Be a Hard Night' are uptempo cuts which allow the band to whip up some superior music. Their versatility springs from their mustering of so many talented song writers. As Ray Kennedy wrote the Beach Boys hit 'Sail on Sailor' with Brian Wilson, a successful version of this song is included in the album. KGB are definitely a band to watch and this record proves that they will probably be around for quite a while.

Hooked on harmony

It was just a year and a half ago previously, I had attended several shows and had come away rather blah. Most of them were amateur productions — amusing, but nothing spectacular. Then I saw a good one.

When a Barbershop harmony show is a "good one," it is likely to be an experience you cannot easily forget. There is something about the precise harmony of four voices that is beyond explanation. All I can say is, I sat all night through that performance covered with goose-bumps — the result of some very exciting, uniquely performed music.

The group putting on the show was the Inland Empire Chapter of Sweet Adelines, Inc. Yeah, it was that "bunch of old bags" that got me hooked on Barbershop music.

I feel special in being able to appreciate their music, too. It takes an ear to "hear" four-part Barbershop harmony. This sort of music is difficult to perform accurately. That may be part of the reason some people turn-off to it. Someone who has heard an inac-

curate quartet (probably one of the more painful experiences of this world) will say: "Oh, yes, I've heard Barbershop music...uh, I don't really care much for it." But they haven't. Until you have listened to the pro's, felt the goose-bumps, reveled at their overtones, then you haven't experienced Barbershop music.

Sweet Adelines, Inc. is an International organization of over 30,000 women. Their purpose is to teach the art of singing four-part Barbershop harmony. There are chapters all over the world (including Guam, Germany, England, Puerto Rico, United States, Canada, and many prospective Chapters in other countries) that are grouped into Regions. Region No. 21 is made up of Southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, and part of Texas. Each year, the chapters, as choruses, attend Regional Competition, and the winners of Regional Competitions go to International Competitions.

Chorus sizes differ; for example, the Inland Empire Chapter has 48

by Susan Ussery

singers while the current International Champions, San Diego, boasts 95. Scottsdale, Arizona has 105 and Bishop, California has 26. On March 5th, the Inland Empire Chorus is traveling to Phoenix to compete — and the competition is rough. Our 48 ladies are up against 19 other choruses, including the giant Scottsdale, Arizona chorus. There is a general consensus in Region No. 21 that the tossup for first place this year will be between the Scottsdale and Inland Empire chapters!

The 1976 champions will be flying to London, England for the 1977 International Competition. The girls are working hard as the competition date draws near. They meet every Monday night at 7:00 in Fontana High School's Chorus Room to practice. Anyone and everyone is welcome to visit at these rehearsals any evening...but look out! You may become hooked yourself. If you're of the sort that enjoys musical harmony, it's almost a certainty you will! For more information or a ride, feel free to call Sue Ussery at 862-5319.

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Shandin falls to Badger

By Frank Moore

Shandin and Badger Dorms of Serrano Village played their first softball game of the season. Shandin came in only two points behind (actually one, but they were crying cheaters) despite the fact most of Shandin has been sick and most of the Badger Team is made up of Ex-Pros from the Canadian Leagues and they fixed the game anyway to satisfy Mafia Bookies and we demand a rematch!

Shandin did their gallant best in the face of incredible odds and the fact their girls couldn't hit for beans. Some brilliant plays were performed by Marc Pollitt of Shandin who played short-stop but got out twice anyway, and by Ron

Miller of Badger whose thrilling cry of "I get it! Easy out!" was matched only by the look on his face when the ball shot between his legs, and by Liane Hileman of Shandin who never made it to first base, and by Tom Puhlman of Badger who was so far out in center field Shandin couldn't hit a ball to him. The pitching of Laraine Turk of Badger was matched only by that of Cheryl Hill of Shandin.

All in all Shandin put in a dramatic try and have secured themselves in great moral victory which will long be remembered in the Village. All Shandin students will hence forth celebrate March 13th as a holiday. Badger played OK, too.



Photo by Frank Moore

Sport shorts and short sports

By Ty Meeup

The lead story this week comes from the world of skiing. As you know or have heard this past week saw Cal State's 1st annual olympic ski meet.

Participants included students, faculty, and assorted misfits.

Most notable on the hill was John Clod Korn, the Kamikaze kids, Roy & Don, the Grenfell's, Punch and Judy and our most famous entrant Franz Klapper famed European downhill racer.

The excitement was running high, intensified by the Kamikaze kids skiing right down the chimney stack of the Holiday Hill ski lodge, by John Clod Korn's going down hill without any skis on, unfortunately he fell off the lift on the way up to the top, and rolled back down the hill.

We still haven't heard from Punch and Judy and probably won't since they were last seen heading down the mountain in the direction of Cucamonga.

The hills were alive with the sounds of bruises, as Cal State students and faculty did their level best, although unknowingly, to promote zero population growth as the skiers from Cal State took it in the shorts on the slopes.

It will take us some time to sort out the mess but by next week the casualties may be tabulated.

Escape to Horsethief Creek

In spite of threatening weather the Escape '76 backpack to Horsethief Creek left on schedule for a great time. The cool climate proved to be a benefit in the desert country of the Santa Rosa's. Even the meals were better!

The last backpack of the Escape Winter '76 Program will be the beautiful Arroyo-Seco on March 6. Sign up now at the Student Activities Office!!!

The big news from 'B' league basketball concerns the rampant murder and mayhem that is taking place on the courts, during and after the game.

Again as in an earlier article I must warn the populace to hide all that is near and dear to your heart, because out on the loose is Gordon "Arm Snapper" Miller, James "Hacksaw" Given, Jerome "The Slasher" Preciado, and Roy "Ripper" Newlin.

The animals between them have reeked on the league a total of 65 personal fouls against the opposition, fans, referees and fellow team mates.

Remember I've warned you, do not get on the same court with these nuts. They rule supreme in the kingdom of foul.

I have the current totals on scoring from around the league.

The Beefers lead the league in total points with 172, following very closely behind are the Who Cares J.V. with 157, the Weird Inc. with 156 and the Individuals with 155.

The Hot Shots and the B Bombers are off the pace with 144 and 131 respectively.

If its total team fouls you're after, the Who Cares J.V. are slightly in the lead with 52 team fouls, but the Beefers are closing fast and as the games become more and more important I feel that the Beefers will prevail as the team most likely to catch and pass the Who Cares J.V.

All the other teams don't have what it takes to go all the way to the top.

Yoga center plans class

Guru Ram Das Ashram begins its second year serving you as a center for Kundalini Yoga and the Healthy, Happy & Holy way of life.

Listed below is the schedule of classes for 1976:

Beginning Classes in Kundalini Yoga Donation of \$2. requester Monday evening, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday evening, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday morning, 10:00 a.m.

Begins Feb. 5, meets Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.

All the above classes are held at Guru Ram Das Ashram, 1590 North Arrowhead Avenue, San Bernardino.

For further information about classes or just out of curiosity call 885-4781.

environment does not encourage intellectual achievement. Who can be blamed for not wanting to spend eight (or so) years getting a degree if it won't guarantee a better job?

However, Cal State has made exceptions. The Black Studies program is one where professors have been hired to teach specific courses who did not, in fact, hold Ph.D's. But here again, they were generally only hired to teach one course as there was not enough attendance to warrant a full-time position.

And after so many years of teaching at State, the question of tenure looms large. Teachers have to be academically ambidextrous to survive in this game, which is particularly true of women.

Unlike the case of black studies, (you can't expect a black mathematics teacher to teach black history simply because of skin color), women studies however seem to easily overlap. At least that has been the policy at this campus. A woman history teacher, for example, can be expected to teach "Women in

History" even though she might never have heard a woman's name mentioned in all her years of school. Without a special Women's

Studies department, the token woman in the department has been expected to add this course to her repertoire. A few good books on the subject might constitute a crash course that would suffice. After all, academics has little or nothing to do with feeling, especially if the intellectual analysis for knowing why one feels a particular way

(say, oppressed) in a given situation, has not been developed yet, or is in a fledging and therefore, academically unacceptable, stage. As Ackley said, "there is no reason why a black person must teach black studies, is there? It's like insisting women teach nursing courses because most nurses are women."

So it becomes a very muddled issue, one in which an article in a weekly student newspaper won't make a heck of a lot of difference, though it might salve a conscience or two.

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Typing done APA scientific style contact Linda at 882-1055

An Anxiety Treatment Seminar will be offered through the Psychology Department. This is an experimental seminar using relaxation and imagery to work with problematic shyness, difficulties in public speaking, and general anxiety.

Interested persons should leave their name, address, and phone number with the psychology office secretary at CSCSB, 887-7226.

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I need a good used copy, hardback, of "The American Nation" by John A. Garraty (1971). Drop a postcard stating price and phone number to: N. Sehestedt, 3943 No. "E" St. Apt. 209, San Bernardino 92405.

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'Teapots invitational' opens Monday

Camp, funky, surreal and traditional versions will be seen in "Teapots Invitational" at Cal State, San Bernardino March 1 through 26.

A reception, to which the public is invited, will be held at 7:30 p.m., Monday, March 1 in the Art Gallery.

The 22 ceramacists from throughout California represented in the show "have stretched their imaginations" in creating the teapots displayed, comments Bill Warehall, assistant professor of art, who teaches ceramics and glassblowing at the college.

Warehall put together the teapot

show, which will travel later to the Jacqueline Anhalt Gallery in Los Angeles and the Quay Gallery in San Francisco.

Don Woodford, gallery director and associate professor of art, calls the artists "a star-studded group."

"Some of the most important people in ceramics in the country today will be represented," he says. "California is thought of all over the country as a hub of activity in this art form."

The artists come from Venice, Claremont, Los Angeles, Fullerton, Laguna Beach, Davis, Hayward, San Francisco and San Jose.

Warehall and Cynthia Upchurch, another member of the Cal State art faculty, also will have work in the exhibit.

How about a vacation in Africa?

How about spending this summer in Africa? This exciting possibility was discussed last Friday at Cal-State by Moses Thompson of Operation Crossroads Africa.

Each year Crossroads, a non-profit, non-Governmental organization, sends several groups of men and women (usually college

age) to Africa for two months.

Together with counterpart groups of African students, they live in a rural area, and work on a project requested by the host country.

Anyone interested in going to Africa as a member of Crossroads of Africa should call 887-7395 for further details.

Seats are still available on the 'Art' bus

There are only a few bus seats left for the CSCSB "Art Appreciation Day" trip to the Los Angeles and Pasadena Art Museums on Friday, February 27.

Even if art is not your "thing" you are certain to enjoy yourself in these fascinating museums. The variations of artistic endeavors are endless, and there is something for everyone.

The cost is only one dollar for a bus seat and a fifty cent charge to enter the Pasadena Museum.

Interested persons should sign-up in the Cal-State Activities office, SS 143.

(Continued from Page 1)

just as good at quelling the immediate pains of hunger, not to mention the nausea and diarrhea accompanying the disease — the response of the body to food after an absence of it for long periods of time.

For the most part, the other characters are not familiar to an audience born and raised in comparative affluence. It helps, for instance, to remember that inbreeding caused by isolation will result in the birth of rather dim-witted individuals given time. When Jeeter is unable to remember the names of his 17 children, it becomes more understandable if this fact is kept in mind. His memory — never very great and never given the opportunity of expanding it through the discipline imposed by education — has dimmed to the point where it is almost useless. The only thing he is able to understand, other than sexuality, is, of course, money. Money is the prime mover, the light in the distance, the golden carrot. The refrain "One of these days, I'll go buy a new" is heard throughout the play. Yet even in this arena, the ability to deal with the problem of actually making money on a daily basis has been lost. All the characters, with the exception of Sister Bessie played by Denise

Nannestad, are unable to act; they are caught in their own inability to put simple facts together, to visualize a series of events that might free them from their economic slavery. It is easier to escape to a more immediate fantasy world where there are temporary illusions of hope — the main one being that a large amount of money will come to them which will solve all their problems once and for all. It is a false hope, though there are moments when it seems as if it might come true. Given no other way out, they cling to it till the bitter end.

It is a hard play to do, given the distance between the relatively affluent middle class America the players and audience come from and the really poverty-stricken people the play portrays, but one which the cast handles really well. The roles of Jeeter, Dude and Ellie May become quite believable in the hands of John Finn, Paul De Meo and Sondra Theodore, respectively. It is certainly a play which everyone should be aware of, dealing as it does with the basic social problem of motivation — a question that is becoming a larger issue as we move further into a technological and oligarchical society which offers less and less to be motivated about.

Classic American humour

A reading of American Humour: past and present will be given by Paul Wall on Wednesday, February 25 at 3 p.m. in LC 500. Material from Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Abe Lincoln will be included.

Sports committee to meet this Thursday

The A.S. Sports Committee meets every Thursday at 5 p.m. in the Commons dining room.

Topics for discussion at the next meeting will be the budget for next year and selection of intramural sports.

Students are invited to attend the meeting and help plan intra-mural activities.

Off to the races

The CSCSB Activities Resource Center is sponsoring an outing to the Santa Anita Race Track on Saturday, February 28.

Registration deadline is February 25 and the cost is three dollars per person which includes transportation.

Excellent reserve seats have been obtained that are located in the "Clockers Corner" which is located near the finish line.

So get out your betting sheets, contact your bookie and come along for a fantastic day of horse racing.

Lecture scheduled on firm placement

On February 26th at 12:00 noon, in Commons 219, the Business Management Club will present as its guest speaker Mr. Ramy Shalmor. Mr. Shalmor, the Research Analyst in the Marketing Department at Santa Fe Federal Savings, will direct his speech to

graduating seniors.

If you are unsure of your future and what it should be, it would be well worth your time to attend this lecture. The topic of the speech will be on what a student should expect and how to prepare for an entry level position in a firm.

Placementcenter can find you a job

The Career Planning and Placement Center offers year-round placement service for students seeking part-time employment.

Listings include both on-campus and off-campus jobs and new job opportunities are posted almost daily. Recently there has been a slight increase in the number of part-time jobs listed with the College.

These jobs include teacher aides, restaurant help, office work and sales clerks.

Some jobs require skills and experience, others do not.

Interested students should contact Jan Hinkley, Placement Advisor, in Student Services Room 120 to complete a registration card and secure job referrals.

CHECK IT OUT!

You may be missing out by waiting.

There is Financial Assistance available for the 1976-77 academic year. See the Financial Aid Office, Student Services, room 120

There are

Basic Grants

Federally Insured Student Loans

National Direct Student Loans

Scholarships

Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants

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and more

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COME IN TALK WITH US WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP

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(IF YOU WANT TO BE READY FOR FALL REGISTRATION — APPLY NOW!)

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Backpack To Horsethief Creek

All taken on B&W Kodak 100 ASA Ektapan

1. "Starting on the trail" (Back view of Packers going down-hill) Figure at 1-100 second, 11:00 A.M., Overcast day, K2 Filter.
2. "Entrance to Dolemite Mine" (Front view Packers coming down trail) F22 at 1-100 sec., 11:30 A.M., broken sky, K2 filter
3. "Old Horsethief Corral (same as caption) F16 at 1-100 sec, 12:45 P.M., overcast sky, K2 filter

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"Twaddle & Palmer"
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5-7 DAILY

LUNCH 11:30 - 2:00

DINNER 5:30 - 10:00

Crab Legs.....	\$6 ⁹⁵
Scallops	\$5 ⁴⁵
Fish of the Day	\$4 ⁹⁵
Teriyaki Chicken.....	\$4 ²⁵
Shrimp Teriyaki.....	\$6 ²⁵
Teriyaki Sirloin	\$6 ²⁵
Top Sirloin.....	\$6 ¹⁰
Steak & Lobster.....	\$8 ⁹⁵
Prime Rib Full Cut.....	\$8 ⁹⁵
Prime Rib Half Cut.....	\$6 ⁴⁵
Beef Kabob	\$5 ⁹⁵

Dinners include salad
bar, bread, baked potato,
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