

The Oakland Observer

December 8, 1967

Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan

Vol. IX No. 12

Milestone Reached

Editors Announce Manuscripts Used

Oakland University has reached another milestone in its growth as an academic institution. Today, Professor Casstevens announced officially that the university has "put to press" its first scholarly review.

The publication, entitled simply enough, the Oakland Review, will be available to students early in the winter semester for a nominal charge of under one dollar.

Of twenty manuscripts submitted, only five were finally accepted for publication. The editors of the journal are Mr. Casstevens, of the Political Science Dept; Robert Williamson of Physics; and Gertrude White of English. They said that all of the manuscripts submitted were of fine quality, but many had to be

rejected either because they assumed too much of the reader, or because revisions had to be made.

The articles were written by four Oakland undergraduates: Fred Pearson (who is now a grad student at Michigan), Ruth Brocane, Cynthia Sowers and Owen Poterfield; and one graduate student, Elenor Covault.

All of the papers were written by people in Humanities and English. The editors of the journal are hopeful that there will be articles by science and mathematics students in the next issue.

Manuscripts for the next edition of the Oakland Review are now being accepted by the editors. It is hoped that the journal will be published each academic year.

Soch Survey Starts

The research project of the Oakland Sociology Department came closer to completion as students went out into the field to begin interviewing.

The attitude and opinion survey is directed by Carleton Smith. The students in Sociology 303, assisted by volunteers from UCO58, have been carrying out the various stages of the project.

Beginning last September the students in SOC 303 made a random sampling of dwelling units in Pontiac. The first step was to number all the blocks in Pontiac and randomly select a number of blocks which would be covered in the survey. From here the students went out and listed all the dwelling units (houses, apartments) on the selected blocks.

A second sample was drawn of the dwelling units where interviewers were to go. Each interviewer goes out with the 35 page questionnaire and directions for determining which of the adults in the dwelling unit to interview. Hopefully he returns with the answers to the 210 questions.

The questions themselves were developed by each student as part of an individual research project, on which a paper will be written. Topics include Vietnam, racial prejudice, political preference, and a wide range of other controversial topics.

Over 400 residents of Pontiac will eventually be interviewed. Through a high level of organization, Smith hopes to complete the interviewing in two weeks. A large map in his office indicates each block in the sample, and a record of student's schedules allows him to maintain a maximum efficiency in getting interview-

ers to the subjects to be interviewed.

To lessen the burden on the Soc. 303 students, Smith has gotten volunteers from his UCO58 class to assist in the interviewing. Each of these students is supervised by one of the Soc. 303 students.

Smith has previously directed similar projects at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois. These projects have resulted in several published and unpublished papers. The Pontiac study will provide information on the residents of the city, and give the students a practical knowledge of research methods in Sociology.

Baroque Concert; Bearcats to Wail

The Baroque Bearcats, Oakland's notorious faculty-student-friend instrumental ensemble which specializes in out of the way pre-baroque and baroque chamber music, will present its annual concert for the Oakland student body on Thursday, December 14 at a location yet to be disclosed.

Norman Susskind, the ring-leader and administrative mind behind the group, feels that "this year's concert will be better than never."

The following evening, in the IM building, the University Chorus and Orchestra will present their gala annual pre-Christmas program. The featured work will be the Magnificat by Alan Hovhaness, conducted by John Dovoras, director of the Oakland singers and chorus.



The Observer staff would like to extend its gratitude to the Allocations and Control Board, as well as to Dean Thomas Dutton, without whose financial and moral support, this issue could not have been printed.

Dutton Wants Solutions To O.U. Problem

A random group of students met recently with Dean of Students Thomas Dutton concerning the inter-racial atmosphere on Oakland's campus.

Dean Dutton was basically concerned with the Motown Dance incident and its ramifications among Oakland students. The discussion of this incident went to the higher plan of human relations, communications, and the unawareness on Oakland's campus. Since that first meeting, in which there was a heated discourse on Caucasian unawareness versus Negro hyper-awareness, more positive programs to combat the former's mental block have been projected.

The Human Relation Council feels it can be an influential educative force through the use of seminars, lectures and dorm meetings to help rectify past unfamiliarity with the Negro and other minority cultures.

Although the Council has a wide range of interests, it is currently concerned with Negro-Caucasian relations on campus.

Letvin Resigns; Editor Named

Janet Crouse was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the Observer last Wednesday by the Senate publications committee, replacing David Letvin. Letvin had submitted his letter of resignation in late November, effective at the end of this semester.

He is resigning because of conflicts between his academic work and his job as editor.

Miss Crouse had been serving this semester as Managing Editor.

Students Organize On Open Housing

A group of OU students have banded together in the hopes of instilling in the Oakland community a feeling of urgency regarding the passage of the Fair Housing Act of 1967.

In order to reinforce their efforts, the group has established an Open Housing Headquarters in the Oakland Center, which will be open until December 8.

Although this group claims to be completely independent of any other campus organization, it asks the support of these other groups, and all interested students, through letters of endorsement.

The group sees the headquarters as meeting a three-fold

objective: 1) making the entire university community aware of the reality of racial discrimination, 2) informing them about House Bill No. 2035, the Michigan Fair Housing Act of 1967, and 3) initiating a letter writing campaign to State Representatives and Senators indicating attitudes toward the passage of the bill, either pro or con.

The headquarters is providing printed matter on Open Housing, including a copy of Bill No. 2035 and other pertinent information, and is showing two movies, All the Way Home, and Integration and the Price of Housing, all free of charge.

McNamara Resigns Post; Successor Still Unknown

Washington D.C. - Again a political move is made that will be questioned for years to come.

Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense, resigned his job last week to become President of the World Bank.

President Lyndon Johnson had previously suggested McNamara for the job.

The World Bank is a U.N. organization which lends development capital to poor nations.

A major question is why McNamara left his job. He had been Secretary of Defense longer than any other man in history. It is possible that he is the first to go in a general housecleaning, to give the administration a new look before the 1968 election.

A few names have been offered as possible successors to McNamara's position.

Texas Governor John Connally was reported to have been offered the job earlier this fall. Connally has said that he will not seek election next fall.

McNamara's favorite choice seems to be Cyrus Vance, the man LBJ sent to Detroit to watch

the riots. Vance, a New York lawyer, held top posts in the Defense Department for six and one half years before quitting last June. He is still troubleshooter for LBJ, spending this past week in Cyprus.

Another top contender appears to be Washington lawyer Clark Clifford, who (along with Justice Abe Fortas) is one of LBJ's top confidants.

Clifford drafted the act in 1947 which unified the services and set up the office of Secretary of Defense.

The other major contender, is General Maxwell Taylor. Taylor, a friend of both Johnson and McNamara, is also supported by Robert Kennedy, and that may be just enough for LBJ to scratch him off his list.

We're thinking ahead to the best Big Sister Program ever. AWS is now accepting applications for the chairmanship of this committee. Applications are available in Dean Houtz's office until December 15.

IF YOUR CLASS MEETS:

8:00 a.m.	Mon., Dec. 18, 3:30-6:30 p.m.
9:00 a.m.	Sat., Dec. 16, 8:00-11:00 a.m.
10:00-11:00 a.m.-MWF	Mon., Dec. 18, 12:00-3:00 p.m.
10:00-12:00 a.m.-TTh	Tues., Dec. 19, 3:30-6:30 p.m.
11:00 a.m.	Tues., Dec. 19, 8:00-11:00 a.m.
12:00 a.m.	Mon., Dec. 18, 8:00-11:00 a.m.
1:00-2:00 p.m.-MWF	Tues., Dec. 19, 12:00-3:00 p.m.
1:00-3:00 p.m.-TTh	Wed., Dec. 20, 12:00-3:00 p.m.
2:00-3:00 p.m.	Sat., Dec. 16, 3:30-6:30 p.m.
3:00-4:00 p.m.	Wed., Dec. 20, 3:30-6:30 p.m.
4:00-5:00 p.m.	Wed., Dec. 20, 8:00-11:00 a.m.

IF YOU ARE ENROLLED IN:

Modern Foreign Language Sat., Dec. 16, 12:00-3:00 p.m.

The Oakland Observer

The opinions expressed in this column are the opinions of the paper. They are not necessarily the views of the university, faculty or other students. Signed columns are the personal opinions of the authors.

Editorials

Editor's Last Reflections

Editing the Observer has provided me with the opportunity to learn much about the operation of the university. One of the things which I have observed I feel obliged to relate.

I approached many people this semester with the explicit intent of finding answers to the many questions that have been raised in the paper. Some of these were members of the university administration. And what I found in many cases, was most disconcerting.

Decisions are made and acted upon, but often no one is willing to take on the responsibilities that go with making those decisions. It would seem that with authority comes responsibility, but often this second factor is not squarely shouldered.

Although the administration has been, on the whole, very helpful and considerate in dealing with us, now and then the smoke screen goes up, and no one will put himself on the line; no one will chance it himself.

Some of the things that I've been told inspired me to compile a sort of collage of answers and things which indicate the kind of decision making that sometimes goes on here at Oakland.

Chancellor: Well . . . after conferences with the Dean, the Provost and Mr. Strong, we have decided to put the decision up to a committee made up of hand-picked faculty members.

Chairman of Committee: Well . . . the Chancellor asked us to make recommendations, but said that what we choose will be considered only as an advisory opinion.

Member of Committee: You see . . . the committee was split and undecided so we flipped a coin, but I can't tell you how it turned out.

Official memorandum: "The university has

decided to instigate a program of . . ."

Chairman of Committee: Our decision was rendered only after long and careful deliberation about all of the aspects of the problem under consideration, and we are almost prepared to stake our professional reputations on it, but refuse to let anyone know our names because we are now up for tenure consideration. Anyways, it was only a suggestion that we made . . .

Provost: Yes, I took the suggestion of my subordinates, who are professional in such matters.

Registrar: I have fun doing my job, but it was my superior who decided what must be done; besides, I don't have any money.

Chancellor: There should be no problem from the business office. This is strictly an academic matter, and the decision has been left up to . . .

Memorandum: "It is officially declared that whereas all matters . . ."

Chancellor: But of course, ultimately all decisions lie in the hand of the Trustees. I am able to exercise only that power which they delegate to me. And their power comes from that great supernatural force, the people of Michigan.

So, everyone plays his own little game and decisions are somehow made. The only problem is that no one -- absolutely no one -- is ready to take an ounce of responsibility on his shoulders. And thus no one can be criticized. The whipping boy becomes the looming monolithic "administration."

David Letvin

"He must go by another way who would escape this wilderness, for that mad beast that fleers before you there, suffers no man to pass."

Dante, "Inferno," canto iii

Resignation

David Leaves

The end of this semester brings me to act upon a decision which I made some time ago, that being to resign my position as editor of the Observer. This was a difficult choice for me to make; the newspaper office is an exciting place to work, and the editorship has been often very gratifying to me.

Much criticism has been directed my way this semester; this I accept gratefully -- I am glad to see that people have been reading the Observer. Many compliments have also been directed to me; these I accept modestly as a representative of the entire staff.

That which has been good in the paper must be attributed to the devotion and competence of those who have worked with me. That which has been bad is my responsibility and mine alone. To those who have stayed with the paper all semester, I express my deepest and most sincere gratitude and appreciation. I also thank the others who have helped out on a periodic basis.

To the readers of this paper I owe an explanation of my resignation. My purpose, my primary purpose, here at Oakland is that of being a student; and being a student requires full time concentrated effort at academic work. Nothing can be allowed to come between this responsibility to myself and my student activities. However, a newspaper which meets several deadlines a week, and requires many hours spent in conference and discussion each week, stands in direct contrast with this approach to work. My academics have taken a beating this semester, and this cannot happen again. Further speculation on my leaving will be most fruitless. No pressures to leave have been applied by anyone; I am resigning because of reasons which must ultimately be considered highly personal.

It has been a pleasure serving the Oakland community. I am only sorry that I cannot reconcile continuing to do so with myself. To my readers I thank you and bid you goodbye.

Da vid Letvin

McCarthy Will Run

Last week the senior Senator from Minnesota, Eugene J. McCarthy, walked into the Senate Caucus Room and announced that he would challenge President Lyndon Baines Johnson, for the 1968 Presidential nomination in at least four state primaries.

Eugene McCarthy is a "dove." He is running because, as a man of conscience, he feels there is a question in the political scene that must be taken from the legislative caucuses and placed before the American public for the good of the nation. "If no one runs," he stated, "then you will have people who will stop participating in our political process, you will have Democrats voting Republican, you will have third-party movements, you will have continuing futile protests."

There are four things that can happen.

McCarthy could be defeated badly and only succeed in giving Johnson more confidence; he may beat the President enough to get the Democratic nomination but divide the party so badly that only the Republicans benefit; he may force Johnson to step down, but in favor of Robert Kennedy, not Eugene McCarthy, or he might just win.

The Observer hopes that McCarthy succeeds in vocalizing American public opinion on Vietnam.

Housing Endorsed

The following letter was submitted to the Headquarters for Open Housing on December 6.

Dear Sirs:

As the representative of the editorial staff of the Observer, the student newspaper of Oakland University at Rochester, Michigan, I am pleased to inform you that we, both as individuals and as the newspaper itself, place our whole-hearted support behind the bill supporting open housing in the state of Michigan.

David Letvin, Editor-in chief, the Oakland Observer.

New Committees Leading Nowhere

A short time ago Greg Willhingan defined student leaders as "students whose primary leadership quality is that they can lead themselves into believing they have followers." The latest effort of these students has been the formation of an ad-hoc student government committee, to finally give Oakland a unified student bureaucracy.

The students have responded to this committee to end all Committees by a massive wave of silence. The "student leaders" will probably retaliate with their favorite call to arms, "Apathy, apathy." But why? The student leaders revelling in their glorious committees may fail to see why ordinary students do not respond to their pleas to get involved.

Let us consider the meaning of these two important terms: apathy and student government. Apathy has become the word which all the failures of our university community learn to hide behind. When the Off Campus fails to draw enough students to meet expenses, they cry over student apathy. When nobody votes in the Wilson Memorial election, the cry is once again heard. Maybe no one really wanted to see the Bryan Wells Jazz Trio. Maybe nobody wanted a Wilson Memorial.

Apathy, as used currently, has become a category for students who don't do what the student leaders want them to do. But it implies much more. It suggests that such students are passive do-nothings who take no concern over what goes on. There is in fact no verb corresponding to the noun apathy. The best one can do is say "to be apathetic." But such an expression must be used transitively; no one can be totally apathetic.

Everyone who is not at the Off Campus on Friday night must be somewhere else. (Unless some rare student has found out how to cease existing every weekend.) Perhaps they had gone to the Friday night movie, the Meadowbrook Theatre, or an off campus party. (Oakland is not a party school?)

Or maybe they just stayed in their rooms to study (apparently the student leaders don't think that's worthwhile.)

But even if a student had been engaged in none of these activities, had spent the entire evening doing nothing socially valuable, culturally satisfying or intellectually stimulating, is he apathetic? One of my friends spends a lot of his time playing solitaire. So what? He has a passion for this activity more fervent than any student leader's devotion to "student government."

What the "student leaders" fail to see in this is that people have different interests. One can be apathetic toward something in particular, but I have never met a student who was totally apathetic. Maybe there is nothing more worthwhile than eating, sleeping and making love. (How about the Off Campus?)

Student government at Oakland has emerged in the intellectual masterpiece of the coordinating committee. (Remember SACC?) Everyone knows that every student organization will carry on activities, and they know someone must coordinate them to prevent interference. (Let no one ever introduce such reactionary, fascist ideas that perhaps competition might result in a striving for quality.) Our student organizations are so well coordinated that my student activities fee can simultaneously be appropriated to the College Republicans, the Young Dems and SDS, none of which I personally support.

One obvious goal of the new student government would be to eliminate duplications among the various governing bodies. Their effectiveness is quite unclear to me when I see this ad-hoc committee doing what I thought the Commission on Student Life was supposed to be doing.

The committee is composed of the student leaders. Many of you freshmen may wonder how you can become one. If Mr. Willhingan has not answered your question adequately enough, let me help you. Volunteer for the next

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The Oakland Observer

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Apathy Goes On

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committee that comes along. After you have volunteered several times someone in the administration will recognize your leadership potential and you will be picked to represent your fellow students on some new committee the Chancellor is creating.

You will find yourself with a group of your fellow students, such as the ones who retreated to Camp Holiday to find out how to lead. (After they had already been chosen because they were leaders.) You will soon learn that a committee of five can spend five hours doing what one person could do in one hour.

The Commission on Student Life is a committee of a different composition and has moved ahead on some points. But like Sisyphus, they can only move so far before tumbling down. The most important recommendations of the Commission have been turned back for further study: the Board on Expression, and off-campus housing. Students were delighted to hear that because of the Commission, the Board of Trustees had agreed to eliminate hours for upperclass women, only to learn that the same thing (or better) had taken place at many other universities which didn't have a Commission on Student Life.

There remain two objections to the Commission on Student Life. Though superior to the other student committees, since it does have elected student representatives, there is the problem that these students constitute only one-third of the Commission. The rest is made up of faculty and administration. What does an aging faculty member know of student life? Clark Kerr, former President of the University of California, stated that the faculty will tend to resist change unless they are prodded by an external force. As for the administration, does Chancellor Varner really have to appoint Dean Dutton to a committee to find out what he thinks?

The second objection is that the Commission on Student Life, as a permanent advisory body, will hinder the advance of real student power.

Student government seems to be moving rapidly forward as committee replaces committee in this cyclical game. But what has really changed since 1962, when the Student Faculty University Council met to think up good advice? Two questions remain unanswered: Will we have a student government which will really govern? And, do the students want such a government? If the indications of the latter prove true the first need not be considered.

Michael Hitchcock

bs inde

Washington D.C. . . . I traveled 500 miles to this city to get background material for my term project.

In his letter in the November 17 issue of the Observer, David Black suggested, ". . . Why not allow different small groups of students and professors to spend semesters away from the Univer-

sity, to form learning communities to study subjects within one particular major field?" You know, after this trip, I agree with him.

My project was related to congressional visits to South Vietnam and their relation to the administration's policy in that country. I didn't talk to Senators and Representatives, I didn't try. I knew better than to try because of my past experience in the Capitol. This is something that a student working on the scene could quickly find out for himself or could easily be taught. Rather than try to talk with Congressmen, I talked with administrative assistants and newspapermen. These were people who had seen or taken part in national decision making and had also been privy to people such as the President and members of Congress. They were living insights with anecdotes and facts that no newspaper or textbook could give.

There is something about the dynamics of a city like Washington that involves one beyond imagination. To get my information I had to move all around Washington. This brought me in contact with many people, in many places, with many opinions, about many things.

I met one cab driver who described to me in detail the processes that were being set in motion for the resignation of Defense Secretary McNamara; a fact which I disregarded until the next day when the news that McNamara was resigning hit the city in sketchy outline form and which completely upset me one week later when I read, in "Newsweek," basically everything the cab driver told me.

This is something similar to what David mentioned. He talked about the idea that, since everyone was taking the same basic courses in an off campus situation, out of class discussion was almost impossible to avoid. In Washington, where everyone is immersed in the political process (even the construction workers), I found myself discussing political science with everyone. I was using ideas that I had learned in class. Not only was I reading and learning political science, I was living and seeing it. Bill Swor

Letters

Rights Threatened

To the Editor:

In the November 21 Open hearing of the Placement Council, most of the issues were covered, but there were a couple of points which I feel were essentially overlooked. First is the similarity between the present dispute and the Free Speech controversy at Berkeley several years ago. In that instance, the University attempted to draw a distinction between the free expression of views (permitted!), and the action of recruiting students on campus for participation in civil rights demonstrations and possibly illegal sit-ins (not permitted!) The students wouldn't buy this distinction, and the faculty backed them up, so the campus has remained open both to

official and unofficial recruiting.

Now, however, we have a group of students and faculty who propose that Oakland make a similar distinction between expression and action. I can't really believe that they would have sided with the administration at Berkeley against the Free Speech Movement, nor do I believe that this issue would continue to hold their attention if the Vietnam war were to suddenly and miraculously end.

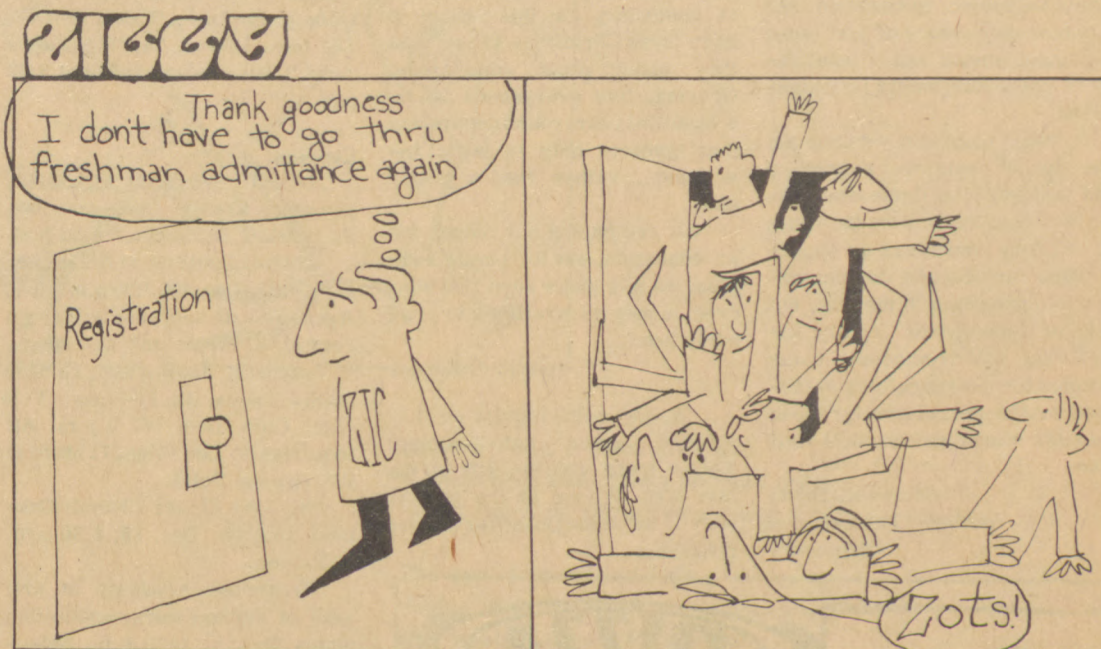
The real problem is that no one as yet has been able to find meaningful and effective ways to protest this war. There have been petitions, newspaper ads, peace marches; yet the war continues.

This is frustrating to all of us who, to whatever degree, oppose the war, and I believe that those who would restrict recruiting on campus have been driven to this extreme by their frustration, and that they have overlooked some

very real dangers in the proposal.

What will happen if we establish a mechanism by which a majority may exclude an unpopular organization from campus? Will the military be excluded? Probably not. Contrast the trickle of applause that followed Mr. Biblarz's statement that he would not serve in the armed forces with the enthusiastic applause that

(Continued on Page Four)



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greeted Mr. Eklund's statement that he had served 15 years on active duty.

Let's face it; support for the military is not minority view, and military recruitment would probably win a strong endorsement in a campus-wide poll. But, once the principle of exclusion is established, the right of many significant minorities to be heard would be subject to question, and the free expression of just those unpopular views which need the most protection would be endangered.

I would urge that we drop the question of restricted recruiting and instead, take Professor Miller's advice and accept the visits of military recruiters as opportunities for peaceful demonstration of opposition to the war, but without forcibly or legally interfering with free access to the campus for the recruiters or access to the recruiters by those students who might choose to visit them.

James E. Davis
Assistant Professor of
Chemistry

Distinction Drawn

To the Editor:

It is a strange and cruel joke that in a time when funds for education are severely limited and educational programs are being cut back because of this lack, that the university can waste money on unnecessary Christmas decorations.

It is not the University's responsibility to supply these costly and temporary decorations. If it is necessary for this school to have large Christmas Trees, then they should plant some trees. Groving, live evergreens can be a beautiful year-round decoration that involves only an initial investment, rather than a yearly one.

We are paying our money for an education, not for pretty baubles, so let's make sure that whatever money is available is properly used.

David J. Russel

Editors note: Bah-Humbug!! Those trees are the gift of the late Mrs. Wilson to the student body if we at the Observer are not mistaken.

arts

Theatre:

Hilberry Theatre: Wayne State University presents "Twelfth Night," Dec. 8, 8:30 p.m.; Dec. 9, "A Flea In Her Ear", 8:30 p.m. For holiday information call 833-5151.

Meadowbrook Theatre: "John Gabriel Borkman," Nov. 10-Dec. 10. Dec. 15-Jan. 14, "Charley's Aunt." All performances at 8:30 p.m.

Concerts:

Detroit Symphony Orchestra presents Kresge Concerts, Jan. 9, "Guitar Concerto," 8:30 p.m.

Detroit Institute of Arts: Lecture Hall, Dec. 13, 8:30 p.m. Anne Ayer, Mezzo-soprano, will sing a recital of arias and art songs.

Parcells Auditorium, Grosse Pointe Woods, World-famous Yale Glee Club, Dec. 16, 9 p.m. All inquiries to Lee Allen, 71 Moross Rd. Grosse Pointe.

St. John Fisher Chapel: Oakland Singers. Dec. 10, 8:30 p.m. Galleries:

Cranbrook Academy of Art: sale of student works-exhibition opens Dec. 8, 7-10 p.m. Sale - Dec. 9-10, 1-5 p.m. Free admission.

Nightlife:

Raven Gallery: Len Chandler, Nov. 21-Dec. 10, Josh White Jr., Dec. 12-Dec. 31. For information call 353-1778. Admission charge.

Detroit Institute of Art presents the "New Cinema" - collection of short films from seven nations. Dec. 8-9. For information call Wayne State University Ticket Office.

Are Our R.A.'s a Burden

To the Editor:

Your editorial of Dec. 1 brings up many of the important problems in the present dormitory regulations, but there is one further problem which you do not cover.

Each floor in our dormitories is presided over by a Resident Assistant. But who is this resident supposed to assist? The University makes it a point of stating that the R.A. is not a policeman, but is there to help the students on the floor.

But if this is true, then why are not the students asked by whom they wish to be assisted? Or if they wish to be assisted at all? In fact, what sort of assistance does the R.A. give?

As far as the simple matters of organizing floor parties and other activities, student representatives could do the job just as

well. Aside from this the R.A.'s do little other than operate in the unmentionable police function. (And even this activity is not a popular one with most of our current R.A.'s)

For this privilege we are paying \$62,500 per year. Each R.A. is taking up a room which would normally be occupied by two students paying \$460 a semester for room and board. This amount is in effect paid by the other resident students.

The Resident Assistant is an expensive luxury which should not be maintained without the consent of the students. Their value is questionable; their responsibility is only to the administration.

The time has come to free the students from the burden of supporting a Resident Assistant chosen without their consent, whose primary function is to represent the administration in their midst. M. D. Hitchcock
11257.

Applications for creative writing fellowships under the Book-of-the-Month Club are now being accepted. Two fellowships from the Midwest are available.

Applications and full information are available from Dr. Donald Sears, Book-of-the-Month Club Writing Fellowship Program, c/o College English Association, 345 Hudson St., New York City, 10014.



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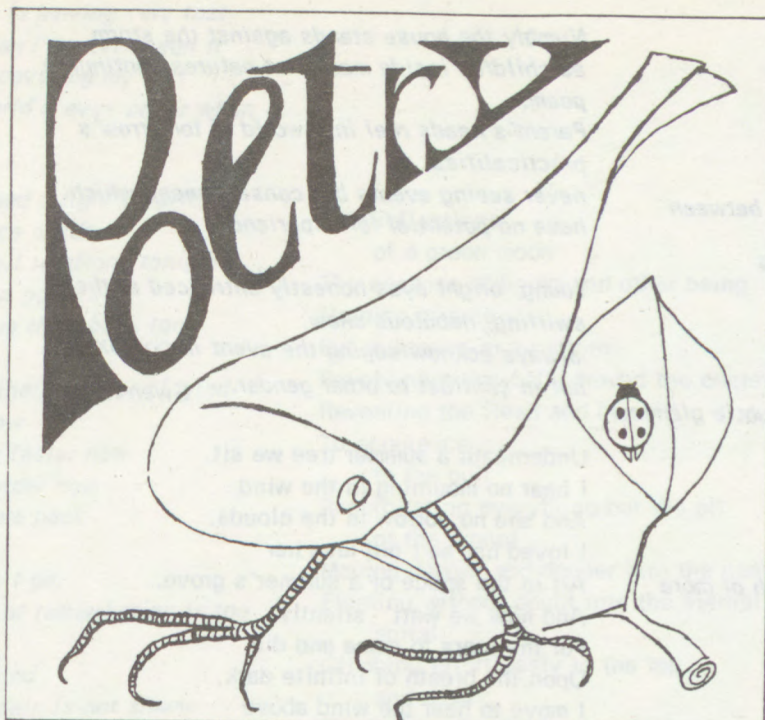


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I'm walking, and the morning fog
Licks my face
My eyes
My hands.

Around me I see men
Rushing
 (with plastic—pressed briefcases)
With smile—less faces that contain
Nothing.
(They shove "excuse me"
and wait for lights to
blink
from

 "Wait
 to
 "Walk")

They hold their glance straight ahead
Blank.

I wonder, as I start to
Feel the gray foginess of
Both people and mist,
Whether
Fog reflects the men
Or the
Men reflect the fog.

At least the fog
Lifts
When the sun burns its grayness.
At least the fog doesn't
Smother
The fire
But sacrifices itself to a higher
Beauty.

Have these men ever
Felt the fire?
I wonder.
Yes, some. Not
All.
Some must have felt it
Burning
Their being
Yet they surrendered to the
Fog.

Could they tell when they surrendered?
Was it sudden?
Or was it a gradual
Blur
Lowering
Visibility to
Zero.

Janet Crouse

Lime—stoned imagination
Begin in boys a harmless game,
A wide blue sea sprays endless prisms
Along the wide white rim without dissonant shame.

The sun is round and fading
And mild to the flesh of the wanderer;
Who would gather a form on form
Would assume the shade of a plunderer?

On a day the breezes stop,
The wide wide sea reflects, and is not motion,
Quiet becomes a shaping hemisphere,
The gulls fall down to new devotion.

A gaseous dark twilight expands
From the core of a disenchanted form,
It creeps over the green and vallied score,
Gathering airs for the hour of the storm.

But for now the play is new,
Yet free, abound in scents and flowers,
Time's essence is forgetfulness,
Full joy unburdened of its hours,

Laughter is eternal faun,
Ever and ever the way of the eye,
Yet the wide blue sea is reflective, still,
I have seen the gulls lay down and die.

Carl Homa

In the early morn of night's awakening
gulls announce mr. sun
dipping their wings in fancy flight
in the rippling surf of a sand
powder beach.

Sea shells, violet apricot topaz amber
russet remnants of deserted homes
along the shore
in serene recluse from bathers
and beach blanket bikinis.

Glimmering, shimmering splendor
twinkles lightly on two alone
strolling hand in hand
fading into one
you, I; us!

In the early morn of night's awakening
our love leaves a trail
of sandcastles and footprints
for others to follow
into the sea of happiness.

Jeff Yorinks

Slippery toed
 I stumbled in the conventional whirl—
Spinning, turning, laughing . . . and the mice ran
 Clocked and ticked
 Tuned and tested—tickled tantili zers
 And more tests
And the shallow eyes of the inquisition gaze from between
moist sheets
lying in juxtaposition with the multitudinous tubes
 Coffeed—aromatic swirls
 A vaganous ejection
 Blazing pistons—fire
 and—the arrival
Limbs, minds . . . moving. We quickly exchange subtle glances
and run off, each to his own respective maze.
 Buzz—buzz and they're off
 Nipples jangling in bra—born boredom
 Daggers dangling—twitching hazardously
 Longing to be sheathed . . .
In soft, show-caped, velvet rises Venus in search of more
mellow fields of grain
 Shot and shod
 Smoked chips—electrificated—terminaled
 A Jaunt—Ext. 2176
 Entry — Terri fyingly textbooked
 Touched and seated . . .
Today! . . . yes, the mice, But the people . . .
Vagrant, virgin, vatics
Doors, open, closed. Tomorrow.
 Todayed in tomorrows
 Teared—Dried and the mucous sopped
 By well used fabricated fantasies
 Final—yet always ghosted in tomorrow
 Nights today—
Smoke rises through the dream space of indistinguishable
pleasure and
 Hell
 A line—a line—aline—
 Urgent—catch—a finger tip hook
 But—your reach—and the abysmas breach
 Entrophy—I watched your writhing eyes
 Wine—froth from your lips—wax—eared
 Pumpkins at the mill
 Red Snapper and potatoes
 Alarmed by that buzz—again—
 blazing pistons—fire
 and—the second coming
Brazen, bearded, barnacles, survivors of the flood, sit wearily
outside the cave, watching, seething, anticipation
hardening their buttocks
The soft greyish haze moving slowly over the trap
 Doamino wooo bes cum est—
 Rea a figa magna spiritus santused santa claus
 Ladden with a big red bag of bounding bibles
 Bursting with professorial authority
 Ho Ho Ho . . .

James Goldberg
 and Andy Platt

Numbly the house stands against the storm
as children inside marvel at natures continuing
poem.
Parent's heads reel in a world of tomorrow's
practicalities;
never seeing events but consequences which
have no potential for experience

Young, bright eyes honestly entranced at the
swirling, nebulous snow;
always acknowledging the event in context
not in contrast to other gender. Gwen Heard

Underneath a summer tree we sit,
 I hear no mourning in the wind
 And she no sorrow in the clouds,
 I loved her as I did love her
 All in the space of a summer's grove,
 And now we wait silently
 For the stars to come and die
 Upon the breath of infinite dark,
 I move to hear the wind above
 While she with her fingers trace a cloud,
 For all things spell 'tomorrow'
 And tomorrow will come.

Carl Homa

Man the expendable
The calm, foreboding prelude
The empty, detumescent aftermath
of a reckless sea

The impulsive wrath of Poseidon
spits and spurts turbulently.
The pacified Poseidon that
resides in the ripples of white froth
wandering lazily onto shore.

The placid sea of:
a Sunday society regatta on the "Sound"
a fishing trip with Uncle Solly off Cape Cod
wetsuits and surfboards at Gilgo
Russian fishing trawlers off the Bering Strait
shuffleboard on the top deck in the Caribbean
The—the resounding pounding, the unprovoked rage,
the unleashed fury.
That deafening roar and crash
that swallows, drowns, smashes, and tosses;
that leaves the dead strewn about—
floating soggy and sunken waterweighted
on the placid sea.

Larry Margolis

Special songs,
 Special words,
 Special glances that weren't really.
 Special me? No.
 Special you? Yes, unfortunately.

Silence is the key.
 Not enough was said.
 Now, silence.
 And the words are of no use.

A mistake was made
 By me;
 I fell
 For you;
 But you—silence is the key.

We loved hard.
 Correction—I loved—too hard.
 And now, silence.

But one question left unasked,
 Unanswered.
 Why did you have to kiss me goodnight?
 A kiss means hope;
 A kiss means yes.
 You meant no.
 You didn't have to kiss me,
 Now did you?

We take the life out of tragedy
 Here—the actors die
 No curtain drops and no bodkin is blunt
 The gore infects a real pore
 The lines are not the core
 Life—the store of the treat
 The meat not often sweet
 A strange eye—delighted
 A voice though—incited
 Violent and swift the pick
 Pricks and severed meat roams over
 The ring—the voices ring
 Ole, Ole, they sing
 The doom is close
 The seats—bare wood exposed
 Hands on handkerchief
 Waiting—It must die
 But the chance—only a chance
 That the dance will kill and the thrill be lost
 As a two legged victim is tossed into the
 anal of failure
 Plunge—plunge
 The deed is done—the matador has won
 The dead, an unknowing actor
 Harnessed and dragged
 The next spectacle is prepared
 And the blood red sand is again covered
 Again and again the hot hoofs will beat
 And again the white grains will be smothered.

James R. Goldberg



a frail dove of the weeping willow
 is the young virgin
 whose fears
 are blown in the wind
 like the puff flower
 until they softly come to rest
 with delicate sensitivity
 and warmth of tender love
 in the bosom of life

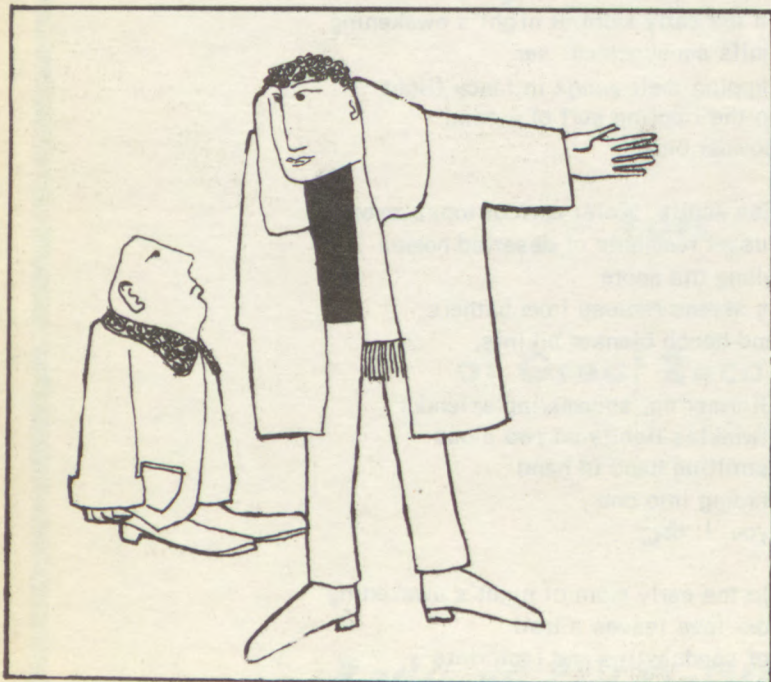
an enchanted songbird of the cherry blossom
 is the woman
 whose caresses are
 given to a man
 as the breast is to the babe
 in complete tranquility of soul
 transcending the body
 in human rapport
 for love undeniable.

Jeff Yorinks

The one I should love
Is a man, not a boy.
He has an idea
Fixed in his mind;
A picture of what life
Has to offer him,
And what he wants from it.

I too have a fixed idea;
A picture of what he should look like.
He should be known by his height,
By the powerful shoulder
Giving way to the narrow hip.
It is to this body
That I should cling,
Trembling with love and desire.

And yet the one I do love
Has none of this outward virility;
In its stead is the desire
To learn, to care, to love.
And love is to feed the mind
As well as the body.
And so I do love him;
For he is a man.



I'm in bed suppose to be asleep
But I'm not.
I'm awake and mesmerized
By a silver-white ball in the sky.
It's up there always
But only when the wind is gentle
And the haze is in a hurry
And moves on quick
That we can see it.
Crystal clear it shines
Growing larger and larger
Till it covers the sky
Throwing all its powers over
The earth
For the moon is magic
As we all know.

It's powers are many
All are strong and true
It draws people together
As only it can do.
It guides pilots in jet planes
And birds when in flight.

My heart just wavered
Like a very small flame in a
draft
For a gray haze has just covered
My ball.
But all is alright now
For the haze has moved on
Pushed by a whisper of wind
Usually covering my ball.

There is that whisper of wind
again
Here in my room.
My door is not open- my curtains
don't move
But it's here -
Drawing me with it
Taking me away.
It drains all my feelings
Leaves me empty inside
Just my heart does its work
I can tell
For my pulse pounds-pounds like
Niagara Falls
And my memory too is working
Overtime
When the ball comes out,
For my thoughts on the past
Are clearer when the ball shines.

Minds lost and distorted
since times beginning,
to be released by an age and a moments chance thought,
caught, dominated, mindless fear and longing
faced with reality's fantasies to be whirled and tossed.
Minds caught and fancied, spun from a web of stars
And lashed to a stormy sea to gnash a shore
and lick the stars.

Charlotte Heger



The haze is moving very fast
Faster than I've ever seen it
It keeps covering my ball
Like a child's eyes cover when
In pain.

I don't need a light to write
down these words
For my ball is strong tonight
Giving out powers
And taking them back too.

There is that whisper of wind
Colder now
Sweeping faster now
Trying harder now
To draw me back

But I won't go.
The pain of remembering is too
much
I've learned
For this pain is not shame
It is love
A new form I admit
But love all the same
Remembering love long gone is
Hell
But Hell would have been so
much hotter
If there had been no pain.

My ball is dying.
Its golden mother is rising
To her coronation.
My ball is dead.
Its mission complete.
But tomorrow and tomorrow and
all the tomorrows afterwards
My ball will rise up
In silver glory.
And take me back into time.
And soon the whisper will flow
And will carry me back
To remember the meetings- the
words and the kiss.

My ball is life itself
Heaven and Hell combined
My Ball is
My mind.

Judith Haftka

Pale reflections
of a green moon
The essence of being and other being
Nothing of note
But reticence in a pattern
Revolving rhythmically around the center
Revealing the flesh and beyond
To acquiesce
to the pull
Regurgitating everything but the pit
of the funnel
Moving deeper and deeper into the center
Floating without doubt into the eternal
spiral
Climbing effortlessly to the top
and down
The scope of existence at the center
of the motion
In tone with all
One with all
A swirling pool
of colored images
The same image
The simple meaning of being
is the center
The tearing away
toward a single point
The goal
The end
The beginning
The truth
Always at the pit
of the life motion

Andy Platt

Looking to find
Seeking not knowing
Wanting too much

Love of abstract
Fearing to touch
Thus being apart

Torn by emotion
Having a heart .
Lost not found

d.h. toad

That certain first sip
The least nocuous -- the most consequential
A slammed telephone -- plastic split-crack at the joint
The damnations and the 'I'm tired of this shit'
And the halting-clicking walk to Sour Mash Marshes
Testing the frozen cubes -- a jigger of tomorrow morning's pain
A finger-swizzle -- few last doubts
And the warm hand shrouds filled glass
Tingling-tempting-tasted and the electrified
Fandango fumes it's southern fancy

The trial is not over
In spite of liquid potency
The reason to hide is a stowaway
Whose cell is neon-lite lettered remembrances
that flash-on in a blurry-eyed erie ---
Enebrated euphoria --- Schenleyed in my turn on itself
world.

James R. Goldberg



Mandarin Jews chop copiously
At Moses' crackers
Casting circumcisional glances
At precocious grand-children
And scowls at daring post-adolescents
Foot-see-ing under the embroidered heirloom
And the twitching eye of grand-dad's misfortune
The young lovers cross the line
And eat the pork --- a religion knowing no loins.

James R. Goldberg

The sun
High as the summit
of light and time
Slips lazily
through the false predilections
of reality
Transforming it into a maze
of pale perceptions
in off-colored dimension
Sliding smoothly
over the dust covered haze
to the emergence of truth
in nature
Gliding simultaneously
In juxtaposition with
the atrocities of existence
And the shadows grow steadily
unto darkness
As the maternal light
Watches coldly
over another world

Andy Platt



He will return from his freedom sentence
 Tomorrow will mark the end of a spree
 A man, desiring to be alone
 Has consented, on his own
 To give up his bondless world
 To be hurled into a swirl of chains
 Only from fear of crying with no one to hear
 Only from fright that no one would share his delight
 Only a fool would after-all wish to be free
 Men do have a spree--sometimes they make themselves free
 But willingly return from the other side of silence.....

James R. Goldberg

Night,
 And I walk alone.
 Day
 And I walk alone.
 O People,
 You see me, alone,
 With my plastic smile
 And you say,
 I envy him.
 O People,
 You say,
 How strong he is to stand alone.
 How little he needs the crutch of others.
 O People,
 How little you know.
 I need you
 But I fear you.
 I need you
 But I have not the strength to stand with you
 And I cry.

Bill Swor

There we sit
 Listening to your "lecture-voice"
 turning you into a teacher.
 You sit
 Barefoot on the back of the chair,
 Singing Hebrew.

Bored?
 I am excited with your music
 But your eyes
 Rip me and
 Rape me.
 I bleed embarrassed.
 I think you see the blood.

You sit and speak and stare,
 I try to be the student,
 But your eyes and words are foreign
 And I cannot yet
 Translate.

Janet Crouse

Some find solace in God
 They are pleased with themselves
 As they sit in his palace
 And converse their sins away

I prefer to be my own
 Who needs Him

Some find solace in love
 They live and breath it
 And have it always
 To fall back on

It is hard to live alone
 But unprepared to give oneself away

Some find solace in hatred
 They wallow in it and
 Require it for existence
 And peace of mind.

Hatred comes with familiarity
 I know few people

Some find solace in working
 It seldom leaves for long
 Good for aggressions
 Take it or leave it

Concentration escapes me
 I don't . . .

Within the confession
 Lies the mind

The reason for living
 Is found within the living

I find solace in forgetting
 But at every corner
 Lies a question
 And at every question
 I am forced to remember
 And wonder

Andy Platt

Unrepentant, boldly man
 faces his crime for ceaseless mockery ---
 a state where wills are filled with insipid
 promises.

Vainly we wish --- not for
 better dreams but weaker realities
 to nourish our gross conceits that
 woefully wander in unextended terror
 of insight.

We lament the loss of God not knowing
 that the secular image still exists in
 jaded Puritanism that can no longer protect
 us from ourselves

Unknown, not comprehended our soul
 lives as the greatest prize which if
 realized would end the hideous
 terror of "just being in search"

Gwen Heard

The faces are blank
 In the shadows of clinking
 Beer bottles
 And people fear other people
 Never daring honesty
 Cause truth never gets you laid

James R. Goldberg

he goes downtown
 dressed in his football jersey
 #69
 sta-prest chinos and barefoot loafers
 clutching his picture of george washington
 for he knows he can get three for a dollar-
 he's done it many times before

the druggist discreetly slips to the back room
 and deposits the small foil packets into a plain
 brown bag
 it's the same thing every weekend
 the kid's a regular

in the alley he grimaces as he thinks about
 after the movie, replacing his wallet
 his storage vault, in his back pocket
 she's new, but he's a pro at it and well,
 his lines never failed before

his conscience won't bother him
 cause it's obvious--
 if he tells her he loves her
 and can sound sincere
 she may be willing to give her body to him
 in return for the love she so strongly desires,
 and why not take advantage when you can
 after all, you won't become pregnant and
 she's just another broad to get sex from,
 so- i luv you SEX!

Jeff Yorinks



DAVID BLACK From the Orient

It is impossible to travel around the Orient without meeting up with a strange phenomenon called simply R and R.

For those of you unfamiliar with military jargon, R and R is short for Rest and Recreation. After spending a few months in Vietnam, the American serviceman is given a five day vacation and is flown to one of the "sin cities of the Orient" for his R and R. Very few of these soldiers partake in the first part of this sinning combination; in other words, few of them leave Vietnam to take a rest. And their interpretation of what is meant by recreation is strange indeed. Armed with at least \$200 that he has diligently saved from his combat pay, the typical R and R serviceman hits the beach head of Hong Kong, Taipei or Tokyo for none other than the traditional: "wine, women and song."

R and R is a very profitable business for the local bar owners, bar girls, taxi drivers, hotel owners, and tailors. And the volume of their business continues to increase every time Lyndon Johnson escalates the war. There are so many R and R soldiers in Hong Kong, for example, that the Communist Chinese have complained to the local authorities that Hong Kong is unknowingly contributing to the American effort to annihilate the Vietnamese people.

The contact between the members of the Oakland semester in the Orient and the R and R soldiers and sailors has been a much more personal one, however. Many of the female members of our group have found that R and R personnel make far superior dates than the typical Oakland male. Who else has the money to take girls out to fancy restaurants and night clubs? The males on this trip, on the other hand, have found most of these servicemen are about our own age and that we share many common interests.

Many Oakland students have spent informative and enjoyable evenings in conversation with R and R personnel.

I, personally, have had the opportunity to talk with servicemen who have held a wide range of beliefs about the war and their di-

rect participation in it. Quite naturally, very few servicemen have admitted that they're really enthusiastic about the experience in combat. Most of what can be termed the "pro-war" group take the tract that the war is just and someone has to fight it and this responsibility has -- unluckily -- fallen on them. I have also met soldiers (even a few Marines) who claim that the war is useless and wrong. Some have advised me never to let myself become a G.I. Many have told how they tried, obviously unsuccessfully, to "Dodge the draft". One Negro soldier from Detroit went so far as to tell me that he was glad people were demonstrating against the war, and that he hoped their efforts would soon be successful so he and his buddies could go home.

I think it is significant that not one of the scores of servicemen that I have talked with will deny the stories that are going around that most of the Americans in Vietnam smoke marijuana, even in combat.

Our contact with R and R personnel has not been without its lighter moments, too. I once met three hippie-looking men in a Hong Kong bar. They had long hair, old clothes and dark sunglasses. In our conversation they claimed to be R and R sailors (who according to regulations must wear their "funny" white uniforms when out on the street). It seems they were illegally out of uniform and were wearing newly purchased wigs. Another night three sailors, in uniform, just happened to turn up at our hotel. All three of them had (real) beards. On inquiry I found out why the Navy allowed them to get away with such "insubordination." As one of them explained: "We are on submarine duty, and they have to humor us. If they wouldn't let us grow beards, we threatened to 'freak out' while we were under water. We really showed the Captain who is boss."

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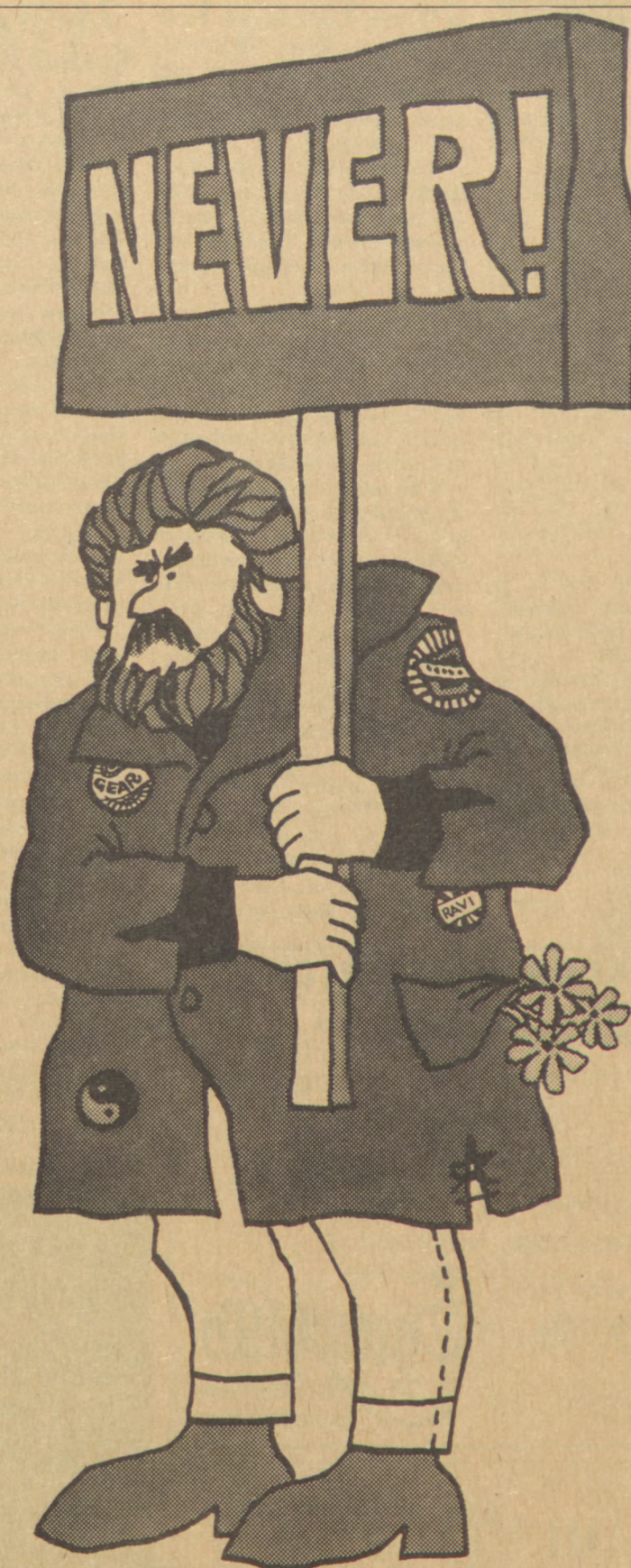
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I won't go into business when I graduate because:

- ☐ a. I'd lose my individuality.
- ☐ b. It's graduate school for me.
- ☐ c. My mother wants me to be a doctor.

Can't argue with c), but before you check a) or b)—pencils up! There have been some changes. Drastic changes in the business scene. But changes in the *vox populi* attitude regarding business... especially on campus... just haven't kept pace.

Take the belabored point that business turns you into a jellyfish. The men who run most of the nation's successful firms didn't arrive by nepotism, by trusting an Ouija board, or by agreeing with their bosses. Along the way, a well-modulated "No" was said. And backed up with the savvy and guts today's business demands.

In short, individuality is highly prized in much of the business world—the successful much. Even when the business is big. Like Western Electric, the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

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Individuality pays off. Not only in raises, but in personal reward as well. Like an engineer who knew deep down that there was a better way to make a certain wire connector—and did. Or a WE gal who streamlined time-consuming office procedures, and saved us some \$63,000 a year.

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Not every hour is Fun Hour, but if you've got imagination and individuality—you've got it made. With a business like Western Electric. We'll even help you answer b) with our Tuition Refund program. Come on in and go for President!



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Gross Breaks Ice

Swimming is an invigorating sport enjoyed by many. But, probably none of us enjoy it as much or find it as invigorating as Charlie Gross.

Charlie swam in Beer Lake the first night it froze over. Clad only in yellow swimming trunks and sweat socks, Gross dove off the Beer Lake Bridge, through the thin layer of ice.

Gross is not, he explained, a member of any Polar Bear Club, and does not intend to form one.

His first reaction upon hitting the ice was no reaction. "I was blank -- no feeling, no nothing." Then came the realization of how cold he was. As his head broke the surface he let loose with a loud yell. Says Gross, "I couldn't breathe, except in very short, choppy breaths. All I could do was holler."

For safety's sake, Gross tied one end of a rope around his ankle, while the other end was held by his second, Tom Leitch. To those who might try it he recommends they wear a sweatshirt for protection to protect against cuts and scratches.

Would he do it again for love or money? "You tell me someone worth that much love." But, "I would do it again for money."

Detroit Symphony Makes Improvements

by David Letvin

Last Saturday night came the realization of what might be called one of my fondest dreams. For more seasons than I care to remember, I have been a steady, but not enthusiastic, listener of the Detroit Symphony. They have been very, very bad. Indeed, under the musical directorship of Paul Paray, they were pathetic more often than anything else.

So when Valter Poole, the assistant conductor, used to take the podium things were really bad. I used to go to concerts expecting either to laugh or to cry at the way the orchestra played, especially under Poole.

But apparently Sixteen Ehrling has pulled off what some have called a major miracle; he has made the Symphony into a professional musical organization. Hints of this have been arising ever since he assumed the directorship; and, here at Oakland, Meadowbrook has given us the opportunity to hear this organization. But Saturday night took the cake, because pathetic Poole conducted on Saturday.

The evening opened with the delightful overture to Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnot." The orchestra played well and it was a pleasure to hear that work played at the kind of up tempo that it needs to be convincing.

Next on the program was Mozart's G minor symphony, No. 40. Although of no value musically, the performance was technically more or less sound. This, I think, was the best played Mozart

that I've ever heard the orchestra do. (And that is only a very back-handed compliment.) Particularly disastrous was the slow second movement, which made no musical sense. The overall impression was one of polite boredom, on the parts of the audience, the orchestra and the conductor.

Prokofiev's Scythian Suite followed. It was a failure in its original form as a ballet, and it was obvious why on Saturday. Uninteresting music played well was the mark of the evening.

The second half of the concert was the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Jerome Rosen as the soloist. Oakland audiences will remember Rosen as the concertmaster of the Meadowbrook Summer School Orchestra, and as the violinist in the Cleveland Piano Trio.

The accompaniment given was superior to the accompaniment given to the same work when Itzak Perelman played it this summer at the festival, and the solo work was, too. Rosen plays with great sensitivity and musicianship and his technique served him adequately throughout the work. His problem is one of projection; he was very difficult to hear. Nonetheless it was a satisfying performance.

It seems that the Detroit Symphony has finally become an organization professionally competent, to at least play under the most adverse circumstances, that which is on the score.

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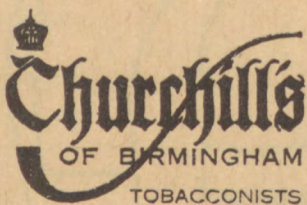
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Sports

"Mellen Says"

"Frosh Impressive"

by Mike Mellen

Oakland's freshmen swimmers are proving their worth after only one meet.

Friday, December 1, at the Notre Dame Relays, upperclassmen only, the team's best finish was a third place in the Individual Medley Relay as they tied for fifth in a field of six major teams.

Saturday, December 2, at the Eastern Michigan Relays, the freshmen showed their potential record smashing power when Engelhart, Yedlin, Allar and Campbell teamed up in the 400 yd. Medley Relay and turned in a time of 4:00.5.

The 300 yd. Backstroke relay, won by Oakland, was the only event lost by Eastern Michigan. The Ypsilanti team was a mere 5 seconds behind the three minute-breaking team of Shirilla, Engelhart and Krogsrud. Oakland's

Crescendo -- Diminuendo Relay (100, 200, 400, 200, 100) composed of Engelhart, Krogsrud, Campbell, Mikelson, and Davies placed second with Campbell swimming an excellent 4:11.8 for the 400 yd. leg.

Because of a disqualification Oakland moved from second to third placing in the meet.

Prediction now is possible after best times by everyone, particularly Greg "Buttercup" Allar who swam his first sub-minute 100 yd. butterfly. The strength of the freshmen helped the returning lettermen show that this promises to be a season of scrambling the record board. This season promises to be a most fruitful one for Oakland's aquanauts.

Next home meet is Friday, December 8, at 7:30 p.m. against George Williams College.

Records Fall As Girls Swim

Finishing a most unusual season, Oakland's Women's Swimming Team competed in the NCAA Womens National Swimming Meet at Wayne State, December 2.

Having lost their only two meets to Central and Michigan State they placed third in the State meet and recorded their best times in the National Meet. The 100 yd. Medley Relay of Cindy Thomas, Carolyn McGannon, Winnie Yothers and Marsha Guerrein swam a good time of 1:04.4.

The 200 yd. Free style Relay

team of Thomas, Yothers, Pat Wahl and Guerrein set a new record of 2:06.8 and Marsha Guerrein set the record in the 100 yd. Free-style in 1:09.2.

Plans are now in the making for more meets next semester with Adrian, Western and Wayne State.

Varsity, J.V. Debut

by Steve Gaynor

"At least we'll let them know we were in the game."

These were the words of varsity basketball coach Dick Robinson before the season started. Truer words were never spoken.

The Oakland varsity team lost a heart breaking 116-107 game to Adrian College last week in double overtime.

Gordie Tebo led all scorers with 29 points, as he handled the team masterfully as floor "general". Chuck Clark added 22 and had one shot that, just at the end of regulation time, went in and out of the basket.

Adrian, with their superior height and experience jumped off into an early lead, but Oakland fought back to take a 43-38 half-time advantage.

Oakland fans, in the first half were amazed to see the coolness and talent of freshman Gary Lincoln from Henry Ford High School in Detroit. Lincoln's ball handling and shooting were superb as he scored 17 points.

Both teams were cold all through the game with only Lincoln, making 63% of his shots from the floor, giving a respectable showing.

At the end of regulation time the score was 87-87 and at the first overtime it was 99-99.

In the second overtime Adrian pulled away thanks to their superior bench strength.

The J.V. game was over in the first five minutes. The Oakland team ran up 18 points before Mercy College got on the scoreboard.

In the second quarter senior Bob Quick really got O.U. moving, continually stealing the ball and starting fast breaks.

Freshman Mark Angell and sophomore Jim Ford developed hot hands in the third period and poured in the shots. Angell finished with 13 points and Ford scored 12.

Ted Howard also gave a strong performance scoring 15 points. The game mercifully ended in a 111-47 victory for O.U.

Seven players scored in double figures for the J.V. Beier moved up to strengthen the varsity where he scored 12 points, and Van Buskirk will start play in January.

Tonight both teams will take

on Wayne State here. The games will start at 5:50 p.m. with the varsity starting about 8:00 p.m.

Time Called

Snow on the ground.
The black and white balls
Are put away in their closets.
The shoes are in the bottom
of the lockers,
Waiting for next year.
The players,
Have their memories
Of the season past.
The wins. The losses.
The bus rides. The dinners.
The bandages and the linament.
They will return.
Wait till next year.
Thanks coach.

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Broome Makes Miracles

by Roy Frady

John Broome belongs to a special cult, a rare breed of people who unpretentiously give of themselves to everyone they meet. Mr. Broome brings patience, creativity and honesty to the work he does. Broome can transform a lanky, clumsy, awkward human being into an artist of movement. He can mold a group of strangers into a sympathetic and moving piece of art. John Broome is able to perform small miracles with people by communicating an awareness of his profession in terms of simplicity that only twenty years of sensitive training and work could produce.

Born in Yorkshire, England, 38 years ago, Broome is best known as co-director and choreographer for the 1961-62 Broadway production of "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off," by Anthony Newley.

Mr. Broome started his training at 18 by winning a scholarship to the Royal Ballet School in London. He finished the four year course in two-and-one-half years, going on as a member of the company and performing in the Covent Garden Opera House. During this time, Broome became disillusioned with the classical ballet, finding it too stereotyped and far too removed from the pure expression of drama he had hoped to find. With a scholarship to the Jooss-Leeder of Modern Dance in London, he set forth to find a new means of coordinating the body, truth, crea-

tivity, and power into an expressive form, using mime and drama as tools to close the gap between dancer and actor. It was during this period that he developed his own style and theories of movement. This eventually led to the position of choreographer and movement tutor under John Fernald at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, where he taught until his acceptance of the same position with the John Fernald Co. of Meadowbrook and the Academy of Dramatic Art of Oakland University.



John Broome

Mr. Broome is co-directing "And People All Around" (the fourth scheduled show of the Meadowbrook season,) while maintaining his civic works, his classes for Academy, lectures for countless groups and being father to three children.

John Broome is a man who, as his three year old daughter Alice says, "Can do anything."

Discs Suggested As Gifts

by Miles Schlank
and David Letvin

What music does to you, the feelings it evokes, is where the value lies; it is a masterpiece of man which should know no social restriction. Music is for everyone.

It is in this framework, we feel that music should not really be categorized into rigid pockets (classical, rock, jazz, folk, etc.) but should be personally ordered to the individual listener's taste motif.

Why you can be mesmerized by Mozart's perfection and Monk's many slips is music's mystical nature -- why you can be grabbed by Beethoven's measured glory, and the Temptation's "soul" is not a question worth pondering. Just listen, feel and love.

Some recent releases afford excellent opportunities to express your taste and to add to the collections of those who will receive your gifts.

In tune with a particular consciousness, is Miles Davis' release, on Columbia.

It is an album of peace and solitude lined with a strange stress and conflict.

On the Verve Forecast label is Richie Havens second album, "Something Else Again." The Havens technique and dialect is as strong as in Mixed Bag, but appears to be more socially concerned. Added effects are Richie's sitar playing, and a tasteful flute interlude by Jeremy Staig.

Some of the most exciting "classical" music appears on budget label recordings. Odyssey's releases of Bruno Walter conducting Brahms' Four Symphonies, is as much a service to record collectors as the Mozart Violin Concerto No. 2 and Sinfonia Concertante performed by violinist Arthur Grumiaux, and conductor Colin David which has

been awarded the Grand Prix du Disque of Philips.

Angel presents Mahler's "Das Lied Von Der Erde" with Otto Klemperer and Christa Ludwig and Fritz Wunderlich, a blend of perhaps his finest work and some of their finest interpretations.

For those uninitiated in sophisticated vocal rhythm and blues, Verve's The Best of Arthur Prysock is essential. It presents that masculine yet tender style reminiscent of the early Billy Eckstine and Joe Williams.

The Best of Cal Tjader, another Verve release, is a select reprise of Tjader's finest, flowing in the clean and precise rhythms for which he is noted. Bill Evans sequel, Further Conversations With Myself, is as sensi-

tive, absorbing, humorous and profound as the first.

Other fine budget recordings are The Grand Prix Du Disque recording of Ravel's Complete Piano Music performed by Casadeus (on Odyssey) and Fritz Reiner with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra recording "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by Richard Strauss on Victrola.

But to satisfy even the most discriminating listener, is the recording of Handel's Messiah (on Philips) with Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, on which the Messiah and all its excitement has been captured.

The Messiah, as with all of the records mentioned, captivates the listener, and fills him with joy.



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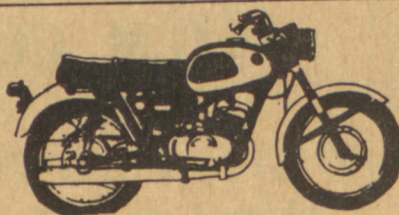


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