



## Muskie at OU

by David Black

Thursdays are usually such quiet days at Oakland. There are few students on campus; it is even possible to find a place to park. Last Thursday was different: Edmund S. Muskie, U.S. Senator from Maine and Democratic Vice-presidential nominee was scheduled to speak on campus.

Although the Muskie speech wasn't to begin until 1:15, the Sports and Recreation Building was filled to near capacity a half hour before the Senator was supposed to arrive. Among those in early attendance were about 200 demonstrators who marched from Oakland Center to the IM Building carrying picket signs reading: Peace Now; Make Love, Not War; Let Us Not Talk Falsely Now--The Hour is Getting Late; etc. The marchers were stopped at the doors of the IM Building and told that no signs would be permitted inside. Most of the demonstrators went into the gym (without their signs); a few stayed outside and passed out leaflets calling for the electorate to "Dump the Hump."

Inside, the crowd was still growing and by 1:15--the time the speech was to have started--more than 2,000 people were packed into the north end of the gym. The vast majority of those in attendance were from the Oakland campus.

All was in readiness and the crowd waited...and waited



and waited: Muskie was late in arriving.

The time had to be taken up somehow, so after the customary introductions (the audience got a chance to meet all the Democratic candidates running for office in Oakland County), Gary Frink, candidate for Congress from the 19th district, took the podium. He began to field questions from those in attendance.

First Question: What is your position on the War in Vietnam? Frink said that although

have been far different from what he had expected. While most of those present rose to give him a standing ovation, a small--but vocal--minority of 200 or so began a series of chants: "Dump the Hump" and "Hell no, we won't go" that could be clearly heard above the general roar of the crowd. The noise continued for close to five minutes and then, strangely enough, there was total silence.

Muskie began to speak. He said he would only talk for three minutes and leave the

take to have prevented the elections that were to have taken place as a result of these agreements. He claimed that today we are in Vietnam to "safeguard the freedom" of those who have chosen to remain in the South. He argued that a bombing pause should be used tactically; that the bombing should only be stopped if it appeared that something concrete could be gained in return. Muskie emphasized that the goal of American policy must be a negotiated settlement.

if Muskie voted in favor of the Tolkin Gulf Resolution giving President Johnson the go-ahead to commit American troops to action in Vietnam. Muskie answered that only two Senators voted against the Resolution and that he was not one of them.

There was only time for one more question. Muskie recognized Norman Harper, an Associate Editor of the Observer. Harper urged everyone present to "stop and think of what is going on in North and South Vietnam and what is happening to our brothers and sisters in the streets." Harper then called for 10 minutes of silent reflection. Muskie seemed to ignore this demand; he began to explain that he didn't only talk, but had been one of the most active men in the Senate. With this several students shouted out: "We asked for silence." Muskie chose to continue to talk, there were two short blasts on a whistle, and a few hundred people got up and quietly walked out. Muskie quickly finished what he was saying, informed the audience that time was up, and the program appeared to be over.

But the demonstration was far from over.

As those who had walked out on the Muskie speech emerged from the IM Building it was decided that there would be a 10 minute silence vigil sitting down in front of Muskie's car: If Muskie wouldn't allow 10 minutes of silent reflection inside the gym, he would at least be forced to observe a 10 minute interruption before his car would be allowed to leave the campus.

After the 10 minutes had passed, the 100 or so demonstrators moved from in front of the Senator's car and he quickly left the campus.



he felt the war was immoral and senseless, he still supported Hubert Humphrey as he was afraid of the consequences of a Republican victory in November.

There wasn't time for any more questions: Muskie had finally arrived.

But there were still more introductions. Chancellor Varner was called on to say a few words; the audience greeted him with a standing ovation. There were a few more introductions and then, finally, Muskie was brought to the microphone.

Muskie's greeting must

rest of the time for questions and answers. He then told a few funny stories: some old Adlai Stevenson jokes. He said that he believed in dissent to a point, but that this dissent should "make constructive contributions" to society.

He said that he was happy people were concerned about the war; he mentioned the name of Eugene McCarthy and this was followed by loud applause. He said that he would listen carefully to all questions if those in attendance would agree to listen to him.

At this point a student stood up in the back of the gym and (politely?) informed Mr. Muskie that his three minutes were up. Muskie appeared a bit shaken by this interruption, but he was able to finish his little speech and receive loud and somewhat prolonged applause. Muskie then recommended that the first question come from the student who had told him that the three minutes were up.

This seemed agreeable to all, and the student told how he had traveled to Vietnam and seen "all the blood and carnage" that is happening over there. He then asked Muskie if he could give some kind of assurance that the war would soon come to an end. Muskie countered this question by going into a long, historical discourse on American involvement in Vietnam. He spoke of the 1954 Geneva accords and admitted that it may have been a mis-

Muskie felt it was about time to field another question. This time he called on a woman student. She went into a long condemnation of American Foreign policy--speaking of the CIA's role in Guatemala, the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, American intervention in the Dominican Republic, and, finally, Vietnam. Muskie admitted that America had made some mistakes in the past and overacted in the name of anti-communism. But he generally defended the successful containment of communism, again going into a long, historical explanation talking about Germany, Greece, etc.

There was another question as someone wanted to know





# OBSERVER CENSORED

The Observer has run into its first censorship of the semester. The censorship came not from the traditional source for censorship of campus materials--the administration, but from the printer who was contracted to produce the weekly paper. The clash with the printer came on Tuesday of this week, when it was related to the editorial staff of the newspaper that the Interlakes Press, contracted to print The Observer for the full year, would not print four pages of this week's newspaper because according to one of the veritypers, it was "pure trash."

The four pages in question constituted a literary supplement included in this week's Observer called "Painted Black". The supplement is a diary written by an Oakland black student over the summer giving her reactions to White America, and White Oakland.

Originally, only the typists at Interlakes claimed that the material was unfit for publication. The management of the press stated that they could not get their typists to handle the material, but that if The Observer could get the material ready to be printed, Interlakes would print the four pages with the rest of the paper. Later in the afternoon on Tuesday, Interlakes called and said a decision had been made that they would refuse to print the four pages altogether unless the copy was substantially altered.

The decision--to refuse to print the material--was formally made by Howard Fitzgerald, of the Pontiac Press, of which Interlakes Press is a subsidiary. In a telephone conversation with the Observer, Mr. Fitzgerald, stated that, although he hadn't read the article himself, he felt that printing it would jeopardize the second-class mailing permit of the Pontiac Press and its subsidiary organizations. According to Fitzgerald, the language used could come under the federal mailing codes which do not allow for certain kinds of wording to be sent through the mails.

Editor of The Observer, Mike Honey, stated as the newspaper was going to press, that there was clearly no "obscenity" involved in the writing. Said Honey: "I think what is perhaps closer to the heart of the matter is the content of the material involved: most whites would probably rather not hear the things that this black student had to say. If there's any obscenity involved, it is in the truth this person was revealing to the public as a black student. It is American Racism that is obscene, not what she said."

Honey and the two Associate Editors of The Observer explained the matter to the Chancellor on Tuesday afternoon; they then went ahead and found another printer who agreed to print this week's paper.

The article, "Painted Black", begins on page five.

On Wednesday, the Publication Board, a Committee of the Senate, held a meeting to discuss the breaking of the contract between The Observer and the Interlakes Press. At that time, Honey stated that the matter should not be allowed to drop. He felt that too many printers "get away with" censoring the papers they print, even though they are only contracted to print what is sent to them. He said a paper can be effectively "black-balled" by a printer simply because he does not like the content of it: even though he may be contracted to do it, in some instances he can effectively stop the material from becoming public.

Honey told the Publications Committee he felt the University should bring suit against the Publisher for breach of contract; he also discussed the possibility that The Observer might make a complaint to the Michigan Civil Rights Commission on ground that it may have been a racial issue rather than the use of "four-letter words." The Publications Board stated that it would draw up some sort of statement next week "expressing the committee's concern in this manner."



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# OU Students Protest Marine Recruiters

About 50 persons, led by Students for A Democratic Society demonstrated against Marine Corps recruiters--Thursday morning, September 26. The action was a prelude to larger demonstrations against democratic vice-presidential candidate Edmund Muskie.

Demonstrators marched from the Oakland Center to the placement office where a Marine recruiter was conducting interviews. The students sat-in and began a discussion of the functions of the placement office and its role in channeling students into military service and specific occupations.



Students, sitting in at the Placement Office in protest against Marine Recruiters, discuss tactics and the nature of the placement procedure.

The students then moved down the hall of the placement office where they hoped to confront the recruiter, Captain O'Connor. Dean of Students Thomas Dutton soon came upon the scene and began talking about University placement procedures and asked the students to move out of the hall. The students refused to leave.

Students then asked that they be given an opportunity to talk to the recruiter. Dutton and Dorothy Hope, Director of the Placement Office, then countered by saying that it was the policy of the placement office to schedule interviews in advance, but that they would try and talk to Captain O'Connor.

Dutton disappeared into a small office to talk to O'Connor. He had to talk to him by phone since O'Connor had locked the door of his small room.

When there was no prompt response by Dutton or the recruiter, the students decided to leave the placement office. Outside, they held a brief rally, attended by perhaps 75 people and observed by many students attending classes in Wilson Hall. Students called the action a success, having accomplished the purpose of stripping legitimacy from institutions, and personalities, effectively exposing the nature of the university.



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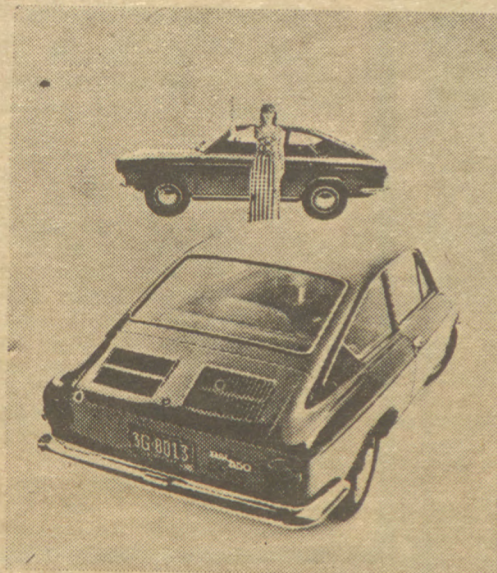
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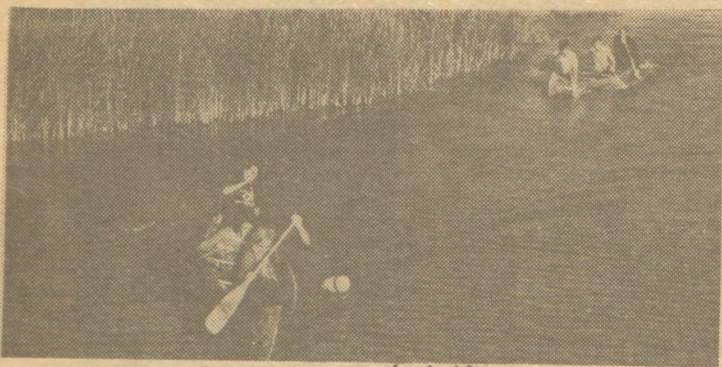
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## CANOE RACES



Last Friday afternoon enthusiastic crowds lined the east end of Beer Lake to witness four hours of continuous canoe racing. This being only the second such event, it has doubled its amount of participation—proving to be one of the most successful and spirited projects, with hopes of becoming a tradition at Oakland in years to come.

Some 240 contestants literally battled their way around the lake, dodging bombarding water balloons and buckets of water poured from

the bridge.

But the teams that took the competition more seriously were rewarded with a two foot beer bottle and a case of root beer. The reputable 7th floor "Bombers" from Vandenberg West took first and third for the men, and 5th floor Vandenberg East were the victors in the girls division.

In addition, small trophies were awarded to the two first place teams: Art Colton, John Stevens, Ron Stevens; Dianne Konorske, Kathy Bell, and Mary Hansen.



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# PAINTED BLACK

June 25, 1968

Tuesday

When I go home and people look at my hair I get a lot of cold stares and remarks as well. I especially get this from older adults. When I first began to wear my hair au natural my Mother ran me through a thing. First she was hurt. Then I became militant. She couldn't understand why I didn't improve my hair by straightening it. I told her wearing my hair natural is an improvement. She still doesn't like it but now she will accept it. My Aunt Wesley accepts it too, especially since she can't do a damn thing about it. So she runs through this thing on my keeping it neat, blah, blah, blah. Her boyfriend who is white (my Aunt also looks white) came over one day and thoroughly inspected it. He too gave his consent. I felt like kicking his ass; he acted as though I was something weird.

People insult me about my hair all of the time. They just step out of their role-playing. They forget that when they don't like things they generally keep it to themselves. Not with me. They just come right out and talk about my nappy head. This really pisses me off. Most of them feel I owe them some type of explanation. I don't owe anyone an explanation but me, if I owe myself that. Some of these people figure that they've known me so long that it is quite all right for them to insult me. My Aunt and my Uncle, who can both pass for white, with their straight hair, let me know that they did not approve. They can both kiss my ass. My aunt took it upon herself to call me a "nigger." I just politely said goodbye to her and politely slammed the hell out of her door. This is one less nigger she will have to see.

It's really too bad that my hair is so disturbing to so many people. I figure if I can get over them they will eventually get over my hair.

June 26, 1968

Wednesday

On the board in the chem. lab. I spotted a poem. I vaguely remember it from a long time ago. It was probably some poem written in a child's story book.

"Away beyond the iskabough And over the Boofram sea, There is a place called Boofland Where all men are free."

Where all men are free . . . maybe this is where the freedom of the black man is to be found. Somewhere in the cloudy and misty world of a dream. A dream is maybe its proper place in America because the thought of freedom

becoming an attainable reality is too much for the sleepers to bear. Shouldn't they be shaken by the hand of awareness to wake them up to keep them from sleeping until death? Their death is the death of reality, for it will have no one to recognize its existence.

"When I used a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean -- neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master-- that's all."

This was written by Lewis Carroll, in Through the Looking Glass. Perhaps Mr. Carroll and writers of fairy tales write more about reality than people would like to realize.

June 27, 1968

Thursday

Moma how can I talk to you: When can I speak to you: Lamont, James, Jeborah, Michelle, Gerald? Listen, please listen, please. Moma, don't die, all ready dead, without living. Look, Moma, look, see, please see.

I hope that I worry you, that I really give you something to think about. Face the man. Come on, get up, move, you too.

Lamont, listen to me. Don't go, don't fight that man's war. Not YOU. Not James, no, not another black brother. Your enemy is here. Look at that Jewish store around the corner. LOOK, damn-it! Look through the walls not at them... see . . . please . . .

Listen to me. Don't laugh at my hair. Your laugh is white imitation. You are Black damn-it.

Robert, that "Negro." He had a lot of nerve jumping on me because I'm militant. Anyone who is going to try to tell someone else that they don't know where they are going and hasn't experienced enough can go to hell. He's the kind of brother who would shoot me for shooting the "Whitey" who is trying to kill him. The Man sure did the black man up good.

June 28, 1968

Friday

I'm so glad I'm going home. I can bandage the wound this damn place had given me, for a little while. Something has got to give. You can't keep dressing a cancerous wound. I've got to operate. Soon.

Damn! I go home to forget "Whitey" for a little while and everywhere I look, there he is. On billboards, television, around the corner in the store, in maga-

zines, newspapers, in my words, in my mother's, my neighbor's, and infested in my brother's brain.

Moma says I talk about BLACK POWER too much. Everywhere I look I see white power, deterioration, instigation, falsification, devastation, damnation, pacification, black-negation, exploitation, and a brain-washed education.

Thomas Jefferson was a slave holder. . . . all men are created equal. So was Patrick Henry. "Give me liberty or give me death!" Respect for the law? Ha! Teddy Roosevelt ? ? ? ? ? "Damn the law! Build the Canal!" Good old Abe Lincoln, who never told a lie. The Statue of Liberty? ". . . give me your tired, your poor, your hungry, those yearning to be free."

I'm tired. I'm tired of being tired. White man, devil, don't bother me. You are the target to the revolution going on in my mind. No, bastard, I'm going to keep my cool. I won't give you an easy way. I'm going to kick your ass at your own rigged-up game. When I do it, you'll probably be too cold to feel it. Hunky, I'll never get as cold and as inhuman as you. I wouldn't want to be your Goddamned imitation. I've got better things to do.

June 29, 1968

Saturday

I was just thinking about this white chick who is concerned about her boy friend's daddy who is a policeman in Detroit. She was worried about some black punk doin' the old man in. I said well, damn, even the "good" get hurt (you know just bull-shitting).

Yesterday, I was talking to her boyfriend, who was telling me how bigoted her parents are. Now this female hunky thinks I'm supposed to sympathize with her cause his old man might catch hell? She wouldn't understand it, but if he can't get his thing together, I hope one of the Brothers catch him and whip his ass. I know he's giving out plenty hell every day.

This "Good Bigoted Hunky Friend of Mine," was telling me how the nigger shouldn't retaliate, and how apathetic he is to the cause. I don't know why I talked to him. I guess it was because I was amazed at his ignorance. I can't understand why whites still amaze me, they've done everything in the book. I tried to tell him that he didn't understand a thing I was saying, but of course he insisted that he did. I told him he had a typical hunky-hand-up.

My brother Gerald, and Michelle, my sister, are becoming in-

creasingly more aware. I think that's a groove. Tarzan the Ape man who merely puts out his hand and stops crazy, ranting, raving angry, black SAVAGES in the jungle, received a flick of the channel and a hunky rating. The Hunkies running around in a Hercules film, enslaving, stabbing, exploiting, received another thumbs down. That's cool too. Somebody is really looking at T.V.

Rip, a friend of mine was rapping to me about BLACK POWER. Go ahead Brother. Somebody is thinking about something.

Rockerfeller is one bastard of many.

July 1, 1968

Monday

ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL BLACK UPWARD BOUNDS SISTERS AND BROTHERS ARE HERE!!!

July 2, 1968

Tuesday

"AND A HAPPY BLACK POWER DAY TO YOU TOO SISTER." SISTER on walking across Beer Lake bridge.

July 3, 1968

Wednesday

THE NEW INTEGRATIONIST

I seek integration of negroes with black people.

Don L. Lee

A beautiful thought from a beautiful man.

July 4, 1968

Thursday

So today is Independence Day! Independence from what? From what I gather it's written rather nicely (the Declaration). When I get my DECLARATION in the hearts of people, then I'll sit down on July 4 and party back, eat bar-be-cue, potato salad, and get HIGH on happiness!

Continued on

following page



July 5, 1968  
Friday

Today I rode around in a part of the East Side Detroit that I've never been to before. I saw some children playing upstairs on the porch of a two-family flat which had no banisters. Children unkept playing in dirt, and people sitting on their porches trying to keep cool outside, because the inside is air conditioned with heat . . . A man and a woman almost got into a fight in the middle of the street, halting traffic. Ghetto tension? Or BLACK tension?

Someone's ass ought to be kicked!

July 6, 1968  
Saturday

"The Better Part of Town," looked pretty poor today. The homes were built of the dollars of starving people. The bricks were placed in by weary black brainwashed minds. The chimney of each home was a crown bestowed on the king of hell. The grass turned red and the trees weeped. The weeping willows died. A topy gun that laid on the side walk just fired a bullet that killed someone's mind. The beautiful pale white doll that lay in a baby carriage restricted someone's capacity for thoughts beyond that of the doll's world. It clamped down on both sides like a horse with blinders. The sprinkler on the lawn sprinkled tiny sparkly dew drops of poison. The neatly painted house with their air of typical white America, put up a fence of fear. A fence someone thought I would climb. Who would climb from one hell to another? What they didn't know is that they weren't fencing me out, but fencing themselves in. Yes, the better part of town looked pretty poor today.

July 7, 1968  
Sunday

Well, I have honored Oakland University by my presence again. I see I have a new roommate. Another victim-to-be of Oakland's typified racism. More power to her. She and all those new entering black students will have to learn through their own experiences. I hope they have the strength.

July 8, 1968  
Monday

Some blacks measure one's Blackness on the ability to kill a "Whitey." I will admit that I don't believe I could just coldly kill another human being. Maybe my perception is wrong, but I see a human being before I see black or white. At least I try to. At times that is a hell of a struggle. I am not sure I could physically kill someone even if they had the intent to kill me. If ever faced with the situation, time will tell.

July 9, 1968  
Tuesday

Sometimes I feel as though I can't escape from black and white issues. Incidents on campus happen that sometimes are quite upsetting. It's not just important campus incidents, but every day incidents. I'm tired. Sometimes I want to forget by relaxing. But I have to look at issues in the paper, T.V., books, in class, and in everyday discussions. I promised I'd take over his class for him. But now, 8:30 p.m., I'd like to run away. I'm tired. I'll probably be tired all of my life.

July 10, 1968  
Wednesday

The telephone operators here are well aware that two rooms in Hill House are dormed by black

students. Upon using one of the extensions a black sister was told by the operator her line would be held "until she learned some manners." When trying to find out what the operator's hang-up was, on another well known black extension, she took the liberty to be ill-mannered with me by disconnecting the line while I was still talking. The operator also went through some other changes. These students and I proceeded to see Chancellor Varner who was not in his office. All well, and mannerly, we then proceeded to see the operator. She went through her silly "bag" again, and ended up by slamming the door in our faces. Several faculty members were made aware of the situation at hand. "We" felt that an operator who has hang-ups like hers does not need to serve the public. She represents the public, well, (I) must agree. She was way out of hand. In firing this woman one first had to take her family, which she is probably helping to support, into consideration. Meanwhile three black Oakland students psychologically bear another campus situation.

July 27, 1968

This situation has been cleared up to the satisfaction of I think, all parties mentioned.

Members of Oakland's Black Student Association were called forward to meet with the Commission on Student Life to discuss our constitution because it seemingly had "discriminatory clauses." However, it was found that other organizations on this campus have clauses that are discriminatory, that had not been looked at by the committee.

The committee got hung-up on the word "black," not realizing that this term has different meanings to each black individual. This meaning that one could consider blackness as an ethnic group (hal) or that it refers to a state of mind.

They did not look at us as individuals speaking for ourselves, indicating our own personal feelings about our generalized constitution.

July 12, 1968  
Friday

As far as I am concerned it is utterly impossible for a white man to be black, or to fully understand, or comprehend a black person. Being black is a form of life within itself. A white man who makes himself appear to be black with the assurance that he can assume his white role in society once again, is probably farther than he is close to an understanding of the life we lead, because he feels he begins to comprehend our way of life. He had to think black from the time of birth to be able to analyze the situation without any white concepts. I find it hard to believe he can erase them all. I feel blackness is a state of mind that only some black people can ever achieve. If a black man is treated and accepted by white society and lives, for instance, a stereotyped life of a white, then he cannot comprehend blackness. Even the poor whites cannot comprehend blackness if society's response to them is white.

July 13, 1968  
Saturday

I have reached a point where I can't see any stereotyped idea of the black man as being funny. I am very sensitive to white reaction. It may be because I, too, laughed at things in unawareness. Those "funny things" crippled my mind. And killed some of my Brothers. They still leave a lot

of sick people around. They bred unhappiness, shame, and an unknown suicide to many who have committed it.

July 14, 1968  
Sunday

As of now there is no known cure for the well known and common Black Power cold. Its symptoms are awareness of an oppressive white society. One's mind penetrates through one's character, and the plot of everyday living makes the symptoms obvious. One becomes unable to ward off these monstrous little white germs which seem to appear everywhere.

Hark! Over the cloud in white I see a man who proposes revolution as the solution, before the Hospital Judiciary Board. But! He has broken one of the great hospital rules--he questioned them! Will the board listen to this man? Will they give him the chance to prove his theory? Or will they stick to the strict and immediate rule of the hospital which demands suspension?

Tune in tomorrow and watch another chapter of Man's Destiny, or The Dollar is God.

Please stay tuned to our next commercial, which will inform you about the New, secretly formulated power of our (PLUS WHITE) toothpaste. . .

July 15, 1968  
Monday

I am invisible if YOU want ME to BE.

I am visible when YOU want to SEE ME.

I am tired of YOU flicking me off and on, hell,

I am going to control MY switch, AND leaving ME ON ALL NIGHT LONG!

July 16, 1968  
Tuesday

I was just thinking about some of the incidents I have had with whites in my life. Thinking back to the second grade I can remember when a white teacher Mr. Gold-something, slapped the hell out of me for dropping my crayons on the floor. I was too afraid to tell my Mother. But I do recall that I had never been slapped like that before.

When I lived in Germany, we were the only black family on the base. So naturally my girl friends were white. One day Margie, a good friend of mine, called me "nigger." I just looked at her. I felt she was mad and didn't really mean it. I'll never know, will I?

When I was about 13, a friend and I went to the Five and Ten Cent store. We stayed in there until about closing time, because we hadn't finished buying what we wanted. Before we could go, the manager insisted that he check us to see if we had stolen anything. He went into our pockets to look. And I was a dumb bitch for letting him.

At seven years old my brother, Michael was born. I remember him as being quite restless, and a baby who cried alot. My Mother sensing that something was wrong a few days, rushed him to the hospital. The doctors there examined my brother, but could not figure out what was wrong. But they knew that he was dying. So they rushed him in an ambulance to some other hospital. Ma crying, and tired (she had been up all night), accompanied him to the hospital. From what I understand one of the attendants had him on some kind of cot, holding a bottle over him with some type of fluid. This white nurse took her own sweet time,

taking time out to harass my Mother while my brother was dying. He made it though. And if I had been my Mother I do believe I'd be in prison now, probably for killing that silly bitch.

I can also remember that sometimes when I'd go places with my Mother, some whites would get just as nasty and snotty with my Mother as they sometimes did with me. I'd stand there as mad as a -----, Oh, I'd burn. But my Mother is not the type of person to lower herself with someone else. She is very quiet and soft spoken. I would burn!

In high school my white architectural drafting teacher would make plays for me. I think I hated that man. Once he put his hands on me I was mad as a -----! He offered to send me to a drafting school because he had put a white girl through, and now he wanted to put a "colored" girl through. He told me he loved me, called me on the phone, good God! I used to get so frustrated that the deeper end of my vocabulary was used towards him quite frequently. He tried to make my Mother make me go into this field. He even made an effort to come up here after a year of college to still push me. I would not join a corporation he started because I wanted to have nothing to do with that old bastard. Now his ass ought to be kicked.

I have gone in stores where white sales ladies would wait on white customers first, and most as far as I was concerned. I socked it to a lady in a department store not too long ago. I have also tried to get jobs where the white interviewer would go through a thing. Before a women finished talking once, I walked off and left her. I have heard white sales clerks give old black people quite a hard time.

These are just some of the incidents in my life. Maybe most of them are not racial. But how am I supposed to take them? Sometimes they become racial because I'm in a bad mood. Sometimes they are not racial because I am not aware enough to catch it. Sometimes they are racial because they are.

July 17, 1968  
Wednesday

My sister told me about the white man, my neighbor's insurance man, getting killed. They found him on the ground in the middle of Oregon Street with his brains blown out. There were alot of different attitudes in our neighborhood about the killing. Mostly the adults were concerned about being able to walk down the streets. They felt their safety as well as their children's was endangered. The young adults had a more hostile attitude. I'm glad that hunky got it, was a common phrase.

About a month ago a white man who was selling hot suits in our neighborhood got beaten quite severely and robbed. I could see why he couldn't see the hostility that is growing in our neighborhood. My Mother said he probably felt he was among friends, especially since he had been working in our neighborhood for quite some time.

I can see where awareness can bring growing hostility among blacks. I know I "cop an attitude," when going past the Grande Ball Room, on Grand River and Hillsboro, where white hippies come to dance to their strobe light and psychedelic music. This is right in the middle of a black neighborhood! It is also a dance room which used to be called Soul City, a high social spot among Black teen-agers in Detroit at one time. I know I don't like it.



The Jewish supermarkets around the corner from me have been receiving treatment of a sort that they do not like. The windows have been broken, fights have occurred with the owner, and also with his son. They have been threatened, and were robbed during the riots of last year. The black drug store on the corner receives somewhat different treatment by the black teen-agers in the neighborhood. Any situations they've run into have not been racial whereas I believe this other man runs into purely racial situations.

Last summer, while coming from the store with two of my girl friends, we noted a white car as it approached us because its occupants were white. One of the fellows in the back of the car held a rifle pointing towards us, out of the window of the car, and fired. We all jumped and turned around to look at that fool. We proceeded to walk before my girl friend, Connie, noticed that she had been shot in the leg. The natives were very hostile that night. This occurred before the riots. I believe things would have gone much better if the cops that questioned us had been black. I believe most of the people had it back in their minds that nothing was really going to be done.

SHALL WE CALL THIS PRE-MAN AGE?

July 20, 1968  
Saturday

IDENTIFY, With whom? White man? Black man?

To develop a personality it cannot be a carbon copy of another man. Because that makes you nothing. I should not have even said "You," for there is no you. The original always rates higher than the copy. The copy is paper. I am human. Me gives the human soul. With no soul, there is no me. With no me I am only a human. Carbons ain't got no soul. I've got mine. I will identify with me, who is black, not you! Your original ain't even cool.

July 21, 1968  
Sunday

I went to McDonald's and the hunkies in the back tried to put me through a thing. I had noted before that each time I placed an order, it took quite some time for me to receive it.

Sister and I observed these people as they went through a fit of giggling and laughter.

After I got my order I found the bun on my fish sandwich was quite hard and stale. I uttered a long string of words not pleasing to the ear.

I took my order back. The manager received me very nicely. The young men in the back who had trouble with my order before, made a special effort to do it up good the second time.

The manager apologized and carefully opened the door for me. Scene II was a groove. But Scene I, I shouldn't have had to rehearse for anyone.

The whole thing pissed me off because it happened. If I had written this page right afterwards I would have written one word. FUCK. (Take it in the sense of, for many in this society the most vulgar word possible.

July 22, 1968  
Monday

MY country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, to thee I sing . . . "The seven fold of blackness is to think black, act black, create black, buy black, vote black, and live black."

I smell smoke . . .

SUMMER TIME AND THE LIV-

ING IS EASY?

FISH ARE JUMPING  
AND THE COTTON IS HIGH...

July 23, 1968  
Tuesday

Sociology . . . is just what it says. Sociology . . . A professor sets up his class time. He begins by speaking words and he ends by speaking words. Students take notes, in a notebook which spiders will eventually read through cobwebs and get more from it. Sociology should be an invitation to feelings and an invitation to thoughts, new rising emotions. Sociology has to come to one. It must be felt in a crowd, in an airplane, in a strange place. Your feelings, reactions are not to be interpreted by a symbol accompanied by one or more. If it should be evaluated it should be by one's interpretation of his reactions. In a class it can be the response of a crowd to a slap, a sound, to a dress, to the institution, to the professor. . .

How did such a thing get labeled?

July 24, 1968  
Wednesday

"The whole world is a stage, and everybody is playing a part." The stage is set, the curtain goes up, the set is utterly disrupt.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL  
1968, 67, 65, 64, 63, 62, 61, 60. . . 1619

July 25, 1968  
Thursday

I saw a flick today that was utterly out of sight. The name of it was Moses, or something like that, played by a WHITE exploiter, (Robert Mitchum), who delivered the natives from their land into the Holy Land. What the deal was is that the British told the natives to leave their land. A white chick who was the daughter to this cat who was teaching all these crazy, wild savages CHRISTIANITY, was hip to MASTER Mitchum. She told him if He didn't get it together by leading these natives from THEIR land, she would blow him. So naturally he had to do it to keep up his front. Meanwhile, he meets one of the cats in the tribe who will help aid him in exploiting the natives. This black man was the shade "Negro." You could tell in his English dialect, and through his thoughts, reactions, and ideas that he had been to America. So the good WHITE (a very controversial issue) Moses who has convinced the natives that he was mystical powers leads them across the desert.

What the deal is here, he suddenly turned "good" while the black man won't get out of his bag. So naturally, eventually goodness wins over evil, the black cat dies in fire, and the White man wins the respect of the natives. The young woman falls in love with this good evil man, and everything is cool.

I laughed all through this sickening picture that I probably would have enjoyed a year ago. The coolest line was when the good white christian said he would leave with the natives because he couldn't leave his people. The white students in the lounge even had to laugh at that line. Well, I guess that picture and that time have both played out!

July 26, 1968  
Friday

When Martin Luther King Jr. died, it was like someone in my family dying. When John F. Kennedy died it was like a good next door neighbor dying. King's death came at a time in my life when I was really between crossroads. I had talked and talked

and talked to people about other people. With feelings just like they had. Hell, I wasn't talking about "Negroes" or blacks. It got to the point where the things I was saying were bouncing off of the walls. When you see it bouncing it hurts, if you care. And I cared. I cared so God Damn much that when King was assassinated I hurt. I hurt like I never hurt before. I don't know if I hated whites then but it was a hell of a thing for anyone to feel. You walked with pain, and the pain re-arranged your mind. I couldn't even see straight. During this time I wondered time and time again if I was finally, really seeing things as they are. I finally decided that I couldn't let this thing destroy me. Then I wouldn't be able to function, to attack this thing. And then I knew if I lost it would win again. I wouldn't speak to anyone white for quite sometime. I didn't want to hear the sympathy, or see the tears of someone who didn't know what crying was. Most of all I couldn't tolerate those God Damn questions any one should be able to answer if he were a human being, and apply it to the way he would respond or the way others would respond.

I saw the whole world turn around. I was glad my grandparents had died right before, because I knew it was a hell of a thing to see what you believe in, your last hope being destroyed. No, I had stopped recognizing Martin Luther King as my leader some time ago. But I was crippled because he was destroyed for doing what he believed. I wasn't the only one crippled, so was white America, but I don't think they really know how badly.

July 27, 1968  
Saturday

WHAT CAN I DO? THIS SHOULD BE THE QUESTION OF THE YEAR.

I can only say to you do your own thing and I'll do mine. Do what you think should be done. If I don't like it you WILL know. Trial and error is better than no trial.

July 28, 1968  
Sunday

Yesterday a brother was shot. Man, we have got to get ourselves together. We've got enough trouble with the "MAN" on our back. When I come to think of it there is much more unity now between the sisters and brothers. Some white cat gave his personal opinion to some black cats about a sister up here. It wasn't too cool. He really didn't realize how foolish that was. Personally I'm surprised that he didn't get his ass kicked. At one time if you said something about a black sister and I agreed, cool. But now the time is hot, check yourself man, and plan to stop. Unity is a groove.

July 29, 1968  
Monday

When I heard a news brief about the riots the other day, I only wished they had been longer.

July 30, 1968  
Tuesday

I was just looking at a paper I wrote last semester on Black Power. Some of the poems by Don L. Lee really said how I feel. See?

EDUCATION

I had a good teacher. He taught me everything I know; how to lie, cheat, and how to strike the softest blow.

My teacher thought himself to be wise and right.

He taught me things most people consider nice; such as to pray, smile,

and how not to fight.

My teacher taught me other things too,

Things that I will be forever looking at;

how to berate, segregate,

and how not to fight.

My teacher taught me other things too,

Things that I will be forever looking at;

how to berate, segregate,

and how to be inferior without hate.

My teacher's wisdom forever grows,

He taught me things every child will know;

how to steal, appeal,

and accept most things against my will.

All these acts take as facts, The mistake was made in teaching me

How not to be BLACK.

MAINSTREAM OF SOCIETY

Irish American, white man too, he assimilated into society true.

Italian American, he passed on through, assimilation was not easy

but he made it come true.

German American, white and pure, assimilation taken for granted,

no problems to endure.

Jewish American, am I not white too?

Let me assimilate, I can buy my way through.

African American black man true,

Instant hate, (a mile away)

ANNIHILATE!

Hell No!

He can't assimilate.

July 31, 1968  
Wednesday

A friend of mine who will be coming to school here, who I went to high school with, was telling me that I had changed quite a bit. I had to agree. I found it quite hard to be me, the person who really digs people. I thought for a while to try to figure what the change was. I just wasn't my same old bubbly person. While looking through another book of Don L. Lee I found a description of me.

Bloodsmiles  
(9/15/63) the day I left this society)

I remember the time when I could smile--

smiles of ignorance.

This was about

? years ago,

now--smiles do not come as easily

as they are supposed to.

My smiles are now fixed

and come slowly like the gradual

movement of tomatoes--

in a near empty ketchup bottle--

about to be eaten.

Continued on following page



August 1, 1968  
Thursday

did you steal my moma's freedom? a friend of mine said this one day on being mad. here her phrases don't even rate a capital letter. only a period for an end.

August 2, 1968  
Friday

What has fifty stars on it and a declared federal offense against anyone destroying it? Guess again, Don't be so unpatriotic. The flag should be honored with dignity. Didn't you use to think so when 5 o'clock came around on the army base? Why you used to stand up straight, tall, and serious and

clamped your hand on your heart. Oh, yes you did! Why there were even times when there was a soft shine of dew in your eyes. Why you used to feel sorry for all those soldiers who went to war and died. You forgot to feel something for those idiots who caused it. Remember when you wanted to be a WAC and serve your country. My, but you've changed. You really ought to be ashamed. Don't get uppity, child. I can't see how you figure a whole country should change and not you! Why the thought of millions of unpatriotic Americans just turns me off. Maybe old me has played out. Burn me with the flag. I can't fight 1968.

# Painted Black

## THE OBSERVER

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Write Me In!  
by Dick Gregory  
Bantam Paperback \$.95  
Available in OU bookstore

"The number one problem facing this country today is not air and water pollution. It is moral pollution."

Dick Gregory

Dick Gregory is campaigning for the presidency not as a professional politician, but as a prophet with an apocalyptic vision. His book, *Write Me In*, is an analysis of this vision.

Unlike the usual politico books that criticize the conventional movements within the present structure of American politics, Gregory's book speaks more to the soul and conscience of American life. He asks one basic question: given the present social and moral conditions, can America survive?

Speaking with the clarity of a man who has experienced and witnessed the injustices and violence of this country, Gregory delineates the paradoxes that now exist within this country, a country owned upon the most radical document in human history--the Declaration of Independence. He speaks of the frustration of the poor, both black and white, in a country that places a higher value on missiles and the moon race than it does on small children dying in the streets. He speaks as a black man who "made it" in the fine American tradition and then turned his back on the glittering world of nightclubs to stand in the streets with the disenchanted people of this country.

In contrast to J. Edgar Hoover's analysis of the New Left as a bunch of "communists", Gregory understands that these people are probably the last, real patriots left in America. Like them, one of his main concerns is to force people to find out what they are about, for only through an understanding of one self can people start putting this nation back together.

The hour is getting late, but Gregory has committed himself to try and save America, to speak to the young people and hope that they will demand an end to the insanity that pervades their country.

In his symbolic quest for the presidency, Gregory knows the basic unpopularity of his approach, but as he states, "the one basic qualification for the presidency which the constitution does not mention . . . is a sensitivity to human need."

Norman Harper



GREGORY



## ADC Mothers Protest For Aid Increase

Pontiac area ADC mothers have been sitting in and picketing at the Oakland County Bureau of Social Services.

Grievances center around a \$60 per child per year increase for children's clothing allowance, plus additional allowances for holidays, etc., Other grievances include the right to purchase clothing in any retail store, not just the county operated facility; the right to file a grievance through a grievance committee of ADC mothers and negotiate any complaints with the welfare department, and representation by ADC

mothers on governing boards.

The ADC mothers, who have been backed by VOCAL—the Voice of Oakland County Action League—have been the victims of much harassment from both police and county employees. The pay phone in the welfare building was tapped and then turned off, preventing communication with the outside world.

On Friday, September 27, about 30 Oakland Students supported the mothers by picketing the social services building. Oakland County sheriff's deputies looked on. The deputies, wearing riot hel-

met, and equipped with trained dogs were stationed across the street in a garage.

On Monday night, September 30, mothers were locked into the building for the night, and told that they would have access only during normal business hours. The mothers vowed to continue their protests and stick by their demands. They said they would sit-in all over the building if necessary.



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## Commission Reorganized

by Mike Hitchcock

The Commission on Student Life has voted to become a committee of the University Senate while retaining its advisory capacity to the Chancellor. The new dual status is a compromise between opposing views on the Commission's organization.

Chancellor Varner raised the issue of the commission's operation because he felt it was bypassing the University Senate, the real source of authority on campus. Varner's proposal, also endorsed by the faculty steering committee, was to make the Commission a committee of the Senate. As a Senate committee, reports would be made to the Senate instead of directly to the Chancellor. Varner pointed out that currently any major issue is referred

to the Senate for consideration.

Student members of the Commission felt that such a plan would be cumbersome. The Senate meets only once a month and requires two readings for passage of legislation. Students felt this would be an unnecessary time lag.

Dan Pfeiffer introduced an alternative proposal. Pfeiffer's plan would give sole power over non-academic matters to a commission composed of eight students, four faculty, and four administration. This commission would also have the right to appeal the Chancellor's decisions on its proposals to the board of trustees.

William Sturmer expressed concern that the result of such a plan would be an actual lessening of student influence. He felt that working through the Senate would be a more effective route for the students' demands.

Pfeiffer agreed to the compromise proposal, advanced by Bill Hammerle, when it was made clear that the Commission would not lose its link with the Chancellor. It was suggested that in the future the Commission would work more closely with the Dean of Students' office. Many proposals of the Commission could be instituted by the Dean of Students, without the necessity of being considered by either the Senate or the Chancellor.

Student Commission member Steve Gaynor stated that he is unsure about the effects of the change in status. He said, "It's time to get rolling; being a Committee of the Senate may help us and it may hinder us, but it's time to start doing something."

Gaynor's and Pfeiffer's main concern was that students have both the actuality and the visibility of power. When questioned as to the results of his struggle for more student power on the Commission, Pfeiffer remarked, "Well, at least we didn't lose anything."

## Saturday Transport Resumed

The Housing Office announces the resumption of the Saturday Transportation Service to Rochester, Pontiac, the Pontiac Mall, Birmingham, Miracle Mile Shopping Center, Northland, and Detroit.

Rides will be available for University people each Saturday according to the following schedule:

Trips to Pontiac, the Pontiac area, and Birmingham will leave Oakland at 9:00 a.m., 11:30, 2:00 p.m., 4:30, and 6:40. Riders may return on any subsequent trip. Drivers will explain return times for the various locations.

Trips to Rochester will leave Oakland at 10:45 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 3:45, 6:05, and 8:15. Riders, as to Pontiac, may return on any subsequent trip.

Trips to Northland and to the Detroit Public Library are at student request. Departure and return times are flexible. In order to schedule trips to Northland and Detroit, interested students must contact

the service before 5:00 p.m. Friday afternoon.

All rides must be arranged through the Hamlin Hall Reception Desk, x. 2577. The following information should be left at the Hamlin Desk: name, desired destination, time, and the number of persons requesting transportation. Requests for rides to places other than Northland should be made by Saturday morning.

The cost for the trips are as follows:

Fifty cents per person, minimum of \$1.75, round trip, to Rochester.

Seventy-five cents per person, minimum of \$1.75, round trip, to Pontiac, the Pontiac Mall, Miracle Mile, or Birmingham.

One dollar and fifty cents per person, minimum of \$4.00, round trip, to Northland.

Two dollars and fifty cents per person, minimum of \$6.00, round trip to the Detroit Public Library (main branch), (DSR bus available to downtown from the library.)

## CONCERT

FRIDAY  
Oct. 11

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& Brooks

8:30 p.m.

IM Building

2.50 Public

1.50 Student

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# Write in Dick Gregory

Last week Edmund Muskie was on campus. This week Dick Gregory is here. Since The Observer brought Dick Gregory and not Senator Muskie, it should be clear where our sympathies lay. In this editorial, we should like to spell out our feelings a bit more clearly.

In an "ordinary" election year, the present staff of the Observer probably would have put a good deal of emphasis on the up-coming elections. We have not done so because the major political parties have succeeded in doing what all of the communist subversion this side of Asia could not have managed: They have made themselves nearly irrelevant to the American people and the problems they face. No matter who gets elected this fall, it will be hard to shake the feeling that we are DOOMED.

## Editorial

For 1968 is the year of the Chump, the American Voter.

The American system of politics in 1968 tends to look less like a system responsive to and dependent on the voters, less like a system which rests on the consent of the governed, than it appears as a system which rests its legitimacy, in the last analysis, on physical strength.

This view of the American system crystallized in the police-state atmosphere of the Chicago Democratic National Convention. This same view of the political process, emphasized by the Chicago Police, was complimented by the fact that the American people had previously voted overwhelmingly against the candidate that was chosen there. It was al-

most as if the King of the Party had chosen the Successor to spite the rest of us.

What the American Voter, the chump, is left with as we draw closer to the election, is: 1) a candidate who represents the Administration which has been in the White House for the last four years, an administration whose views and policies have been thoroughly repudiated in the primaries and in the polls 2) an American Babbitt who proposes simple solutions which were discredited as long ago as the 1929 stock market crash, a politician who made his way into public office as a red-baiter and kept his office by collaborating with Joseph McCarthy in an anti-communist smear campaign; this same candidate supported Goldwater in 1964, who was, like the present Administration, overwhelmingly repudiated by the American Voter 3) a back-woods segregationist, a racist who intends to "turn the country over to the police" if elected.

To top the whole debacle off, all three candidates are using similar rhetoric: they are all for "peace", since Eugene McCarthy made such sentiment fashionable; they all believe in "law and order" since Wallace has touched a raw nerve in the American Spirit with his use of that phrase. Yet, while all of the candidates spout off for peace, Americans know what they mean: peace on LBJ's terms, not terms that make sense to the Vietnamese. And while some are less enthusiastic than others in calling for law and order (two words which seem to be indivisible in the American Mind), we all know what sentiment they are pandering to: calling for law and order is the new polite way to say NIGGER.

The Observer, at what seems to be an appropriate time, would like to cut thru all the present b.s. about law and order, and "peace with honor". We hereby state clearly that we are for Peace and Freedom, no ifs ands or buts. We believe in the right of all people to determine their own destinies, be they students, Afro-Americans, or Vietnamese. We believe in Justice as a prerequisite for law and order, not vice-versa. We believe in the use of peaceful example rather than violent coercion, and humanitarian understanding rather than Cold War Politics.

Believing as we do, we of course find the three candidates already mentioned as presenting no solutions to the problems facing America in the next decade; in fact, any one of the three major candidates would be bound to perpetuate and further add to our present malaise.

There is one candidate, however, who presents himself as a positive alternative as a candidate for the Presidency in our present disheartening and disillusioning political scene. This man is not a lesser evil, as the other major party candidates, often claim they are. He is positively a great man in his own right. He is a man who really believes in what he says and says what he believes in. He deserves the respect which we normally reserve for such men as Presidents of the United States. He is a man who reaches out to the oppressed and down-trodden and claims himself as their candidate.

The Observer unequivocally endorses, for the Presidency of the United States, a great humanitarian, Dick Gregory. WRITE IN DICK GREGORY.

## LETTERS

In response to "the jake:"

I'm sure the Observer assumes, and rightly, the literacy of the University community, i.e., that members of the community have read about your reference to those "Viet Cong atrocities in the South." "An article giving the authorities version of the events in Chicago" can be found, with a minimum of effort, in publications like Time, the Detroit Free Press, and surely the Detroit American. Likewise, one can also discover the reasons behind current marijuana legislation. If a campus newspaper is your only source of current events knowledge, your non-academic literacy requires definite improvement.

I've read the Observer for six semesters, and its evolution gives me no indication of an endeavor to imitate the Berkeley Barb. Compared to the Barb, this publication looks more like the Michigan Catholic. (Have you ever read an issue of the Barb? I have a copy for your perusal if you are so inclined.)

If the opinions posted in your letters regarding the Observer's function reflect, as it alludes, the general feeling of "Average Oakland students," allow me to offer "constructive criticism." Mobilize this element to effect change. Investigate University channels regarding campus publications. If your views are so blatantly slighted, do something to propagate them. (Perhaps a coalition with Anna V. Chapman will yield interesting circumstances.)

Student apathy on this campus CANNOT be apologized for; it can only be pushed

"up against the wall" by firm conviction and commitment. Sporadic belly-aching does no pushing. Apathy can only be budged by a constant, conscious force generated by students.

So stands my response.

Connie Calabrese

P.S. Note the ad of the Sept. 27 issue on page 10, bottom left. . . sounds like it might be your bag.



To the Editor:

With regard to the recent appearance of Senator Muskie at Oakland University, I must say that I have nothing but disgust for those students who participated in that demonstration of bad manners.

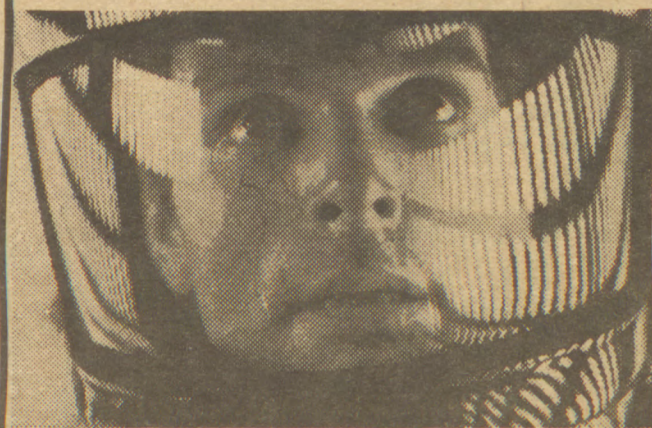
Every American has the right as a citizen to dissent, but what of Senator Muskie's right to free speech? He is at least making a positive move toward a goal. Sitting in front of a motorcade is negative and immature. (You don't like that last word? Think a little harder about it.)

Carrying signs and passing out flyers is acceptable but heckling is sadly unsophisticated. Not to mention the fact that many serious-minded students were forced to stand in the lobby to hear Senator Muskie's speech, while the hecklers took up seats in the gym just to make a shameful spectacle of themselves halfway through the assembly.

I hope there will be other opportunities in the future to have speakers at Oakland, but at the same time I am hesitant to have them come.

Sincerely,  
Shelley Rollins

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## POEAT

Change has marked the opening of a new year for POEAT (Pontiac-Oakland Educational Assistance Team). The program is accepting the challenges which it defined for itself in the past.

This week, 125 OU students began working with educationally-disadvantaged students at six elementary schools in the Pontiac area. For the first time in the program's history, the volunteers have been specifically trained for their work with the students. Each Oakland participant attended two seminars dealing with black culture, the tutorial relationship, and the problems and methods of helping with reading and arithmetic. Missionary zeal is being encouraged only in the light of solid achievement.

Tutor-tutee exchanges will take place primarily in the elementary schools themselves rather than on the Oakland campus as was done in the past. The operation of the program has passed even more into the hands of the students involved in it, with the planning of the meetings entirely up to the discretion of the respective Oakland and Pontiac students.

There are still some openings for additional volunteers, though no one can be accepted after this coming week. Training seminars for new volunteers will be scheduled. Interested people should contact POEAT at extension 2935.





A few weeks ago candidate Spiro Agnew accused candidate H. Humphrey of being soft on communism. Agnew was immediately charged with hitting below the belt with injecting McCarthyism into the campaign. Now some readers may have forgotten just what the term McCarthyism stands for.

About the year 1948 Sen. Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin decided that he could obtain a great deal of publicity and advance his political future by starting an all-out war on communism. He began by accusing various government officials and employees of being either communists or communist sympathizers. Soon he was pointing the finger at and branding organizations and individuals all over America.

And the shameful and highly disturbing part of it all was the manner in which government agencies and officials allowed McCarthy to take over. Even the great majority of the American people knuckled under. They showed little more courage or awareness than did the German people when Hitler was moving up.

In 1950 a McCarthy dominated Congress enacted the infamous McCarran Act which, among other things, made provision for the erection of concentration camps in various parts of the U.S. Also in the 1950's good loyal Americans were being labelled Security Risks and forced to undergo the most unjust and cruel hardship and indignities.

Lack of space prevents me from going into more detail but certainly McCarthyism represents an inexcusable and horrifying chapter in American history. Fair minded and informed Americans should make very certain that it never, never happens again.

Charles C. Lockwood

Mike Honey  
Editor, The Observer  
Oakland University  
Rochester, Michigan

Dear Mike,

I just wanted to write briefly to tell you what a wonderful thing your first issue was. When it came to the office here, I was so impressed by your cover that I sat down and read the whole paper.

Really liked the diagram and article on "Who Rules OU?" and the piece on Chicago. But the best thing in the whole paper was your editorial, which I have clipped out and hope to use sometime when I need a statement of why student newspapers exist.

Keep up the good stuff, and keep sending it. I'll be looking forward to more.

Did you ever do the transcript of the Staughton Lynd speech from your tape? I'd still like a copy if you have it. Thanks.

Peace,

Susie Schmidt, Editor  
College Press Service.

To the Editor:

Wow! No more guns on campus cops! Great! We're finally going to be free from aggression and busted heads! Thank you O.S.C.C.R. I don't think I could have taken another day of lousy police brutality. Its going to be great

to walk across campus without being shot at for a change. You people really did a good job. You've (sic) shown the students than any minority can rule Oakland as long as they use threats.

Now all (sic) got to do is make sure you've disarmament is final, before the majority of students wake up and call for a vote on the issue. That would ruin everything, wouldn't it? Oakland has got to be free of opposition to any subversive activities that may be planned for the future. S.D.S. has got to get support here! We don't want to be behind Columbia and Stanford in revolts . . . . . Do we?

Ed Shurtz 18788



To the Editor:

One of the aims of Charter College is to give students a chance to get to know more kids better, to form friendships and acquaintances. Small, seminars of around twenty students have been formed and what usually happens in such instances is that students begin forming small cliques within these seminars to talk over the latest gossip or collaborate on ideas to be given during their discussion. The same group of kids, day after day, are drawn to sit next to and chat with the same kids as they sat next to and chatted with yesterday. Even in loosely knit discussion class where the primary aim is to break down the barriers and get kids to loosen up, while many or most kids will form friends and join in avid discussion and heated debates, there will inevitably be one or two blase, seemingly apathetic, wallflowers (who need more so than the others need to learn how to communicate and relate to people) who never add to the conversation nor get to know any of the others, or even become a part of the seminar.

What can be done for these insecure, lonely, friendless creatures who are so self-loathing and fearful they can't even voice their convictions or get in with a clique? Or form even one close friendship in class? How do we get them to open up to people, to share their views? To become a part of the group? Calling on them for opinions or forcing them to speak in class isn't the answer. Even if they do give taciturn replies, what of the relationships they neglect or fail to develop? Are they to be forgotten and ignored when their very own absolute silence cries out to be noticed and helped? Are we to ignore these individuals who stand to gain the most from this type of seminar for the sake of the average mass? . . .

I think the seminars' format ought to be changed so that each two-hour session is divided up. The first hour consists of pairing off two students each, chosen alphabeti-

#### THE OAKLAND OBSERVER

cally, by draw, teacher, etc., or by any method other than the students' own choice (for here the more gregarious ones will pick their chums) and they should disperse and each pair off alone and sit and just talk to each other. Talk about whatever chosen subject that seminar wishes to cover, or just gab about where they are from, what they hope to accomplish some day, what movies they've seen lately, boyfriend and girlfriend problems, sickness, anything; any kind of little trivial talk a shy person can feel free and comfortable to speak about without the pressure and fear of ridicule nagging them. (What will they think if I say this? Is it stupid or not worthwhile? Will they laugh at it, or pick it apart, or worse yet, just sit there silent and stoic, inwardly mocking me and lowering my esteem notch by notch?) Just so they are given the important opportunity to talk with someone.

The latter half of the class could function as a regular discussion period, steering off in whatever pattern the instructor and general class wants. Each new week they will go off for a period of an hour beginning each class with someone else, so that even the other students will become acquainted with teens outside their cliques. At the end of the semester they will have had the chance to spend three hours talking and listening to between 12 to 16 individuals. Out of these pos-

Well, I must put an end to this letter at it is nearing time for Sen. Muskie to speak and I do want to get a seat close enough to him so I can hear his views and not the babble of the rabble. Hey! I just had a superb idea. You stated that you are out to eliminate those things that are offensive to the students. Well, why don't you collect all your muckrakers and clean up Beer Lake!

I remain,  
W.G.G. (good ol' 25490)

I read in the Observer of Sept. 27 that O.S.C.C.R. is calling for election of a Public Safety Review Board. Having been on campus for a few years and having seen this type of activity before, I am amazed that attempts are still being made along these lines.

Oakland has a committee syndrome. Whenever something goes wrong (or right for that matter) a committee is instantaneously formed. This would be quite fine if they were to accomplish even some part of their aims. However, at Oakland, committees have a penchant for dying out. I am perfectly able to sympathize with the ideas of these committees but I see no results.

I suspect that the Public Safety Review Board will be another dismal flop (as O.S.C.C.R. seems to be, too). If someone were to come to me with problem concerning police I would be more apt

the Placement Office. It is unfair to suggest that all students should seek an education with no goal in mind. That is up to them. Many students have gained great benefit through Placement-BY CHOICE. The want-ads in the Pontiac Press are often not sufficient guidance for a graduate. Some people don't want or need guidance. Some people are all-knowing and self-sufficient. It must be nice. Little need be said about the section on neatness and cleanliness. I boldly venture to say that most do not find this an objectionable requirement in a job interview, on the job, or in daily life. As for Mr. Black's objection to the expense of the Placement Office, he is being hypocritical in stating such an objection while at the same time accepting funds for the Observer which is appreciated by a much smaller minority than the Placement Office.

Eleanor Magone 5747

Dear Editor,

It has come to my attention in the past few years that members of minorities have certain rights. As a member of a minority group (I think we're probably a minority) on campus, I wish to assert my rights. I hope that other members will do the same.

I am a member of the "Non-smokers" minority group. I have no intention of trying to force others to stop smoking. I do believe, how-



## Soccer Team Fails To Win

by Steve Gaynor

Twice during the last ten days this reporter's hopes and dreams have been ruthlessly shattered. Calvin College topped our soccer team 4-2, then Albion smashed us 5-0 last Saturday. Why?

Last year we beat Albion twice. It is essentially the same team. We should have had no trouble, BUT... nobody worked together. It was like having twelve teams on the field, one opponent and eleven individual Oakland teams.

There is a definite lack of team unity, continuity and spirit. The highly scouted newcomers have been outstanding disappointments to Coach John Scovill and the rest of the team.

There are seven or more players on the team who are capable of scoring every game. Yet, our team has only scored seven goals all season. Opposing teams have countered with seventeen.

"Hustle," a key word in any sport is lacking on this club. Desire is practically non-existent.

Fortunately there are some bright spots. Al Fuchs, a freshman halfback who never played soccer before coming to O.U., has shown many qualities that can make him a top player. Larry Baugh, a transfer student from Santa Bar-

bara, has given the Pioneers an answer when the question of goalies arises. All he needs is experience. Paul Neeson and Bob Anson, two freshmen who won honors in high school, also show promise. Anson will stay on the front line for tomorrow's game with Schoolcraft while Neeson will move to middle halfback as Coach Scovill is going to revert to a 4-3-3-plan instead of a 5-3-2 to beef up his defensive line. Ed Gray has been shown to be the best defensive player and will probably start at middle fullback tomorrow.

If this team plans to win, they should follow the example of hustle given by Steve Lancot. Lancot has proven to be the most consistent of the players on the team. Last year's team scoring leader with ten goals, he has been moved back to halfback because of his superb condition and abilities to get the ball to the forwards.

Tomorrow's game will be at 10:30 to give baseball buffs a chance to see the World Series which begins at one.

Fuchs, Neeson and Lancot as the three halfbacks give O.U. a solid middle. Now all they need is a defense and an offense who are willing to play together.

Whatever happened to the Mule-Skinners?

## RUN

by Bill Schaiberger

Oakland University won its first dual meet of the 1968 cross country season. The scores: O.U. 24 and Olivet 31.

Last weekend, in Detroit, O.U. was only second best in a triangular meet against Toledo and Detroit. Marc Dutton finished third behind two Toledo harries who had times of 19:57 and 20:03 respectively. Dutton was clocked at 20:12, his best time this year on the four-mile circuit. This was also good enough to be the best O.U. time this year. Mike McCartan, Dearborn freshman took fifth with 20:20. Mike was Dearborn city two-mile champion. Bruce Anderson, West Branch junior, was the unanimous choice for the team's captain.

Saturday the Pioneers invade the Buckeye state for a visit to the Ashland College Classic.

Next week: Who makes Oakland win?

After two year of waiting fourth floor Vandenberg has won an intramural game defeating the "FOX," fourth floor VanWagoner 18-6. Larry Sedrowski, George Stevenson and Jerry Laber scored for "Lothlorien." The only other time the team won anything was a volleyball match last year against second floor Hill.

## CLASSIFIEDS

### Help Wanted

Happy Baby needs a sister so mother can spend more time with three older boys. Any or all days after school; some weekends. New room, bath, t.v., in woods of Bloomfield. Fifteen minutes from O.U. Good Pay. Call 642-8555.

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Resident campus representative wanted to sell new line of the original Turtle Oil Beauty Products. Please call Walt Pedular at 689-2564 in Troy.



### Personal

Cindy--Smile alot more, you are pretty when you do. Bud.

Marion--the new couch is still unused. Sly.

### Miscellaneous

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