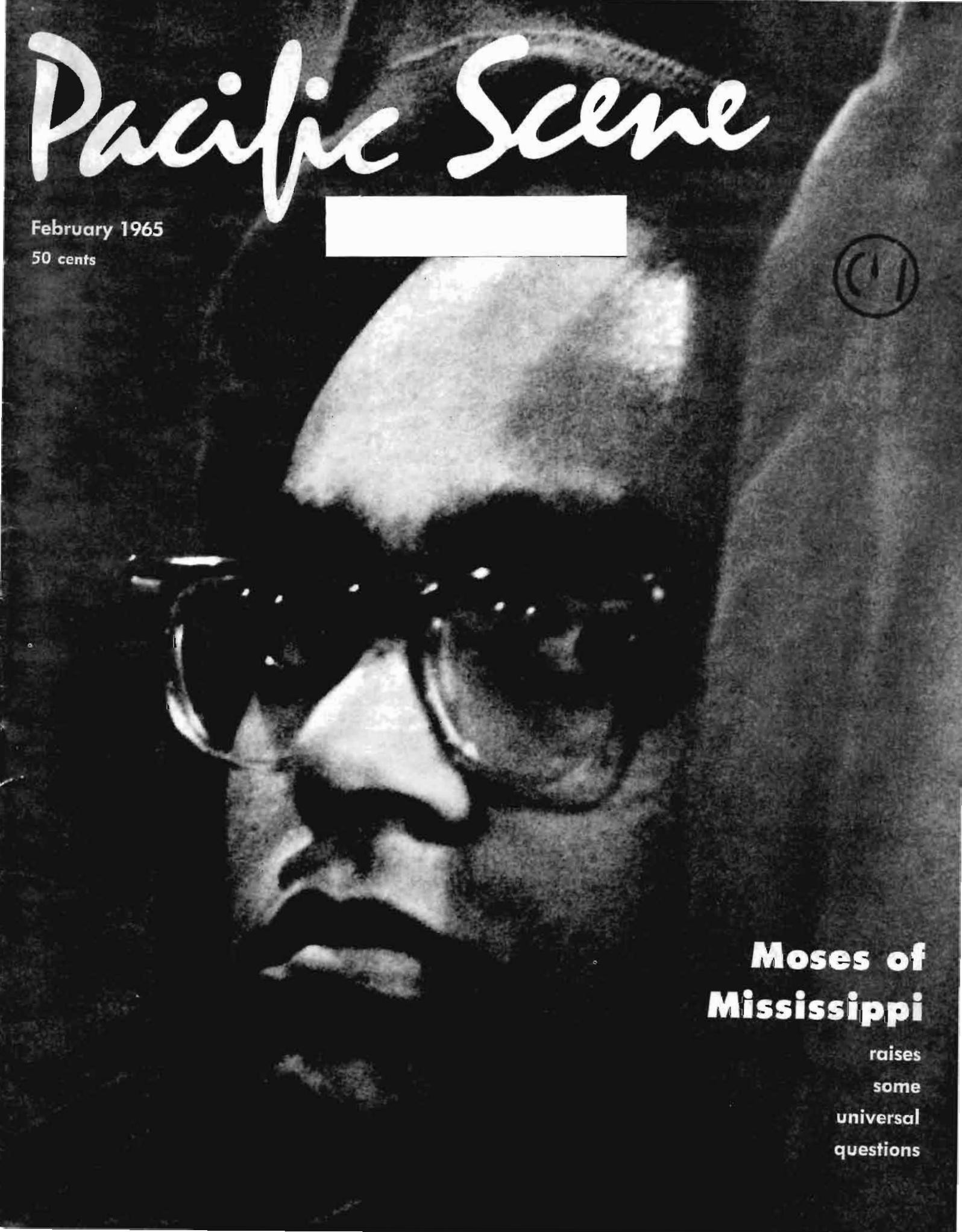


Pacific Scene



February 1965

50 cents



Moses of Mississippi

raises
some
universal
questions

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universal
questions

Bob Moses is a Mississippian by choice. Inspired by the sit-ins he left his teaching profession in New York to move into Mississippi with the first cadre of voter registration workers in 1961. Now, at 29, he is project director for the state's Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), a loose confederation of civil rights groups: NAACP, CORE, Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC).

From COFO came the pragmatic revolutionary programs: freedom registration, freedom vote, the 1964 summer project, Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, the Congressional challenge . . . And as a fringe benefit the pragmatic thought among young and old across the country that the undemocratic structures in our society could be changed if enough of us cared enough to move our bodies.

Moses, a SNCC staffer, is the ad hoc theoretician, general idea man and Moses of the Mississippi freedom movement.

At last fall's first western conference of SNCC, his quiet, unassuming, steel spring composure held a crowd of 600 at seat's edge attention for over an hour. He did not give a speech. He just answered questions.

Here are some of the thoughts he expressed on the freedom movement and the country.

. . . The people who run Southern society in many ways have less freedom than Negroes who have come out in the open. Negroes have the freedom to meet, to organize, to plan and so forth.

White people who speak out, of course, are heretics and traitors and they are excommunicated. Are run out. To Jackson. And I guess if they do the same thing in Jackson are run out of the state.

In many ways what needs to happen, it seems to me, is not that there need to be bridges of communications between white people and Negroes like where you have some kind of human relations council. What needs to happen is that the white people must be free within their own society to discuss the real issues. To raise them. Have them out in the open so they can get at something. For themselves.

What happens to the Southern white, first of all, he's in the society. He's participating in it. He knows that sense of participation. What happens is that when he speaks out he immediately becomes isolated. What people run from is this extreme sense of isolation. Takes away their whole life. They have nothing to relate to anymore. It's as if the whole world has now cut them off. They don't know any other people in their same position to relate to.

This doesn't happen in the Negro community. What happens there is just the contrary. When Mrs. Quin gets her house bombed, she finds people. She doesn't lose them. People come to her. She finds resources and help. They build a sense of community and something new and something different emerges. This is real and in some cases is the first sense of community they've found.

So if Negroes stay, I think they stay for these reasons. Because of what they find as they struggle.

Now this raises the whole question of a movement in the white community. The same kind of thing has to be done. The person who is isolated has to go on and find some other people if he's going to stay and work. But that's very hard to do. Especially for the first people . . .



SNCC photo
by James Bond

. . . The Neshoba County murders (of the three civil rights workers) raise the whole question of what does our society do where the law doesn't function at all to protect people. And clearly breaks down. Where are the recourses in our society? And we call ourselves a society of law and order. Where are the recourses in our society for what can happen?

It seems to me that the country is simply not willing to face up to that. The justice department of this administration says it can't be a police force. That you can't have a federal police force in this country. Okay. But what if the local police force is not a police force? What if it's part Klu Klux Klan and part white citizens council? And in on the planning with the terrorists? Then what does the society do in that situation?

That question posed in parts of Mississippi is, in a sense, most drastic. The federal government is more willing to sacrifice the lives of Negroes in those situations than it is to tamper with the structure of the government.

The officials sit within the structure and they say, "If we do this, what does that mean over here?" Because if you do something in this area of the country what happens over in another area of the country? . . .

. . . The Mississippi Negro community has been isolated for years, and the people want to participate in the society. They look upon the (summer) volunteers and the people from all over the country like the coming of the country. They bring the country with them. This country couldn't come if they didn't come.

We came to grips with that ourselves. This country could not realize what was going on unless in some sense it participated. And the people who came down brought the country . . .

... When somebody asks about an alliance between Negroes and whites, I always ask them a question: "Whom do Negroes ally with? Where is the movement in the white community that they can ally with?" And it doesn't seem to me that the answer is the trade union movement. For a lot of different reasons.

Mainly it seems to me that the trade union movement is part of the establishment. And is not available as an ally. And that what they are primarily concerned with is in keeping jobs for those who already have them, making sure that those who are going to lose them lose them with good retirement. And making sure that people move up in the jobs they already have.

They don't seem to be concerned about the people who are not working. That these people should be organized. That the trade union movement should do something with these people.

If the unions are in that position, it doesn't seem to us that we can ally with them . . .

... Now we were shut out from politics. Couldn't register. Had no say about who got elected. So we did our own. We had our own registration. Called it freedom registration. Held our own vote. Called it freedom vote.

I think we have the freedom vote and they have the mock election.

And with the germ of that we got the freedom schools. You form your own schools. Because when you come right down to it, why integrate their schools? What is it that you will learn in their schools? Many of the Negroes can learn it, but what can they do with it? What they really need to learn is how to be organized to work on the society to change it. They can't learn that in schools.

Now, why can't we setup our own schools? If you carry it all the way through, train people to do what needs to be done. And why can't our schools be accredited? And we graduate people and they go out in our society?

That's what we're doing. We're building a society. We're getting people who are educated to do what needs to be done in our society — which is they work and they change society. Now, we're not doing that, of course, but that's what is evolving.

It takes a long time for that because people don't think that way. They're all trapped up. They think they have to be qualified in order to run society. That they have to be qualified in order to vote. And they can't get behind the qualifications to who sets them. If they could do that, they would know that they could set their own qualifications. Therefore, they could determine what the standards are for who's qualified. What it means to be qualified. Then they can run their lives. Because then they're qualified to do that.

Cause they say they are. And the people who say they're not qualified don't want them to run their lives.

Now nobody sat down and theorized all this. It's just that you went down there and started to try to do something. You didn't know what there was to do. You started working and you learned what couldn't be done. That helped define what could be done. And certain things became clear. One of the things that became clear was all that's involved in setting up a society. In government. In how people run their lives. Who decides . . .

... (Someone commented that civil rights has received vast publicity and a lot of issues have been clearly defined, much more than in foreign policy) I would argue that foreign policy and domestic issues are not defined at all. In fact, they're covered up. So the people don't know.

To use them as a measure for definition of civil rights issues is simply to indicate that civil rights problems themselves are just beginning to be aired.

The question before this country really is: does it have the ability to probe deeply into any issue? And does it have the stamina once it starts probing to keep going until it gets to the bottom of the problem? And that's a real question . . .

... The compromise the Democratic Party offered at Atlantic City (the national convention) is that precinct meetings be open to registered voters regardless of race. That doesn't help us. Cause we can't register people.

So we asked Humphrey in a closed session: "Okay, the precinct meetings are open to registered voters. How many voters do you guarantee us in Mississippi in the next four years? 400,000? 100,000? 10,000? Any?" And he said, "We can't guarantee you any because the Democratic Party doesn't run the administration."

So you don't expect that the decision offered us at the convention will have any practical effect. In fact, we can



Precinct work in Hattiesburg. SNCC canvasser urges farmer to go down to the courthouse to register.

SNCC photo by George Ballis

expect the opposite. That it will kill any real chance of participation by Negroes in the Democratic Party in the deep South. In this sense: the whites who are smart will say, "We got to let a few Negroes in now cause it's in the convention call." And they'll argue to the other people, "Now, you got to overcome your prejudice. You got to sit in some of these meetings with some of these Negroes. But outvote them. Just come out in larger numbers. And maybe we'll let one come through. We'll go back to the convention in '68 and we'll say, 'we've complied with your call. In fact, we have a Negro here with us.'" And that's it.

There are real problems in that whole decision and what it means for 1968. In the meantime, we go on with our same thing. Again just like the schools we have to ask ourselves what is the government? Who sets it up? The people set it up. And if they do, we're people. Why can't we set up our own government? So that in 1967, if we get organized enough between now and then, we can set up our own government and declare the other one no good. And say the federal government should recognize us . . .

. . . The gangs in northern cities form a kind of community around senseless violence. Senseless in the way that it ends in their own destruction.

What's going to happen with them? The program which society has for them is really a program of violence. Because that's where it leads. In the end the program of the social worker which takes two or three of them and tries to place them in jobs which are in a sense meaningless. Can't all get jobs. And they're back out on the streets soon. In the end, the harvest of that is violence—riots because the people don't have anything and can't get anything from that program.

Now it seems to me that the nonviolent program for that group would be not to break them up, but to find some way to keep them together. To find some way to get them to attack the institution which has them in a box. That's the only way to find for them some kind of community so that they won't have the need and they won't participate in that kind of senseless violence.

Now that's a long way off. And there are lots of questions about that. Thing is nobody's doing that. Anywhere in the North.

Nobody's really addressing themselves to the ghetto and those kinds of problems . . .

. . . The progress we experience is mostly progress in terms of what happens to the people we are working with. It's that they, in many communities, have found a new kind of strength.

In their individual acts just going to the courthouse (to register) is a revolutionary act. Given their lives.

A community has developed in places because of those acts. Local people have really begun to find a way they can use a meeting as a tool for running their own lives. For having something to say about it. That's very slow, but it's happening.

In a sense, these people have found freedom. They don't have any participation in society but they're free now. They can do things that they've wanted to do for a long time.

They've been able to confront people who are on their backs. They take whatever is dished out—bombings, shootings, beatings, whatever it is. After people live through that they have a scope that they didn't have before. There's a whole new dimension in their lives that wasn't there before.

Now I don't equate that with democracy.

Here are people risking their lives challenging a whole context that they've had to live in. Which has told them all the time that they couldn't do anything. But doing it anyway.

In that sense it's a revolution . . .

. . . Some of the Negro organizers for SNCC feel that this is their movement. That it belongs to them. In a way in which nothing else in the country belongs to them. It belongs to them not that they thought of it, but that it's their energy that made it, so it's theirs. They have put all their energies into it in a way people in this country don't put energy in anything.

That's at the heart of the whole question of relationships in the movement between white and black people. Because in many cases the white people are looked upon as other people. Just as the society looks upon Negroes as other people. And thinks about whether it will let them in or not.

So the white people who come down are looked upon by the staff people as other people. Then there are very deep tensions. They're too complicated to describe. They're the kind of things that don't seem to be exhaustible. In some people. In some situations. That is, you can have it out. Talk it out. And the deep things come welling out like poison and they spew out all over everybody. But that doesn't do it cause the next time it comes out the same way. It's a real problem. And it seems to me it's a problem that will be faced all over the country as the Negro movement spreads out and begins to hit the ghettos.

From the point of view of the fellow who grew up in Sunflower County, he grew up hating whites. I mean he really hated them, because they killed him inside and they killed his people. He saw them. They killed an uncle. Or they killed a guy down the street. And he couldn't do anything about it. So he hates whites.

Now he's working in the movement, and he's got to get used to that funny thing where you can't say everything against all people. Can't say you hate all whites because you know this guy and he's white and you don't hate him. And maybe you like him very much.

Part of that feeling is that they know that white people think about them in the same way. That white people think of them as other people . . .

. . . Now I listened to a white person who's on our staff raising the question of why don't more Negroes participate (as volunteers). From the point of view that there must be something wrong with college Negroes that they don't participate in the movement.

I asked him to consider it from another point of view. That there's something wrong with the society and that the people are trapped in it. Because when you look at

the college Negro population, particularly in the South and the Negro schools, and who goes to them, and what a small crust of the Negro population they are, and how they evolved from the businessmen and the teachers, and the middle class people who got concerned with education. And those people evolved from mixed marriages—and what happens in the South in terms of white men and Negro women—so that the whole layer of mulattos—and it's everywhere you go down in the deep South if you look at the structure, at the colors of the skins of the people who are, say, in the middle class positions.

And then you think about Tougaloo College which was started as a school for the sons and daughters of white men and Negro women. Really that was the purpose it was set up. It was felt that these people should have a better chance at an education, because they were better people, and when you think how that pervades, really pervades, the whole education system in the South; if you really analyze that, those kids in those colleges are already trapped up in something.

They're not fertile ground for recruiting. Some of them come, yes; but we're operating from a very specialized thing. Now a better place to recruit Negroes is probably the ghettos in the big cities . . .

. . . College kids come down, some of the Negroes who have come down, and are now trying to get back in school, can't relate to it. That raises for them the whole question of education. What is the degree? What do I need it for? What do I do with it after I get it?

And then all the questions about security. In our society. Because the feeling is that we need that degree because what happens if the movement doesn't happen? If it dries out? If it drops dead? Where will I be? What will I do? I'll be too old to go to school. I'll have a family. I'll have kids. I might not be able to earn anymore.

And the whole anxiety that surrounds people about what the hitch is going to be and how they're going to fit into society. Now, people in SNNC are going through that. I mean can you imagine going through all your life only—I mean at some point in your life you got to earn over \$30 a week. Don't you? . . .

. . . We asked this one guy why he came. What he was doing. And he said, for his own personal self, he found out what work meant. He found out what it meant to live. What it meant to relate to people. What society meant. That's what he was getting in SNCC. Because who determines what work is? How many people come up to the SNCC people and say, "Well, when are you going back to work?" And they mean, "When are you going to fit into society?"

Now what the SNCC people have found in a slow process is that they don't have to accept that definition of work. That they can define their own. And that they understand a little better what it means to work. That is to really put energy into something and to make something that's meaningful to yourself.

In the process of that they begin to understand what it means to relate to people, to being at least able to break down all these things that happen in our society.

This is part of what is happening in SNCC and this is why in a sense it is unique. I mean that these people

have worked these last two or three years and are gradually coming to the realization that they will have to do this the rest of their lives.

And that this is their work . . .

. . . Did the yes vote on proposition 14 honestly reflect the opinion of the electorate of this state? That raises a central problem of democracy. You talk about honest reflection of opinion. The question is education. What do the people know? What do the people in California know about housing? About laws? About the way people live? Who tells them? How do they learn? TV, newspapers, radio? How do they find out? What access do they have to real information? Can they make an intelligent decision? How much is propaganda and how much is the society really concerned about the people having information so they can know?

I have certain feelings about people in general. I feel that they're manipulated. I don't happen to believe that they, if they were presented with real information about people and how they live, if they weren't forced to live under myths about themselves and other people, that they would consciously choose to isolate other people. To force them into ghettos. To restrict their participation in society.

Now that's just a faith principle . . .

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Pacific Scene

(formerly The liberal democrat)

A reflection of what is, pointing toward what could be, what should be. Hopefully. With spirit. With humor. And with love.

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editor and publisher

George Ballis

What's in a name? Not much. It's not really important one way or the other—unless it gets in the way. Unfortunately, the title *The liberal democrat* gets in the way.

The former editors and publishers went to great lengths to emphasize that small d, and their independence from any party organization. Didn't mean a thing. Small d or big, most people still view *Tld* as a party organ.

It is not a party organ. It will never be a party organ. That's the truth. But if the magazine is to succeed, the editors, writers, the subscription salesmen must not be continually called upon to spend time defining and defending the magazine's small d.

So the name is changed to *Pacific Scene*.

That title describes the geography in which the magazine operates. The contents of the magazine delineate its policies, programs, purposes.

Stay aboard. I don't promise a comfortable ride. You might even get bruised. But you'll know you've been somewhere.

California needs Mississippi

California and the rest of the country need a democratic Mississippi to help free us from the tyranny in Congress. (The much publicized rules changes and the "purging" of two dixiecrats were only tinkering with a bad system, as Congressman Bolling pointed out in these pages last month.) And as we need Mississippi, so Mississippi needs the rest of the country to free it from the tyranny of race.

One cannot come to pass without the other. In this context, 10 California Democrats in the House and 12 Republicans voted to seat the challenged Mississippi congressmen. Thirteen Democrats and three Republicans voted no.

The Mississippians were seated pending the outcome of the challenge which will reach the decision stage sometime after July 1. Probably.

The five who were challenged were duly elected in a society which systematically prevents one group of people from voting and systematically suppresses all dissent. That's the basis of the challenge filed by the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party.

The gathering of testimony, the filing of briefs and counter briefs will take until July 1 when the record will be submitted to the House subcommittee on elections and privileges. Then hearing. Maybe. Then decision. Probably.

On the key motion to seat the Mississippians, California Congressmen voted:

Yes — Democrats Cameron, Hagen, Hanna, Johnson,

King, McFall, Moss, Sisk, Tunney, Wilson and Republicans Clausen, Clawson, Gubser, Hosmer, Lipscomb, Reinecke, Smith, Talcott, Teague, Utt, Wilson, Younger.

No — Democrats Brown, Burton, Cohelan, Corman, Dyal, Edwards, Hawkins, Holifield, Leggett, Miller, Roosevelt, Roybal, Van Deerlin and Republicans Baldwin, Bell and Mailliard.

Conceivably the no votes will hold firm between now and that decision day after July 1. And some of the yes votes can be persuaded.

Abolish appraisers, purify elections

The Ballis program for the 1965 state legislature is: (1) abolish appraisers and (2) purify elections.

This is a two step deal in which Cranston's slush fund would be traded for Unruh's slush fund. Not that I'm particularly against Cranston's slush fund. It has a sort of a purifying effect on California politics. But I am death on the Unruh gold collection which has a sort of a corrupting influence on California politics.

The cancer of the latter is so malignant that I am willing to cash in the slight disinfectant quality of the Cranston fund to pay for cutting out the cancer.

First of all, let me explain the purifier.

As controller, Cranston appoints friends and supporters to these appraiser jobs where they pick up a few scheckles. In gratitude, they toss some into Alan's slush fund. To keep Cranston in public office. Logical arrangement.

Alan is not obligated to these contributors. He is not expected to support or oppose any particular policies on the strength of these contributions.

This is clean, untainted money for the givers are obligated to him. To the extent that Cranston gets campaign funds from these people who are obligated to him—to that extent he is a free agent in public office.

Therefrom the purifying effect of the Cranston slush fund.

Now take the Unruh slush fund. Collected from lobbyists and special interests, presumably both liberal and conservative, but axe-grinders nevertheless.

These contributors pony up the cash to promote policies—good and bad. They expect dividends from their investments. A candidate who gets such cash is naturally hesitant to openly offend and naturally ready to listen with a friendly ear to ideas from the check writers.

Therefrom the cancerous effect of the Unruh slush fund.

So let's make a deal. Let's put the appraisers under civil service. Let's have the state government finance all campaigns for state office.

That's a package—repeat: package—deal.

The money for financing the elections could come from savings the state would make by having the appraisers under civil service.

An act of love is dirty

One of the fringe benefits of editing is that you get to read a mountain of publications through exchange subscriptions. In my inherited mountain I find *ETC.*, a provocative quarterly published by the International Society for General Semantics.

This society is dedicated to task of clearing some of the verbal and symbolic fog barring human progress and causing great tragedies. A couple of paragraphs in a recent *ETC.* article by Guy Endore invite, it seems to me, some serious consideration. So I lift them verbatim:

"Now man's life is a far more complex and remarkable thing, but it too may be said to have a beginning and an end.

"Sex is his beginning, and death is his end. And man in his books, his plays, his stories, is forever occupied with those two dramatic and mysterious moments of his life . . .

"But how and why these two have become so tenaciously associated with certain feelings I do not know.

"How sex became colored with a sense of shame, of furtiveness, of parental and social disapproval, in short a sense of being dirty, unless carried on within certain very restricted limits, and how death, especially when part of a vast movement to kill and be killed, became associated with glory and cleanliness, this I do not know.

"Considering that passion both in sex and in death may bring on tremendous emotional excitement, and that both, if carried to a certain length, may involve the loss of body fluid, I cannot see where one is inherently more messy than the other.

"Yet it is notorious that in the movies, in television, on the stage, we may go much farther—very, very, much farther—in presenting one rather than the other. In fact, there are practically no limits on how far we may go in presenting killing, and very severe ones for the other.

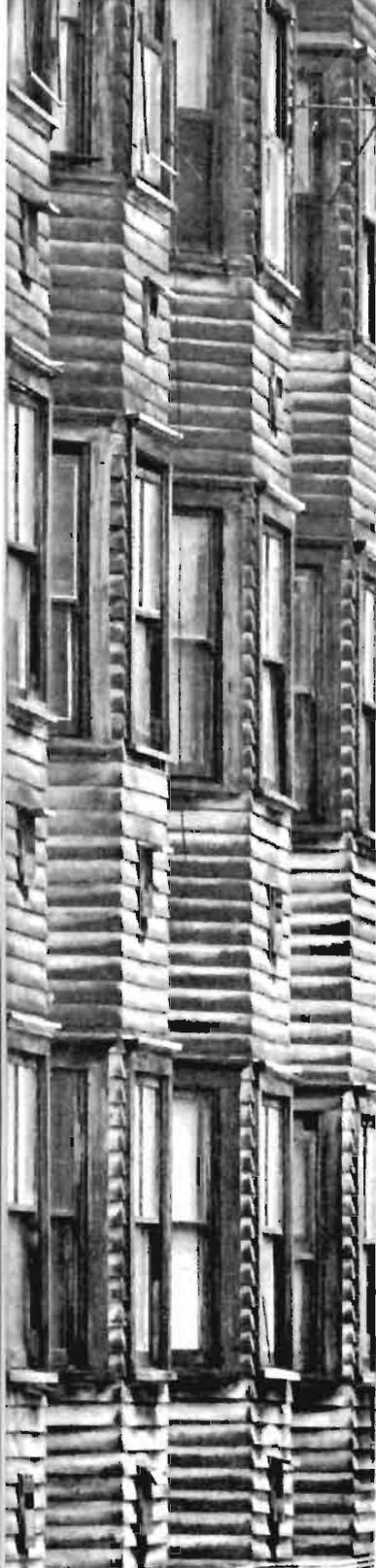
"You only have to picture to yourself a young lad going into a store to buy his first rifle, and the same lad going into another store to buy his first contraceptive, to realize that in the one case he will be forthright, proud, utterly without a sense of shame, while in the other he will be futile, shy, tongue-tied, filled with embarrassment, even though the one implies an act of hate, and the other an act of love."

Consumers to organize

Organization meeting of the California Power Consumers' Association is set for Saturday, February 27, at 9 a.m. in Shattuck Hotel, Berkeley. Prominent speakers and formulation of an action program are on the agenda. Registration for all day affair including lunch is \$5. Write Walter Packard, 773 Cragmont, Berkeley.

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Aside from the "parties" a good deal of meaningless political scurrying took place at the January state central committee meeting of the Young Democrats.

A former YD, well over six feet tall, once observed that the shorter the politician, the more frenzied and unbalanced his behavior. This theory—the "wee mon" theory—proved out in Riverside.

The Mission Inn halls filled with little people elbowing furiously, seized with their own importance, forming imaginary new slates, dissolving them, wheeling and dealing in fits of anger unknown since the days of Paul Posner.

While I stood eye to eye with the delegates they talked good sense. But when I had to stoop to hear them, they grew irrational. The more I bent my back, the more incredible grew the nonsense I had to listen to.

Until at last when I had my ear to the ground, I heard nothing but distorted versions of private conversations, repeated in cunningly twisted forms calculated to inflame feelings for factional advantage.

After Jesse, what?

Having fought and beaten in turn Jesse Unruh and Mervyn Dymally, the liberals now have no one left to fight but each other. The organization has to find a new purpose or the liberals will eat themselves like hoopsnakes.

The future revolves around the candidates running for state president. Under the old Unruh-inspired constitution, most of the power is concentrated in that one office. At the moment the possible contenders for leadership run five deep.

The leading candidate for state president is Henry Waxman of Los Angeles, former chairman of the liberal caucus. He is short but reasonable. He has the support of most of the experienced leaders of the liberal coalition, including President Beeman, V.P. Mike Bennett, and a former caucus chair-



man, Howard Berman. At the moment Waxman looks like a big winner.

The Pretenders

There were two rumored candidates in Riverside. National Committeeman Howard Schumann, maddened by ambition, had the tacit support of himself. And there was talk that John Moulds from San Francisco might declare against Waxman. That seemed unlikely considering the long record of personal and political loyalty Waxman had given Moulds in the past, and Moulds did not declare.

Two additional candidates for state president did announce in Riverside. One was Jerry Zanelli, an affable former Unruh booster forgotten by Unruh and the world. He has a few hundred votes and doesn't appear to take himself seriously, a viewpoint I share.

A stronger campaign was put on by a splinter group of liberals committed to a newcomer in YD politics, Tony Profumo from Pico Rivera. Immediately after announcing, Profumo walked about looking solemn.

He draws most of his support from high school students. There aren't enough of them to make him a contender, but he may be someone to watch in years to come.

Riverside was the last statewide meeting the YDs will hold before assembling in Los Angel-

es to elect their new state president in April. Most likely Waxman will win.

LA cannibalism

The "wee mon" theory in the young Democrats creates a comic, pathetic scene. The same "principle" monsterized by old Democrats becomes political cannibalism.

Take the LA race for mayor. Assembly Speaker Unruh's sergeant in charge of central committee slate cards, Don McGrew, finds a "key position" in the Yorty reelection campaign. Asked if this means Unruh is backing him, slippery Sam passes the whole arrangement off as professionalism: "Sure, McGrew worked for Unruh. He is a pro. Now he's working for me."

Political storm signals do not support this simple story. All signs indicate that the Unruh-Warschaw forces are gathering in the Yorty camp, while the Brown-Wyman people move behind Roosevelt.

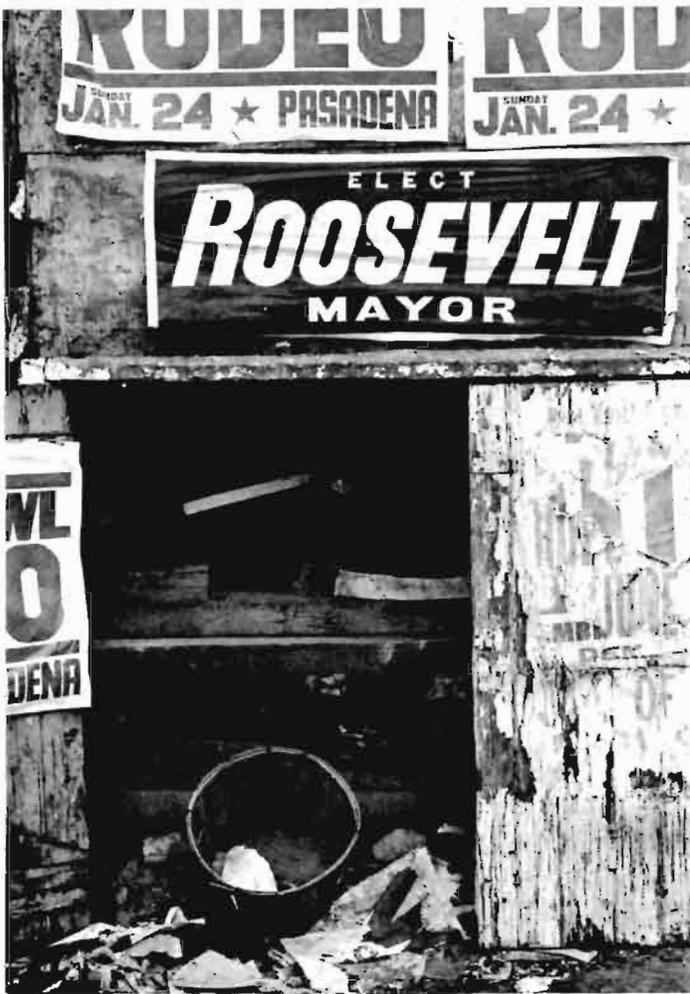
Many affluent LA Democrats are inclined to Yorty by their own interests—concessions and contracts with the city, appointments from Sam—but now there are other pressures. And they all will be applied. Both ways.

Comes the summer smog, when the last bone has been picked, it figures that the only political currency left in the bleached remains will accrue to somebody like Republican Ronald Reagan. He just might be able to softshoe his way over the bones into the governor's chair.

The constant Unruh pressure on California Democratic Council (CDC) is part of the same scene. Unruh first tried to capture CDC and failed. Then he pushed crippling legislation which didn't work. Now he's angling to thin the ranks. During the Cranston-Salinger primary hassle last year, Jesse's friends resigned from the CDC board and pulled out a few LA clubs.

Early in January the LA County Central Committee voted not to send its 63 delegates to the March CDC convention. The motion to disaffiliate originated in the executive committee. The author was Willard Murray, long time Unruh pfc. assigned to harass the CDC board from which he resigned in the '64 fight.

Look now for more moves to



Ballis photo

cut attendance at the CDC convention in Sacramento. Also, with the beefed up staff in the Unruh club movement—Democratic Volunteers Committee (DVC)—look for a real drive to put some meat on the DVC skeleton with the idea of staging a LA convention sometime after the CDC affair. Purpose: discredit CDC, provoke cannibalism among the clubs, destroy any potential centers of power which next year might want a voice

in electing the dozen or so new LA state senators.

Unruh is pushing an elections and reapportionment staff to draw LA state senate lines—and spot candidates. Big Daddy's final deal with the upper house will see the senators cutting up the shrunken northern pie while he apportions the LA goodies.

Democratic cannibalism pervades even the LA school board fight. United Civil Rights Committee (UCRC) convened an

early January convention to endorse a minority candidate for one spot. Some 241 delegates representing 116 community organizations — mostly Negro, some Mexican-American, a few white—voted to support Negro Rev. James E. Jones and pledged over \$6,000 to kick off his campaign. Tip off on trouble came when Assemblyman Ferrell and LA City Councilmen Mills and Lindsey refused to participate. Assemblyman Dymally sent an envoy; Councilman Bradley chaired one of the committees.

Two days after the convention an Unruh corporal in the Mexican-American community, Ralph Poblano, threw his hat in the same ring with Jones. Also in the same race are a white liberal named Robert Doctor and nine other folks including two right wingers.

As P.S. goes to press frantic efforts are being made to talk Poblano or Doctor or both into withdrawing before the January 30 deadline. But Committee for Better Schools which has elected liberal slates in the past was unable to reach any consensus.

So the pot is allowed to boil. On one side is the argument that there are no Mexican-Americans on the city council while there are three Negroes, so . . . But the answer is that the districts are gerrymandered in such a way to make election of a Mexican-American nearly impossible. Besides, there is a liberal Mexican-American running for one of the other school board posts. Why push Poblano against Jones?

Well, it's all part of the big strategy. Destroy the centers of independent liberal power. The community endorsement of Jones represents strong step toward development of such power and therefore a threat to the manipulators.

Odds in this case are that the manipulators have bitten off too big a piece to swallow.

Pat touches a cord

While LA Demos prepare the kettles for each other, Governor Pat in Sacramento touches Dart with a defense of his position against capital punishment—a warm, human contrast to some legislative leaders who mumble against “government by experi-

mentation” and caution against “getting too far ahead of the people.” Somewhere along the way, it seems, the concept of political leadership was lost.

Just as Pat gets me warmed up, he turns on the cooler again by naming his sister-in-law to the state personnel board and Democratic national committeewoman Libby Gatov's husband to the public utilities commission (PUC).

It doesn't figure that Brown made any political hay with these appointments—or, for that matter, did he advance the public interest. Why not, for example, name a Negro or Mexican-American to the personnel board? And somebody of William Bennett's caliber to PUC? Say, a man like State Senator Virgil O'Sullivan, a good liberal on natural resources. Appointing O'Sullivan or some other northern liberal state senator also would have eased, if only slightly, the reapportionment tension.

The Gatov post pays \$26,500 yearly for six years; the sister-in-law job, \$8,000 for 10 years. To accept her new job, the sister-in-law, May Layne Bonnell will step down from a \$15,000 a year job in the governor's office.

All this leaves the impression that Brown wants to take care of his own before he passes on. Could it be that old Pat is planning to duck out on us soon?

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UC regents

web of financial power

(a partial record)

associates

Edward Carter
(chairman of regents)

Jesse Tapp

Theodore Meyer

W. Thomas Davis

Dorothy Chandler
(Norman Chandler)

Donald McLaughlin

John Canaday

Catherine Hearst
(Randolph Hearst)

Samuel Mosher

Phillip Boyd

Norton Simon

wealth

- Bank of America (19,000 acres)
- Broadway-Hale
- Producers Cotton Oil (100,000 acres)
- Emporium Capwell
- Northrop Corporation
- Pacific Mutual Life Insurance
- Western Bancorporation
- United California Bank
- Pacific Telephone
- Bixby Ranch
- So. Cal. Edison
- Irvine Foundation
- Irvine Company (88,000 acres)
- State Board of Agriculture
- Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison
- Newhall Land & Farming
- Blue Goose Growers
- Western Fruit Growers Sales Corp.
- Times-Mirror Company
- Publisher's Paper Company
- New American Library
- H. M. Gousha Company
- Cardoza Bookbinding
- San Bernardino Sun-Telegram
- World Publishing Company
- Atherton Real Estate Corp.
- Tejon Ranch (265,000 acres)
- DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation (19,000 plus acres)
- Tree Sweet Products
- S & W Fine Foods
- Kaiser Steel
- Kaiser Cement & Gypsum (Permanente)
- Kaiser Industries
- Kaiser Aluminum
- Safeway Stores
- Santa Fe Railroad
- Pan American World Airways
- Buffums
- Dresser Industries
- Security First National Bank
- Homestake Mining Corp.
- United Nuclear Corp.
- International Nickel
- Bunker Hill Company
- Cerro Corp.
- San Luis Mining Company
- Western Airlines
- Wells Fargo Bank
- Lockheed Aircraft
- California Manufacturers Association
- Hearst Publishing Company
- Signal Oil & Gas
- American Independent Oil
- American President Lines
- Garrett Corp.
- Flying Tiger Lines
- Citizens National Trust
- Deep Canyon Properties
- Hunt Foods
- McCall Corp.

Asa V. Call

Harry S. Baker

Robert DiGiorgio

Herman Phleger

Gregory A. Harrison

Edgar F. Kaiser

Prentis Hale

Preston Hotchkis

Robert Gerdes

Walter A. Haas, Jr.

Carl F. Wente

Roy G. Lucks

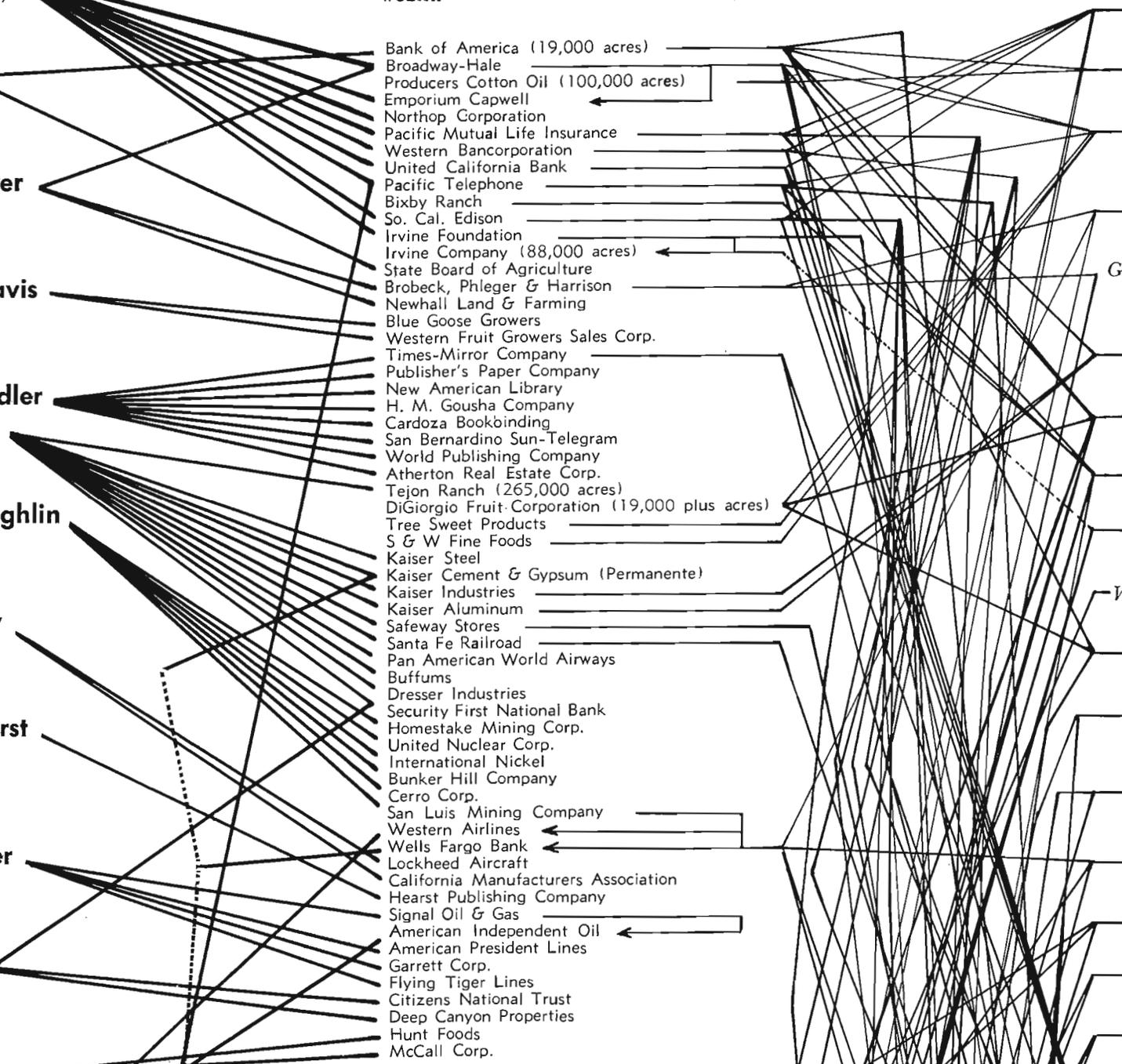
R. G. Follis

J. D. Zellerbach

W. H. Carr

Russell Giffen

W. W. Crocker



Edwin Pauley

William Roth

William Forbes

Frederick Dutton

Laurence Kennedy

William Coblentz

Elinor Heller

(Edward Heller)
deceased

Edmund Brown

(governor)

Glenn Anderson

(lt. governor)

Jesse Unruh

(assembly speaker)

Max Rafferty

(state superintendent of schools)

Clark Kerr

(UC president)

Cornelius Haggerty

(assistant, AFL-CIO Building)

Northern Pacific Railway
 Wheeling Steel
 Pauley Petroleum
 First Western Bank
 Matson Navigation
 Crown Zellerbach
 Pacific Intermountain Express
 U. S. Leasing Corp.
 Bell Brand Foods
 Southern California Music
 Southern Counties Gas
 Carr & Kennedy
 Hollister Land Company
 Kimbal Manufacturing Company
 Advance Material
 Union Oil
 Standard Oil (215,000 acres)
 Mt. Diablo Oil
 Pacific Vegetable Oil
 Trans-World Airlines
 Del Monte Properties
 North American Aviation
 Pacific Gas & Electric
 Bechtel Corporation
 Pacific Gas Transmission
 Southern Pacific (400,000 acres)
 Union Pacific Railroad
 Equitable Life
 Shell Oil
 Kern County Land Company (400,000 acres)
 Walker Manufacturing Company
 KCL Development Company
 Watkins-Johnson Electronics
 Fireman's Trust Fund Insurance
 Food Machinery Corp.
 U. S. Steel
 Crocker-Citizens Bank
 Cyprus Mines
 Yosemite Park & Curry Company
 Consolidated Lumber
 Calif-Oregon Power Company
 Gladding-McBean
 Fibreboard
 Matson Navigation
 Oceanic Steamship
 Moore Securities
 California Packing Corporation
 Rheem Manufacturing
 Litton Manufacturing
 Bankers Trust
 General Electric
 Pacific Lumber
 Pacific Lighting
 Bankers Trust
 First National Bank, NYC
 Douglas Aircraft
 Marshall - Wells
 Barker Bros.

Harold Quinton

C. B. Thorton

Henry T. Mudd

Frank L. King

Charles Hobbs

Roy Shurtleff

N. L. McLaren

James Black

S. D. Bechtel

George Montgomery

Porter Sesnon

C. de Brettville

Ransom M. Cook

T. S. Peterson

W. C. Mullendore

Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Neil Petrie

J. K. Horton

Key: Lines between individuals and organizations indicate directorships or ownerships except as otherwise noted. Dotted lines indicate former affiliations. Lines between companies indicate control of firm toward which arrow is pointed. Chart compiled from research by P. S. Legislative Editor Keith Murray, Free

Speech Movement researcher Marvin Garson and the regular reports of Poor's Register and Walker's Manual. The chart is, like the research, incomplete and merely indicative of the concentration of economic power which is centered in the UC board of regents.

The nation moves left,

California moves right

Which way do liberals go?

legislative scene

Keith Murray

Ironic, is it not, how the political scene can become transformed in so short a time? The Congress, until this year a hopeless invalid obstructing progress, now stands ready for a relatively brilliant session.

The House enacted reforms that may not have the permanent effect sought by House liberals, but at least will permit the body to function. Actually and psychologically, the conservative coalition has been devastated.

The Johnson administration too is beginning to give cause for cautious optimism. It has moved to enforce acreage limitation in Imperial Valley and elsewhere and blunted the drive of corporate growers to import foreign labor.

The President is showing signs that his "Great Society" is more than a campaign

phrase, and that he relates it to fundamental issues of resources use and environmental planning. His boost for population control is most refreshing.

Reconstructed corporatism

True, Johnson has commenced to reward the reconstructed corporate community for their election support with the appointment of drug company executive John Connor as secretary of commerce. But at least Connor and his company (Merck) are a cut well above the pack of drug company profiteers. The rumor that Donald C. Cook, a power company head, may replace Douglas Dillon as secretary of treasury is sufficient to make one's blood run cold. But it is only a rumor.

If Johnson avoids this trap and cuts the umbilical cord to the oil and gas industry through his pending appointments to the

FPC, we may take courage.

Meanwhile, political affairs in California, which once held such promise, are deteriorating to new lows and this appears to be the year that the Democratic Party flunks out.

The path can be charted by the series of progressively more cynical and mealy-mouthed Democratic state platforms, while power struggles and personal ambitions have replaced principle and public needs as the force that makes the wheels go around—all in the face of rapidly compounding problems which cry out for action.

One would think the fact that California ran counter to a massive Democratic election trend might signal that the voters are fed up with these self-serving political manipulations. But instead we have it from chief manipulator Jesse Unruh that the problem is "complacency" and "disunity" and we "must recognize that the California electorate, both Democratic and Republican, is fundamentally moderate."

In other words, the solution is keep playing it cool and cynical, but do it more vigorously and do it together.

More realistic is the question of whether the Unruh forces are cynical enough in their ambitions to seek to tear down Governor Brown by scuttling his legislative program. As political writer Jackson Doyle suggests, a bipartisan economy bloc may form similar to the one which destroyed the Olson administration. Scuttling the administration program is easy enough to do, simply by not fighting fiercely for it and not bulldozing it through the Senate.

No ship to scuttle

The governor's response to this threat is to have virtually no legislative program to scuttle, hoping to protect his political future by offering a small target, in contrast to his strong program of leadership of past sessions. This does little to sustain the hope that liberal forces could coalesce around Brown in the internecine wars. Furthermore, the governor chose to alienate and infuriate his liberal friends by giving in to corporate growers on the bracero question and sending police into the free speech conflict at the University of California.

The state senate, a problem in any year, has virtually incapacitated itself over the re-

apportionment issue. It is difficult to understand how an objective person could critically examine the record of the senate, and note its incredible willingness to be led by a Hugh Burns, without concluding it should be reapportioned. But if this evidence is not convincing, the senators seem bent on proving the point almost daily, with Democrats in the vanguard. The chorus of attacks on the U.S. Supreme Court would befit red-necked southern states-righters. A majority of senators destructively came out for splitting the state.

First place in this mischief-making currently is held by Senator Paul Lunardi (D. Roseville) who introduced a resolution to limit U.S. Supreme Justices to 8-year terms, require that their tenure be approved by the voters, and force retirement at 65. (I love John Birch, but oh you kid.)

The lesson in all of this should be clear by now: when the chips are down most political office holders are motivated first-of-all not by public needs, not by threats to their party, but by self-preservation and political security.

Loveable, like shmoo

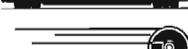
As the Democratic Party slowly sinks into this morass, CDC stand effete and ineffectual, a victim of its fatal assumption that if it just elected "good Democrats" to office, the process of governing would take care of itself, and even worse, that it could influence policies and counterbalance the power structure of the state by being loveable, like a shmoo. The falsity of its assumptions is shown by the fact that irate and unloveable groups of citizens are having notable success at every hand, affecting policies on freeways, taxes, electric power, minority and student rights as never before.

What, then, is the alienated and disgusted political liberal, concerned more with the future of the state than the future security of individual politicians, to do at a time like this?

He can learn from his juniors in the Free Speech Movement at the University of California. Many of the issues are closely parallel, symbolized perhaps by Edwin Pauley, UC regent-Democratic fat-cat.

But the FSM succeeded and CDC failed. Anyone for a Free Democratic Movement?

THE RAILROADS IN 1964 SIGNPOSTS OF A COMEBACK YEAR

	FREIGHT TRAFFIC VOLUME	UP 7%
	PIGGYBACKING OF TRUCK TRAILERS	UP 12%
	HAULING OF NEW MOTOR VEHICLES	UP 25%
	PASSENGER TRAVEL	DOWN 1%
	TOTAL OPERATING REVENUE	UP 4%
	NET OPERATING INCOME	UP 7%
	PLANT IMPROVEMENT SPENDING	UP 39%

This chart was issued by the Association of American Railroads (AAR). It shows gains on all fronts except passenger mileage. Total number of passengers rose, however, due to gains in commuter travel, the AAR reported.

On the other side of the coin, number of rail jobs continued to drop.

In November, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission (ICC), class I roads employed 653,453 workers, down 1.6 per cent from October and 3.25 per cent below November 1963.

The railroads are an industry allegedly depressed because of featherbedding practices by workers.

EMPEROR OF THE SEQUOIAS
SHOWS

How to fire a union teacher

SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS WHICH MONEY WON'T CURE

by George Ballis

" . . . Public employees shall have the right to form, join, and participate in the activities of employee organizations of their own choosing . . ."

That's the law in the State of California.

The law at College of Sequoias (COS) in Visalia is something else.

There the law is Ivan C. Crookshanks, the college president. The decree of Ivan was promulgated to Executive Secretary Ralph Schloming of the California Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) in February 1963. The emperor honored Schloming with a friendly, regal eye and declared: "I am against unions for teachers."

A couple of months later in April—at a compulsory COS faculty meeting—Ivan proclaimed: "Personally, I think anybody who joins AFT (American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO) is exercising bad judgment."

The assembled teachers giggled, submissively. Knowingly.

During the next year the emperor of the Sequoias conclusively demonstrated: (1) his dislike of teachers' unions, (2) the bad judgment of AFT members, (3) his personal superiority over state law.

How?

He fires the first president of the newly formed Teachers Local 1472. And makes the ouster stick without a court case. The union is crushed; the faculty cowed.

The emperor of the Sequoias reigns supreme. Unchecked. Unchallenged. Undemocratic.

The union ringleaders

The union at COS is organized in late February 1963, at the time Schloming gets the word from on high. The ringleaders—Joe King, Tom Stamper, Curt Fischer and Bill Harlan—work quietly for a month.

At the April 3 faculty meeting, Ivan is provoked into his anti-union decree by King, the temporary secretary of the local. King's sin: he announces the new local is applying for charter from AFT, and invites all faculty members to an open union meeting at which Schloming and Fresno teacher unionist James Smith are to speak.

About the same time, Emperor Ivan's sleeping giant stirs itself—on order from himself. The long dormant COS Teachers Association (COSTA) starts meeting, announcing, voting. Much of the voting is done by mail—contrary to COSTA by-laws.

A May ballot on two proposed changes in the COSTA



Ivan C. Crookshanks, emperor of the Sequoias.

constitution—conceived in the throne room—carries this notation: "Ballots not returned to President Newcomer by Tuesday, June 4, will be counted as favoring these propositions. In short, you need return your ballot only if you wish to vote against these two measures."

Surefire formula for constructing a landslide!

June 1, King and Stamper, temporary president of the new union, meet with Ivan in his castle to tell him the local has been chartered and to read him a news release on the chartering before it goes to press.

An anti-union bias

Ivan comments on the bad judgement of union affiliation—"a big mistake." He ruminates about the citizens of his kingdom: "I have lived here all my life . . . The people here have an anti-union bias . . . I hate to think about what might happen next year. The board doesn't know about the union yet, and I know they won't like it. The probationary teachers are taking a big chance—teachers like you, Tom Stamper—and Bill Harlan.

"I hope you are prepared to go to court."

Stamper: "I am." (Stamper is the only non-tenure teacher holding a union office.)

Ivan continues: ". . . I know that you and Joe King and Harlan are excellent teachers. No question about it. But a teachers' union can make a lot of people mad, and they might apply pressure which would make it difficult for the board to justify re-hiring you. Especially you, Tom, and the other probationary teachers . . .

"You know what the board can do. They can even ask me to clean out the whole faculty. Maybe by abolishing

the entire salary schedule and putting everybody on a state minimum."

It seems even the emperor must anoint his schemes with the holy water of a public blessing . . . And strive to sanctify them by recitations from the legalisms of the kingdom.

On June 6, 1963, Ivan writes Tulare County Counsel Cal Baldwin. The emperor wants to know how he can fire two probationary teachers—union members—without raising the union issue.

In a June 26 answer, Baldwin is not too helpful.

Sometime between June and September, COSTA apparently is officially recognized by the COS board as the only spokesman for teachers. COSTA had made no request for recognition. The action is quietly noted in the faculty handbook for the 1963-64 year.

The emperor speaks softly

Comes the fall, Ivan speaks softly. He asks union secretary Joe King to help write the COS application for re-accreditation. King writes. But the union moves.

In October, local 1472 asks the COS board to recognize the union along with COSTA. Union leaders propose a set of rules to govern the relations between the board and all teacher groups. COSTA objects. The emperor objects.

Ivan zeros in on the union policy of unpublished membership lists and rants against the union proposal that "the superintendent's office shall not be used for teacher organization business or promotion."

Ivan grumbles: "This obviously is so I won't promote COSTA . . . I feel personally that every teacher here should belong to COSTA."

A few days after the union petition is offered to the COS board, a COSTA resolution censuring the union is introduced and dutifully passed at a compulsory faculty meeting. No previous announcement of the proposal is made. In a double about face, the emperor at first denies previous knowledge of the censure action. Then he says he knew; finally he plays dumb again.

Local 1472 President Curt Fischer issues a statement attacking the unprofessional conduct of COSTA. When reporters contact COSTA President Jack Thiege for comment, he refers them to the throne room.

Union recognition is stalled . . . then buried . . . then forgotten.

But the union agitators hang tough. They meet. They talk. They act. Secretary King, a terror on research and documentation, prepares and distributes a detailed, embarrassing salary proposal.

Agitators disturb the kingdom

The agitators are disturbing the quiet of the kingdom. The emperor is troubled. How to break a union? How to fire an agitator or two? The logical candidate for outer darkness is Stamper. Non-tenure teacher. First president of the union. He's been warned. He's had a chance to straighten out. But he hasn't.

Stamper, a history teacher, came to COS in 1962 with 12 years' experience. He carries a MA. On his previous job he was rated a "superior teacher." In 1956, Stamper



Tom Stamper, fired teacher union leader, consults with his attorney, Monty Carter, during July 1964 hearing following which his dismissal was upheld.

received a Coe fellowship at Stanford to participate in a seminar on new trends in interpretation of American history. In 1963 he was awarded a fellowship by the National Association of Political Scientists, the first COS teacher so honored. In spring, 1964, Stamper carries the heaviest teaching load in the COS social science department. A local citizen says: "I had the opportunity to take a political science course from Mr. Stamper in your evening school. As a conservative Republican and businessman, I couldn't possibly agree with many of Mr. Stamper's ideas, but as a student I feel that he is a brilliant, effective teacher."

Even Ivan agrees that Stamper is an excellent teacher.

So how do you fire a good teacher when the only thing you got against him is his union card? How? You see, even the exercise of regal power must appear legitimate. So?

Well, you just dream up some arguments that neither the good teacher nor any of his friends can dispute. Arguments which can be forced to a well meaning but compliant school board. And swallowed by a self-satisfied conservative community without publicly exposing its anti-union bias.

By March the stage is set. The axe falls. Stamper must go because enrollment is going to drop in the fall semester.

How could that be when school population is increasing like a herd of uninhibited rabbits—especially in California? Never doubt! The emperor has an answer.

In fall of '64 COS is losing some school territory to other junior college districts. Also a new mandatory tui-

tion fee is to be instituted for out of state students. True statements.

Palace guard moves in

Ivan marshals the palace guard. His administrators troop before the board with facts and figures. Tables and long lists of numbers. They "prove" that the emperor is correct. Enrollment is to drop. Stamper must go. Not enough pupils for him to teach. Counsel for this action comes to the COS board from the emperor by way of Harold Fischer, head of the COS social science department.

Early in March, Ivan tells Fischer about the projected drop in enrollment and the need to cut back in the department. Fischer gets the message. He extracts from the social science teachers a vote of confidence for his recommendation that Stamper go. Why Stamper? Least seniority. Why the social sciences? The projected figures require it.

End of ball game.

But wait, the union agitators do some figuring too. They claim the number juggling by the palace guard is all wrong. That the higher standards set by UC, that interdistrict agreements and that general population trends will hold up the '64 COS enrollment. And even increase it.

Ivan's ministers talk about a decline of 150-285. The agitators figure that under the most adverse circumstances possible the decrease could be no more than 30.

The agitators also point out that:

(1) Stamper is teaching 217 students while others in the social science department are carrying loads of 148, 154, 169, 202 and 214. They argue that even if enrollment drops as the palace guard predicts, Stamper could absorb the social science loss and still be teaching as many students as—or even more than—other teachers.

(2) The emperor insists on firing Stamper for economy reasons while other teachers are getting pay hikes. Ivan himself is voted a salary boost of \$2400 yearly at the same board meeting where Stamper is axed.

(3) An extensive building program is underway.

(4) Many teachers are carrying night classes for which they receive extra pay.

(5) In December 1963 the board in its application for re-accreditation predicted a 25 to 50 per cent rise in enrollment in the next five years.

The emperor prevails

But the emperor insists; the emperor prevails. The board dutifully fires Stamper by a unanimous vote at its March meeting.

Stamper demands a hearing.

He is represented by a lawyer at the April board meeting. A pro-Stamper petition signed by 400 students is presented to the board. The lawyer pleads. The figures are juggled. After the palace guard and the agitators clash, the board members ask no questions. Discuss no issues. They vote unanimously to re-fire Stamper.

Stamper demands another hearing.

A two-day courtroom type session is held in July. Two weeks later, the board votes unanimously to re-refire Stamper.

Stamper writes a friend:

"I still do not have a job and things look rather gloomy.

"I think the word has been passed up the valley that I am a 'proud union card carrier.'

"For my stand on principle I will, at best, lose a couple of thousand dollars, be faced with another three years of probation in the California education system . . .

"Yet, knowing all of this, I would do it again if I had to.

"If the law says I'm free to choose, then I must at least fight for what is my right under law.

"In my case the law states that I am free to choose my own teachers' organization—that is what I did—I was then threatened by my superintendent with a court action to hold my job.

"The threat of the trial made me an outcast with the administration and the school board . . .

"We have (or maybe had) a very proud local, and I shall never forget the small number of men who composed it.

"They possessed intelligence, courage and understanding. They are all fine teachers because they are involved in the real world where humans do get hurt."

By September, Stamper finds a job. A good job at Cobby High School in Palo Alto.

COS opens for the fall semester, 1964. The Visalia Times-Delta notes in its headlines: "High Student Sign-up Fools COS Officials."

This year, 1,880 students enroll the first week; last year, 1,780. Exactly 100 more this year.

Ivan tells a reporter that during the September census week, to determine state aid, the average daily attendance this year is 3,332; last year 3,146 . . . An increase this year of 186.

One of the palace guard explains: the higher enrollment figure can be attributed in part to interdistrict agreements and higher standards set by UC. Same thing the union agitators said last spring when one of their ring leaders was being run out of town.

Bitter and sweet

Vindication, bitter, comes to the union agitators. But victory, sweet, belongs to the emperor of the Sequoias, Ivan Crookshanks.

Teachers Local 1472, never more than 15 members, now is only a tattered handful. Not even the seven needed to hold a charter.

During the summer one of the union ringleaders, Harlan, had quit COS with a blast in the press about the emperor's tyranny. Some had quietly resigned. Others retreated into the woodwork.

Secretary King issues; the formal surrender in October:

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"The probationary teacher law would allow Tom to appeal the board's decision to superior court, but, unfortunately, only on grounds of improper procedure in the matter of the dismissal and board hearings. Tom's legal advisors believed that an appeal would be fruitless, and Tom decided to take their advice."

The remaining members of local 1472 run for cover to the Fresno union, some 50 miles away.

Ivan Crookshanks, the emperor of the Sequoias reigns supreme. Unchecked. Unchallenged. Undemocratic.

The students really lost . . .

When Tom Stamper, the union teacher victimized by the emperor of the Sequoias, heard that *Pacific Scene* was planning a story on the episode he wrote the editor:

"We are settled down finally here in Mt. View, California . . . I'm teaching American history and government in the fine Palo Alto High School District and enjoying my work very much.

"Here you may join the organization of your choice and they encourage new ideas and innovation to a degree unheard of at COS.

"You know the saddest thought from the COS fight is that the students really lost. Not because of my professional demise there, but because Crookshanks proved his power to intimidate, punish and isolate those who dared to stand up and challenge the bureaucratic mythology of which he is the high priest at COS.

"The school still has a magnificent potentiality for excellence in the type of education it's organized for. Maybe our fight opened some eyes to what could be.

"There has been such an intense inbreeding of mediocrity on the faculty thanks to Ivan's hiring and keeping of safety first men.

"I guess he had a bad day in San Francisco when he interviewed me. Maybe I fit the bill in part because I primarily told him my dedication to teaching.

"One wonders how long it will take the school to come out of its closet of fear. I suspect it would take just about the length of time it takes to fire Ivan and about five or six of his henchmen."

COMING NEXT MONTH: junior colleges, good and bad, by a man who has taught in both.

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Downtown Negroes lose grip on NAACP

by Gene Marine

"It's a CORE takeover," said San Francisco Supervisor Terry Francois.

"In a time of civil rights revolution," said one of the leaders on the other side, "the NAACP can't be controlled by Negroes who have official positions downtown and have to maintain their relations with the power structure."

That's about the way the newspapers played it, too, when the San Francisco chapter of NAACP went through a bitterly contested election recently. As usual, it's a little more complicated than that, and a hell of a lot more complicated than it looks to those who saw the contest as a fight between "militants" and "Uncle Toms."

The basic facts are these: a chapter nominating committee brought forth its usual slate well sprinkled with public officeholders, elected and appointed. In a sharp break with tradition, three members nominated a partial opposition slate from the floor. A bitter campaign ended with the largest election turnout since 1948. The insurgents defeated U. S. Attorney Cecil Poole and inheritance tax appraiser Joe Williams. Francois squeaked through for the executive board by a 10 vote margin. He immediately resigned with a public blast.

Francois is ambitious

Francois is without doubt a man of deep personal ambition. Once active in the Republican Party (he quit the San Francisco Republican County Central Committee, not without fanfare, over a racial question), he switched his allegiance and became effective enough so that Mayor Shelley appointed him recently to a vacancy on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

Francois has advised civil rights militants on occasion that particular tactics were not in his opinion politic, and might do more harm than good. On one occasion during last year's civil rights trials, he made a public statement about some of the other attorneys involved that can only be described as Red-baiting. For these things, younger militants have called him "Uncle Tom" and worse.

But to do so is to overlook years of work on behalf of Negro equality—past years, when the issue of civil rights had yet to arouse the conscience of most of the rest of us, and we didn't even know we were "white liberals." So it isn't that simple. Reacting now in the opposite direction, some of us sometimes forget that Martin Luther King didn't invent civil rights.

Downtowners from NAACP

Today, there are a number of Negroes in positions of prominence in San Francisco, especially politically, and most have a history of NAACP activity. Rev. Hamilton Boswell is on the housing authority. Cecil Poole is the United States attorney. Willie Brown, of course, is the newly elected assemblyman. These men have differing degrees of "militancy," and none is without personal am-

bition. But though it's easy to talk about what they could have done and didn't, all of them have given a great deal to the fight for Negro equality.

Brown's rise to the state legislature was relatively quick, but otherwise these men, and others like them, have taken a while to get where they are. In the meantime, a revolution is taking place, and new leaders, attuned to new tactics, have arisen—notably Bill Bradley of CORE and Dr. Thomas N. Burbridge, former president, now vice president, of San Francisco's NAACP. Usually, Francois and Burbridge, because of their relative prominence (and familiarity to white newspaper readers), are used to symbolize the NAACP split, although this is admittedly unfair to a number of others on both sides.

Any commentary as short as this one has to oversimplify, sometimes drastically, but basically Francois is a politician and Burbridge an activist. Francois is skilled at the use of the present political structure, at maximizing the gains in the field of civil rights that can be squeezed out of the law, out of official action, out of the public activities of the power structure. He is a sophisticated user of a structure he and his people had no part in building.

Looking for stress points

Burbridge is skilled at the practice of confrontation and the resulting negotiation, at direct action, at maximizing the gains that can be forced out of the power structure regardless of its public image. He does not really give a damn about the public relations of the civil rights movement. In white political terms he sometimes appears naive, but it's often because he's looking for stress points rather than points for negotiation.

Together, Burbridge and Francois are in a sense, the civil rights movement—and possibly a Martian anthropologist on a visit might argue that they are both necessary to it. But they are also both dynamic men, representatives of dynamic viewpoints, and organizational leaders; put them both in the same organization, and an absence of strain would be little short of miraculous.

So far, so good—but it doesn't explain why a number of people who favor direct action, even some people who took part in picket lines and sit-ins, favored the Francois side in the San Francisco NAACP split.

A similar split—that is, a division between those who favor participation in direct action tactics and those who prefer a more "moderate" or even legalistic approach—appears to exist in the NAACP nationally. But as nearly as one can tell from a quick glance, there seems to be one major difference. The "conservative" side—if you will—in the national fight seems to include more people who don't approve of direct action at all; in San Francisco, it seems rather to include a number of people who do favor direct action, but not by the NAACP.

CORE comes to town

CORE is a relatively new group. Its San Francisco chapter is even newer, and its prominence as a major force in the civil rights revolution is newer yet. SNCC, too, is a relatively new force, and nationally, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference is still another force of comparatively recent prominence. Nationally, there must be, in the NAACP, some feeling of resentment. One can almost hear an older NAACP'er grumbling: "We've been working at this for thirty years, and now these guys come along and take all the credit."

But that doesn't appear to be the point in San Francisco. Although Burbridge won, it wasn't really a "CORE

takeover" in the sense that the Communists took over the Independent Progressive Party in the late forties. If it was a "CORE takeover," it was more in the sense that the tactics pioneered in San Francisco by CORE have been chosen by the NAACP membership as the right tactics for use by the NAACP.

And therein, or so it appears from outside, lies the principal argument of what we're calling the Francois forces (they included some people who are pretty cool to Francois himself). In last year's San Francisco sit-ins, CORE led at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, but Burbridge and the NAACP led the sit-ins on auto row (Burbridge's own case caused a stir when a municipal judge handed him a sentence far stiffer than that given the other demonstrators). Many of the NAACP's most militant members thought this was pointless—not the sit-in, but the NAACP sponsorship—and have been unhesitant to say so.

After all, they argue, we *have* CORE. We have a direct action group to handle that part of the civil rights movement. We should also have a group such as the NAACP has historically been—a group which includes the "leading Negroes," a group which the white power structure is willing to talk to, a group which can do such talking and at least use the same vocabulary. We should also have a group which can consolidate on the political and public levels the gains which the other group pioneers with its direct action.

Somebody to talk to

There are times, the argument goes, when the Mayor,

or the head of the hotel association, looks around—under pressure, perhaps, from a group like CORE—for a group to talk to, a group which has status and prestige in both communities, a group which the white leadership feels it can invest with some trust. There are times when they can't talk directly to the militants, or feel that they can't for political reasons. At such times, the NAACP ought to be there. And it ought to be there, too, when legal support is necessary and power-structure judges and courts are leery of the militants they see below them—times when a behind-the-scenes phone call from a supervisor or an assemblyman or a U. S. attorney may do more for civil rights than any courtroom gymnastics.

That, in any case, is the argument. On the other side, it's pointed out that it would be all too easy for the white power structure to drive a wedge between NAACP with such an orientation and a militant CORE, that the "downtown Negroes" with their private ambitions and goals, and the need to maintain their public positions, can't be relied on. Many Negroes have a natural (and all too often justified) suspicion of any of their fellows who rise to prominence in the white world. A great many of the Burbridge slate's votes undoubtedly came from just that sort of distrust.

At that moment, in San Francisco, the situation is quiescent (though not always quiet). The effects of Burbridge's victory aren't yet clear, and there is talk that national NAACP officials may take a hand. All that is certain is that the affairs of the NAACP in San Francisco were far from settled by that election.

dubious surgery — dubious project *by David E. Pesonen*

Splitting a kilowatt for Reddy

It will be interesting to watch the private power companies' surgery on Governor Brown's proposed \$100 million atomic power plant for the California Water Plan.

On January 2nd, the Governor and Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Glenn T. Seaborg issued a joint announcement that a memorandum of understanding had been signed for state-AEC financing of a state-owned 525-thousand kilowatt "seed and blanket" power reactor. Electricity from the plant would run the pumps in a 2000-foot lift of Feather River water over the Tehachapis, south of Bakersfield.

Advantages to the state from a publicly owned plant of this type are threefold:

(1) *size* — this would be a very big reactor; the cost per unit of energy goes down as the size of the installation increases.

(2) *subsidy* — because of its experimental nature, much of the project would be supported by federal funds, minimizing the need for state revenue bonds.

(3) *profit* — a big slice of power costs that the state would pay to utilities if the plant were privately owned goes instead into lower pumping costs for the state.

The disadvantages fall partly on the people who will live downwind from the reactor, in the shadow of a radiological disaster, and partly on all mankind from the enormous increment of radioactive wastes the plant will add to the stockpiles already under guard by the Atomic Energy Commission.

But, the California Power Pool, dominated by Pacific

Gas and Electric Company and Southern California Edison Company, has opposed the project as another encroachment of the state into private enterprise, and they have come up with some startling arguments.

At a hearing before Assemblyman Carley V. Porter's (Dem.-Compton) Interim Water Committee last November, private power spokesmen urged the state to buy the necessary power from private sources until the future course of nuclear technology became more clearly established. This, despite the fact that the private reactors already underway (or recently defunct) are far less advanced than the seed and blanket concept.

Water Resources Director William Warne testified at the same hearing that the state should get started immediately because the atomic pumping plant would be needed in the initial phases of the water plan and would save 27% on the cost of energy for the Tehachapi lift, compared to prices offered for the job by the private Power Pool. These savings would pile up to more than a billion dollars over the next 75 years, Warne estimated.

The Times-Post Service story of the Brown-Seaborg announcement, however, suggested that the AEC's share of the project might have tough sledding in Congress, depending on "an accommodation between the State of California and the state's private utilities." The story adds that "informed sources" foresee a possible "cooperative arrangement" between the state and the utilities.

But if the power is produced and consumed by the state, where's the room for cooperation?

There has been considerable talk of building the plant on the coast, perhaps as far away from the Tehachapi

pumps as Point Arguello, more than a hundred miles to the west, to permit the later addition of a desalinization facility. But this more economical dual-purpose arrangement would require transmission of the pump power over the Coast Range—and here the private utilities would be anxious to “cooperate.” If the transmission lines were privately owned, a large part of the economic gravy predicted in William Warne’s estimates before the water committee would vanish into the utility coffers.

Because of their own massive promotion of nuclear power, the private utilities will find it hard to sustain a frontal attack on the state’s atomic plant. But there’s more than one way to split a kilowatt. Watch for this clue: when the state announces the site it has chosen for the installation, the Power Pool will begin right-of-way acquisi-

tion between the coastal generators and the Tehachapi pumps—as they have done between the Oroville Dam’s hydro-electric plant and the PG&E substations in the Sacramento Valley.

Power transmission is the jugular vein of public generating facilities these days, as the state has already discovered at Oroville, and the power companies are skillful surgeons.

Porter strides to right again

Assemblyman Porter began the dubious surgery on the dubious project by pleading for a go slow approach. His objections indicated great concern for possible contracts with the Power Pool.

Conservation: GOP and Grand Canyon

by James M. Smith
Book Review Editor

The Future of the Republican Party by Robert J. Donovan (New American Library, New York. \$.60) summarizes most of the current discussion about the prospects of the party that went from Lincoln to Goldwater in 100 years.

I will not bore *Pacific Scene* readers by rehearsing its various points. Donovan is an honest and conscientious reporter and he has done his historical homework reasonably well. I will note, however, that the book, like the discussion it reviews, is weakened by equating the survival of the two party system with the survival of the Republican Party.

It seems quite clear that there is plenty of material in the Democratic Party for two parties, with a good deal left over. And it would not necessarily have to be a liberal-conservative split. In many ways the rural-urban split, or even the Eastern-Western split, could turn out to be more decisive. Donovan’s arguments that the Republican Party will survive are not convincing.

The disabilities and incapacities he points out are specific, concrete, and presently apparent. The argument that they can be overcome rests on more or less vague historical analogies, and always avoid the Whigs and the Federalists like the plague. And, given the diversity within the Democratic Party, my inclination is not to care very much.

The present handwringing and teeth-gnashing is partly insincere and partly exaggerated.

Who really cares about the Republican Party as such? Certainly not the Democratic Party, in spite of pious platitudes to the contrary. It is equally certain that the Goldwaterites (with the possible exception of Barry) couldn’t care less about the party as anything more than a temporarily useful vehicle for turning reaction into a respectable alternative.

The moderates then? Most could live quite happily on a permanent basis with Johnson or his ideological successor, the rest would settle on a wing even farther left. In fact, the one reason for saving the Republican Party as it is never mentioned. A party that offers us conventions like the ones in ’40, ’48, ’52, and ’64, which produces thinkers, writers and speakers like Eisenhower, Nixon and Goldwater and Senators like Dirksen should be saved for the sake of sheer entertainment value. Come to think of it, that just might save the GOP. It’s at least as good a chance as Donovan offers.

* * *

That most illiberal philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, once wrote, “What is astonishing about the religiosity of the ancient Greeks is the lavish abundance of gratitude that radiates from it. Only a very distinguished type of human being stands in that relation to nature and to life. Later, when the rabble came to rule in Greece, fear choked out religion and prepared the way for Christianity.”

Since the beginning of the Scientific Revolution and its consequent technological advances, other attitudes toward nature have developed, neither Greek

nor Christian.

First came curiosity, the indispensable ally of science and the natural enemy of reverence, then a narrower utilitarian interest, and finally a sort of hostile contempt whose natural culmination is the desire to destroy what we cannot control and use. The reaction to this was equally far from both the Greek and the Christian, a sentimental Love of Nature which expressed itself in bad romantic poetry, fulminations against science and the scientific attitude, and the growing of African violet and rubber plants in the parlor.

Fortunately, a healthier attitude has survived, evidenced in the creation of the national parks and game refuges, as well as in the broader activities of such groups as the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club.

Time and the River Flowing by Francois Leydet, (San Francisco, the Sierra Club. \$25.00) is eloquent testimony to the tenacity of a healthy concern for the survival of natural beauty in an industrial society.

Most obviously and most successfully, it is a collection of 101 photographs of the Colorado River gorge from Glen Canyon to Lake Mead; as such, it is quite beyond praise; one can only turn in awe from one page to another, and, give thanks for Ansel Adams, Philip Hyde and the other photographers. The main body of the text consists of a narrative of a boat trip down the Colorado from Lee’s Ferry, just south of Glen Canyon, to Separation Canyon, 240 miles and 17 days downstream.

Along with the details of the

author’s trip, in which he was joined by eight others in three boats, there are fascinating glimpses back at earlier trips. The first and most famous, of course, was Major John Wesley Powell’s in 1869. Actually, Powell began his trip in Wyoming, but the most dramatic and dangerous part of the trip was through the almost unknown and hitherto inaccessible country of the Grand Canyon.

Though this first trip was only partially successful, being plagued with inadequate boats (loss of supplies in the river and, finally, desertion of the expedition by three of its members who were killed by Indians) Powell managed to assemble enough men and money to repeat the trip three years later.

Since then, as the author notes, “the Grand Canyon has become one of the most visited places in the world.”

The author’s trip through the Canyon is nowhere near as dangerous as Powell’s. Nevertheless the trip has its excitement, and, as the photographs remind us, its incredible beauties. We are continually reminded of our relative insignificance in the face of the cumulative forces of nature operating over immense stretches of time. We are unlikely ever to subdue these forces.

Beautiful, exciting, but not indestructible. And it is the sense of this ominous possibility that gives this book its practical urgency.

At the beginning of **Time and the River Flowing**, and with some photographs at the end, we are reminded of the fate of Glen Canyon; nearly as beautiful as the Grand Canyon, but

much less well known, it was swallowed up in the waters of a reservoir created by a dam which was almost certainly unnecessary and probably undesirable even on narrow utilitarian grounds. With this recent accomplishment of the bureau of reclamation fresh in their minds and the vivid, if fading memory of Hetch-Hetchy, the members of the Sierra Club looked again at the Southwest water plan with its proposal to build two more dams on the Colorado.

Technically, Marble Gorge Dam would be above the Grand Canyon National Park and Bridge Canyon Dam would be below it. The bureau has given assurances that the Park would not be harmed. However, the bureau's record in this respect is not a good one. To judge from the statements from some

of its officials, the bureau looks on conservation of "useless" land as the scheme of crackpots, who are to be humored when necessary, but never taken seriously. The department's own inclinations run to "pushing rivers around."

More important, as this book shows, the effect of any large dam on the Colorado is devastating.

Not only is the area immediately around the lake barren of vegetation and animal life, but the change in the flow patterns of the river seriously disturb the complex living community of birds, insects, plants and animal life around it. And it is the river as a community of life that produces much of the beauty and interest evident in this book.

The bureau claims this project is necessary for progress.

But the appendices of this book are devoted to a statement of the scientific evidence to the contrary. Basically, the scientific evidence shows that the high evaporation rate on large lake surfaces results in a reduction in the amount of water available and a decline in purity, and that the additional power could be more cheaply generated with steam plants for about thirty years, by which time other sources of power, such as atomic generators, will almost certainly be available.

What reason is there left for building the dams?

According to the argument of the book, it is nothing more than bureaucratic ambition, the desire to expand operations.

I suspect it is more complex than that.

Walter Prescott Webb, the great historian of the West, has

argued that the Western United States is basically a desert, and that any future plans for it must recognize that fact. Major Powell did recognize it in 1893 when he told the First International Irrigation Congress ". . . there is not sufficient water to supply the land." But, of course, to call the land a desert is to recognize a limitation on our own action, a threat to the supremacy of technology. Such an admission is incompatible with the view that all in nature is to be destroyed or subdued at any cost.

It is the great merit of this book that it reminds us that some costs may be too great to pay. It is also a concrete reminder that there is an alternative to both contempt for nature and sentimentality.

The Greeks may still have the word for it.

WORD FROM THE PROVINCES

Oakland

This office represents the Oakland Tribune of Oakland, California as their attorneys.

In the January, 1965 issue of *The liberal democrat on the Pacific scene* on page 7 under the caption of a picture which contains the words Oakland Tribune, you have the following: "Did this marathon picket line against discriminatory hiring practices at . . . Oakland Tribune . . ." etc.

On page 9 you refer to alleged pressure from the Oakland Tribune, "which students had been picketing because of its discriminatory hiring policies."

These statements are false and libelous and *The Liberal Democrat* has given wide circulation to the publication of that libel.

For the past several years the Tribune has been an equal opportunity employer and with respect to job openings which are not subject to union contract, the Tribune has applied for applicants to the Urban League Skills Bank in order to carry out their policy of offering equal opportunity to all persons in employment at the Tribune. The Tribune's hiring policies are in no way discriminatory.

The libel which you have published is damaging to the Tribune and its reputation and demand is made for a prompt and unequivocal retraction in ac-

cordance with the laws of the State of California.

**Richard C. Lynch of
Wagener, Lynch & Curran**

Editor's note:

The Tribune claims to be non-discriminatory in hiring; the Ad Hoc Committee (and *Pacific Scene*) do not claim to know of any specific cases where a prospective job applicant was turned down for employment due to race, etc., but alleges that the great disproportion between the percent of Negroes employed at the Tribune and the percent of Negroes in the labor force is evidence of long existing policy or practice of discrimination, either of design, or unconscious.

The California attorney general's office agrees that such disproportion in the labor force of large employers is prima facie evidence of at least former discrimination. Mr. Knowland according to the Ad Hoc Committee, refused to discuss this question during meetings with Ad Hoc.

This magazine has long maintained that major employers have more of a duty to society in the correction of long standing discrepancies between their employment patterns and their publicly asserted positions of non-discrimination than

listing a few openings with the Urban League.

The problem is one of such urgency and magnitude as to require all those genuinely interested in its solution to undertake vigorous and affirmative recruitment and training programs, and to do so in cooperation with civil rights organizations.

Berkeley

As a long time reader (but non-subscriber) of *The liberal democrat*, I am glad to see that this very useful magazine is going to continue. Indeed judging by the January issue, *Tld* is better than ever.

My response to these most encouraging developments is to send you a \$7 check for a two year subscription.

William B. Coit

Albany

Your editorial in the January issue showing the woman farm worker as "a victim of socialism" proves that the term "socialism" takes an awful beating. But do you have to cut its throat?

It's true that all kinds of characters cover themselves under the word (Russian and Chinese totalitarians, Indian nationalists, Castro, etc.) but you do a

great disservice by adding to the confusion.

Now the reactionary growers are "socialistic" (right-wing kind), the pro-grower Farm Placement Service is socialistic, unemployment insurance and other benefits are socialistic, and braceros are "a semi-slave socialistic labor supply."

I take it your aim is to make the term so meaningless that it becomes useless as a cuss-word; which might not be so bad except that genuine socialism is thereby smeared too.

But suppose we test your new semantic system on the name of your magazine, which consists of two of the foggiest political terms in the whole lexicon

While it is an unthinking jape (or else pure slander) to call the American Right "socialistic," it is a rigorously historical fact that the basic "anti-statist" ideology claimed by Goldwaterism and the *National Review* stems from the original meaning of "liberalism." And it is this Right which pushes the definition of socialism as any kind of government intervention—the definition you implicitly accept.

Shall I remind you also of the sharp challenges you have hurled at so-called liberals precisely because they failed to fight for social legislation to protect

farm workers? As things go in this foggy world, you'd have a tough time stretching the term liberalism to cover the wide spectrum of liberals.

I was going to work also on the term "democrat" (like, man, the Peoples' Democracies in East Europe or the Free Democrats in West Germany, not to mention a certain party in the U.S.) but that would be too cruel, and I like you too much.

I know why even oppressive anti-socialist regimes like the Russian and Chinese try to cut in on the term "socialist": because it's honorific and fair-seeming (in every part of the world except the backward country we live in). This has happened and will continue to happen to every honorific term. The only remedy is to patiently explain the truth; certainly not to invent new confusions.

So, while we fight together to get the other fellows off the farm worker's back, would you mind getting off the back of us democratic socialists?

Anne Draper

Visalia

May I compliment you on the January issue. The photography, especially. The boy-bible-gun-crucifix is pure art and imagination and truth!

But bygod, get yourself a proofreader. The issue is loaded with mechanical faults.

Joe King

San Francisco

Congratulations, I guess, on having made the format of Tld so comparable to that of True Confessions. Furthermore, since you seem to be out to snare the prurient as well as those too weak-eyed to read light type faces, allow an old subscriber and contributor to express a preference: I'd rather have naked ladies like those in Playboy than smutty editorials a la The Realist. (Editor's note: We're searching for liberal playmates.)

Also, if you please, a few words on Marshall Windmiller's "The Berkeley Revolt."

The decently educated need not be told that American newspapers are rarely to be altogether trusted; however, Mr. Windmiller's indictment of the press was not quite fair. The Chronicle's coverage made it plain that the Administration's

ineptitude—and in particular its foolish decision to suddenly enforce a long-unenforced regulation—was somewhat provocative.

Also, that 800 students sat in at Sproul Hall and UC faculty people chose to bail them out does not show that the cause and tactics of the students were just and proper.

The Regents' adoption of a regulation providing for the punishment of students who advocate illegal off-campus activities scarcely makes poor old Dr. Kerr a hypocrite.

Furthermore, the advocacy of an illegal off-campus act and the commission of that act are quite distinct deeds, and not, as Mr. Windmiller implies, "one crime."

Plainly, all Kerr meant was that students who commit acts of civil disobedience should not be punished by both the community and the university.

That the university, with its immense classes and extensive use of distracted, poverty-plagued T.A.'s, offers undergraduates a second-rate education is news to no one, but the fact hardly justifies mob rule.

And that Mr. Windmiller quotes approvingly the FSM's callow insinuations regarding the courage of faculty members I find appalling. Mr. Windmiller should know, even if the associated boobies of FSM don't, that a significant number of UC faculty people resigned rather than sign the oath; moreover, how many current faculty members were around in what George Stewart has called "The Year of The Oath" anyway?

The cost of defiance in 1950 was great, and many UC teachers with families to support and careers to pursue paid the price. A student's political indiscretions tend to be forgotten.

Let he who wishes to be a true activist be reminded that buses leave each day for Mississippi where the issues are real, the means honorable, and the risks substantial.

Finally, when Mr. Windmiller notes that "university bureaucrats, administrators, and presidents, like politicians, are less impressed by reason than by force," I have to agree with him.

I'm not entirely sure who he was talking about, but it's certainly obvious who used force first at the university.

Force impresses just about everybody, as the Grand Wizards, Brownshirts, and OAS bombthrowers of the world will gleefully acknowledge.

The "nonviolence" of the UC demonstrators is, I fear, rather closer to the more direct forms of coercion than to the non-violence advocated by Christ and Gandhi. I do not doubt that coercion is sometimes necessary but I'd prefer to have my duly elected and appointed representatives do the coercing, thank you.

In the South, where hardly anybody is duly elected, a little free-lance, non-violent coercion may be quite in order.

Whether or not the regents' regulations deny anyone his constitutional rights is a moot point, but even if the regulations are illegal, immoral or unconstitutional, the students obviously had not exhausted all legal, peaceful, democratic means of petition available.

Indeed, how could they have done so, when the chief issue—the regulation forbidding the advocacy of illegal off-campus activities—was only a few days old when the demonstration took place

Frankly, I'm waiting for the day when Birchers, ACA members, Nazis, and National Review staff members sit-in at the State Department to compel U. S. withdrawal from the U.N. Given the right-wing temperament's affinity for the less subtle kinds of force, I suppose it will never come. But if it did, it could hardly be more lamentable than that unfortunate day at Berkeley.

Barclay Bates

Classified

This publication will begin to carry classified ads with this issue. Rates are \$1 a line, 30 letters per line, count spaces between words as letters, enclose payment with order. Ads subject to approval of publisher.

Send typed copy and payment to Classified, Pacific Scene, 224 N. First, Fresno, California.

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