



Berkeley VOL 1, NO 12 Friday, October 29, 1965

Student Feels Bravado May Bring Failure

by John Gibson
What happens when even the people you are fighting for are afraid of you?

This is a question I find myself asking after a weekend in Delano, the center of the great California grape strike.

I went to Delano this weekend for a myriad of reasons. I expected to give of myself. And I expected to learn, to partake of the deep emotional experience that a strike of dedicated people such as the Delano grape strike brings out.

It's rather funny that the most significant impression I got from the weekend wasn't this emotional experience (although it was there) but rather something peripheral to the strike itself.

It was my relationship as a student -- and especially a UC Berkeley student -- to the society and its problems. Berkeley has got a reputation for agitation, and quote, "subversive" activities.

Now most people at Berkeley don't consider themselves "subversive" -- perhaps ethically and morally-minded, but not subversive. As for the epithet "agitator", I wear it with pride.

Now if you live in a town like Delano where the whole economy is based on two main crops, grapes and cotton, you're going to naturally be hostile to anybody who seems to threaten your livelihood.

So I expected to be resented by the townspeople. But what happens when the people you are fighting for are afraid of you too?

If there was one thing I didn't see this weekend it was the 3,000 Mexican-American and Filipino workers I expected to be "working shoulder to shoulder with." I met a few of course -- about 50 Filipinos and 30 Mexican-Americans -- at mealtime.

Another funny thing -- I didn't see any scabs.

Now this is a victory of sorts. Because if you don't pick grapes See page 3

Induction Ctr. Infiltrated by Anti-drafters

Operation Induction Center was inaugurated this Monday by VDC's Anti-draft Committee, at the Armed Forces Induction Center at 1509 Clay Street, in Oakland.

Steve Cherkoss, acting chairman of the committee, told BARB that he and three others leafleted about 150 inductees from 10:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. with encouraging response.

"Considering the massive publicity against us," he said, "the response was good. The kind of comments we got from inductees was like one man said 'why didn't you get me early. Should have been at my draft board. Too late now for me.'"

Cherkoss found the majority of those who were on their way to induction "were willing to listen, and were open.

"We told them the war in Vietnam is unjust and criminal against the Vietnamese people," he said. "And we were down here to encourage them to file conscientious objector forms on political and moral grounds, and that if they go in, if they agree with us, when they go into the service, they should write us, and we'll be glad to send additional literature, and they should tell their buddies the truth about the war in Vietnam as an aggressive war against humanity.

"We also told them," he continued, "the US government's grand design is to use them in the interests of a select few See page 4

WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA Snaking to SAIGON

(The writer of the following series, Steve Fox, a young man in his twenties, returned this summer from four years of knocking about Southeast Asia. During this time he "lived off the land", earning his living as chance allowed him, often the only non-Asian in an Asian working crew.

As the series opens, we find him working as ordinary seaman on a Chinese ship approaching Saigon.)

The revving down of the engines was our first indication that we were now approaching the mouth of the Saigon River. The night before, during my watch, I had spoken with the first-mate, an aging seaman of Chinese descent, who had informed me of the dangers of this part of the journey.

The Saigon River, he said, snakes for some forty miles through low lying rice fields and dense jungle. It's heavily curved and requires an experienced Vietnamese pilot to come aboard and navigate the narrow, shallow channel. There also exists the ever-present danger of the Viet Cong, as most of the populace in this region are sympathetic towards the National Liberation Front and it is a known base for their activities.

Nevertheless as we entered the river the yellow and tri-black striped flag of the government of South Viet Nam was hoisted along with a red and white banner symbolizing our request for a pilot. Soon after, a motor launch appeared and we took a pilot on board. He was accompanied by two militiamen equipped only with side-arms.

It was April, 1965. I had been working as an ordinary seaman for the past two months on the motor vessel "Bethlehem", originally an Australian Victory ship, now registered in Liberia and owned by some Hong Kong Chinese. I had gotten aboard at Yokohama, and was greatly looking forward to this part of the journey.

My previous visit to Viet Nam some ten months previously was before the United States had begun her massive commitment of men and arms to this tiny Southeast Asian country, and I was interested to see the effect it had had on the morale and convictions of the people.

Most of the seamen were out on the deck now, nervously talking in small groups. All were citizens of either Formosa or Hong Kong but the majority of them had been born and raised in their youth on mainland China.

Cho Ok, the quartermaster, and one of the few who had a knowledge of English, came over and spoke to me. "Steve, you must take care now. Often V.C. stop ship. Sometimes trouble. You only white man on ship. Maybe best you stay in cabin, lock door."

I thanked him for his concern, but reclining on the hatch cover, enjoying the warm tropical sun and listening to the steady, rhythmic drone of the engines, all danger seemed mighty far away. I wondered though if they had any personal fears as they were all "overland" Chinese and opposed to the Communist regime.

My thoughts were soon interrupted as I noticed the seamen noisily scrambling towards the port side of the ship peering over the railing. I followed them over and discovered the reason for their agitation. Forty yards directly in front of our intended course five or six tiny sampans sat passively waiting as the ten-thousand ton freighter slowly but steadily bore down on them.

As we approached they made no effort to move and we made none to avoid colliding with them. I noticed many teen-aged boys in the small boats, usually with an older man at the tiller. I thought surely they would be crushed under our massive bow but as we came upon them my inexperience as a seaman was verified. See page 3

Rubin Request Regretfully Refused

Late Wednesday afternoon, an hour before deadline, BARB received a story from Jerry Rubin of the Vietnam Day Committee about an alleged phone conversation between him and Fred Gardner of the Berkeley Gazette. According to Rubin, the Daily Californian refused to print the story.

The phone conversation was about a series of articles entitled "America at Peace -- or in Pieces" which Gardner is authoring for the Gazette.

BARB called the Gazette to get their version of the story, but no one was home. BARB then called the Daily Cal and received the following statement from Andy McGall on behalf of the Editorial Department:

"We are printing as much of the Jerry Rubin story as our lawyers have advised us is clearly non-libellous.

"We have consulted ASUC lawyers, a member of the Boalt Hall Law School, an ACLU lawyer, and a faculty member of the USC Law School."

BARB wondered where they found the time to consult and consider so much law. McGall replied they had received the story on Tuesday. See page 4

VDC Release for Record

The following statement was presented to the great big press at a news conference by the Vietnam Day Committee at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco at 1:00 pm Wednesday.

By now BARB is sure its readers have digested every possible version of the conference. Just in case you failed to get it straight, here it is in its original form:

Last night the general membership of the Vietnam Day Committee ratified the following plans for the march.

November 20 at 12:00 -- 1:00, there will be a pre-march rally on Upper Sproul Plaza. We have already reserved Upper Sproul with the University. At 1:00 P.M., the march leaves for the Oakland Army Terminal, the main bay area port of supplies leaving for Vietnam. After picketing at the base, the marchers will return to Peralta and 7th for a rally.

The purpose of the march is to:

- 1). oppose American intervention in Vietnam
- 2). demand an end to federal and local suppression of the protest movement.

A team of lawyers will take every possible legal step to force

Union Help in Oath Test Expected

Union support for UC Berkeley campus efforts to invalidate the Levering Act loyalty oath may be expected in the very near future.

Both Barbara Garson and Charles Aronson have made public their intentions to test the constitutionality of the Act in court.

Mrs. Garson, who was imprisoned for her efforts in the Free Speech Movement, called on professors on campus to "rescind their oath."

BARB asked Keith Nason, business agent for UC Berkeley teachers' locals 1570 and 1474 AFT (AFL-CIO), if his organizations planned to support the cases.

"We would hope to do something definitely about these cases in the very near future," Nason replied. "AFT is very much interested in cases of this nature and as a matter of policy abhors loyalty oaths."

Mrs. Garson told BARB: "I feel that the professors as a body should rescind their oath. I feel that this action is dignified and forceful. It will not only rid them of this oath but will assure them against future harrassment."

"But," she added, "this is for the professors to do, not me."

The issue was first raised this fall, when Aronson's Extension mathematics course was cancelled only because of his refusal to sign the oath, according to statements made by Extension officialdom. He has been teaching the course without pay and students have been taking the course although credit may not be given.

Mrs. Garson's case is somewhat different in that she intended to sign the loyalty oath originally, although she is now fighting the oath on "the broadest constitutional" grounds.

"I thought I was signing the oath," she told BARB, and explained how it came about.

"I told 'Personnel' (at the Personnel window) that I was willing to sign if I could add an exception. They referred me to a Mr. LaRue. He begged me to write 'no exceptions' followed by an asterisk, on the 'exception' line and then append my statement elsewhere. He gave me the impression that I was in effect signing the loyalty oath."

Her exception read: "I will advocate overthrowing any government if it is feasible, desirable, and the overthrow is supported by a majority of the citizens."

It was not until the end of the month, after three weeks work as a part-time clerk-typist, that Mrs. Garson learned that she had been working for nothing.

Mrs. Garson then went to Mr. LaRue for an explanation. The explanation, she told BARB, was that he had received word from the General Counsel of the Regents that "this sort of thing" See page 4

the City of Oakland to permit our march.

Groups in Washington, Oregon and Los Angeles are planning to send busloads to Berkeley for the march.

After the press conference, we will go to the City Hall to submit our application for the parade permit.

And so they did -- i.e., go to the Oakland City Hall and with little optimism, a spokesman told BARB.

Reporters expressed concern for potential violence like by the -- er -- er -- Hell's Angels, for example?

VDC's spokesman explained that whereas VDC monitors are all well-trained in non-violence a workshop will be set up to train all monitors afresh. And See page 3

Draftee Blues - Once You're 1A What's the Use?

"Are you through with midterms?" It was my mother's voice at the other end of the line.

"Im through with the first batch, why?"

"You got some mail. I didn't want to tell you till after your exams ... you're 1-A!"

Now, a slang dictionary will tell you that 1-A means something "the best" or "very good," but to those young American males (and their girlfriends) who possess half a conscience, "1-A" is more appropriately defined in terms of the more juicy definitions in the above-mentioned dictionary.

I assured my mother that the stream of invective that followed her message was nothing personal and then decided to see just why my annual student deferment hadn't come through. I was, after all, the perfect model of what any knowledgeable draft board would call a student, a U.C. senior carrying fifteen units, but...

The "but" I soon learned from the lady at my local board, was that three years ago, bugged by a world which was very hard to understand, I had left college for a semester to think things over without the distraction of grade points and units. "An order from Washington," she said, had requested the local boards to reclassify all undergraduates who had not received their degrees in four years from 2-S to 1-A. Then, I supposed based on the adage that misery loves company, she told me that this affected "500 others in the county."

My immediate course of action was to try and forget about it in the hopes it might go away. It didn't.

In the next day's paper I ran across a little statement by General Hershey, head of the Selective Service System, in which he was quoted as saying that See page 4

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by M.A. Romanov
THE AMADEUS QUARTET

Dear Editor ...

Local 1570 Censures
Heyns-Johnson Pact

The Executive Committee of Local 1570, AFT, Berkeley Campus UC, has requested a meeting with Chancellor Roger Heyns in order to discuss the contents of the following letter, mailed Monday, according to Keith Nason, Business Agent of the local.

Dear Chancellor Heyns:

According to the agreement of December 8, 1964, students have the right to advocate political activity on campus; the spirit and sense of this agreement, as interpreted and promulgated by you, is that students shall be consulted in the formulation of rules.

In the statements made at your own press conference held in conjunction with Mayor Johnson, you have violated both the sense and spirit of your own rules and the spirit of the December 8 agreement which you used as the basis for your own rules.

In promulgating your temporary rules of conduct for on-campus activities, you stressed the fact that these rules would not become final until students and Regents had accepted the final form. The campus is seen as a family, with family rules based on common consent; in this sense, students cannot be bound by rules which they have had no part in forming.

We ask on the basis of these arguments, that you withdraw your agreement with Mayor Johnson (that students shall not be permitted to organize a march on campus if they have received no parade permit from the city of Berkeley), since no attempt was made to determine student opinion before this rule was formed. Even in the absence of a formal advisory board for rules-making, nothing would prevent a chancellor from contacting major student organizations.

The effects of such an agreement are also of concern to us, for such an action breeds mistrust of the administration among a student body who have been encouraged all semester to trust in the carefully cultivated good faith of the administration of this university community.

We request that you re-affirm your position that political advocacy on campus (including the advocacy of a parade) is not in question.

We further request that you meet with the representatives of this organization at your earliest convenience to discuss the issues raised in this letter.

Sincerely,
Executive Committee
Local 1570, AFT (AFL-CIO)

Postscript to
A Fine Letter

Oct. 26, 1965

Julie Finley's letter in the last issue was fine, and true to its mark. I would only like to add a sort of post script.

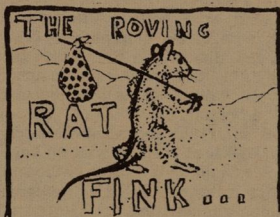
The need for courage is going to increase sharply from here on in. The dissenters are, and must remain always, a very small minority, and the great weight of majority will and opinion is going to be made to lean heavily on them.

The conscious and unconscious need for the frightened majority for an absolute unanimity of opinion is going to be expressed in many and varied attempts to silence or bring to heel an "unpatriotic", "cowardly", "red", "young and ignorant", etc. minority.

The very conscious demand of the political priesthood for absolute belief in The Golden Ass in Washington, whose dogma of self-infallibility exceeds and is more rigid than even that of the successors of Saint Peter is going to increase greatly.

I admire very much the courage shown thus far by individuals and groups of young dissenters. Vast reservoirs are going to need to be tapped in the months to come.

- Bill Glozer



Snarls at Science

The Nobel Prize season is with us again, and once more the question arises of whether the whole thing hasn't outlived its reason for being. Certainly it's no longer serving the purpose Alfred Nobel had in mind.

The lists of early Nobel awards read like a roster of the great men of modern science. But today, what unspecialized person could care about the three or four men he never heard of before, who split the honor in each of the scientific categories? The point is, of course, that we don't have great scientists any more, we have research teams; and the business of singling out one man from them to receive the credit is a travesty on the great Nobel's intention of rewarding genius.

Since awarding a prize for ser-

"Let's Honor American Cash" - Simas Bros. gas-station. Sorry. I'm a credit-card carrying member of the Communist Party ... "I never saw BARB before" - is Berkeley that big or are people that small ... When Prof. Malia used the term "qua" in a recent discussion on the VDC over KPFA, I thought he was talking about a new dictator in S. Vietnam ... Our favorite name amongst our favorite allies - Lt. Gen. Bum Suk, of S. Korea ... Bob Scheer feels we are "turning the corner" to American Fascism "within the next two months"; now is the time to move to Canada, Brezhnev, of the USSR, warns of a "missile war"; now is the time to move out of Canada ... The world is divided into two kinds of people, those who call and those who don't. I identify with those who call. If you don't want to call, it's all right. Just shove the phone up your ass ... "Don't wear Onide (perfume) unless you mean it." Okay ... Al Martinez, columnist for the Oakland Tribune, achieved one of those unconscious ironies when he took me on the other week for appearing before the Oakland City Council. "Perhaps a half-clean war would be acceptable to Mr. Kauffman," he writes. I just finished writing a couple of 8 1/2's ago, "We are caught by 1/2's - 1/2 a Democrat, 1/2 a war, 1/2 a Sunday Chronicle, 1/2 a UN, 1/2 a God." Now Martinez comes up with 1/2 a clean war ... "A retired American naval radar operator, his wife, and 7 children, arrived in Sydney after a 20 day cruise that cost only \$350, the American government paying the \$4,000 balance as part of a Navy retirement scheme," reports the Daily Telegraph from down under. Asked what he would do if Australia did not prove fair dinkum, Joseph Borgia, from Whittier, California, replied: "I'll just apply to the US government for passage on another ship" ... Now we know why the Democrats and Republicans held their conventions last year; it was to introduce Gulf Oil to the West this year ... "Chance Humor" found on movie marquees: "HARLOW", "IN HARM'S WAY" - "LOVER COME BACK", "TWO WOMEN" - "SECRET OF MY SUCCESS", "THE RAT RACE" ... - G.K.

vice to world peace involves taking sides in international affairs, the peace prize has come to be chiefly a piece of kudos for some person's or group's record of humanitarian activity. Certainly every recent recipient has richly deserved it. But the terms set by Nobel clearly specified world peace, not relief work, and a certain stretching of the point is plain in most of the peace prizes of the last twenty years.

The exception is literature. So far the Nobel trustees have not had to consider any great novels written by committees, nor have they given the award to a composer on the grounds that he's cultural too.

out. This is fully-realized string playing.

Their dynamic breadth is large, and their rhythmic accent is suave, all without undue distortion.

Of course, they play in a romantic way, somewhat old-fashioned now, and most evident in their tone.

The Mozart Quartet Number 19 was first. A somewhat abstract work, this quartet is one of Mozart's carefully worked-out appreciations of Haydn. From the first tentative harmonies to the emphatic assertions of the finale the Amadeus gave Mozart their best service.

Mátyás Seiber's quartet from 1952 is in the Bartokian shadow, very familiar but well done. It has more sustained interest than most Bartok-awed works. It was recorded some time ago but could use a new recording. The quartet played perhaps their most impressive evening's work in this athletic piece.



The concluding Brahms second quartet, Opus 51, No.2, is no longer very interesting to me but drew sparks because of its fine performance. They also gave us the Dvorak "American" finale as an encore.

All in all the Amadeus Quartet is definitely in one of the favored positions. It may already rank.

Except for those atheistic Soviets, of course...

- M.A. Romanov

... and when great things were expected to be done by great men. It's hardly surprising that so many of the young in recent years have seemed to feel that nothing is left except art. - R.R.

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film

SF Festival

Too Much

by Leonard Lipton

There's too much at the San Francisco Film Festival for one pair of eyes to see. This is a good Festival as such things go. Last Year I covered the New York Film Festival, and man, that was a drag. This year, I suspect things aren't any better. But San Francisco has done a job.

In the afternoons there are a series of appearances by American directors, and in the evenings two Festival films. So far I've flipped for one film *The Leather Boys*, by Sidney Furie. Furie directed *The Press File*, which gave me more joy at the movies than most of the jazz I've seen lately. I can't really say anything about *The Leather Boys*. Like a movie ought to be, it's ineffable.

But god, Albert Johnson's program notes... Sample: "... this film accentuates the propensity of contemporary British artists for dramatization..." And try this on: "This thoroughly objective film is directed and acted with integrity and style and, without sensationalism, it comes sufficiently alive to make one think."

First of all, I'm not interested in objective movies, or novels, or poems, or paintings, and don't say "you know what he means." I know what he said. For another thing, what's wrong with a little sensationalism? Stirs the blood up. And to say "it comes sufficiently alive," man, that puts me off. Sounds like he's talking about reviving the dead. Such praise is damnation.

I have gotten a lot of kicks watching San Francisco attend the Festival. Their gig is Levis and bell bottoms. Rich kids looking sloppy. Lots of faggy men too. And the audiences are so dumb, that it makes me fear there's something to genocide.

Friday afternoon (Oct. 22), I was with Mervin LeRoy, and 50 others. Mervin convinced me that he isn't an intellectual. He likes too many things — like every film made by every other director ever. How is it possible that this guy made *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*? Praise the studio system. Technicians can get behind the cousin of Jessie Lasky and make him look like a director. John Ford, on the other hand,

gives me hope. Growing old doesn't mean getting turned off. Ford appeared on Saturday, spoke wittily and lucidly and condemned the bankers back East who made it impossible to make a decent film. They just turned down his most recent script telling him it didn't have enough sex and violence. Ford told them they were damn fools because *Merry Poppins* is one of the biggest grossers of all time.

On Sunday Busby Berkeley turned questions off by referring to himself in the third person. I thought that went out with Caesar.

Get down to the SF film Festival Friday for King Vidor, Saturday for Gene Kelly, and Sunday for Hal Roach. Each will appear there, clips of their films will be shown, and a complete film too. Starts one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Masonic Temple on California off Taylor. Students, get in FREE.

The Festival's PR is really crappy. I'm covering the thing for a national magazine and I've had trouble finding out what's happening.

What's happening in the evenings? Glad you asked, baby; Saturday at 9:45 that Nazi son-of-a-bitch Heydrich gets killed, Sunday Satyajit Ray shows a flic at 7:00, and at 9:46, the film that's got more praise behind it than any other recent film, *Tokyo Olympiad*. Haven't seen any of them yet, but I'll be there. Student seats are cheap but really terrible. From the peanut gallery the screen is like a postcard seen edgewise.

12 Week Strike

Last Wednesday's mass picket line around the Colony Furniture Company, reported last week in BARB, is still having an effect favorable to the strikers, a union spokesman told BARB this week.

As of this Wednesday, few of the strikebreakers had returned to the plant, and there has been no trouble on the line, the spokesman said.

At the time of the interview, the union was having a meeting with the owners through the mediation of the State Board of Reconciliation in order to find a basis of agreement for ending the bitter twelve week strike.

Last week BARB reported that the biggest picket line since the strike started closed the plant tight. There were 300 pickets including 50 members of the Vietnam Day Committee.

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WHITE SHADOW IN ASIA

From page 1

The rolling seas in front of the bow caused their frail vessels to be gently pushed aside and as we continued on, their boats scraped along our port and starboard sides. The boys grabbed at ropes which hung down the side of our ship and deftly climbed up them. A few missed and found themselves bobbing in the sea and again my fears that they might be sucked into the under-current caused by the churning propeller were proved unwarranted as our wake pushed them away from the ship where they were fished out by the waiting sampans.

At least a dozen of the bronze-skinned, barefoot kids were now running in every direction on the decks, up the stairs and down the stairs, in what appeared to be complete confusion. I sat back on some deck cargo in amusement and wonderment, till I noticed a head emerging into my cabin through the porthole.

I rushed over and yanking on his torso extracted a bright-eyed, grinning kid of no more than fifteen. He quickly turned and ran off in the opposite direction. I rushed around to enter my cabin and secure the port-hole catch from the inside, locked the door and returned on deck.

Many of the seaman were now engaged in small groups and upon a closer look I discovered what this entire invasion was intended for. Cartons of American cigarettes and bottles of Scotch whiskey which the seamen could purchase tax-free on the ship were being sold to the youthful "pirates".

The bartering took place in Chinese and I gathered the kids were paying twice the seamen's cost of the articles. They paid out of huge rolls of Vietnamese piasters.

As soon as their business was completed, they rolled up their newly purchased merchandise in waterproof plastic bags and plunged off the side of the ship where another group of sampans were waiting for them.

Were these the infamous Viet-Cong tax collectors whom the seamen had feared coming aboard? Hardly, as the seamen themselves were gaining by these transactions. Just an efficient and well organized ring of black marketeers, part of the power structure of South Viet Nam using youngsters as their agents to further reap super-profits for their personal empires while the mass of the population, the peasants, are ill-fed, clothed and housed. The same elite, I imagined, who have called upon the United States for assistance in maintaining their position of exploitation.

As the last of the kids jumped overboard, the seamen seemed quite pleased that they had managed so well and would not now have to smuggle through customs and contact the marketeers directly in Saigon.

The last few hours of the river journey were comparatively uneventful. We passed a few patrol boats and we each lowered our colors in respect. On three different occasions, helicopters of the U.S. Armed Forces hovered close behind us, checking on our name and origin, I presumed.

At dusk we entered the Saigon Harbor, one side lined with marshland, bamboo huts and even an occasional billboard. The other side, the docks capable of handling perhaps fifteen ships. Most were Military Sea Transport Ships, U.S. cargo ships and a few of European registry.

From the bridge I could recognize many familiar landmarks from my past visit. The My Canh floating restaurant; Cholon, the Chinese section; Tu-Do Street, the Fifth Ave. of the Orient.

Rush hour traffic was in evidence. The streets thronged with people on bicycles, beautiful, long-tressed girls in their delicate native dress being pedaled in tri-shaws, pattering Mo-peds and miniature Japanese manufactured taxis all dwarfed by the ominous military trucks carrying war supplies from the dock-yard and troop carriers bringing the soldiers in to enforce the evening curfew on the city.

Anxious to go ashore, I skipped dinner, picked up my pass and disembarked. No sooner was I through the gates when I was approached by a rotund taxi driver who offered me his good services. "What you like? You want number one girl? Huh? Go see blue show? Maybe smoke opium? You say, I take you."

It had been many weeks since my last port and I felt sure that this man must have something to offer me.

(Next week: A night in an opium den)

Student Fear

From page 1

the grower gets hurt in his pocket-book.

From what I could learn the reason for the dearth of forces was an unfounded rumor that 2000 Berkeley students would be down that weekend and the farmers judged it wiser not to send any scabs out. This can be judged as a victory and/or a reason for concern on the part of the student.

The feeling I got from talking to a few of the Mexican-Americans I came into contact with was that the prospect of a massive onslaught of Berkeley students indicated to them that there was an unduly high possibility of getting unnecessarily arrested.

The feeling towards Cal students is, it seems to me, ambivalent. They are genuinely grateful for the help we've offered but they have in their mind a picture of a bearded radical all ready to go to jail for anything. And primarily they are, and rightly, interested in bread and butter issues.

Maybe a lot of their fear IS unfounded, but the fact remains that it is there. It results from the spreading of the stereotype of the "Filthy Speech Movement" radical all over.

The question it raised in my mind this weekend was: Just how helpful can I be in the sweeping social change that is occurring in our country today. Just how and why does my behavior in Berkeley alienate those I desire to work for?

VDC Release

From page 1

this includes longshoremen and teamster unionists who are volunteering as monitors in a new move to co-operate with the VDC in mutual protection of rights in which all unions are commonly interested.

There will be no distribution of leaflets to soldiers, the press was told just in case you missed it in your favorite garbage-liner.

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Once You're 1A

From page 1

the System would not order the revocation of student deferments and had left the matter entirely in the hands of the local boards. What of the mysterious "order from Washington" I wondered.

I called my board again and this time was told, yes, this had been a decision of the local board and would I like to appeal?

I picked up two hitchhikers that evening, fifteen-year-old surfer types, who sat in the car talking to each other quietly. They were talking about a friend of theirs who had been sent to Vietnam and was killed. Without any consciousness of the irony, one turned to me and said "... he was only 22 and made sergeant ... that's pretty good, huh?"

"I'm almost 22," I said, "but I'm not even a private, I'm alive though."

"Yeh," he answered, shrugging off my sermon, "but that's pretty good, huh, makin' sergeant at 22?"

Would I like to appeal?

I spent the evening with my girlfriend, being close, talking about the pretty things in life and watching her shudder when she looked at the new draft card.

Would I like to appeal?

Last night my roommates and I talked until four in the morning. They too have spent some time out of school and neither has received his degree yet. They hadn't heard from their boards yet and were dreading the fall of the axe: the 1-A classification, the physical and then perhaps the chance of fighting for ... for what?

As one of them turned to go into his bedroom I handed him an eloquent little novel about war, Johnny Got His Gun by Dalton Trumbo and asked him to read it. Later, as I drifted off to sleep, I could hear that he was having trouble sleeping. Through his bedroom door came sounds of tossing and quiet swearing and I think he must have been wondering as I was: to WHOM do I appeal? — Alan M. Eshleman

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byron

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Anti-drafters

From page 1

people who comprise the power structure. We had lengthy conversations."

Among the material handed out was the VDC "Attention All Military Personnel" leaflet originally designed for distribution at the Oakland Army Base, and a pamphlet featuring an interview with a GI returned from Vietnam. A special leaflet designed for Operation Induction Center is almost ready, Cherkoss said.

In addition to the men outside, one Anti-draft "undercover man" infiltrated the induction center and brought back glowing reports.

"I saw people reading the literature and asking one another questions," he reported, "and there was even open debate."

The Operation continued at 6:30 the next morning.

Rubin Request

From page 1

That's plenty of time. And plenty of law. Mr. Rubin gave us little time. In the usual manner in which radicals and their organizations have been dealing with BARB, he asked us to go out on the limb with him as a mere afterthought.

We'd love to help. We think the articles are a scandalously "yellow" type of journalism. We are angry at the slurs we've read.

Give us a break, and we'll do all we can.

NOTICES OF ANY EVENT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC ARE WELCOME. To be included the following Friday they should be received in Monday's mail. Please specify admission price or if free. Address BARB 2421 Oregon St., Berk.

BARB apologizes to Charles L. Scamahorn for neglecting to credit him with the two largest photos on page six in the last issue, NO 11.

What to Do & Where to Go

Friday

(October 29)
READINGS AND FILMS: Beate reading, Howard Kerr and Wes Hind read from IN HIS OWN WRITE and A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS by John Lennon. Films include CALLIOPE I by Ken Botto; Open Theater. Showings at 8:00 and 10:30 p.m.; admission \$1.50

FOLKSINGING AND POETRY: Country Joe McDonald, Pat Sullivan and poet Pete Winslow, first set 9 p.m. at the Jabberwock, admission \$1.

FILMS: Hitchcock thrillers, PARADINE CASE with Chas. Laughton and Leo G. Carroll, and SPELLBOUND with Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman. Slate sponsored, 155 Dwinelle, 8:00 p.m. 75c

Saturday

(October 30)
JAZZ: Contemporary jazz at Mandrake's, 8-12 p.m., no cover. HOOT: Bear's Lair Hottenanny with Chris Selsor, bring banjos and guitars, A.S.U.C. sponsored, 9:00 p.m., 25c, Campus.

FOLKSINGING AND POETRY: Country Joe McDonald, Pat Sullivan and poet Pete Winslow, see Friday.

CONCERT: Twelve-string guitarist Malachi and the Jazz Mice with vocalist Jeanne Lee; Open Theater. Showings at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m., admission \$1.50.

BENEFIT: Larry Hankin of The Committee, and Jefferson Airplane, presented by Local 1570, A.F.T., Harmon Gym, 8:00 p.m., Tickets \$1.00. UC campus.

Sunday

(October 31)
CONCERT: University Symphony Orchestra, Michael Senturia, Conductor; Claudine Carlson, Mezzo-soprano. Programs to include works by Haydn, Mozart, and Mahler, 8:30 p.m., Hertz Hall, reserved seat tickets, 50c. JAZZ AND HOOT: in the afternoon, jazz by the 4 Dimensions;

in the evening a hoot. Jabberwock, jazz \$1.00, hoot 50c.

JAZZ: Scott-McLean Quartet, modern jazz. The Albatross, 3-7 p.m., no charge.

JAZZ: Contemporary jazz. Mandrake's, 8-12 p.m., no charge. FILMS: Halloween film program, THE THING THAT COULDN'T DIE and ATTACK OF THE FIFTY-FOOT WOMAN. Open Theater, continuous from 8:00 p.m., admission \$1.25.

THEATER: Theatrical miscellany. Open Theater, 3:00 p.m., \$1. FILMS: AMERICA and THE IDOL DANCE, Pauley Ballroom, 8:00, A.S.U.C. sponsored, 50c. CONCERT: Laurette Goldberg, harpsichordist, The Quest Restaurant, sets at 2 and 4 p.m., admission \$1.00.

Monday

(November 1)
CONCERT: University Symphony Orchestra, Michael Senturia, conductor; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano. See Sunday.

LECTURE: "Dramatized Readings of poetry and plays" will be presented in French by Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Bard at 8:15 p.m., in Morgan Hall, free. Campus. POETRY READING: Hugh Richmond, Department of English, U.C., reading from Donne, 4 p.m., Morrison Room, Main Library, campus.

Tuesday

(November 2)
FOLK MUSIC: Cy Koch, interpretive guitarist, Jabberwock, 9 p.m., 50c.

FILMS: The first of four programs in The Cinema of the Absurd: TWICE A MAN, 1963, by Gregory Markopoulos, and OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE ALL THE PEOPLE, (1964) by Jerome Hill. Wheeler Auditorium, campus. 8:15. \$1 or 85c for students.

Wednesday

(November 3)
FOLKSINGERS: The Singers'

Circle with Barry Olivier. Jabberwock, 9:00 p.m., admission charged.

FILMS: Canyon Cinema film series, titles to be announced. Open Theater, showings at 8:00 p.m. and 10 p.m., \$1.25.

CONCERT: Pianist Joan Gallegos will play works of Schumann and Debussy. On campus, Hertz Hall, 12:15 p.m., free.

Thursday

(November 4)
FILMS: Robert Breer will present a program of experimental films and a lecture. 155 Dwinelle Hall, 8:15 p.m., 75c. Campus.

FOLK MUSIC: Robbie Basho, Jabberwock, 9:00 p.m., 50c.

JAZZ: Contemporary jazz. Mandrake's, 9-11 p.m., no charge. JAZZ: Dixie-land jazz, 9:30 - 1:30 p.m., the Albatross, 50c.

Friday

(November 5)
CONCERT: New Artist Concert, Alicia Schachter, pianist, will play works of Bach and Schubert at 8:30 p.m., 50c Hertz Hall

FOLKSINGERS: Larry Hanks and Chris Selsor, ballads, blues and close harmonies. Jabberwock, 9 p.m., \$1.00

READINGS AND FILMS: Beate reading, see Friday, October 29.

Oath

From page 1
was not acceptable.

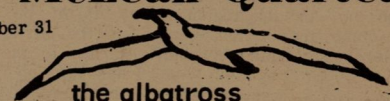
When asked why she had not been informed promptly, according to Mrs. Garson, LaRue replied "It was not my responsibility."

"I learned from Mr. LaRue that he had not fired me because the General Counsel's opinion was that I had not been hired," she said, "I feel as though I was very hired."

Neither she nor Mr. Aronson are suing just to get their pay, she explained. Their objective is now to end the oath.

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