DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 181 977 JC 800 114

AUTHOR Eisenstein, Sam A., Ed.
TITLE Los Angeles City College Celebrates Fifty Years of Bringing-Forth, 1929-1979: An Anthology of the Work of Faculty, Staff and Students.
INSTITUTION Los Angeles City Coll., Calif.
PUB DATE 79
NOTE 194p.; Photographs may not reproduce well.
AVAILABLE FROM LACC Foundation, 855 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90029 ($6.50)

EDRS PRICE MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS Alumni; *Anthologies; Biographies; College Programs; Community Colleges; Educational History; Essays; Institutional Characteristics; *Junior Colleges; Poetry; *School Publications; Short Stories

ABSTRACT

Works by faculty, emeriti, staff, students, and alumni of Los Angeles City College (LACC) commemorate the 50th anniversary of the school. The anthology contains graphics, poetry, fiction, manifesto, reminiscences, humor, and essays. Certain essays focus on the history of LACC and individuals prominent in its history. In addition, short histories of each LACC instructional area are presented and prominent LACC alumni are listed according to their field of endeavor. (JP)

LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE
CELEBRATES

Fifty Years of Bringing-Forth
1929-1979

An anthology of the work of faculty, staff and students

Compiled and edited by Sam A. Eisenstein

Published by the Los Angeles City College Foundation

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Los Angeles City College, throughout its history, has been in the forefront of the community college movement. The faculty has earned a deserved reputation for excellence in teaching, and the administrators of the college have gained national recognition through the success of the instructional program. The students of Los Angeles City College have won secure places in the professions, the arts, and in semi-professional roles in industry. It is fitting that some type of publication should record and summarize the history of Los Angeles City College over the past fifty years. For this reason, the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles City College Foundation decided to finance the publication of **LACC CELEBRATES**. It is appropriate that a non-profit foundation, devoted to the task of working for the benefit of the faculty and student body of Los Angeles City College, should support such a worthy publication as **LACC CELEBRATES**.

B.C. Winters, President
Los Angeles City College Foundation

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For superb typesetting (and deciphering) Susie Hirose and Lon Spiegelman of the L.A. Community College Press and Linda Thor for use of the facilities. Rob O'Neil, LACC Public Information Officer, for his steady, warm and experienced head. Albert Abramson, Creed Winters and the entire committee of the LACC Foundation for their visionary support of the entire project. Chriss Bertelli and Chris Fletcher under the direction of Marie Sanchez of LACC Graphic Arts, for pasting-up, designing and professional artistry. Dr. John Nomland for his seminal idea toward an oral history of LACC. Paul Whalen, Dean of Instruction, for facilitating a special class to aid in the production of **LACC CELEBRATES**.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Here are some of the voices of Los Angeles City College coming to you undimmed by fifty years of passage, along with some speaking today. The concerns are the same, even while dialect and styles differ: urgency, a sense of the ineluctable passage of time, desire for consensus, need for a personal voice, pain, joy of all sorts. Voices that the reader will recognize stating concerns that will never end, never be resolved. Yet LACC is in its very being a synthesis of opposing forces. It is at once an academic institution offering the first two years of the liberal arts university, a vocational workers' institute for two-year skills programs, and, increasingly, an elementary school for the teaching or re-teaching of the American language. Each foot of this tripod demands a greater share of the shrinking resources available. Politics has never been absent from higher eduation. "The squeaking wheel gets the grease" and silence is not golden. Yet, the wise founding fathers saw the necessity, if the tripod is to endure, that there be three strong legs to it.

The voices in this anthology reflect the richness of diversity within the one tabernacle of LACC. We thrive in a city college, a civitas of civil tolerance toward one another's strangeness, "City air makes free," cried an intoxicated new city-dweller of the previous century. Then even worse than now there were blighted ghettos, filth and distemper, but with hope and opportunity unmatched anywhere else. Immigrants and migrants came to the city, determined to find a better life with awakened abilities and to pass them on to their children. This year the promise is at once fulfilled and still carrots on a stick.

LACC CELEBRATES is a challenge flung down the corridors into the future. This is where we have been, where we are now. You, future custodians of the heritage, do no less than this. Understand our failures and our silliness, but keep a sense of humor about your own partisanship. Remember that city and community are but permutations of the same prediction. A city is a community or it becomes a jungle of anarchy. The college is a place where civil skills breed a sense of belonging, a sense of shared history.

Sam Eisenstein
1979

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EVERY DAY IS COMMENCEMENT DAY: A VIEW FROM THE SEVENTIES

By Richard G. Lillard

If I had been asked to address my daughter's university graduating class in June of 1979 I might have delivered these remarks.

The most invigorating way to avoid stagnation is to view your life as one long process of education, whether you're home, on the way to and from work, at work, anywhere in town, or on trips. The best autobiographies catch the satisfaction of an unending learning process, as in **The Education of Henry Adams**, Frazier Hunt's **One American and His Attempt at Education**, or **The Education of Carey McWilliams**.

Such a quest goes in all directions. In order to see any meaning in your life you need to know history and geography and other sciences, physical and social, and some of the great works of literature. Nothing adds more to your conscious life than an abiding interest in processes, in cause and effort, in contradictions and confrontations, in the multitudinous interplay of ideas and actions, yourself included.

In thus watching the big main actions you can avoid the extremes of sentimentality and cynicism. You can balance two deep pleasures. One is solitary, working alone as a reader, a researcher, a hiker, a gardener, a pianist, a creative artist, a letter writer, a planner of anything from a party to a business to a city—getting ready to be articulate through some medium or in person. The other is the equally deep pleasure of working with others to solve a problem or simply **to get a thing done**, be it the washing of a sinkful of dirty dishes, the swinging of a financial deal, or the passage of a Constitutional amendment. There are the equal delights of sharing goodwill, laughter, and talk at a dinner party or silent attention at a film or play, followed by analysis and discussion. Mark Twain says that no joy surpasses a joy shared.

In a fairminded lifetime voyage between extremes in attitude and between the solitary and the social, you can consciously sense that everything you know fits into other things. And you will have the excitement of seeing connections, relationships, parallels, of turning comparisons into similes and metaphors, of making inductive leaps and in phrasing big, seemingly valid generalizations. Knowledge does come, and wisdom does linger, and both accumulate like a snowball rolling in soft snow. The more you know the more you can know, and the more you can know what you don't know. Then you can ask the right questions. You don't want Montaigne to mean you when he says that you believe nothing so firmly as what you least know. The ultimate goal—happily unreachable—might be to become what Emerson calls a transparent eyeball, to have an all-embracing, simultaneous, spherical view of all reality. But such a mystic vision would leave you with nothing to do, no motion to make.

You can make your lifetime sufficiently educational by taking a big view, yes, seeing things and events organically, as parts of a sequence or system of relationships larger than you can see all at once, or ever. The daily newspaper and the weekly newsmagazine are a scramble of footnotes on history. At any moment when you are present and observing you see suggestive aspects of a nation, a region, a city, a campus or factory or office or sports arena, a home, or a human tie as being at some stage in its life cycle. Always there are clues and data that imply, from which you can infer. Anything appears as connected with everything else in some demonstrable or arguable way. You find meaning, significance, by finding or inventing connections, be they toward the example or the broad statement. New ways of being significant keep cropping up.

To get the most out of life you may well find it best to be eclectic or flexible in approaching day-by-day experience. Whatever the label you accept, the moderate middle-ground position adds richness to your life. You can be a person who, to quote **The Reporter**, "cultivates the skills that make freedom operational." You can be "always on special assignment." When you are open-minded and independent, you join the advance, not the rear, guard. The world opens up. Life becomes a welcome drama, a whetting of vocabulary, a sharpening of thoughts, a forensic shaping of issues. Such lively, active open-mindedness affirms sound old values, applies them in new contexts to new people. It exposes the unsound, decrepit, cruel, phony or obsolescent. It can, for instance, take what once seemed to be the saga of the frontier, the making of the West, and show it to be rich in the elements of a monumental environmental disaster.

Being a moderate ecologist or economist, or whatever, can give you the pleasure of skepticism. Consider, as one example, the Utilitarian and Progressive slogan of the last two centuries: "The greatest good for the greatest number," a concept still mouthed by politicians and planners, who often, whether they know it or not, are agents of special interests. In the short term a policy may seem beneficial to the general populace, yet in the long run of a century or a millenium it may turn out to be a prodigally expensive catastrophe for society and renewable natural resources.

Also, as a fair-minded middle-of-the-roader you can take pleasure in making a distinction between the idea of physical progress and that of cultural or ethical progress, and in seeing no substantial evidence of either. You may see improvement in certain persons and in certain human-being activities, but not for long or not in general. Certainly

we human beings live amid a multitude of repetitive changes. We Americans prattle of Progress and brag about Technology but exhibit only change. Groups of people take turns getting better, that is, getting ahead of others, and thinking they'll stay ahead but then falling behind. We are like plants and the other animals. When conditions change, the intricate process of natural selection, chance and inevitable, saves or eliminates a genetic or political or economic line.

If you can accept the opinion of some philosophical historians, we human beings had evolved to our brief moment of apparent world dominance by ten thousand years ago. In the aggregate, since then neither we nor our civilization has undergone any basic alteration except for a speedup in the rate of superficial changes. We respect size, numbers, and rapid multiplication of things - growth - although we have doubts about cancer, obesity, and urban sprawl, even about our crowning technological achievements, our hydrogen bombs. We specialize in rapid killing of multitudes of individuals, for one purpose or another, in no matter what species. Our glory - our minds - our ability to pool information and to communicate, appear linked all too often to a masterful capacity for self-destruction.

How can you accept this "human condition"? By contemplating. By watching all scenes of the serious human comedy. By debunking the false and the fallacious. By actively trying to restrict bad changes and to promote good changes. What if you do find yourself a modern Sisyphus, forever pushing the rock toward the hilltop only to have it break away and roll to the bottom again? As such a Sisyphus you attract attention and admiration, you have plenty of healthful exercise, and you have permanent employment.

You'll do well to agree with the late Socrates, who said sometime before 399 B.C.: "The life which is unexamined is not worth living." You can continue to accept new perspectives to examine your life and the lives and life of people around you, to see daily life as an adventure involving facts, insights, and at least fragments of wisdom. You can be like Robert Frost's farmer:

> I have promises to keep -
> And miles to go before I sleep

Marco Jimenez

EVELYN VIOLETTE LOFTIN— CLASS OF 1917

by Selma Chesler

In 1917, at a time when no Negro teachers were employed in the Los Angeles school system, Evelyn Violette Turner, (now Mrs. Evelyn Loftin), graduated from Los Angeles State Normal School for teachers. She was one of two Negroes, both women, in a class of some 525 students. There almost had been three, but one couldn't quite make it.

State Normal was the first of a series of educational institutions to be established on what was to become the Los Angeles City College campus. Located since 1882 at Fifth and Hope Streets, where the Los Angeles Public Library is now, it had moved to the North Vermont address in 1914.

From then on the formerly homesteaded farmland, instead of cultivating crops and livestock, would be cultivating students.

I first met Evelyn in 1974 when she had been appointed Assistant Coordinator of L.A.C.C.'s brand-new Senior Citizen Center. One of its functions was to encourage and help older adults go to and return to college. Located in Bungalow 102, it was a cozy place in which to relax over coffee between classes; to which to bring a brown bag lunch, and talk, and make new friends. Elimination of funds caused by Proposition 13 eliminated the Senior Center.

I learned, during the two and one-half years she worked there, dispensing her very special brand of sunshine, what a remarkable human being Evelyn is.

She has done many different things to earn a living. Once, when interviewed for a position, she was asked why she had done so many things. "A Negro girl had to do what she could," she answered.

"Everything I did, whatever happened to me, was affected in one way or another by my being Negro," she tells you.

She prefers to use "Negro" and "Colored" rather than "Black."

Evelyn has been married twice, for 34 years to her second husband, William R. Loftin, Sergeant First Class, U.S.A. (Ret.), who is working towards a degree in Psychology at California State University at Los Angeles.

She has two children, five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Her son, Edward D. Warren, is retired from the Federal Government. Her daughter, Marilyn I. Dixon, is a Supervisor in Personnel Service at the Veterans Administration Medical Center, Wadsworth.

So full has her life been, her octogenarian history would fill two or three spellbinding books.

This is some of it.

SELMA:

Evelyn, will you tell where you were born and when, and something about your background and childhood?

EVELYN:

I was born in Houston, Texas, January 1, 1894. I'm 85, and a hodgepodge of races. My mother and father were Negro. While my maternal grandfather was Negro, my maternal grandmother was a Chippewah Indian. On my father's side, his mother was Negro, but his father was the Irish owner of the plantation.

My mother died when I was born. I was the last of her 13 children. The rest of them didn't seem too interested in me. They fed me and kept me clean, but I was too far removed from them. They were married by the time I got old enough to know things. As each one got married and left, the next oldest would keep house. When nobody was left, my father got married again. My stepmother, who was very mean, died three years after they were married, when I was six. Then my father brought me to Los Angeles, for my sister to take care of.

My father was a carpenter—a very good one. He spoke German, but I never did know where he learned it. My one still-living sister told me that before moving to Houston, my father had lived in Ennis, Texas, where he had been a wealthy rancher. Another Negro had a big ranch next to his. The White people came in one day and gave my father and this other man "so many hours" to get out.

SELMA:

Did the White people pay for this property?

EVELYN:

No.

SELMA: How did your being Negro affect your schooling?

EVELYN: We Negroes had such a hard time getting an education! I didn't hate, I don't hate now, I don't know what hate is. But we were so handicapped.

I graduated from Manual Arts High School where I was one of three Negro girls in our class of 350. Former Governor Goodwin Knight, opera star Lawrence Tibbett, and movie director Frank Capra were some of the notables in this class.

I got straight A's in high school. Not that I was brilliant, I wasn't. I was a plodder. If I had a difficult math problem, I would stay up all night, if necessary, to solve it.

SELMA: What decided you to become a teacher?

EVELYN: All we knew was school. We couldn't get work, so there was nothing else to do. I went into Normal right from high school. Having no money, I worked all through high school and college in the kitchen of a beautiful large cafe on Broadway near 8th Street in downtown Los Angeles. I worked after school from noon to 9 p.m. for $9.00 a week.

However, the woman who owned the cafe kept me dressed beautifully. When she got tired of her clothes, she would give them to me. I went to school dressed very well.

SELMA: What subjects were studied in normal school in those days?

EVELYN: At Normal we took the same subjects we had taken in high school, but now we learned how to teach them. We had American history, mathematics, Spanish, English grammar, and composition, and literature. We also studied teaching methods and teaching observation, nature study which included field trips, physical education, arts and crafts, primary or rural school law, and shorthand and typing.

I belonged to the Latin Club. I took four years of Latin, two in high school and two in college. Also, I was a member of the honor society.

SELMA: Since no Negro teachers were then employed in the Los Angeles school system, where did you do your practice teaching?

EVELYN: Colored girls could teach in just one school in Los Angeles, the Holmes Elementary School in Watts. Only Negroes lived in Watts. However, three girls who had graduated ahead of us "filled up" Holmes Elementary School.

When we practiced teaching, we did six months on campus where we had a big elementary school, but all its pupils were White.

Our last six months of practice teaching was away from the college, but we had nowhere to go except Watts.

The Dean of Women helped us with any problems we had.

When I practiced teaching at Watts, my family had moved to Santa Monica. From there I had to come down Exposition Boulevard on the red Pacific Electric car and then take a regular yellow street car down Vermont, paying another fare. These were two different transportation systems. Since the Vermont car ran only to Melrose, we walked the rest of the way. Sometimes it was so wet there was water up to our knees.

SELMA: Couldn't you find a room near the school?

EVELYN: In those days we lived with our family. I'd leave home about 6:30, then walk for a half-hour to where I got the red car. I had to report at the college first, at 8:30, be there one and a-half or two hours, and then go to Watts. From Watts I would have to go back to college, another one and a-half to two hours, and report to our supervisor.

Then I had to go to work, to downtown Los Angeles. Since the cafe was across the street from the Majestic Theater, the stage stars would eat there.

A French chef presided over the entire kitchen. No person had more than one type of cookery to take care of. One girl made nothing but salads. My sister was in charge of desserts, cakes and pies. All these girls were beautiful colored girls, who should have been in college. The candy was made in another area, and only White girls were used for this. They worked all day. When I came in, I would help wherever the chef needed me, peeling potatoes and the like.

SELMA: Among your numerous activities was that of concert singer. How did that come about?

EVELYN: From that point we consulted with the Dean of Women, who worked religiously with us colored girls to help us find work. She would write to places where she knew there were Colored schools. She would try to find out where Colored teachers were employed.

I accepted a job in El Centro, California, on the Mexican border. On one side of the tracks was a school for Whites. I was never in it. On the other side was the school for everyone but Whites—Japanese, Chinese, Indians, and Negroes. It had a Negro principal and two Negro teachers. We had to teach kids of all ages. Some 15-year-olds were in the third grade. They had to work in the fields until the entire crop was finished, then they would go to school. Sometimes they came for only four months out of a year.

SELMA: You left El Centro and got married.

EVELYN: Douglass Warren and I had been going together. He was a Negro and a natural born chemist. After finishing Los Angeles High, he went to Vernon, California, where there were some refineries, looking for a job. After working as a janitor for a time, he nosed around where the gasoline was made. The Gilmore Oil Company found he was gifted and sent him to the University of Southern California to take a course in the particular subject they wanted him to learn about.

Then they had him go to Alma, California, near San Jose. He was smart and a Negro. However, because he was a Negro, people didn't think he was very smart. He would work in the refinery as an ordinary person, get friendly with people, and find out about the different kinds of gasoline—the new formulas.

I went to San Jose, and he came down from the mountain where he was living in a little isolated house, and we got married in the preacher's home.

Then we went back up to the little house on top of the mountain and lived there.

When our son was some months old, the company sent my husband to Oil City, Louisiana, and I came down a few months later. It was one of those real prejudiced southern towns you hear about, something I had never experienced.

The people who worked for this company lived in little two-room cabins within a high-fenced area. Everybody living there came from somewhere else. They were intelligent and White, and treated us the same as we had been treated in the north, as one of them.

You had to walk three miles on the railroad track to get to this small town to shop. When you reached it, you would have to walk up five or so wooden steps to a porch. All the little stores were on the porch. When you came to the end of the porch, you were at the end of the town.

The first time I went to the town was to buy some material for sewing. I went into the little dry goods store and told the man I was looking for material. He stared at me as though I was someone from outer space. Heads began to peek around from everywhere. I got very scared because I didn't know what it was all about. Then one of the women yelled, "Mary, Mary there's a nigger woman in here that's talking just like White folks up north."

One day I got dressed up and went to the town to shop. The sheriff—big hat, wide belt, gun—like you see in the movies, yelled at me, "Hey, gal." He got loud, and came towards me and said, "Hey, gal, can't you hear me talking to you?" in his deep southern brogue.

I turned around and said, "Are you talking to me?" "Yah," he said, "where did you come from?" I said I lived over there in the refinery where Mr. Mitchell the supervisor lived. "Oh, you're the niggers from California, hah?" "That's right," I answered.

I learned later that when school was out the teachers (Negro) would go into little towns like Oil City and be prostitutes for the big rich White men. That's why he was yelling. He thought I was one of them.

There were no schools in Oil City for the Negroes. My husband started a little school at our house for Negro adults. After about three months the White people threatened his life. He had to give it up.

After a few disturbing incidents, I told my husband I wouldn't stay any longer, and I went back home. After our return to Los Angeles, we bought a house on the west side.

SELMA: Among your numerous activities was that of concert singer. How did that come about?

EVELYN: My name from babyhood was "Singer Turner," because I was always singing. I had one sister who was mean. When she would spank me, my "good" sister would give me a nickel not to cry. She told me that when I was a little girl, when my mean sister would spank me, I would take my little chair outside, sit in it, and look up at the sky (my family had told me my mama was up in heaven), and sing and hum to her about my woes, and tell her they had whipped me.

I took classes in singing in Manual Arts High School. They noted my voice was unusual—I could top high C. I told Mrs. Finn, the owner of the cafe in which I worked, that I was going to sing solo at graduation. (Lawrence Tibbett was soloist, too.) She said if you're going to do it, do it right, and told me to go across the street to the Majestic Theater and Music Arts Building and pick a voice teacher, and she would pay for the lessons.

I went over and listened at some doors and then knocked on one. He was an Italian teacher. He began to train me, and gave me a song to sing for the graduation. We worked on that. Then he taught me in Italian and French, and I built up a repertoire. The lessons continued for about a year.

Mrs. Finn would sometimes have me get up on a table and sing for the customers.

I was already singing in churches. A Negro composer found out about me and used me to sing his songs, while he would accompany me on the piano. I was invited to sing in various places, and I would include some of his compositions, introducing him as the composer, and in that way his name became known.

I soloed at Amy McPherson's Temple and for the Veterans of Foreign Wars. My association with the VFW got me into the Coliseum. Madame Schumann-Heinke used to sing there every year on Memorial Day. In 1936 she wired she couldn't be there. Immediately the VFW said to get me, I could do it. The highups fought it, they didn't want me, I was an unknown to them. However, the Vets stood up for me, and as a result I was the first Negro soloist to sing in the Coliseum.

In the audience was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

SELMA: How did you meet Prince Modupe Paris?

EVELYN: People have always given me tips. This particular one came from a friend in the singing world in the studios. She told me that the RKO Studio had brought an African prince over from Europe, a graduate of Oxford, as technical adviser for pictures with African scenes, supervising the setting up of African villages, writing African songs for each African picture, and arranging the African choreography.

A car had not been assigned to him, she told me, and if I wanted to drive him around in my car, that would give me the opportunity to meet him and possibly get work with him in the studio.

I followed her suggestion. I knew the city and drove him around. Eventually he made me his private secretary, and demanded of RKO that I have an office right next to his.

When they started the picture "Darkest Africa," the Prince requested I be given the part of the African mother. The casting director and the director said I wasn't the type. Then the Prince stated firmly, "Evelyn will be the mother, or else." They gave me the part and were pleased with my performance. The picture can be seen occasionally on the late night show.

He gained entrance for me to a lot of places I would not have gotten into otherwise, being a Negro, such as the English colony. Since he was from England, they took him right in. We went to teas, for example.

So often one thing has led to another in my life. These English people had the custom of having carolers sing under their windows every Christmas. I took my singing choir to sing carols at their windows every year for four or five years. We covered the entire neivhborhood. And we were paid for it.

I became fast friends with Prince and his family.

He married a New York girl who belonged to my sorority. He is still alive, and comes to visit me.

SELMA: During World War II you were involved in providing recreational services for the Colored servicemen in Los Angeles. What did you do?

EVELYN: At the beginning of the war I would take Colored girls out to the USO in Hollywood, the famous Hollywood Canteen, to dance with the Colored boys. An older friend or two and I went along as chaperones.

SELMA: How did you get the girls?

EVELYN: Some were the daughters of friends, some came from the church, some from clubs. I would hire busses and take one or more busloads out there.

Here I met Bette Davis, who was one of the sponsors of the Canteen.

Later a Colored USO was opened on the east side in connection with the Colored YMCA.

There was a big White camp in Wilmington. Bette Davis told me that Negro soldiers were going to be brought to Wilmington, and a smaller camp would be built to house them. She suggested I have an interview with the White captain at the White camp, which I did, and he gave me the job of Service club Hostess for the Negro camp.

This was Camp Ross, which began to operate in about 1942.

Accounts were opened for me at the Broadway Department Store and at other places where i would buy whatever was needed, like playing cards, stationery, games. I would secure all services beneficial to the soldiers, especially reereational. I obtained donations for the camp. There was one Colored woman up in the echelon, connected with the Red Cross, and it as well as other groups would sponsor parties at the camp, everything at their own expense.

I was there for two and one-half years. The Army became integrated and Camp Ross was no longer needed. It closed in 1945.

Bette Davis gave me a Certificate of Appreciation for my work with the servicemen.

SELMA: You taught in Japan for two years. How did that come about?

EVELYN: About 1952 my husband who was stationed on an Army post sixty miles from Tokyo wrote me to come out. Being about ten miles from shopping facilities, we had to buy everything at the PX.

They had an American Dependents' School for the servicemen's children. The Japanese had their own schools.

The American school wanted to put on a program, and I volunteered to do it. The PTA, very big there, offered to buy whatever was necessary.

So glad was the principal to have someone who could do this, and who was able to teach the children, she wrote to Los Angeles for my credentials, and then hired me as teacher for the first and second grades. I did all the music for them, put on a fashion show, and taught singing to groups of children, and then we would travel to various little towns to sing, mainly in chapels. (A chapel is a church on an Army post.)

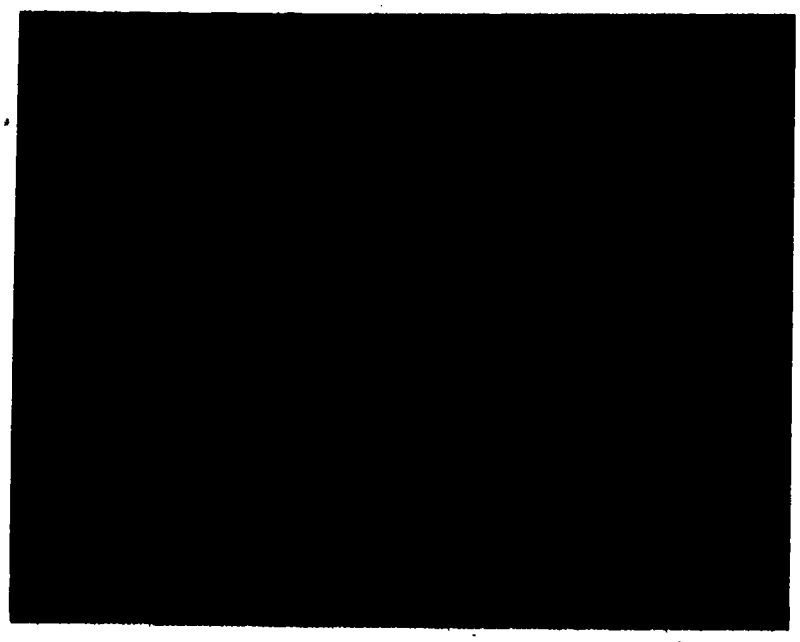
SELMA: Evelyn, you have told me that Los Angeles State Normal was a two-year school, and that you went later to U.C.L.A.

EVELYN: Yes, I got my B.A. degree in Education at U.C.L.A. and studied piano at U.S.C.

I majored in English. Mrs. Andruss, after whom the Andruss Gerontology Center at U.S.C. is named, was my English teacher in high school. I had wanted to be a writer, but she was responsible for an incident that killed my wish to write.

She asked the class to write a story about something that had really happened to us. I wrote about something that had happened to me in Texas.

"Miss Turner," she said, "regarding this composition. I asked all you students to write something absolutely true. This could never have happened to anyone. You made it up." And she tore up the paper. That killed me. I finished my time with her, but I didn't like her.



LOOKING BACKWARD: NINE-TEEN THIRTY-FOUR

by Pauline Furth, M.D.

Taking a class in Creative Writing this semester occasioned my return to this campus after a brief absence of 44 years. A few changes had taken place. (1) **Student prof. relationships:** The profs were all older and the students younger. In my debating class there was one woman who was all of 26, and we all looked suspiciously at her . . . how come she was **still** in school? Myself, I was 16, and fresh out of Garfield. This was before the War, before the GI bill, before the easy acceptance of older age groups on college campuses. I am relatively sure that there was no one above the age of 30 in the entire school. This was generally true of USC and UCLA as well, although having graduate school, the age limits went up by a few years.

There was a definite 'apartheid' between profs and students. It would have been inconceivable calling a prof 'Sam' . . . or not raising one's hand to speak . . . or to arrive late or leave class early . . . or having any mutual social life. One could only fantasize about the life of the prof. who kept his proper professorial distance. This was before the days of Mario Sayio and the Berkeley revolt for the recobnition of the student as a human being, not an IBM number . . . before the recognition that the student had a responsibility as well as the intelligence to contribute to the educational processess . . . before the encouragement of student input . . . before the 'show and tell' educational philosophy or even the circled chair familiary and the psychological oneness it conveys. The flow was all one way, from the podium down to the masses. Therefore the excellence of the course depended wholly on the excellence, or the degree thereof, of the lecturer. Exams were usually essay-type, subjective, rather than easy-to-grade objective multiple choice.

The image picture was more authoritarian, more disciplined, less fun and games, more work.

(2) **The Economics of being a student during the Depression:** Almost no one I knew had a car. I traveled from Belvedere thusly: one mile walk up and down the Bonnie Beach hill to the 'end of the P car line', transfers on Vermont (?) and then to the end of that line . . . a total of about an hour or more traveling time, but it wasn't wasted because I used the time to do my 'homework'. Although there may have been a parking lot, I have no clear recall of it at all. There was no one else who had graduated from Garfield who lived within appropriate distance who went on to L.A.J.C. (as it then was called). During the street car strike of 1934, my best friend and I stayed at each other's homes who that we could 'hitchhike' to class together.

In my 'crowd' we were all poor and tried to get extra jobs. I 'solicited' from door to door getting customers for a milk delivery company. . . 25¢ per customer so that I could pay for my street car fare. The only 'luxuries' I owned were a good typewriter and a good fountain pen (before the era of cheap 'ballpoints').

But none of us were as poor as my Mexican (pre-coining of word Chicano) neighbors, who considered me very elite in just going on to school . . . because even high school was a real luxury for them. All about us people were scrambling about for jobs, any kind of work. There was no Unemployment insurance, no disability insurance, and no jobs. The sudden pauperization of millions of Americans found the government on all levels paralyzed, and so people took matters into their own hands. Across the street from where I now have my office, the 'Unemployed Units' had set up a headquarters. Other similar units were set up in other areas of the county and a primitive barter and exchange system began operating. The San Pedro group would bring fish, the Silverlake group bread/etc. and then people in each area would come and fill their sacks with food. The food was obtained by begging, borrowing, working for, and sometimes outright taking from the warehouses—where it lay rotting because people didn't have the money to pay for it. People were turned out on the street for non-payment of rent and utilities were frequently turned off. There was great hunger in this city of ours.

Just going to college was a luxury afford by only the well-to-do or by students whose parents, like mine, who sacrificed even the bare necessities to make it possible. My mother worked as a nurses aide at Mt. Sinai Hospital for $1 per night.

(3) **Students and Politics:** From the economic situation flowed the political consequences. Social conscience ran high with at least a vociferous minority of which I was a member. Our themes were Anti-War; Anti-Fascism; Anti-ROTC. I even ran on this playform for student body president, or perhaps vice-president. Although I knew I had lost by a heavy margin, I never found out the exact score, because it was chalked up on a black board in the auditorium and since I entered with a young man whom I wished to impress, I wouldn't put on my glasses. Dorothy Parker's poem of 'Men don't Make Passes at girls who wear glasses' was funny to everyone except us myopic disasters.

Our mentor was Dr. Herbert Alexander of the Sociology department. I tried to match him, unsuccessfully, with a nurse friend of mine (Always a matchmaker by heart, if not by profession). Later I heard he was a scapegoat in the infamous times of McCarthy. How he fared, I still do not know.

(4) **Intellectual Ferment:** Not only were political and economic precepts questioned, but the veracity of accepted formulas in chemistry, physics, and mathematics as well. The work on the cyclotron in Berkeley was in its paper stages, and the atom bomb with all its nuclear implications was in its gestation period.

For my personal self, it was a time of great intellectual indoctrination. I became exposed to the world, past and present, and new vistas opened up as great as the San Andreas fault. Heraclitus, the Paramecian, the Protozoa, concepts of redundancy and metaphors, the Hitlerian putch in Munich, the splits with the radical movements, how to conjugate the subjunctive in Spanish, the Sinclairs, both of them . . . Intelligence and new ideas were goading me from all angles, to be absorbed and sorted out. I never heard the word 'ennui,' nor could I conceive of it.

(5) **Ethnicity:** Mostly Anglo, many Jewish, a few negroes (before the term 'blacks'), fewer Japanese and a sprinkling of Spanish surnames. No 'third worlders' . . . None from the Middle East.

Within the Jewish community there was the process of changing one's surname. Levin became Lane; Cantor, Canter; Rottblatt, Rust. It was easier thus to 'pass,' for this was the time of 'assimilation' much as its sister process in Germany. This was before the Holocaust, and before the militancy which subsequently evolved. The rationale often was that it was more euphonious, or that it had been changed from the original anyway. As for myself, as cacophanous though it might be, I could not dream of changing Frumkin.

(6) **Social graces:** Those were the years I learned to read a menu . . . I had never been in a 'real' restaurant before' . . . I now began to read the menu Hebrew-wise, price first, then the item. We usually went 'Dutch treat,' being considerate of the other's strained finances. We often smoked cigars (not Cigarillos) . . . this was, of course, pre-marijuana, and we learned the delights of beer and 'Dago Red' in lowering ones self-consciousness.

(7) **Sex in the 30's:** We didn't talk much about it, but the doing was about the same. Sex probably started a few years later than at present, deterred by the fear of pregnancy. No reliable contraception, and abortions were illegal. Getting "caught" literally meant that, and often changed one's life completely. Some 'had to get married;' others had to quit school. There were no child care centers, and usually the woman alone had the responsibility throughout of the children. No one attended school when visibly pregnant. This 'closeting' of pregnancy persisted even into the days of my medical school, when I was asked to take a semester's break to have my child, as it could be embarrassing for patients (sic) to see me with a full abdomen, or go onto the stage to receive my diploma in 'that condition.'

(8) **Music:** Cuban Love Song; He takes me to Paradise; I built a Railroad made it Run; Happy Days are Here Again . . . simple tunes, easily hummable. No quadraphonic sounds, no Hi Fi, no demands for auditory precision, or the nuances of sound with the progressive 4-8-16 track systems.

Things I miss: Lockers in the hallways (whatever happened to them?); heated, knowledgeable political discussions; in the Jewish community everyone taking piano or violin lessons; the pungent smell of orange blossoms in the County named for them; the poppy fields; the clean, fresh air and a view of the mountains every day; the organ that accompanied silent movies; piling into someone's truck or taking the 'red car' to Ocean Park on Sunday; dance marathons; bread 5-10¢ a loaf, less if stale; milk, 11¢ a quart; Wing's cigarettes; 21¢ a pack; and gasoline at 19¢ (sic) a gallon, and all the orange juice you could drink for 5¢ at the Grand Central Market.

Things I don't miss: The poverty.

What happened to everyone? I know and have followed only a handful. Ben Rust became the fonding president of the California Teachers Federation (AFT); others became professionals of every hue; some have disappeared into the day or night . . . but my very closest friend Sylvia committed suicide.

Sukja Choi

LOOKING TO THE SECOND HALF CENTURY

By Stelle Feuers

This year is a particularly significant one for the College because we pause, however briefly, to reflect on the 50 years that have gone before it. During the last five decades thousands of faculty and staff have contributed a significant part of their lives to the building of this institution. Hundreds of thousands of students have submitted a significant part of their lives to the guidance of their teachers and to the discipline of learning.

City College has a legacy of greatness — it has served as a model for hundreds of Community Colleges across this nation. It has been a trailblazer in innovative approaches to education, a pioneer in its work with the handicapped, a leader in career education and liberal arts programs, an advocate for the educationally disadvantaged and a major contributor to the workforce of this City and State, counting legislators, educators, office workers, technicians, medical personnel, scientists, actors, journalists, musicians and artists, to name a few, among its graduates. Unique, also, is the composition of its student body. City College has become a microcosm of Los Angeles itself, serving a multi-ethnic student body, many of whom are first generation college goers.

The traditional college environment before World War II was geared largely to teenagers who moved quickly from high school to college. College was in effect conceived of as "preparation for life."

At the end of World War II there came to the campuses eight million people who were no longer 18, no longer fresh out of high school, and no longer naive about the ways of the world. They had different needs — different outlooks — and different values, and were in fact, different students; and their impact was reinforced by the Korean War veterans and the Vietnamese police action veteran. Clearly, one of the major forces for change in traditional education has been war.

The 60's brought the campuses minorities in larger numbers and the 70's brought countless women — young ones and older ones. Currently, Joe College is a woman. Fifty-five percent of the student body at L.A. City College is female.

Fifty years ago, if a woman went to college, she studied to be a teacher, or a nurse, or a secretary. Today, our women students are tomorrow's teachers, nurses, and secretaries, but they are also tomorrow's police officers, engineers, scientists, and reporters.

Older adults of both sexes have come to college classrooms in unprecedented numbes. By 1980 it is predicted that 40% of tomorrow's college students will be between 33 and 44 years old.

At City College, part-time students now comprise 67½% of the student population. Interestingly enough, 36% of the evening session students are part-time students. So, obviously, the remainder are attending during the day. The per cent of full-time day students at the college has dropped to 32½%. Many day students work, many have families, many of them are older adults. More and more of them are carrying lighter loads and staying in college longer. The differences between day and evening students appear to be narrowing.

And so, although 18-to 21 year-olds still constitute a major part of the college clientele, the once homogeneous population of white, middle-class high school graduates has given way to a heterogenous student population which includes the old, the young, the handicapped, the part-time student, career changers who need retraining, and students who aren't working toward a degree or certificate.

As a result, today's student bodies are characterized by a high degree of individuality.

The 60's taught us the value of not lumping everyone into huge, meaningless categories. With the emergence of ethnic studies programs, we learned that the melting pot has its drawbacks. It has no room for pride in one's uniqueness. We began to learn that different students have different needs, and to understand why and how one group differed from another. We also began to realize the need to transform the traditional educational system into one that provided a broad range of options for meeting students' unique needs.

The educational institution has tended to be a fixed menu dinner. What we are moving toward today is a smorgasbord table, and in this context there will be the opportunity of exercising individual student preferences to a degree never before attainable. Much of this will be achieved through the utilization of contemporary technology.

The impact of television has been well documented. According to a recent **Newsweek** story, the average five-year-old has spent more hours watching television than a student spends in the classroom during four years of college. By the time a teenager graduates from high school, he or she has logged at least 15,000 TV viewing hours. Much has been written about the ill effects of these large doses of television. But for the most part the critics have ignored the benefits and the enormous educational potential of this new medium.

At an annual conference of the American Association of Community and Junior Colleges in Atlanta, it was noted that television has hardly been tapped for the betterment of people. The televised courses, or telecourse, as it has become known, has just begun to be a widespread phenomenon. As it mushrooms, it will create a sizable new category of non-traditional student . . . the one who attends class at home, in hospitals, or in prisons.

Satellite communication will permit us to access resources in any part of the world. By 1990 it is projected that interlibrary loans will take place between the continents, thanks to satellite transmissions.

Perhaps the most significant manifestation of today's technology is the micro-computer. With processing centers embedded in tiny silicon chips, today's $10,000 micro-computer can do the work of a 1950's computer that filled a room and cost a million dollars.

In the brand new field of computerized instruction, City College has developed a reputation as a pioneer. Critics of teaching-by-computer have suggested that it

dehumanizes instruction But our experience has brought rich and unexpected rewards

On multiple choice quizzes, for example, the computer explains why a wrong answer is wrong This gives students a chance to interact with the material and to gain a concrete understanding of where they went wrong

From a student standpoint, perhaps the finest benefit of computerized instruction is that students can learn at their own pace That means students take as long or as short a time as they need to master the course material.

This learning process, known as mastery learning, will go a long way toward meeting the individual academic needs of students For teachers, it is a manageable way to cope with the wide range of student abilities found in every classroom

Mastery Learning, whether by computer or other methods, will have enormous impact on the system we use to deliver education to students. It may very well affect our traditional semester time frames.

In addition to technological change, the time parameters of learning and education have changed dramatically Where once we planned on going to school from kindergarten through high school or college, now we are beginning to see education as something that should occupy us all our lives Education is coming to be seen not only as preparation for living but as a central experience of living itself

There are several reasons why this should be so. First is the unending flux that governs our lives. Changes happen so fast and so frequently that many jobs cease to exist. People need retraining so they will be employable and so they can advance in their careers. According to one estimate, we may need retraining five times in our lives.

Second, we undergo enormous personal change as we move through our lives. We are not the same people at 41 that we were at 21. Instead of a passion for literature, we might have developed one for geology. College is the perfect place to pursue these new interests . . . whether the goal is to change careers or fill one's leisure time with activities that offer great personal satisfaction.

Lifelong learning is not the only change that will help community colleges tailor their instruction and services to the diverse needs of individual students. More and more, instruction will move outside the classroom. In increasing numbers, students will earn college credit for such things as community work and field study and even life experience which will give recognition for what a student learns and can do regardless of where the student learned it or how long it took.

This experiential learning, as it is called, brings a needed dimension of reality to higher education. It moves away from the abstractions of books, and it enables students to make strong connections between course content and the outside world.

Closely related to experiential learning is non-cognitive learning; that is, learning which focuses not on academic content but on personal coping and survival skills. To enhance our personal lives, we must do a better job of communicating with one another . . . of caring . . . of understanding how feelings work. As crucial as these abilities are, we are not born with them. They must be learned As we pay increased attention to meeting the needs of the individual, we must not lose sight of the fact that individuals operate in larger contexts . . . families, communities, corporations, and society as a whole. It is this fact which makes skills in human relations every bit as important as skills in reading or math

Colleges are also beginning to augment academic instruction with instruction in the art of learning to learn instead of learning facts. In addition, there will be a greater emphasis on learning to perceive relationships and connections.

The community college system has entered an era of dramatic change. On the part of the institution there will be changes in procedures, in practices, in the basic assumption about its structure, its operations, and its funding.

Students also will have to change in at least the following ways:

— They will have to take responsibility for the process of becoming educated and learning how to utilize available resources both in and out of college.

— They will have to learn to accept and use educational freedom of choice far better than they have learned to date, and they will have to participate through existing and yet to be developed channels of communications so that students can have a voice in expressing their needs and thereby helping to shape both the delivery systems and their content.

For our part as educators we need to provide services to all students, day or evening, young or old. Such services should accommodate student needs and schedules, not institutional convenience. Adults and part-time students will be a new majority and our potential student body will be the entire adult population throughout their life cycle. And community colleges will move in the direction of becoming community learning centers.

As L.A. City College moves into its next 50 years, we know that it will be part of a world radically different from the one in which City College was born and flourished for so many years. We know that there will be tremendous changes in the future. Unchanged, however, will be the college's strong commitment to its community, dedication to quality education for all its students, and a recognition of its responsibility to all those who have come before to continue the tradition and the contributions of City College.

CITY COLLEGE - A THIRTY YEAR STINT

By Philip J. Schlessinger

In late July, 1949, I walked across the campus admiring the ivy covered buildings and the mountain background to the north. My purpose for this first time visit to City College was to meet with Dr. John Lombardi, Dean of Instruction regarding a teaching position. I anticipated at least a half hour conference with a great deal of orientation. To my utter amazement, we shook hands and I had hardly sat down when he came right to the point. "Do you want the job or not?" he stated in a most positive voice. Without hesitation I replied, "Yes, I do." "Well," he said, "you have it. I'll see you in early September."

The meeting was over, not another word was exchanged except pleasant goodbyes. Little did I realize that I'd be working on this campus thirty years later celebrating the college's 50th anniversary. In spite of such a long duration of tenure, I cannot say that any year or decade from 1949 to 1979 was dull, uninteresting, or short of exciting events. So much has been packed into my three decades of work here with a backdrop of international, national, and state events, that the time has literally slipped by like the speed of sound. The background of events which flash through my mind are the Korean War, President Truman's firing of General MacArthur as Commander of our forces in the Far East, the veterans voting for Eisenhower because they felt he was one of them, the nefarious McCarthy Era, Nixon's Dog Speech, the eloquence of Governor Adlai Stevenson, my unsuccessful attempts to get elected to the State Assembly, missing by 100 votes in 1958, the election of John F. Kennedy, the Cuban Crisis, Kennedy's Assassination, Johnson's Great Society, Senator Robert Kennedy's assassination, Hubert Humphrey's defeat to Nixon, the Viet Nam War, student campus riots, Nixon's betrayal and resignation and now countless dilemmas - inflation, oil crises, Mideast worries, and unbalanced budgets.

Of course all these events were worldwide or national in scope and certainly had their effect but who could say we were devoid of happenings right on our campus. It was a big innovation when night summer session classes were started in (1950?). This beginning proved very popular and a huge success. Those early post World War II years witnessed thousands of veterans in our classes. The percentage of outstanding students was high and of course most of them were attempting to make up for lost time having served in the armed forces for as many as five or six years. Classes met from 7:00 a.m. continuing to 10:00 p.m. There were no empty classrooms at any time. Classes were jammed and you took open classes in the afternoon or you didn't have one. Bungalows sprung up everywhere and the staff increased with each semester. What a contrast today with faculty and staff being reduced by attrition and retirements and students enrollment consistently on the decline.

For a few years (1947 - 1953) the Los Angeles State College operated on our campus with a common President but separate lesser administrative offices for each school. Facilities were overtaxed and bickering between faculties and staffs was standard. Since Los Angeles City College was governed by the Unified School Board and the State College by the State Board of Education, a split was inevitable. The Unified School Board wanted to control the first two college years but let the state pay the bills for all four years. Obviously this was unacceptable to state officials so they agreed to leave Los Angeles City College grounds and set up their own college elsewhere. By 1954 they had opened the doors of what is now called California State University of Los Angeles.

In spite of their leaving, L.A.C.C. continued to grow and expand. Even though by now there were more community colleges added to the system such as East Los Angeles, Valley College, Pierce, Harbor, Southwest and West College came later. Trade-Technical School became part of the system. By the late 50's and early 60's a building program was launched to replace the old ivy-covered buildings which were declared unsafe. In ten years, fine new buildings were completed but even so bungalows were still in existence though many were removed and others shifted around. Trying to teach during the din, noise and pounding of hammers in the building area was no easy task. Some instructors had moved out of their rooms, they couldn't compete. Others became hoarse and still others utilized a bull horn. This was the price we paid for progress.

All through the years, however, I was known to give dramatic presentations to the class with my voice several decibels higher than usual. It was not uncommon for instructors to shut their doors and windows during the warm days one by one to prevent me from teaching three or four classes at once. Even those who used film projection machines could hardly compete. But I was not alone. Hal Owens of the speech department had the same voluminous voice and woe betide any instructor who taught in a room or bungalow between us. Charles W. Trigg (1938-1963) Dean of Instruction told me before I went off on my first sabbatical in 1961 that he'd know I was carrying out my sabbatical assignment because no matter what country I happened to be in, he would hear me. This oratorical reputation has never left me but at least students don't fall asleep in my classes.

During my probationary years at City College our long tenured Department Head, the late Belford Cruse (1929 - 1958), used to eavesdrop on

Cynthia Ramon

probationary instructors by standing near the door of a classroom or bungalow. So one day he told me, "Phil, I heard you lecture and you were good, I am now sold on you. You may not know it, but I did not want you on the staff but Dean John Lombardi overruled me. Now I confess he was right and I am now for you. With such enthusiasm and vigor, you are a credit to the faculty."

Belford Cruse is gone now but I am still going strong even though these days it takes even more energy and zip to keep students interested on a high level. Whenever anyone wants to locate me while I am in class, all they have to do is go to the center of the mall near the flagpole and they'll hear my voice coming from one of the classrooms in Jefferson Hall.

In my first decade or so of working at the college, seniority was dominant in almost every phase of faculty preferences. If you were at the bottom of the totem pole, you got the classrooms farthest from your office. Since classroom space was scarce in those days, and if you were new on the staff, you could be shunted to teach history in the life sciences building or in a bungalow hot in summer and cold in winter. If you forgot to take any classroom aids from your office, you were out of luck. It was too far to run back. I developed the habit of putting everything I thought I needed in a carton box beforehand, especially when tests were given. In this way the items I might forget were few if any. In due time I became known on campus as the box boy. To this day, when I give an examination, I throw everything in a box even though my classroom is in the same building as my office. When students and faculty in the hallway see me carrying a box, they know I am giving an exam.

In the early '50's we registered people in a more personal manner in the gymnasium. In our department it seemed the junior members' classes at the time filled up quicker than the old timers. Thus Dr. George Kalionzes and I would go around the rows of desk chairs proselytizing students to take some of our senior members' classes. We did this so that the senior social science faculty members would not take away our filled classes when their classes fell short. We had great success with our approach until our registrar Ben Schwartz (now retired, finishing up as President of East Los Angeles College) caught Dr. Kalionzes in the act. The old timers of that time frowned on our practices even though we were doing them a favor. We are not sure though we did the students a favor! For some reasons or other, Ben Schwartz never caught me.

If you were a junior faculty member you might be called upon in a pinch to teach a subject entirely alien to your background training. It seemed that Miss Adair who taught the History of Nursing became ill after two weeks into the semester. Chairman Belford Cruse tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Son, you must help us out. There is no one to take Miss Adair's place and you are elected. You have a good gift of the gab and can easily keep ahead those nurses." What can a junior faculty member say other than "Sure, I'll do it." Well, for sixteen weeks I used every available hour in preparation and I taught them about Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton and about the horrible working conditions of nurses. But I learned a lot from them also. They told me about the transparency of nylon uniforms and their electric shocks. They improved my knowledge of anatomy. Each time I walked into the class they stood up saying, "Good afternoon, Doctor." When we ended the class they stood up and said, "Thank you, Doctor," and waited for me to leave first. Such startling respect I have never received before or since except when I lectured in the German Gymnasium schools. I am especially proud of one student in that class and she was Mae Johnson. She went on to get not only an R.N. but B.S. and M.S. degrees as well. She wound up being the head of the Nursing Department of Valley College. Believe it or not, she retired this year and I am still with it.

In those days faculty not only took a bigger role in the registration process, but in the extra curricular programs as well. You chaperoned dances, became advisors to clubs or the Freshman class like I did. Hal Owen, (retired now, 1947-1975) would organize a Faculty Show given in our auditorium, long gone. They were hilarious and a huge success. Students paid a quarter for admittance and the proceeds went to a summer camp for diabetic and underprivileged children. In some years, we had to put on two performances by popular demand. Faculty are characters in their own right but on stage it is accentuated.

Until Dr. Arthur G. Horton, U.S. History professor retired (1947 - 1970) he and I would debate each other every presidential election year. Dr. Horton always took up the banner for the Republican candidate and I the Democrat. Most of the time Dr. Horton never

knew what to expect from me. On each occasion he was always surprised. In our Stevenson - Ike debate, I dressed up like President Truman to plead for Stevenson. In 1960, I dressed up like a little baby with a bonnet and holding a big sucker entering Holmes Hall 6 big lecture room with my supporters shouting "Am I too young to run?" If you recall, opposition to John Kennedy attacked him as being too young to be president. In 1964, I dressed up as a Texas cowboy with a six shooter, a brass band and a huge entourage of student supporters. Each time Dr. Horton was nonplussed. Sometimes he would get red as a beet. One time my wife exclaimed, "Why do you debate Dr. Horton" He might drop dead from excessively high blood pressure." However Dr. Horton and I always remained friendly and the truth of the matter is no one else would take me on. Nevertheless, the students enjoyed every minute of it and they learned a great deal because the speeches did get serious for the most part. When Dr. Horton retired, the Presidential Year Election debate tradition on campus came to an end.

In the 1950's, I tried my hand in the political field running for the California State Assembly in 1954, 1956 and 1958. In those days, a teacher testing the political waters had to read softly as if he were light enough to walk on eggs. Just the opposite is true today. It was not unusual for a colleague to come up to me and whisper, "Phil, it is wonderful what you are doing, but aren't you afraid? I would be." One time, when I was in Dr. Lombardi's office alone he said, "Phil, I know it isn't true but someone on the campus tried to tell me you left your classes in the morning to go out campaigning on college time. I didn't believe it and told the party so. I tell you this as a precaution so that no one can even make the charge." I thanked him pointing out that not once had I left my work to campaign. Indeed, I never did leave a class day or night knowing full well what might happen. I did not take a leave of absence because I could not afford to do so. I lost in 1954 and 1956 by around 5,000 votes out of 60,000 cast but in 1958 I was ahead by 368 votes out of 68,000 cast but the absentee ballots beat me and I lost by 190 votes. The campaign was under-financed but students like Richard Wright, now Legislative Advocate for large financial firms in Sacramento, Henry Nelson, now a prominent attorney, Jerry Zanelli, a PR man today handling campaigns for Senator David Roberti, Senator Diane Watson and Senator Montoya along with Stanley Bunyon, now a teacher of many years, and Ken Watose, real estate broker; Werner Aufrecht, my treasurer, and Evelyn Benson, now on the Parks and Recreation Commission, all made contributions which were invaluable. To this day, I run into people who remember me from those campaigns.

Even though I never quite made it, the experience and expertise gained from those campaign years proved of great value. Since I became acquainted with the state legislators, the governor and the political protocol of the State Capitol, I was able to help the college by getting important bills passed by going to Sacramento as an unpaid lobbyist. I helped get bills passed to make our retirement more secure; and stopped a bill from adding more educational nitpicking for college educational counselors and got a bill passed removing restrictions on community college staff doctors to treat students.

But the biggest effort was the triumph of getting the L.A. Community Colleges to be governed on their own and not by the L.A. Unified District. This triumph was achieved against great odds but my continual political participation after my defeats explain it. First I had helped George Danielson to get elected to the Assembly. As a favor to me, he introduced a bill to separate the L.A. Community College District from the governance of the L.A. Unified School Board. We ran into stiff opposition from some other such districts in the state. But then George Danielson made it to the State Senate and Monroe Smartt (now retired), my colleague and an influential member of the Los Angeles College Teachers' Association, joined my efforts. He secured the Association's backing. Even though his overall political philosophy and mine differed on the national scene we made an excellent team.

Senator Danielson reintroduced our bill and it still had slow going until a lobbyist offered the advice to tailor the bill to apply just to our unified school district. Now the bill passed and Governor Reagan signed it. Separation took place officially in 1968.

On balance the benefits exceeded the drawbacks but at the beginning with a conservative elected board, organization was slow. The Board of Trustees got tangled up with the two Valley College teachers who had written and distributed a salacious poem. The Board of Trustees fired them but after long litigation the State Supreme Court reinstated the tenured English instructor who actually had written the poem. The other teacher had merely distributed actual copies to her class remain, finally.

With independence, L.A.C.C. has had five presidents in ten years along with two acting presidents. Student turmoil and riots protesting U.S. involvement in Vietnam reached a peak. Classes were disrupted and trash cans were upset to say the least. One instructor was assaulted, getting his nose busted. The administration was at a loss as to how to handle these disturbances being reluctant to call in the police. The outcome of all of this was a "beefed up" security staff on campus, and increased security measures for documents, equipment, offices and classrooms. There followed picture identification cards for faculty, staff and students. The carefree feeling and movement around the campus of yesteryear is gone, probably never to return. In fact there is likely to be a more restrictive atmosphere as the years roll by.

With the disentanglement of the U.S. from Vietnam, quiet again returned to the campus but a great deal of extra curricular activity by students also declined. Enrollments of younger students declined, for the post war babies had now passed through their early college years. The demographics continue to indicate that enrollment at City College will decline as far as younger people enrollments but could increase with older ones. The capabilities of our students as a whole have declined especially among the younger ones. Other institutions around us continue to draw the better students in spite of the fact that faculty teaching at L.A.C.C. is equal to and even surpasses the efforts of four year institutions at the freshmen and sophomore years. The cultural mix has changed. The campus now is really integrated not only with blacks, but with a tremendous variety of Asians, especially Vietnamese, Thais and Koreans. Chinese and Japanese we've always had. Although they have language difficulties, they are model students for the most part. Along with this ethnic mix have come senior citizens. Their numbers have showed an increase over the years and may increase the effectiveness of community colleges. They set excellent examples for the other students in the class. In class discussions many of them serve as source material from their recollections and help make the class lively and informative. They are a valuable asset to the college.

Although the extra curricular participation of students has dropped, there has been no shortage of services added. There has been a variety of financial aids to so called low income students along with the veterans. I object to the outright grants and loans and would rather see the money dispensed through jobs on the campus like the program of the NYA during the New Deal Days. In this way the student learns that one must work for his aid and better attend classes. I don't want students if they fulfill their educational requirements to be burdened with being in debt just when they are starting out in their careers and family formation. Certainly when employed they will pay back in taxes aid they got in college by becoming productive citizens.

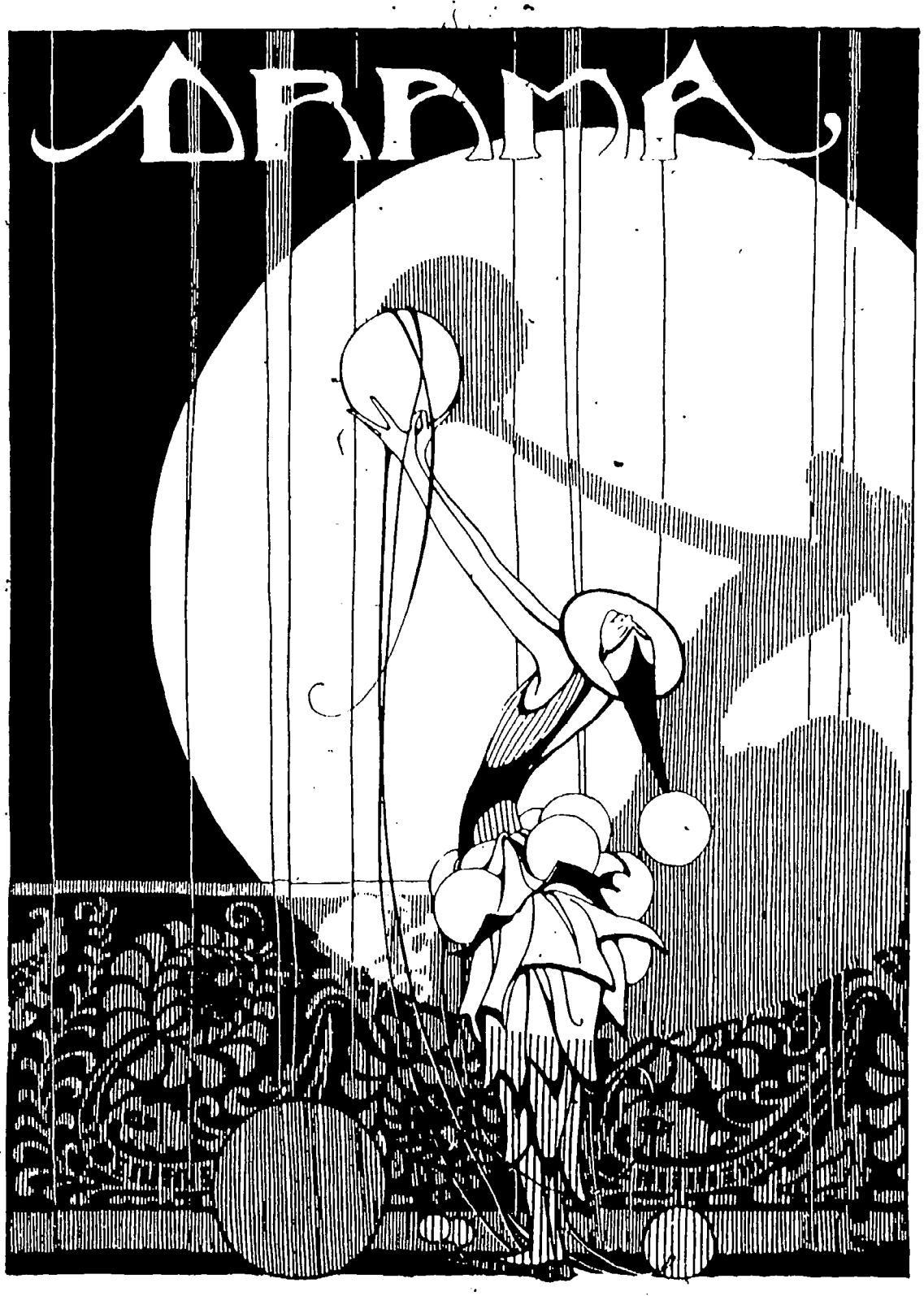
On reflection, I have not found my thirty years at City College boring, prosaic or routine. Each year has been different with new problems and challenges. No two classes are alike. Most of us have additional off-campus interests that not only make our professional and recreational lives full of diversification but even dovetail into our teaching, enriching and making it effective many times over. Over the years I have taken students to Sacramento to learn the working of government first hand. These educational field trips develop intense interest beyond what anyone would ever get across in the classroom. They have been experiences these students will never forget the rest of their lives even though most of them will never play a direct role in politics and government. Some of the best instruction has come about by your better students seeing you on a "one to one" basis in your office. I have many letters thanking me for the advice and encouragement to keep up with their educational effort and for finding themselves in their present professional status. Also, what is even more satisfying is to have students come back to you in person requesting recommendations for this or that when they have already graduated with bachelor degrees or are doing graduate work. The many letters of appreciation one gets over the years or acknowledgements from former students casually met even in far away places, has made my tenure at the college full of pleasant memories. They certainly have outweighed by far the few nasty responses and comments one gets from such a heterogeneous student body on the campus.

I always have been surprised how many former students even 30 years back still recognize me even though I have great difficulty recognizing them let alone recall their names. True, I have kept the same weight and still walk erect with a good stride, but the real reason I believe they recognize me on sight is really told by the response of one student when he said, "Professor, you still have all your hair!" I really believe this is the answer. If one still possesses a head of hair at the medicare age level, people will recognize you even if they have not seen you or a photo of you in forty years.

There have been other advantages working at City College. The location is ideal. You are in the heart of cultural centers, government offices, professional entertainment and recreational facilities as well as hospitals and clinics. This is not an insignificant matter, when one may have to rely on public transportation more and personal automobiles less. One's social life is not governed by the narrowness of small town gossip or confined to the faculty. One can be as conspicuous as desired or get lost in the size and population of the city. It is a freedom cherished but not attainable in small college towns. There is no backbiting among faculty regarding promotion and salary although a bit of it is bound to exist in administration ranks. Here one is on a definite schedule and his tenure, salary and working conditions are clear. Academic freedom has seldom if ever been challenged. You are not subject to whims or idiosyncracies of fellow faculty and administrators. It is all spelled out, even backed up now by a bargaining unit contract. It is a great relief. Ask any faculty member of another college, private or public, about such freedom from clashing personalities and he will envy City College conditions. On top of it all, it is not a "publish or perish" situation here. The emphasis is on good teaching, period.

In spite of its drawbacks, which other places have as well, the positive elements exceed the negative ones. When I was a student at the University of

Minnesota I always hoped there would be schools where money, social position, and political advantage would not matter whether one could obtain a higher education. I am proud to work at City College because it is just such a school. Tuition does not exist and imposed small fees are really discretionary to the student. Entrance examination scores will not keep you from registration and enrollment. Everyone has his or her chance to give it a try. There are no predetermined bases other than the student's own ability and conduct of his own personal life. He gets his chance regardless of race, creed, color or wealth. With the general run of students today, teaching is a much harder task, but always we must give them that precious opportunity to make good. It is this opportunity, so abundant at City College, which makes me happy to be identified with the place.



THE ADVENT OF BLACK FACULTY TO LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE

By Wilbert Anderson

Los Angeles City College (LACC) at one time had a national reputation as a leader in the field of community college education. Located within the city, it became a unique urban institution that attracted a variety of students from different ethnic backgrounds with a high concentration of blacks. However, the ethnic composition of the faculty did not for a long time reflect this great diversity.

The above condition at LACC caused concern in the "Black Community" because of the lack of Black instructors on the faculty. It was believed by some that this situation prevailed as a result of College hiring policies and practices as well as due to a lack of qualified Black instructors; the result was institutional racism. For instance, LACC in 1965 had a grand total of four Black instructors. One was chairman of the Nursing department. She had two other Black instructors in her department and, because both taught in hospitals off campus, they did not have a high visibility. The other Black instructor served as coordinator. Being of fair complexion it was difficult to even be sure of her ethnic background.

It would seem with a student body of 40% and a faculty of over 500 instructors some consideration should have been given on the part of Administration to increase the number of Black instructors on the faculty before the threat of physical conflict. However, only with the advent of the Watts Riots of 1965, Black Students Movements of the early 60's, the impact of the Civil Rights Movement, and the emphasis of Affirmative Action programs, was the Administration prompted to seek more Black instructors for the faculty of LACC.

The year 1966 marked the beginning of a major undertaking on the part of Administration to increase the numbers of Black professionals on campus. Black instructors, counselors, administrators, and classified staff were hired, in the face of opposition from an organized and very conservative group of instructors who feared a decline of their elitist powers.

Black faculty, students, and classified staff felt a need to organize themselves into their own Black Faculty and Staff associations in order to educate the College community to their legitimate concerns, among which was the fear Black employees have of being "last hired — first fired." A Black Faculty and Staff Association was formed to act as a Special Interest Group to articulate the needs and concerns of Blacks on campus. This association has assisted in monitoring policy decisions as they relate to Black faculty, students, and staff at LACC.

Frequently used by Hollywood filmmakers for exterior settings, City College's first administration building was torn down in 1960 and replaced by the present structure. As demolition began on the stately, 63-year old structure, protestors stood by with a banner which read, "They know not what they do."

THE SNYDER TOUCH

By A. D. Richardson

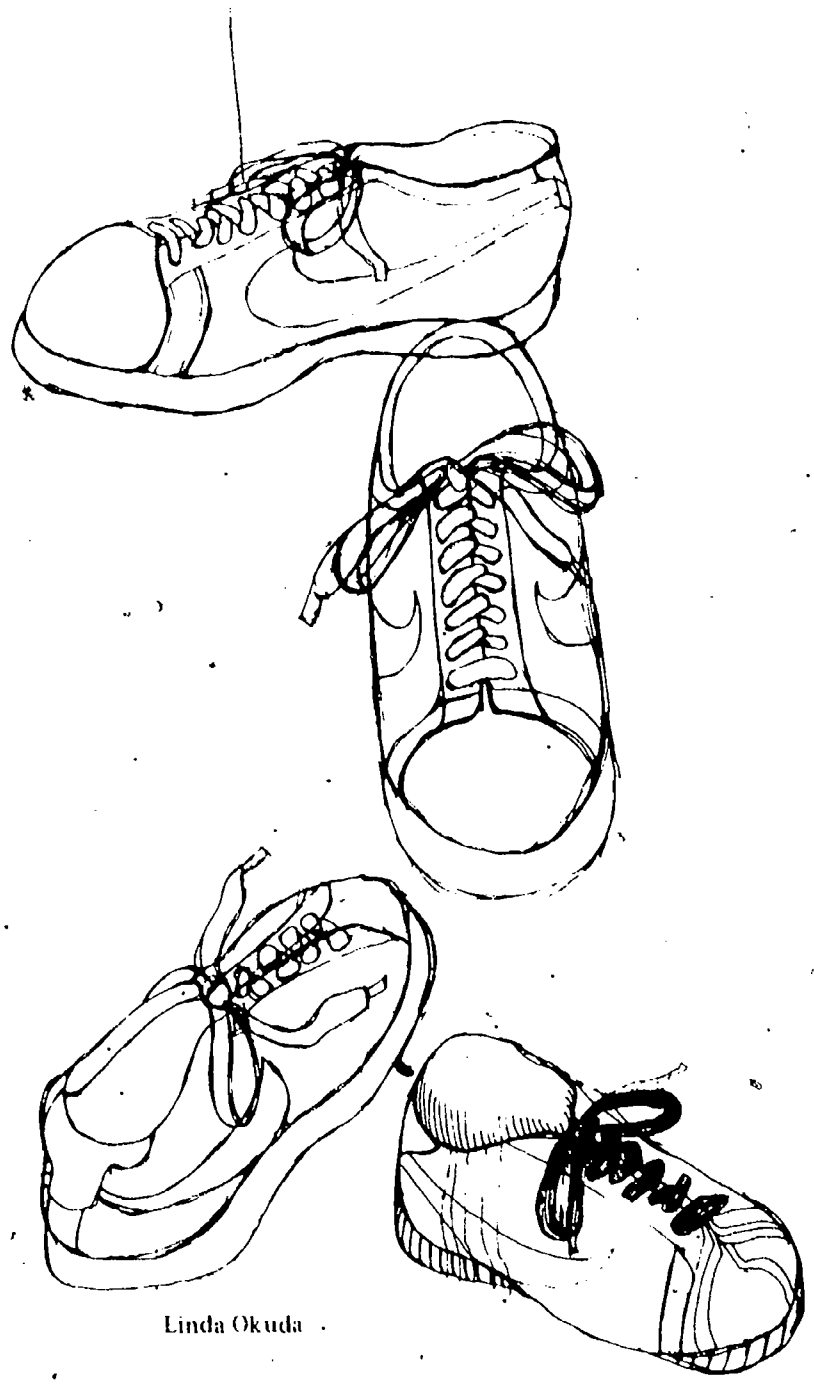
William Henry Snyder was a character, and in the opinion of many of those he enlisted in the organization of Los Angeles Junior College, a man of rare distinction. The Junior College was to have been an American version of the Danish Folk High School. If too many boys and girls, it was thought, achieve A.B.'s and Ph.D's, the supply will exceed the demand and we will see disaffected Ph.D's pumping gas and sweeping halls. Yet a good mechanic who has nothing for his off-hours but Scotch, pinochle and hanky-panky is not much better off. Crafts, skills are the things: acquired in an environment where a preoccupation with, say astronomy, mushrooms or pre-historic relics is not thought abnormal. Such interests bring us into contact with friends with whom one can share much all his life.

Snyder, the Principal of Hollywood High School, was chosen to bring the first Los Angeles Junior College into being. A better choice could not have been made. Snyder believed whole-heartedly that Grundtvig and the Danes were right. Snyder was a Maine Yankee, unpretentious, devoted to duty, a true intellectual, sincere and with the habit of authority. He was a shrewd judge of people, and never more happy in his discrimination than in the choice of Bertha Green (effectively his Vice-Director), and of Ethel Pettit as Secretary. Snyder's faculty meetings were never routine. Some question of policy was always laid before us, and always with this basic principle: schools are for youngsters, not for teachers or a bureaucracy:

"The purpose of this college is to help young folk make good in life!"

Snyder was a very daring man. He encouraged experiment and he would back the experimenter. For example: no matter what the course title, English is reading and writing. But reading means comprehension means interest. Who is interested in reading for himself if he has no choice? It was represented to Snyder that Text-books for reading are self-defeating; they provide too little choice; "read the next ten pages" guarantees boredom and resistence. Moreover, the library staff can never afford to buy enough copies of a currently popular book to make it useful to hundreds of readers in a limited time. Suppose, instead of buying texts for reading (which Campbell's Bookstore assured us were too often turned in for cash three weeks later, by students still in class) the student paid a flat fee of $2.00, and the money was used to buy current non-fiction; the books visible daily for choice in the classroom. Snyder agreed, provided the money was paid to the bookstore, books ordered therefrom, and with the understanding that they belonged to the class. This method was used by teachers who preferred it for 30 years. How daring was Snyder's decision was made clear when a Director who succeeded him informed those teachers, with obvious dismay, that they were all risking the penitentiary.

The earnestness of the "29ers was unmistakable; their sense of purpose very high. Much of this came directly from Snyder's assurance that we knew what we were doing; though the Great Depression did much to give us the sense of duty and usefullness. Snyder detested sloppiness and license; he particularly disliked the works of Bertrand Russell as promoting irresponsibility. When Snyder retired, he was apprehensive of the weakening of the morale which had sustained the college. He asked each of us to write a memorandum of what each considered had done more to contribute to our success and happiness. Things must change, and something of our sense of pride and dedication must be lost; he wanted it put on record. Quite right, too. A good part of it had been William Henry Snyder.



Linda Okuda

DID YOU KNOW—

That the Los Angeles State Normal School is now thirty-five years old.

That for its first five years it was a branch of the Normal School at San Jose.

That it is now the largest Normal School in the State and one of the largest in existence.

That the school opened with three faculty members and sixty-one students.

That the faculty now numbers ninety-four and the student enrollment for 1916-1917 is one thousand eight hundred thirty-four.

That the first graduating class (June, 1884) numbered twenty-two. That approximately five hundred twenty-five students will graduate June, 1917.

That at the end of this school year approximately six thousand six hundred seventy-two individuals will hold one or more diplomas granted by the Los Angeles State Normal School.

That Dr. Jessie F. Millspaugh has been the President of our school for thirteen years.

That Mr. Edward T. Pierce served as President from 1893 to 1904.

That the oil painting in the main office is a picture of the first President, Dr. Ira Moore.

That the Normal School was originally located at 5th St. and Grand Ave.

That the old site consisted of five acres.

That the old site cost $8,000.00, and that sum was raised by popular subscription.

That thirty years later the old school was sold for $6000,000— the increase in the value of the site was at least a half million dollars.

That our present site cost $110,000.

That our buildings and equipment are worth approximately $600,000.

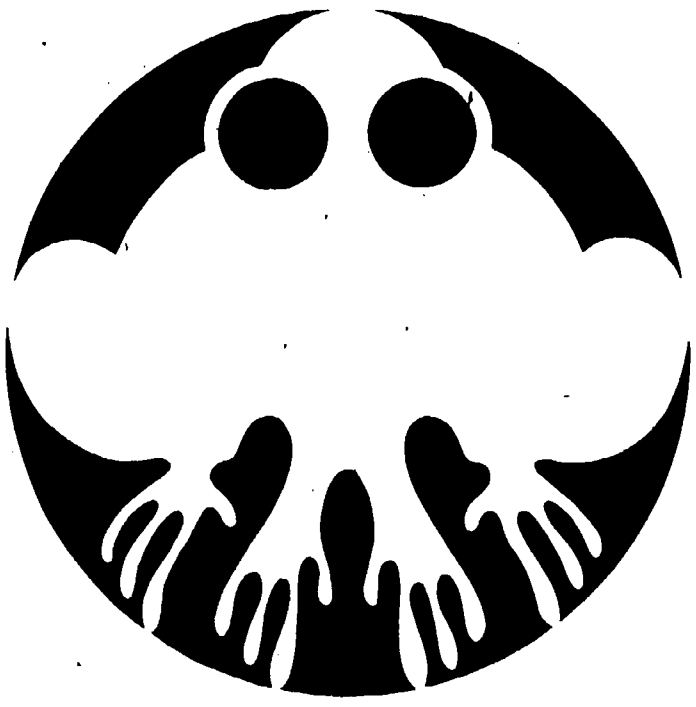
That our library contains approximately twenty-five thousand volumes.

That the Normal Exponent began as a monthly school journal twenty-three years ago.

That the Outlook is six years old.

That we had an Artist's Concert Series at Normal School this year bringing to us music and musicians of the highest type. The concerts in order were: Symphony Concert by Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra; Olga Steeb, pianist and Constance Balfour, soprano; the Brahms Quintet; Nell Lockwood, contralto; and Cecil Fanning, baritone.

From the 1917 Los Angeles State Normal School Yearbook, The Exponent



Janet Yonemoto

Ralph Bland

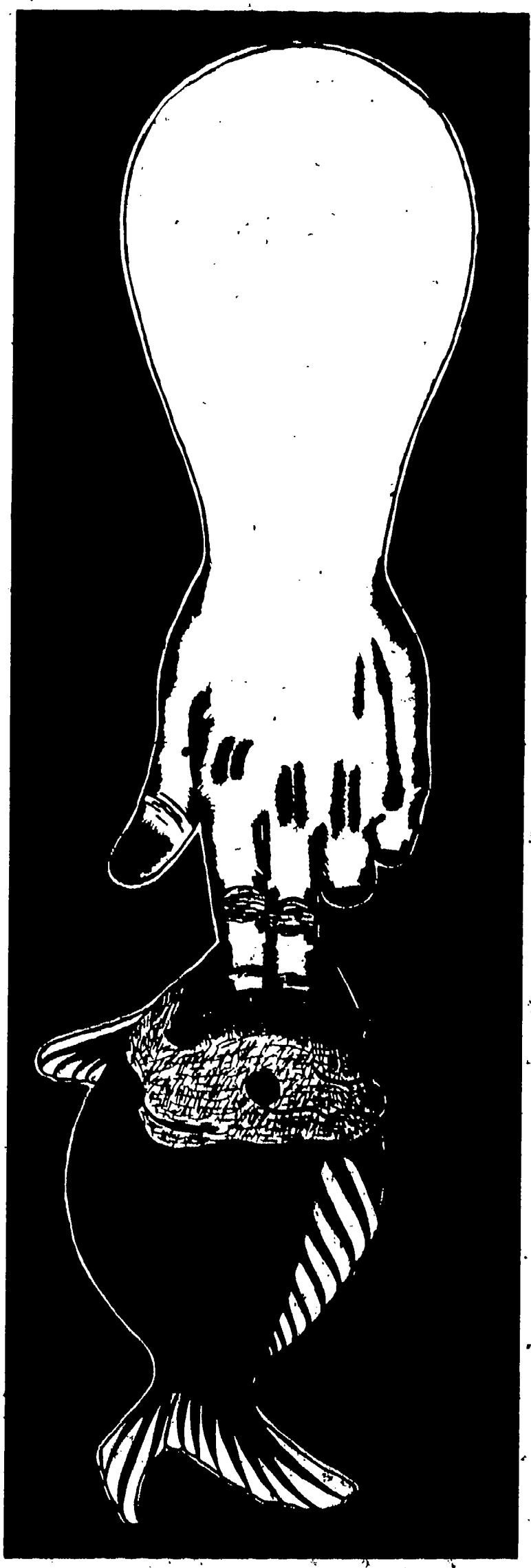
ANCIENT AIRS AND MODERN MEMORY

by Darrell Eckersley

nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita: and more than half by three
I find myself in a dark wood too but of trees so sublime
the path appears unwalked upon, and solitude is my guide; yet
every tree pushes up as if called to account for this stranger
whom no annual dares; only my walking haunts the wood;
if Isaiah's king saw hell his middle years, these trees are demons
meant to obscure the light as they account for the alien in me;
each one bears a scar, a beauty mark as it were, where I cut
to point the way, find I duplicate the task and walk over old ground

the Florentine passed into his faith and touched the face
of eternity; I walk through the wood, make a circle of my path,
see starlight pierce the nightly tomb, see a leaf model its kind,
question time in minutes and put myself in continuity
to call it 'then and now' in a world appearing simple; but
I perceive the clocks within my flesh, regulating decline and decay,
know the leaf is a process unseen and the stars may be dead
before my time; yet a hand that once touched gently, gestured
then to someone else and lay limp to my love, I call my mystery

if these years are told tales extended perhaps by strength,
the stars, the leaf, the time measure this moment beyond the clocks
into the wood of uncertainty; mute, deaf, a mind of clay,
amid the monologue's chill, I wait at the hush of sudden
nothing, wait for the axe to cut this wood; then I hear
the rush, feel the push, taste the blood of my dreams and see
the glory about me: I am a man of a moment's infinity who presses
a solid foot on the path, leaves the tracks of his moment's breath,
forgets that heaven or hell exists as he stands in a dark wood alone



Elsa McDonald

DR. ROSCO INGALLS AS I KNEW HIM

by A.W. Hood

We were still part of the Los Angeles School District and when Dr. Snyder retired the bureaucrats heaved a sigh of relief and replaced him with a man more to their liking. Their hostility towards our faculty continued.

Dr. Rosco Ingalls was a humane and competent schoolman, who had made a good record as Principal of Garfield High School. He was a devoted family man with a charming and helpful wife, two fine sons and a lovely daughter.

His academic credentials were not outstanding; his doctor's degree was an honorary one from his Alma Mater, McPherson College. Rosco was intelligent, but certainly not an intellectual. He was not a maverick like Dr. Snyder. He was married to the system for better or for worse. He inherited the administrators and department chairmen of his predecessor along with their feuds. A professional football coach on entering a new job makes it his first business to fire the departing coach's assistants. Administrators enjoy tenure only as teachers, but an established administrator demoted to the classroom becomes a time bomb. In later days there could be an exchange of Deans with other colleges of the system, but at that time there was nowhere to send them. So he was stuck with a group, who although at least as competent as those he later chose for himself, were not his men.

Rosco would have liked to remain neutral in the struggle between liberals and conservatives, but he had little choice in view of Board of Education politics but to join the anti-communist forces. He got very little support from that group when he needed it. He was caught between a rock and a hard place.

Very early he made a blunder, which lost him the respect of independent conservatives. For some unknown reason Rosco received orders not to let Ralph Winger become permanent. Ralph was teaching in the Mathematics Department. Bill Orange went to see Rosco and strongly urged Ralph's appointment. He told Rosco that he had to make a decision. This was Friday afternoon and if Ralph met a class on Monday school law required that he become permanent. After some hesitation Rosco said, "Go ahead and schedule him." When it was discovered that Ralph was permanent, wrath descended on Rosco from above. To get out of this jam he sent Bill a written reprimand for disobedience of orders. From the standpoint of expediency it was a sensible move. The powers above were unlikely to punish Bill Orange, but they could wreck his own career.

Bill, however, was outraged. He had taught under Rosco at Garfield, and suppressing some private doubts had spread the word that Rosco was a competent schoolman and could be expected to do a good job. Bill did not raise an uproar and I did not hear the story until a year later, but the damage had been done.

In the middle and late 30's, radicalism became a problem on our campus. There were some brilliant young people deeply concerned with economic injustice and threats to world peace. They were attracted to the Soviet Union because it was apparently free from exploitation of the worker and was actively opposing Fascism in Italy and Spain. They did not believe the stories of Stalin's purges and the Stalin-Hitler pact was yet to come.

Ed Doran was an excellent debating coach. He was very conservative in his political views, but his star debaters were all radicals. They won many state and national awards. One year in Washington D.C. we apparently had the championship cinched with a good lead and only the extemporaneous to go. Our best orator had thirty minutes to prepare a speech on an assigned topic. When he found himself facing a packed auditorium he threw away his notes and the championship in one fell swoop and launched into a truly extemporaneous oration in defense of Communism.

Debating and oratory were important school activities in those days. My friend, Harry James, was invited to witness a high school contest. On the return drive one of the judges remarked, "I sure hated to vote for that cockly little bastard, but he was so much better than the others." The father of Robert Haldeman was referring to Richard Nixon!

The radical group decided to stage a peace demonstration in the main quadrangle in defiance of Board of Education order. Rosco sensibly called them in and reminded them that they did not enjoy a monopoly in the search for peace. He proposed a gathering in the auditorium where all friends of peace would have a chance to speak. The radicals somewhat reluctantly consented. The Board of Education, a majority of whose members had recently been elected on an anti-communist platform, were spoiling for a fight and promptly vetoed the meeting. The radicals went ahead with their original plans.

A platform was set up in the middle of the quadrangle and a large crowd assembled, more out of curiosity than of dedication to peace. All faculty members not having classes were ordered to be present on the outskirts of the crowd to help to preserve order.

Suddenly Captain Hines and his anti-Red squad burst through the crowd and started beating up the speakers and dragging them from the platform. The crowd surged forward. Rosco leapt to the platform and blew a whistle to quiet the uproar so that he could speak to the crowd. After prolonged tooting he had to abandon the unequal contest. At this point Kenneth Kerans turned on the sprinkler system. His strategy was successful. A very wet crowd dispersed, fortunately without casualties. There might have

been a panic. The members of the faculty, who had faithfully turned out to preserve order, only to get soaked for their pains, were furious

Poor Rosco acquired the nickname "Tooter Ingalls." He had done his best. Some men would have defied the Board or resigned in protest. Rosco, married as he was to the system, had no such option.

I enjoyed a friendly personal relationship with Rosco, who was rarely referred to as Dr. Ingalls in contrast to his predecessor who was always Dr. Snyder. Rosco saved my soccer team from liquidation for five years at the behest of other coaches and backed me in my contest to have one of my students reinstated in defiance of Dean Kerans and his Scholarship Committee.

Rosco would even listen to my ideas on educational reforms. In those days grade points ran from 1 to 3. I had long felt that an F was often due to bad luck, rather than stupidity or laziness. A student would embark on a course for which he had no aptitude and before he could discover his mistake and start on a new program he would be saddled with 45 negative grade points which could only be balanced by 15 units of A's or 30 units of B's. Since 25 percent of our students monopolized most of the A's and B's an average student faced an impossible task.

I advocated 0 grade points to each unit of D's and F's. Rosco listened carefully and said, "Bill you are quite right, something ought to be done about it and I am sure it will be." Two weeks later we received a notice that each unit of D's and F's would count 0 grade points. I floated on a cloud until I heard the full story. U.C.L.A. had installed a primitive computer to handle grade points. Negative numbers were beyond its capacity, so they had changed their educational policy to fit a machine and we had gone along with them. However, this modest reform did not sit well with registrars, who believe that F students, be punished should especially those who drop out in an emergency without a visit to the registrar office, or drop a course after the deadline without telling their instructor how much they have enjoyed his teaching, thus picking up a late W.

My reform did not last long. Some bright young bureaucrat had a flash of inspiration. By raising each grade point by one they would run from 0 to 4 and F students would once more receive the punishment they deserved.

With the advent of World War II we suffered a catastrophic fall in enrollment. One graduating class consisted of 78 women and one man age 75. Many of the younger faculty enlisted in the armed forces, but my application was turned down—perhaps I was reported as a communist or fellow traveller.

Adam Diehl joined the Navy and while in basic training devised a scheme for instant recognition of enemy aircraft. He did not intend to turn it in, as he knew only too well the sad fate of bright ideas in the school business. His roommate urged him, "There is a war on, go ahead!" A few days later he was presenting his ideas before the joint chief of staff. He spent the rest of the war promoting them. The familiar pair of pictures representing "theirs and ours" was his brain child.

Presently the Board of Education decided to cut our faculty by fifty percent. Their lawyers advised them that doing this on a basis of seniority was illegal, so they proposed to retain all those whose names began with A to I and drop the rest. It soon became apparent that this would result in a surplus of instructors in some departments and a deficit in others. So they devised an even more ridiculous scheme. Each faculty member was to list all the subjects he felt qualified to teach. Then they would be appointed in alphabetical order.

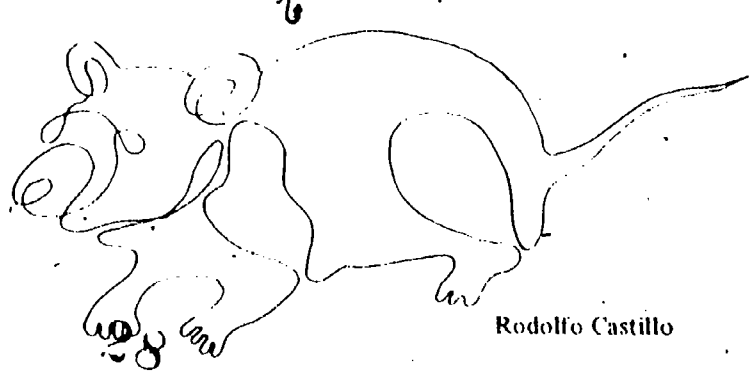
I was a graduate engineer and had taught in that department three years, but it did not occur to me to use an alphabetical advantage to bump an engineering colleague. Meanwhile, so many applications to join the Mathematics Department were received that the entire existing membership was to be eliminated. Bill Orange and Sam Urner were to be replaced with people who had no experience beyond completing high school algebra and geometry. This was so absurd that they exempted our department altogether.

Dr. Snyder had appointed the original faculty, but after his departure the responsibility of recommending new members was handed over to departmental committees. So it was a severe shock when a newly elected member of the Board ordered two of her campaign workers added to our faculty. Dr. Snyder would have gone through the roof, but Rosco went along.

Omar Colodny was a pleasant surprise. He was a scholar and a gentleman and a fine teacher. He sprang a further surprise by marrying Susan Van Valkenburg, who was many years his junior.

Louise Temple did not appear to be a typical college instructor, but her Masters Degree was from Radcliffe and she was an effective teacher. She was not too proud to roll up her sleeves and join the struggle against illiteracy.

She got out a catalogue and applied for every job from A to Z. A general secondary credential provides the legal qualification to teach any subject and given adequate time for preparation a teacher with her skill and experience might have squeezed by in many fields.



Rodolfo Castillo

The administration decided to lay a trap. She was called to the Life Sciences Building, where she was informed that she was to teach Physiology and that her first class meeting was in half an hour.

Dr. Bell and two members of the Department attended the class with notebooks. In due course she was charged with incompetence. However, it was such a crude frameup that the Board did not even hold a hearing. Miss Temple was assigned to teach elementary physics and given time to study and visit classes. She stated that she understood everything except gravitation. She was in good company. Einstein has shown that Sir Isaac Newton did not have a complete grasp of that subject.

At this time San Urner and I were invited to teach at Cal Tech where there was a shortage of graduate students who normally teach many lower division classes. I enjoyed having my son in a civilian calculus class. My other classes were in a V12 Navy program, which lacked the Cal Tech spirit. I did a good job and Sam a superlative job with an upper division class in a subject he had not touched for thirty years. At the end of one quarter a batch of graduate students were released from the Army and the canny Dr. Milliken promptly dropped us because he could pay them half as much. I found myself unemployed in the middle of our spring semester. Bill Orange, with Rosco's consent, found a way to squeeze me in.

As our situation went from bad to worse Rosco apparently took no action to rescue the college, but made more and more pessimistic statements at every meeting. I was very concerned that our fine staff would be scattered and that we would never recover them. I proposed a drastic plan. We would go from two 20-week quarters to four 10-week quarters. In rotation we would take leave of absence for two quarters, which would give us thirty-two weeks to make up by outside employment for the twenty weeks we had missed. The response was strictly alphabetical. Those whose names began with J to Z were enthusiastic, while the rest displayed a marked lack of interest.

One afternoon Omar Colodny rose before a meeting of the Faculty Association and delivered an inspiring speech. He called on each of us to help recruit students. There were vast numbers of elderly people, who the adult education section of the high school district had never reached. Rosco did not encourage us, but he allowed us to go ahead and some of us worked very hard. Our efforts came to an abrupt halt when the Adult Education Association complained to the Board that we were invading their territory.

I was on a committee that called on Superintendent Verling Kersey and told him that faculty morale was at a low ebb and that he should stir up Rosco into some kind of action or replace him. Soon after this a military contract was awarded to us and we had an influx of very indifferent students working on a poorly conceived program. During this period Rosco suffered two devastating blows. While attending Cal Tech his eldest son dived into the swimming pool and died of heart failure. Later his second son was killed in action in the advance on Germany. Rosco showed great strength of character. Other men have allowed the death of a son to ruin their lives. Rosco's best years were before him.

He was transferred at the end of the war to found East Los Angeles Junior College. He was returning to an area where he had served well as Principal of Garfield High School. He took with him a few able members of our faculty to serve as administrators and department chairmen. They served him well and he did a superior job. He received some criticism because he spent so much money on an auditorium and a stadium. However, these improvements made an impression on his students. They were proud of their campus which was free of litter and graffiti. Soon after his retirement Rosco suffered a heart attack. I spoke to him by telephone. He was delighted to hear from me. A few days later he died.

Dewey Ajioka

A FRIDAY MORNING INCIDENT

By Jose J. Ruiz

Every time Pythias dreamed lately, it had turned into a nightmare. He always saw himself running, falling, stumbling and getting lost. This particular dream had begun with him running on a vast desert. Suddenly, he was being chased by a group of soldiers from his own regiment. A cave sprang up out of nowhere, and he ran inside for refuge, but as dreams go, the sanctuary had been only temporary. Inside the cave he found a ghost waiting for him. The translucent face was bloody, and a large sword stuck out from the head, piercing the brain and the back of the neck. The ghost approached Pythias and asked him to remove it, but Pythias felt afraid—afraid that it was just a ploy to take possession of him. He tried to run out of the cave, but at that instant a large wooden door slammed down over the exit. Groping in the darkness, Pythias found a latch on the door and as he yanked to open it, the latch broke in his hand. The ghost came closer and reached out to touch him. Rythias pounded the door with his fists, hoping to break at least a small crack through which he could escape, but the more he pounded, the harder the door became until eventually his fists began to bleed and the flesh became a pulpy mass with the wood on the door. The ghost reached for his shoulder, and Pythias screamed and sat up in bed. His wife was shaking him awake. "Are you all right?" she whispered, shivering. "Someone is at the door."

"Huh, What?"

"Wake up, can't you hear that someone has been knocking on the door?"

"Huh?, Oh, the door—What time is it?" he squinted his eyes hard to focus.

"It's still the middle of the night," she said, "be careful."

"Pythias!" A voice called out, "Open the door! It's Fabius!"

Still groggy, Pythias cracked the door open. "Fabius, you better have a damn good reason for waking me at this hour."

"I have an excellent reason! The guard has been summoned at once." Fabius said, "Hurry - come with me!"

"Aw, come on Fabius, I'm on leave! I've been away on campaign for six weeks. This is my first night home."

Fabius shrugged his shoulders. "Orders," he said, and added, "I will wait out here for you, but try not to be too long, will you?"

Pythias finished dressing, and as he was leaving, his wife put her arms around him. "I am afraid," she said, "I have a strange feeling that something is about to happen."

"Don't worry," he comforted her, "I'll be back soon."

"You said that six weeks ago, too."

"This is different," he said, kissing her. "It's probably just an inspection or something. Tell my son that when I get back we can start making that cart that he was talking about. I'll be all right."

"Do you have to go?" she insisted.

"I am a soldier," he said with some impatience. "I have orders—Fabius is my superior. I'll be back in a few hours. Don't worry." Without waiting for an answer, he turned and marched in step into the night with Fabius. "What is the danger?" he asked. "Are we under siege or something?"

"No. I wish it was something exciting like that. No, they are having a crucifixion today."

"Is that all?" Pythias stopped cold in his march to indicate anger. Then he resumed. "There was one before I went on campaign, but nobody called us out then."

"I know, but this one is different. There are three being crossed today. One is a thief, and the other is a beggar and I'm told the third is a lunatic."

"A lunatic?" Pythias laughed. "You mean that someone is going to crucify Pontius Pilate?"

"Ha!" Fabius laughed in mock tones. "I would like to see how witty you are in a dungeon. That type of humor could be dangerous."

"But Fabius, aren't we friends? After all, remember the time we got drunk together? I've never said any of the things you told me to anyone, and I'm sure I would never have reason to do it, would I?"

Fabius coughed with discomfort, and changed the subject as they continued marching toward the edge of the city. "There has been some unrest while you were away."

"I know. I heard that someone tried to proclaim himself the new emperor of Rome!"

"No—not emperor—king—but the most ragged and sorry king I ever saw. He has no army, except for twelve fanatics that follow him everywhere."

"And he hopes to take over the empire with only twelve?" Pythias laughed. "He's crazy!"

"The bad thing is that there are many who are beginning to believe him. Oh, here we are now." Fabius pointed to a barren field of Paliurus. "There should be many half dead trees and bushes in this field," he said. "Find branches with thorns—long thorns, cut and gather about a dozen or so here."

"This?" Pythias asked, "but there's plenty of this stacked in the courtyards already."

"Yes, but it's too dry." Fabius pointed to some branches, "We need something more like this, greener, not as brittle."

"All right, let's get started," Fabius said.

"Me? No! I have to find some rods to make whips."

"Oh great!" Pythias complained, "Why am I so lucky tonight? You look for rods and I get stuck with the thorns."

"Very funny," Fabius said, not laughing. "We cast

lots earlier. It's the only fair way. Besides, everyone knows that you are good with your hands. Aren't you the one that makes toys for your son from small boards and twigs? It's only natural that your talent be recognized and put to work."

Pythias was not impressed with the compliment. "So what happens after I finish cutting all these thorns?"

"Since the lunatic fancies himself a king," Fabius said, "you are going to make a crown for him!"

"A crown?" Pythias sounded incredulous. "You mean I have to make a crown out of these thorns? That's absurd! Whose idea was this?"

"Well, uh, I—that is, it is the collective wish of the guard."

"The guard! That explains the insanity of this scheme! You mean they are really going to put this-this travesty on that man's head?",

"Of course! He says he is a king, so we are going to crown him—publicly and permanently." In an authoritative tone he added, "Your orders, Pythias, are to make a crown of thorns, and to braid it strong and sturdy so that it will remain secure on the head. The thorns should face inward, into the scalp, so they can hook on the flesh. Do you have any questions?"

Pythias shook his head.

Far in the East, the sun was starting to appear and the early morning rays, skimming over the edge of the branches, made the tips of the thorns glimmer and sparkle. The drops of dew that still clung to the thorns made Pythias think of a diamond tree, if such a thing existed, and he wondered if there might be a season for harvesting gems. Might it not be the same as the grape harvest time? If he were to make a mock crown, why not sparkle it with these mock jewels as well? He tried to visualize the crown on the head of the man that was to wear it, but all he could imagine was the blood trickling from the forehead. He made his way carefully into the patch of thorns and with his sword started cutting branches and stems. He was a meticulous man, and he made certain that all the branches were cut to the same length. He also attempted to match branches where the thorns were of equal length and spaced evenly apart. In some cases he cut off extra thorns to insure a better match.

Fabius came back to check on his progress. "How goes the crown?" he asked.

"I finished cutting the branches—I'm ready to put it together, I guess."

Fabius noticed the rows of thorny stems spread neatly side by side. "Excellent! Excellent! You take pride in your work, Pythias. I admire that. I'm certain that your crown will truly be fit for a king." Then in a more scornful tone he continued, "A king of what, I don't know. Maybe a king of the dogs, huh?" he walked away, laughing and singing a ditty, "The king of the dogs, the king of the dogs, will soon be seen hanging just hanging from logs!"

Pythias sat on a rock and wondered why he had been selected for this particular assignment. He had never made anything like this before and had to think about how he would begin putting the crown together. He knew that braiding twigs alone would not be strong enough. If he wound strands of vine around the branches this would make the crown structure sturdier. Suddenly, it occurred to him that he had not been told what size it should be! How much of a difference was there in the size of men's skulls? He remembered that once in combat he had mistakenly picked up another soldier's helmet, and it had been so large that it fell over his eyes down to his nose. If he made this crown too large, would it also fall through the head down to the neck? If he made it too small, it could look ridiculously like a tiara. He knew that he was considered an average size, so he decided that he would use his own head as a model. Without thinking, he took one of the spiked branches and wrapped it around his head for measurement. As the thorns touched the scalp, he realized what pain this would inflict and a shiver went through his entire body. He decided it would be best to measure with a length of vine instead. To his dismay, he found that his head was almost twice as big as each length of thorns he had cut. He pondered as to how he would put two of them together and at last decided to use three lengths, overlapping two near the centers. This would not only make them stronger, but would also insure a neater clean look.

After completing the first braiding, he discovered that he had not cut enough, so he went back to the thorn patch and gathered more, this time making certain that they would be longer. He planned to use these on the outside, so that the joints of the previous weaving could not be seen.

When he had bound the first circular layer together, he wrapped the vine around the branches in a tight close spiral. He noted that some of the thorns were facing in and some out. "How deep is a man's scalp?" he thought. "Can it sustain a penetration of five or six centimeters without killing him?" He took his knife and began to trim off some of the tips of the thorns that pointed inward, but about a third of the way in he thought about his orders and the command he had been given. He thought of the years he had spent as a centurian and of all the men he had killed in the line of duty. Wasn't this just another enemy? Oh, it wasn't like plunging a lance into him, or slicing him in half with a sword, but the end result was the same. An enemy of the Roman Empire had to be killed. That was the oath he had taken and that was the oath by which he had to live. He quickly fashioned a second layer, and this time made sure that several thorns faced inward. The third layer was easier to make, and by now the spiked aura was beginning to take the definite shape of a Pileus, that popular Roman hat which fitted like an extra large skull cap. As he attached the fourth layer, he was momentarily distracted by a familiar voice and as he looked up he dug a thorn deep into the palm of his hand.

Lidia Rojas

"What are you doing here?" he yelled at his son.

The child froze with fear. "I'm sorry, Father. Mother is going to the market place outside of town, and when I saw you here I wanted to see what you were doing." The little boy's eyes grew when he saw the blood on his father's hand. "What happened?" he asked. "How did you cut yourself?"

Pythias' first instinct was to scold the boy, but seeing the fear in his face he softened and sniffled. "It's nothing, just a small cut. Where is your mother?"

"She's back there." The boy sounded less afraid. "Father, what are you making? A toy for me?"

"No. No, it's not a toy. It's a let me see if I can explain it. . . it's a crown. It's going to be for someone who thinks he is a king."

"I know!" the boy said. "That's the man they arrested! He's been at the Praetorium all night. His name is Jesus. They say he is king of the Jews."

"How do you know all this?" Pythias was surprised.

"Everybody knows! . . . Well, my mother told me. We heard him the other day. Are you making the crown for him?"

By now the mother had reached them. "Don't disturb your father," she said, although she did not know what Pythias was doing.

"You know about this man, Jesus?" he asked her.

"Yes," she nodded. "He talks about love, and peace and other things I don't always understand. When I hear him, I feel something inside me, something strange."

Pythias raised an eyebrow as she spoke.

"Oh, now," she said. "You don't have to be jealous. Not of him. He talks about a different love. He wants us to love our enemy! I wish you'd come with us to hear him the next time he speaks."

"Mother, did you know that father is making a crown for Jesus? Wait till I tell my friends that my father made a crown for a king!" The boy jumped up and down as he spoke.

Pythias stood up and looked into his wife's eyes. "I don't know what is going on here. Much has changed since I was away. Fabius gave me orders to make this." He showed her the crown.

"You are going to put this . . . this thing on his head?"

Pythias answered with a shrug.

"Oh!" she cried out, seeing the blood. "What happened to your hand? Here, let me clean it for you. How did you do it?"

"It's nothing," he lied, hiding the pain.

"The thorn is still in there," she said.

"No—not all of it, I've dug most of it out. It will be all right, don't worry. Listen, I'm not sure what is going to be happening the rest of the day. Why don't you take the boy back home?"

"But, what about you? Will you be all right?"

"Yes! Yes!" he insisted, "I'll be fine. When I finish, I'll come right home."

She nodded and sighed. "You are stubborn, but I guess you've been in worse situations. Hurry home. I'll be waiting." She kissed him, with a longing tenderness and passion, and left him standing wishing that he had not been chosen for this task.

"King of the Jews, huh?" he cursed as he saw her walk away. "If it were not for this so called king I would be home with my wife now. I wouldn't be bleeding like this."

Now he was determined to make this crown the most lethal of all weapons that had ever been used against an enemy, and after binding a cloth tightly around the hand to ease the bleeding, he continued diligently on his work.

Two things stayed on his mind. The pain in his hand, and how the thorns would dig into the brain of the man. He visualized blood and water and ooze dripping from each puncture, and he could almost hear the scream as the crown would be dug into the king in a glorious triumphant coronation of madness.

The pain in his hand throbbed stronger. He wondered if this man's scream would be as loud as the scream of the last man he had killed in battle. He remembered plunging the sword into the neck just before the man's lance could graze him. He still recalled the dying man's face. First a look of disbelief, then what seemed like a smirk, then the eyes turning red and the vocal chords dripping from the throat. He wondered how this Jesus would scream. Would his voice be high-pitched and weak or low and manly?

"But he hasn't done anything to you!" He interrupted his thoughts with an inner conversation as he intertwined another layer of thorns on the crown. "That man tried to kill you—this one has never even seen you." "But you have orders to make the crown," another inner voice said. "You are a soldier and you have to obey orders!"

The cloth around his hand was saturated with red. "One thorn in your hand and you can barely stand the pain," the voice continued. "Now look, how you have made that crown with at least two dozen thorns that will go directly into the scalp, into the brain, how will this man feel?" He braided and twisted another layer of thorns.

"Why should you care how he feels?" the other voice argued. "Whatever he has done, he probably deserves to die. He is an enemy of the state, isn't he?"

"Yes, but which state? Rome, or Israel, and to which state did you pledge your loyalty? Besides, are you the one that will actually place the crown?"

"No, I don't think so —"

"Well, then, what's the problem? If you were a swordmaker, would you worry about how many died at the end of your swords? Does a lance maker agonize over how many will be killed by the lances he makes?"

The inner voice continued to badger, as he finished

a loop. "Don't worry about it! Just finish the crown, make it the best that you can and then go home. You can't be held accountable for any wrong."

The pain shot from his fingers through to his shoulder. He began to feel a numbness down his entire left side, and he thought he felt the punctures of the thorns as he had when he had wrapped the branch around his head. "It must be an omen," he thought. "Can we really wrap this crown around this man?" His fingers circled the inside of the crown; he sighed, closed his eyes and meditated for a few moments before reaching a decision.

Unsheathing his knife, he cut the tip of a thorn. Then he cut another, then another, and the more he cut, the more convinced he became that he was doing the right thing. He also decided that if his plan was going to be successful, he would have to be the one to place the crown on this man himself. He intended to follow orders as best as his conscience would allow him. The crown would look lethal and menacing. There would be sharp tips and spikes in all directions, and one look would convince even the worst skeptic that this was indeed a deadly weapon. But the inside, the part that would actually come in contact with the scalp — that part would be smooth, free of thorns, clean and safe, and the only one that would ever know this would be the one wearing it.

He examined his work carefully. He even tried it on to make sure it was as he wanted. It was perfect! Oh, there might be a little scratch, and if he did it right, he would manage to cut the scalp a bit so that some blood would trickle down. The poor wretch who was to be crowned would be afraid, to be sure, but it would be far better than the plan that Fabius had devised. The success factor would lie in the fact that he would have to place the crown on the man, and no one else. That would be the easy part.

Just then Fabius returned. "Is the crown ready?"

Pythias showed it to him.

"It looks magnificent! Worthy of a lunatic! Come, Pilate has just released him to the Sanhedrin . . . they are about to start the walk up the hill."

Fabius snatched the crown from Pythias and trotted towards the Governor's house, where at that moment a crowd had gathered to hear Pilate's decision.

"Wait!" Pythias cried out, "I want to be the one to place the crown! Let me do it!"

"Come, let's not be greedy! You had the pleasure of making it. Let others have a little fun!"

Fabius started running and Pythias could not keep up as his entire left side was now numb. In the distance he heard the sound of the crowd cheering and laughing. Following the echo, he made his way toward the Governor's house. As he reached the front steps, he saw the soldiers drag out a slight thin man wrapped in a purplish robe. He knew that this must be the man they called Jesus. The soldiers thrust a huge wooden cross upon him and forced him to start dragging it toward a nearby hill.

Pythias wondered what possible crime could be committed by such a passive looking man. When he saw the face, he shrank with horror as blood dripped on the ground from the scalp. The crown was on the head, and the thorns pierced directly into the forehead.

Dragging his numb leg, he pushed himself into the crowd to speak to the man. "It's wrong!" he cried out, "It's upside down! They put it on upside down!"

The crowd was yelling and jeering so loudly that his words went unheard.

"You must believe me!" Pythias cried out, shoving a woman aside. "I fixed it so it wouldn't hurt!"

Once again, no one heard him. The man continued the slow march, dragging the cross behind him. Almost falling, Pythias managed to place himself directly in the path of the man.

"Please!" he cried out, "You must believe me! I didn't really want to hurt you!" For an instant the eyes of the man looked into Pythias' and a cold shiver ran through his body. Then the man moved slightly to the side to pass Pythias. A drop of blood from his face fell on Pythias' out-stretched hand. The man never said a word. The roar of the crowd seemed to become a solid enclosure of noise, which left Pythias stunned as the throng slowly edged on, following the man with the cross. Pythias stood staring at the ground, his eyes fixed on the ridges of dirt made by the weight of the cross as it dragged along the ground. Small droplets of blood remained, and formed little spheres as they mixed with the soft earth and rolled into the tracks left by the cross, playfully mixing with one another until at some point they formed rows of shiny red beads of blood.

"Jewels-Rubies fallen from the crown" thought Pythias. Then he looked up abruptly and cupped his hand to his mouth. "I forgot to tell you!" Pythias yelled toward the crowd, now distant. "I was just following orders! Fabius told me to do it!" No one acknowledged him. "I'm a soldier," he said, not quite as loud. "I was just following orders." He turned and started to walk away, noticing that the pain had subdued and that his hand was beginning to heal.

I was just following orders," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I'm a soldier" he repeated, "I was following orders—" He kicked the soft dirt with his sandals as he walked, ". . . just following orders," he whispered, ". . . just following orders . . ."

LOOKING BACK TO LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE OVER THE YEARS

by Evelyn Giteck

Remmiseing with Helen Constable about the campus through the years we spoke of the beauty of the Shakespearean Garden. A well-known instructor, gifted, beloved, fascinating was Mabel Loop. She taught English during the early years. Her specialty was the Shakespearean era. In this she excelled and her classes were always overflowing with students. She was instrumental in establishing the Shakespeare Garden which is now the Administrative parking lot. A statue of Puck was part of the design. This had been brought from England, as well as the seeds for the fragrant flowers which abounded the area. Shakespeare's plays were portrayed on this campus in that designated place. It was also very popular with the staff, students and faculty as a place to study and muse. The location was shady, and the beautiful tree which still stands attests to that. Indeed, Mabel Loop had set a precedent with her bringing the great dramas of all times to this spot and giving homage to the great English bard, William Shakespeare. During her years on campus she cut a deep mark in the history of City.

Mabel Loop came to City College in 1930 and remained until 1969. She had taught in San Rafael for two years and Oakland City High School for one year before coming to Los Angeles. Up north she was a dramatist and drama teacher. Dr. Snyder asked her to take charge of the first graduation while he was president and she continued to do so until he left. She was interested in teaching drama, but there were no openings at first, so she taught Shakespeare's plays which became a very popular class. Jerry Blunt in the Drama Department insisted that the students all take the class in which she enacted the plays.

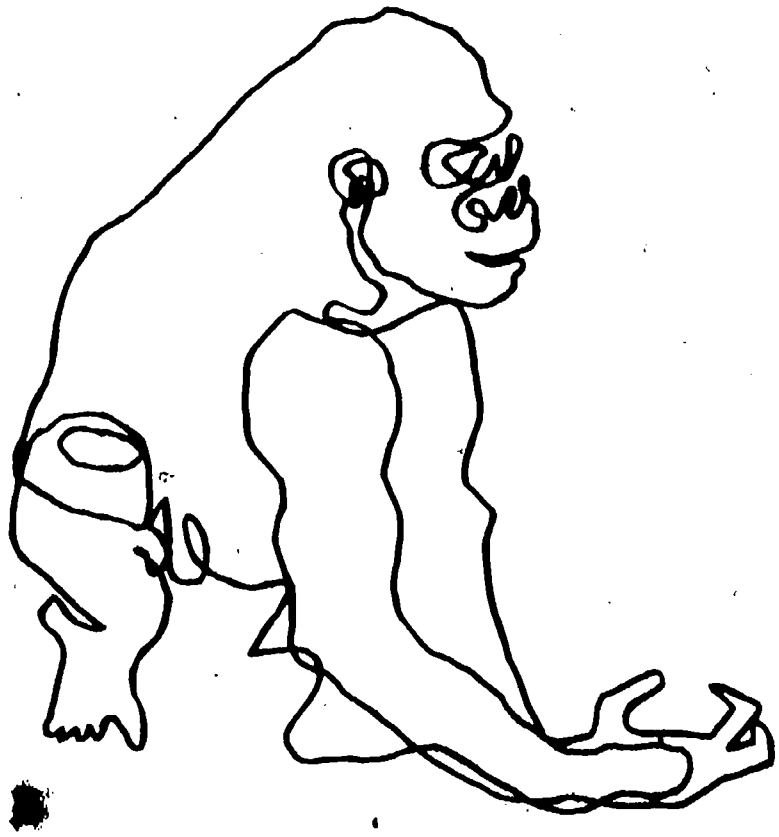
A Shakespeare Tea was held by invitation only and the plays were held outside in the Shakespeare Gardens.

One funny incident occurred during the showing of **A Midsummer Night's Dream**. The Moon character said, "This is my lantern, This is my dog." "It was our dog, Tippy," says Evelyn Schee, sister of Mabel Loop. "As Moon bent down, only the harness was left." Long afterwards people were talking about Ms Loop's Shakespearean pet.

Mabel Loop had costumes for her students in the Literature class and they played out the roles in the many Shakespearean plays as part of their curriculum. She appeared on television and would talk on Shakespeare—the witty conversationalist, as she was called. She had collected in her memorabilia, wrapped up in a scroll, old programs which dated back to the 1700's. These were given to Jerry Blunt. She brought people together in a common interest. Many letters came to her sister, Evelyn Schee, regarding her intense and likable nature and how she molded people into their present occupations and direction. One such hated as he termed it dumbbell English. He was failing the subject when Mabel took him in hand, he worked hard and even got an "A" in the final. Also, he wound up in tights in one of her Shakespeare plays. He is now teaching English in one of the Unified City High Schools.

She taught Hugh O'Brien at LACC. She was Ralph Edward's instructor at Oakland High School and when he appeared in "This is Your Life" he was asked who had had the influence to make him into an actor and he attributed it to Mabel Loop as the most wonderful person and teacher he had ever known. She also taught Yehudi Menuhin in Oakland and was invited to his wedding. She taught Bernice Claire who did the lead in "The Desert Song."

She was full of life and brought an unusual interest and made things come alive. She touched many lives and all ended on a positive note. Her life at City College influenced all of those around her and the aura of Mabel Loop still lives.



Caroline Sweezy

LESTER SMITH AND PETER SNITZ

By A.W. Hood

I place these two together because they were inseparable. They were completely different. Smith, blond, tall, slim, handsome. Peter, dark, squat and ugly.

I don't know much about Peter's background. He was an A plus student of chemistry and drove an ancient car. This was his only means of transportation, because he suffered from a strange neurosis. He became paralysed with fear if he attempted to ride in any vehicle that he was not driving himself. He assured the draft board that it was impossible for him to serve in the army.

They did not believe him, but the army was very happy to give him a medical discharge.

Lester's father was unknown and his mother an alcoholic prostitute. He acquired his secondary education in freight cars and hobo jungles. When the draft board caught up with him he became a member of a tank crew. He never saw combat service because his tank overturned and he suffered a severe back injury.

He received a medical discharge and might well have returned to his itinerant way of life if he had not fallen in love with a beautiful girl at a USO dance. She only consented to marry him if he would return to school.

He skipped high school and enrolled in Los Angeles City College as a special student. He had no difficulty with elementary mathematics and I first met him sitting beside Peter in my class, which combined analytics with an introduction to calculus. They sat together because I seated my students in alphabetical order to help me to learn their names. They did all their homework together, as I had done at Berkeley with my friend Scotty George.

When two students of equal ability work independently and then squabble with one another when the answers are different there is considerable mutual benefit. There is even more mutual benefit if the brighter of the pair has the patience to act as a tutor for his friend. There is even some benefit if the weaker student makes a careful copy of his friend's paper. I was not concerned when I found that Peter and Lester handed in nearly identical papers, but their test papers were also duplicates and these two were certainly not identical twins. So, for examinations I seated them in opposite corners of the room. They still came out with the same score. Years later Lester revealed their ingenious communication system.

Each would write a note about any problem which worried them. Peter would raise his hand to consult me about the wording of some problem. While I was leaning over to speak to him he would slip the note into my pocket, where it was retrieved by Lester and replaced by another note. It was really quite unnecessary, but it was good exercise.

They both worked their way with me through Differential Equations, our most advanced mathematical course. Lester was admitted to Stanford University. However, it was a most unfortunate time. Swarms of veterans were returning to college in addition to those entering.

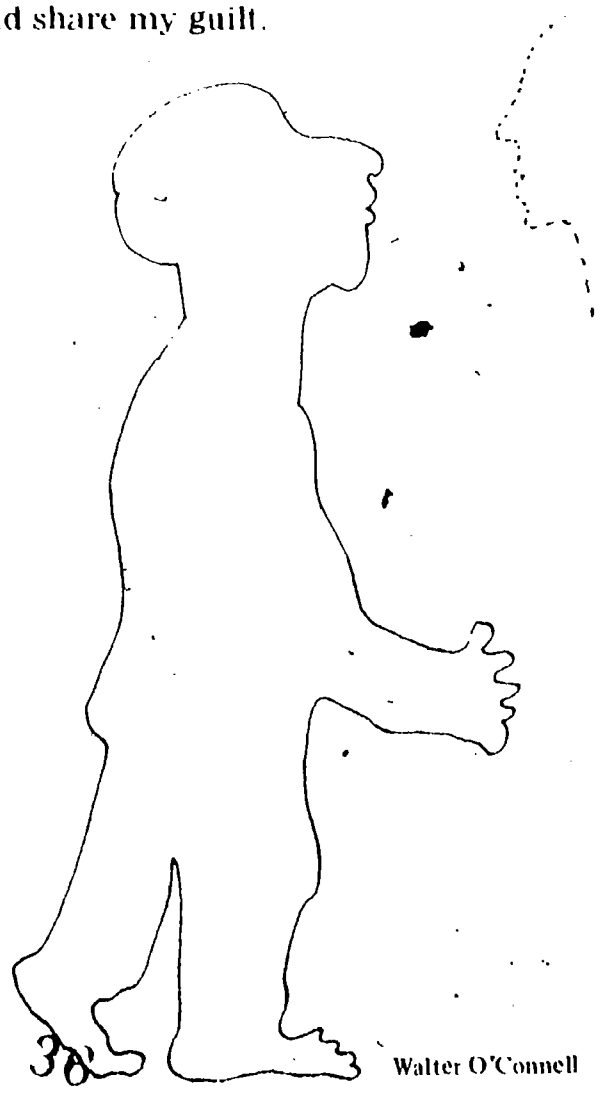
Stanford had more students than they could handle. At the end of the semester they divided the group into three parts. The first third were invited to return, the second third were told to apply for readmittance after staying out at least a year and the last third were excluded altogether. Lester just missed the top third and found himself looking for a job. A friend who was a bookie invited him to enter a lucrative business where he could make use of the mathematical training that I had innocently provided.

When he next came to see me he was very elegantly dressed and driving an expensive car. He said that after paying off a long list of policemen and politicians there was plenty of money left over.

However, his wife could not endure the flashy friends who hung around the house and divorced him in disgust.

Some years later I saw Lester at a service station. He was more affluent than ever. He had given up being a bookie and become a purchasing agent. He said that the standard of ethics was far lower in his new employment.

I urged him to return to school, but I have not seen him since. I feel that I failed, but that Stanford should share my guilt.



Walter O'Connell

THE LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE OPERA WORKSHOP

Its birth, objectives and early accomplishments (1937-43)

By Hugo Strelitzer

In the Thirties, America had become the refuge of countless musicians, artists and scientists who, out of their free will or forced by circumstances, had left the Germany of Adolf Hitler. The geographical vastness of the United States, its huge population and her growing interest in the arts represented a great attraction for many of them. America's almost unlimited hospitality and her respect and admiration for European culture instilled new hopes in the hearts of thousands of refugees. But the absorption of so much European talent into the bloodstream of American music was not always an easy matter, especially for those artists who had worked in European opera houses. Contrary to Europe where theatres, opera houses and orchestras have the secure backing of State and City, American music depended entirely on private financial resources. In 1936, when I came to America, there were really only three cities that could afford the luxury of a larger opera company - New York, San Francisco and Chicago - but as far as length of their season was concerned, it was limited. They basically lived on the import of European singers, conductors and stage directors, and it was a rare exception if at that time the name of an artist appeared on their programs who was born and trained in America.

The reasons were manifold. There were no publicly supported conservatories or music academies in America where young American singers could prepare for an operatic career. Only very few could afford such private study, and since great talent emerges rather from the lower and poorer classes of the population, it had only limited chances to get to the top. There were a few music schools and conservatories of the highest order—The Juilliard Institute in New York, the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore—but these schools could absorb only a relatively small part of native talent. Above all, America had no opera houses with an all-year-around season where young American singers could grow into maturity. Even if a few exceptionally talented singers succeeded in completing their operatic training, their chances in America were null and void. Without that practical theatre experience as it is offered young European beginners in the many smaller European opera houses, they could not find a place in a big and renowned American opera house, surrounded by the elite of great singing stars. There was nothing left for them but going to Europe to try for a vacant spot in one of the smaller opera houses over there. Only a few succeeded. Most of them returned with feelings of bitterness to their native country where their name became another casualty of American music.

What little chance there was left for a young American opera singer in his home country, it was furthermore reduced by the attitude of a small but powerful group of the musical public. This social "elite" supported and financed "their" Met—their evaluation of music and art was prejudiced by the mistaken notion that whatever came from Europe was superior to anything grown and developed from the artistic and fertile ground of their own country. This snobbish attitude which sprang from a deeply rooted cultural inferiority complex was perhaps the most difficult hurdle a young American singer had to overcome.

America had no opera houses, but she had something that Europe did not have: the AMERICAN UNIVERSITY and the AMERICAN COLLEGE. State or City supported or as a private institution with huge endowments from the rank and file of their distinguished alumni, they represent an educational field of gigantic proportions. These big universities and colleges had music departments that would be the envy of any European music institute. They had orchestras and choruses that performed the great and difficult works of the symphonic and choral literature of the past and the present. The performances of their drama departments were often almost on a professional level; their students provided the American theatre and the American motion picture industry with new faces and personalities.

Here was the nucleus for a future development and activity in opera that was simply undreamed-of. If an opera curriculum could be added to the msic departments of universities and colleges, what magnificent possibilities would open to the young singers thirsting for an operatic career! Everything was already existent: a comprehensive music curriculum, theoretically as well as practically, versatile drama courses with instruction in acting, speech, make-up, dance and fancing, foreign language classes in Italian, French, German and Spanish—an abundant variety of knowledge combined with human and artistic stimulants as no private study with private teachers can ever provide for. What had to be added to all those curricula were the opera courses themselves—the study of operatic roles and ensembles, the study of history of music and its different styles and epochs. All music departments offered voice training too, but almost exclusively on a group level—voice training should never be compulsory since the choice of a voice teacher is always a very delicate matter and should be mainly based on personal trust.

As far as the physical facilities were concerned, everything was there too. Most of the universities


CLOTHES

and colleges, especially those recently built, had excellent theatres or auditoriums that were often used by outside groups and artists for their commercial concerts and performances. They had stages with modern equipment in lighting and staging, and many of them had their own workshops for the making of scenery, props and costumes. What had to be done was to arouse the interest of the various departments in such an operatic enterprise and to get their full cooperation in providing the needed instruction and facilities.

And what a vast pool of young vocal talent this City had untapped and never really developed and tested! Since the fall of 1936 when I became a member of the Los Angeles City College Music Department, I watched the situation closely, got acquainted with the vast student population, discussed their vocal and artistic ambitions, their hopes and dreams. After having heard their promising, yet untrained voices, I realized that not even in Germany ahd I heard such an abundance of vocal talent. Many of those young singers I heard had already had some stage experience by participating in high school performances of operettas and musicals as soloists, actors, chorus members or dancers. (I am referring here to the excellent performances at Hollywood High School.) Many still in their teens had already shown stage experience, freedom of expression and an amazing lack of inhibition. But they all were depressed when they talked about their future, with no chances and no place to go to.

With so much wealth of talent at hand, it became for me now almost an obsession to lay the foundation for a school in which such talent could grow, develop and blossom. To accomplish this plan, a huge promotional campaign had to be launched. First: the Administration of the City College had to be shown that the offering of opera courses had a definite educational value, that they filled a gap in the curriculum of the music department, and that the founding of an opera workshop was a pioneering enterprise that would enhance the reputation of the college within the musical community of the city. Secondly: Los Angeles City College and the Superintendent's office of the Los Angeles School System had to be convinced that such an opera workshop was in the national interest. It would provide young American singers with a thorough preparation for an operatic career, and in doing so, pave the way for entering an art form that up to that time had almost exclusively been the privilege of European talent. Appealing to the national pride would have to be the most forceful weapon in this campaign. And thirdly: since Los Angeles City College was a publicly supported school and was maintained by the money of its tax payers, the entire community had to be mobilized to give the moral backing to this new and bold venture.

I addressed myself to all the leading and important persons and musical organizations in the musical field of Los Angeles, explained to them in detail the objectives of such an opera workshop and found everywhere nothing but an unanimous and enthusiastic approval. Countless congratulatory letters were written to the College Administration and the Music Department, among them letters from Otto Klemperer, musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, from all the leading motion picture studios, from our newspapers and magazines, from the Southern California Symphony Association, from the Board of Education and the Superintendent's Office. Under the pressure of public opinion, as so overwhelmingly expressed by the musical and artistic community and the public at large, the Superintendent's office finally accepted the project. They decided to add these opera courses to the curriculum of the music department with the beginning of the fall semester of 1937 and to appoint me director of the new project. It cannot be emphasized here enough that the strongest backing came from the music department chairman, Dr. Edmund Cykler. Of European descent, he had earned his doctor's degree at the University of Prague, Czechoslovakia; he knew about European operatic conditions and grasped immediately the tremendous possibilities of an opera workshop in America. The Opera Workshop owes this courageous and energetic man a deep gratitude.

The interest in the new Opera Workshop surpassed all expectations. That such an all-round operatic training program was offered guidance frame-work of a big College under expert guidance was in itself exciting news. But that it was offered **at no cost at all** was an opportunity that was beyond the fondest dreams of thousands of musical aspirants. When Los Angeles City Colleges opened its fall semester in 1937, hundreds of singers applied for acceptance in the opera workshop. After careful auditions, 48 young singers were chosen as the first students of the new opera workshop. The first academic year of 1937/38 was devoted exclusively to the study of fundamental operatic repertoire, without any ambitious efforts of public presentations of operatic concerts or operatic scenes. First, sound foundations had to be laid on which future operatic productions could be built. The majority of the opera students were Americans, but there were many other nationalities too—Germans, Israelis, South Americans, Armenians, Orientals from the Philippines, Japan and South Korea, an interesting mixture of races and talents. (In the first Opera Workshop production of **"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO"** in 1938 the leading roles of Susanna and Cherubino were respectively sung by a Japanese and a Korean.) Among the many promising voices a magnificent voice stood out, a bass-baritone, that belonged to a tall and lanky boy of only seventeen years of age who had just graduated from

Hollywood High School. Under the name of **GEORGE LONDON** he became later one of the greatest opera stars in America whose fame carried also with him the name of the Los Angeles City College Opera Workshop into the international world of art and music.

The history of the American opera workshops is closely tied to the "**OPERA IN ENGLISH**" movement. From the first moment of its existence the Los Angeles City College Opera Workshop has been the ardent champion of this movement. It had been originally started in the Twenties in Rochester, N.Y. by the British conductor Albert Coates and the Russian stage director Vladimir Rosing, but could not hold its own against the opposition of a financially powerful section of the musical public that preferred their operas in the original language. This financial "aristocracy" turned up its nose on anything that did not carry the label "Made in Europe." They considered Opera in English as the poor man's opera, not in keeping with their own social standing.

Also other equally snobbish circles opposed Opera in English. They maintained that English is a language that doesn't lend itself to singing. Besides the fact that the English language belongs to the most beautiful and powerful and majestic languages, it must be pointed out here that any language is suitable for singing, provided the singer has learned how to sing and express himself in it. Since opera in America is presented in foreign languages, the young voice student here battles first with those foreign languages before he has learned to sing a well understandable English of his own language. The great singing stars of the American Musical and American operettas have proven year after year how beautiful and natural it is to sing in English and reach the heart of the audience. But if the young American opera singer has not learned to sing English with clear articulation and intelligibility so that his words come over the footlights, he might as well sing in French, Italian or German that the audience cannot understand either. The unintelligibility of the English-singing young opera singers has been the reason why the majority of our audiences object to Opera in English.

But the strongest objections against Opera in English came from producers, conductors and stage directors, namely, that the existing English translations of operas were so bad and so unsingable that they were worthless and practically useless. Here was the central problem: to find a translation that makes its point dramatically, that follows the vocal line closely and is wedded with the music to a complete union. **Without such a translation the fight for Opera in English was senseless.** It required a translator with the potential of a writer, musician and singer all rolled into one. Such men were difficult to find since the pay for such meticulous and painstaking work was almost negligable. It was not surprising at all that so much opposition toward singing opera in English came from the very ranks of the singers themselves: rightly they preferred the original language to any bad translation.

Facing this situation, it became the most important task to work on good translations. Out of the Department of English and out of Literary circles outside the college came men of talent and distinction who in the most generous way offered their collaboration. Together we changed and revised existing translations or worked on entirely new translations. But still more was at stake. These translations could not be an end in itself, they had to lead to something far more important: to free opera in America of its stagnation and conventional dullness and change it through the liberating power of language into living theatre. As long as American opera singers sang in foreign languages, the word was always something foreign, unreal, and could not be translated into meaning and action. With Opera in English the word took on primary importance, and the singer became the interpreter of action and plot. This brought about a complete change—if in the past the music had pushed the drama into the background, the drama stood now together with the music in the foreground on equal terms. With Opera in English the singer began now to sing in the language of his blood that flooded through word, action and character and filled the stage with true life. It was altogether a process of humanizing the operatic stage in the center of which stood man, a human being and an **American** human being at that, whose laughter and tears reflected joy and grief of American people. European humor had to be translated into American humor, and here it was almost imperative to use the English language in which alone American humor can come to true life. The entire "Opera in English" movement really had only one objective: to create a production that was the expression of America and its people.

But as long as the influx of great European artists kept perfect control over the American Opera Houses, the development and future of a young and untested generation of American singers was uncertain and doubtful. The founding of the American Opera Workshop was the first and decisive step to create a place for this young generation where they could be heard, and the "Opera in English" movement was the guide-post that pointed in the right direction. All these ideas and objectives lay dormant in this opera workshop at its beginning—only in future productions could they be tested and brought into fruition.

The time for such a production came more quickly than expected. During the month of June, 1938, I had made my first attempt to present excerpts from Mozart's **The Marriage of Figaro** in the Student Union Building, using only a platform, with no scenery or lighting, only costumes and a few props for setting the scene, with no orchestra at hand, and

two pianos. The intimacy and charm and unpretentiousness of the affair took the first-night audience by storm that overflowed the hall with hundreds of standees filling every available inch of space. One of the most brilliant music critics of Los Angeles, Jose Rodriguez, who was the founder of the KFAC classical music hour, wrote, "Extremely limited means prohibited an orchestra. Instead the score was arranged for two pianos. There was no proper stage, merely a platform at one end of the school cafeteria, without lighting or scenery. Costumes and a few props provided the illusion.

> But limited means did not prohibit a definite technical excellence, good style, fine singing, restrained but delightful acting—altogether an ensemble that would have credited many an expensive and ambitious professional production."

It was almost imperative that after the success of "Figaro" the next production had to be a full-fledged opera on a real stage, in scenery and costumes, supported by a full orchestra that lends color and emotional impact to an opera performance. Everything was now a question of courage, daring and self-confidence. My choice was Mozart's immortal masterwork: The Magic Flute, one of the most problematic works of the operatic repertoire, seldom produced in America and entirely unknown to Los Angeles audiences. Dramawise, the Magic Flute has always suffered from a confused and controversial plot. To translate the German libretto, to revise the story, to bring dramatic credibility to its characters, to change the chronological sequence of its many scenes, to rewrite the entire dealogue and translate the typical Viennese humor of its comedy scenes into an American brand of humor, and most of all, to remove the story from its purely incidental Egyptian background and put it in a no-man's land of myth and magic—this all was a tremendous challenge to the dramaturgical skill, the theatrical instinct and the artistic taste of the opera workshop's entire leadership.

But I had gathered around me a staff of extraordinary co-workers. Two came from the outside and donated their services to this enterprise. The one was George Houston, singer and actor of Broadway and Los Angeles Civic Light-Opera fame, who played the title role in Hoffmannsthal's miracle play **Everyman** and the role of Mephisto in Max Reinhardt's **Faust** production at the Pilgrimage Bowl. He was in charge of the stage direction and story treatment. The other one was Rudy Field, a former member of the technical staff at the "UFA," Berlin's biggest motion picture studio and working in Hollywood as technical director in several motion picture studios—he designed the scenery and costumes and supervised the lighting. Dr. Donald Alden, an outstanding teacher and writer from the College English Department, was the translator of the German libretto and rewrote all the dialogues.

The next important step was to modernize the old Auditorium stage that was altogether obsolete and therefore unsuitable for any kind of theatrical production. Working on a "shoestring" budget and with no funds whatsoever to rent the necessary stage equipment, the Opera Workshop had to resort to outside help and to appeal to the support and generosity of firms and organizations that dealt with the theatre. This appeal became an overwhelming success since everybody realized the civic significance of our enterprise that would lend prestige to Los Angeles as a cultural center. Everything was forthcoming - material for scenery, costumes, props, make-up, wigs, furniture, and the leading light equipment company in Los Angeles that furnished the Hollywood Bowl with their lighting material, equipped our stage with all the modern lighting, together with a technical staff to install it and handle it during the performances. It was the most generous donation one could dream of!

But there was one more hurdle to overcome: the orchestra. Our College had only a very small symphony orchestra that was busy with their own assignments and incapable of mastering the difficulties of an opera orchestra. There was only one way left - to go to the Musicians Union and try to get from them an orchestra free. A utopia! The Musicians Union was known in America as the union most difficult to handle, with their boss, "Caesar" Petrillo as one of the most belligerent labor leaders in this country. He saw to it that no union musician played without pay, not even for charity. There was an impasse that threatened the fate of our Magic Flute performances. But a miracle happened: Louis Gruenberg, America's foremost composer at that time whose opera **Emperor Jones** was world premiered at the Met with Lawrence Tibbett singing the title role, went personally to the Musicians Union to plead this cause. He told the Board of Directors that these planned **Magic Flute** performances represented a simply heroic effort toward the establishment of a possible resident opera company, and that it was in the very best interest of the Union itself to support this operatic venture. And the impossible happened—for three rehearsals and three performances the Musicians Union donated an orchestra, an event unprecedented in the annals of the Union.

On May 3, 1939, after three months of intensive and unlimited rehearsals, the first performance of **The Magic Flute** took place, followed by two repeat performances on May 5th and 6th. For the first time Los Angeles heard a full-fledged opera performance that had grown out of its own artistic soil, with young American singers, many making their real debut, in a brand-new English translation, a challenge that this city had not seen and heard before. It was a performance that was not a copy of a traditional European performance—on the contrary, it tried to

22. Ode

Very quiet, intense ♩ ca 50

(middle quality)

Baritone

p

Ode When day has drained the fun-nels of our love and earth's

mf mp

is-lands stand free to mark the sea-base, when all our time lies tucked between the tran-sit planes

mf mp

and earth folds closed up on the bench marks of re-al-ity, then shall our land lie like a

p mp mp

tapered drum spread thin to re-ceive the many seas. that wear a-way the edges of the world.

mp p mp p pp

Day drains a-way. Love funnels down the islands in-to earth.

Walter O'Connell

see this opera through the eyes of present-day America and to fill plot and characters with its own American vision. The audience could identify itself with the characters on the stage and become almost a participant in the developing drama. The three performances were packed with an enthusiastic audience of students, music lovers and the musical elite of Los Angeles among them Otto Klemperer, the musical head of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. The reviews were excellent. The music critic of the Los Angeles Times emphasized that Los Angeles had never heard such crisp and exact ensemble singing, not even from the professional visiting opera companies. Other critics stated that this **Magic Flute** performance was a true community undertaking, backed by the outside professions and guided by the belief in a future resident opera company. Nothing could have pleased me more! The Los Angeles City College Opera Workshop was basically an opera school, but in my dreams it aimed toward loftier goals, namely to provide the city with regular opera productions. Los Angeles was opera starved, but the guest performances of the San Francisco Opera Company and the few opera performances at Hollywood Bowl could not satisfy its appetite. So, what was needed was a resident opera company to fill that gap.

As a European-born and European trained musician I had learned that the rich operatic life in Europe with opera houses even in the smallest cities and playing mostly all year long was possible only through the financial support of its governmental institutions. If the same situation could be applied here in the United States, how the arts would flourish, its 50 States with 50 State opera houses competing with each other for excellence and countless municipally financed opera houses joining in this competition - what a glorious opportunity for the wealth of our talented singers and musicians hungry for opportunity and recognition - America would lead all nations in artistic and musical accomplishments!

But the time had not come yet. In absence of an orchestra, as competent as the one donated by the Musicians Union, I had made plans to produce Nicolai's comic opera **The Merry Wives of Windsor.** Partly based on Shakespeare's play, it had become a sure box office success on all German stages. But it was almost unknown in America because Verdi's masterwork **Falstaff** based on Boito's masterful dramatic-treatment of the Shakespearian original had become a mainstay in all significant opera houses in the United States. The presence of **Falstaff** on the American opera stage made the production of Nicolai's opera quite a problem. The silly German libretto had to be adapted and rewritten completely. **The Merry Wives** typical German humor was unpalatable to a country whose appreciation of the theatre was deeply influenced by the writings of the great Bard. To save Nicolai's music with its melodic wealth and its romantic poetry, it had to be tailored to fit a changed libretto. In long sessions of debating these issues it was agreed upon that a swing version of the **Merry Wives** would be the most fitting solution to an almost unsurmountable theatrical problem. It was also decided to use the swing very sparingly and to apply it only to those musical numbers that end in a chorus (refrain). This way, entire scenes act finales, big chorus and ensemble numbers were not even touched. In the orchestra pit were three pianos, one solo piano played by the conductor, and a two piano team played by two excellent swing and jazz players. From its beginning, the swing numbers were played straight by the solo piano, just the way the composer had written them, but at the first repeat of the chorus the two piano team took over and went into swing, first almost unnoticable, then more and more while the singers fell in with the complicated rhythms of the two-piano team, and when the chorus was repeated the second time, the music was in full swing. The swing treatment was more or less arranged in the rehearsals, but during the performance it reached a freedom that had the effect of a complete improvisation. The whole had an atmosphere of exuberance and impishness that did ample credit to the opera's title. At the last repeat of the chorus the singers in their heavy Elizabethean costumes danced to the swing rhythmus of the music, a combination that brought the house down every night.

The whole production was a bold venture, but similar attempts had been made before. Kurt Weill, for instance, had experimented many years before with swing and jazz, and the result was a modern version of the old-English beggers opera, called in Germany **Die Dreigroschenoper** that in the Twenties was a theatrical sensation all over Europe. After all, it was the mission of the opera workshop to experiment and to find new and uncharted theatrical terrain in their productions.

The news about this swing version made the rounds in the musical and theatrical circles of Los Angeles, and everyone was looking forward to the opening night. It took place in May 1940 under the title: **THE MERRY WIVES—SWING IT**, and it became the greatest theatrical success of the opera workshop. The performance was broadcast by a local Los Angeles radio network; during the intermissions an interviewer went with his microphone through the crowds and asked people personally about their reaction. The youthful members of the audience, theatre and movie people were very much impressed by the performance and the boldness of its style—some even thought the opera workshop had not gone far enough to make wider use of the swing. Others again were definitely opposed to our treatment of a traditional, therefore "sacred" opera, and criticized our lack of respect for traditional values. Also the reviews were divided. Some critics took exception, some welcomed the

experiment. But all agreed on one point – that it was a great evening in the theatre. If this still needs further proof, one has only to read the memoirs of the great German actor and playwright Kurt Gotz who as a screenplay writer was under contract with the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios and attended with his wife the opening night's performance. His actress wife completed his memoirs after his death. She writes:

> Another American star owes my husband his discovery. We were hardly four weeks in Hollywood when we were invited to a student performance. They gave the **Merry Wives**, as some kind of operetta, and called it **THE MERRY WIVES SWING IT**. With the most primitive production means, but acted and sung with the exuberance and high spirit of youth, the whole thing was overwhelming. And especially one student had a voice that compensated for all the small shortcomings.
>
> The students needed an "angel" who would lend them $5,000 – in order to be able to start in a real theatre. My husband gave them the $5,000 – in view of this one magnificent voice of which he prophesied that one would hear of this voice in the future. This voice belonged to **GEORGE LONDON** whom we heard later in the Vienna State Opera. I am sure he does not know who was his first angel!

After the three performances of the **Merry Wives Swing It** the Opera Workshop prepared three chamber operas with a small orchestra for which the necessary instrumentalists were available among the City College students. Hindemith's **BACK AND FORTH** for six winds and brass instruments, harmonium and two pianos, and Pergolesi's **LA SERVA PADRONA** (The Bachelor's Maid) for string orchestra and cembalo. They were performed in 1940 and were followed in 1941 with a production of Mozart's **THE IMPRESARIO** with a reduced orchestra.

But without a full-sized orchestra the future of the Opera Workshop looked bleak. In this situation I took the most decisive step to consolidate the existence of the Opera Workshop. To understand the following, one has to go back to a critical period in American history. In 1933, under the new Administration of President Roosevelt, measures had been taken to stop the unemployment of millions of workers. As part of the New Deal Program, the Workers Progress Administration--the WPA Project--was set up that gave millions of unemployed and starving people work and a minimum income. For the first time in American history, the country took also care of its unemployed artists--musicians, singers, composers, actors, conductors and stage directors, writers, poets, playwrights, painters and sculptors, etc.--and provided them with work and new hope. Overnight the WPA Art Projects sprang up, and like mushrooms they spread all over the country. Their performances – concerts, operas, plays – were open to the public for an admission fee of 25 cents! The quality of their work was good average, but sometimes reached also a higher artistic level, especially in the bigger cities. Unfortunately, they were boycotted by a large part of the public that did not believe in "socialized arts" and measured the value of a performance by the admission they paid.

Los Angeles had such a WPA Music Project too that was on an especially high artistic level. What under the circumstances was more appropriate but trying to establish an artistic fusion in which the WPA Music Project would furnish the Los Angeles City College Opera Workshop with its orchestra? Haunted by such dreams, I contacted in 1941 the WPA Music Project of Southern California. My negotiations with Dr. Karl Wecker, the gracious head of this organization, were most promising, and after a few weeks an agreement was signed that guaranteed the participation of the WPA Orchestra in the opera performances of the Opera Workshop. The WPA Music Project had a decent orchestra with a sprinkle of well-trained and experienced musicians. With almost unlimited rehearsal time, this orchestra could be welded into a fine ensemble. Here a sound foundation was to be laid, some kind of community enterprise under whose umbrella of financial and artistic support the arts could blossom to its fullest bloom.

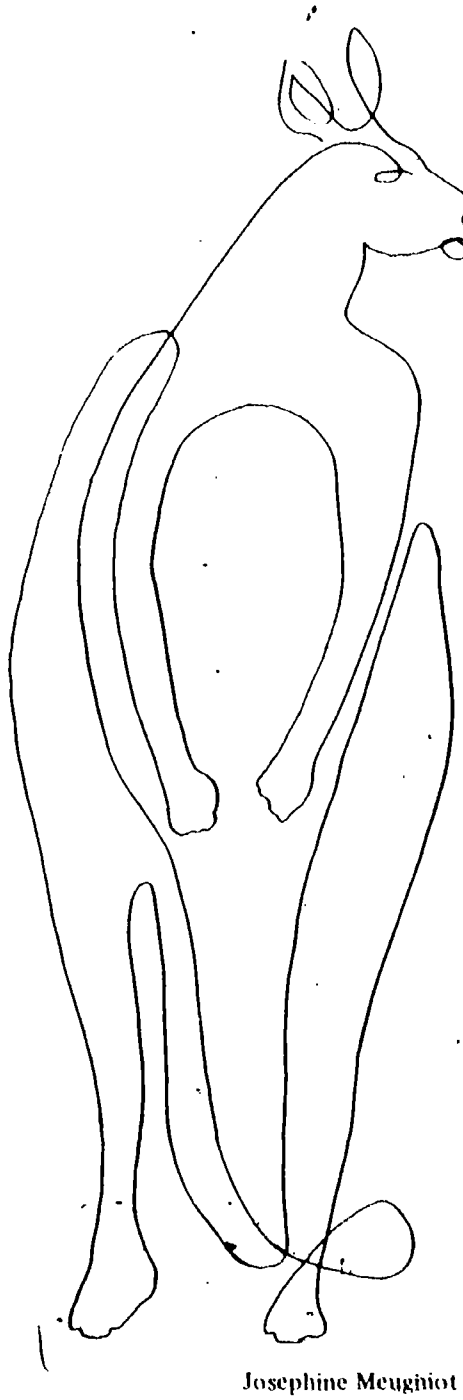
With the assurance of an orchestra the Opera Workshop could now really play for the future. In June of 1941 three performances of **DON PASQUALE** were given in cooperation with the WPA Symphony Orchestra that marked the first important step toward subsidized opera in America. The united efforts of the Opera Workshop and the Music Project created an organizational stability and an artistic security that bade well for the future. Between the years of 1941 and 1943 the performances of the Opera Workshop rose to its highest level. Attracted by the fusion of Opera Workshop and Music Project the best and most promising young American singers joined the Opera Workshop to make there their operatic debut in a full-fledged opera performance before critics and the large musical public. Especially the announcement of four performances of Johann Strauss' **DIE FLEDERMAUS** (The Bat) in 1942 brought singing talent of a magnitude to the Workshop as had never been heard before. Under the title **MASQUERADE** it received its first Los Angeles production. The performances had two alternating casts that were almost equal, and in some cases the toss of a coin had to decide who would sing the opening night performance. To get a good idea about the outstanding student material of these years, one has only to look at the later career of most of the leading singers of the "**MASQUERADE**" cast:

George London	Metropolitan New York, Wagner Festival Bayreuth,

	Vienna State Opera, Bolshoi Opera Moscow
Brian Sullivan	Metropolitan New York
Robert Kyber	Director Opera Company St Paul, and Opera Workshop at San Francisco State College
John Silver	Members of original cast in **"GUYS AND DOLLS"** on Broadway and also in the motion picture of the same show
Frances McCann	Leading Lady (Kate) in world premiere of **KISS ME KATE** on Broadway, and later member of the Deutsche Opera at Berlin, Germany

In 1943 the Opera Workshop produced for the first time the opera of a living American composer, **THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER** by Douglas Moore, who lived in the East and could not attend the Los Angeles performances because of earlier commitments. It was a very important objective of the Workshop to perform the works of contemporary composers to get the singer acquainted with the problems of singing modern music with its dissonant intricacies and difficult intervals. Over the years the Opera Workshop has produced quite a few contemporary operas of composers of different nationalities and even produced the world premiere of an opera by an Austrian composer, Eric Zeisl, who taught composition in the Evening Division of Los Angeles City College. The two performances of Douglas Moore's opera had great vigor and intensity, almost a missionary zeal to make the opera of an American composer a success in his own country.

With the performances of **DON PASQUALE, MASQUERADE** and **THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER** it seemed that the dawn had finally come and government-supported opera was on its way. But, helas, this beautiful dream was short-lived. On December 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and WORLD WAR II was on. American youth was now in arms or working in defense industries. In view of the national emergency, artistic projects and aspirations were pushed more and more into the background. With the ensuing years enrollment in universities and colleges dropped to a dangerous low. And then came the death blow—caused by the dragging war and its sky-rocketing costs. Congress used the proverbial ax and voted all WPA Projects out of existence. Together with many other teachers I was honorably discharged from City College to resume my work in the fall of 1945 when the war ended.



Josephine Meughiot

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE

By J. Folger Allen

In celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the opening of Los Angeles City College, it is necessary for me briefly to reflect on the events leading to my decision to enter the first class.

I studied electrical engineering and was a member of the Aeronautical Society at Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles because I wanted to be an engineer like my grandfather. After graduation in June 1927, I was employed as a parts stockman in the truck garage of the Blue Diamond Sand & Gravel Company at Washington and Alameda. About a year later, fascinated by the innovative changes introduced with the new Model A Ford cars, I ordered one on July 4, 1928, deposited $5.00 as earnest money and agreed to pay $5.00 per month until one became available.

It was beautiful! My first new car, a glistening blue green four cylinder Model A Ford sports roadster with black wire wheels, a self starter, a fold-down top with a rumble seat, was delivered in December 1928, when I was twenty. At the time, this new car was probably the most important thing in my life; it materially changed my life style. Wherever we stopped, interested people gathered 'round to Oh! and Ah! over Ford's latest creation. Dates were no problem. I felt lucky to be in the proverbial "bowl of cherries."

Four months later, in April 1929, I returned to Poly Hi to visit an English teacher I respected because she had challenged each of us to be different, not ape others, but rather to be our own distinctive selves.

In her caring way, she asked what my plans were for further education? It was easy to tell her I couldn't afford to go to college. I had no money, nor did anyone in my family.

"Why not sell your car and use the money to enter the new Los Angeles Junior College when it opens in September?" she asked.

"Sell my car! It's brand new, I love it, what would I do for transportation?" I replied, somewhat shocked and annoyed. The thought of giving up my first new car was difficult to comprehend.

Calmly she continued, "I think I understand your feelings now, Jim; your car is important. However, you will agree it will wear out in a short time, whereas further education now will strengthen you personally and give you an inner security for the rest of your life."

Fortunately, I listened. In August, I quit my job and sold my car. In September I joined hundreds of others queued in seemingly unending lines to register for my opportunity to bloom.

The ivy-covered buildings, the main quadrangle of grass, flowering shrubs and shade trees, crisscrossed by brick and concrete walks, gave credence to the hint that the graceful winding path between the double column of stately eucalyptus trees across the campus was really the original El Camino Real which Spanish padres followed two hundred years earlier. All this and the eager new faces invited everyone from the youngest to those few older ones like me, to participate in Los Angeles' new venture in education. Here I found an opportunity to continue in engineering.

The first semester was spent in reorganizing my time schedule and relearning to study; grades were just average. However, this was a wonderful experience in which to literally grow up. There were no established college traditions, no older classmates with prior experience to help guide us. The new faculty adroitly met the challenge. As an example, under the direction of Instructor James F. Ball, members of the Aeronautical Engineering class built a wind tunnel in the aeronautics laboratory. At that time it was the second wind tunnel in Southern California. The Prop & Wing Club for those aeronautically inclined had the distinction of being the first campus club with lapel pins. I still have the pin.

It was during my Beta semester, in a weekly class on current events, that my interest in Technocracy permitted me to extemporaneously explain the subject before the class. This caring instructor wisely chose to develop not only an interest in what was happening in the world, but also each student's ability to comprehend and clearly verbalize on the events.

The off-campus University Religious Center provided many students an unique opportunity for new personal experiences; i.e., participation in discussion groups, week-end hiking retreats and service opportunities. Many of our student government officers experienced their first leadership activities in the YMCA or the YWCA. During my Gamma semester I was President of the YMCA, the largest off-campus club; this led to being elected President of the Associated Men Students in my Delta term. These years were immeasurably rich in providing opportunities for personal growth and fellowship, yet somewhat lacking in economic opportunity. I was fortunate; I worked as a part time janitor (we called ourselves sanitary engineers) for $40.00 per month. My best friend, Frank Freeland, was student manager of the Quads-lunch cafeterias. During one year, Frank, his brother, and I shared a small bungalow court unit on Normal Avenue just off Vermont. It was difficult to stretch our dollars through the month; we did, by eating many peanut butter and lettuce sandwich meals.

Each semester, the Associated Men Students organized Hi-Jinks, Stags, and other more formal evening entertainment programs in the auditorium. These usually included the serving of refreshments which invariably resulted in spillage and always an abundance of litter. During my term as President of AMS, I tried, unsuccessfully, to reduce or eliminate

the litter used at such meetings, because after everybody left for home, I had to clean up the mess; the auditorium was part of my janitorial cleaning responsibility.

After graduation in June 1931, I was unable to secure what I had anticipated as a sure job assistant meteorologist for a local airline. Times were tough, there was a depression, especially in aviation. Because neither my high school nor my junior college education included any business or commercial training, I decided to return for another semester to study Marketing - with emphasis on salesmanship and business research. The caring people in School Administration gave their approval. Mr. Meythaler, head custodian, agreed to continue my part time employment. After two planning sessions with Business Research Instructor, Walford E. Talbert, my term project was to follow my interest in aviation by researching insurance and writing a 150-page thesis on a relatively new field, Aeronautical Insurance. There were few books on the subject. In doing the research, I met leading underwriters in aviation insurance who advised me I would need considerable field experience before I could qualify to work with them in the business of aeronautical insurance. However, this research was the projectile that propelled me into the personal lines insurance business later that year.

For about two years I had my own agency. Having graduated from the semi-professional classes at LAJC rather than the basic two-year college classes, I capitalized this fact on my business stationery by use of this theme: "An Insurance Service that is Semi-professionally Unique." Obviously not too profound, nor generally meaningful; however, it was different and it did serve my ego. In May 1934, I joined a large Mutual Fire and Casualty insuring group for whom I worked throughout the United States for nearly forty years, until retirement in 1973.

The first Los Angeles Junior College Alumni Journal, published on Homecoming Day, February 22, 1933, captured the Spirit of LAJC with letters from and about graduates, as well as the Day's program including this lesson on depression economics; our informal Alumni Turkey Dinner that evening at Polly's Patio on west Seventh Street cost only 50 cents. In one of the letters from graduates, Billy Chapin wrote, in part, from Stanford University: "I wouldn't trade my two JC years for anything. The thrill of pioneering was a unique one, and those who experienced it were unusually fortunate. The great thing about LAJC was the activities and the contacts—student and faculty—which they provided."

For me, Los Angeles Junior College opened many avenues to a fuller life. I remember that my best friend Frank wrote in my Junior Campus: "He who works with student committees experiences real life." In January, 1932, my instructor in Business Research wrote in my thesis on Aeronautical Insurance: "May the spirit of research stay with you through life." I have wanted to tell Mr. Talbert that his wish for me came true. Through continuing education, I received the professional designation of Chartered Property & Casualty Underwriter in 1949; also a Diplomate in Risk Management in 1967. Upon retirement, I offered my services gratis to the Federal Insurance Administration in Washington, D.C. They accepted. As a consultant to the Federal Government, I initiated and participated in several research projects over a period of two years. Both the Government and I gained as a result of our association.

I am grateful to God for the gifts of life bestowed upon me and especially for the love expressed in actions by people with whom I have been associated. It has been through their help that I learned to understand the statement of a notable theologian, Teilhard de Chardin, that "God works through people."

Walter O'Connell

O MOON

With how sad steps Nonsense!
I have seen her,
Night by night
With her secret, mischievous smile,
Gliding to her rendezvous
Through the dark alleys of the west

APPLE BARN, HAYLE'S FARM

They are storing summer in the barn.
Orchard boys,
Ruddy-faced and brusque,
Their talk rougher than their hands
The bees have done their work;
Dead now, perhaps.
Winds have ravaged petals
That were a promise in the spring
Demeter's silent ritual
Evolved these glistening shapes,
Rounded, redolent,
Nudging one another in their crates.
Aroma wreathes me round
Lost to today,
I am adrift in Time.

THE POTTER

More ancient than crumbled cities,
The clay has a language,
So it seems,
Or can it *be* a language?
My fingers hear it,
But not yet the brain.
The skin senses it,
And the bones vibrate to its rhythms
I almost understand.

CLAY TO POTTER. I.

I was sunlight on fern,
And dew of night.
I was rock and flood.
I was time and no-time.
Through you, I touch humanity.
Through me you glimpse eternity.

CLAY TO POTTER. II.

I was at the making of earth,
And the birth of the Stars.
I was at the making of Earth,
The Beaker Folk knew me,
And the Hittites,
And the painters of Attic pots.
Was the magic their's?
Or mine?
Through me you touch antiquity.
Through you I know mortality.

By Helen Truesdell Heath

Rosa Vasquez

48

LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE PAST PRESENT FUTURE

By John Lombardi
ERIC Clearinghouse for Junior Colleges
University of California, Los Angeles

In the weak moment I accepted Sam Eisenstein's flattering invitation to write for the 50th Anniversary of Los Angeles City College I did not realize that I undertook one of the most difficult assignments of my educational career. How can I write objectively about an institution in which I spent the most pleasant years of my life? How can I avoid the irritating propensity of second-guessing those who succeeded me? I hope that I have not been too personal or too irritating in my observations.

Fifty years in the life of an institution represents a small span, even in the New World. There are still some people who participated in the opening of the College in 1929. But, time is only one measure of an institution's value or relevancy. By itself, time may merely signify mediocre existence neither poor enough to warrant extinction nor distinguished enough to deserve recognition.

Because the next fifty years includes the beginning of the 21st Century, we are busy looking into crystal balls or consulting psychics to learn about the future of the College. A new century always fascinates us and engenders hope for a better world. The beginning of a new millenium is even more mesmerizing.

While crystal gazing we keep in mind that our visions may also be illusions based on prejudices and limited abilities. They may be as far from the mark as so many made in the past. Who would have predicted in the face of the Brown decision that segregation in our public schools would be greater in 1979 than in 1954? How many challenged those who predicted in 1960 that a population explosion would inundate the earth's surface? (Albert Rosenfeld "Good News on Population" S/R 3-3-79, p. 18, vol. 6, No. 5) What happened to the prediction that community college enrollment would continue to soar into the 1980s?

Though the crystal ball may be cloudy concerning the next fifty years, the mirror through which we look at the last fifty has not yet been blurred by silver flaking. A review of the past fifty years, brief as it must be, will give us some clues as to the probable course for the future of Los Angeles City College.

During its fifty years Los Angeles City College has experienced triumph and defeat, hope and despair. It has had two Golden Ages, the first from 1929 to 1941 and the second from 1945 to 1968, two periods of dynamic activity marked by academic excellence, peer recognition as a leader in the community colleges, an enthusiastic and energetic faculty, and an enrollment large enough to support a varied program in the liberal arts, the technical-vocational, and general education areas.

In-between (and also during) these periods it has had its share of defeat and despair. Student activism, faculty militancy, declining enrollment, inept and incompetent administrators at the campus and district levels, a reactionary first Board of Trustees, changing population patterns, and lower student scholastic aptitude contributed to these negative feelings.

The college got off to a good start with the appointment of William Henry Snyder as its first director. Under his administration the College operated with a well-developed philosophy that stressed excellence. The Open Door to admission and Selective Access to courses and programs, the basic elements of his philosophy characterized the College during its first ten years. Moreover, Dr. Snyder insisted that Los Angeles Junior College be in fact an institution of higher education, not an extension of the high school, and that the development and the implementation of the educational programs be the responsibility of the College personnel, not of the Unified District supervisors. Autonomy in educational matters ranked second to excellence in his perception of an outstanding collegiate institution.

The first Golden Age continued for five years after Dr. Snyder retired in 1934. During the second administration a junior college district with its own tax base was established in 1934 and "Junior" was replaced by "City" in the name of the College. Dr. Snyder's successors have had the advantage of standing on his shoulders and the misfortune of being compared with a brilliantly successful administrator whose reputation grew as the memories of his accomplishments waned.

All was not quiet on the campus. Minor riots in 1935 marred the tranquil atmosphere. A sizable minority of students engaged in demonstrations on behalf of liberal causes tinged with communist overtones. Also, a group of faculty members, restive under authoritarian administrative leadership, characteristic of nearly all junior college administrations of the period, was in continuous conflict with the administration. A small part of this conflict was connected with alleged communist affiliation and with the right of faculty to espouse the New Deal philosophy or to discuss communism in their classes. Student activism lasted for a short time; by 1936, it was either non-existent or carried on underground. Faculty dissent continued until the second director was removed in 1945. Although several faculty members were suspected of communist affiliations, only one was forced to resign. Despite these two major disturbances, in 1939 ten years after its founding, the College was exultant as enrollment passed the 6,000 mark—all full-time day students; the College had no evening classes.

No sooner [illegible] the celebration ended than the emergence of World War II caused a sharp drop in

enrollment as students enlisted or were drafted for military services. The decline in enrollment was inexorable and not even the opening of an evening division and occasional military programs could make up for the losses to the military services. The precipitous drop from more than 6,000 in 1939 to 2,000 in 1942 resulted in the dismissal of all instructors and a host of other changes, including the modification or the abandonment of selective access to courses and programs, classification of students and curricula as Transfer and Semiprofessional, high academic standards of achievement, and strict retention and exclusion policies.

The second Golden Age owed its origin in part to the reverse processes that brought about the end of the first, peace and demobilization. In 1940, the College lost its students to the military services; in 1944, the released military personnel flocked to the College, with generous financial aid under the G.I. Bill. Enrollment rose at a phenomenal rate, passing the 10,000 mark by 1950 and hovering around the 30,000 during the 1960's

All of the dismissed faculty were rehired and many new ones were added. Courses and curricula in electronics, data processing, allied health, engineering, business, foreign languages, the liberal arts and sciences multiplied to meet the demands of the hordes of students attending day, evening and summer sessions. New teaching and learning strategies were made possible by the addition of laboratories, clinics, audio-visual and media centers equipped with electronic devices—computers, calculators, keyboards, and television. The Instructional Resources Center vied with the Library as the pivot around which the educational program revolved. Slowly, the ivy-covered brick buildings were replaced by the modern structures that now enclose the main quadrangle of the campus.

Enrollment growth and decline played a major role in the rise and decline of the First Golden Age. Had City College been a smaller college the enrollment decline in 1941 could have resulted in its closing, as happened to many colleges during the World War II years. Growth was more important in the rise of the Second than in its decline.

Full-time attendance (a minimum load of 10½ units) was the rule in the first; part-time attendance became the mode in the second. Toward the end of the first era, in 1941 a summer session was established, and in 1942 when enrollment continued to decline the faculty organized and taught evening classes at no extra pay. During the second era the evening division enrollment grew at a higher rate than the day enrollment.

Also related because of its effect on enrollment is the contrast between the paucity of student aid during the first era when grants and work-study opportunities were awarded to a few mainly on merit; and its abundance during the second era when grants, loans, and work-study opportunities, awarded on the basis of previous military service or need, encouraged thousands to enroll.

The orbiting of Sputnik in 1957 acted as a regenerative impulse that kept the momentum of the Second Golden Age alive for another ten years. Congress appropriated huge sums for strengthening courses and programs designed to help the nation catch up with the Russians in space exploration.

The preoccupation with collegiate status, evidenced in 1938 when "Junior" was replaced by "City" cropped up again in the early 50's in a move to gain legislative authority to offer baccalaureate programs. Although successful in getting a state college established on campus, the faculty leaders were unable to overcome the strong, determined opposition of state college adminisfrators to four-year status for City College or to a merger. The joint occupancy lasted until Los Angeles State College moved to its own campus during the mid-60's. In retrospect there was a touch of irony in the effort to achieve baccalaureate status while the College was enrolling thousands of students with inadequate academic preparation.

More successful was the long campaign conducted by the District College faculty and administrators for the separation of the College District from the Unified District. Hopes were high that separation, effective July 1969, would be the beginning of a third Golden Age. Instead, disaster struck. No sooner did the new Trustees take their oath of office than they instituted a reign of terror-purges of faculty with unconventional opinions and of administrators accused of softness toward dissident students and of failure to protect life and property on campus and in the classroom. Some trustees began to monitor the College, its administrators, and instructors by personal visits and through student and staff informants. It seemed as if 1984 had prematurely arrived. Most ominous as a harbinger of things to come was the summary dismissal of two Valley College faculty members. Within the year the President resigned—before he was fired.

The turmoil did not end until the composition of the Board changed. But the damage that resulted from the discord and disruption of the first four years under the new regime took a long time to heal. Most damaging to the College was the absence of strong and consistent leadership. From 1969 to 1979 the College has had four presidents and three acting presidents. Contrary to expectations of more college autonomy, separation from the Unified District brought greater centralization at the District level.

During the 1960's the curriculum expanded beyond the traditional complex of degree-oriented courses and programs in Transfer, Occupational and General Education. The new programs, Community Services, Continuing Education and Remedial Education, grew so fast that they almost overshadowed the traditional.

IF A MAN

H. D. Thoreau

Robert Wilkinson

IF A MAN DOES NOT KEEP PACE WITH HIS COM-

PAN - IONS — IF A MAN DOES NOT KEEP PACE WITH HIS COM - PANIONS —

— PER - HAPS IT IS BE- CAUSE HE HEARS A DIFFERENT DRUMMER LET HIM

STEP TO THE MUSIC WHICH HE HEARS - LET HIM STEP TO THE

MUSIC WHICH HE HEARS - - HOW EV - ER MEASURED OR FAR A - WAY.

51

During the same period Occupational Education surpassed Transfer Education in enrollments and Remedial Education absorbed the most attention in terms of effort, enrollment, problems, and effect on the mission of the college.

Except for the growth of Remedial Education, these changes occurred almost imperceptibly. The new programs were established to meet the requirements of new students, in-and-outers and part-timers. They had more immediate objectives—upgrading, cultural, recreational —than the degree-oriented students. Many were college graduates, older women who had raised their families, or senior citizens.

While trying to achieve baccalaureate status in the 1950s the college struggled to create programs for the ever increasing numbers of academically unprepared students. The task was awesome when one takes into account the low reading ability of so many of the high school graduates. In time the new students almost equalled those who were capable of pursuing "college" studies. The problem was made even more difficult because a large proportion of the faculty were reluctant to teach low-aptitude students either because they had no training in teaching remedial students or they felt it was demeaning to teach lower-than-college grade reading, writing and arithmetic courses. Even among faculty who were sympathetic to the goals of remedial education there was frustration because of the slow student progress. So strong was faculty resistance that the college established a separate Developmental Communication Department staffed by a few instructors willing to accept the responsibility to help this new group of students.

It is not as easy to pinpoint the end of the Second Golden Age as the end of the First. One could mention 1967 or 1968 when White, Black and Chicano student movements erupted, or 1969 when the new Board of Trustees took office. Actually, evidence of a decline appeared as early as 1956 when faculty were reporting that many students were not prepared for college-level studies: a judgment that was confirmed by a study conducted by the counselors office.

The state demographic statistics point to a decline or at best a steady state in enrollment. On top of a drop of half a million in the college-age population is the decline from 88 percent to 75 percent in the number of high school graduates. The number of older students, the 25-34 age group that helped sustain enrollment growth in the past, will peak in 1985.

Los Angeles City College has already felt the effects of this decline. The ADA enrollment stabilized at 12,600 from 1969 to 1974 when it increased for two years and then plunged from almost 16,000 to 12,400 in 1976 and below 12,000 in 1977. Part-time students comprise two-thirds of the total enrollment and almost half of the day enrollment.

On every measure—grade point averages, high school class ranks, Scholastic Aptitude Test scores, American College Test scores—the students score below the national average. In 1978, 72 percent of the students had a reading level below the 11th grade, 20 percent failed to score above the 6.9 reading level. The average family income of City College students, $11,300, is considerably below the national average of $21,500. The combined enrollment of Black, Oriental/Asian, Spanish-Surnamed and other minorities is more than three times as large as the Other White.

These averages hide as much as they reveal. It is obvious that there are many students attending the College with grade point averages or average family income that equal or exceed the national averages. This is true of all groups, minority and Other White. It is important to point out also that many of the Other White students are in the lower range of the averages.

It is obvious from this short review that the past fifty years were not dull, whatever one may say of the various events. And today's celebrants can expect that the next fifty years will be as full of excitement. If one were to select one characteristic of the past fifty years it would be expansion—in campus and buildings, enrollment, curriculum and courses, faculty, administration, supporting staff, finances, community services, outreach programs.

In contrast the immediate future points to contraction or steady state as the most distinctive characteristic. The signs are visible in all areas—campus and buildings, enrollment, curriculum and courses, faculty, administration, supporting staff, finances, community services, outreach programs.

The task ahead for City College (and dozens of other inner city colleges) is two-fold: to create educational programs that will help the low-aptitude students to become part of the mainstream, and to continue offering the regular collegiate transfer and technical programs for the high-aptitude students. The College must address itself to the fulfillment of both goals. If the College neglects the needs of the former it may commit institutional suicide since more than two-thirds of the entering students have a reading level below the 11th grade. If the College fails to provide the courses and programs needed by the latter group, they will go elsewhere. The White flight that has been in progress for some years will become an exodus of high aptitude students whatever their racial or ethnic classification.

This scenario is not intended to be apocalyptic. It is a statement based on the College's statistics. It is also predicated on the reality that students have a choice of colleges to attend. Los Angeles City College is just one—no longer the most prestigious—of the nine District colleges.

Of the two aspects of this problem the maintenance of the traditional program may be easier, assuming that the local and district administrators are willing to meet the extra expense

involved in offering the essential advanced courses with lower than average enrollments. Faculty acceptance is, of course, assumed if we may judge by letters to the Times and Academic Standards Position Papers.

I wish I could be more sanguine about the accomplishment of the other goal. The key to the right combination of teaching and learning strategies is still far in the distance.

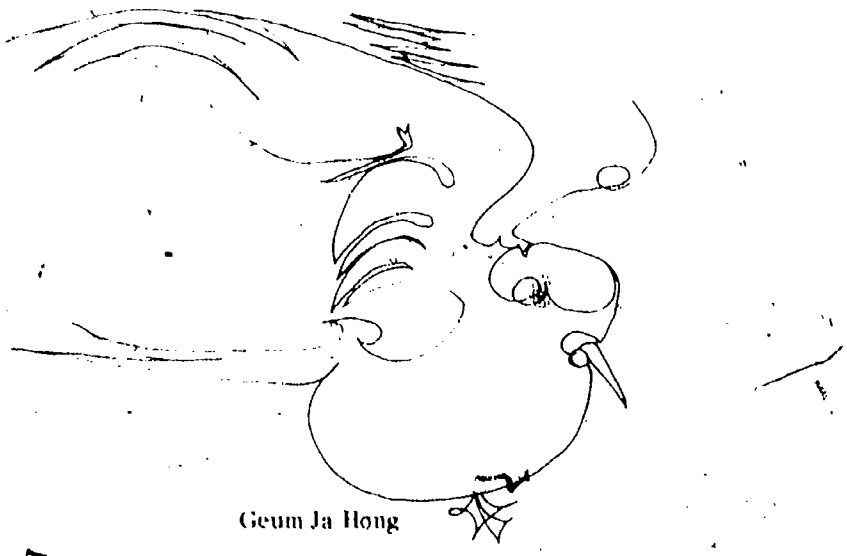
Of the hundreds of proposals on remedial education available in the ERIC Clearing house for Junior Colleges there is not one that contains the magic formula all of us have been seeking for the last twenty five years. The situation in this area of teaching and learning is as baffling as the search for a Salk-like cure for cancer. No educational problem has been more frustrating for administrators and faculty. No problem has been more resistant to the educational medicines and nostrums. The problem may be with the expectations. By the very nature of the student selective process the odds on success are low. The cause of the difficulty, a Cleveland community college educator wrote, is that, ". . . . Students who need the support of services in a developmental education program . . . are 'high risk' students . . . are less well prepared . . . , less likely to succeed in any given college level course and consequently less likely to continue through a standard sequence of courses from term to term." (Rosmoser, Richard C. **Results of Second Assessment Study of Developmental Education Programs in Ohio.**)

When one takes into account that the educational handicaps are exacerbated by economic, social and racial disadvantages it is remarkable that some students do succeed.

In the long perspective of history, however, today's results will seem no more discouraging than those experienced by the elementary school for the children of the immigrants of the early years of this century. For then many children left school before completing the eighth grade, few made it to high school, and very few entered college. Nevertheless, it was not very much later that public junior colleges began to multiply to help relieve the enrollment pressure on the senior colleges and universities. In the light of the extensive efforts on behalf of remedial education it is reasonable to expect that within a generation or two success will come to the community college's efforts on behalf of the disadvantaged. Of course, this is a long time to wait; but how much longer will it take if the students do not enroll? The suggestion that students with reading ability below the high school level might best be served in secondary school programs is unrealistic. That's where they came from.

In the light of the changes that the College has experienced in its first fifty years it would be foolhardy to describe the City College of 2029, except to state the truism that the College of 2029 will be as different from today's college as today's college is from the College of 1929. It is possible, although improbable, that it will be transformed into a community education institution, neither a high school nor a college. Although I think this is highly improbable, it is one of the options since for a time it seemed as if the College was heading in that direction. Like other colleges it established many outreach programs and expanded its community services to such an extent that it was difficult to determine from the schedules of classes which was the more important function—community services or the regular credit programs. Another option advocated by some faculty is to reinstitute selective admission to courses and reduce the remedial program to a minimum. This is even more improbable than the community-type of institution. A third probability—not an option since few would choose it—is that the College become primarily an institution for students needing remedial work and for part-time students not interested in a certificate or associate degree. In a fourth option, the one that seems to be emerging, the College will remain a community college offering no or low-tuition credit programs in the transfer, technical-vocational, and remedial areas; and self supporting community education programs for part-time students and participants not interested in college credit.

The leaders of the past fifty years laid the foundation for an institution that has survived the vicissitudes of depressions and recessions, World War II and undeclared wars, plus a series of student and other upheavals. Today, under the leadership of President Stelle Feuers, you have the opportunity to strengthen that foundation and the exhilarating task of creating a new identity for a college that will be serving over half the adult population pursuing formal education. It is gratifying to observe that, rather than bemoaning the effects of financial, educational and environmental uncertainties, you are "acclaiming your future through the past." Most auspicious is the inauguration of the celebration of this milestone in the College's history. May this commemoration mark the beginning of the Third Golden Age.



Geum Ja Hong

DIGESTING THREE DECADES OF PAST LACC EXPERIENCES

By Milton Davis

As in any digestive system, enzymes attack and render foods into their basic substances. So it is with living experiences where time acts as the catalytic enzyme by exposing past experience superimposed upon present day situations.

Using today's hindsight one could perceive the unrealistic dreams of some blacks; such as this writer, by examining a digested mouthful of the 50's. For example the thought of attending UCLA or Stanford! Interestingly enough, USC was never considered because of its discriminatory and expensive tuition policies at that time. Most of these dreams would go unfulfilled — save for Los Angeles City College with its "open door" educational policy and its $6.50 fee. Then as now we were the "ethnic salad bowl" of higher education with the main objectives of acquiring skills for the job market and to act as an agent in the acquisition of transferable credit.

Continued analysis of this food sample as it reacted to the enzymatic action of social, ethnic and structural changes revealed strong political forces were drawing up lines between factions of the "right" and "left." Most minorities were non-participatory at that time and the failure of local and federal government to facilitate a domestic "Marshall Plan" to wipe out past injustices in jobs, schools, and housing would precipitate the violence and unrest of the 60's. Ethnically, there was a continued increase in minorities especially among blacks and Asians. In contrast there was then and is now a steady white flight to the suburbs. This left college social clubs, fraternities, and sororities based on past white middle class standards in a confused state of mutual mistrust and suspicion.

These digesting mouthfuls of the 60's would reveal the emergence of student movement groups heralding the need for broader student and community participation in the decision-making aspects of educational policy and governance structures. Affirmative action which dealt with hiring policies and a greater in-depth approach to specific needs of our changing ethnic community were a direct result of such pressures. Resistance to such a change was normal and led to a break with the Unified District and a series of administrative changes from the chancellor's office to coordinators on the different campuses.

The 70's emerged as a quiescent digestive period following the ingestion of new demands and ethnic changes by the community superimposed upon a background of the Vietnam War and Watergate. To be sure, all of the producers of changes were not met and occasionally gastric disturbances and rumbling can and will continue to be heard, such as the Bakke decision and Prop. 13, as our educational digestive system attempts to accommodate all for better health.

Cars and floats queue up around the quad for the 1951 Homecoming Parade, which also commemorated the College's 21st birthday. This picture, taken by then-LACC photo student W.R. Romero, looks east towards Vermont Avenue.

MI HIJO CHULO
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS
PRIDE

By Kermit C. Hicks

It was a blazing hot San Joaquin Valley day, as Rafael drove his battered old dust-covered pickup down State One Fifty-five toward Delano. Every breath filled his lungs with hot dry air, and the heat danced mirrors off the highway in front of him. From time to time, he wiped the perspiration from his face with an old blue polkadot bandana. As he moved along the highway, he looked into his rear-view mirror and noticed an old four-door Plymouth coming up behind him. It pulled to the left to pass. After it had moved on up in front of him, he saw something fall or being thrown from the passenger's window. He drove on over it, and then looked back through his rear view mirror. He saw that something was moving, so he pulled over to the shoulder and climbed out to see what it was. When he reached it, he pushed back his sweat-stained old stetson and knelt down to pick it up. It was a small brindle puppy. Its eyes were still blue and barely open. It was crying in a small squeaky voice, but otherwise it seemed in good shape. By some miracle, the fall from the automobile hadn't hurt it and Rafael hadn't run over it. Rafael walked back to his truck, holding and gently petting the little creature, talking softly and trying to soothe away its fright. Rafael continued along the highway and the puppy soon forgot his fear. He hopped and jumped and fell over his own feet. He stood on his hind legs, trying to see out of the window. Rafael put his horny, work-hardened hand down on the seat to pet him and the puppy began to gnaw his finger. "Ah, Chulo, you are a true rascal." He smiled a toothless grin and rubbed his grizzled unshaven face. "A real terror," he said.

Rafael finally reached the little cottage where he had been living alone since his wife, Soccorro, had passed away. That was five years ago. He checked the puppy over and found that it was infested with fleas. He looked at him and said, "Ah, hijo, you are a sight." He went out to an old storage shed at the back of the cottage and rummaged around on the shelves until he found one of his daughter's old toy baby bottles and a bar of flea soap. He looked at the toy bottle and he thought about his little girl who had grown up and now had daughters of her own. He filled the bottle with warm milk and placed the nipple in the puppy's mouth. After the first taste, he greedily emptied the bottle. Rafael then filled a galvanized pan with warm water and dunked the wriggling pup into it. He struggled and fought, but Rafael's strong hands held him fast. Finally, resigning himself to his fate, he ceased his struggling. Rafael scrubbed him well with the flea soap and then took him out and dried him with an old towel. He [illegible]he little fellow on the floor and, laughing, he watched him shake himself and then begin to cavort around the room. First he leaped atop an old boot, snarling and biting it and then falling off again to the floor. "Ah hijo, you are such a clown," said Rafael, laughing and slapping his knee. Presently, the puppy fell asleep in a pile of clothing which Rafael had dropped on the floor.

Rafael had been retired for eight years now. He had been a foreman at one of the vineyards and now he lived on a social security pension. He had been very lonely since his wife died. His children had all moved to larger cities, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Bakersfield. Each had asked him to live with them, but he knew that marriage and the raising of families was hard enough without an old man in the way. He understood the problem, so he declined each offer. Besides, he felt that he wanted to remain the head of his household, even if he was the only one left. He would visit his children and his children would visit him, but for most of the time, he was alone, cooking his own meals, watching television or drinking beer at Chuey's Bar.

Chulo, as Rafael named the puppy, grew very fast. As time passed, he became very strong. He had a deep chest and a sleek well-muscled body, covered by his short, shiny brindle coat. Chulo loved Rafael and he followed him everywhere. He was extremely alert and he noticed everything. As he lost his puppy ways, he grew into a noble looking animal indeed.

It was early one evening, during the grape harvesting season. Rafael was sitting quietly at Chuey's, sipping on a cold beer. Chulo was lying quietly at his feet. A big mean-looking grape picker, who was called Indio, was very drunk. He was walking from table to table, talking loud and boasting of his sexual prowess and his fighting ability. Another grape picker, who was sitting alone in the corner, said to him, "Why don't you sit down and shut up?" Indio turned to him and pointing his finger at him, began to advance in his direction, "You gonna shut me up, cabron? You gonna make me sit down?" The man in the corner jumped up, grabbed an empty beer bottle from the table and broke it on the edge. Indio pulled a curved grape harvesting knife from his belt and continued to advance toward the man in the corner. Chulo raised his head and perked up his ears, curious as to what was happening. Chuey, who was behind the bar, reached under the counter, picked up a sawed-off baseball bat and, slamming it down on the counter, he yelled, "Quiet!"

It startled Indio and he turned to face Chuey. "You come to drink," said Chuey, "then sit down and drink. You come to fight, then get the hell out of here." Indio sat down quickly and quietly. It looked so ridiculous to Rafael that it made him laugh. Indio turned to him and gave him a malevolent look. "Hey, Viejo, you think that's funny, huh? I'll show you what's funny." He reached out and grabbed Rafael's shirt front. Chulo bared his teeth and growled. Indio

released his hold. "You keep that damn mutt off me, you hear?" Rafael looked up at him. "He won't bite you as long as you don't grab me again." Chuey was holding his baseball bat. "Look you. I don't need your business, so out!" "Oh, come on, hombre, I was only joking. I wouldn't hurt this viejo." "No," said Chuey, "I don't need your kind of trouble. Vengase!" Indio turned and strode out the door. "See?" said Rafael, "I'm not afraid of nothing with Chulo next to me." For days after that, Rafael told the story over and over, about how Chulo had backed Indio down and how he had nothing to worry about as long as Chulo was with him.

A week or so later, Rafael was again in Chuey's Bar, when Indio strolled in. Rafael continued to sip his beer. Chuey barely seemed to notice Indio and he continued to wipe the counter top with a bar rag. Indio sat down at the bar and said, "Gimme a beer." Chuey hardly glanced at him as he opened a bottle and set it in front of him, along with a clean glass. Indio sat quietly at the bar for a while, then he noticed Rafael sitting alone at his table with Chulo lying near his feet. He picked up his bottle and glass and ambled over to Rafael's table, "Hey, Viejo," he said, that's quite a dog you got there." Rafael nodded. "He's pretty tough, huh?" Again, Rafael nodded. "Here," said Indio, "I'll buy you another beer. Hey, get my friend here another bottle of beer." After a couple of beers, Rafael forgot the enmity he had previously felt toward Indio and he became quite expansive. He told Indio about Chulo's strength, courage, and intelligence. He told him about his ability to learn quickly and after many hours and many bottles of beer, he was still talking about Chulo, Chulo, Chulo. Indio leaned back and through half-closed eyes, he said, "He's not so great. I know a dog that'd make him look like hamburger." "Impossible," said Rafael, "There is no dog as brave or as smart as my Chulo. No, no dog." "Well Viejo, I think that you should put up or shut up." "What do you mean?" Indio looked at him, his eyes still half-closed, "I think that you and me, we should sort of introduce them. Then we can see who's best and who's not." Rafael slammed the palm of his hand down on the table and said, "So be it."

Rafael and Indio stood up and began to walk toward the door. There were a dozen or so customers sitting in the bar and Indio turned and winked, "Hey, compadres, come along if you want to. I'm going to introduce the Viejo's dog to Negrito." The others finished off their drinks and followed Rafael and Indio outside. They all climbed into cars and pick-up trucks and drove out of town. Just past the canal, Indio turned right and up a dirt road. The road ran up to a ramshackle old barn. They all parked their cars and trucks on a hardpacked dirt area, which appeared to have been used quite frequently as a parking lot. Chulo was sitting on Rafael's lap. His ears were up and his head was bobbing from side to side, trying to take in all of the excitement.

Everyone began to move toward the barn. Once inside, Rafael knew that he had been tricked. There was a sunken circular pit with a loose dirt floor in the middle of the barn. The walls of the pit were three and a half feet high and the diameter of the pit was between twelve and fifteen feet. The dirt around the edge of the pit had been packed by many feet.

Rafael realized that he must get Chulo away from this place. He grabbed him and started to leave, but two of the grape harvesters blocked his way. "No!" cried Rafael, "I will not let you hurt my Chulo!" "Hey Viejo," said Indio, "I thought you told me that this was a strong brave animal? You bragged to me about how great he is. I didn't. You were the one who said that he was so fierce that he made Indio quake at the sight of him, and you know, any animal who frightens Indio must be a fierce animal, indeed."

Indio took Chulo from Rafael and went to the pit. A man came in from the outside with another dog padding along on a leash behind him. He was a fierce looking brute with a shiny black coat and savage yellow eyes, which seemed to burn as they roamed from side to side. As he drew nearer, Rafael could see that his coat was broken in innumerable places by jagged angry scars. Rafael's heart was in his throat. Why had he boasted? Why had he been so foolish as to trust Indio? He prayed for a miracle that would take him away from this place.

Indio jumped into the pit, lifting Chulo down with him. The other man also jumped into the pit, followed by Negrito. The moment that Negrito saw Chulo, he began to growl and snarl and it was all the man could do to hold him back. "Hey, Pelon, you ready?" Indio was holding Chulo by the forelegs. "I'm ready," said Pelon, "How's your bag of fleas?" "He's ready." The two men held the dogs so that they faced each other. They moved closer until the dogs' muzzles were only a foot apart. A man who was standing at the edge of the pit, held his arm in the air. Indio and Pelon watched him. Everything was silent except for the snarling of the dogs. The man dropped his arm and they let the dogs go.

The spectators began to yell and to shove each other as Negrito lunged at Chulo. Rafael shut his eyes tightly as he heard Chulo yelp in pain. He slowly opened his eyes and he saw that both dogs were locked in combat. They rolled over and over on the pit floor. Chulo was bleeding from a gash on his chest, but Rafael also saw that Negrito's nose was slit open in a long diagonal gash and one of his ears was hanging loosely from his head. Rafael's heart jumped. "Perhaps Chulo has a chance," he thought. He began to pray for Chulo to be victorious and for his injuries to be minimal. He promised that he would never again be so foolish as to boast or to be tricked by someone like Indio.

The two animals tore at each other, snarling and rolling in the dirt. A cloud of dust arose from the pit floor and in the lantern light, it began to mushroom out to fill each nook and cranny of the barn. The pit

floor was beginning to show crimson stains. The black dog was experienced at this and Chulo was beginning to tire. Negrito finally saw his chance and he went for Chulo's throat. Chulo, with one last burst of strength, managed to avoid the attack, but nevertheless, Negrito had been able to get on top and to lock onto Chulo's foreleg. Chulo's eyes caught Rafael's. They were filled with pain, fear and confusion. They seemed to reach out to Rafael and to say, "Help me! Save me! They're hurting me!"

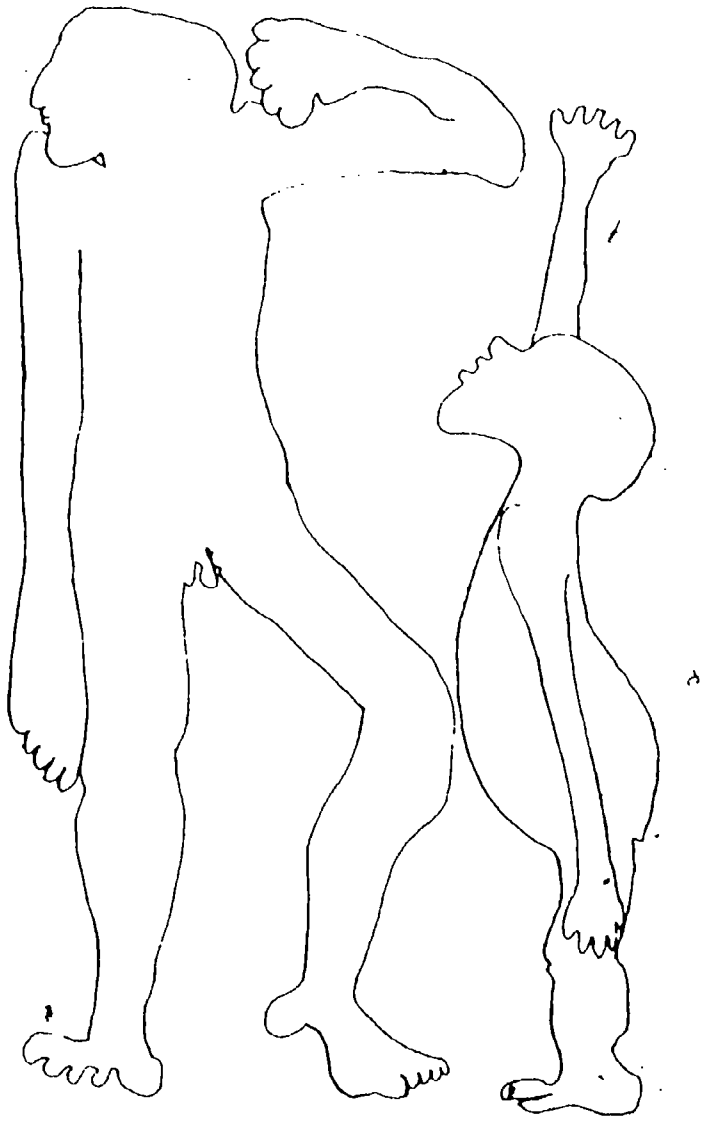
Rafael could take no more. He jumped into the pit and kicked Negrito in the side as hard as he could. The dog let out a yelp and rolled across the pit. Rafael scooped Chulo up and in one superhuman effort, leaped to the edge of the pit and headed out the door just as Negrito was recovering from the shock. The spectators were so surprised, that Rafael was able to get out of the barn before anyone thought to run after him. "I won't let them hurt you anymore," said Rafael, "Forgive me, Hijo." He ran as hard as he could, because he could hear the others coming out of the barn after him. "No," said Rafael, "I won't let them hurt you anymore."

There was no moon and his eyes were filled with tears, so he could barely see, but still, he ran and ran. He could hear the voices gaining on him. He could see the highway up ahead of him and he could see the cars moving in front of him. "Maybe," he thought, "If I can reach the highway, I can escape them." Just then, his foot went off the road and he tumbled into a ditch which ran alongside of it. Before he could stumble back to his feet, what seemed like countless hands had hold of him. They half-dragged, half-carried him back to the barn. "No, no," he cried, "Please don't kill my Chulo." Large tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. "Somebody help me. Please don't kill him." Rafael was sobbing like a small child as they reentered the barn. Two men held him, but it was unnecessary. Rafael knew now that he was powerless to change anything. His old shoulders shook from his sobs and tears and mucous ran down his weatherbeaten face. Chulo struggled feebly to escape his captors, but in the end he found himself back in the pit, facing Negrito.

It wasn't long before it was over. Pelon jumped into the pit and picked up his dog. Negrito was weak and near collapse from loss of blood and fatigue. Pelon carried him out of the barn as if he were a triumphant warrior. Indio was slapping him on the back. Negrito appeared only to be relieved that it was again finished. The spectators were beginning to file out of the barn.

Rafael slowly climbed down into the pit and stood for a long moment over Chulo. He no longer looked like his beautiful Chulo. He was lying on his side, with his eyes half-open. His tongue was half-hanging out of his mouth and was touching the dirt floor. His coat was ripped and gashed and caked with dirt mixed with his life blood which was leaking out and being absorbed by the earth beneath him. Rafael picked him up tenderly. Chulo's head hung limply over Rafael's arm. He struggled to climb out of the pit. One of the grape pickers reached down and helped him out. "Listen, Viejo, I'll drive you back to town." Rafael looked at him with red-rimmed eyes. "No," he said, "I don't need your help now." The man shrugged, turned and without another word, walked out of the barn.

Rafael walked slowly outside cradling Chulo in his arms. He seemed smaller to Rafael, somehow. "Oh, Chulo, Mi hijo, what have I done to you?" Rafael was again sobbing and he had difficulty swallowing. He walked down the dirt road as the remaining cars and trucks passed him by, turned onto the highway and disappeared, leaving only a cloud of dust hanging above the road. It didn't matter to them why Rafael was carrying Chulo away from the barn, or where he was going with him. They usually buried the loser in the lot beside the barn and then forgot about him. So, it didn't matter to them, what the old man did. What they could never know was that Rafael was really carrying his small quiet agonizing loneliness, and where he was going was home to bury Chulo.



Walter O'Connell

THE KILLING OF JOHN KENNEDY, A CITADEL, WATTS, & ED BULLINS

by Isabelle Ziegler

"I love you," Anatole France wrote, "not for what you are but for **what I am** when I am with you."

That seemed to me to be the key to what most of us—at least most of us Democrats—felt about John Fitzgerald Kennedy. It was not what he was—he surely had strong weaknesses—but what he made us feel about ourselves and our country while he was President. He lifted our sights, raised our expectations. We were better than we had been—and would be—under other Presidents. We as Americans are—pathetically—willing, even eager, to be better than we are, but we seldom achieve it—motivated as we have been, almost from our first year in this country, by land hunger, then money hunger. Grabby is the vulgar word for it.

That day in Dallas I experienced in the bungalow headquarters of Citadel, our literary magazine at Los Angeles City College. Ed Bullins, founder of the magazine, and Pat, his wife and a poet, were with me when the news came from the adjoining Journalism bungalow. We listened while the announcer talked about the shooting, about the blood on Mrs. Kennedy's dress.

"They will even kill off our honkie friends," Ed said. And he wept. Not for the President, not for what he believed the President might have done for his people—he had little confidence in white intentions, but for the general hopelessness about his race.

Two years before the Watts riots, Ed wrote a story about some imagined Watts riots which we published in **The Citadel**. He had not exactly anticipated the incident that set Watts in flames and in blood, but Ed was a listener, and he was aware of the urban black mood everywhere.

Ed had the round smooth face of a dark cherub, and when he smiled—which happened about once a year—the smile was wide and angelic. He had the short, chunky figure of a boy those days, and he moved slowly, silently around the campus by day, and around the city at night. He was a night wanderer. He talked little. He never seemed compelled to listen to himself, and he talked in single sentences—never paragraphs—the single unadorned sentence always a conclusion, a summing up of what he had been thinking. He was primarily a listener, and that was the gift that turned him from a short story writer into the foremost playwright of the Sixties. He had listened to black ghetto voices and was able to place them believably upon the stage.

He probed into the black experience which would become his ultimate subject matter by writing short stories which **Citadel** and **Ante** published. Some of these—"In the Wine Time," "Clara's Old Man," "Goin' a Buffalo," and others, became plays after he left the West Coast for New York. The stories intimated what the plays told boldly—that the author understood violence as well as he did gentleness and compassion.

William Morrow later published a collection of his short stories. In one of these, "The Hungered One," he relates his feelings when he registered at City College. " . . . if this was a school and learning, then this is where I belonged. There were too many books I hadn't read . . . . Who was Aristotle and what's his noise? I had to learn quickly and well."

For a few months he worked at the College Book Store on Vermont. I doubt that Ed sold many books. I am certain that he stood there silently, inconspicuously, reading them.

From City College he went to study at the State University in San Francisco, but the academics never got him—fortunately. He didn't ask to be taught how to write—he knew how to write—but he was aware of gaps in his knowledge of what had been written. In time he filled the gaps, without losing the energy, the poetry of his language.

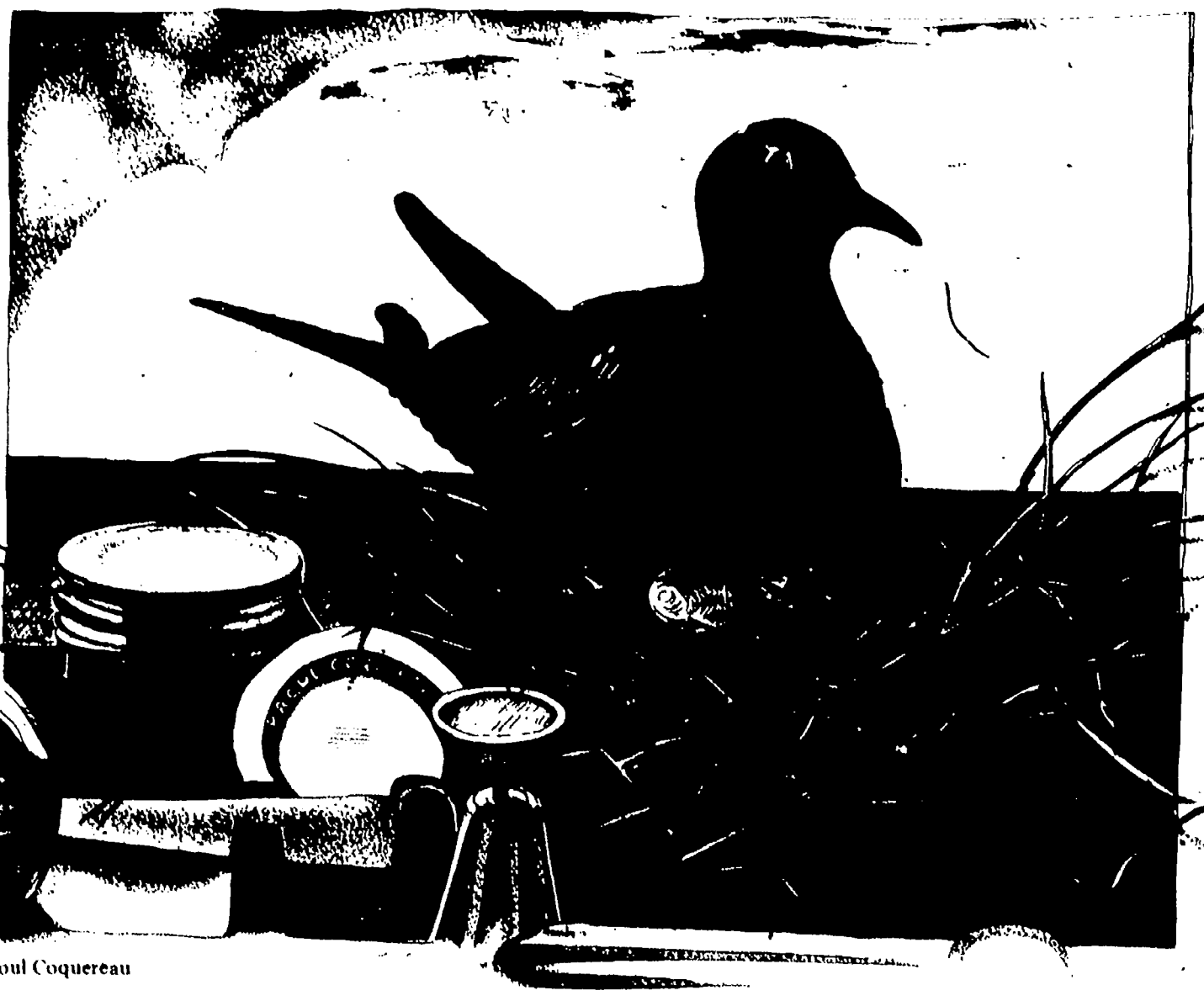
From San Francisco he went to Harlem—and never came back to the West Coast where his genius had been ignored. He built his success at the New Plymouth Theater in Harlem, won Guggenheim and Rockefeller grants and scholarships and eventually recognition as a remarkable playwright (apart from the color of his skin) by black and white critics in New York newspapers and magazines. For a time he was associated with the Black Panthers and their Black Theater, but they were too limiting for him. Politics and sociology were not enough for a writer seeking to interpret the **total** black experience. This he planned to achieve in twenty plays—and then to move on to something else. His last play, **The Taking of Miss Janie**, moved the drama critic of **Newsweek** to name him the Playwright of the Year, a title I would never quarrel with.

Ed Bullins paid me a few visits in Venice the summer after Watts, and then I never saw him again. Some of my black students spread the word that the small, elderly English teacher and the small black schnauzer were utterly harmless, not to be harassed or hassled. We took long walks in the early morning and in the evening, and no one bothered us. No one threw garbage on our patio, as was the wont in Venice that summer. No one said, "Honkie, go home"—at least not to Saba and me. When we weren't walking, I was beginning to assemble my book **Creative Writing**, which I would finish the following summer at Manhattan Beach. In the fall I returned to complete my nine-year stint at City College.

It is difficult to think correctly about the Sixties. How much of our thinking, of our conclusions, are from hindsight? How valuable were the stormy Sixties?

There were other happenings besides black

revolution and assassinations of men who should have been allowed a longer life—the Kennedys and Martin Luther King. There was My Lai, split heads at the Democratic convention in Chicago. There were men walking on the moon, women were beginning to wonder why they got fifty cents for a job that paid men a dollar. The same job. And finally there were the Beatles who changed the face and the sound of our folk culture. Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey were routed and Richard Nixon got in. Can anyone remember when we were well governed? Is it a sign of a healthy democracy that we have become ungovernable? It started in the Thirties when we jeered at the Volstead Act. Throw the rascals out, we said, and kept saying it and kept throwing the rascals out—whether they were rascals or not.



Raoul Coquereau

AFTER MUCH AGONIZING

by Herb Stein

It is both coincidental and quite appropriate that this year's Motion Picture Academy Awards featured films reflecting the negative feelings of draft age Americans about the Viet Nam War. For these were the same attitudes which permeated our nation's campuses during LACC's greatest turmoil, in 1968-70, when I was acting Dean of Students.

Few College administrators have had the good fortune to receive support from so many diverse groups and individuals as I during those tumultuous times. Bobbie Winters, faculty senate president, Bob Kort, SDS sponsor, Peter Hall and Calvin Nelson, both BSU and student body leaders, President Glenn Gooder, fellow Deans Bob and Hope Holcomb, Lou Hillery, and Bob Baron, and faculty member Sam Eisenstein, Milt Davis, Hal Stone, Al and Dora Abramson, Claude Ware, Tom Kramer, (advisor to the school newspaper who insured excellent coverage of all events), and a myriad others whose names escape me after a ten year absence, as well as members of my own staff, including Don Wilson, Clarence Norris, Vivian Neches, Ed Robings and Bertha Teller, all were instrumental in keeping LACC relatively unscathed.

Tensions became especially severe with the announcements that the U.S. had bombed Cambodia, and protesting students had been killed at Kent State University by National Guardsmen. There were also rumors that Black Junior High School students had been killed in school by the L.A.P.D. A student strike was declared and barricades set up to block the entrances to the school.

The campus had many organizations ready to do battle for their points of view, the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society), the BSU; the Black Panthers, and the right wing represented by VIVA, which was "sponsored" by one Board member who later became a state legislator. Our Board of Trustees was composed of seven members, three of whom subsequently successfully ran for higher elective office. The Board's balance, or rather imbalance, was decidedly right wing, with four members to the far right, one conservative, and two liberals—Jerry Brown, now Governor, and Dr. Kenneth Washington, now President of San Francisco City College.

The president and I had a tacit agreement whereby he would try to keep the right wing Board members off my back and I would try to keep the students off his. The student groups were a microcosm of our society, VIVA-right wing with direct input to the Board; SDS and Weathermen, with speakers like Mark Rudd, Herbert Aptheker and Tom Hayden along with local luminaries; the BSU, complete with African names and left-leaning leaders; and the Panthers with their own agenda. The latter were even willing to have Mayor Yorty reelected so Blacks would need a revolution to reap meaningful (in their eyes) improvements, thus penalizing Tom Bradley who might have won the first time with their active support.

Life was hectic, and I loved (almost) every minute of it. Certainly my combat infantry experience in WWII had been great training for me. The only thing I could not afford to be was intimidated; and I like to think that I never was. Although I am sure that some faculty and Board members may not always have seen it that way.

Significant innovations which occurred during those times included the Peer Counseling program under Claude Ware, the excellent Community Services Programs under Bob Wilkinson, and the encounter sessions at UCLA involving administrators, teachers, staff, and student extremists. Werner Erhart of EST would have been proud of the way we worked off our strong hostilities in those sessions-name-calling and all. I know that many of our staff were at first shocked, and then desensitized to name-calling and the like by students; but everyone completed the assigned sessions and greater rapport resulted.

Probably my most memorable escapade occurred during the student strike. At the height of the crisis, I was confronted with a terrible dilemma. I had agreed, after one of several confrontations at the flagpole with the leadership of the BSU, SDS and other student groups, to keep the police off campus while compromises were worked out regarding student demands. However, unbeknownst to me, the Board had ordered the police on campus just as I was checking with the students about removing their blockade at the Vermont Avenue Gate. Tables were being returned to the cafeteria, and other boards were being dismantled in full view of TV cameramen and a large crowd of motorists and pedestrians which had gathered.

Suddenly I spied a platoon of about fifteen to twenty policemen in full battle dress: boots, helmets, batons, mace, and pistols marching down Vermont Avenue under the leadership of another officer who also had a walkie talkie. They were approaching the Vermont Gate from the north, ready to do battle, mace and all, no more than a hundred yards from the entrance. The students also saw them and started yelling, which was sure to provoke the police further. I ran as fast as I could to the head of their approaching column and ordered them to stop. The leader with the walkie talkie started telling someone at the other end of the receiver that some little nut was interfering with them, and should they take him (me) into custody.

Mustering every bit of courage I could, I grabbed the transceiver and yelling into it, "I am the acting president of LACC, and if you don't turn these troopers around I am going to hold Chief Redden

personally responsible for any injuries or property damage which results. The students have agreed to meet with me and resolve whatever problems they have peacefully. Now get these guys out of here, and fast!" Well, thank God it worked! The police did an about face and slowly withdrew. When I returned to the gate, I was given a resounding welcome; and true to their word, the students met with the staff and the strike was essentially over.

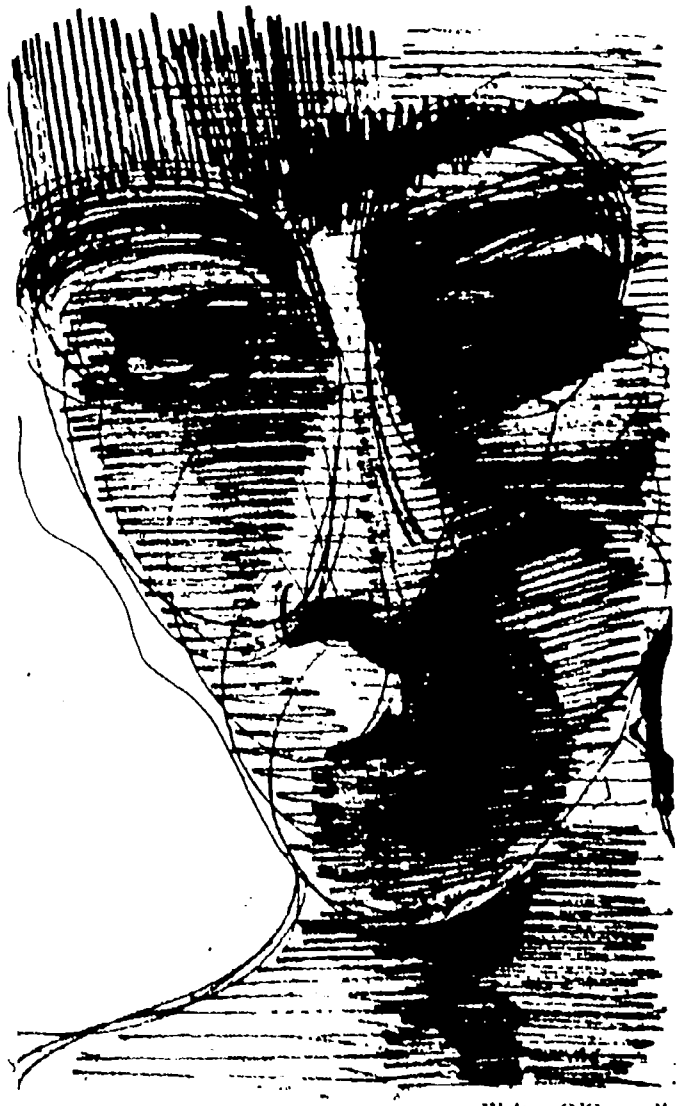
I was reprimanded by one of the Board members for this action. He told me I would never be promoted because I had denied them (the Board) the opportunity for substantial publicity which would have ensued as a result of some head busting by the police, (and probably a burnt out campus). Had it not been for the political climate in L.A. at the time (both Jerry and Kenny advised me to leave), I probably would never have left LACC, as I was one of five finalists for the position of President.

During a joint CBS-TV interview with the President of San Francisco State, which had been closed at his direction, I was paid the ultimate compliment. Dr. S.I. Hayakawa (now California Senator) said, "Herb must know his campus better than I know mine. He was able to keep his open while I was forced to close mine."

As a result of my success in helping to keep LACC open during times when San Francisco State was closed and when other campuses were having bloody disorders, I was recommended for the presidency of Laney College in Oakland, a position which I accepted and held for almost four years.

I have subsequently returned to the teaching ranks fully convinced that students and teachers are at least as professional and predictable as administrators and governing boards. Last year I was appointed to the Oakland Civil Service Commission by Mayor Lionel Wilson upon the recommendation of Congressman Ronald Dellums and others in the Black, Chicano, and Caucasian communities.

Perhaps I am now more conservative, more practical and more selfish, and certainly older. But hopefully those of us who tried to bridge the generation and other gaps -- social, economic, color, philosophical, language, and others—succeeded. Not only did our school not close, but lines of communication remained open, and all of us learned from and were broadened by our experiences during those critical times in our nation's and our school's history.



Walter O'Connell

L.A. CITY COLLEGE— THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

By Herbert B. Alexander

As the Twenty niner passes under the archway which admits to L.A.C.C. from Vermont Avenue, and as he paces the concrete lanes between neat bricks and shining glass, sparks of memory revive the picture of 1929 - the proud dome in the center, "the vine clad halls, towering trees," the corridors and mission arches, the sunlit courts. Now, it seems, all that was 1929 is vanished forever.

L.A. City College, as of 1979, is the result of five decades of exchange between students, instructors, administration. It began with a scant thousand students, and a faculty of sixty or so. But, like the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, City College can never exceed the limits of time and space. City College is the product of the history of mid-century America pressing upon a twenty-five acre campus located in the inner city of Los Angeles Metropolitan Area.

At the time when the last of the Twenty-niners had retired by the year 1970, the community, the nation, the world was being swept by the effects of the Viet Nam War, the Population Explosion, the Energy Crisis, Women's Liberation, the second emancipation of Black Americans, the mass exodus of the Middle Class to Suburbia, the problems of the Inner City, the Beatniks, the Hippies.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was fall, 1929. U.C.L.A. had completed the evacuation of the site on 855 North Vermont. In 1913, the Los Angeles Normal School for teacher training had moved from downtown to North Vermont. Later it became the Southern Branch-U.C., and now, in 1929, they called it UCLA. UCLA had abandoned the Vermont campus and its students were enrolling way out west in a place called Westwood.

The Los Angeles Board of Education could not endure the thought of an entire empty campus wasting away. Someone suggested a new kind of a thing that was going around called a junior college. The Board appointed the popular veteran principal of Hollywood High School to head the project into the unknown.

When Dr. William H. Snyder called the first meeting of the staff of the L.A. Junior College in September 1929, he announced the program for a new kind of education. L.A. Junior College was to be a two-year post-high school venture for the benefit of high school graduates who were ineligible for admission to the state university. L.A.J.C. was to educate the youth in training for vocations below the requirements of the professions, but above the level of the industrial assembly line. Dr. Snyder wanted "to help young men and young women to make good in life."

In Los Angeles as well as the United States as a whole, as of autumn, 1929, college education was an upper class privilege. The majority of youth who completed high school were either too poor in grades or too low in funds to qualify for UCLA, USC, Stanford, Berkeley. Back in 1919-1929, there were predominantly two kinds of high school students. There were those who had good grades, but no dates; there were others who had good dates, but poor grades. The buoyant youth who had so much fun and glamor out of high school social life realized only too late, on eve commencement, the mistake of neglecting his studies. Oh, but for a second chance!

L.A. Junior College offered a pardon for the deprived athletic sociable student and an opportunity for the youth of the poor. After two years of effort many of these youths had made up deficiencies in subjects or grades and were eligible for admission to UCLA. This was called by some "entering the university by the back door." At any rate, in the middle sixties, President John Lombardi of LACC announced to the faculty that transferees from L.A. City College were maintaining as favorable a scholarship record as those eligibles who had entered UCLA directly out of high school.

Dr. Snyder, however, was not satisfied with the idea of the Los Angeles Junior College serving as a halfway house to the university for C grade high school graduates. Rather, his essential aim was to build a two year terminal college. The graduate of L.A. Junior College would be awarded an A.A. Degree (Associate In Arts) and thenceforth be launched into productive adult life. Hence, were created courses for dental assistants, preparation for nursing, photography, surveying, playground director, journalism, secretarial, business training, police training, theater, music.

Consequently, the curriculum was divided into two departments; the semi-professional (two-year terminal) and the certificate, (transfer to university.) Despite Dr. Snyder's accent on the semi-professional courses, the teaching staff, nevertheless, competed with one another for the opportunity to teach the "bright" students in the certificate courses.

Little aware in those times were the faculty of L.A.J.C. of their historic role in American higher education. The teaching staff and administration alike were pioneers in bringing education in advance of the high school to the youth of the central city. L.A. City College was offering science, philosophy, music, fine arts, world literature, economics, sociology, history, foreign language, theater, to both youth and adults of the urban working class. The first two years of college education had at least become accessible to members of the wage-earning class of immigrant origin; Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Poles, Hungarians, Yugoslavs. There were a few Black students at a time when hard times in the cotton fields of the South drove Blacks

Rex Holt

into the cities of the North and the West

Certainly, the image of a mid city college whose student body was made up consistently of the sons and daughters of the wage earning class of largely recent European immigrant descent presented a contrast in 1929 to the prestige university of the elite of New England and the East Coast. How ridiculous on Fraternity Row, the idea of graduating from a poor man's college at the end of a street carline called Vermont! Where was the glamor of Fair Harvard, Eli Yale? Where was the glory for the big game at Berkeley between the Stanford Cardinals and the California Bears?

The year 1929 that opened the doors of L.A. City College closed the doors of thousands of factories and shops in the United States, when the stock market collapsed on Wall Street. Thus, the new born two year college was a child of the Great Depression. There was distress throughout the land as business went bankrupt and millions of men walked the streets looking for work. There was social unrest in the land. The economic depression rocked the foundations of other industrialized nations of the globe. Business faced an angry militant laboring class. There was fear of revolution. Germany, Italy, Spain abolished all traces of democratic government and set up Fascist dictatorships.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected in 1932 and a platform of reforms to halt the tide of the Depression. Immediately the new president appointed a body of experts in economics, sociology, law, to advise him. His so called "Brain Trust" realized that 13 million unemployed, out of a work force of 45 million, was a threat to the whole concept of free enterprise capitalism. Their program was called the New Deal. It was based upon a system of regulation of business and industry in the interest of the workers and the consumers. It legalized the right of collective bargaining of organized labor and the employer. It granted relief to the hungry, provided old age and unemployment insurance. It set up public works to provide jobs for the unemployed.

L.A. City College could not avoid tensions from the off-campus world. The administration varied from apolitical to conservative. The faculty was divided into liberal and conservative. There was a small minority of students who were politically active, but for the most part they were indifferent to politics and concerned in their studies, clubs, dates, sports, dances.

During this period members of the L.A. City College were among the organizers of the first Teacher's Union in Los Angeles. When the Socialist Upton Sinclair won the Democratic nomination for Governor of California in 1934, it seemed at times that the majority of the faculty might vote for him.

By 1934, an articulate minority of the College faculty became alarmed at the sudden advent of Adolf Hitler and his Nazi Party into full power in Germany. Tempers were short and feeling high within the faculty as Hitler proclaimed anti-Semitism as part of the official creed of the Third Reich. The socially conscious members of the faculty could no longer remain inactive in local or national politics as Hitler rounded up Communists, Socialists, Liberals, pacifists, intellectuals, Jews into concentration camps; as Hitler and Mussolini reinforced General Franco to overthrow the Spanish Republic; as Hitler seized Vienna and threatened Czecho Slovakia.

The throbbing thirties ended abruptly when the early morning radio, on December 7, 1941, broadcast the destruction of the U.S. Naval Base at Pearl Harbor by air attack from Japan. Soon the American army absorbed the bulk of the male students as well as the younger faculty. As enrollment declined, the faculty teaching staff was reduced by lay-offs.

A year of defeat and retreat marked America's first year in World War II. By 1943, the tide had turned with the crushing defeat of the German army by the Russians at Stalingrad on the Volga. In June 1944, General Dwight Eisenhower commanded the landing of the American expeditionary forces on the Normandy Beach. Berlin fell on May 2, 1945. The first employment of the weapon of ultra destruction, the atomic bomb, destroyed Hiroshima. The war was over.

The post-war era commenced with the appointment of a distinguished academician, Dr. Einar W. Jacobsen, President of the University of Louisville, Kentucky. Now thousands of veterans of World War II knocked at the door of colleges and universities to take advantage of the G.I. benefits, free tuition and scholarships. Dr. Jacobsen foresaw the promotion of L.A.J.C. into a four-year Municipal college of the Los Angeles Metropolitan Area. He was, no doubt, influenced by the fame and scholarship of C.C.N.Y. –New York City College.

However, before Dr. Jacobsen's design could get off the planning board, the state legislature at Sacramento had announced its own plans. There was to be a Los Angeles State College and, furthermore, said four-year L.A. State College was to be located at 855 N. Vermont in joint tenancy with L.A. Junior College.

Unfortunately, "never the twain did meet." It was as two step-brothers, one the elder, the other the younger or perhaps better expressed, as two wives of a polygamous marriage, with L.A. State in the role of favorite wife. There was a single president for both the upper and lower divisions, but contact and relations between the two were awkward. There was limitation of communication between the personnel of State and Junior Colleges and a minimum of socialization. Each college had its own faculty meetings, deans, department heads. Ultimately, Dr. Jacobsen resigned from the presidency of L.A. Junior College.

His successor, Howard McDonald, began at the earliest opportunity to explore the possibilities of

relocating State College on its own independent campus. "The House divided against itself" could not endure into another decade. By 1954 the state college was being re-located on its present site overlooking the San Bernardino Freeway.

After 1954 came the halcyon days of John Lombardi. Dr. Lombardi came up from the sidewalks of Twenty-ninth Street in Manhattan. He was a graduate of City College, New York. He had taught both mathematics and social sciences and at the time of his appointment was dean of the lower division, the L.A. Junior College. Under his administration L.A.J.C. became L.A. City College and a member of the Metropolitan Community Colleges. The eleven years of the Lombardi administration were counted as the most harmonious and constructive years of the college.

With the advent of the sixties L.A.C.C. became suddenly aware of the demographic changes in the central metropolitan area. Whereas in 1929 there were scarcely more than fifty Black students, now by the middle sixties the proportion approximated 30 percent. Add the Spanish-Americans, the Orientals, and the minorities were becoming, indeed, the majorities. As of the early period of L.A.C.C.'s history, 1929-1949, racial minorities had been ignored in club life and student body office.

The first attempt to combat this inequality was the founding of the James Weldon Johnson Club in 1933. The membership and officers were Black. Under the auspices of the Johnson Club, the poet Langston Hughes and the Hollywood actor, Clarence Muse, spoke on the campus. The college heard its first bongo drums and caught its first glimpse into African culture from Prince Modupe. By the late fifties racial restrictions were gradually lifted and the L.A. City College was among the first campuses in the U.S. to abolish every vestige of overt racial discrimination.

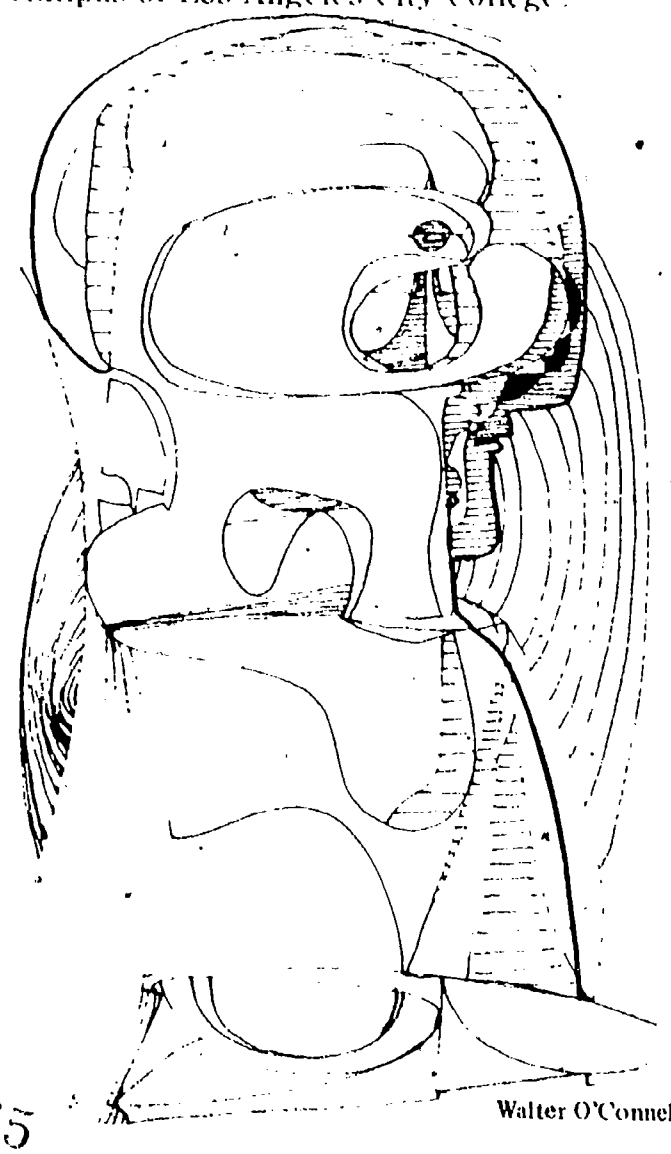
After Pearl Harbor the plight of the Nisei, second generation of Japanese immigrants, became intolerable. The land of their fathers and mothers was now at war with the land of their birth. At this juncture, Otis Richardson, head of the English Department, organized a Nisei Club to befriend and to counsel loyal native born American students of Japanese descent. But alas for Otis Richardson's efforts, all Nisei students were collected with the rest of Japanese Americans at the Santa Ana Race Track and locked up in arid wasteland relocation camps for the next three years.

L.A.C.C. shared the crisis of the Viet Nam War protest which swept a hundred campuses from Berkeley to Boston. The dissent and protest began in 1964 on the Plaza of U.C. in Berkeley as a free speech movement, and lasted across the nation for seven years. The nation-wide student campaign for peace reached its climax in 1970, when President Nixon launched undeclared war against Cambodia. That was the year of tragedy at Kent State, Ohio. By 1975, the last American troops had evacuated Viet Nam and the military draft had been abolished.

Looking backward, we of the surviving staff of 1929 must experience a sense of history pulsing through our veins. Now fifty years later, we return for reunion of the Emeriti, the retired teachers. We, walk lejsurely across the campus, where once we worked under contract and schedule. We had met classes promptly at the clang of the electric bell. Now we look at the teaching staff of the year 1979, and we glance at the students as they flow in and out of the academic halls and across the lawns, and we pronounce it all as good.

With malice toward none, and with memories dimmed by the march of time, we twenty-niners and the others of the Emeriti can conceive that ours was the assigned role of contributing our specialized talents in the building of democratic higher education in the core of a sprawling metropolis during a "Time of Troubles."

L.A. City College is of course the product of its administration, its classrooms, its student body. But returning again to Immanuel Kant, City College can never exceed the limits of time and space. City College is the product of the history of mid-twentieth century United States, 1929-1979, and of twenty-five acres of real estate in the center of Metropolitan Los Angeles. There were periods of hard times, there were halcyon days in the fifty years of the educational process, but inevitably, the urge to humanism and progress has continued to prevail on the campus of Los Angeles City College.



Walter O'Connell

THE FABULOUS FORTIES AT LACC

By Thomas A. Nelson, MS, BE, AA

My association with Los Angeles City College was as a student in the early 40's before World War II and again in the mid 40's after a three-year stint in the U.S. Air Force. While at LACC I had the privilege of serving as President of the Engineering Honor Society for two terms, once in 1942 and, later, upon reactivating the Society after the war.

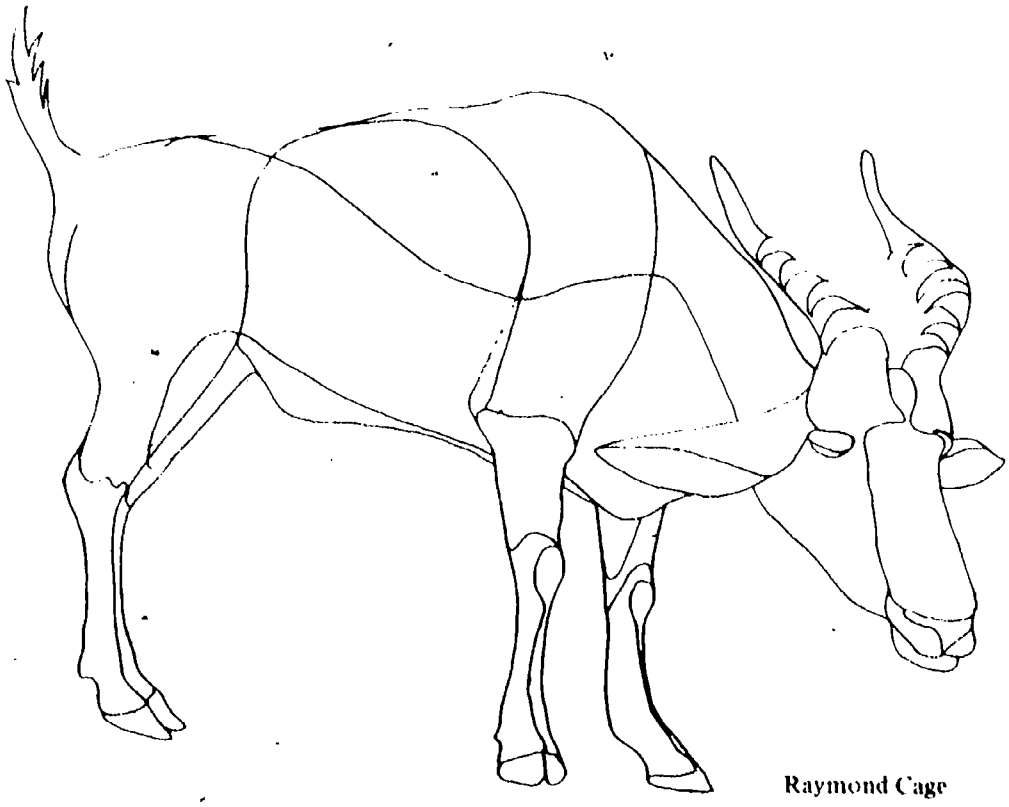
Foremost, in reminiscing about life on campus, come recollections of the excellent faculty we had. Mr. Duncan, Chairman of the Engineering Department, enlightened us on the combustion process of burning "erl" in the "berler". Ralph Walters was our dedicated, pragmatic electrical engineering instructor. Dr. Phealey presented learned lectures in physics. He had participated in original experiments on Mt. Wilson to determine the speed of light. Dr. Urner introduced us to the intricacies of differential calculus (his daughter, Mary, was in the same math class that I attended). George Gallagher, our EHS sponsor, stressed the importance of participating in technical society activities after graduation.

And certainly, who could fail to remember a civil engineering instructor named McIntyre. He insured our alertness in class by a well-aimed chalk missile at the student whose attention wandered or by a whap on the back of the head with a rolled-up newspaper. Mac had his office on the second floor of Mechanics Art Hall adjacent to the EHS office. Although smoking was not allowed on campus, many a time clouds of an "unknown" substance and origin were observed billowing out from under the closed door to Mac's office.

Of course the things of which memories are made are not exclusive to the classroom. Readily recalled are— Riding the Los Angeles Railway V-line streetcar right to the Student Union Building, sometimes standing on the center entrance step outside the car, because it was too crowded to get inside (this type of streetcar was known as a "sowbelly"). Spending a quiet interlude between classes in an archway of the ivy-covered bricks of North Hall while enjoying the cool, green vista along a diagonal row of magnificent eucalyptus trees marked by the symbolic historical El Camino Real mission bell. The Little Theatre delighting us with its superb stage productions. Jackie Fellows, No. 11, outrunning all our rivals on the football field.

Other memories pop out— A dance in the Student Union where Donna Mullinger, later to become Donna Reed of movieland fame, reigns as campus queen. The sprouting of beards during engineers' week. The Studio Staff Orchestra causing the Administration Building to overflow with students to hear and stamp to the rhythm of its Glenn Miller-style music. Listening in stunned silence to the radio in the Associated Engineers' clubroom as President Roosevelt addresses Congress declaring December 7, 1941, a day in infamy, followed by Mr. Duncan's difficult task of persuading us to return to class. Chasing a radical sidewalk orator off the campus.

These experiences, and many more, contributed toward our academic and personal growth at City College. With its small classes and individual attention, LACC gave us a first-rate education. Although I subsequently attended several universities, Los Angeles City College evokes the fondest remembrances of them all.



Raymond Cage

BREAKTHROUGH

By Arthur Lerner

PARCUS et infrequens cultor deorum,
dum erro consultus, insanientis sapientiae,
nunc cogor vela dare retrorsum atque inverare
cursus relictos.

HORACE, ODES, BOOK I, XXXIV

I

Asleep at one level of infinity
and dreaming of perfecting language
emotions become twisted
sucking the marrow
of the moment's essence,
off limits to our truer selves.

II

It is not a matter of conscience
alone. It is a matter of remembering.
It is a matter of arousing
an altered conscience
sheltered by programmed security
and labeled as faith.

An unfrequent and irregular worshipper of the gods.
Whilst I stray, the professor of a foolish philosphy,
I am now compelled to sail backward, and retrace
the course (I had) forsaken.

MY WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY

by Paul Ferguson

The idea of protecting the civil liberties of all people does not come naturally to human beings. Like many of the refinements of living it is acquired through heightened perception and increased restraint. It is usually an essential ingredient of the English teacher's psyche, possibly because his compulsive reading exposes him to a great variety of human experience. At any rate, when I was asked to sponsor a student chapter of the ACLU at City College, it seemed natural to accept.

The group brought speakers to the campus: the then director of the Southern California ACLU Eason Monroe, for example, whose belief in the principles of civil liberties was stronger than that of most of us and led to his refusal to sign the loyalty oath, an action that lost him his professorship at San Francisco State College, a position restored to him over 20 years later in a court case filed by the ACLU.

The group participated in conferences to explore the various aspects of civil liberties. It discussed and helped formulate a students bill of rights. It watched for any infringement of the right to freedom of speech. And yet it had a relatively short life, as did most of the student chapters, even in the four year schools. City College's chapter had the special difficulty of continuity of leadership. The college was at most a two year transitional school for students who became involved in civil liberties. They might go on to participate in a four year college chapter. But the early 60's was a time of increasing activism, and the ACLU was not an activisit organization at that time. Its purpose was to protect the rights of individuals and groups who chose to be activist. Much too tame merely to strive to assure that marchers and sitters in were not illegally arrested or deprived of their right to demonstrate. Better to march or sit with them. And wasn't being fastidious in defense of the rights of others a bit wishy washy? Some points of view are not to be tolerated. It was the old story. Tolerance of diversity of opinion is fine in the abstract, but when it comes down to actually defending the rights of the hated, only those with an understanding of the consequences when any opinion is suppressed can act fairly toward the detested. An A.L. Wirin is able to take the morning to defend in court in the name of the ACLU the rights of a Gerald L.K. Smith and the evening to show his opposition as a private citizen to the ideas of the same man by joining the picket line protesting his appearance. But A.L. Wirins are rare. It is no easy matter to restrain one's feelings long enough to see clearly that the holder of a hated opinion is a fellow human with rights. So the students substituted, and rightly so, activist causes for the more tenuous cause of monitoring compliance with the Bill of Rights.

The disappearance of the student chapter at City College did not greatly alter the new role I had acquired. As a direct result of my sponsoring the group, I was elected to the board of directors of the Southern California Affiliate of ACLU, whieff position I held for twelve years. One of the first services I was asked to perform for the Board was to become a co-plaintiff with Jake Zeitlin in a suit against the City Attorney for denying our rights to buy and sell **The Tropic of Cancer**, Henry Miller's controversial novel. City College was again involved with the ACLU and civil liberties.

In the matter of supporting faculty who have expressed publicly unpopular opinions, City College has an enviable record. All the presidents of the college under whom I served—save two who shall be stuffed down the memory hole for this paper—actively followed the precepts of academic freedom, even if doing so caused one of them uneasiness. The newspaper accounts of my desire to see the bar lifted on the sale of **Tropic** brought several letters my way, all of them anonymous and expressing much the same sentiments as the following example.

Mr. Ferguson:

To read what one wishes and the privilege of accepting or rejecting, is the right of every American. **BUT** to allow one's name to be used to **DEFEND** a filthy book (and especially when one is a teacher of young people) is unexcusable. I suggest you join a class in ethics, morals, standards (call it what you will), but something that impresses you with the need for **IDEALS, VALUES, RESPECT** being upheld to the country's young, something opposite to this filthy book. **YOU CAN READ IT, AND OTHERS MORE VILE** but how ashamed you should feel to encourage the reading of it for our young.

> Why, oh, why are colleges allowed to enter into such court trials **AGAINST RIGHT.**
>
> Thank you for reading—
>
> cc to President of City College
>
> A Father who does **NOT** approve (any more) of your College.

I should like to be able to credit the writer of this letter in a proper footnote, but neither Father or **NOT** approving City College is sufficiently definitive. Dr. John Lombardi, at that time President of City College, would never pay any attention to an anonymous letter, but he was also an unwavering supporter of academic freedom. So he stood behind me.

The letter labeled **Tropic** a "filthy book," as did many who did not write letters. Like James Joyce's **Ulysses**, **Tropic** was found in court to have considerable redeeming social significance and a use of language that was miraculous and unique. To illustrate this last, I decided that I would like to do an

hour's reading from the novel for the English Department's Hour with an Author series. Dr. Lombardi agreed that the reading would have educational value in revealing why literary experts praised Henry Miller as a consummate stylist. The event was listed in the Los Angeles **Times** Calendar, which no doubt accounted for the half dozen older people who came early to get front row seats. If they came hoping to be outraged, they were disappointed since there was not one "filthy" word in the entire reading. Afterwards Professor Dewey Ajioka wrote a letter of appreciation to Doctor Lombardi evaluating the reading. Professor Ajioka said of the reading:

If it disappointed the sensation seekers and the smugglers, it gave our college community an opportunity to hear one of the truly great prose artists of our time. I studied the faces of students around me. They were intent faces—faces responding sensitively and intelligently to Miller's Rabelaisian cascade of words. They were in the living presence of a word artist: they knew it, they felt it, they responded to it; they were touched by it and touched deeply. To have deprived them of this experience because of the adverse publicity of **The Topic of Cancer** would have been sad indeed.

. . . I am very happy that City College and its administration reflect the true purpose and function of a college community—a free marketplace for ideas.

"A free marketplace for ideas" is a concept that all Americans, not just the college community, believe in. But now and then another natural aspect of man's makeup interferes with the constant flow of his better judgment. I refer to his desire to inflict his thinking on others. The tendency comes with the species and accounts for most efforts to censure and most efforts to limit the rights of others. As I have said, City College has been lucky. In spite of the temporary anxiety of a few deans, the ultimate action of the administration has been a quiet maintaining of First Amendment freedoms. Like dress codes, language taboos ignore the fact that appearances are often deceiving. **Citadel**, of course, has been criticized on occasion for some of the language appearing in it. On one of these occasions Dr. Glen Gooder, the then President of City College, found certain selections in the magazine distasteful but upheld the editor's right to publish them. In so doing he recognized the right of others to display what could be considered execrable taste. Attorney Stanley Fleishman, who has long fought in the courts against censorship, has an attitude toward levels of quality in writing that I have come to accept as the ultimate attitude. He believes that what the courts and the academicians call "redeeming social value" varies more than elitists might be willing to concede. What they might consider trash, he says, may have definite social value for certain readers in our society. A trashy book that might be suspect to the anti-pornographers has similar value to that of a trashy book that might be sickeningly pure. I would not accuse **Citadel** of having printed trash, but even if the social significance of some of its selections over the years has seemed scanty, who can say with certainty that they were without value? We should be grateful for administrations that act upon the subtleties of academic freedom.

The last time I pulled City College into the fight for First Amendment freedoms was in court as a defense witness in the Deena Metzger—Leslie Hoag case. It was a suit brought by the Community College District over the use in class of a poem containing four-letter words. Once again, this time with the judge weighing the evidence, that higher development of man's perception gained the victory. Once more for all those who cared to listen, the superficial interpretation of language was exposed for what it is—limited understanding. Once again, as Deena Metzger put it, "the right of one to say the things he feels must or should be said . . . the right of others to listen to what one may consider relevant" was supported.

During my years at City College there were many other tests of the rights of free speech. Whether it was inviting a blackballed actor to speak to a class, testifying on behalf of the publisher of allegedly pornographic paperback novels or a producer of similarly labeled films—whatever it was, I was never asked by the administration for an accounting even though some of my colleagues in other disciplines considered my actions evil.

This discussion has been limited to the area of civil liberties that may be most closely related to English departments. Yet every day seemingly well-meaning people are attempting to stop the expression of certain ideas because these ideas are completely alien to their way of thinking. Obviously human beings were contaminated in the Garden by some gene that expresses itself in the motto: "My way is the right way." So the struggle for civil liberties will never end.

CO-EXISTENCE WITH LOS ANGELES STATE COLLEGE

By A.W. Hood

Dr. Jacobsen's successor was Dr. McDonald, a fatherly Mormon, who had been President of Brigham Young University. He was very adaptable. At B.Y.U. there had been a major scandal when some heretical student put a pipe in the mouth of a snowman. He made no objection to smoking by students or faculty.

Barker and Co. were not discouraged and made a new assault on Sacramento. They put a bill through the Assembly providing Los Angeles Junior College with a common top leadership to be selected by the Los Angeles City Board of Education. The bill also passed the Senate with one sentence added in committee: "with the consent of the State Board of Education."

Dr. McDonald recognized his Master's voice and any chance of unification was dead. Milham from our faculty became Vice-President. His principal qualification was extreme conservatism. John Lombardi was Dean in charge of the City College.

Marie Martin, a very capable member of our faculty, became Registrar of the State College. One day four lanky black youths applied for admission as tranfers from another college. Marie sent for transcripts and found that they did not have a passing grade between them.

Next week she met them wandering round the campus and asked them what they were doing.

"We are students."

"How did you get that way?"

"The Dean of Men took us through the back door of the registration bungalow and signed us up."

Marie was furious and called a showdown before Dr. McDonald. He shook his head. "This is very deplorable. It should not have happened. I guess there is nothing that can be done about it."

I checked the story with Harry Campbell, a very capable coach, who had been borrowed from our faculty to handle the track team. He winked, "They ran!"

Marie was dumped back to the City College. This demonstrates that even in our school system there is room for an administrator with guts and integrity.

A new crisis arose for Los Angeles City College. With the rapid proliferation of new Community Colleges in the District our enrollment ceased growing and began to drop off. Meanwhile the State College was expanding so rapidly that there was not room for both colleges.

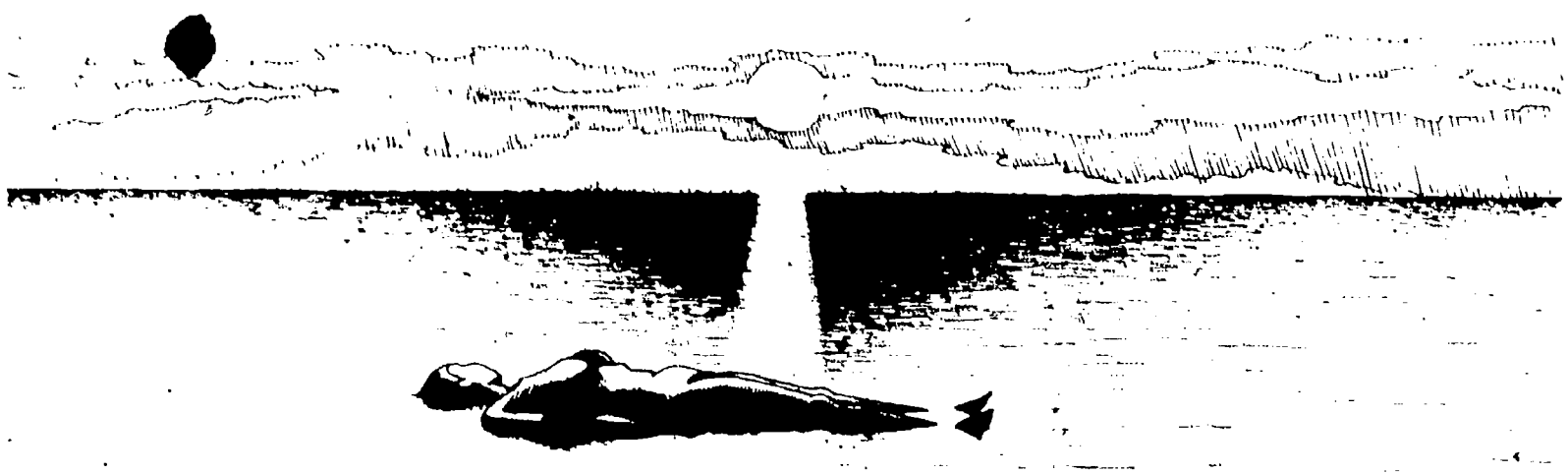
Jacobsen had recommended expanding upwards. However, our enemies downtown had a more economical solution. An Associate Superintendent suggested that the students at LeConte Junior High School be moved to other campuses and that our college should be transplanted to the empty campus.

Fortunately the State College grew so rapidly that they had to find a new home across the river. Ironically the chief proponent of the plan was held responsible for the manipulation of promotion examinations. He knew where many bodies were buried, so he was not fired, but ended up as Principal of LeConte Junior High School.

Eventually the State College moved away and Los Angeles City College became part of the new Community College District. This was not an unmixed blessing, but it was a vast improvement.

John Lombardi became President, with Charles Trigg as Dean of Instruction and Susan Van Valkenburg as Dean of Student Personnel.

Dean Kerans retired. He had held many jobs including interim President.



LOHI

By Reijo Koski

Lohi was a warrior and he lived in the village of Kolo. He had been talking with his sword for two days now. The old women of the village had taken the children away. When a warrior was talking with his sword, dangerous things could happen, things that the adults understood, but the children could be frightened.

Three days ago, during a night that was light as as day the people had been asleep in their houses, a Laplander had slain a son of the richest man in the village, whose name was Ahto. Ahto had walked up the little hill that rose from the center of the village, toward the north west. On the top of the hill, facing the north, was Lohi's house. Only the elders had the right and the courage to approach it. The children often stopped their play, especially just before sunset, when they had to get ready to go indoors, and told each other stories about Lohi's house. None of them had, of course, been nearer than a stone's throw from it. The stories grew wilder and wilder as the night approached.

Ahto came to the heavy wooden door of Lohi's house. Before he raised his hand to knock on it, Ahto looked at the large rock, next to the house. It was a holy stone that had protected the village for many generations. It had great power. It was all the more unusual that the Laplander had had the courage to come so close to a village, protected by such a powerful stone. He must have been a rash youth, too young to know any better, Ahto thought.

"Come in," Lohi called, having heard Ahto's knock.

Ahto bent down as he opened the heavy door, entering the house. He remained at the edge of the room, silently, letting his eyes get used to the dark.

"What is it that you want, Ahto?" Lohi asked the old man with a voice at once powerfully deep and calm.

"I have come to see you about the matter of the Laplander," Ahto said, approaching the far end of the room. With slow steps he moved closer to Lohi, who was sitting on a chair at the window that faced the north.

"What about the Laplander?" Lohi said, turning his gaze out the window, down the dark green of the forest and the river that wiggled its way through the dark firs.

"Lohi," Ahto said, standing now only a couple of paces away from Lohi. "The Laplander has killed my son for a loaf of bread, a belt and a knife. My son was surely worthy of a more honorable death. The Laplander must be by the Round Lake by now, if he is heading north, that is. Are you going to let your sword bite his miserable heart?"

Lohi was still sitting motionless by the window. His long brown hair reached over his powerful shoulders. Suddenly his head turned, revealing a broad face with high cheekbones and smooth skin, a face without age. His dark eyes penetrated the innermost sanctuary of anyone who looked at them. His eyes looked at Ahto with such power that they reduced the visitor into a mere shred of a man.

Lohi got up from his chair and walked to the east wall of the room, stopping in front of the large sword hanging, sheathed, from a wooden peg that was bored between the massive logs of the wall.

"This sword that has bitten the flesh of many men, this sword that has felt the hand of my father, his father and his father before him, this sword is not going to bite the flesh of any man or beast."

Ahto, standing where he had stood, looked at Lohi with eyes that showed his disbelief.

Lohi took the sheathed sword down from the wall. He put his large hand on the handle, pulled the blade from the sheath, looking at the dark blade. With the sword in hand, he walked back to Ahto, who was still standing by the window.

"I have eaten the heart of many enemies." Lohi stood in front of Ahto, with the black weapon in his hand. "I have nurtured my spirit with theirs. I have gained great strength." Lohi stood there, a head taller than the old man. Ahto was afraid of Lohi, as were all the people of the village.

"I have gained great strength," Lohi repeated, "But I am tired of eating men's hearts. I have talked with my sword. I have not heard its voice. If I do not hear his voice, my heart will be eaten by a warrior."

"Who will protect the people, Lohi?" Ahto's voice was pale and thin. "Who will protect us from the people of the east and the people from the west?"

Lohi looked at Ahto with his dark eyes, piercing Ahto's spirit.

"I do not know," said Lohi. "Ask the one that knows, old Taala. Or wait for a sign. I only know how it is, not of other things," Lohi said in his grave voice, turning with the sword. He carried it back to its sheath and left it hanging on the wall.

"Tell the people of the village to fear the man that eats my heart."

The house of Lohi was filling with darkness. Ahto was limp with fear. "I must go," he said in a trembling voice. "It is late."

The spirit of the stone that stood by Lohi's house looked at Ahto as he walked down the hill to the village. Will the spirit protect the people? Was there a warrior among the youth, worthy of carrying Lohi's sword? Would the people of the village leave in fear and start to wander in the direction of the wind, changing their tracks in aimless travels, forever marked by fear and forever without a home? Should the people wait for a sign or should they offer sacrifice to the angry spirits, to ask for their help?

The word of Lohi's silence with his sword spread about the land like a fire. Many youths wanted to test their iron with the iron of Lohi. Weeks passed. Lohi had not stepped out of his house. Many men who carried a sword wanted to eat Lohi's heart. His heart had great power. Whoever would cut it out of

his chest would be a possessor of a great spirit. None had the courage to step on the hill to call Lohi into a battle.

Many more weeks passed. The summer was near its end and dark nights were returning to the North. People were afraid to go outside the village gate. Dark nights would bring the Laplanders, the men with evil swords from the east and the west. Lohi had not been seen, only the smoke of his fire in the moonlit night or the twilight of cold mornings. None dared to go to his house, not even old Ahto.

Then, one morning, as the men were setting out to make a hunting party, a hush fell over the village.

As the people gathered at the edge of the village, all eyes were on the hill and Lohi's house by the holy stone. Then the door of Lohi's house opened and there stood the tall Lohi in his white garment. As he started to descend the hill and walk toward the people, and as his figure grew larger, there was a murmur starting among the people. Despite their great fear, the people in awe saw, so it is told, Lohi standing in his garment sprinkled in blood, his sword pierced through his chest, his hands dripping with his own blood, his lips and his chin dripping with his own blood, and a cavity, larger than a man's fist, where his heart had throbbed.

Ernie Pierre

VIEW FROM THE FLAGPOLE 17 YEARS AS LACC CAMPUS MINISTER

By Mary Alice Geier

A college dean recently introduced me to a colleague as "Mrs. Geier, from the flagpole at City College," remembering some intensive months when that campus spot became creative classroom, cauldron of consternation, communications center, instant-history arena, and even cathedral as in 1970 we took turns reading the names of youth cut down in Vietnam.

I would not have envisioned the flagpole as my office when I arrived in the fall of 1962 to be Executive for the Inter-Church Fellowship, the Protestant arm of the University Religious Conference. And I've been grateful to Dave Moody, then working in Student Activities, for my first orientation lesson: "Don't worry if nobody comes to your meetings," he said. "At LACC, if we can get ten people together at any one time, it is the equivalent of one hundred any place else."

That perspective about the nature of a campus of commuters has been a key factor in keeping alive an on going cooperative ministry of the "faith community" with this pivotal center for community education. If "two is company, and three a crowd," at least a crowd gathered for the first series of noontime discussions begun in the little office at the URC building on Willowbrook. My strategy was to arrange for a speaker from the community, call the **Collegian** to send over a reporter, then count myself as the third participant, thus not being vulnerable to failure feelings if no one else showed up. Since the topics were controversial (one speaker said, "I've always been in hot water; it is the only way I know to keep clean!"), the fledgling journalists could write a good story and garner needed inches of by-line space, and any readers of the campus newspaper would be partially exposed to some ethical or value concern, and what some well-known church leader thought about it.

I don't know how many student reporters we began to influence before a larger student following developed. There was one who relied for a good share of his daily calories on the sugar and Pream flavored with a bit of our coffee! Before long, the **Collegian** was asking my opinion on issues, but declined to use one submission: "Isn't it interesting that when people talk about morality, they are thinking about sex, not war." Months later the phrase turned up on the editorial side of the paper as the student editor's own idea. Ah, well!

Would the faculty take me seriously as a colleague with equivalent training if I were just "MRS. Geier," a do-gooder housewife sitting over in that office being a cookie lady and confidante for students? Was this the time I should seek ordination to validate my seminary training and years of previous experience with ministry in higher education (University of Minnesota, University of Arizona, and a national Student Volunteer movement)? But this quarter-time job began to make me the busiest I had ever been professionally, and there was some hint that young adults on our campus could open up to me more freely than if I were identified with clergy whom they perceived of as judgmental, pious, authoritarian. I didn't get around to the ordination ceremony for ten years. With that piece of paper, I now perform the weddings and baptisms for couples with whom I have indeed been pastor.

And by then, as an outsider-insider who had become a serious student of the Community College education movement, a part-time instructor in the Evening Division, a lover of LACC, there was scarcely a corner of the campus where this Campus Minister did not have contact and some share in the hopes and dreams and hurts and struggles to provide equal opportunity experiences for our students, faculty and staff.

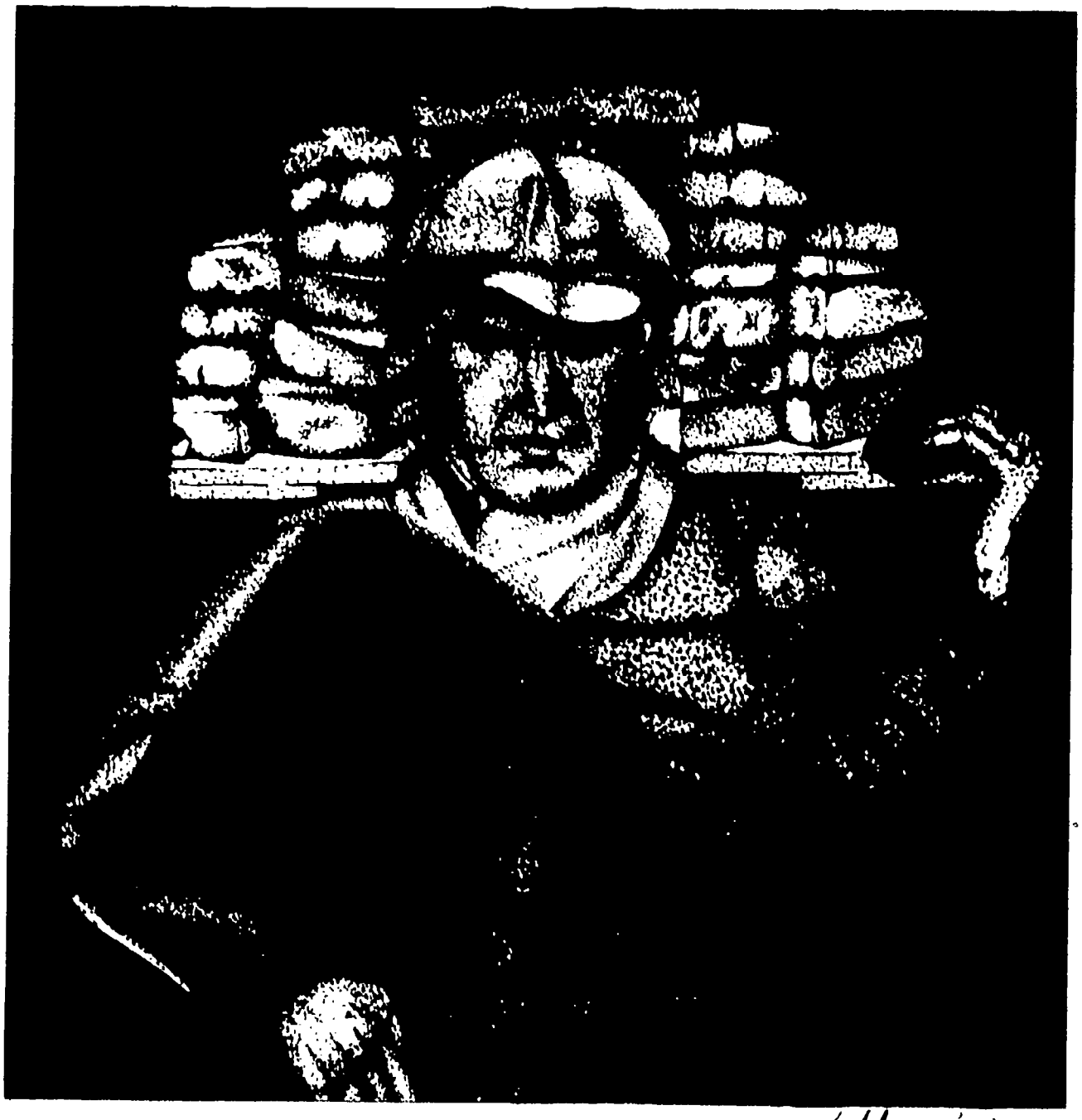
For a lot of years there were three of us who unofficially became a Crisis Clinic team: Dr. Fay Benbrook in the Health Center, Gene McKnight in Philosophy, and myself. Students with problems always seemed to find one or two of this trio.

Through a Monday faculty dialogue group in Dining Room A, we encouraged cross-disciplinary friendships and sharing of deep thoughts. Later it became a student-faculty dialogue (Darrell Eckersley, now on the faculty at Southwest College, was the first student co-chairperson). This open forum provided a vehicle for making the community one's classroom before that idea was popularized. The farm worker struggle was exposed here, and a Social Sciences class who began collecting foodstuff for the strikers used the tiny ICF apartment on Heliotrope as depository. (the bathtub was already filled with the belongings of a student who had been evicted from his apartment). The earliest of the vocal activists for educational change felt free to practice venting their frustrations in colorful language in the safe confines of this dialogue group. Sister Christine was called, "You in the Zoro Suit," while Gene McKnight clamped down on his pipe to forestall an angry reaction when he was called "an idealist," the worst thing you can do to a philosopher. In the summer of 1969, the dialoguers tackled the policies of the Student Bookstore and began surveying the neighborhood to expose racial discrimination in housing, creative teaching/learning experiences which also provided [illegible] temporary institutional changes.

One of the most satisfying chapters in Campus Ministry for me was a share in the development of Community Services and an advisory group of

community persons to share the vision of what LACC could be as a center of continuing education and personal empowerment. Seeing the campus turned into a festival grounds for our multi-colored community in Health Fairs, International Days and Senior Citizen Days gave the flagpole another dimension, that of celebration. And it is very painful for me personally to see such a role for LACC curtailed in the present budget crunch. I happen to believe that the community service function of Community Colleges is the arm which links the vocational and academic offerings, providing for creative tension and cooperation rather than sterile polarization. The mission of the college in the area of community service doesn't go away just because we can't fund a Department with that name, indeed, it means that faculty and staff must work even harder at being a college with, for, and by the community.

The more LACC changes, the more it **feels** like the same open air, open door to relationship with all the world's people, who become peers at least in the hope for ways to make their lives count for something. As a person on the margin by virtue of my profession, an ombudsperson-without-portfolio because of the freedom to be involved at so many corners of the campus, I continue to ask, impertinently perhaps, **WHY** we can't adjust to new needs and risk dialogue on the hard questions of modern urban life. If it's possible to love an institution the way one does a human person (and want that person to be the best one can be) then I confess: LACC, my love affair with you continues and I continue to hold a crown of creative expectation above that flagpole.



MY ILLEGITIMATE MOTHER

By Daniel Hennèssy

Selma Rosenfeld was born in 1893 in the village of Goppingen near Heidelberg in the province of Baden in Germany. Her father was the village innkeeper and was a serious-minded soldierly patriot and loyal subject of the Kaiser. Her mother was gentler and had an unflagging sense of humor. Selma was the second of four children: there were also Minna, Adolph and Julius. Adolph fell in the First World War. Selma, Minna and Julius are all still living in Los Angeles which they have made their home since 1924. They emigrated here after the death of their father and brought their ailing mother with them. Selma had excelled in her studies at the Teachers' College in Karlsruhe and had served as an elementary school teacher in a number of schools in Baden and Wurttemberg. She had been an ardent supporter of the Weimar Republic but clearly recognized the impending danger of radical and zealous factions which seemed destined to destroy the republic and launch fanatical programs beyond anyone's imagination.

In America and specifically in California, Selma took on the responsibility of caring and providing for her family while working for American academic degrees and teacher licensing. She had to make her modest wages as a teaching assistant in the German Department at the University of California at Berkeley stretch. In 1929 she joined the faculty of Los Angeles City College, the first community college in the United States. At that time the campus on Vermont Avenue also provided a home for "UC Southern Branch," now known as UCLA. Selma worked closely with William Diamond, chairman of UCLA's Department of Germanic Languages and they co-authored two textbooks for D. C. Heath (Ludwig Thomas, **Stories of a Little Brat [Lausbubengeschichten]** and **Quiet and Moved [Still und Bewegt]**) which enjoyed long and widespread use in German classes throughout the United States. Selma also established and directed a **Madchenchor** (Girls' Choir) with which she toured the country. Selma was an early supporter of the cause of women. Her master's thesis at Berkeley was an ambitious survey of **Women Writers in German Literature**, an area sorely neglected till the present day.

Selma had a severe blow dealt her as a young woman - she contracted a rare glandular disease which considerably disfigured her. Time and again I saw the magic of her humanity and loving spirit transform alienation into adoration. Her inner beauty never failed to shine through. When I first met her it was in her beginning German class at 8:00 a.m. in mid-September 1956. She introduced herself in syntactically perfect English embellished with a strong and gusty German accent: "I am Selma Rosenfeld, also know as Old Rosie, the Schweetheart of LACC." She promised the young men an "A" if they would join the ranks of all the men who greeted her with a kiss. She had some marvelous motivational devices. She arrived in class one morning with a gigantic water pistol and announced that it was for those lazy football players in the back row who were content with "C"s" and began squirting while they convulsed with laughter. She once gave a student a "Z". He moaned: "But, Miss Rosenfeld, a 'Z', why a 'Z'?" And she answered: "Because there's no goddamn letter lower than a 'Z'." The celebrated opera singer Ella Lee had been Selma's student before being engaged by the Berlin Opera and Selma had issued her an "Incomplete" in the course which in the lapse of time had been converted into an "F". Selma was surprised one day by a call from Ella who invited her to lunch. Selma said: "But Ella, I gave you an 'F'. Ella replied: "Never mind, Selma, I'm big time."

Selma retired from teaching in 1958 but old Rosie's alumni were legion. One day in 1965 I was having lunch with her at the Ambassador Hotel. We were in the elevator and there were about seven other people riding it with us. It turned out they were all her former students, including the elevator operator.

Selma propelled me into a career in German. I have taught the language and literature for seventeen years. She said her influence on me made her my "illegitimate mother." She wondered, though, in view of this important spiritual role, why she didn't know my father better.

Walter O'Connell

TO A FRIEND, RECENTLY DEAD

by Hyman Solomon

I need your advice and counsel. I have been asked to write something about my years at City College, something about my experiences, my views, recollections and reactions. Writing was your game. Stringing words together came naturally to you. Somewhere, wherever you are, wherever they sent you from the hospital, with a cigarette in one hand and a cuppa coffee in the other, you must be forming new sentences, paragraphs and pages, stringing words on threads of ideas. You must be. How could they expect you to give up a life long habit merely because you changed offices? So I need your advice. How does one begin to recapitulate the past? Where does one begin and how? What is it you say? "Start."

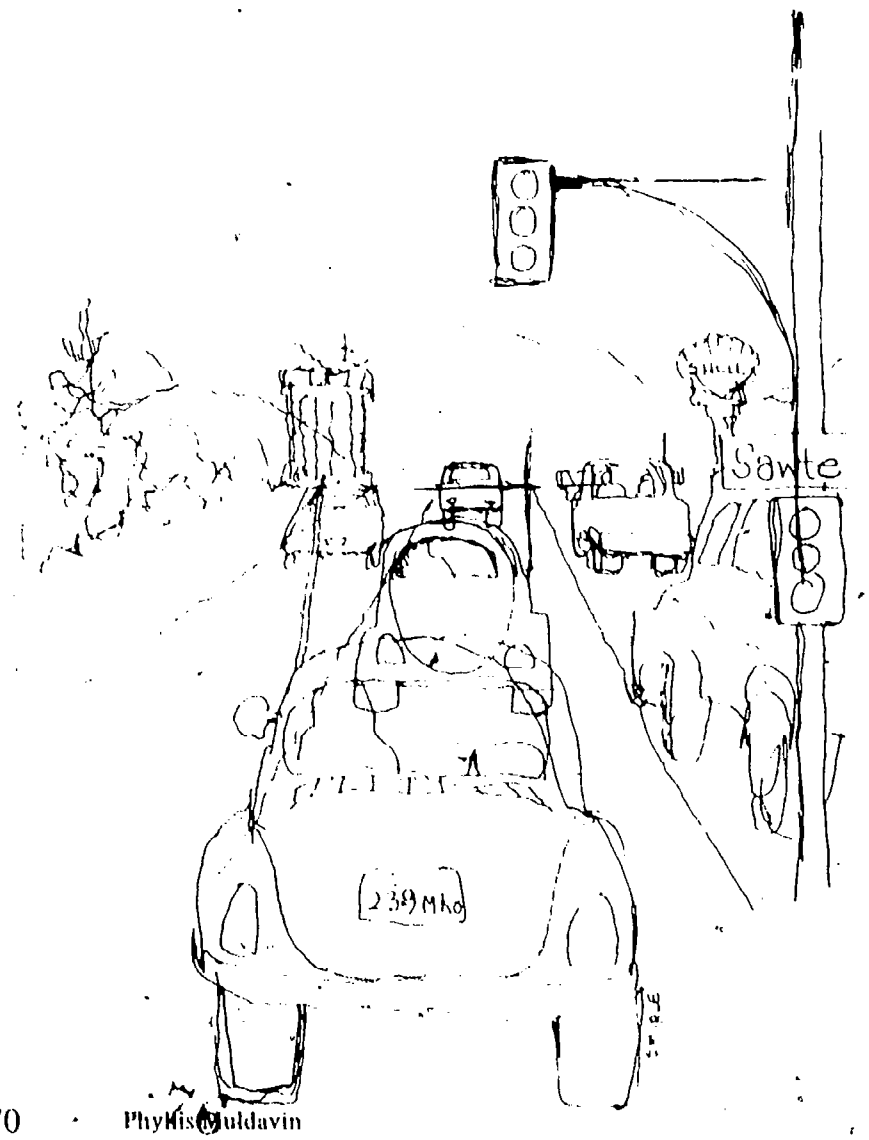
Yes, I still look at life through the viewfinder of a camera. Step one - move in on your subject. Isolate it from the totality of what you see. But how? How do I move in on the numbers of students who faced me over the years? How do I recall them, isolate them from the hundreds of their classmates? Yes; I have it. Reverse the situation. Let them isolate me from the fewer members of the faculty.

Carnaby Street, London, mod center of the youthful world. The rain was falling lightly, pools of dark water coalesced on the pavement, reflecting the colored neon lights now starting to appear. I bend for a shot, trying to compose the lights, the pools of reflecting waters when, "Mr. Solomon, what are you doing here?" Turning, struggling to maintain my balance, I see her, much taller from the angle of view and in the dimming light of day. The best I could do was, "What are you doing here?" I straighten up, face her and she comes into focus. She is on her way to Romania, then on to her home in Israel, where a job awaits her. Computer class, year—indefinite. A few pleasantries and then, "What do you think of the preparation you had at City College?" We were tough at first, then friendly and helpful. She looks back with satisfaction at what was accomplished for her and what she was able to do at City College. There were unpleasant moments, times of dissatisfaction, now submerged with the passage of time and the exhilaration of success. Generally, good feelings and maybe I'll see you in Israel and then parting.

Thank you, dear friend, for this approach to the past. These encounters became frequent. Young people, beginning working careers whose start, in many cases, was in the classrooms of City College, would raise the call of recognition, even if they had not been in any of my classes. It brought to me the realization that we were not faceless, albeit human, communicators of ideas and information, that despite the sometimes somnolent aspects of the classroom we were being heard and listened to and appreciated. Even during the years of campus turmoil and tumult, the years of the noisy convocations and confrontations on the campus, when we were part of the military, scientific, corporative enemy, that even during those hectic years we were being respected for our efforts.

These encounters are now very pleasant moments in the early retirement years when the natural action is to look backward, rather than forward. Down that long road we see, or imagine that we see behind us, figures are moving, moving in that random Brownian movement dictated by time and every now and then a figure waves arms overhead and you can hear softly and undulating: "Mr. Solomon, remember me?"

But, my cigarette-smoking, coffee-swilling friend, there are the darker images that intrude. There was that grey, wet morning when I heard, "Mr. Solomon?" not in friendly recognition but in anxious concern and I see his anguished face above me. "Mr. Solomon are you hurt?" Hurt? Why? Somewhere in the past I was approaching the offices, when I saw a fellow instructor beaten to his knees by a cudgel-wielding figure. I remember tightening my grasp on my umbrella as I moved forward and then: "Are you hurt?" Below my prone figure was a gathering pool of liquid being fed by something dripping from my nose and throat. And as I raised myself from the ground I looked into the dark pool, a pool of my own blood, March 10, 1969.



Phyllis Muldavin

ISRAEL LASKY

By A.W. Hood

In the early days when Los Angeles City College was Los Angeles Junior College, the administration devised an especially unenlightened system for dealing with students who wanted to transfer to a university, but arrived with some high school deficiency. This might mean not having taken elementary algebra or plane geometry, or a foreign language or getting a grade below B in a required subject. No student was permitted to take a course acceptable for college credit until every last deficiency had been removed. Furthermore he could not start earning college credits if he had a single grade below B the previous semester.

The registrar's secretaries performed the complicated task of evaluating the credits of entering students with remarkable speed and about 90% efficiency.

I felt that if a student came close to qualifying he was entitled to have his record carefully reviewed by a sympathetic member of the faculty. I was often able to find ways to remove the deficiencies, which the secretaries could not possibly discover in the time available to them. The delight of the students involved was matched by the ill-concealed irritation of the registrar's office, which was by definition infallible.

A victim of the system was Israel Lasky, a large plump Jewish boy. I first met him as a mediocre student in my elementary algebra class.

He had been a lazy and undisciplined student in high school and arrived with a nearly complete collection of deficiencies, but an awakened ambition. He could not decide whether to become a brain surgeon or a tympanist in a symphony orchestra.

I enquired of Mr. Allen, the orchestra leader, as to Lasky's prospects. The reply was that Lasky had undoubted talent as a tympanist. However, there were just so many symphony orchestras and only one tympanist for each. Furthermore, Lasky was still somewhat lazy and undisciplined, which would inhibit his chances of making a successful career in this field.

I pointed out to Lasky that the odds were against him; the vast majority of students, who were lazy and ill-disciplined in high school, eventually relapsed into the same condition even after improving for a while in college. However, this was not always so. If he really wanted to become a doctor more than he had ever desired anything, it was just possible that he would make it.

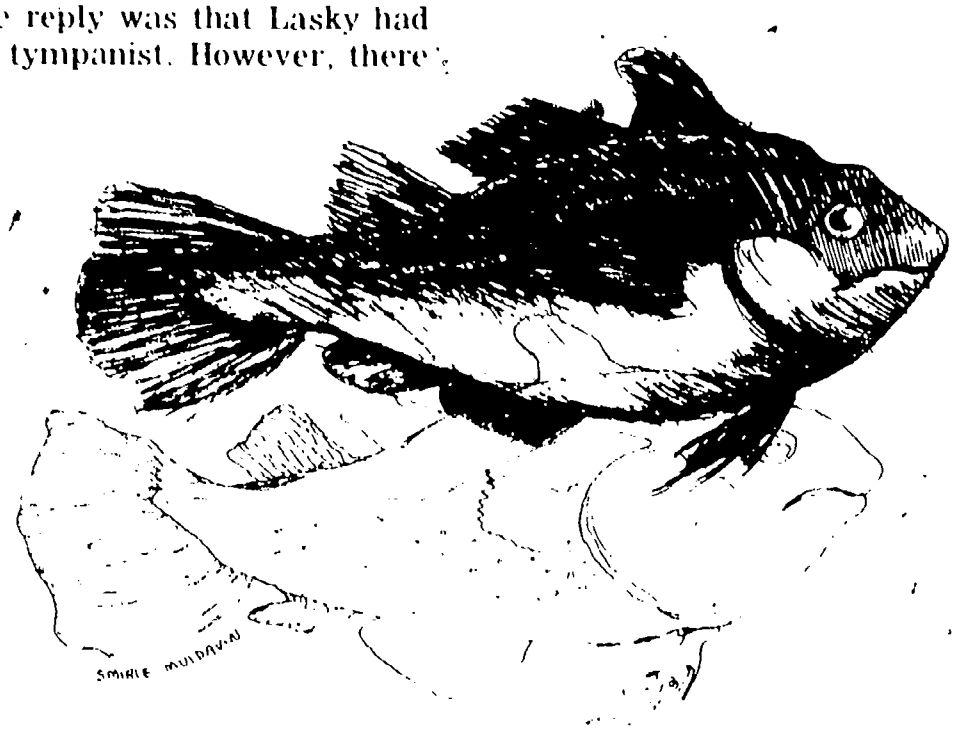
Lasky struggled for two years to make up his deficiencies. I would make out a new program each semester. Finally he made up the last deficiency and was turned down by the committee because he had a C in Physical Education due to one cut too many. I advised him to forget the State University and apply at U.S.C.

Two years later he entered my office with honor emblems decorating his able chest. He was finishing his pre-med course.

Three years passed and World War II was in full swing, when he paid a visit in the uniform of a Flight Surgeon.

Many years passed and I was wandering through the Los Angeles Zoo with my grandson, when I was greeted by a plump middleaged gentleman walking hand in hand with a small boy. Dr. Lasky was a prosperous physician in Beverly Hills.

The last I heard from Dr. Lasky was a phone call asking for advice on how to motivate his son, who was somewhat lazy and ill-disciplined.



WHAT COLLEGE CATALOGS FAIL TO MENTION

By Sam A. Eisenstein

The function of the general catalog of a private college is to imply that the secret of the fountain of life is to be found on its particular campus, in its innovative programs, its forward-looking faculty and administration, its locale, its research gravely but humanely illuminating bypaths that are, before your eyes, transformed into a dazzling road to integrated education, the circuitry of the 21st century brilliantly produced in the laboratories of the 20th.

As you delve into the catalog, much longer and better illustrated every year, since the budget for this department is hardly ever cut, you find long, humorous and friendly descriptions of courses that dramatically cross long sacrosanct "disciplinary" lines. As a student of catalogs, I believe they are at least a fresh and vital form of pop art, worthy of several serious Ph.D. dissertations.

But the courses that cross-fertilize so well on paper produce as off spring only newer and more fervent promises in the next year's catalog, the new and up dated descriptions disconcertingly like the forgotten "innovations" of the year before.

Turn to the catalogs of poor and "unprogressive" junior colleges and state colleges around the country and you find an almost total lack of interesting lay-out and art work, only a dreary succession of classes with numbers and brief descriptions of the course content few promises, little to suggest that the desire to learn itself is the one key to learning, whether the environment is structured and rigid or "free" in a college that makes no set requirements.

Granted, the offspring of affluence must learn not trades but how to live well. Education, if it is not to be indoctrination or mere training in regurgitating dead facts, ought to be a process of learning that will continue to motivate the student to learn after college is over with. If facts can't continually be related to on-rushing events and history, they may generate good grades or degrees and a false sense of being "educated," but they will not prepare a student to think for himself.

The above is true whether the school is geared, like a junior college, to inner-city adolescents who need vocational training, or the well-to-do who prepare in a private school for public service occupations—teaching, guidance, law, and the like.

The catalogs of many "innovative" or "free" schools promise a fling at wisdom by way of the magic of "independent study," but the student rarely elects to discipline himself into shaking off the authority of his peers or professors. The independent study becomes institutionalized and rigid in its lack of variety and depth.

Fancy words become the junk foods of the academy. The freer atmosphere of the private school is largely a myth anyway. They do offer smaller teacher-student ratios, but I'm not convinced that eight students and a teacher is always preferable to 40 or 200 and a lecturer.

An accepted truism of progressive education is that the lecture method is outmoded, but wherever there is a dynamic lecturer, students perversely flock to hear him—not to put questions. The young student rarely has experienced enough that would enable him to think of relevant questions. That's what a stimulating lecture can do, raise questions about an existing situation or problem, and free a young mind to grapple with it.

But because it is an uncomfortable thing at every age to challenge popular authority, many educators in private institutions have abdicated their roles as lecturers or even teachers. They no longer act as channels to bring wisdom of the past to irrigate the minds of the young of the present. They do not feel they have the "right," and they certainly lack the authority. Many of the young, despite the corrupting influences of instant pop-authority on the wings of publicity, are canny in spotting a phony.

The pop catalog suggests seductively, "We're all a family, let's all learn and work together." This sounds promising, but it isn't usually what happens. Some of the most authoritarian people in the world are the shakiest.

A professed lack of "dogma" does not automatically produce a Socratic atmosphere. It turns out to be rhetoric stemming from the instructor's uneasy conscience. He is trying to be modern and "with it."

If the teacher doesn't himself know what's relevant to the study he has listed in the catalog, if he feels that his own education has not prepared him for life, he may dump his entire load of confusion onto his students, labeling it honesty, directness, grooviness. But it becomes shabby.

After all, students are in school to be guided, even if they won't admit it. And after the gossip about the instructor's sex life wears out, there is left only what he generates in the quest for meaning.

On the other hand, in the large public schools especially, junior college instructors often are former high school teachers. They know how little prepared to learn independently even bright students are. There is a lot to be said for solid grounding even in a small area, even if the student groans under the yoke of it. The sneer usually directed at the junior college is that it is only an institutionalized sop to the desire of unqualified adolescents and their parents that they "go to college."

Critics of the junior college point to the drop-out rate of over 40 % and the many "remedial" classes, dismissing the entire system as a post-high school where smoking is allowed, but little else. Hardly anyone out of the junior college environment is


H.LYDRAKE

prepared to claim, as I do, that this type of public, free school serves the combined needs of rich and poor, black, brown and white.

If the junior college were freed from its "second best" image and its awe of Ph.D holding pedagogues, it would contribute even more to our heterogeneous society—and it already contributes qualities lacking in the "exactly like me" atmosphere of the private schools.

Students enter the small liberal arts private college encouraged to believe they need nothing but what they themselves decide they need. Babies generally eat what is right for them if left to their own judgment, but college freshmen are not babies, alas, they have mainly lost the scent of instinctive needs in the welter of conflicting advertising claims.

I "teach" creative writing at both a public junior college and a small private liberal arts college. Of course, creative writing can't be taught any more than "creative" living. I believe that the value of such a course consists in encouraging students to see that they must work to fight themselves free of the deadly tendency toward sloth, apathy, boredom, and finally paralysis. That in order to bring any order out of public and private chaos, the inner chaos must be challenged and engaged, directly, with learned tools and weapons, with the courage to look directly at the Medusa of their unexpressed fears and inadequacies—not to escape into the drug or money-induced fantasies of excellence and applause.

The "disadvantaged" in the public school are more willing, in my experience, to work at their ignorance and fear than the "privileged" at the private school. The former must engage the "real" world in a struggle for existence. The affluent students frequently have a real distaste for assignments. They "know" that assignments are passe—sordid tag-ends of the disciplinarian past.

They want to be "creative." They insist, along with their parents, that coed dorms or relaxed standards will magically enable them to be "creative" because they will no longer be repressed by rules. They have the vocabularies and the tag-ends of pop philosophy to argue, but often they produce less and write less interestingly than the "disadvantaged" because almost nothing in their lives urges them to fear consequences.

This may sound as though I advocate learning by means of fear and the whip. But education is not, I submit, a woolly dog to pat and scamper with on manicured lawns. It is the pursuit of what may turn out to be an unpopular idea or life-style and it may lead to rejection by academy, parents and society—the crimes for which Socrates and Jesus were tried.

Hard work, sheer digging, is out, where the hip catalog is in. Vocabulary and gesture take the place of action. Some small liberal arts colleges are so "relevant" they don't even admit to departments—they are called clots, but this doesn't mean they relate any more closely with allied fields.

The student body, invariably "revolutionary," declares, with faculty approval, moratoria whenever the United States invades somebody. Dungarees are worn to indicate an imagined solidarity with the proletariat. A professor-folk singer may play his guitar at graduation.

But in the dorms? The students are crying, or flying home to New Hampshire over weekends that begin on Thursday and end on Tuesday. They begin but hardly ever finish independent projects. A bookstore employe in one school told me with awe of the amount of jewelry, cosmetics and hi-fi equipment students charge there, billed to their parents as "supplies." At many of these schools a student can attend four years and never carry money or earn a cent of his own, never meet a problem in his tightly shut world that money or influence can't solve.

The letter columns in student newspapers at many such colleges endlessly reiterate the same plaintive questions: Where is the community I was promised? Where is an intellectual brotherhood of scholars and friends? What is the magic talisman to get me involved and keep me involved? Where is anybody?

Student health facilities the country over are swamped with over-dosed, hopeless, bored, violent adolescents. Why? They are under-employed, like their poor or black elders and contemporaries. The years of undergraduate education ought to be like a war, in which there are casualties, wounds and consequences, the need for a strategy to stay alive and, most important, the beginning of the realization that one's time is not unlimited.

Teacher and student in both public and private schools need to do away with the rhetoric of "generation gap" and multimedia cliche and realize that we live in an era of broken faith and broken icons, one of transition between unworkable strategies and values and a chaotic and terrifying future.

Education in this time ought to be an intensive study of the past, unbroken into "fields" or "disciplines" on the undergraduate level. Discussion must be intense on the subject of what we as voyagers on our planet are going to need in the way of value systems, social systems, goals in order to work for the pluralistic society that will not rend itself to pieces in a final disastrous, apocalyptic mistake.

There must be dialog, but there must also be authorities who are repositories of wisdom and who have the moral authority to encourage the young to become new repositories for the free gifts of the past to the present.

But this is not what I hear in classrooms or professors' dining rooms.

If I were a freshman in 1971, I would choose a junior college, even with large classes, because the instructors are experts at something. And if there is less expectation of experimentation, there is also less ego-inflation all around. There is more contact

with something that can best be called "reality testing." There is in the urban setting a real world broiling about outside.

There are many different kinds and ages of people in the class. There is a course content. And there is little of the liberal syndrome of breast-beating over "relevancy." Black studies were initiated in the junior college, have received most publicity in their problems in the university. But **everywhere** black culture courses are going begging for students, even black ones.

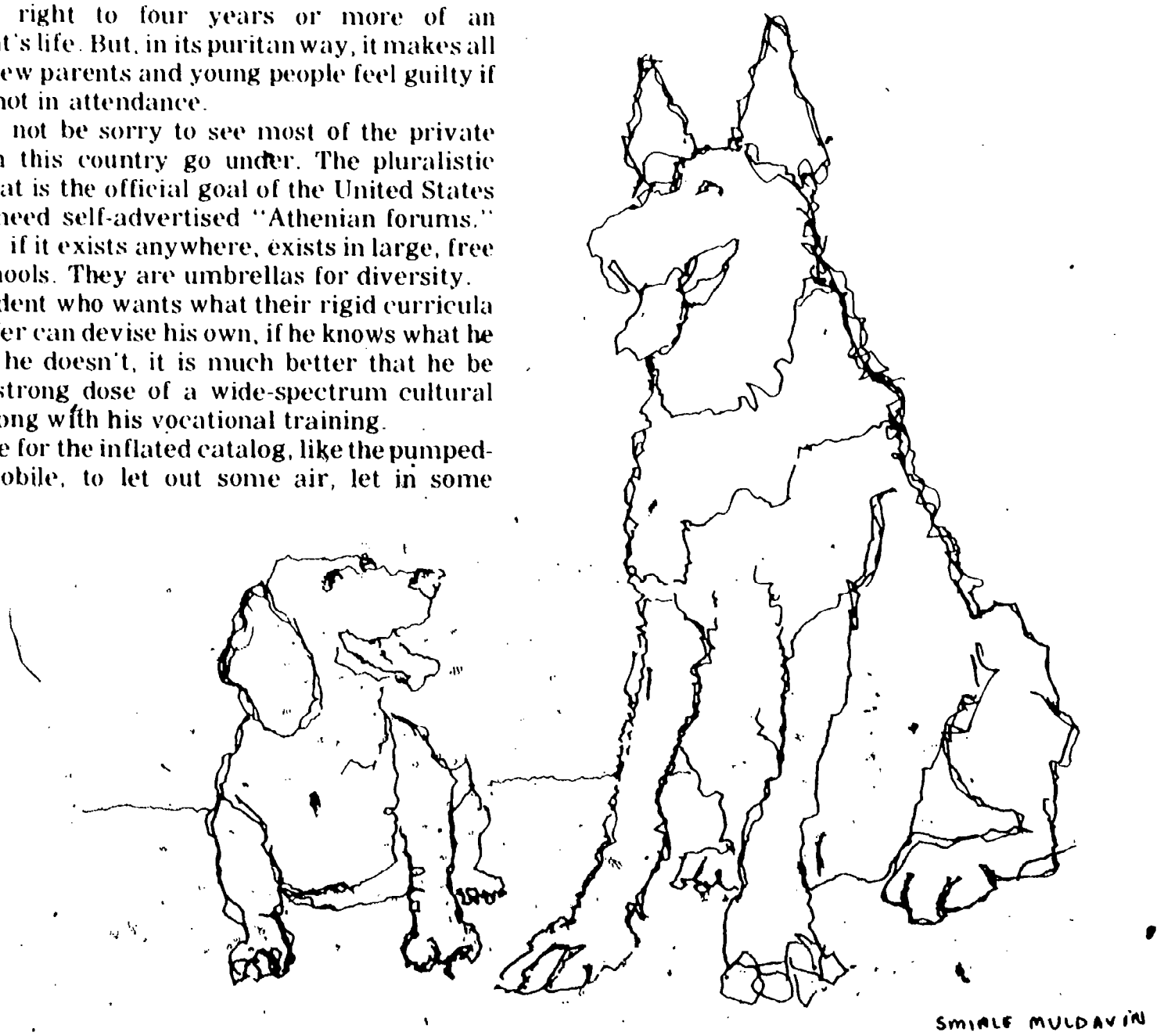
There are libraries everywhere as antidotes for irrelevancy in the classroom. No undergraduate can use up the resources of even the most modest library. The teacher who knows the value of his material is actually more receptive to the inquiring and dissatisfied student than the one who advertises multiple competencies and counseling. I prefer a right-wing disciplinarian who is fair to a liberal who vacillates between "philosophies."

Unlike what the catalogs promise, the institution of "higher education" is only one of the many ways to learn the use of tools "that mankind has found indispensable." It does not have a mandate or exclusive right to four years or more of an adolescent's life. But, in its puritan way, it makes all but very few parents and young people feel guilty if they are not in attendance.

I would not be sorry to see most of the private schools in this country go under. The pluralistic society that is the official goal of the United States does not need self-advertised "Athenian forums." Diversity, if it exists anywhere, exists in large, free public schools. They are umbrellas for diversity.

The student who wants what their rigid curricula cannot offer can devise his own, if he knows what he wants. If he doesn't, it is much better that he be ladled a strong dose of a wide-spectrum cultural history along with his vocational training.

It is time for the inflated catalog, like the pumped-up automobile, to let out some air, let in some reality.



THE SAGA OF MARION DUNN ON LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE CAMPUS

By Evelyn Giteck

Marion (Martha) Dunn weaves a tale of her fifty years at City College and I felt spellbound by her. Proudly she sits behind a desk in the cafeteria with a glass cover which holds the pictures she holds most dear. One is of herself as a young girl with her debonair husband of just a few weeks. There he stands, with a dark stetson cocked over one eye and there she is, a lovely woman, shiny-eyed, not knowing what her future holds. She met Esmund Dunn in London, she explained with a wistful sigh, and then, crinkling up her blue eyes, she continued, "I was only in my teens and he was an engineer on a transatlantic steamer. He loved me very much and when he proposed, he offered to bring my mother and "grannie" along with us to the United States. We had quite a time getting "grannie" along with us to the United States. We had quite a time getting "grannie" in. When we arrived we spent much time at Ellis Island since she was in her seventies." She giggled and said, "My nickname is the Little English Girl." Another picture under the glass plate on the desk is of a large group of people at City College. This a memorable occasion for all since it was the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration. It was held in the same cafeteria in which we sat on this day. The instructors of that time were hostesses, decorations had been done by Marion and it was completely catered by our own cafeteria crew. The reception looks as though all who were present had been at an occasion long to be remembered. Marion spoke of the elegant service, "We used real china in those days and silverware, too. It was counted daily after lunch had been served," she pointed out, by herself. "Everything was done on a grand scale." She discounted the condition of the furniture in the Student Faculty Lounge. "Everything is falling apart in there."

Marion lovingly exclaimed over the beautiful ivy-covered buildings. Each one was more beautiful than the next. She started to work in one of these buildings thirty-three years ago, though she had been on the campus from its very inception when her

She attended all the dances and football games. "Everyone went to the dances, this cafeteria was full all the time. It's not like that now. The teachers would be here at 7 a.m. before classes started. They started their day here with breakfast and friendly exchanges. At the end of a semester a big party would be held and each instructor would talk about the summer plans they anticipated." She sighed as she repeated herself, pointing to the empty rooms, cafeteria, student faculty lounge, and faculty dining room. "Well, it was different in those days. Every room was full. The students were real nice and they listened to me. When I said no smoking, they responded immediately. I meet them now when I am marketing, driving, walking down a street and they greet me affectionately. They call out, "Hi, City College." She quickly added, "They are nice now, too." She rambled on, going back to her husband. "He died two days after they tore down all the ivy-covered buildings. It broke his heart to have that happen. He contended that they were all safe and that it was not necessary to destroy them."

Dr. Snyder, the director and founder of Los Angeles City College was a good friend of ours and was often in their home. He had been the principal at Hollywood High School before starting the College.

"My husband was a brave man. He enlisted in the Navy during the Second World War and was a Lt. Commander who trained a destroyer squadron in San Pedro and was then assigned for three years in the Pacific with General Douglas MacArthur." She digressed a little, and in a reflective mood stated, "It was so alive here, so thrilling, now it is dead."

This day that I sat with her was quiet and hot. Not a student was to be seen. Yet for three and one half hours she comes in daily, Monday through Friday, faithful and dedicated. Her life is made up of what City College was, how her husband's role colored her thinking, and what it is today.

One incident she related pertained to a day when Russia and communism were a theme of much emotion and "Eddie came to the campus one morning to find the hammer and sickle flying from the top of the flag pole in the main quad off Vermont. The cord had been cut, and this meant there was no way to bring it down. It would stay up there until someone went up to pull it down. When Eddie saw it, he said, 'This will kill the old man (his respectful Navy term for the head of the college).' Up the pole he went, he never hesitated, up to the top, as it swayed back and forth. It was dangerous. It was a long way up that pole and a long, long way back down again. Eddie said there were seconds when he thought he would not make it." She went on, "But he did make it; that is the kind of courage he had." She reminisced about the day he died. "Men were sobbing at his grave. He was very diplomatic and thousands were at his graveside. His college was clean and perfect." She gazed at me with her blue eyes sad as she spoke with her British accent.

Marion reflected back and mentioned the card sharks of the post World War II era. Students until then would play cards, but no one attempted to stop them. One day an angry mother came in and demanded that the card playing be discontinued. Her son and many others had lost much money to these older men who came on the campus just to sit around and play cards with the young students. That brought an end to card playing and it is enforced by Marion in a polite, but very firm manner.

Marion met Richard Nixon who visited the

students and faculty during President Lombardi's term of office. They were in the Student Faculty Lounge and she was asked to walk Mrs. Nixon to the Faculty Dining Room. As she left for the reception, a Times photographer dropped his camera on her head. She laughed as she recalled this incident. She proudly showed me a snapshot which she carries in her wallet, in which she stands next to Nixon and other notables at the reception.

She met Eleanor Roosevelt who was one of our guest speakers at a Snyder Lecture. But then she met many important people here and remembers Hugh O'Brien who worked in the cafeteria. "He was such a nice boy," was what she remembers. She recalls Donna Reed as a lovely young lady and spoke of Esther Williams, "who did not attend this school, but used to go swimming in our pool."

The graduations were held at the Greek Theatre and were such elegant affairs. She reflects upon the picnics, the programs put on by the faculty in the auditorium, the fairs that were held. "Bing Crosby's brother played there and all the teachers came. What fun and excitement with the booths and games and rides."

She concluded her recollections on a reflective note. "The spirit was wonderful and strong. Just like home to all. Now there is a feeling of strangeness."

She is a true housemother of the college. Fifty years of living here daily has made her an integral part of the history of this school. With her English accent, her proud spirit, her giggles and sighs, her sparkling blue eyes, she evokes an image of what once was.

GRAVITY

By Helen Truesdell Heath

Gravity,
It may well be,
Is the Earth Mother's way of love
For her Earthlings.
We are not left to dazzle out in space
Like flying embers.

THE WOMAN OF TEHUANTEPEC

A Pen Sketch by Martin Mondrus

Poverty incarnate,
She leans against the wall,
Her coming child heavy within her.
The weekly market swirls around her;
From each lean arm dangles a plucked hen,
Another in a basket at her feet.
Damp hair flattens to her temples.
Light swims before her eyes.

PHOENIX

Phoenix-like,
I died with you,
Beloved.
And so I note
With some amazement
The creature that emerges from the ash.

THE MASTER PLAN AND COMMUNITY COLLEGES 1960 - 1980

By Dean E. McHenry

Twenty years ago California higher education was in ferment. Out of that ferment came the Master Plan for Higher Education.

What caused the ferment? Conditions were the basic cause. Predictions indicated that numbers of students in California higher education might triple in 15 years. Funds for capital outlay and operations were in short supply, both in the private and public sectors. Student mix was changing, with a larger proportion going into graduate and professional schools. There were reports of duplication and over competitiveness among the segments.

Who turned the crisis to constructive ends? Many people, of whom only a few can be mentioned here. In the Assembly, the late Dorothy Donahoe, and in the Senate the late George Miller and others. A new Governor, Edmund G. Brown, Sr., called on the segments to get together. The veteran Superintendent of Public Instruction, Roy E. Simpson, and the new President of the University, Clark Kerr, worked cooperatively to put higher education's house in order. Despite such impressive support, the Master Plan Survey might have resulted in just another report filed away except for the peerless leadership of the late Arthur G. Coons, then President of Occidental College. Someone called him the "catalyser," but my faint recollection of chemistry made me suspect the term was too inert for so dynamic a person. He was catalytic only in the medical sense which my dictionary says is "a remedy that counteracts morbid agencies in the blood." The survey he headed was relatively unique in that it was not conducted by outsiders but was an "inside job" by responsible representatives of the segments: independent institutions, junior colleges, state colleges, and state university.

The recommendations of the Master Plan were accepted and implemented to an unusual degree. Important new machinery was created under the Donahoe Higher Education Act: the Coordinating Council (now Post Secondary Commission), through which the segments might work together and give advice to state government and the governing boards; the Trustees, which became in 1961 the governing board for the state colleges (now State Universities and Colleges), one of the largest systems of higher education in the nation. Subsequently the Board of Governors of the Community Colleges was added.

Difficult and delicate inter-segmental problems were approached through new procedures. The Coordinating Council was made responsible for studying need and location of proposed new state colleges and University campuses. The differentiation of functions among the public segments was spelled out in the Donahoe Act, and the Council was assigned the role of arbiter. The joint doctorate, a cooperative program of the state colleges and the University of California, was authorized. Review of state college and University budgets by the Coordinating Council was to focus "on general level of support."

Much interest and enthusiasm for the Master Plan was shown in other states and nations. Many out-of-state educators viewed California's achievement rather over-credulously. In states as diverse as New Jersey and Missouri, Illinois and Massachusetts I preached the gospel of excellence and diversity from the book of the Master Plan, and the response was heartening.

The junior colleges were fully recognized as a part of higher education and with voice and vote in its Council. The state colleges at last were tooled up with their own governing board and the central administrative leadership they needed so long. The representatives of independent institutions on the Council brought informed advice on general problems. The University of California, secure in its research and doctoral functions, faced up to building new campuses and professional schools.

Although I represented the University of California on the Master Plan team, I gave much attention to the community colleges. The Donahoe Act declared that the public junior colleges were a part of public higher education, but continued them also as a part of the public school system. The areas of instruction were defined as transfer, vocational - technical and general - liberal arts courses.

The Master Plan called for new junior colleges or expansion of existing districts to include "open" territory; the uncovered areas were promptly covered, many with fine new colleges.

In the fiscal sector we recommended that State support for operations be increased from 30% to 45% by 1975. This was achieved. The impact of Proposition 13 of 1978 so curtails local tax revenues of community college districts that they have become heavily dependent on "bail out" funds from the State. As a believer in the virtues of diversity and local control, I am alarmed to see the shift toward full State support. Ultimately, who pays is likely to call the tune.

One of the greatest achievements of the community colleges has been to provide the logical gateway through which the disadvantaged can proceed to further education for meaningful careers and useful service. For altogether too long the needs of minorities - ethnic, economic, cultural - have been listed too low on the agenda of democracy. Junior colleges attract and counsel those who are promising. Four year colleges can provide scholarships and encouragement to transfers.

One of the wisest points of the Master Plan was the aspiration to "divert" an important proportion of

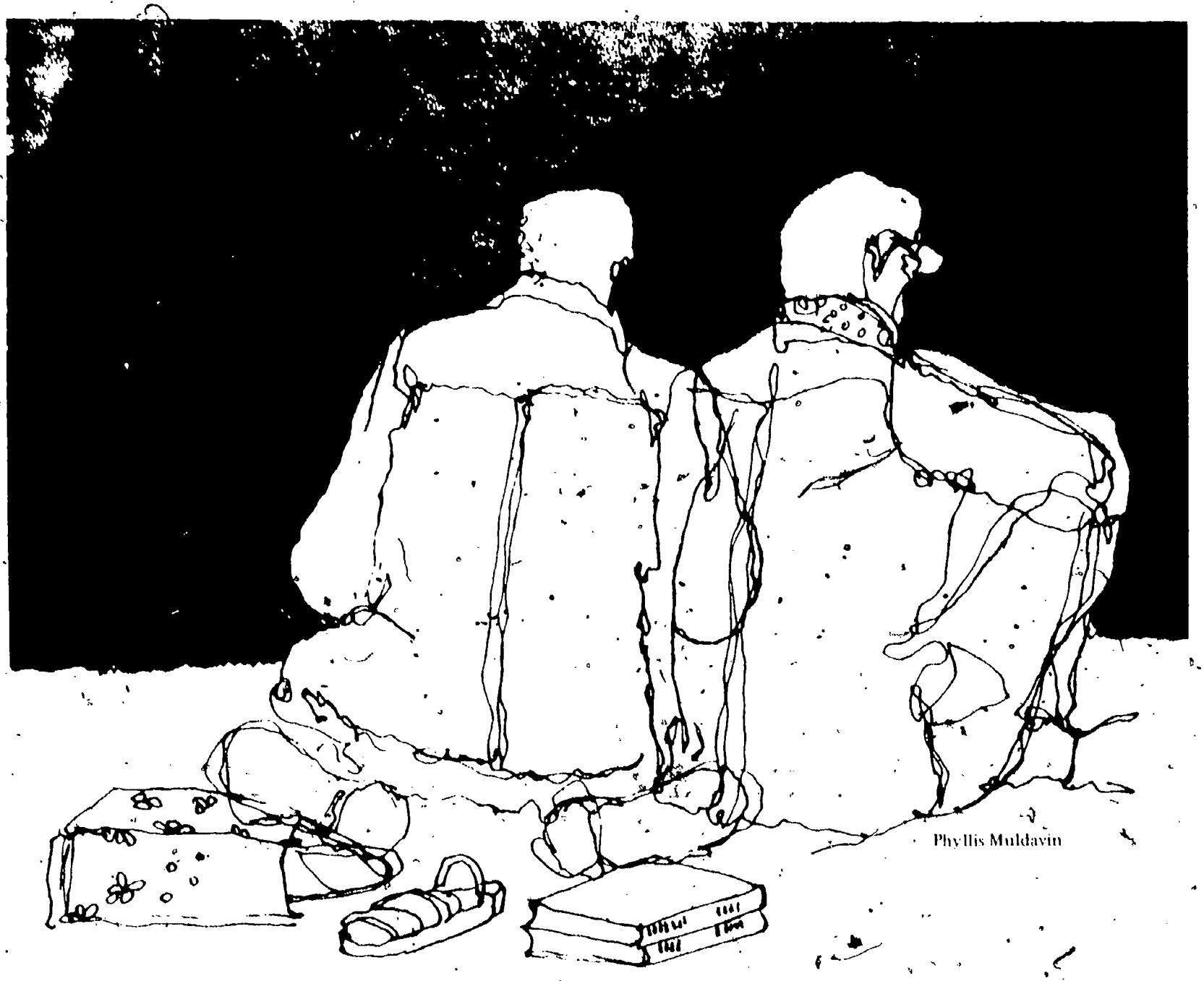
high school graduates from the public four year colleges to the community colleges. This goal was achieved well in advance of the 1975 target date.

Over the years there has been a growing recognition that the products of junior colleges achieve distinction in many fields. For example, in the University of California, the Academic Vice President and one Chancellor are graduates of a California community college.

Like the American Constitution, the Master Plan was a "bundle of compromises." It was intended to be a road map for higher education for fifteen years ahead. Although conditions have changed greatly, the major features of the Master Plan stand virtually unchanged after two decades. Legislative committees studied possible amendments, but none of importance was adopted.

Looking back over the Master Plan report, I see little that needs change. The straight line projections of student numbers must be modified to take into account lower birth rates and diminished immigration. The weakened taxing power of community colleges under Proposition 13 requires rethinking how they can retain local control while accepting more State funds. Implicit in the Plan was the assumption of continued gubernatorial and legislative support; the false economy of Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr. has brought college and university faculty salaries to dangerously uncompetitive levels.

Few instruments of its kind have lasted so long and served so well as the Master Plan for Higher Education in California.



Phyllis Muldavin

THE LIFE STORY OF A MODERN RENAISSANCE MAN

By Dudley Gordon

When I read my paper, "The Life and Works of Charles F. Lummis," before Professor Herbert E. Bolton's Seminar on Western History, in 1939, it was well received. Dr. Bolton cleared his throat with a "Har r r umph" and stated, "I hope you are not going to leave it there! That is a book that should have been written long ago."

Of course I was delighted to hear this expression of approval from the renowned Professor who had herded more than 100 Ph.Ds through the trials and tribulations of a Doctoral program. But had I known at the time that his implication would require some thirty years of fairly persistent effort, I doubt I would have accepted his challenge. However, I followed his suggestion and have been rewarded richly.

This episode occurred in the Spring of 1939 while I was engaged as a Visiting Professor at San Francisco State College. My schedule permitted me to attend an evening seminar each week across the Bay at the University of California in Berkeley. Here I became deeply engrossed in studying the life and achievements of a many-sided individual, a modern Leonardo. I found Lummis to be multi-talented as were Franklin and Jefferson (Archibald MacLeish later wrote me, "Lummis was the type of eccentric of which Britain produces many and we but few").

Lummis was a New England Yankee whose father prepared him for Harvard. His father, Dr. Henry Lummis, was a Methodist minister and Professor of Languages. He started the boy on Latin at 7, Greek at 8, Hebrew at 9, and concurrently on History, Literature, Philosophy, etc. When the young man arrived at Cambridge in 1877, he discovered that he had already read the required classics for the Freshman year. So he "majored in poker, poetry and athletics."

One night in his room, while he was singing the lyrics of a Grecian poem, he discovered where Poe obtained his inspiration for his most famous poem "The Raven." His discovery was applauded by two of his professors but, for some reason, he did not exploit the revelation. Perhaps he was too preoccupied with another project—the writing, printing and publishing of a miniature book of poems which he printed on filmy birch bark. And the selling of more than 12,000 copies.

Lummis' "Birch-Bark Poems" brought letters of commendation from Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman and others. Longfellow wrote . . . "It is very quaint, and pretty in design, and I have read with much pleasure the poems it contains." Theodore Roosevelt bought a copy and sent it to his young sister with a note saying, "I came across a funny little book of poetry today, and I send it to my funny, little Kitty-Koo, with Love, Teddy."

In his Senior year, Lummis met and married Dorothea Roads of Chillicothe, Ohio. Upon leaving Cambridge the couple went to her home town where Lummis became the editor of the Scioto Gazette. After three years terminated by a bout with malaria, he wrote Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the fledgeling **Los Angeles Times**, proposing that he would walk across the continent meanwhile forwarding a weekly letter of several columns for the **Times**. If a job awaited him upon his arrival in Los Angeles. The gimmick was successful, and in the Fall of 1884 he set out on his tramp across the country.

When Lummis visited the Grand Canyon via a two-day and one night stage coach ride, he learned that more Britons than Americans had visited this "Wonder of the World." This experience inspired him to create the slogan "See America First."

After hiking across eight states and territories in 143 days at an average of 30 miles per day for a total of 3007 miles, Lummis arrived in Los Angeles on February 1st, 1885. The following morning he climbed the stairs of the **Times** and soon became the first City Editor and part owner. Here he conducted his crusades to reduce the cultural chasm between Cambridge and pioneer cowtown Los Angeles.

Ultimately, Lummis' intellectual contributions to his adopted city surpassed those of any contemporary oil millionaire. He saved from obliteration Olvera Street, the missions at San Fernando, San Juan Capistrano and elsewhere. He founded the Southwest Museum of Art, Science and History. He built with his own hands the Lummis Home (a State Historical Cultural Monument #531). He made the L.A. Public Library #1 in the country in circulation. He left a heritage of 300 recordings of Spanish California folksongs and a file of 14 years of his regional magazine **Land of Sunshine/Out West**, and an armful of books on the Southwest and Latin America.

My interest in Lummis was first ignited by the reading of his lively **Strange Corners of Our Country, The Land of Poco Tiempo** and **Mesa, Canyon and Pueblo**. I was astonished to discover that none of my colleagues in the English Department at Los Angeles City College had read any of his works. One member had heard his name, but believed only that he was a Chamber of Commerce P.R. man. Actually, for a quarter century the Lummis home was the equivalent of a salon where men and women could launch new ideas in the presence of friendly listeners.

When I registered in Dr. Bolton's Seminar I became determined that I would rescue from oblivion a veritable renaissance man who not only recorded history, he also made it in spite of almost insurmountable handicaps, such as: a cultural environment slightly better than that in Dodge City

d. A had a population of 12,000 when he arrived and it took 15 years before it reached 100,000. He was beyond the perimeter of "Civilization." He was removed from the vitality of publishing centers and Madison Avenue. He lacked academic prestige, regarded as an outsider "a flower among the desert cacti."

In 1940 when New Mexico was celebrating the 400th anniversary of the coming of Coronado, I began working on a biography of Lummis in earnest. Armed with a list of oldtimers who had known Lummis in Arizona and New Mexico which I had obtained from Lummis' daughter, "Turbese", I outfitted a Dodge three fourth ton panel truck with books to sell to pay my expenses. I drove my "Roving Bookshop" from Los Angeles to Taos, New Mexico and return. I sold books for cash, and traded them for gasoline, hamburgers, pottery and other books.

I interviewed traders, authors, ranchers, painters, priests, scientists and Indian chiefs. I visited many of the sites and Indian pueblos where Lummis had visited and lived. At Acoma and Laguna I traded textiles and other goods I carried along. One potter stated, "When you come next year, bring men's shirts and trousers."

Lack of space prohibits my mentioning in detail specimens of grist that I gathered from more than 30 interviews beyond the following. Dr. Harold S. Colton remarked, "Mrs. Colton and I would read Lummis' latest book in the winter, and with the coming of spring we would visit the places he described so vividly. We did this for several years and we decided that rather than spend another winter in Philadelphia, we would move to Flagstaff." There they founded the Museum of Northern Arizona where they aided in the revival of Hopi crafts. Ernest Thompson Seton mentioned, "Lummis was among a party of us who visited President Teddy Roosevelt on a matter concerning mistreated Indians. Mary Austin and Hamlin Garland made up the group." Pablo Abeita, Governor of the Isleta Pueblo, responded to my question about the rumor that Lummis had married an Isleta girl and fathered a child with her by stating, "Don Carlos married Eve Douglas, the white schoolteacher. Lummis was one of the most honorable men I have known." He directed me to an elderly woman who lived nearby. She confirmed Abeita's opinion. At Prescott, Arizona, I visited the Sharlot M. Hall Museum. Miss Hall had been an editor of Lummis' regional magazine, **The Land of Sunshine/Out West**. When she returned to Prescott she followed Lummis' example. He had founded the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles. Thus Lummis was instrumental in introducing three museums in the Southwest.

While at Harvard Lummis came under the infectious influence of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, one of the "Harvard Immortals." He was a founder of the **Atlantic Monthly** and the **Nation** magazine. He founded the American Institute of Archaeology and the American Folklore Society. He was a practicing humanist, an eminent Dante scholar, and he introduced the first course in an American college on the History of the Fine Arts. For years he was editor of the **North American Review**.

That Norton's often reiterated dictum "Progress toward the future is based upon knowledge of the past" was deeply ingrained in Lummis is proclaimed in the slogan of the Southwest Museum, "Tomorrow is the flower of our yesterdays."

JOHN LOMBARDI AND THE IDYLLIC AGE

by A W Hood

We now entered a period when we had administrators that we knew and respected. I had known John for many years and he probably knew me even better than I knew him. We and our wives belonged to the same literary group. We were both active fathers in Scout Troop 121 and I knew his brilliant son very well.

John's character was tempered by having to work his way through New York City College. Unlike many men who have to struggle through school, he acquired a well rounded liberal education.

From the first his ambition was to succeed as an administrator. He made few compromises and progressed by sheer patience and ability. Like Wendell Black he was a liberal, but this he neither flaunted nor concealed. He served as president of the Faculty Association when it was not exactly a step toward becoming President of the College.

His lovely wife was the daughter of a prominent member of the downtown administration, a connection which might have helped him, but he stayed with us.

When I returned to the campus in the Fall of 1947, my first visit was to his office. Since I had last seen him I had lost my son and he had lost his wife very suddenly. We shook hands silently. When we began to talk, John was in complete control. He said he would marry again - he did not like a single life.

I found myself in a more familiar role when the administration abruptly abolished the National Students Association (NSA) without consulting the faculty. I was Chairman of a committee appointed by the Faculty Association to investigate. I wrote the report, which was described as brilliant by many of my colleagues, but not by John. I include it here, as example of a liberal's attitude to student government. My advice was not taken and ironically it turned out that the NSA was the creature not of the Soviets, but of the C.I.A.

Charlie Trigg was a good Dean of Instruction. He had been a fine teacher and also done an excellent job in organizing and administering and teaching an Air Corps Cadet program.

Susan Van Valkenburg, who had her character tempered by service in the Marine Corps, was a breath of fresh air as Dean of Student personnel. The Athletic Coaches had the shocking experience of finding a strong-minded woman as boss. The eligibility requirements for athletes had degenerated to the point that any athlete enrolled for 12 units could compete for at least a semester regardless of academic performance. Dean Van Valkenburg required that they maintain a C average at all times. The other community colleges refused along with this very reasonable idea, but Susan stuck to her guns. We could recruit no more tramp athletes and we have had few winning seasons since.

We have had some good student athletes. One of our best basketball player named Chapman taught calculus as a graduate student at Cal Tech. I taught his class the following quarter and can testify that he was a fine teacher.

I had long been concerned with the deplorable drop out rate. Some of our faculty felt that we were performing a useful function as a sieve, allowing the fine material to go on to college and rejecting coarse. However, others felt that any student passing through our college even for a short period should emerge the better for the experience. My philosophy is expressed by the following paper submitted to an earlier administration.

In 1961 just before I retired, I presented a plan to John Lombardi for dealing with the lowest 25 percent of entering students as measured by the S.C.A.T. test. My idea was based on a method long used and abused by universities - the large lecture section with small quiz or lab sections.

Our team was to consist of our most charismatic lecturer combined with a psychologist, who would diagnose weakness and instruct in study methods.

There were to be small discussion groups and use of the reading labs. Emphasis was to be placed on speaking and listening as well as reading.

Whether because of my persuasiveness or because the time was ripe, the plan was applied to an experimental group of one hundred students.

The team selected was perfect. Mattie Haig was a magnificently earthy character, who held the group in the hollow of her hand. Max Sheanin was a very intelligent psychologist. They were supposed to save enough A.D.A. on the large lecture section to afford small discussion groups, which were rather skimped, although in later years they used graduates from the class as tutors and leaders. The spirit was fine. No great number ended up in college, but they were all better for the experience.

The greatest compliment was paid by a young lady who, by a clerical error, was classified in the bottom 25 percent instead of the top 25 percent. By the time the blunder was discovered it was too late to enroll in a regular class. She completed the semester and declared that it was a great educational experience.

The students were certainly unprepared for conventional college instruction. Max explained a simple introductory chapter of an elementary psychology textbook. He assigned it for overnight study and next day asked them with open book to answer the questions at the end of the chapter. Nearly all of them flunked the test.

The project has survived the turmoils of the 70's, but is still in the experimental stage.

I sometimes disagreed with John. He was a superb practitioner of the art of the possible, while I sometimes advocated the impossible. It also seemed to me that he could have been more aggressive in

recruiting the very best talent available for the lower rungs of his administrative ladder.

John maintained an atmosphere in which it was good to teach and good to learn. He was loved and respected by all of us. His retirement party was memorable.

Alan Garber

DEAR ROSALIE

by Nancy E. Quinn

Rosalie was born, grew up, became a bartender, got off work, and fumbled for her housekey in front of the door.

"You can call me Inky," she'd said to her shrink, Dr. Fryberger. She was eleven, and it was her first visit to her first shrink.

"Oh?" Dr. Fryberger said eagerly. "Is that your nickname at school?" He smiled, and blinked at her in a sweet, boozey way, and Rosalie thought to have her mother schedule morning appointments after this.

"No," she said, "but I am incorrigible, don't you think?" He began scribbling madly in his notebook.

So Rosalie was born, came through the jungle, became a bartender, got off work, and found her housekey. She was incorrigible.

It was two thirty in the morning, and when she opened the door the radio was playing loudly. She went to the refrigerator and got herself a bottle of beer. "I'm home," she called to the bedroom door. "And now for the news," the radio said. "Opthalmologists at Johns Hopkins confirmed today that beauty is in the eye of the beholder . . ." Rosalie turned the radio off.

"Beauty," Francis had said, "is in the eye of the beholder."

"I'll drink to that," Joe said. Rosalie was washing glasses.

"Don't you think I'm swell," she said, "as Assistant Vice-President in charge of all this grandeur?" She polished a glass and held it up to the light to look through it.

"The best, my dear," Francis said.

"No doubt about it," Joe agreed.

"Vice?" Michael said from the far end of the bar. He lifted his woolly head up from the counter as he spoke, and blinked at the three of them, so far away, and laid his head gently back down on his sleeves.

"This place is dead," Rosalie sighed. She wiped her hands on a striped dishtowel and poured herself a draft beer. "I'm closing up in ten minutes," she announced.

Francis was outraged. "You cannot."

"Do such a thing?" Rosalie asked. She laughed.

"It's only twelve-fifteen," Francis muttered.

"It's twelve-thirty, and don't get mad," Rosalie said. "Wouldja hit a girl with glasses?" she asked, smiling at Joe. She picked up two shapely beer glasses and cupped her breasts with them. She fluttered her eyelashes and Joe chuckled.

"That's a beaut," he said.

Rosalie's second shrink, Dr. Freleng, wanted to talk about her breasts, which were well-developed for her twelve years.

"Tell me," he urged, "how do you really feel about having, ah, well-developed breasts for your years?"

eached for his coffee and his hand shook it until a little brown lake appeared in the saucer. Rosalie wondered what would happen if she ever had evening appointments.

"Actually," she said, "I think of them as pets, you know, like other kids have dogs or cats or guppies or something?"

"Oh?" Dr. Freleng said brightly. Rosalie thought she saw his nostrils flare slightly.

"Yes," she continued, "and I've even named them. This one's Pride," she pointed, "and this one's Joy." She smiled at him.

Dr. Freleng frowned. "Incorrigible," he scribbled on his notepad, "a smartaleck."

So Rosalie came through the jungle, found her housekey, and got herself a bottle of beer from the fridge.

"I'm home," she said again to the bedroom door. "I'm home, I'm home, I'm home," she sang. She turned on the TV and the light flickered across the screen, then snowy figures came into view. The sound came on a moment later.

". . . never felt this way before," a man's voice said passionately. The two snowy figures came together in an embrace.

"I haven't either," a woman's voice said. The snowy figures grappled for a moment and then their snowy lips met. "Oh, Paul, Paul," the woman said. The figures seemed to be reclining rapidly. The horizontal hold wavered for a moment and then settled. "No," the woman said into the man's shoulder, "please, don't . . ."

"Don't," Rosalie said to Jasper. He was crouched and ready to spring into her lap. She fended him off with a forearm block and he landed on the carpet, shaking his orange head. "We mustn't," Rosalie said drily.

"We mustn't feel compelled to answer genuine concern with, ah, smart-alecky responses," Dr. Moore said. Rosalie was fifteen and she was intrigued to see that Shrink Number Three was clear-eyed behind his glasses. It was nearly two o'clock.

"I'm in the jungle," she said. She closed her eyes and rested her head on the back of the chair.

"What's that?" Dr. Moore said.

Rosalie opened her eyes. "I'm in the jungle," she repeated slowly. "I've been here for many years now, most of my little life, in fact. And no," she continued before he could speak, "there are not lions and tigers and gorillas here, although there may as well be, and if you're thinking of asking questions like that, I'll tell my mother that you made a pass at me, and we'll cut this one off right now." She paused and smiled straight into his glasses.

"Go on," Dr. Moore said quietly.

Rosalie stood up and walked over to a credenza where a pitcher sat next to some glasses. She poured herself a glass of water and sipped it before speaking.

"Well," she said. She swallowed and frowned, and

scratched the back of her neck. She looked sideways at him a moment. "Let's see," she said. "I'm in the jungle. I've been here for many years." She nodded and chewed her lower lip thoughtfully.

"I'm smart," she continued. She walked over to the windows and looked down into the street as she spoke. "I've been to two other child psychologists," she said as she turned and rolled her eyes at Dr. Moore. She turned back to the windows saying, "and they both agreed that I'm smart." She paused again and sipped her water.

"I'm in the jungle," she murmured. "I've been here for many years."

"What's that?" Dr. Moore asked from his chair.

She turned and looked at him irritably. "That's a real annoying habit you have, Doctor. Can't you just say 'huh' like everybody else?" Rosalie asked.

"Please go on," Dr. Moore said coolly.

Rosalie glared at him for a moment and then sat down at his desk. "I've run away from home seven times," she said. "I was hoping there was something to run away to, but there wasn't. Ever. It's all jungle, and it's all silliness I am surrounded by it. There's Mother, who's been through every therapy known to science, including yours." Rosalie smiled again into his glasses. They winked at her in the light from the windows. "And my father and his ridiculous wife who thinks she was born simply to beautify the world. And my stupid classmates, and their stupid parents . . ."

"Do you have any friends at school?" Dr. Moore interrupted.

Rosalie looked at him sharply. "I'm warning you about these questions," she said. She leaned back in her chair and folded her arms across her breasts. "No," she said, "not really." She thought. "They don't understand why I'm always finishing their sentences for them."

"Why do you?"

"Do that?" Rosalie asked. She grinned at him and fluttered her eyelashes.

"All right," Dr. Moore said after a moment. "Do you have any friends at all?"

Rosalie picked up a pencil from a leather-covered can on the desk and began to tap her cheek with the eraser end. She tilted her chin up to look at Dr. Moore through partly closed eyes. "No," she answered.

"Did you ever have a friend?" he asked.

"He lied to me," Rosalie said.

"Well!" Dr. Moore said. He went to get some water from the credenza and seated himself again before speaking. "Would you like . . ."

"To tell you about it?" Rosalie said. Dr. Moore smiled.

"He lied to me, that's all," Rosalie said. She swiveled the desk chair around to look out the window again. "It really was no big deal, not even a big lie, but he did it, and I ran away again and came back again." She paused. "He made me laugh, and he thought I was pretty, and he knew I was smart."

She turned her chair back to face the doctor. "May we get back to the jungle, please, Doctor?" she said crossly.

Dr. Moore put his pad down and folded his hands in his lap. "Of course," he said.

Rosalie sat forward in her chair and then suddenly raised her arms straight over her head. She closed her eyes and punctuated her words with outstretched fingers. "I'm in it," she said softly. "It surrounds me. There's something fine beyond it." She opened her eyes and looked again into Dr. Moore's spectacles. "I feel as if I'm captured," she said.

"Joseph," Francis said at the bar. "What say we go to the zoo tomorrow?" Francis held his glass of beer up to the light and looked fondly at it. "Eh?" he said to Joe, "what do you say?"

"What did you say?" Rosalie's mother asked.

"I said Dr. Moore made a pass at me," Rosalie answered.

"Oh," her mother said, laughing. "I thought you said he made an ass of you."

Rosalie laughed.

"Joseph," Francis repeated. "I'm talking to you. Do you or don't you want to go to the zoo with me tomorrow?"

"Gotta see my kids tomorrow," Joe said.

"Oh," said Francis. Rosalie picked up his beer and wiped the counter underneath it. Francis brightened.

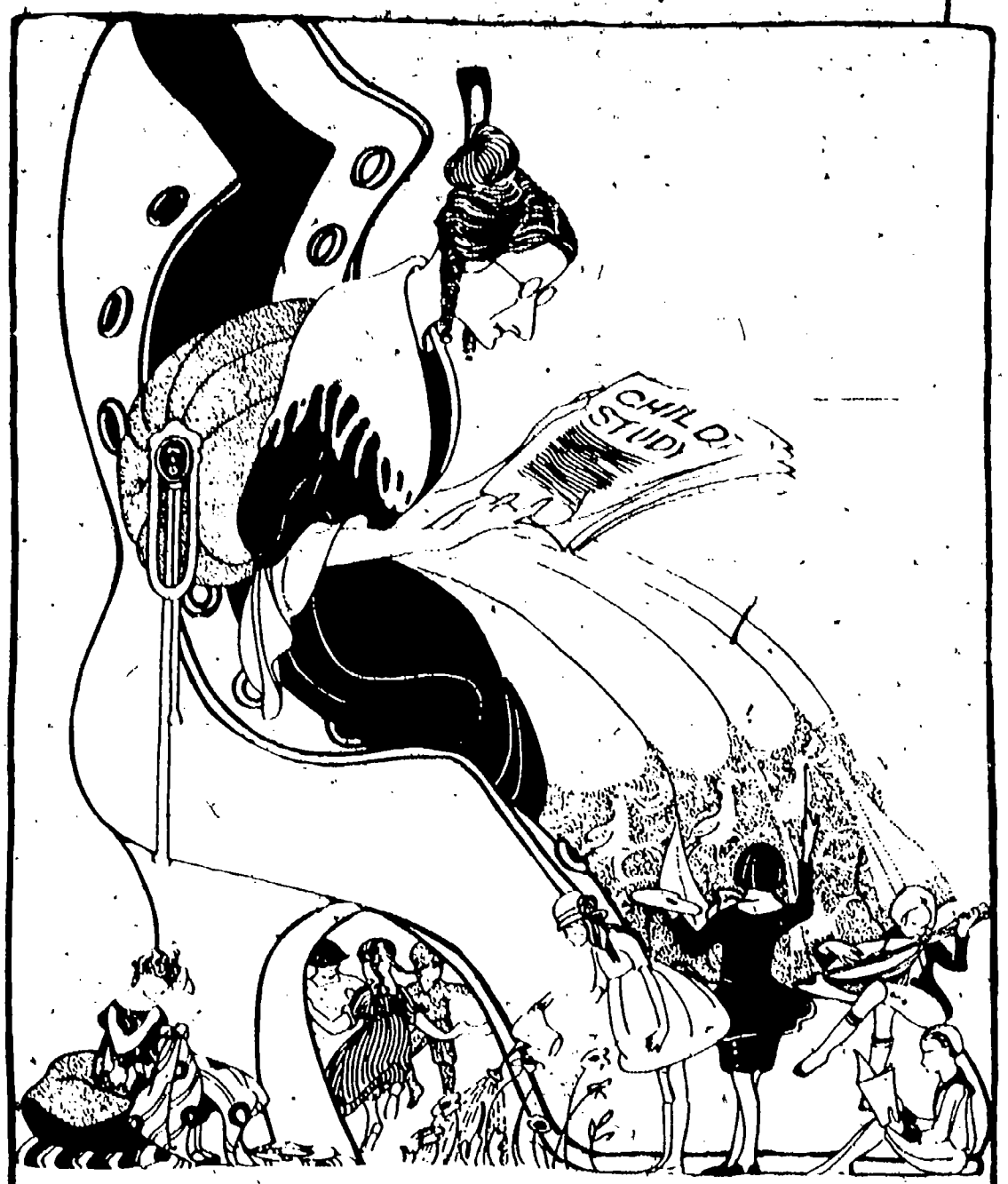
"Rosalie, my dear, what about you?" he asked. "Care to go to the zoo with Yours Truly tomorrow?"

"What about you," the lady on TV said. "Paul, oh Paul. You do love me, don't you?"

"A swell idea," Rosalie said to Francis, "but I've got other, vastly more important things to do with my days off."

Francis crumpled. "Hey," Rosalie said, and she tapped his wrinkled hand. "Hey, I'm busy," she said, and stared at the top of his head until he looked up and smiled at her.

So Rosalie closed the bar, found her housekey, drank a beer and watched TV. "I'm going to bed," she said, standing in front of the set. "Everyone else is," she murmured, looking at the snowy figures and then clicking them off. "I'm coming to bed, wild animals, and nothing will stop me," she called as she opened the bedroom door.



DEPARTMENTS

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL OF LEPRECHAUN CIVILIZATION

Excerpts from an Address Given before The American Society for the Preservation of Leprechaun Antiquities, Annual Meeting, Sinn Fein Hall, Boston, March 17, 1979.

by Patrick F. O'Mara

It is an honor and a privilege to have been invited by the governing board of your learned society to address you today. The ASPLA is justly renowned for its high scientific attainments and its rigidly objective pursuit of truth. I could wish for no more appropriate body to receive the results of some 25 years of research on a subject of major cultural significance, a subject whose lessons are particularly instructive for many great nations, including our own, that face the prospect of a civilization in deep crisis. Time permits the presentation to you today of only the highlights extracted from my somewhat longer work on the subject.[1]

The origins of the Leprechaun people are lost in obscurity. Most paleolithic and neolithic sites have been so trampled by the heavy shoes of tourists that there are no surviving archaeological remains. It is known that ancient Leprechaun artifacts were extremely small and delicate (Leprechauns are very small people). Although we cannot doubt the wide diffusion of many thousands of beautiful craft objects of this early period -- small fiddles, drinking mugs, and tiny clay pipes -- yet no tangible physical evidence has survived upon which to base our historical judgment.

It is clear, nonetheless, that some of the cultural traits developed during the long period of the Stone Age have survived down to the present. Leprechauns, for instance, are still cave dwellers. An underground people, their typical community consists of an elaborate network of intricate underground passages, corridors, chambers, and storerooms, all beautifully decorated in fine gold filigree and laid out along the edges of peat bogs or along the slopes of green hills. The entrances are so small and unostentatious that they are often mistaken for mole hills or mole burrows by the uninformed.

The first authenticated appearance of the Leprechaun people is traceable to a great folk migration (Voelkerwanderung) of the wee people in close association with the great Celtic influx into Ireland and Scotland. There have always existed close ties between Celt and Leprechaun. The two languages are kindred, and there is an evident psychological affinity between the two races.

Now, the Celts were fierce warriors. They painted their bodies blue to terrorize the enemy. Their women and children joined them on the battlefield, tearing their hair and setting up a great din, while the Druid priests hurled imprecations. And the Celts had the clever trick of mounting scythes upon their chariot wheels, literally mowing the enemy down as they advanced into battle. Wherever they conquered, the Celts left great tracts of waste land. These were quickly occupied by the accompanying Leprechauns, who were too clever -- or too cowardly -- to do any of the hard fighting themselves.

These finally settled down in large numbers in Ireland and Scotland, a few in Wales. Leprechauns have generally been identified almost exclusively with Ireland, and it has not been sufficiently realized that they were equally at home in Scotland. This province was an integral part of the Leprechaun Empire until the tragic events of 1559, to which I shall return later.

Leprechauns have always been a rural folk. They shun the cities, prefer the open meadows with their rippling brooks, the leafy dells with thick stands of lush ferns. And so their economy has always been based primarily upon agriculture, the principal crop: wheat. This is raised not so much for food, the little people subsisting principally upon mushrooms and ambrosia, but rather as the raw stuff for the manufacture of a product of far greater worth: whiskey.

The peat bogs and marshes of Ireland are covered with a low-lying growth referred to variously as "bog grass" or "marsh weed" by the locals. Standing no more than two inches in height, it forms a rich green mantle in the Spring and turns to a golden yellow in the Autumn. Some years ago I secured some specimens of this growth and submitted them for examination to the laboratory of Professor O'Callahan, a member of your own distinguished society and a scientist renowned for his objective judgment. He confirmed what I myself had long suspected, that this "grass" was a rare type of dwarf wheat. It is sowed thickly in the bogs every Spring and harvested in the late Fall and carried down to underground storerooms. Here a horde of wee craftsmen separate the wheat from the chaff, crush the residue into a mash, and distill it into a whiskey of superb quality.

This whiskey production is the mainstay of the Leprechaun economy; its consumption is the center of all their social activity. It is produced in huge quantities, under the very sound economic theory that the surplus not consumed at home will be

[1] A Brief Introduction to the Rise and Fall of Leprechaun Civilization, 10 vols. (Leprechaun Press, Tipperary) [in press].

exported abroad in exchange for other necessities. Unfortunately, although the production of whiskey is enormous, its consumption is even greater. There has actually been no foreign trade at all for more than two centuries now.

The economy has other elements, providing balance. There is, for example, a major emphasis upon the production of gold. Leprechaun gold is world famous and has always been a major factor in international financial markets. But it is not true, as is widely believed, that Leprechauns engage in mining, as do gnomes and elves. They are far too clever for such arduous labor, and, to tell the truth, they are seldom sober enough for such a task. What is true, however, is that, purely for recreation, they spend long hours gathering up the gold that they find in little pots scattered throughout the Irish countryside and invariably lying at the end of rainbows. As the country is extremely rainy, the little people have amassed the largest gold hoard in modern history, giving them the highest **per capita** wealth of any nation in the world.

This great wealth has relieved them from all necessity to work—except for the essential production of whiskey—and left them free for their well-known cultural pursuits: merrymaking and revelry, dancing and fiddling, and the execution of all sorts of devilish tricks upon their larger neighbors. All these elements have combined to produce the many admirable and altogether lovable traits that form the national psychology. For Leprechauns are universally lazy and slovenly, shiftless, thoroughly untrustworthy, happily inebriate, and given to all sorts of impish mischief.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps the most stirring chapter in early Leprechaun history was the successful defence of Ireland against the attempted Roman invasion. Romans, of course, were everywhere else in Europe, but historians have never satisfactorily explained why they did not add the emerald isle to their dominions. It is often lamely suggested that they never tried and that Romans had no real interest in Ireland because of its miserable weather. On the contrary, we now know with certainty that shortly after the Emperor Claudius conquered England in A.D. 54 he launched a massive invasion attempt against the farther island. A huge force of legionnaires was assembled and successfully disembarked upon the Irish coast. But what was expected to be an easy occupation turned into a disastrous rout. The invasion encountered everywhere a furious resistance on the part of the little pople. The finest legions were crushed and entire armies were decimated. Driven back to the sea, Rome abandoned the enterprise in shame and despair and never again attempted to extend her empire in that direction. **[Loud cheers from the second balcony.]**

This crushing defeat of Rome's finest army has sometimes been doubted by historians on the ground that the evidence for it is largely negative in character. This is a most superficial view, as a brief consideration of the fundamentals of historical methodology will demonstrate.

Negative evidence is as important as positive evidence in reconstructing the past. Much of our knowledge of the history of the great trade routes, for example, and of the economic relations among the nations depends upon the recovery of datable coin hoards over a sequence of years. If, then, we find an extended gap in the sequence, say between the years 1025 and 1075, this total absence of data, this negative evidence, can be used to infer certain valid conclusions regarding wars, folk migrations, and droughts that might account for the absence of evidence. Now, the proper appreciation and skillful use of negative materials is essential for the reconstruction of Leprechaun history. Indeed, most of the data that historians must rely on in this field is essentially negative in character. That is to say that there is actually no positive evidence at all for anything we know about Leprechaun history. The task of sifting and evaluating the great mass of negative evidence is enormous. The onerous nature of the labor involved explains the general neglect of Leprechaun studies by all but the most dedicated researchers.

Returning to the matter of the Roman invasion of Ireland, here again, the evidence is largely negative in character. Indeed, there is not a single reference to the Leprechaun War in the entire body of Latin literature: not in the works of Rome's historians nor in the memoirs of her statesmen. From this total silence we can sense not only the enormity of the defeat inflicted upon Roman armies, but we may legitimately infer that it occurred under particularly humiliating circumstances. Romans simply could not bring themselves to write about what must have been the most galling disaster of their national history!

From the great mass of negative data, historians who have studied the matter have been able to diagnose the root causes of the conflict and to explain satisfactorily why a peaceful little people generally characterized as lazy and without serious national purpose could have been goaded to such a frenetic patriotic resistance to Roman might. It was clearly a matter of economic determinism, resting upon the vital question of land utilization. Romans were wine drinkers; the wee folk were enthusiastic whiskey drinkers. Two rival and incompatible economic systems met head on. A Roman victory would have been followed by the uprooting of the dwarf wheat fields and the planting of vineyards, entailing the ruination of the land. Only the noble political principle of defending the nation's whiskey production could have turned an otherwise idle and politically indifferent people into fanatical idealists battling for a sacred cause. **[Scattered applause; some cries of "Hear! Hear!"]**

This same high dedication of spirit, or rather to spirits, aroused Leprechauns in the early 400's to repel the attempted invasion by Anglo Saxons. The easy Anglo Saxon conquest of England was not duplicated in Ireland. This incursion by barbarian Germanic beer-drinkers who would have turned the countryside over to the growing of hops was met by another sublime effort, to preserve the whiskey culture upon which Leprechaun civilization depended.

After securing the land permanently against invasion, the wee tribe settled down to provide stable government for Ireland. It is true that the larger Irish who lived alongside them produced a line of kings who nominally presided over four kingdoms. But these were largely never-do wells—do nothing kings without the inclination or the talent to govern. Management of the entire land fell into the hands of a line of powerful Leprechaun kings governing an empire from their underground palace beneath Tara Hill. Over the entire land, it was a time of peace and plenty, of merriment and fun, of singing and dancing, of hearty drinking and of little work.

A word or two about Leprechaun government. The little people are themselves extremely democratic, they have no respect for persons at all, and they scoff at the medals, ribbons, and robes of rank. Yet by preference their institutions have always been monarchical and the power of the kings is absolute. The throne has been vested throughout their history in a single royal family, descended from an early king Brian. For unknown reasons, all their rulers have borne the name Brian. The present monarch is numbered as the 123rd of the line. The most famous of all Leprechaun kings, as every school-child knows, was Brian LXXVIII.

Their government has a dual form. I mean that, where in America we have a three-fold division of power, government being separated into distinct Legislative, Executive and Judicial branches each with independent functions, Leprechauns have only two divisions. One branch of government has the sole responsibility of ensuring a high quantity of whiskey production. The other branch is charged with maintaining its high **quality**. These two arms of government, unlike our own quarreling rival branches, co-operate in perfect harmony to make Leprechaun whiskey—and Irish whiskey generally—the finest in the world. The most potent, in any case. **[Loud cheers from the Second Balcony.]**

The government has no other function. There are no taxes, no welfare and subsidies for either rich or poor, no defence establishment, and no schools. There is, needless to say, universal illiteracy. But there is also universal merrymaking and universal happiness. Leprechaun government approaches more closely than any government in history the philosophical ideal that "That government is best which governs least." **[General applause; many cries of "Hear! Hear!"]**

Upon the triple foundations of well-ordered government, an endless supply of gold, and a solid economy based upon the growing and processing of dwarf wheat, there arose the great Medieval and Renaissance periods of Leprechaun civilization. This noble civilization spread not only throughout Ireland and Scotland but gained the continent itself, becoming the mother and the teacher of what we are pleased to call Western Civilization. In France, Spain, Germany and Scandinavia, the Leprechaun legacy blended with that of Graeco Roman antiquity to form the core of Western culture. The essential difference between the rival German and French cultures still today is the relative proportions of the two influences in the mix that prevailed in each society. It is time to examine in detail some of the monuments of Leprechaun civilization.

* * * * * * * * *

Most of our studies of Leprechaun literature and the fine arts must be based not upon the original texts but upon second-hand translations or copies made by those English authors and painters who imitated or borrowed from the Leprechaun classics. The original literary manuscripts, drawn by tiny hands on small folio sheets of parchment and all of them superb examples of the calligrapher's art, have not survived. The same is true of the incredibly beautiful illuminated miniatures of the late Medieval Period—the chief glory of Leprechaun painting—which can be judged only by later enlarged copies made by Irish and English monks. All of these precious original manuscripts fell victims to the Great Fire of London in 1681. The great bulk of Leprechaun literature and art had been generously sent to London for the great international loan exhibition of 1682. Alas, in one short week the raging fires destroyed a great city and the accumulation of a thousand years of Leprechaun culture.

Critics are faced, then, with a major disability in their appreciation and analysis of Leprechaun literature. Its beauties must be perceived through the often uninspired translations of hacks or hidden within the mediocre plagiarisms of English authors who themselves lacked the creative ability to do original work. Chief among these indirect sources of our knowledge is Shakespeare, who built a reputation upon his unacknowledged purloining of the works of foreign authors. He owes his reputation as a lyric poet to his unconscionable pilfering from the works of Leprechaun bards. The translations of Shakespeare who had only "a smattering of Latin and even less Leprechaunian," would be quickly seen to be crude—at times even clumsy—if they could be compared with the originals.

Such a direct translation by Shakespeare is Mercutio's Queen Mab speech from **Romeo and Juliet**. This is reasonably accurate if somewhat heavy-handed translation of the chariot scene from the early Leprechaun **Epic of Queen Maeve:**

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they sleep;

. . . . . .

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the (carpenter) squirrel.

Almost all of the materials of **A Midsummer Night's Dream** are taken from Leprechaun sources. Nothing at all is original with Shakespeare here. Puck is the pre-historic Til Puck, ancient king of the Leprechauns, whose merry pranks and witty sayings were incorporated within the body of Leprechaun folk tales. His most famous line, "Oh, what fools these mortals be," is still shouted from tiny lips as they deceive gullible mankind with their incessant mischief. There exists a popular German translation of the tale.

Oberon and Titania are well-known divinities in Leprechaun mythology, the king and queen of the gods in the petit pantheon. Even the story of Bottom and his transformation into a donkey is borrowed directly from the Leprechaun Creation Story. Oberon, the creator, having used up all the worthy materials in fashioning the Leprechauns and still faced with the task of molding Man, had to employ left-over materials he had used to make donkeys. The story embodies the traditional scorn of the little people for the limited intelligence of mortals and the ease with which they have always managed to make asses of men. **[Numerous loud hoots and catcalls.]**

Only the most ignorant among the mob in the pit at **The Globe** could have failed to recognize immediately the source of Titania's instructions to her Leprechauns:

Steal the honey bags from the bumble bees,
and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
and pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
to fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Or the lines:

Over hill, over dale,
  through bush, through briar,
over park, over pale,
  through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
  swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
  to dew her orbs upon the green,
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

. . . . . .

Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

It is probably unnecessary to point out that the total setting of these passages, with their references to meadows, to hill and dale, to moonbeams and dew-drops, presupposes the Leprechaun milieu. But the details themselves betray specific Leprechaun sources, sometimes blindly translated by Shakespeare without any real understanding of the content. Thus, "Over park, over **pale**" is a garbled imitation of the phrase "Beyond the Pale," an allusion to the area of Leprechaun settlement in Ireland. "To dew her orbs upon the green" is pilfered directly from a verse in the well-known Leprechaun folk song **The Wearing of the Green**. And, of course, "Swifter than the moon's sphere" refers to the remarkable celerity of Leprechaun movements and the difficulty most people have in actually seeing the little people that are all around them. Literally in the blinking of an eye-lid, a Leprechaun can have come about his impish business and have left. (It is absolutely essential in searching for Leprechauns not to blink the eye as their approach is sensed.)

It is a great pity that poetry of this grace and delicacy was fated to survive only through the awkward translations of a poet such as Shakespeare. But it is perhaps some consolation at least that, living three generations before the Great Fire, he had been able to see the originals, to sense dimly their worth, and realize that he could profit by copying them, thereby unwittingly preserving them for posterity! It is as the fortuitous custodian of a body of poetry infinitely greater than his own that Shakespeare claims his place in literature. **[Grudging applause from the front benches.]**

The crowning achievements of Leprechaun pictorial art are represented by the extensive series of illuminated miniatures of the late Medieval period. These are preserved only through greatly enlarged copies made by English and Irish monks.

A typical masterpiece of this kind may be studied indirectly through the **Book of Kells**. This famous work, often regarded as the **chef d'oeuvre** of Celtic art, is nothing of the kind. It has nothing in common with Celtic or with any known form of Western art. The intricate endlessly interlaced lines and the many fantastic creatures decorating its margins are distinctively Leprechaunian motifs. The **Book of Kells** is a rather carelessly drawn late copy, many times enlarged, of the lost **Book of Killarney**, unfortunately consumed in the conflagration of 1681. The astonishing finesse and the complete mastery of the most minute detail owned by the original can be appreciated when we realize that its folio pages were no larger than an ordinary postage stamp.

But the supreme example of all Leprechaun art was the Blarney Castle **Codex**, from the first quarter of the Fourteenth Century. This exquisitely beautiful Book of Hours, prepared at the order of the little Duke of Blarney as a coronation gift to Brian

CIX, consisted of more than two hundred folio sheets adorned with the most delicately painted miniatures. It was the most beautiful extended series of paintings in the history of world art. Small enough to have been contained within a thimble, it has been called "The Sistine Chapel of Leprechaun Art," yet it was more flawless, more inspired, than the later masterpiece. Zealously guarded in the royal treasury, no copies of it were ever permitted to be made.

Tragic irony! Its very beauty contributed to its total destruction. For the very oils used in creating this most sublime of all works of art made it particularly flammable. The precious Codex was quickly consumed in the Great Fire and reduced to a single tiny cinder smaller than a pinhead. [**Audible weeping.**] By great good fortune and after a most painstaking search, it was found among the blackened debris. Reverently retrieved and transported back to the motherland, it is today on permanent display in the Leprechaun National Museum in Tipperary.

As one stands before this tiny charred speck, now heavily secured under thick glass, one can only contemplate with awe the civilization that could produce such a work. And the viewer must feel himself challenged in his sensitivity as art critic and in his competence as historian. To be able to reconstruct the original and to appreciate its pristine beauty from the minuscule fragment that survives, to be able to envision the complex total civilization from a single charred pin-point in space—this indeed is the test of any scholar's mastery in the technique of negative evidence and in his imaginative use of the inferential-deductive methodology so essential to Leprechaun studies. [**Prolonged applause from all parts of hall.**]

. . . . . .

It is now my sad duty to turn to the dark page of the decline and fall of the once great Leprechaun civilization. The causes are still hotly disputed among historians. But I think the story is in some ways similar to that of the earlier fall of the Roman Empire. Rome fell when a horde of barbarians shattered the Rhine frontier and detached the rich western provinces from the Empire. Something akin to this befell the Leprechaun Empire in the year 1559, to which I have made reference earlier. In that year of melancholy memory, a new horde of barbarians overran Scotland, always until then an integral part of that Celtic world which had nourished the underground realm.

I am referring to the dour and long-faced followers of John Knox and his army of puritanical Calvinist saints. Imposing a revolutionary new ideology upon the land—the doctrine of **work**—they attacked the very moral foundations of Leprechaun society. The free use in public of this crude four-letter word **work**, which had always been regarded as an intolerable obscenity by the little people and abhorred both as word and deed, deeply offended their moral sensibilities.

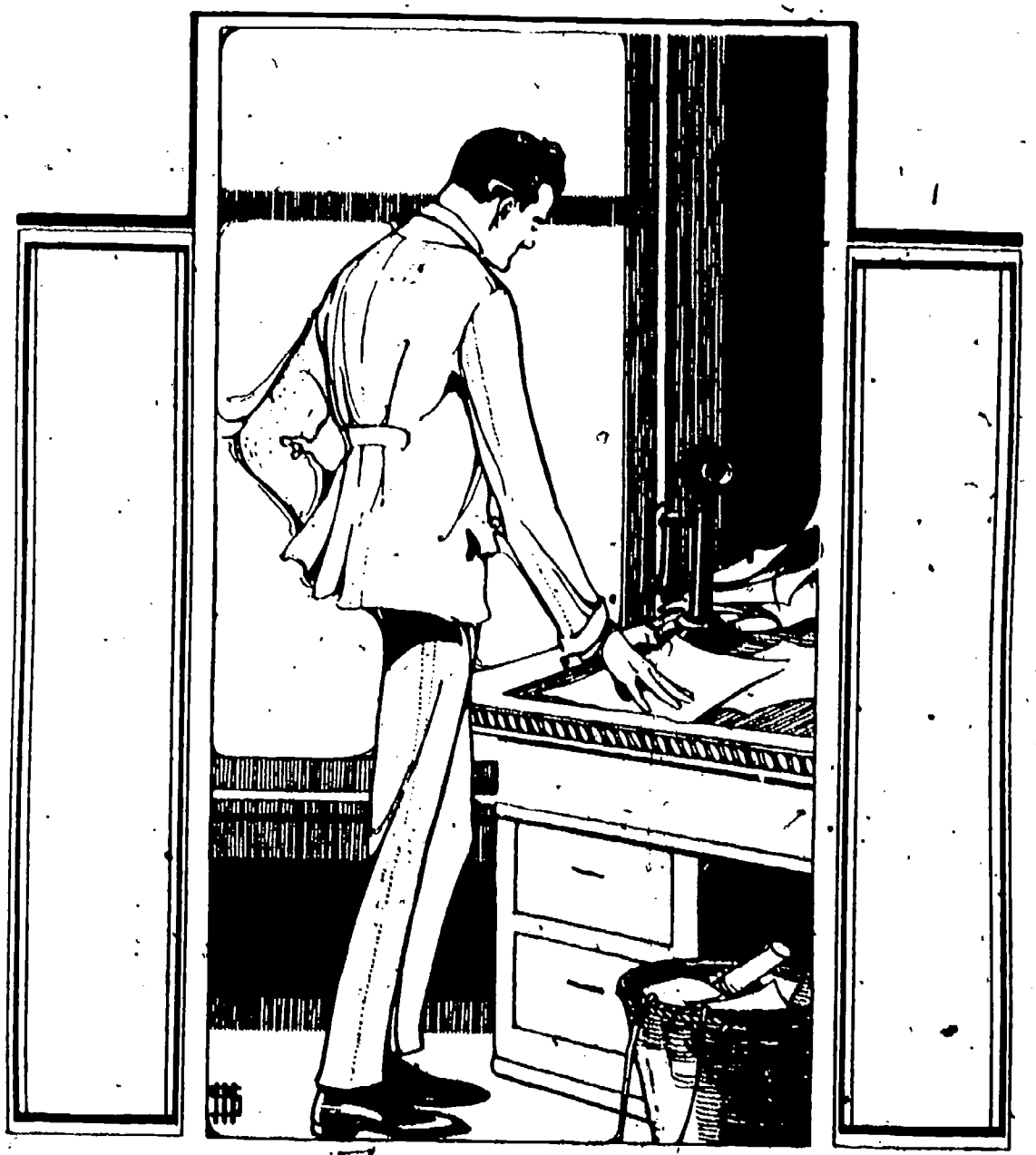
Accompanying this bold attack upon traditional moral values came a puritanical prohibitionist movement challenging the virtues of whiskey, whose production was now widely outlawed. Utterly demoralized in spirits by the quick triumph of the pernicious twin doctrines of **work** and **sobriety**, their productive economy shattered, and the foundations of morality uprooted, millions of the wee folk, indeed the entire Leprechaun population, abandoned Scotland forever.

Repercussions from the loss of the Scottish province were disastrous. The emigres converged upon the Irish homeland, which did not have the resources to absorb them. The dwarf wheat fields could not be expanded to nourish the greatly increased population, because the area of the peat bogs is circumscribed by Nature. A crisis developed in the source of vital energy, rather like our oil crisis of today. Critical shortage arose in the refining plants; panic topping off of bottles spread among individuals. It proved impossible to expand whiskey production to keep up with the increased demand.

Although experimentation with substitute sources of energy was undertaken, with potatoes, for instance, the resulting product was of inferior quality and was rendered useless in any case by the potato famine of the 1840's. Economic chaos and the widespread loss of high spirits contributed to a general political apathy and a sense of helplessness which nullified all efforts of the government to save the situation. Thus, the fall of the rich Scottish province set in motion irresistible forces that would precipitate the universal decline of a once great civilization.

The 20th Century and the recent rapid industialization of Ireland have completed the ruin. Greedy German, French, and American investors, caring only for quick returns on their capital investments, are covering the meadows with cement and asphalt. The peat bogs with their life-sustaining wheat fields, together with the tiny distilleries lying just below the surface, are being ploughed up for the erection of American-style condominiums. All the paraphernalia of so-called "modern" civilization are obliterating the last traces of a far nobler era, while the land weeps. [**Audible weeping in all parts of the hall.**]

Yet there are signs of hope and all may not yet be lost. There may, indeed, be light at the end of the burrow. We have mounting evidence that the government at Tara has determined to mobilize its resources to resist the march of industrialization. It is known that Leprechaun gold is now being used heavily to finance resistance movements by environmentalists throughout the world. But it is much more serious than that. An economic war to the death has begun. Persistent if unverified rumors have been floating around international financial



ORGANIZATIONS

centers for years (Zurich, London) to the effect that it was a secret decision of the Leprechaun government taken in 1972 to impose a total embargo upon the export of commercial gold that sent the world price skyrocketing from under $100 an ounce to its present price of almost $300, which destroyed the American dollar. My own sources report that in the following year a convention was signed with the Arab oil states for a common offensive against the industrial West, immediately reflected in the first great leap in the price of crude oil. What we can sense at work here is a new world coalition pitting Leprechaun gold, Arab oil, and the votes of environmentalists throughout the world against Western steel and the multi-nationals. Under the aggressive leadership of Brian CXXIII, a titanic struggle has broken out for control of the world.

At stake is Mother Nature's mantle. Shall Earth be prudishly robed everywhere in asphalt and cement, or shall she stand forth simply in the chaste beauty of her natural self? While Leprechaun and Arab do not have the same concept of beauty—the one would cover the earth with continuous meadowland, the other would turn the world into a desert—they share a common horror of "progress." Their working coalition may yet halt the engines of greed. **[Applause; loud huzzahs from the Second Balcony.]**

I am often asked whether there is any evidence of the presence of Leprechauns in America. This is often joined to the query, "And if so, how can we manage to see them?" The evidence is negative, but the answer is strongly positive. Leprechaun migration to North America can be traced back to the potato famine of the 1840's. Hundreds of thousands of the little people, seeing unlimited possibilities for energy production in our own boundless prairies, migrated here in the ships of the Irish emigrants. And some eventually reached Southern California.

Our two most famous Leprechaun communities in this area are located in Fern Dell, just off Los Feliz Boulevard and in Descanso Gardens in La Canada. In both places, the idyllic setting of ferns, oaks, and scented clumps of azalea and camelia provide a natural habitat for little persons. Amidst the thick ground covering of wild strawberry, one can frequently see the narrow trails along which the little people make their way at night. And the many sawed-off stumps of trees in both places serve as ideal platforms for assembly and dancing.

Now as to actually catching sight of real Leprechauns in their nightly revels, this is what I recommend. You should select a night of full moon and with a certain amount of moisture in the air. Sometime around midnight (for by then the dewdrops have begun to form—a quite essential condition) you must quietly make your way to an area of stumps. It is best to have a troop of small children along, for they are gifted with the power to sharpen your own vision. One must be very, very quiet, for the sounds are extremely delicate.

Just after midnight, if conditions are propitious, you can faintly begin to hear the soft scraping of bow against fiddle, as the tiny musician begins to tune his instrument. And then a thrilling sound—the faint rhythmic clogging of little shoes against hardwood, as the dance begins.

As to actually seeing them, you must remember not to blink your eyes, for in that instant they will have come and gone. Hearing the faint sounds of music and dance is often impeded by an excessive amount of hard wax in the ears. In these cases it is necessary to loosen the wax with a stiff tumbler or two of **schnaps**, preferably Irish whiskey. But one must not forget the virtues of restraint. In their eagerness to hear the strange and bewitching music of the wee folk, many persons consume far too much wax-softener and become, at least temporarily, stone deaf. And although the blinking problem is also solved in this way, the fixed staring eyes see nothing.

Even with all these aids many will be disappointed, for not everyone has the power to hear and see Leprechauns. There is an unfailing test you should make that may save much time and trouble. We have in this area a common plant known technically by the scientific name of "Leprechaun Bell" but often called in the popular parlance "fuchsia." On a night of full moon you should hold this bell-like flower up to your ear and shake it gently; if you can hear the ringing of the clapper against the petal, you possess beyond any doubt the abilty to see and hear Leprechauns. In this case too, it does help if you fortify yourself with a small amount—just the right amount—of wheat juice.

It has been said that those who do not learn from the past will fail the test of the future. What instruction are we to derive from our study of Leprechaun history? It is clear that a close knowledge of the Leprechaun world is the secret key with which to open our minds to the proper understanding of the past and of the dynamic forces of the present. It is equally clear that neither the government nor the American people possess this understanding.

The government in Washington is obsessed with trivialities like the threat of nuclear annihilation or the expanding oil crisis. None of these things are relevant to the survival of a society. Leprechaun civilization fell when its whiskey production collapsed following a disastrous reduction in the reserves of wheat. And for no other reason. Yet the American government continues to sell vast quantities of grain to Russia in the notorious "wheat deal," while being overly concerned with shortages of oil. This is to misunderstand the essential nature of vital energy. Oil feeds machines; it does not nourish the spirit as does the proper use of wheat. The Carter administration is floundering in the midst of financial and energy crises in total ignorance of their true causes. **[Hoots and cat-calls.]** Its continued refusal to recognize the legitimate government in Tara and to

provide for the regular exchange of ambassadors deprives us of a listening post at the very center of world power. Incredibly, the CIA at this late date still has no permanent agent assigned to either Tara or Tipperary, nor has the State Department!

The ignorance of the government reflects the ignorance of the public. Jefferson pointed out in founding the University of Virginia that an unenlightened public is incapable of selecting informed public servants. The fault lies with the failure of our educational institutions. None of our colleges offers a truly adequate curriculum in Leprechaun culture. No American university today—not even Harvard—is offering graduate degrees in Leprechaun studies. **[Groans; cries of "Shame! Shame!"]** The public cries "Conspiracy," yet is unable to identify the mischief-makers right at the tip of their noses ("Athwart men's noses as they sleep," in the borrowed words of Shakespeare). **[Voice from rear of hall, "Oh, what fools these mortals be!" General merriment among the members.]** National ignorance threatens national survival.

These conditions help define what ought to be the role of your small society. The mission of the ASPLA, if I may presume merely to clarify what is no doubt already in the forefront of your thought, is simply to light the darkness. It is to dispel ignorance and to undertake the reform of the educational system and the media. To change men's minds. To propagate the vision of a better, greener world, once achieved by a people small in stature but stout of heart and now threatened with extinction.

Beyond that is the clear duty to undertake a more active role, to join with, perhaps to lead, the forces of creative idleness against the forces of endless economic growth. To actively battle to recreate a world wherein the raucous noise of pneumatic drills in the hands of riveters atop skyscrapers will at last be silenced so that the world may once again enjoy the soft sounds of Leprechauns at play upon the meadows. The call is to your moral duty. Will you accept the challenge, will you lead the forces of Virtue in overcoming the armies of greedy profit? **[Prolonged applause throughout the hall; many cries of "We shall! We shall" and "We shall overcome!".]**

Thank you, my dear little friends, for the rapt attention you have given my all-too-brief exposition of our glorious national past.

The author wishes to dedicate the foregoing piece to John Lombardi, who hired me for teaching at Los Angeles City College — with fond admiration, despite his stubborn refusal over the years to establish a separate Department of Leprechaun Studies.

A CASE FOR ELIMINATING GRADING

by Gary Baran

That there is a certain amount of arbitrariness in grading is well known. Work that earns an A from one teacher may receive only a B or C from another. The examinations upon which grades are based are always only partial measures of how much a student has learned. Some students may know more than others, or a lot more than they indicate, but for one reason or another have difficulties taking examinations. So instead of reflecting a student's mastery of course material, a course grade might indicate a student's relative lack of tension about taking tests, handwriting speed, ability to cheat, or sheer good luck in preparing for an exam: or the grade may have less to do with a student's performance than with an instructor's prejudices or carelessness.

In recent years these and other problems associated with grading have led educators to explore ways to modify the traditional grading system. Pass/fail or credit/no credit systems have been introduced to diminish the importance of grades (in some courses) by a two grade system instead of the traditional five grade system of A through F. In our institution, the grades of W (Withdrawal), and Inc. (Incomplete have been introduced to provide additional flexibility.

Although I think that these innovations have been steps in the right direction, I do not think they have gone far enough and I want to present a case for eliminating grading entirely or at least fundamentally altering our present grading system.

It is no secret that present grading practices vary widely. I know that among my colleagues the actual basis for assigning grades includes at least the following:

Method I: Grades are assigned by a more or less straightforward application of the bell curve, with the largest percentage of students receiving **C's**, fewer receiving **B's** and **D's** and the smallest percentage receiving **A's** and **F's**. This, incidentally, is the method mandated by current official policy and is stated as such in our faculty handbook.

Method II: **A's** are given for excellent performance (or what the teacher assesses as such), **B's** for "good" performance, etc., regardless of how many of any one grade this system produces.

Method III: Grades are based upon the student's satisfactory completion of some project or projects, with more projects completed (satisfactorily) being worth a higher grade. So, for example, merely by attending class regularly a student might earn a **C**, but be required to submit a term paper for a **B**, and make an additional oral presentation for an **A**.

Although these seem to me to be the main methods for assigning grades these days, some teachers undoubtedly use various combinations of these bases, and some use other methods.

I think it worth mentioning here that these three (main) methods seem mutually inconsistent, at least in their pure forms, and seem to be based upon fundamentally different conceptions of education and the roles of grades in education. I also want to mention that for certain purposes each method has some obvious advantages and disadvantages when compared to the other methods. Method (3), for example, is relatively non-competitive, but might do little to encourage striving for excellence since it gives grades for "satisfactory" work, determined on a quantitative basis (how much or how many) rather than a qualitative basis (how good or how well). But rather than explore in detail all three of these methods, I want to focus especially on methods (1) and (2) and to urge the complete rejection of the former, although some of what I say in my critique also applies to other methods of grading.

What I have called Method (1) is grading in its pure form. Grading (at least before or until the word was misused) requires a ranking, requires that some be above or "better" than others. Method (2) may result in a ranking, but does not logically require it: however unlikely, it would be **possible**, using method (2), to assign **A's** to all students in a course (or to assign them all **Bs** or all **Cs** or all **Fs**, for that matter). This is because method (2), at least in principle, compares students' achievements to some (supposedly) independent standard of excellence or competence, and so is really a basis for evaluation rather than essentially a system for ranking. In contrast, method (1) inherently compares students' (achievements) to each other, inherently pits them against each other, and so is essentially competitive. It is this ranking (i.e. grading) that I want to criticize, and nothing I say here is intended to suggest that evaluation should be eliminated from the educational process. However I personally think that students should be allowed and encouraged to evaluate their own work with teachers playing a very minor role in this and only when asked to do so by the students; but the subject of evaluation is really a matter for another discussion.

In pitting students against each other, grading puts their attention on beating others rather than upon achieving excellence. While these are not logically incompatible purposes they are quite different intentions and one often does, in fact, draw energy away from the other. It has been my experience that this also influences teachers and their ability to do the best job they can. Knowing in advance that not all students can receive **A's** is almost certain to have an impact upon a teacher's intention for all to succeed, and I am quite sure that some teachers are relieved that not all students do well on an examination; for think of the grading problem that would ensue if they did! There is no

telling how much damage might be caused as a result of such (perhaps unconscious) intentions of teachers for students **not** to do well.

Although I will not argue for the view here, I think that human beings are inherently cooperative. I think that, except for the damage from past hurts and conditioning, we naturally enjoy each other's successes and want to assist each other to achieve excellence, and we want our successes to be celebrated by others. A system of grading is incompatible with this, and by turning us against each other, turns us against ourselves; it sets up a conflict within us which lowers our self-esteem and, ultimately deprives us of the full enjoyment of success, whether it is our own or that of another. It produces envy, resentment, guilt, and frustration, and by making us feel bad about ourselves (whether we "win" or "lose" in the system), actually impedes learning.

Clearly, people can learn without grading, and there is considerable evidence that they can learn even better without grading. No one graded us when we learned to walk or talk; probably people were just delighted with our first words, and seeing that, we produced more. Also, there are numerous educational programs throughout the country which people participate in for their own growth and development and in which they learn a great deal with absolutely no grading. Surely there can no longer be any question that grading is eliminable, at least from an educational point of view.

We also need to see that the message implicit in the bell curve distribution system is that most students are average, mediocre. I do not think that we can honestly expect many students to strive to be outstanding when they know in advance that we have stacked the deck against them. Besides, to succeed within this system requires them to risk being lonely and isolated from their fellow students. Who knows how much discouragement this has created! I do know that students sometimes intentionally avoid doing their best so as not to stand out. The student who "sets the curve" has, at best, a bittersweet victory.

Our present grading system is enormously damaging to human beings. We damage students by grading them and by fostering the impression that they should work for grades. Anyone who has listened to students expressing anxieties about an upcoming exam knows what I'm talking about. This is especially tragic when the material they are worried about is not being meaningfully assimilated and so will have no real value in their lives. This is not what life is for nor what education should be about.

We damage students by making some of them feel that they have to cheat in order to survive. We damage students by distracting their attention and energy away from what is really worthwhile in cation and the opportunities available for expanding their abilities. We damage them by encouraging them to play safe and to avoid risks, to take courses in which they can get high grades and to avoid challenging courses in which they might get poor grades. This discourages students from fulfilling their potential and helps to produce the enormous waste of what I think is our greatest natural resource, human intelligence. I suggest that this system of grading is oppressive and as teachers and as human beings we also damage ourselves by participating in this kind of oppression.

Our power in the classroom rests upon our power to give grades. Without this power, we would have to rely upon our legitimate authority which is based upon our knowledge and competence and our ability to model what we profess. I am confident that we can well afford to give up this oppressive power. I do not think we can afford not to do so. Perhaps we need to ask who we are grading for, how the system began and developed, and what alternatives there might be.

We've probably all heard the usual stories about how this system causes students to interfere with each other's learning, e.g. by stealing library books so other students cannot complete assignments. I am convinced that this is just the tip of the iceberg and that students impede each other in all sorts of ways, many of which we are unaware.

Some may argue that the competitive grading system provides a necessary preparation for our competitive socio-economic system, or that competition is necessary to motivate students to strive for excellence. In reply, I maintain that our socio-economic system would be much more likely to promote happiness if it were not competitive or were less so, and that as educators we have at least as much responsibility to educate our students for a cooperative social order as to arm them to survive cutthroat competition. Whatever was needed in the past, there seems to me to be overwhelming evidence that our actual future survival will depend upon our learning to cooperate effectively with each other. Perhaps the responsibility to promote cooperation is even more central to education these days given the decline of those familial and religious institutions in which that value has been traditionally fostered.

The issue of motivation is a complex one. I am confident, however, that eliminating grading would not diminish any motivation that is of real value and that the kind of fear produced by competition for allegedly scarce resources is a very short term and poor motivator for yielding the kind of education which enhances our lives. The idea that not all of us can get A's promotes the idea that not all of us can fill our needs or that we cannot best fill them cooperatively. Such attitudes of assumed scarcity become chronic within our system, and are carried into other areas and our approaches to various problems and situations. As a result we miss many

opportunities to work together effectively and may not even try to think of more elegant cooperatively attainable resolutions to our social problems.

The motivation of grades also **competes with**, and **sometimes wins out over**, the inherent genuine desire to learn! I can recall from my own experience that I was indeed able to memorize vast quantities of data in order to "do well" on a certain examination. I can recall a number of occasions when rather than take the time to think through and critically question what I was studying, I more or less memorized it so that I could reproduce it on a test. On a number of occasions I chose the symbols rather than the experience of learning, and was often handsomely rewarded for doing so! And while it might be claimed that I could have had both, my time was limited; in some cases, getting an A really did mean abandoning an attempt to master a skill or pursue a greater depth of understanding. There is no way for me to tell to what extent my experience was typical, although I suspect it was not very unusual. Also, it is worth remarking that, according to the standards, I was generally—and in some cases, outstandingly—"successful" in the system. There is little doubt in my mind that the vast majority of less "successful" students fared even less well in the system. There is also little doubt in my mind that this is a major cause for people being "turned off" to education, and probably explains a good deal of the anti-intellectualism in our society. Teachers who as students got top grades may not fully appreciate the way in which getting poor grades has damaged people's self-esteem and subsequent motivation.

When I think about the times when I was really motivated to learn—and not just get high grades (or avoid low ones)—what comes to mind are self-generated learning experiences. I can recall, for example, reading books on baseball strategy and magic tricks; on biology, philosophy and psychology; on how to play the guitar and banjo. I also want to add that there were certain people ("teachers") who, mainly by their example, introduced me to each of these areas and who therefore played a role in motivating me. In each of these cases grades were either irrelevant or non-existent.

I think we need to assume that human beings are **inherently** motivated to learn about their environment and about themselves and that any appearances to the contrary are the results of previous mistreatment—including mistreatment by teachers who have incorrectly assumed that students need to be motivated by grades. (I do not intend to imply that our educational system is the only or even the primary cause for students' "lack of motivation." The stifled curiosity of students has many roots in our society.)

I think we also need to ask what would happen if grading were abolished throughout the District. I have already argued that motivation would not decrease, at least not for long or in any educationally important respect. But there are sure to be other issues. For example, would our students be denied admission to, or transfer credit to, other colleges and universities because their transcripts have no grades? I don't know the answer to this question. Perhaps those schools would respond by initiating some kinds of entrance examinations which would indicate who is and who is not likely to succeed at those schools. This, incidentally, seems a lot more sensible than our present system; and students would then, if they chose, take course work or study on their own to prepare themselves for such exams. Similar arrangements could be made for students who seek entrance into some career area. Even now many prospective employers rely more upon their own tests than upon a student's grades in colleges courses and, I think, this is as it should be.

Or perhaps we could create a special Division of Grading which could determine (perhaps for a special fee) what grade a student should receive for the courses he or she has participated in. I, of course, would have nothing to do with that division; but if someone wants that service I see no reason not to make it available as long as it is kept distinct from the educational function of the colleges.

If we abolished grading, perhaps high schools and elementary schools would follow our lead and the entire educational system would become transformed. This could precipitate incredible changes in education and throughout society and pose incredible challenges. I think we are up to them. Some teachers might miss their power in the classroom, based as it now is on their ability to give grades, but I suspect that the vast majority would discover a new sense of self-respect and camaraderie with students, students who would finally be free to be themselves with their teachers without the fear that they might be penalized for honestly expressing themselves or feel that they always have to put on an act in order to get top grades. With such enormous pressure removed from the classroom, the real tasks of education could be pursued as a cooperative human project, freely undertaken and mutually fulfilling.

I have not fully thought through all of the likely consequences and implications of the proposal to eliminate grading, but I am willing to do so and I am prepared to accept those consequences which I have explored.

The Burial

By Frank Osei Blay

I

They picked you up from the tall stately bed—
With all its soft silks and kente cloths—
And laid you gently down in that coffin.
And immediately, I remembered what you used
To tell me: "I'm neglected; but at my death,
They'll shower gifts on me."

II

For as the hired carpenter got ready to nail you up,
One woman brought a brand-new 'kerchief and intoned:
"Nana, I don't have anything; so, take this, and wipe off
Your tears with it during the journey." Many brought other things.
Only limited space ended the flood of presents, but not before
Your eldest son had put ten-fold the travel fee in your mouth.

III

Then, a smile showed on your face; and I thought I heard
Someone whisper "..." but at my death, they'll shower gifts on me."
Anyway, the libation was poured,
And your face was sealed forever from that of mortal man.
The guns boomed, and the women wailed;
And I remembered the weeping contest that you spoke of.

IV

Amid the noise, the procession to the sacred forest began,
Where you longed to go and lie side by side
With your ancestors. I, too, followed the crowd.
And as it threatened to rain, I wondered if Nature also
Would join the conspiracy. But, then, it occurred to me
That She was merely helping to get rid of a burden quickly.

V

And so the rites were hurriedly performed,
And you were entombed. It rained heavily that evening;
But the sun shone bright the next day, all to say that
Nature had welcomed you into Her bosom; that along with
Your elders, you live happily in the presence of our Creator.
Here, they're already saying, "Oh, would Nana were alive."

THE WELL-KEPT SECRET: A MANZANAR VISIT

By Irene Greene

Tomohiro Okamoto, a nineteen year old student at Los Angeles Community College, disappeared the morning of December 8, 1941. His family did not file a missing persons report with the police department when he did not return later that evening. They, along with the rest of the country, sat around their radio listening to a broadcast of President Roosevelt's speech. The United States entered into war with Japan that day.

The Okamoto family had made friends in the Echo Park neighborhood. Akira, Tomohiro's father, had opened a market in the neighborhood and was popular with his customers for his good-natured wit, fair prices, and the fresh produce that he supplied. But on the Monday following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, there was no humor in Akira Okamoto's eyes. When he went to the market to open, a freshly painted sign on the store's windows greeted him: DON'T BUY FROM JAPS.

He gravely returned home and informed his breakfasting family why he would not be opening the store that day. While his wife cried, the eldest of his children, Tomo, bolted out the door.

Tomo's absence from school went unnoticed that day. He became one of a number of Japanese-American students who did not return to classes after war was declared with Japan.

My search for Tomohiro Okamoto began thirty-eight years later while attending the same campus, now known as Los Angeles City College.

I arose long before the sun began to appear over the rooftops of Hollywood. At a frantic pace, I began packing food, several changes of clothing, and a half-asleep ten year old into my car. Our destination was in the California desert, and since our journey by bus would be an eight hour venture, combined with elemental changes in temperature, I had packed and prepared the two of us well.

By 6:00, our car had pulled into a parking lot in central Los Angeles where we had been instructed to go by a voice over the phone, who had asked for name, age, address and phone number, along with an inquiry as to our ethnic background.

I nodded to several of the people who were standing by their cars, but there were no words exchanged. I looked on as some of the elderly bowed to one another in greeting and appeared to be conversing in a formal manner. I wanted to join them, participate in the occasion, but an invisible wall, a barrier, had formed between us.

Sara began to fidget as the minutes wore on. "Where's the bus? Why won't anyone speak to us?"

Her questions only brought the knot of anxiety up

Dewey Ajioka

from my stomach and held it in my throat. I had questioned our going for days and still was not sure of our being here. The absent bus only heightened my conflict. It was not Sara I was trying to calm with quiet reassurance, but my own inner turmoil. We were both outside of an imaginary circle of time and events that bonded this group together. William Randolph Hearst called them the "yellow peril. To me, they had survived a holocaust of American ethnocentric hatred, fear and greed—they were the reminders of Manzanar.

Akira Okamoto still opened his market at the customary time each morning, but business came to a standstill for him. There were few Japanese in the Echo Park district, and only they would trade with him in his store. He removed the inflamatory words on the windows and replaced them with his own sign: I AM AN AMERICAN. The announcement did not sell the now-wilting lettuce nor move the stock of canned goods. He sat and read the newspaper until dusk each evening. Following the same routine, he would fold the paper neatly, store it under the counter, place the closed sign on the door, lock up and head for home before the onset of dark and the signaling of the imposed curfew for all Japanese.

Time appeared as if suspended, and Akira's thoughts lay heavily upon him with the weight of the family's welfare. He felt consumed, tired and helpless. How would he meet the mortgage, and who would protect them from the threats of violence that appeared daily? The first answer to his fears came in the form of a letter addressed to his son; Tomohiro had been reclassified by the Selective Service. No longer was he considered on student status, he was classified by a new number and letter that would not only keep him from the draft but would also take away his birthright of citizenship. Tomohiro Okamoto was "4-C," an enemy alien.

Akira had fought for the United States in World War I, he spoke English better than most Issei in Los Angeles, and had encouraged his family to adopt the

customs of their country. Neither Akira nor Toshiko had ever returned to Japan, and both of their children had been born in California. It had seemed quite natural that they would send donations to the Community Chest, buy War Bonds, and that Suzuko would participate with the other Nisei students at school in setting up an ambulance fund when the war broke out. But the tide of sentiment was not only flowing against an island in the Pacific, it was cresting and turning on thousands of people whose only crime was in resembling the enemy.

Terminal Island, the largest grouping of Japanese-Americans, was evacuated in March. The Okamotos' turn came on April Fool's Day.

Evacuation notices were posted on telephone poles and were read over the radio. The "Japanese Turn In" notice gave instructions to "all persons of Japanese ancestry" living within the city two days of preparation to be excluded from their homes, businesses and the neighbors that they had lived at peace with. They were to gather at assigned locations to be transported to unnamed assembly centers. One hundred pounds of hand-held luggage was all that was permissible to take along.

The exterior of the Okamoto house remained the same that first day in April. There was no evidence to show the outside world what was going on behind the closed door. No sign designated the white frame house's vacancy: the garden had been pruned, the grass was mowed, and the large inviting porch had been swept earlier in the morning. Inside, Toshiko and her daughter were frantically packing. Accumulated memories and possessions were being placed side-by-side in cardboard boxes, walls that were just this morning covered in colorful pictures were bare, and shelves had been stripped of treasured books. There was no time for tears or thoughts of the future. Hands and minds were occupied with how to store objects gathered from their four lives.

Tomo sat and watched the women from his father's comfortable chair. He appeared immobile, but no move was made to dislodge him or chastise him for his lack of participation. He had been sitting in a similar position for weeks—never moving, just waiting. In a silent comprehending way, Tomo's face had shown the family their future.

In the parking lot, an April morning's curtain of dawn lifted, revealing a concrete stage illuminated by sunlight. The assembled group began to resemble actors on their marks being bathed by hot overhead lighting, waiting for a cue from the director. But the director could not be located, nor the main prop—the bus. The play could not go on as scheduled.

The city was coming alive. Transit buses passed us on their morning routes. Cars began to line up in the street in front of a gas station that would not open for another hour. California was in the midst of a gasoline panic. Drivers honked at one another, and one immobile motorist began shouting at another that he believed had cut in front of him.

The sixty-four who stood waiting and watching were in a state of paralysis. They saw the cars lining up and knew that their own were of no use to them—no gas stations would be open on the route to the site of the internment camp. Since there was a gas shortage, some had come to this place by plane and train in order to participate in the pilgrimage. One woman from San Francisco broke the spell that hung over the mute crowd. She organized several people to drive to the two other pick-up locations to gather information, and asked if I would telephone anyone and everyone I could think of who would have clout enough to get us a vehicle for transporting these people.

The response to my phone calls brought down the barrier that I had erected. No longer was I an outsider, but a demanding participant. Three payphones were occupied; one for calls out and two for receiving returned messages. The mayor's office was closed, but I aroused a sleeping councilman from his bed. The mightiest of West Coast newspapers, The Los Angeles Times, said three times that I should call back again, there was no one on the City Desk. I demanded a reporter on my third call. When no one could give me an answer as to where the buses were coming from, the President of the Los Angeles School Board was tracked down at a marathon race at one of the local colleges, and he began his own phone network. In an outrage, I wanted someone to explain why these once neglected Americans were forced to suffer further indifference and apathetic neglect. No one offered a constructive answer. No reporter ever came.

Four hours after the scheduled departure, a bus pulled into the parking lot. On it was an aide to the politically-minded councilman who had been awakened from his sleep. He offered an apology to the weary crowd.

Only five people had left the concrete arena and had returned to their homes. In their place, two men from a Japanese television network stepped aboard. Their cameras recorded the tired, angry faces as boarding was finalized. We were on our way to Manzanar for the Tenth Piligrimage of rememberance.

On April 3, the Okamoto family drove to their assigned location, the parking lot of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church. It was a morning that promised sunshine, so the family dressed lightly. Akira was given a numbered tag a soldier ordered him to wear on his gaily printed Hawaiian shirt. The rest of the family took similar tags bearing their new identification. They were all numbered 127. On this day, Army soldiers impounded their car, stripped them of their family name, but the Okamotos remained grateful for one thing, they were at least together as a family.

Together they were searched and their baggage was opened. No radios, cameras or anything written


ATHLETICS

in the Japanese language was permitted. After passing inspection, the family was ordered to get on a khaki green military bus, which sped off the minute the last-numbered person was seated by another American—one with a government-issued rifle slung over his shoulder.

Santa Anita Racetrack, home to thoroughbred fans and paramutual betting, took on another dimension that day. Hastily thrown-together tar-papered barracks, tents, and cleaned out stables awaited the passengers as they alighted from the bus. Behind barbed wire fences, surrounded by guard towers with machine guns, ringed in by tanks, the racetrack was now being converted into Santa Anita Assembly Center, the newest and third largest city in California. It became an assigned home for eighteen thousand five hundred and twenty-three internees. The Okamotos increased that population by four.

Privacy was an unheard-of commodity. The toilet facilities that were provided consisted of ten holes made from raw pine without partitions for the women or doors for the men; automatic flushing every fifteen minutes. Seven humans had to share each horse stall unit of twelve by twenty-four feet. Although the Okamotos were thrust into a living situation with three people from another family, the women all worked together to scrub and disinfect the stable as best they could. The smells of horse manure mingled with that of the straw in their bedding.

Suzuko wore a bandana fitted tightly over her nose to keep her from retching, the stench and disgust were so great. As she worked, the mother of the two children who were sharing the stall, kept muttering, "Shi kata Ga Nai, Shi kata Ga Nai." Puzzled by the unfamiliar words, Suzuko turned to her mother for a translation. The words meant that the situation cannot be helped, or that it must be done.

The Spring's rains played havoc with the overcrowded living conditions. An epidemic of influenza, measles, and diarrhea from stale bread, beans and rice kept toilets and doctors busy. There were a few Japanese-American doctors and nurses in the camp and they attended to the needs of the sick, maintained a constantly filled ward of seventy-five beds, delivered babies, and performed surgical operations. But no innoculation the doctors could administer would help Tomo recover from the illness he suffered from. Daily, he would lie on his mattress and respond only to the food that his family would bring him from the mess hall.

Akira's concern for his son's health prompted him to seek out the help of the Center's director. After filling out the necessary forms, he was turned away. No internee was allowed outside of the Center's enclosure.

The four remained at Santa Anita through May, June, and July. Hours of sleeping in a stall, walking the trodden dirt in their section, lining up for meals, and cooperating at menial jobs they were given became the lifestyle. But July promised to be an end to this humiliation and boredom. The government had opened the first relocation camp, Manzanar, and the Okamotos were ordered to be in one of the first groups to be bused there. They were optimistic. Anything would be better than where they were.

The bus, provided by the City of Los Angeles, needed to pull over twice on the freeway to enable the driver to relock the emergency door that kept opening. Fifteen miles out of Mojave, the bus came to a halt outside an inhabited desert shack. The water hose was broken. Forty-five minutes spent in the desert sun while the hose was being repaired was difficult for most of the elderly passengers. The bus provided no latrine facilities and the people grew more uncomfortable as heat and time bore down upon them. The ceremonies in Owens Valley were scheduled to begin in one hour, and we were still three hours away from our destination.

The woman from San Francisco, Eleanor Takeda, spoke to us of her son, the grand-daughters who were Sara's peers, and the years she had spent at Manzanar.

Eleanor's husband, Kaz, had been one of the first to volunteer for internment. He had felt that it would go easier on others if the men who spoke English well could cushion and, perhaps, prevent the blow that was falling upon the Japanese-American population on the West Coast. He had been betrayed. Not only was he to be interned, but also his seven year old son, since anyone who the government considered held the blood of Japan was labeled "the enemy." Eleanor's ancestors had not come from Japan, they were White Russians. She was not allowed admittance to the camp along with her son. She literally fought, badgered and pressed the officials into letting her enter with her child. Finally, she entered a room in barracks 8 at Manzanar. Her closest neighbors, on the other side of a thin, partitioned wall, were the Okamotos.

It took an hour's layover in Mojave to replace the broken hose on the bus, but we finally pulled on to a dirt road in the Owens Valley, and I saw Manzanar for the first time. Several groves of eucalyptus trees framed a desert picture of tumbleweeds and beds of clustered rocks. A flatbed truck was being dismantled and buses were heading down the dirt road in the opposite direction. We had missed the ceremonies.

Faces smiled, hands waved in recognition, and Eleanor popped another heart pill in the seat next to me.

The three of us, Eleanor, Sara and I, walked to the Buddhist shrine nearby. One of our passengers, George, was a Buddhist priest and he had made the trip of eight hours to provide services for those who had wanted to honor the dead who were buried here. In a flowing crimson robe, George chanted and burned incense for the souls who never left this

desert. I found Tomohiro, in a grave close to the obelisk shrine. Only flowers someone placed there this day marked his brief existence, and by his own hand.

Executive Order #9066 was signed into law by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942. Its purpose was solely intended for the exclusion and Internment of over 120,000 Japanese-Americans during the war years of 1942-1945. The Executive Order was not rescinded until the Presidential administration of Gerald Ford, some thirty years later. The weight of such an order is the duty of burden for the American public. In a tense, crisis situation, it could happen again.

The Okamotos, as well as other characters in this story have been fictionalized. The dates and events are, however, true and have been recorded into history. My story of Manzanar and the truth of humiliation, loss of property and of people's lives belongs to all of us.

Olga Kooyman

SHOW ME'S

Show me a man who counts on his fingers, and I'll show you a digital computer.
Show me a useless exponent and I'll show you one.
Show me how to partition six and I'll show you how to do it to two, too.
Show me a glib salesman and I'll show you a line.
Show me an erratic teen-ager with no personal income and I'll show you a dependent variable.
Show me a skier in a miscalculated jump and I'll show you a slope intercept form.
Show me a homicidal hippie and I'll show you a square shooter.
Show me a desegregated school and I'll show you integration.
Show me a nudist colony and I'll show you some finite differences.
Show me some sharp cleavers of the positive from the negative and I'll show you axes.
Show me a roulette player who likes to play numbers of the form $2n + 1$ and I'll show you a man who has the odds in his favor.
Show me a protest march and I'll show you some radical signs.
Show me a brooding hen and I'll show you a nested set.
Show me a police state and I'll show you the law of the mean.
Show me the checkbook balances during a long vacation and I'll show you a monotonically decreasing function.

CHARLES W. TRIGG

From: **Mathematics and Humor** Ed. Aggie Vinik, Linda Silvey, Barnabas Hughes. National Council of Teachers of Mathematics
Reston, Virginia 1978

WHAT IS RECREATIONAL MATHEMATICS?

Definition by example: paradigms of topics, people and publications.

By Charles W. Trigg

Mindful of the way Tom Sawyer got his fence whitewashed, I asked a number of mathematicians (including the speakers at the Miami University Recreational Mathematics Conference) to answer the question, "What is recreational mathematics?" The response was gratifying and illuminating. Many will recognize their brushmarks in the following discussion. For those who detect untouched areas on the fence, there are plenty of brushes available.

One thing is immediately clear: defining "recreational mathematics" is not recreational. The difficult task of defining "mathematics" is not simplified by the qualifying "recreational."

"Recreation" is defined in [1] as "a pastime, diversion, exercise, or other resource affording relaxation and enjoyment." One indulges in recreation to re-create oneself, to relax from work-a-day pursuits, and to clear and refresh the mind before returning it to its regular occupation. The closely related word "play" is defined in [1] as "exercise or action by way of amusement or recreation." Leonard [2] asserts that "all creative activity begins with play, to which will is then applied, as much in science and art as in sports. The Pythagorean theorem and the model of the double helix are at least as proportional, fit, elegant and admirable as the one-handed jump shot and the perfectly executed double play. Moreover, they are fun." Indeed, W.F. White [3] once observed that "amusement is one of the fields of applied mathematics."

"Mathematical work is highly satisfying. So is mathematical play. And, as most often is the case, one is apt to work much harder at any form of play, mental or physical, than one would for mere remuneration. Mathematical activity, more than any other, gives scope for the exercise of that faculty which has elevated man above other creatures" [4].

It is human nature to enjoy those things that can be done well. It is also human to resist mandatory tasks. At the University of Michigan the late Norman Anning used to take advantage of this human frailty by offering an intriguing non-credit problem at the end of each class section. The problem may or may not have been related to the course content, but it stuck in the long-time

memories of many of his students. Some rather dry-sounding problems can be recast into very nice recreational settings.

"Mathematics can provide enjoyment for a variety of reasons—meeting the needs of those who seek recreation, while giving satisfaction to those who are intrigued by solving problems, close reasoning and unexpected solutions" [5].

The allure of problem solving may be a matter of ego satisfaction. The joy of triumph over an opponent can be equalled or surpassed by the glow of finding a solution to a tough mathematics problem, even though it may turn out that the result had been published in an obscure 19th century journal. That many enjoy such challenges is attested to by the popularity of problem sections in various magazines. There the student who works all the problems in the textbooks just for the joy of it can further test his mathematical mettle. Decades ago Richard Bellman, by then an accomplished mathematician, told me that he had cut his mathematical eye-teeth on the challenge problems in **School Science and Mathematics.**

Challenge problems also can widen the mathematical horizons of those whose mathematical development has not been blocked by unfortunate circumstances, even though they do not follow mathematics professionally. They have the tools to pursue an inexpensive and stimulating recreational activity. Their laboratory and shop consist of pencil and paper. At times, this recreation may re-create the work of others, but the possibility of discovering new relationships is always present. Howard Eves once compiled a long list or original articles that had been inspired by the problem departments of the **American Mathematical Monthly.**

Mathematics affords an ever-new never-boring avocation both before and after retirement where it is an effective weapon against vegetating. The human interest section of the Otto Dunkel Memorial Problem Book [6] lists the names of a nurseryman, a lawyer, a ballistics expert, a dentist, a steel works manager, a retired telephone engineer, an automobile dealer, an insurance inspector, a patent examiner, and a clergyman, who were contributors to the problem departments of the **Monthly**. It is of more than passing interest that the problem departments of the journals of the two college level mathematical fraternities (Pi Mu Epsilon and Kappa Mu Epsilon) are edited by a practicing dentist and a practicing attorney—Dr. Leon Bankoff in the **Pi Mu Epsilon Journal** and Kenneth Wilke in **The Pentagon.**

In the less austere days of the problem departments of the **Monthly**, the late Norman Anning proposed the problem [7] to "find the element of likeness in: (a) simplifying a fraction, (b) powdering the nose, (c) building new steps on the church, (d) keeping emeritus professors on campus, (e) putting **C, C, D,** in the determinant

$$\begin{vmatrix} 1 & a & a^2 & a^3 \\ a^3 & 1 & a & a^2 \\ B & a^3 & 1 & a \\ C & D & a^3 & 1 \end{vmatrix}$$

The published solution remarked that the value, $(1 - A^4)^3$, of the determinant was independent of the values of **B,C,** and **D**, so their insertion merely changes the appearance of the determinant and not its value. "Thus, the element of likeness in (a), (b), (c), (d), and (e) is that only the appearance of the principal entity is changed. The same element appears also in: (f) changing the name-label of a rose, (g) changing a decimal integer to the scale of 12, (h) gilding a lily, (i) whitewashing a politician, and (j) granting an honorary degree." Anning sent the solver a cartoon, clipped from the **Saturday Review**, of an Indian watching the cloud of an atomic blast. The caption: "I wish I had said that."

Other irreverent contributors to the problem departments are those with risible nom-de-lumes, such as **ALICE MALICE, POLLY TOPE, NEWR. MIND, ZAZU KATZ,** and **ALFRED E. NEUMANN** of **MU ALPHA DELTA FRATERNITY**. My favorites are **NOSMO KING** and **BARBARA SEVILLE.**

Still other recreational support of the tenet that mathematics is too important to take too seriously are: the sporadic appearances of Professor Euclide Paracelso Bombasto Umbugio, the priceless lyrics of Tom Lehrer, Leo Moser's verse [8, 9], the Mathematical Swifties ("The angle is less than 90°, Tom noted acutely") in the 1964 **American Mathematical Monthly**, the Show Me's ("Show me a man who counts on his fingers and I'll show you a digital computer") in the **Journal of Recreational Mathematics**, and the varied offerings in that delightful new Canadian periodical, **Eureka** [10]. The disdainful may say that in mathematics a little humor goes the wrong way.

Few will disagree with the classification of mathematical humor, poems, anagrams, rebuses, word equations, cross-number puzzles, acrostics, and cryptarithms as purely recreational, although they have some educational use. Some may question whether they qualify as mathematics. However, to exclude the anecdotes of Eves' **In Mathematical Circles** would be to exclude a portion of history of mathematics as well. But what of other topics?

In the preamble to his excellent discussion of "Number Games and Other Mathematical Recreations," [11] William L. Schaaf remarks, "Mathematical recreations comprise puzzles and games that vary from naive amusements to sophisticated problems, some of which have never been solved. They may involve arithmetic, algebra, geometry, theory of numbers, graph theory, topology, matrices, group theory, combinatorics (dealing with problems of arrangements or designs), set theory, symbolic logic, or probability theory. Any attempt to classify this colorful assortment of material is at best arbitrary." However, in

his **Bibliography of Recreational Mathematics**. [12] Schaaf does impose a classification by means of the chapter headings: arithmetical recreations, number theory as recreation, geometric recreations, topological recreations, magic squares and related configurations, Pythagorean recreations, recreations in antiquity, combinatorial recreations, manipulative recreations, miscellaneous recreations, mathematics in related fields, and recreations in the classroom.

Most of the mathematics books with "Recreational", "Play", "Amusement", "Fun", "Diversions", "Pleasure", "Entertainment", or "Pastimes" in their titles are problem oriented. Predominant among the topics dealt with in such books are cryptarithms, magic squares, dissections and tesselations, decanting liquids, measuring, weighing, packing, shortest paths, calendars, the census, sliding movement, chess, dominoes, cards, river crossing, match arrangements, networks, permutations, combinations, diophantine equations, number properties, and various games.

In his detailed discussion of the first recreational mathematics book, that written by Bachet [13], Dudley [14] remarked that "problems of a recreational nature appear on Babylonian tablets 3500 years old" and "the Egyptian Rhind papyrus of about 1650 B.C. contains" a "problem that must have been made up for the fun of it." Dudley also reports the existence of other recreational problems in various works of the 16th century and earlier.

Those interested in the evolution of recreational mathematics through the ages will find an excellent historical account in [11], and a very good treatment of an international cross-section of recreational books in the Postscript of **O'Beirne's Puzzles and Paradoxes** [15]. The classic four volumes of Lucas [16] now appear in a French paperback edition, English translations are available of the recreational works of the Russians Domoryad [17] and Kordemsky [18], the Polish Steinhaus [19], the Dutch Schuh [20], and the Belgian Kraitchik [21].

Kraitchik was the editor of the defunct **Sphinx** (1931-1939), a magazine devoted to recreational mathematics. Its American counterpart, **Recreational Mathematics Magazine** (1961-1964), was also short-lived, although its successor, **Journal of Recreational Mathematics** (1968-), is flourishing.

The contemporaries Dudeney in England and Loyd in the United States were prolific inventors of mathematical puzzles which appeared in various periodicals. They were great rivals and did not hesitate to borrow from each other. Some of their efforts are preserved in [22, 23, 24]. Somewhat later Hubert Phillips under the **nom de plume** Caliban contributed problems to English periodicals, some of which are collected in [25].

One of the great stimuli of interest in recreational mathematics is Ball's comprehensive book (26) now in its 12th edition. Another great stimulus is the **Scientific American** column "Mathematical Games", written by the dean of contemporary recreational mathematics, Martin Gardner. A list, by title, of his skillfully written columns, beginning with "Flexagons" in December 1956, appears in [12]. Much of the column material has been assembled in his many books, such as [27,28]. For a multitude of other worthy volumes see [12].

Some consider that for mathematics to be recreational there must be some element of play or games involved. But many who abhor games get great pleasure from other branches of mathematics. It may be a matter of definition of "games"; and if we accept Goodman's statement [29] that "Mathematics is the greatest game ever invented by man," we are back where we started from in search of a definition.

For many individuals, as they approach the limits of their abilities, mathematics loses its fun aspect. When a topic is undeveloped, it is recreational to many. As the theory is developed and becomes more abstract, fewer persons find it recreational. Of course, there are some who get their pleasure by concentrating on a single topic, pursuing it to the extent of current knowledge, and then trying to add something new. In many cases, what starts out to be purely recreational develops into an extensive discipline of serious mathematics such as now exists in number theory, topology, combinatorics, and game theory.

Many consider mathematics recreational if it is sufficiently elementary to be understandable by the non-mathematician. Recreational mathematics is "something you can explain to a business man sitting next to you on a flight from Chicago to Cincinnati." It is "a piece of mathematics that is both subtle enough to interest the professional mathematician and simple enough to be accessible to the man-in-the-street."

Others consider recreational mathematics from more of an academic slant: it is "a mathematician's holiday" that falls outside the bounds of standard school and university mathematics. "Learning what others have done is not recreational, doing it yourself is." Recreational mathematics is that which one works on "without thought of practicality, generality or academic rewards." "A recreational topic loses its standing when one squeezes from it an article to enhance the publication list."

Still others approach the topic from the standpoint of personal enjoyment. Surely the great amateurs Omar Khayyam, Leonardo Da Vinci, Blaise Pascal, and Pierre Fermat considered all mathematics to be fun. Indeed, many professional mathematicians consider all mathematics to be pleasurable. Richard Guy has said, "It always fascinates me that people are willing to pay me for doing what I would do for enjoyment in any case."

Recreational tastes are highly individualized, so

no classification of particular mathematical topics as recreational or not is likely to gain universal acceptance.

References

[1] The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, Random House, New Yor, 1966.

[2] John Leonard, Review of Michael Novak's The Joy of Sports, The New York Times Book Review, June 13, 1976, p. 6.

[3] H.E. Dudeney, 536 Puzzles and Curious Problems, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1967, p. xiii.

[4] Harry Langman, Play Mathematics, Hafner, New York, 1962, p. 5.

[5] Roland Sprague, Recreation in Mathematics, Dover, New York, 1963, foreword.

[6] The Otto Dunkel Memorial Problem Book, Amer. Math. Monthly, 64 (August-September 1957), Part II, p.8.

[7] Norman Anning and C.W. Trigg, An Invariant Determinant, Amer. Math. Monthly, 6 (February 1953) p.115.

(8) W.E. Mientka, Professor Leo Moser—Reflections of a Visit, Amer. Math. Monthly, 79 (June-July 1972) pp.609-614.

[9] Leo Moser, Some Mathematical Verses, Amer. Math. Monthly, 80 (October 1973) p.902.

[10] EUREKA, published monthly (except July and August), Algonquin College, 200 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, KIS. OC5, Canada, yearly rate $6.00.

[11] W.L.S., Encyclopedia Britannica, 15th ed., 1974, volume 13, pp. 345-357.

[12] W.L. Schaaf, A Bibliography of Recreational Mathematics, vol. 1, 2 (1970), vol. 3 (1973), National Council of Teachers of Mathematics, Reston, Virginia.

[13] Claude-Gaspar Bachet, Proble'mes Plaisants et De'lectables qui se Font par les Nombres, Lyon, 1612.

[14] Underwood Dudley, The First Recreational Mathematics Book, J. Recreational Mathematics, 3 (July 1970) pp. 164-165.

[15] T.H. O'Beirne, Puzzles and Paradoxes, Oxford, New York, 1965, pp. 209-229.

[16] M.E. Lucas, Re'cre'ations Mathe'matiques, 4 vols. Gauthier-Villars, 1882-1894; new edition, Blanchard, Paris, 1960.

[17] A.P. Domoryad, Mathematical Games and Pastimes, Macmillan, New York, 1964.

[18] B.A. Kordemsky, The Moscow Puzzles, Scribner's, New York, 1972.

[19] H. Steinhaus, Mathematical Snapshots, Oxford, New York, 1960.

[20] Fred. Schuh, The Master Book of Mathematical Recreations, Dover, New York, 1968.

[21] Maurice Kraitchik, Mathematical Recreations, Dover, New York, 1953.

[22] H.E. Dudeney, The Canterbury Puzzles, Dover, New York, 1958.

[23] ———, Amusements in Mathematics, Dover, New York, 1858.

[24] Martin Gardner, Mathematical Puzzles of Sam Loyd, Dover, New York, vol. 1 (1959), vol. 2 (1960).

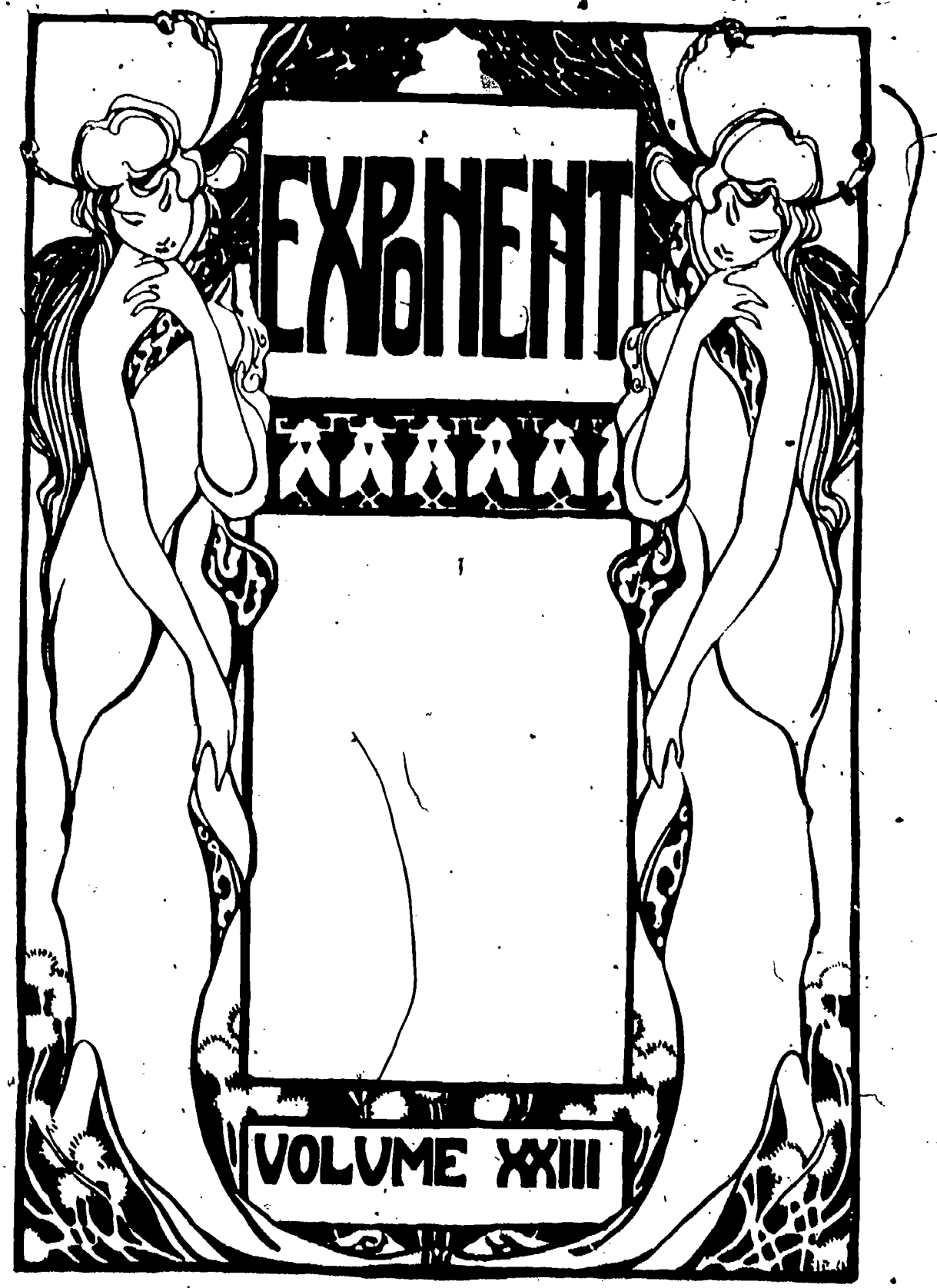
[25] Hubert Phillips, S.T. Shovelton and G.S. Marshall, Caliban's Problem Book, Dover, New York, 1961.

[26] W.W.R. Ball, Mathematical Recreations and Essays (rev. by H.S.M. Coxeter), 12th ed. University of Toronto Press, 1974.

[27] Martin Gardner, The Unexpected Hanging, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1969.

(28) ———, Mathematical Carnival, Knopf, New York, 1975.

[29] a.W. Goodman, The Pleasures of Math, Macmillan, New York, 1965, p. 13.


EXPONENT
VOLUME XXIII

ROBERT GARDNER AND MYRON SELZNICK

By A. W. Hood

In the early days of World War II I had a very good class in Differential Calculus. The brightest student in the class was Myron Selznick. He came from a Jewish family. We had known his brother Alan who although crippled by infantile paralysis worked his way through school as an expert photographer. He had helped us get started in color photography with a 35 mm camera.

Robert Gardner was a typical Anglo-Saxon and had to struggle to make a C. Both were drafted and enrolled in the meteorology program.

Presently the army found that they were training too many weather forecasters, so they retained all those whose names began with A to H and dropped those whose names began with I to Z. This seems stupid enough to be unique. However, the Los Angeles Board of Education later used the same method to trim the faculty at Los Angeles City College to fit reduced wartime enrollment.

Gardner was sent to the University of Washington where he struggled through the advanced mathematics which was supposed to be required for successful weather forecasting.

Myron was sent to Reed College, where he did very well taking Differential Calculus out of the same text book with the author of the book as an instructor.

Once again the Army found itself with too many weather forecasters. By now the trainees had commissions. This time they dreamed up a sensible solution. They sent them all to Texas and set them to work predicting the fickle Texas weather. There happened to be a shortage of cargo loaders, so any young officer who missed a couple of forecasts found himself standing on the docks. Gardner seemed to have a crystal ball and never missed a shot. He was sent to New Guinea, where he made a 100 percent accurate predictions for General MacArthur's bombers. In the evenings Captain Gardner would sit in the weather shack with his expert weather observer, Corporal Selznick and recall the good old days in Maths 8 at Los Angeles City College.

THE LONELY HOST

By Ed Bullins

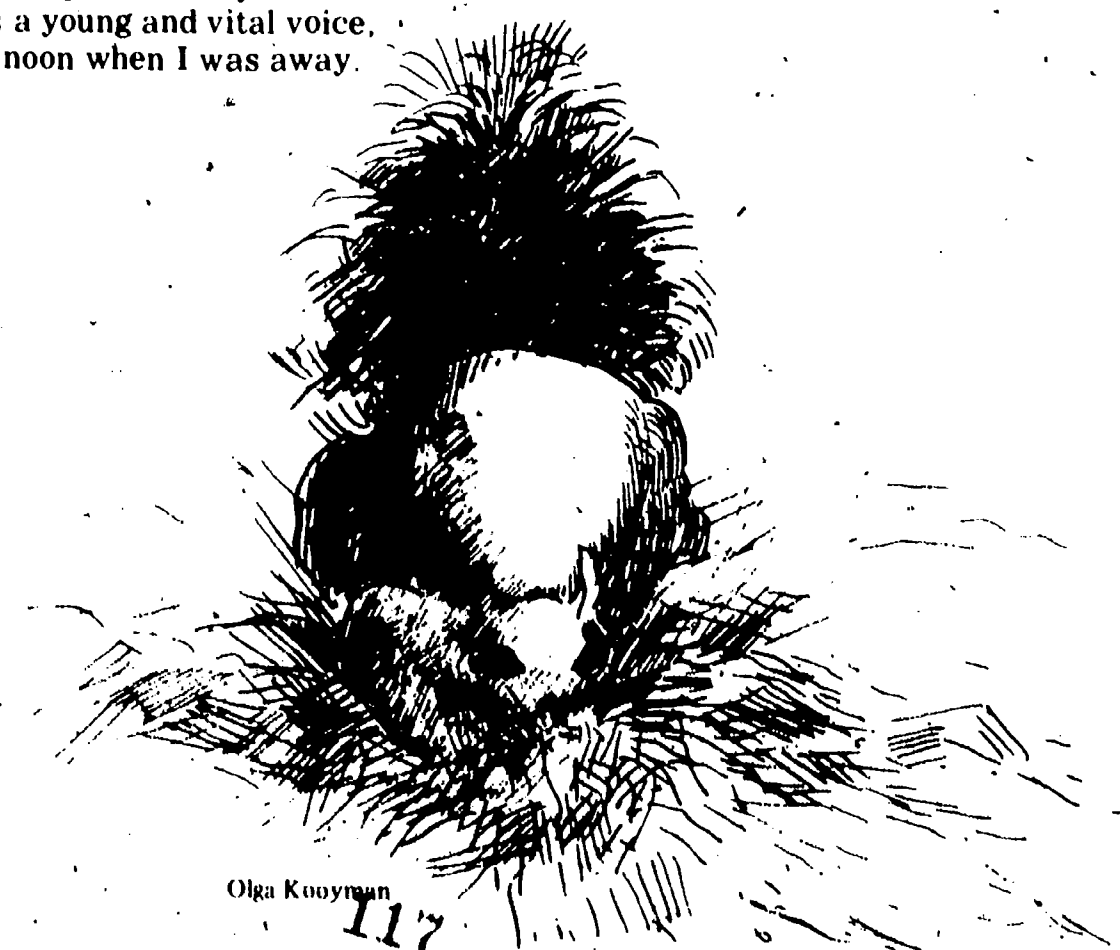
I have hosted a guest for the past three days. When I arose the dawn of her arrival, she was already out of the house, on hunger's trail, no doubt, for her cup and saucer were left in the sink, lipstick stained, partly filled with coffee and bits of toast. She has an excellent technique of brewing; none of my remembered guests were so practiced. I looked forward these mornings to fill my cup with her recipe.

These past nights I have come home to tasteful meals. Spanish omelette and Japanese style steamed fish—my favorite dishes—her plates are always in the sink. The bones and scraps left by her.

She has not presented herself for greeting. The second day was a dual to the first lonely wait; this evening, I suspect, will be the same. I laid awake these past two nights awaiting her tread upon the landing, but I must have fallen asleep even while staring at dawn, for I found the living room sofa mussed and a strange fragrance cloying the ends of darkness.

My guest has a preference for using my towel though I leave hers in the guest's place; she does not even return it but I find my service trampled near the door. I hesitate to leave a blunt message, since I do not yet recognize her; perhaps, she has every right to share my articles, revealing she is so near that we are as one.

In fear of embarrassment I have forbidden my current lady from visiting. I tell her that my mother is vacationing with me and is prudish; my woman remarked that mother has a young and vital voice, for she called my flat last noon when I was away.



Olga Kooyman

TWENTY YEARS OF CHANGE: THE L.A.C.C. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

By James E. Simmons

For almost the first thirty years of its existence the L.A.C.C. English Department saw little change. It served fairly traditional undergraduates with a fairly traditional curriculum. All students who wished to take English were enrolled in English 1. Those who wished to continue their study of English were offered the usual range of undergraduate literature courses. All was peaceful. But the tranquility was shattered when it was noticed that an increasing number of students were failing English 1. The number of failures alarmed an Accreditation Committee which recommended that a remedial English program be instituted.

Therefore, in the Summer of 1958, the first remedial English class was offered. This was English 21, and to be eligible for English 1, a student assigned to English 21 on the basis of reading and writing tests was required to make a "B." At about the same time it was discovered that there was a smattering of foreign students who needed special help. An English 44 class was offered for them. These new courses seemed to satisfy the unprepared for a time, but it was soon noted that few English 21 students were qualifying for English 1 and that there were an increasing number of foreign students who were less well prepared than their predecessors.

Spurred by Dr. John Lombardi, the English Department began to analyze its efforts and to experiment in the hopes of better meeting the needs of its changing students. For a short time team-teaching in English 21 was tried. The remedial students of several classes were assembled in a large lecture hall once a week and were lectured to by one of the staff on a particular point of usage, grammar, or rhetoric. This experiment was judged by all to be a failure. Tests revealed that the skills of incoming students were declining. It was apparent that other steps must be taken, the "open door" being wedged wide agape. A sub-English 21 course was deemed advisable. Thus the birth of English 40, but after a year or so, this course was abandoned because of the advent of a totally new idea, proposed by Dr. Lombardi: a new department would take those students who read and wrote on the seventh grade level and below. This new department, Developmental Communications, would attend to these students' needs better because it could concentrate on their problems. They would not deal with English-as-a-Second-Language students, who could dilute their program. And the English Department could do a better job of teaching remedial English to a more homogeneous group of students on the 8th, 9th, and 10th grade levels. These forms and reforms enjoyed success for several years until strident voices of student militants were raised in the late sixties.

Among the irreverent and often irrelevant demands of these students were some directed at the English Department: there were to be no tests and no reclassification—the student had a right to fail; the "B" in English 21 was too stiff a requirement for entry into English 1; ghetto English should be accepted. The English Department considered these demands carefully and made its reply: The student's "right to fail" was preceded by the student's right to attempt a course commensurate with his ability and in which he had a good chance of success; entry into English 1 was changed from a "B" to a "C"; standard English would continue to be taught.

This storm was weathered; unfortunately, the decline in student ability and success continued. The English 60 Series was engineered to replace English 21 with the theory that if the curse of "bonehead" English were removed from remedial English and if the student were offered a variety of approaches, at least one might catch his interest and motivate him. Some non-traditional offerings were: The Arts, Personal Experience, Contemporary Issues, Myth and Fantasy. These courses were well received by both students and faculty. However, the success rate still was not as high as the Department desired and hoped.

Since most remedial students had jobs which limited their study time and were not trained in study habits, they needed additional help. The Department initiated two required labs for English 60 Series students: Writing Laboratory and Reading Laboratory. Each met one hour per week. Thus the student was in English class five hours per week for which he received four units credit. Peer tutors were assigned to these labs so that the students could receive more individual help. English as a Second Language students continued to increase, and for them a new course, English 45, was instituted to accommodate the wider range of abilities.

Change has been the watchword of the Seventies. Foreign students have continued to increase in numbers. The Department offers three levels of instruction for the foreign student. In 1958 there was one English 44 class. In the Fall of 1979 there will be a total of Fourteen Day classes for foreign students. Recently the Department instituted a new course: Conversational English for the Foreign Student.

During the past twenty years and especially during the past ten there has been a significant change in literature offerings, a steep decline in demand. Some courses have been dropped entirely, and some offered only every other semester, although several new courses are being tested: Women's Literature, Dramatic Literature, Fiction,

and Poetry. Two new courses are to be submitted to the Curriculum Committee: Science Fiction and Motion Pictures as Literature.

Several years ago Chancellor Koltai offered $100,000 to fund programs to improve the teaching and learning of English. At my suggestion, a District-wide experiment in teaching composition "one to one" was effected. Directed by Jo An Simmons of the L.A.C.C. English Department, the experiment demonstrated that students who receive individual help from teacher and tutors write better than those taught in the traditional manner. The English Department Reading Clinic, utilizes these findings. There the student learns by the book-cassette method at his own pace. The course is open entry-open exit. The improvement in reading ability for many students is astonishing; two grade levels in one semester is routine, and some improve much more.

The last twenty years have seen radical changes in colleges and universities across the United States. The English Department of Los Angeles City College has been in the forefront of those who chose to adapt to changes without sacrificing integrity or standards. It has been innovative and flexible. Many of its new programs have been emulated in other colleges in the District and elsewhere.

OF COURSE JOHNNY CAN'T READ—HIS PARENTS DON'T!

By Isabelle Ziegler

A poll among California parents reveals that they would like their children to learn how to read and write and do sums. **Why** they want their children to learn how to read is not self-evident. Certainly **they** don't read and don't want to. Last year eight out of ten Americans did not read a single book. They did not read newspapers—the vanishing newspaper is proof of that. If they read magazines, they were likely to buy illustrated trade magazines in their own fields of vocation and avocation, with a small percentage of the population also reading the **Reader's Digest.** Moreover, of those who did read, the majority lived east of the Mississippi River, certainly not in California.

I think the hullabaloo parents make about their children's illiteracy is akin to their professed belief in the church, the Supreme Being, the flag; akin to the reluctance by most people to say they hate flowers or little children or art or Shakespeare. The hullabaloo not altogether sincere.

In the United States a meagre seventeen percent of the people read anything at all, apart from directions on how to open a bottle of Mr. Clean, whereas in Great Britain more than half the public is a reading public. Americans are not necessarily illiterate. They simply do not care to read. For news they watch television and for the catharsis of drama they watch **The Gong Show, Laverne & Shirley** and **Starsky & Hutch.** Sometimes they go to movies. But they don't read. Nor do their sons and daughters. And astonishingly enough, this astonishes them.

In 1958—twenty years ago—I took a job at Los Angeles City College. The first semester the English Department chairman allotted me five daytime classes in Remedial English, a similar class in the evening division, and a class in Creative Writing. At the end of the year I had a heart attack and spent the summer recovering beneath a spreading acacia tree in Hollywood where I lived. In those days Hollywood had small bungalows all over its hills with backyards and spreading acacia trees.

When students enrolled in Los Angeles City College, the largest and most racially diversified of the seven or eight community colleges in the city, they were required to take a vocabulary comprehension test. If they could distinguish Jim from gym, Harry from hairy, they were admitted to regular Freshman English classes. Those who failed were assigned to Remedial English which the victims called Bonehead English. Which it was. Invariably half the student were placed in Remedial English—a proportion identical to that in the state colleges and universities. That is, half the California high school graduates could not handle their own written tongue any better than they had handled it in the fifth grade.

Then, in one semester, the teacher and the student essayed to change the 18-year language habits of the student into a language foreign to him. In our innocence, we tried to do this. We tried to teach them what they should have mastered by the sixth grade. In Europe they do this. It is laughable to the European that students have to study English grammar, punctuation and sentence structure in college where they should be devoting themselves to the sciences and the humanities.

Ridiculous as it may seem now, we tried to change their language habits, and again, ridiculous as it may seem, the college and university faculty is still required to continue this Sisyphean endeavor. There was never any question of asking students to learn long, complicated rules of grammar or to read fiction more complex than **The Red Pony.** We hoped to show them the need for a vocabulary of more than five hundred words and the helpfulness of knowing how to punctuate a sentence in order to clarify it. They learned to identify the little curve called a comma, but they spelled it coma and never knew where it fit into a sentence. They had never known what a sentence was. Nor wanted to know. I used stick figures with lopped off heads and limbs to show what an incomplete sentence looked like—but this proved nothing except what an inept artist I was.

They couldn't spell. They couldn't correct their errors from the blackboard. They could not find words in the dictionary. They were unable to read a newspaper article and find the thesis statement.

"I always took it for **granite** I could read and write English," one student lamented. "**Deftness** comes from an ear injury," another explained. Or, "a **hamper**" is something to relax in." Or, "she is conceded with a baby meaning she is pregnant."

The reasons for all this have been listed, analyzed, discussed on panels ad nauseam. Only three have any validity. First, their illiterate parents; second, a school system that has ludicrous priorities; and third, television that occupies their heads.

Television is I suppose Enemy One. Students have become ear-minded rather than eye-minded. They listen with one ear on the set, the other listening to other sounds, hearing half-words, half-sentences, half-phrases.

This should alarm their parents but what can their parents do? How else can they get the news or be entertained by **The Waltons** or **Happy Days** or **Good Times**?

My students in the Fifties and Sixties were the first generation of children raised by and informed by the set rather than by people. Today they are parents of children being raised and informed by the set—and there they all sit in their living rooms, eyes and ears fixed upon re-runs of **Adam-12**—the children ignorant of two-syllable words and why the subject and verb should agree. After all, they say, why should they? The parents watching witless game shows and telling the Gallup Poll they wish their

children could be taught the basic subjects -- reading, writing, and doing sums.

We used to moan and lament and whine about this in our English Department coffee room, but no one was listening. I talked about it until people fled from me, but no one listened to me except the **Ladies Home Journal** which in the Sixties published my article, "Why Don't the Schools Teach Our Kids English?" What I got for my pains was a fair-sized check, a lot of fan mail in agreement with my whining, and a reprimand from "downtown" (the office of the superintendent of public schools).

My suggestions were simple enough. Insist, as in European schools, that the language be **learned** as an indispensable tool in the elementary grades. That it be **applied** in junior and senior high schools. That such proficiency be required **before** the high school diploma is awarded. That no one without this proficiency be **admitted** to any college or university.

To be sure we occasionally saved someone. Occasionally a student determined to get hold of his own language would enroll in one of these classes and repeat it until he had accomplished his mission and could make it into Freshman English. These determined students were likely to be foreign students for whom English was a second language.

I still think that the language is worth saving. Our administrators are saying that foreign languages are not worth saving, hence have discontinued them as college requisites. This is, of course, foolish. The more a student learns about another language, the more he knows about his own. The good old days were bad in many ways, but the teachers taught us how to read in the first and second grades. By the fifth grade we could read anything and by the seventh we could write anything. After that all we had to learn was something to say--with the tools that were already ours. The language should be saved, for even if books disappear altogether, as they probably will, television cannot be entirely pictorial. Someone has to write the words, for **there is no such thing as an idea without words.**

All of that was the dark side of my life at City College. The shining side had to do with my Writer's Workshop on Monday evenings and my literary magazine class that pretty much lived its life there. They put it together with the help of Jim Simmons who was faculty advisor in his spare time from his regular teaching schedule.

The Writer's Workshop met in one of the ramshackle bungalows scattered around the campus since the war, and on the site where the University of California at Los Angeles had its beginning. Later, when UCLA moved to more elegant quarters, in Westwood, the State College at Los Angeles was established here. And when it moved eastward to more elegant quarters, the City College was allotted its leavings. There were some lovely old buildings on the campus which, during my stay, would give way to a set of sleazy boxes that are now Los Angeles City College.

These Monday evenings in the bungalow were merry, productive ones. The students toiled and got published or didn't get published. One of those who finally reached a star over Hollywood was Dalene Young who lived in a room in the rear of a decrepit old theatre and ate on her heart for ten years. Finally the times caught up with her talent and her subject matter and NBC has now recognized her talent for writing T.V. scripts.

Out of that workshop was born an off-off Hollywood small theatre that the students wrote for, directed and produced a play by Ed Bullins, today's numero uno playwright in New York.

Ed Bullins and Frank Mendoza were the founding fathers of the literary magazine **The Citadel** at the college. The first issue was excellent but the bungalow became a battleground for the staff that needed someone on the faculty to bind up the wounds and prevent unnecessary bloodshed. We decided that the project should be a class, with the members of the class learning everything about assembling a magazine, from selecting and editing material to selling it on the campus. With Ed and Frank as first editors, we scrounged about for material and money and got quite a lot of both. The money came from the Students' Activities Department and we kept getting adequate sums for a handsome magazine, until it occurred to the Dean of Student Activities that **The Citadel** was being budgeted a thousand dollars whereas the football Association was getting a mere $11,000. After that discovery and diminished budget the magazine took on a tabloid format.

Out of that magazine arose a commercial magazine called **Ante**, conceived by Ed Bullins and William Harris and printed in England where costs were cheap. This magazine was published by Vera Hickman who sold her car and house to finance it. Virginia Oakey, Norma Almquist and I were rotating editors and kept the magazine going for five years. Poets like Diane Wakowski and Robert Peters had their earliest works in **Ante**, which finally died of poverty. That was before the government gave grants to worthy but undernourished literary and art projects.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR AS PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN OR HOW MOONLIGHTING IMPROVED MY TEACHING

By Anita Priest

The Music Department at Los Angeles City College was my professional home from 1946 to 1973. I taught Music History, Appreciation, Piano, Elementary Theory and now and then conducted choirs. I ran the twice-a-week concert series for the Music Department, participated in the experimental instructional TV on our campus and on KCET for the Los Angeles District, and for five years coached musical comedies for the theater Arts Department. I had limited extra time for professional playing, but enough to discover that professional performance improved and enhanced my classroom and counseling expertise.

For a musician, performance is a necessity—the breath of life. For a "classical" pianist and organist there are limited areas for performance. I rarely played solo recitals until after I stopped teaching—they demand more preparation time than my teaching allowed. I was able to perform in other areas without interfering with my teaching.

Following is a summary of some of the professional work I was able to do, with comments concerning some of the benefits to my teaching.

1. 1948—My first job with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra as organist. This association has continued to the present. My most recent job with the Philharmonic was a Columbia recording of two Respighi pieces in December, 1978. I have often played second piano and celeste as well as organ.

We performed practically every orchestral piece which requires organ, and recorded many of them, including the "Symphony No. 3" by Saint-Saens, Mehta conducting, which features the organ and thus puts my name on the London recording.

With the Philharmonic I have worked with such conductors as Wallenstein, Stokowski, Bruno Walter, Van Beinum, Steinberg, Haitink, Previn, Stravinsky, Mehta, Leinsdorf, Foss, Shaw, Thomas, Berio and Fiedler.

2. 1952—My first job with Monday Evening Concerts, a series which presents avant-garde or rarely performed music. I have played all the keyboard instruments, including harmonium in an early Stravinsky work and electric carillon in a solo piece by John Cage. To perform experimental music is to begin to understand it and the opportunity to perform new music, often with the composer conducting or present, was invaluable to my teaching.

I worked with conductors such as Stravinsky, Robert Craft, Lawrence Foster, Michael Tilson Thomas, Charles Wuorinnen and Leonard Stein.

3. In 1955 I had my first studio call to make a TV film at Universal Studios where they maintain a theater organ. My first films were the old "Thriller" series, many of which are now being shown on the "Late, late" movie. Jerry Goldsmith, one of my former students and now a noted film composer, was the composer-conductor.

Since 1955 I have worked at Universal, United Artists, Fox, CBS, and most recently a TV film at Paramount and a full-length theater film at MGM. I have worked with such composers as Michel LeGrand, Bernard Herrmann, Lionel Newman, Ernest Gold, Billy Goldenber, Morton Stevens, Henry Mancini, Lalo Schifrin and many times with Jerry Goldsmith, including his "Patton" and "Daniel-Omen II," both at Fox where they have a theater pipe-organ.

This kind of professional experience has been especially helpful in counseling young musicians who want to enter the studio field either as composer or performer. It is a different world from public performance and classical recordings.

4. In 1956 I participated in my first Ojai festival, an annual week-end of music of various kinds. We performed Stravinsky's "Les Noces," the score of which calls for four solo pianos, conducted by Stravinsky himself. I have participated in a number of Ojai festivals since 1956 with such conductors as Lukas Foss and Ingolf Dahl.

The most exciting, rewarding and demanding (for me) Ojai festival was that planned and conducted by Pierre Boulez, lately conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, new director of music at Pompidou Centre in Paris and a conductor at the Bayreuth Wagner Opera Festival. I was his celestist, organist and one of the pianists for three concerts of twentieth-century music, including a new work by Boulez. I had 22 rehearsals with Boulez in preparation for the festival and it was the greatest total musical experience of my life. He is one of the great musical intellects of our time and to know him personally has been a privilege.

5. For an organist who wants to play a fine pipe-organ, a church or synagogue is a requirement. I have always had a church organ position and in 1964 added the position as organist at Wilshire Boulevard Temple where there is a four-manual Kimball organ. At the church where I have played for many years I have a fine four-manual Skinner organ.

Church and synagogue work is specialized and I was to counsel students who aspired to be church or synagogue music directors, organists and vocal soloists.

6. The above associations led to many casual engagement such as:

American Ballet Theater.

Community orchestra concerts, including five

years with the Glendale Symphony.

The Stravinsky 75th Birthday celebration at Royce Hall where we premiered two new pieces by Stravinsky, later recording them on Columbia, conducted by the composer.

A Columbia recording of Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610" with the Texas Boy Choir, the Gregg Smith Singers, Robert Craft conducting, Michael Tilson Thomas, harpsichordist and Anita Priest, organist.

I believe that in addition to teaching and counseling music students, there was great benefit to my students who were not musicians but music listeners—the audience. Every musician agrees that performance of some music enhances understanding of all music. For instance, my experience in accompanying Schubert Lieder helps me to understand Schubert symphonies and other music of the same style and period. My harpsichord experience in playing baroque music helps me to understand performance practices in other baroque music. My experience helps me to illuminate music for the listener—we do not listen for the same things in the music of Bach and the music of Stravinsky. Also when my students attended a concert in which I participated, they were intrigued by the music because they felt a personal connection. Anecdotes about rehearsals, soloists, members of the orchestra and conductors sharpened their interest in the performance and in the music.

I have been grateful for the performance opportunities which continued and multiplied after my retirement from teaching. I am able to practice more. In 1976 and 1977, I played solo recitals at the Carmel Bach Festival as well as a number of other recitals in Southern California. I have studied harpsichord and organ. In 1974 I wrote a syllabus and prepared a record album (Columbia) for a TV music appreciation course. In 1974 and 1975 I coached the singers for Los Angeles Guild Opera. I took on director-organist duties in a large city church in 1974 and continue to present lectures about contemporary music and symphony programs. I continue to conduct study groups for organizations. I accept more TV and film commitments than I could when I was teaching. My college teaching experience has helped me in many of the above occupations.

I am grateful to Los Angeles City College for allowing me to take personal leave for playing engagements. I usually lost about as much money as I made if the engagement necessitated a substitute at the college but I was a better teacher for the experience.

A NOVEL IN PROGRESS: THE WAGMAN FAMILY: THE CONVENT

by Roma Katch

It was a cold, wintry day. Starting in the early afternoon, Alta was busy making preparations for the evening party to celebrate the New Year. Somehow, she wanted everything to be just perfect. As if her life depended on it.

She had spent half a day shortening her best dress, and then when it was done, she decided that it was too short, and proceeded to let it out again to make it longer. By the time she had everything done she was worn out and tired, and worried lest she fall asleep even before the celebrations started.

Everyone in the Wagman family watched her silently, wondering with disbelief to what effort and pain she would go in the preparations. Finally her mother asked her: "Alta, where are you actually going? Why are you driving yourself crazy? All this to go see your former schoolfriend, Frania?"

"Oh Mama," Alta answered with irritation. "You know everybody is celebrating the arrival of the New Year. I told you where I am going, so why are you asking me again? And why are you so nervous? Nothing is going to happen to me. You are so old-fashioned, Mama."

Alta never spoke to her mother in such a tone of voice. Kayla was taken aback, but pretended she did not notice it. "I may be 'old-fashioned' as you call it, but I'd be a lot happier if you did not go out in the cold night on a Polish holiday."

"Mama, this is a holiday for everybody. This is not a religious holiday. This is just to celebrate the New Year, and not Christmas."

"You have already forgotten." Events that took place on Christmas night were still vivid in Kayla's mind. "Dark masses" for the illiterate peasants: habitual drunks from the slums and outskirts invaded the Jewish part of the city, beating up children and pious old Jews, vandalizing their homes and businesses. This was their idea of "having a good time," and at the same time taking revenge against the infidel for committing sins against their forebears.

"Mama, just because you are afraid, and because stupid things happen once in a while, that does not mean that I have to be afraid for the rest of my life. Nothing will happen to me. Besides, how about the other people—half of the people of Warsaw are going out to celebrate the New Year. They are not afraid. Do you know how many mask-balls and parties are being held tonight? How many dances and performances? And how many . . ."

Kayla interrupted her: "I don't care if the whole world dances and gets drunk. I am not responsible for them, but I am responsible for you. You are too young to go out alone at night, especially because it is a night of big celebrations."

Kayla knew that she was wasting her time and breath. She knew that after all the preparations Alta had made she would go anyway.

Alta was dressing with such great care for a party she was invited to by the actress Marya Kubylska, which she kept secret from her mother. She knew that it would generate new debates and disapproval from her mother.

She felt very proud of having gained such an invitation. Why Marya should even bother with her, much less become her friend, Alta could not understand.

It was the first time in her life that she would participate in a New Year's Eve celebration.

She went over in her mind the circumstances in which she had met Marya.

Alta was sitting at a reserved table in the cafe with her Polish artist-friends, when in came a woman, no longer young, with dark hair and dark eyes. She was very thin and constantly smiling, revealing white, gleaming teeth.

She stopped at their table, greeting the painter Nicholas. He slapped her on the buttocks with great familiarity, asked her to sit down, and introduced her to the others: "This is Marya Kubylska, the tragic actress, who has played 'Lady Macbeth'."

"Miss Kubylska," said one of the men, "meet Alta Wagman, our mascot, and the most innocent thing in town." Alta smiled and blushed. What struck Alta more than anything else was that in spite of the terrific cold that day Marya wore her coat open at the throat, revealing a deep decollete. She also wore thin, silk stockings, and her legs were red from cold. Her coat had a shabby fur collar with a huge bunch of artificial violets pinned to it.

Alta kept on looking at her. "Isn't she cold?" she thought, but did not dare ask.

After a while, Marya switched her attention to Alta. She took Alta's chin in her cold hand, looking at one side of her profile, then the other. Suddenly, she kissed her affectionately on the cheek.

"You are an unusually good-looking girl, Miss Wagman," she said. "Are you attending much theater?" When Alta shook her head, Marya said, "I must introduce you to the theater, Miss Wagman. I shall be very glad to show you around."

Blushing, Alta thanked her.

In the days that followed they took long walks. Marya accompanied Alta to her home; she had many questions regarding Alta, her home, her life; she wanted to know her inner thoughts, about her family.

About herself, Marya spoke in generalities. "I am at the present time a bit strapped financially, but this will pass soon. All I need is one good part, one break in the theater or in a film, and everything will be different. Then I'll be able to do for you things that you deserve."

Alta did not understand what she was deserving of,

but out of respect she kept silent. She felt so sorry for Marya.

Marya called Alta "my best friend, my protege," and kept on kissing her on the cheek.

True to her promise Marya took Alta to several theaters, but always through the back door. Sometimes they slipped through the artists' door, but mostly they went through the service entrance. There, she whispered something to the doorman, he would look at Alta, and then he would usher them through a dark, narrow entrance to the auditorium, where they would find unoccupied seats in the back.

Marya was attentive and animated. She explained to Alta the fine points of each play, she gossiped about the actors appearing on the stage, and she pointed out to her important people occupying the front rows.

A whole new world opened to Alta. A world she did not even imagine existed. She was grateful to Marya and felt obligated to her. She often thought, "I wish I could help her in some way. I wish I knew how to reciprocate for all her friendship and generosity."

Alta had a strong impluse to ask her whether she wanted money, and was ready to give her all she possessed. She even thought of borrowing money, so she could give it to Marya, but she was embarrassed to ask. She was afraid she would insult Marya so she kept quiet. Then came the invitation.

It was a moonlit night, the frost was biting. In the elegant section of the city were many celebrants on the street, already half-drunk.

Buoyed by excitement and anticipation, Alta hardly felt the frost. In her gloved hand she held a piece of paper with explicit directions. She took a tram to Cracov Boulevard, and from there she walked to Karova Street, a short, dark, downhill street. Alta looked for the number indicated but none was in evidence.

When she came to the very end of the street, she saw a very old cloister with heavy iron gates and spires shooting up to the skies. It had grated windows and a cupola on the very top, but on top of that there was a huge cross laden with snow. Icicles on the cross gave the impression of some huge, forbidding bird. In the distance the Vistula was visible.

Suddenly, someone grabbed her by the arm. It was Marya hiding in the shadows of the gate. "Thank God you are here," and kissed her intimately on the cheek. A strong odor of alcohol came forth.

She held on to Alta's arm, and in a shushed voice said to her: "Listen, my dear Alta. I must tell you something," indicating with her hand the cloister, "Here is where I live temporarily." Her eyes were downcast. "You see, the Mother Superior is a wonderful lady. She once knew my family, so she lets me stay here for the time being. But I am not supposed to have guests, so we must be very quiet. All the Nuns are in the other wing, probably asleep, but I thought I'd better tell you."

Alta was shocked. She stood as if riveted to the ground. To her mind suddenly came all the tales that she had heard when still a child, about cloisters and the mysteries of them. Tales of old about cloisters in the provinces that kept young Jewish girls captive and then converted them.

Alta finally found her voice. "Miss Marya. I am Jewish. I cannot go into a cloister."

Marya laughed and said: "These are very good, charitable people, and nothing is going to hurt you. Don't be such a child, Alta. Come."

She took Alta firmly by the hand and guided her through a small wooden side door. There were many intricate walkways through the huge courtyard, and when they reached a side building, Alta saw a maze of stairs leading in different directions, dimly illuminated by a waning moon.

Marya took out a candle, lit it, and proceeded to guide Alta up a steep winding staircase. It seemed there was no end, but Marya whispered, "We are almost there. Just a few more steps. It will do you good. It will warm you up."

With each step Alta was more frightened by the darkness and the mystery of the place, but she did not dare say a word. When they reached the top landing, Marya pushed her through a narrow, low door, and they entered a very large empty room with a slanted ceiling. One side was partitioned by a screen hung over with a dark blanket, forming a little room, containing an iron cot and a low table in front of it, and a wooden chair.

On the table was a yellow thick candle in an iron holder and a large bottle of vodka, three large glasses, and several slices of black bread. Marya promptly poured vodka into the glasses; that they drink "bruderschaft." Alta moistened her lips with vodka and started to cough.

"You will get used to it," Marya said to Alta. "Everything is strange when you do it for the first time."

Indicating the food on the table, Marya said: "This is my favorite dinner. I hope you like it." She gulped down another glass of vodka, all the time urging Alta to do the same.

Alta was sitting on the edge of the bed stiffly and very tense, still bundled up in her coat and scarf. Despite the cold and Alta's protests, Marya took off her coat, excused herself and went to the other part of the dark room.

When she returned, she wore only a black silk slip, and the shabby coat with the attached violets thrown over her shoulders.

Another glass of vodka, and Marya became very animated. She urged Alta to drink. "It will warm you up, and it will make you happy. Drink, my child." Each time a few drops passed Alta's mouth, she felt as if she were on fire. She felt miserable.

Suddenly, Marya began admiring Alta's dress. "It's so pretty" she said. "A pity if it should get all wrinkled up. Take it off, Alta. Let me see how

beautiful you really are."

Alta resisted. She was terribly embarrassed, and pleaded the cold in the room. With one swift swoop Marya's arm was around her shoulder. She pressed her body to Alta with great strength and began to kiss her passionately on the lips. Her other hand found her way to Alta's thighs.

Alta was bewildered. She pushed Marya away and tried to get up from the bed, but Marya pulled her back and whispered in her ear, "I love you, Alta. I loved you from the first time I saw you. You are so young and innocent. I need you. You want to help me, don't you? I know you do."

As if on cue, a huge, rotund man with a protruding belly materialized from the dark shadows. His head was the shape of an egg without any trace of hair. He wore thick glasses on his fleshy nose. There was an ugly, dark-red scar on his cheek running to the chin. In his big hands he carried a narrow, black case, resembling a small violin case. He was dressed in black. He quietly sat down opposite Alta on the wooden chair.

Marya introduced him as "the professor."

The "professor" stood up, kissed Alta's hand, looked at her intently, as if appraising her. He complimented her on her looks and her fine dress, still holding her hand in his.

Alta felt as though a thousand spiders were crawling over her body. She thought that she had never seen a more ugly man, and he filled her with indescribable disgust and fear.

"How do you like the weather, and why don't you have a nice drink? It's good for you." He kept on looking at Alta, and pursing his lips.

Marya said, "Alta, my child. Describe to the professor your body. Tell us whether anyone ever has made real love to you.

"No, I don't know what you mean, or what love means, and please talk about something else."

The man kept on looking at her. He carefully took out his wallet. He put on the table several notes amounting to fifty zlotys. "I will be glad to part with more of the same later."

Alta looked at Marya.

"You see, my dear Alta, there is really nothing to it. The professor is very kind and he likes you. You should not look so frightened and stubborn. He will not do you any harm. It is time that you understood, my little friend, that not all people are alike. Everyone expresses his love and admiration in a different way."

In a voice chocked with tears, Alta asked, "Miss Marya, what are you trying to tell me? I am sorry to be so stupid and inexperienced, but I do not understand you." She longed to be at home.

Marya kept talking about the differences in people, expressions of love, and as she was doing so, she deftly scooped up the banknotes from the table, folded them, and deposited them in her bosom, behind the black silk slip.

The professor began showing nervousness and impatience. Deliberately and slowly he started to open his black narrow case. Marya put her hand over his, and said, "Have patience my friend. Not yet. The night is still young." She tried to get up from the bed, but stumbled half-drunkenly.

"You see my dear, dear Miss Alta," the man said, his tongue curling drunkenly. "You see, my dear, my darling little Jewess, the story is this. Don't be afraid, I will not hurt you, even a tiny bit. You have the word of a gentleman and a Pole. I will not touch you with my body, if that's what you are afraid of, and you shall remain the same sweet virgin that you are." And he laughed.

Marya interrupted in a drunken voice: "The professor has very delicate little switches. All you have to do is to undress, and I promise you that it will not hurt you, you will hardly feel it," and caressed Alta over her hair and shoulders, at the same time unbuttoning her dress. "I'll be with you here all the time. I won't let anyone hurt you, my darling."

Alta removed Marya's hands from her shoulders as if they were poisonous snakes. It was as if she grew up all at once, as if something had been removed from her eyes. Her fear and disgust, the feeling of total helplessness, plus the vodka forced on her, intensified the throbbing in her temples.

Alta did not want to insult Marya, feeling that she was at her mercy. Tears streamed down her face. "Miss Marya, please, please, let me go home. I am not feeling well, and besides," she whispered, "I am not disposed today. I cannot undress. Please, Miss Marya, please." Alta's heart fluttered, and silently she prayed.

Abruptly Marya let go of Alta and addressed the man. "So, my dear friend. As you see I had good intentions, but we cannot always have our own way when we want it. But Alta is a good girl, and she will come back. Nothing in nature gets lost."

The professor was visibly displeased. He insisted on a date, a firm commitment. "But it will have to be in another place. I shall find the proper room for it."

Their eyes turned on Alta, and they asked, pathetically almost in one voice, "A week from today, Alta? You agree to come? Swear!"

Alta vigorously shook her head. Tears streaming, Alta picked up her coat and scarf and asked Marya, very politely, fearing to offend her, to give her a little candle, so she could get down the stairs safely.

On the stairs she felt something running over her legs, but she kept going, summoning all her will-power. It seemed to her that there was no end to the stairs.

At the foot of the landing, she ran out into the courtyard, now all white with frozen snow. She ran towards the heavy gate but could not lift the heavy bar. She ran along one path, then another, endlessly, till she noticed the hidden wooden door that Marya had left unlocked.

A fierce wind was blowing and whipping up from

the Vistula, flickering lights seemed to laugh at her. Alta was shaking and nearly blown away when she noticed that she was carrying her coat, but she did not stop to put it on

The street was deserted and dark, and Alta slipped on the frozen surface, but she kept on running. "She was trying to sell me. She was selling me for fifty zlotys." She was bitterly ashamed for being so stupid. She kept running.

At the corner of Cracov Boulevard, a knot of young students stood blowing horns, singing, drunkenly embracing each other. They made a circle around Alta. "Hey, where to, pretty one? Give us a kiss. Which one of us will you choose? Maybe all of us? We have a cold bottle and a warm bed. What do you say, ha?"

Alta beat with her fists on their chests, and begged them to let her go.

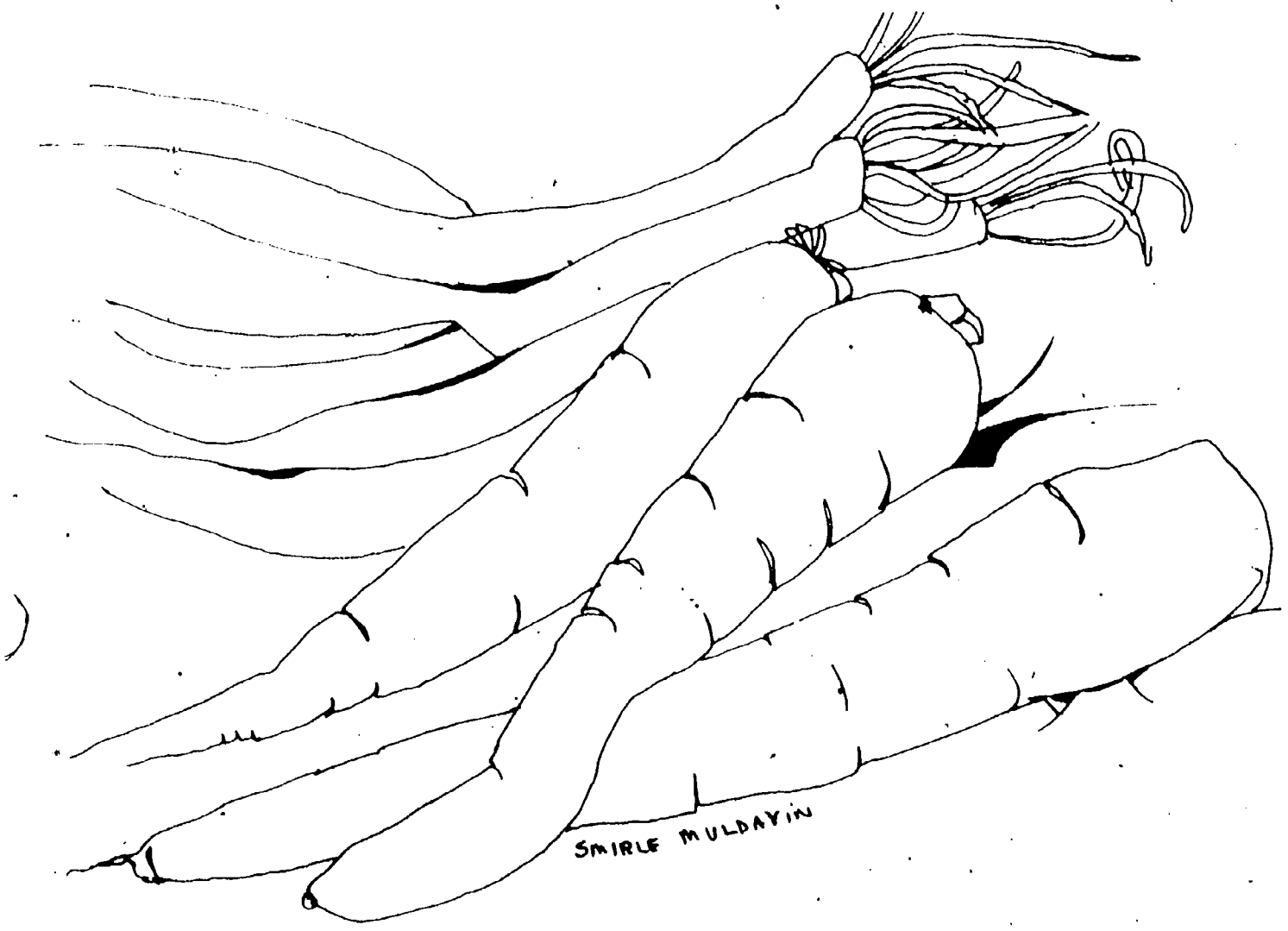
A droschky drove by and stopped to watch them. Alta tore herself out of the circle of men, and jumped into the droschky. The old driver smiled under his gray mustache. "Where to, lady?" he asked sarcastically.

When Alta arrived at home, she tiptoed through the silent house toward her room and bed, not even noticing that her mother was sitting in the living room waiting up for her. She threw herself under the covers in her dress and shoes. All she wanted was to sleep, sleep, and to forget.

Without turning on a light, Kayla walked to Alta's bed and asked, "Did you have a nice time, Alta? Was it at least worth the effort?" Kayla smelled the vodka on her daughter's breath, but said nothing. "You will tell me all about it tomorrow, yes?"

"Yes, Mama," Alta said, and then she asked, "Mama, is it possible to have a nightmare when one is awake?" and fell asleep.

In the house no sound but her sobbing.



THE CASE OF THE ILLOGICAL GHOTI

by John F. Mocine

□ **Typical scene in an English class for foreigners:** First Student: Will you explain the use of **the**?

Instructor: **The** is not used with a proper noun. One doesn't say **the** Germany or **the** Mexico.

Up goes a hand.

Second Student: How about **the** United States?

Instructor: Well, yes, **the** is used with a modifier. We say **the** Union of South Africa, **the** Middle East, and **the** Sahara Desert.

Up goes another hand.

Third Student: How about East Asia or North America?

As the curtain falls, the instructor takes an overdose of tranquilizers.

Teaching English to foreign students is a traumatic experience. If the teacher of English as a foreign language needs to be convinced that our language does not always follow regular rules, the questions raised by students from other lands bring the matter to him daily. He finds himself falling back on the truism that language preceded rules.

An endless number of questions seem to be without logical answers. Why, for instance, does one get **on** a train or plane but **in** a car or taxi? Why do we say "**at** the beginning of the lecture" but "**in** the middle of the lecture"? If the instructor answers the latter question successfully, how then does he explain the fact that the Bible says, "In the beginning . . . "?

Why is it that we live **on** Broadway but **at** 2727 Broadway? Let us suppose the instructor explains that the preposition **on** means "on the surface of." The very next sentence in the text is sure to say, "We rented a cottage **on** the lake."

The problem of prepositions is compounded when we must decide whether to use an article with one. Why do we go **to** town but **to the** city? We **go to** college but **to the** university, **to** church but **to the** movie.

In some instances, we leave off both the preposition and the article. For example, we go swimming. He has diphtheria.

Often, the grammatical points the native-born student takes for granted are the puzzlers for the foreign-born. The question of when to use an article or which preposition to use may never occur to the native-born because his ear tells him what is correct. He probably cannot give a rule to justify usage. As a matter of fact, if he tried to learn grammar rules, he might only succeed in confusing himself.

The order of adjectives is also a perplexing problem for the foreign-born. Why does the native-born say "the big, old, red barn" and never "the barn, big, old, red"? Yet if this is so, how does the teacher explain a sentence such as the following: The boy, tired and hungry, was found at dawn.

Verbs are also troublesome. Look at the confusion the progressive verb form can cause. The teacher points out that its use usually implies action that is occurring now. He is writing a letter now. He is studying now. But a student is sure to ask, "What about, 'He is owning a car now'?"

The foreign student asks, "Will you explain the difference between the verbs, **say** and **tell**?" The problem, it appears to me, is that the teacher is expected to state a rule on the spur of the moment that will fit all uses of the two words. If he says that **tell** always takes an indirect object while **say** does not ("Tell me a story," but never "Say me a story"), he is almost certain to find that the foreign student comes up with an exception, such as the following sentence, Did he tell a lie?

Explaining the use of **might** and **may** can also be rather sticky. The teacher explains that **may** is used to express the present and the future, while **might** expresses the past and the conditional. Up goes the inevitable hand. "What about, 'I might go tomorrow.' Isn't this in the future?"

"Yes, but the statement is also conditional," answers the teacher, realizing that his students will always confront him with the exceptions to a rule.

Some verbs in combination with an adverb or a preposition are a source of bewilderment to the foreigner. What, for instance, is the difference between **burn up** and **burn down**? Or explain the meaning of **break up, break down, break through, break out, break in, break over, break off**. The foreigner's confusion increases when he realizes that many of these phrases have both a literal and a figurative meaning. **Back up** in one sentence may mean "to reverse"; in another, it may mean "to support."

Homonyms in English can also cause difficulty. The homonym for **read** is reed. Or is it **red**? Is the homonym for **lead, led**? Are we talking about the metal or the verb? **Vice** and **vise** are homonyms, but how about **advice** and **advise**? **Tier** and **tear** are homonyms—unless we are talking about the verb.

Idioms in English can cause the foreign student endless trouble, because the dictionary definitions of the specific words in the expression may give little insight into the meaning of the idiom. "Give me a ring," for instance, has nothing to do with jewelry. Part of the problem, of course, may stem from the fact that the foreigner has not looked objectively at his native language and is unaware that it, too, contains illogical idioms. For instance, the German idiom for "Don't kid me" translates literally as "Stop pulling me through the cocoa."

Prefixes also puzzle the foreign student. A neatly logical language should pair Latin prefixes with Latin stems and Greek prefixes with Greek stems. Yet, English words are too often hybrids with Greek prefixes and Latin stems or vice versa.

We are able to form the negative of a word in many ways: by adding the prefix **in, un, non, dis,** etc. We

appear to have no regular rules for the formation of the negative. Add to this the problem of assimilation where **in** can become **im** in immortal, **il** in illegal, **ir** in irregular, and **ig** in ignoble, and the foreigner is ready to give up.

This brings us to the matter of English spelling, obviously the most illogical and archaic aspect of our language. The fact that we have adopted words from many languages doesn't make the problem of English spelling any easier. Often we Anglicize the pronunciation of a word but retain the original spelling. If proof were needed, one might ask the student from another land about the many sounds of **ough**: through, thoroughly, enough. To illustrate the senselessness of English spelling, George Bernard Shaw spelled fish **ghoti**, the **f** sound in enough, the **i** sound in women, and the **sh** sound in nation.

Finally, the student's bewilderment is complete when he finds that in many cases "abusage makes good usage." We have nothing like the French Academy to make pronouncements on what is correct English. The foreign student soon realizes that the few absolute rules that he thought he could rely on are ignored by the average American in his everyday, informal conversation.

The foreigner had learned that **shall** is used to express the future with the first person singular and plural. He now finds that the American disregards this rule most of the time and says, "I'll." Despite the rules about the nominative and objective case, the foreign student finds that most Americans in conversation say, "It's me."

I suppose the best advice the teacher of English as a second language can give a student is to read, write, and speak English every chance he gets. The teacher should also recommend that the student listen to the patterns of the language and let his ear tell him what is correct. Suggest that if he talks in his sleep he should speak English then, too.

The foreign student seeks desperately for final answers, absolute rules. He is constantly asking, "Why?" I'm sure he feels that the teacher is hiding his ignorance when he cannot cite an all-inclusive rule to the student's question.

Unfortunately, the truth is that no living language, hammered out on the anvil of usage, is always logical. This is especially true of language in a democracy where everyone has a vote on usage and dictionaries and grammar handbooks mirror current usage. □

Olga Kooyman

Ferndell Gifford Park 7/8/76

THE SHADOWS

By Kiomars Fiazi

It was early afternoon of a late autumn Sunday. The air was cold and brisk. I put on my heavy coat and left for a usual walk in the forest behind my backyard. This was a very familiar forest. I had spent a great deal of time there; more time than in my own room. In fact, even in my room, when sitting in an armchair sipping tea or conversing with the blank walls, I always have my eyes fixed on this forest.

When I listen to a piece of music or when I run my fingers across the keys of an imaginary piano, my eyes are fixed on the graceful dry trees, the red falling leaves and the narrow paths. There are so many things in this forest that I am fascinated by. Most of all, I am fascinated by the streams of light and the dark shadows that they create deep in the forest.

On my walks I had never gone through these distant regions; yet, I have always wanted to reach and to touch beyond the visible boundaries. On this autumn afternoon, however, things were different. A strange and mysterious sense of curiosity had overcome me. I walked through the curved path, listened to the birds, sang my own songs and followed the visual harmonies. The familiar path gradually became unclear, poorly marked or totally covered by dried leaves and by dead twigs. Soon, I was walking on territories that were seldom travelled on. I continued walking until I reached virgin territories, where there were no paths and no guides to any direction. I looked to either side, went back and forth and walked in circles. Finding no clues, I finally decided to give up looking for them. Instead, I decided to make up my own path. I continued walking where I knew there were no directions, no rules, and no limits except the dark void and the hollow space in front of me. I felt an instinctive pull towards this void, an instinctive force to reach the distant beyond and to penetrate the forgotten secrets buried in the darkness.

I walked on and on perhaps for hours. With my head down, I listened to the music of my own thoughts, to the occasional shrieks made by the invisible creatures that were watching my every move. I walked on until the obsession to reach the beyond made me aware of my goal again. I raised my head, focused and refocused on the distance. I searched and looked but I could not find the dark void that lay in front of me only moments before. The dark void was gone and replaced by thin layers of fog that were in motion, unable to stay in unison.

I became fascinated with the shifting fog. It was moving in all directions, aimlessly blending, merging, and disappearing, so without form, vague and so unlike me.

Wondering why the afternoon had lasted so long, I looked up and around. I looked beyond the fog that was getting thicker and thicker as new layers of it were joining the older ones. I looked back towards the beginning of the forest. There in the distance, far beyond reach, as if by magic, I found the thick curtain of darkness. The forest I had just passed through had become a complete unknown, a mystery, a dark hollow which blended in with the vast sky. I could not penetrate it deeply enough. My eyes were used to the misty air, to the white fog.

"How did I pass through the darkness without noticing it?" I wondered. "Did I really go beyond it? Was I unconscious when I went through it?" I could not understand anymore.

Confused and exhausted, I leaned against an old tree and went into deep thoughts. My eyes were following the changing outline of the fog that was shaping, discarding, and reshaping its own form. I became fascinated with its thin layers that were defying everything, the forest, the darkness and perhaps even the gods. The layers of fog had become free and perhaps a symbol of freedom. How enviously I wanted to join the fog, to leave my own skin, to lose my essence and form, and to become light and free. How much I wanted to blend with the cool air, to caress it and to disappear in it.

With these thoughts in my head I began feeling like a prisoner within my own skin, like a man who was being silently punished for his wish to disobey and for his attempt to reach outer limits. I felt like a man who was sentenced to suffer envy and helplessness for wanting to lose himself and for wanting to defy everything. "Is this the price I must pay and the punishment I must endure for obeying the fog, for walking through the dark mystery, for my own thoughts and questions?" A gentle wind blew over my face. It displaced my thoughts and I saw a beam of light emerging through my misty consciousness. "Perhaps I will be freed, to become like the formless and free fog. Perhaps I will join the wind which carries all the fogs and all of the freedom. Perhaps that is the real beyond, the other side of life." These last thoughts were sweet like a fantasy and short like a sigh. They colored my mind and they left more hope and more courage in me.

In the midst of these thoughts an impulse that was vague but familiar like my own memory attracted my attention. There, at the horizon, against the background of darkness, I saw a glow of light. As if nourished by the black forest the glow was growing, getting larger and larger. I could not understand anything even though I felt a familiar voice from the depth of the black forest struggling to speak to me. I found myself to be deeply engrossed, listening and looking at the glow that was moving towards me faster and faster every second. The glow was gaining not only momentum with the emerging time, but also more shape and form. It finally entered the fog and came so close to me that I thought it had already reached my solitude. My eyes were fixed on the glow. I was so afraid to blink. I was afraid that the glowing image would disappear in the forest. For

a moment I was afraid that this was nothing but an illusion, nothing but a trick that the forest plays on its inhabitants on cold autumn afternoons. "Is this a secret I am not to have witnessed? What if I blink? Will everything disappear then?"

The obsessive thought finally overcame me and I blinked. It was a very long blink, longer than I could endure. I struggled to end it as fast as my mind could work. When I opened my eyes my blinking had given form to the glow. It had already turned into a graceful maiden. I stood up in a daze. "This is my destiny, a gift from the dark forest or perhaps just a trick, a very joyous trick!" I was not about to question anything any longer. "This is a maiden that has come out of the forest, out of my own memory and it has been sent to me."

When the maiden reached me she joined with the fog and started to move in the air and on the ground as if almost weightless. She would change her direction at any instant. I kept my eyes fixed on her. I looked at her so intensely that I began seeing her form and her substance. I was so afraid she would disappear at any moment. She had a slim body, a nordic complexion, long golden hair and large green eyes. She had rosy lips, a smile as vague as the mist, as mysterious as the forest and as quiet as a shadow. Her nose was delicate, her neck long and gracefully caressing the mist. She had firm and virgin breasts and her body was pure and untouched except by the enveloping cool air. With her soft and graceful arms she was moving slowly in dance-like harmony with the fog, with my misty memory.

"How wonderful it would be to freeze this moment, to preserve it for eternity," I thought. "But no! That would imprison my maiden. She is made of mist, she is free, she is freedom itself. She has given form and body to my forgotten secrets. She is mine and like a shadow she must come and go. I will only watch her. I will dearly keep this blessing given to me by the beloved forest." Moments later I noticed myself moving, hand in hand with my maiden, dancing weightlessly, caressing the fog and touching her skin. We danced and danced. We danced until I was totally lost, until I was in unison with her and with my own body. We danced until all my fantasies became real and all my thoughts acquired color, until I sensed and resensed my essence and experienced myself change and evolve into every thought, until we were floating like the wind. We danced until we were immersed in eternity.

When the moment of eternity ended I looked around. It was completely dark. I rubbed my eyes thinking that I was dreaming. The forest and the cool air were still there. Everything was real. The glow of eternity was still vivid in my imagination. "Why is it so dark? Is it night time? Has the overdue nightfall eventually arrived?" Suddenly I remembered about my maiden. Her hand was not in mine any longer. In the dim light I could not see her near me. I stretched my arms and I searched. There was no sign of her. I moved about in the black night. I stumbled over dead trees. I reached around large stones. I made up names for her, calling her loudly and lovingly. She simply was gone.

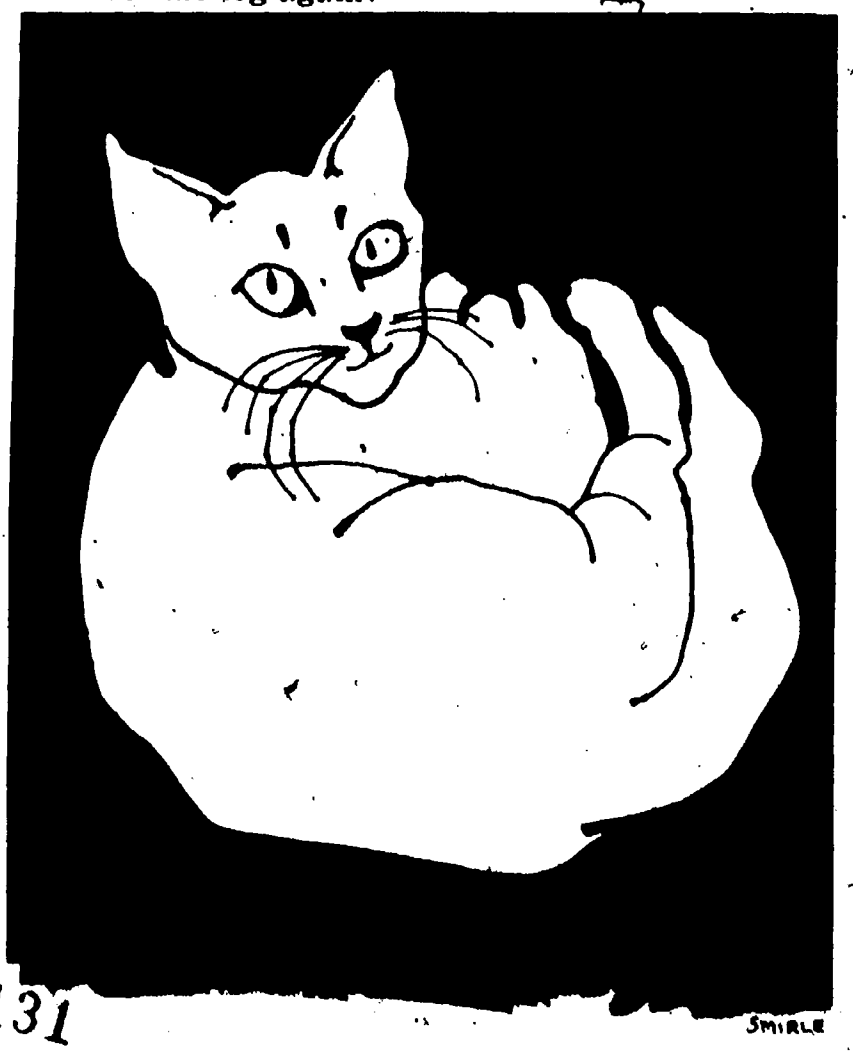
Tired and despondent, I sat on a nearby rock thinking that she had gone with the fog. "She must have been blown away like a fantasy or perhaps she has turned into a graceful tree still invisibly dancing in the dark night."

I sat silently for hours. No thought was strong enough to soothe my pain. As the night progressed and the moon spoke to me through the moving layers of clouds, I recognized my forest in its serene slumber. I did not feel lonely anymore, but I felt cold, shivering violently every time that a piercing wind brushed over my face with its sharp needles. As the emerging moon slipped under thick clouds, I saw my maiden disappear in my memory, perhaps the source she had come from.

Moments later I was walking amongst the dense trees on my way back to my room. The cool air kept my mind alive. I felt in and out of my own skin, walking and watching myself walk at the same time.

"Will it snow tonight?" I asked myself as I reached my backyard. With no hesitation I climbed the wooden stairs and before I knew it I was inside my warm room.

Moments later I was sipping tea, sitting by my window watching the snow fall over the gray forest. It was tomorrow already and the forest still looked out of reach. "Will I ever go back to the forest again? Will I dance with my maiden once more? Will I be free like the fog again?"



LACC WOMEN'S CENTER: FRIENDSHIP, REFERRAL, A SHOULDER

By Lila Aurich

The Los Angeles City College Women's Center opened in December, 1974, in response to needs identified by a Campus Ad Hoc Committee on Women's Concerns. This broad-based group of faculty, staff, students and administrators knew that women still saw their career and educational choices in unnecessarily limited terms, that they often lacked confidence in their own abilities, that they still faced discrimination and prejudice, and that their frequent combination of homemaker and student roles required special services.

The Women's Center has evolved as one of the most complex of the LACC student services. It is, first of all, a place: a large cheerful room in the cafeteria building, with small tables for conversation or study, a fireplace corner to relax in, bulletin boards crammed with information about local events and women's issues.

The Center is staffed by a full-time director and three part-time counseling assistants. It also serves as a site for field work experience for students from the human services program. These peer counselors, who are as diverse in age and background as the student body, are especially effective at supporting and encouraging the women who come to them for help.

Women come to the Center for friendship, referral to a doctor, a shoulder to cry on, hugs, and coffee for 20 cents.

Weekly lectures or discussions provide information about current issues, community services, occupational choices or personal growth. Women's Day is a major event each year, with a program emphasizing a current topic. Some past themes have been "Women, Today and Tomorrow"; "Women Moving On"; and "Focus on Change". This year, a women's studies colloquium addressed the questions "Where are women now?" and "Why aren't they further?"

Most of all, of course, the Women's Center is important because of the students who come to it. A typical day might go something like this.

Julia comes in first, after dropping her daughter at the campus children's center. She has work to do on her vocabulary assignment. On the first day of classes, coming back to school after twenty-three years and six children, she had arrived two hours early. She sat at a table shaking, until other women shared with her that they had felt the same way and had found that they could handle the work and fit in just fine with the other students.

Barbara, another older woman, enrolled in the human services program to escape from a rigid, unsatisfying job, comes by to tell about career information she is gathering, and how cute her new kittens are.

Sue comes in for fifteen minutes of private conversation with a staff member about a difficult relationship. Pat asks for clarification of a statistics problem.

By now, most of the tables are full. One group is talking about birth control. At another table, three women listen sympathetically while a fourth describes the problems she is having with her aging mother.

Sid drops in to show the latest improvements in the games he is developing for the blind. Miriam pauses to describe her progress in organizing support for a women's tennis team. Edith needs a referral for help in fighting an eviction notice. A young woman whispers that she needs the phone number of a women's clinic that will take MediCal. Someone asks for the name of a good auto mechanic and someone else tells her.

Sometimes a call comes that brings all the resources of the Center to focus on one overwhelming need. Terry had come in early in the semester to find out how to get a restraining order against a man who was beating her. Now she calls from the hospital; he has tried to kill her. She is seriously injured, alone and frightened. Peer counselors talk to her, then visit her. Her teachers are notified; several say they will call her. A battered women's shelter is called; their counselor will call Terry to help her plan what she will do when she leaves the hospital. The campus minister offers to visit her and to speak to the hospital staff about some psychological counseling. Terry still hurts, but she is no longer alone.

At Thanksgiving, the women of the Center wrote a collective poem about what it meant to them. Some of the lines say,

"Many of us stumbled in for a cup of coffee
and walked out with a little more of ourselves.
Here we come to tell our dreams
and not be laughed at
to cry
and not be left alone."

SCENES IN A NURSING HOME

By Sharon Ianuzzi

The morning shift has sifted in, bringing a new day.

Hands painfully grip old canes. The movements are slow and careful. Even the nurses wheel their carts with unhurried creepings. Anxious faces wait at doorways, in rolled up beds, in wheelchairs.

But there are at least two men who are oblivious to the morning routines:

FIRST MAN:

These corridors are my forest pathways.
My bed is a bank by the river.
This wooden stump
Serves as my leg well enough
To get me there.
My world is slow as the heavens.
I have learned to see mountains, and smell
Damp pines.
I have braised fresh trout on my campfires.
Icy spring water has rolled
Down this old throat.
The nights are the longest of all—
But the swirls of brilliant stars overhead
Soothe me in the darkness.

They are jealous of this
Peacefulness, this content.
They attempt to make me see
The blankness of their walls, to hear
The moanings of the dying,
The endless
Dreads of their reality.
I can sometimes hear their desperate calls
As I patiently smoothe
Down my bed of cool moss.
But they cannot reach me.

SECOND MAN:

My legs are thin wheels by day,
Immobile by night.
My mouth is a rubber tube from my nose.
A machine - my lungs.
Even my bowels are theirs, issued
By the morning nurse as sterile
Plastic bags.
I talk to them by rolling my eyes.
I tell them the secrets of my life
While they mock me
With their youthfulness.
I offend them with my oldness, my decay.

I have become weary as the world.
How my senses scream for nullity,
For woodenness, dullness! An escape . . .

FIRST MAN:

I survive. I live
In the past. I am a boy again.
How they resent it when I laugh!
Yet they never take me seriously.

In my mind I am free to run;
There are no walls to restrict me.
See how the sun manages to find me,
To flicker in
My hairs? How it dazzles
The ripples of the lake!
Liquid rainbows!
I would stand barefoot on the docks and break
The prisms with skimming rocks
To watch them resettle
Again and again.

I think the waters must still
Remember the colors
Of those days.

SECOND MAN

I never look back!
The comparisons are agonizing!
I am thin paper,
Two-dimensional; only my hands
Are cup-shaped, waiting
To be filled, to touch—
Reaching for something to hold on to.
My fingers are bowls that open and close,
Spastically catching
The air at my sides,
Helplessly, infantile.

If only I could howl as loudly as a child!
If only I could strain the twisted
Redness of a newborn!
But my face is fragile
As rice-paper, and just as white:
My skin is frail and stiff, cracked
With age.
I never look back . . .

A bed is stripped for the departure. The starched sheets, the plastics, are removed in efficient, stiff crumples. Years of bureau drawers are emptied by strangers. From behind half-closed curtains, the old roommates peer in silence.

A woman is laughing, the soft sounds absorbed by a dull vacuum of envy:

WOMAN:

I go home.
I go home.
They are packing the white gowns, my teeth,
My lipstick tube.
In red, they have drawn on the old bloom.
They are packing old bones, a skeleton
In blue satin and gold brooches.
They are twisting the old gnarled
Feet into nylons and high heels.
I am cobalt! I am sapphire!
My hair is fine silver.
I am brighter than the sky!

I am waiting . . .
I am two women now.

I am a mirrored double by the glass door.
The flatness of this other self is immaculate.
Outside the air is so still, so vapid.
A hollow of silence
Revolves in its own slow orbit.
The hollowness astounds me!
It surrounds the houses, and trails through
The bare branches of the trees' tangles.
And the people
Seem so sluggish to me,
Like sleepwalkers
As they move in and out
Of the Baroque shadows, vanishing with the blackness.

The nurses are flocking around me.
Propping me for the meeting.
I am smiling
Sadly for what I know,
What I see
Seeping in
The cold bolts of the wintry sky.
I see glassy lifelessness,
My reflection.
I am frozen in
This pane of glass now.
A quick streak of silver chrome
Tells me they are here. I go home
Where thimbled fingers once flashed patterns
Of silk and flannel,
Embroidering
Pastels for weddings and patching blue
Materials. The air is not a material
As it zigzags its Ionic folds over me.
Yet I am ready. I am ready to go . . .

An old woman is wheeled out through the doors, and as she goes, another woman is gernied in by brisk attendants. The double doors close hard, separating them like a cool, toothless mouth.

NEW WOMAN:

The House of the Dead!
So this is where it will end!
O how the stark light
Has to hook into every detail!
See how death is magnified by such
Bright reflections!
The gangrene sounds of these halls
Are terrifying, paralyzing!
And see how lifeless and artificial
The mute faces are!
I am to be exiled,
Outcast like a leper!
The history of my life is a hospital chart now.
See how they examine every page, every word,
And scarcely glance at me.
They have stripped me of my clothes,
My jewels, my things.
All that remains is this
Gold wedding ring; how dull and small it seems,
Like a token
Left on the blue hand of a corpse.

A furious ocean of memories
Swells through my head.
They say your whole life passes
Before you in the House of the Dead . . .
I see the small curly-headed child
Fingering her father's smoke-rings,
Laughing,
Riding the ponies of his knees.
I remember the first snowfall of winter
Blanketing rooftops, clinging to trees.
How warm I would feel,
Watching the whiteness through
An eye-size hole on the frosted window.
Now even these memories seem
To no longer belong to me!

And how cold it is here!
Drafty dungeon.
I can feel the damp
Green growth
Squeezing through my lungs, spreading
Death everywhere.
This place is colder than the snow . . .

Visitors come.

They move into the rooms mutely, without a word. Always there are some patients left at the entrance, waiting for a familiar face, waiting, waiting until nightfall when the nurses slip sleep under their tongues.

Relatives hover around the bedsides, straining hard to engulf the silence. Yet at times no words are needed between them. The quietness is thick with meaning.

SECOND MAN:

My son. His son.
How they look about, scanning
The walls, the nurses, anything
Not to look at me.
Every week they sit at my feet
And force smiles.

A slight old woman hobbles
To my side at times, blankly
Tucking the sheets.
She never touches me.
My wife.
My widow.
There are no tears here.
They have consumed their grief years ago
As I last it out and last it out.

I have seen the nurses change faces,
Change skins, sliding lizard-like down the halls
Until I no longer know
How many there have been.
I have seen my son grow
Old and gray, and my grandson
Start to shave.
I can see my own dead face on the dry
Lining of my eyelids.

I have never seen myself so clearly!
I have never felt such calm fury!

The room is calm enough, I suppose.
Yet I no longer know what is on the other side
Of the dusty white blinds.
They close them to keep out the sun,
To still
The time—
They close the blinds like old
Pennies on the eyes.

Ridiculously, I last it out.
I last it out.
O when will it be over?

The visitors depart, but only those at the door see them go.

The room has grown long with shadows.

Bent silhouettes clutch hands like two cripples, intimate comrades, over the white coffee mugs, now bitter and cold. The voices of two women are dissolving to muffled half-whispers in the darkness:

FIRST WOMAN:

When I first became aware of this change
I was frozen in fright, yet teeming!
Every hair, every fiber would grow with cold
Sensational slowness.
I recall how I lingered in the night darkness
And could feel each clean gust smooth
Down the body hairs.
How I shivered!
Soft chilling fingers would stroke my ears,
And lift the veil of silver back, back
Away from the roots.
I was so strangely erect, alive with feeling,
Wildly seeking
An answer to my passions, my need
To flee
Into the bidding night breezes.
Stiff, so stiff . . .
My eyes hardened deeply into the thickness
In search of a sign . . . . Then,
Lifting my strained iron face, I could feel
The beckoning
Magnetic suck of the glowjng yellow moon . . .

SECOND WOMAN:

Sometimes
I would just sit and stare,
Incapable of releasing even a single thread
Of the tightly spun emotion.
Yet I could feel it lurking, and growing,
Nurtured within me, like a horrible fetal-monster
Ready to burst forth with howling,
Breathing life. My God!
Please offer a release!
My silent pitches would grow
Thick with sickness,
A lead anchor about my throat.

FIRST WOMAN:

I know. I know.
Everything was so slow after that, and dense!
The denseness would hang like a black cloud,
Muffling shrieks.
Inwardly, far down in the deepness, I created
My own strained ringing.
And the acoustics of the poundings were deadening!
Day and night, every breathing moment
Was filled with the dread
Of splitting forces, the explosion!
It was the slow suspense, the utter lack of any control
That was the most agonizing of all!
I never knew when to expect it.

SECOND WOMAN:

And the children were no help at all!
How I would wait and wait for a word,
A smile, from them.
I would imagine
That I could see them from this window,
Slapping the wall with their balls.
My ears would strain to remember . . .
Even the smells haunt me!
I can still remember
The sweet thick scent of a new baby,
Twisting and searching for the swollen breast,
That velvet soft head a part of my arm, her soothing
Quick rasps,
And the swells
Of total weariness that comfort one
After a long, long night of raging labor.
How I am still plagued by these memories!

FIRST WOMAN:

I have been pacing in flight, fighting
This thing that drains life.
Bloody little waves, contracting and lapping
Involuntarily, like a heartbeat,
Pull at my skull with each tug.
I can taste the salt of the sea even now, these slow
Juices dry my mouth.

SECOND WOMAN:

My caverns are wringers now, squeezing and heaving,
Leaking fast from each seam
Like waxed-paper sacks - about to explode.
These are the leaks that allow me to see,
To remember.
How my violent biology staggers me!
With each blow . . . each blow . . .
O where will I be when it's ended?

The window reflects nothing.
Thick silence now blends with the dullness. Two old friends, now worn and motionless, are wheeled to their rooms by the woman in white, who carries a dead, empty sleep in her needle.

Night: the black falls of isolating gloom brings reality into sharp focus. Alone with their thoughts, some old men simply do not sleep.

FIRST MAN:

The woods have become thick walls now.
I have awakened as though from a dream.
How long the nights are.
How tightly
They have flattened me to this bed.
They have closed out the stars!
The only lights are the dull red
Open sores
Blinking stupidly over the doors.

The nurses are white swans
Flowing their cool smoothness
Over screaming waters.
All night they are long, flat
Shadows lingering in
And out of the dark rooms.
They move with such controlled slowness.
They are immediately
Part of everything they pass.
A disturbance would never do!
I am not a part of their universe.
I am old, so old.
Still, one young nurse
Ignites me with desire.
Is it possible, old as I am?
She has a fresh young bloom
That must open and close
As clean as a rose.
Her harshness, her scoldings
Only emphasize by contrast
Her softness,
Her sex.

When she bends over my bed, smoothing
My sheets, I catch a glimpse
Of silk, of skin, of thigh, of breast.
And her smell!
She is the fresh heathers of the old country.
She fills my craving senses with pleasure.
Is it possible, old as I am?

How carelessly, heedlessly, she raises
Up her uniform to adjust
Her lace slip, her sleek stockings.
To her
I am not a man at all!
I am not like the young
Doctors who make her laugh.
I am old; to be so old
Is to be feeble, concealed,
Invisible.
She never sees me
Watching her.

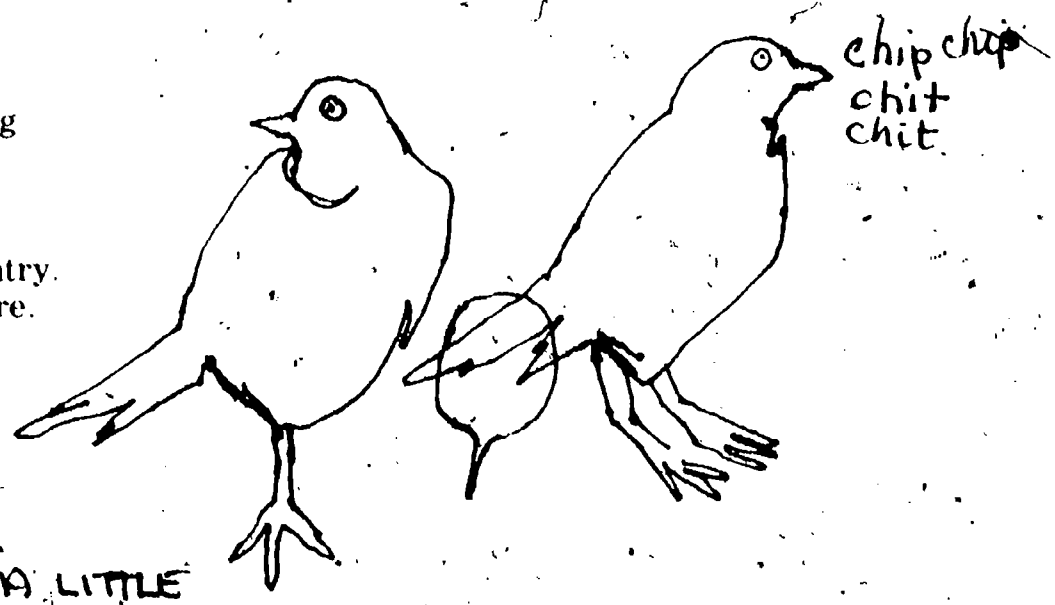
Time creeps through the night, dragging the hours with a purpose. Nighttime is when new births burst from between thighs; and it is usually during these hours that death will visit its victims.

NEW WOMAN:

So it is finally over.
These sheets are clean slates
Of stone, white pillars
Soon to cover my face,
How the dust hurts
My lungs, sunken old bags
Collapsing with fatigue, collapsing
From sheer will, refusing to be filled.
It is finally over.

The slips
Are easy and slow, from faraway . . .
Such comforting waves!
Soon they will detach these tubes,
My life plugs, and dress
Me in old jewels: Queen for the Day!
They will be calling my two sons in Idaho
Who will fly in to see the blue
Remains.

I am strangled by this night!
I can see the moon staring in
Through the bare window, hanging on a hollow
Glowing sliver.
Slowly she turns
To a black shadow—blackness, blackness . . .
And her stiff crescent smile. How she knows
Of death, of sorrow!
The blackness is squeezing through
My tired lids;
And she leaves me
Alone.



PERIPHERAL PERILS

by Paul Ferguson

For fifty years I had been wondering with varying intensity what it would be like to stretch my nonconformist frame on a hospital bed. None of the hundreds of the hospitalized I visited over the years could give me a clue because their relationship to the world was different from mine. The discrepancy began when at the age of five I discovered I should already be seven. Since then hypertrophy has set me apart from others in my conspicuous though unspectacular career.

I long ago gave up attempting to explain that the weather was much the same a foot above as a foot below or to deny that I had played jump center for the pre-war Lakers. I patiently gave people my exact height, in feet and inches for the most part but in meters and centimeters when traveling in Europe. Two meters, three and one half centimeters sounds like little enough to me, but the actuality of it looming up in Japan brought hordes of smiling Japanese crowding around me to have their picture taken almost as though I were the post at least, if not also the lintel, of the principal ponderosity at Stonehenge.

Usually one by one, but sometimes faster, I experienced and adjusted to the inconveniences, hazards, and malignant plotting of a world designed for people beneath me. The hazards were sometimes accompanied by such cruel punishment that in adjusting I over-reacted. For example, I frequently duck when I walk through a ten-foot high doorway. Over the years there have been reversals in my persecution which suggest a calculated malevolence on the part of society. In the early years of my elevation I could never clothe myself from the stock of any store. Suits had to be tailor-made, and shoes were fashioned from my private last, the average elapsed time between the leather leaving the cow at my order and the shoes slipping onto my feet being six months. At that time I could sit comfortably erect in any model of any automobile on the market. Today, not so. I can no longer sit comfortably or erect in any model of any automobile built after 1976. On the other hand I can go to numerous stores that will cover my body, from head to foot from merchandise in stock.

It has always been a simple matter to adjust to the inconvenience of beds. In the early days before flexibility began to show diminishing returns or any kind of turns, I could fit into an upper Pullman berth. Later, given no alternative to a single bed with foot boards, I could easily put the mattress on the floor to free my feet. And if arterial sclerosis or any of its fellow travelers turns me into rigidity, my years of improvisation in the bedchamber will provide some way of defeating an undersized pad. Naturally I am speaking of a sans-king-size culture.

Adjustment to an average-oriented world has never been exceedingly difficult as long as I possessed the power to cope. But what would it be like to be immobilized and at the mercy of those accustomed to a truncated environment? For years I speculated. Then my appendix burst. At last a hospital bed and the chance to test for trauma.

The path to the bed was strewn with a few impediments. The first was what I discovered later to be the rather usual misdiagnosis: "It's not appendicitis for sure—maybe a strained muscle or an over-lively liver." Then in quick succession came the foreshortened examination table, the Procrustes-designed mobile stretcher, the tonsuring of the torso, the preliminary needling that lulls one into a calm acceptance of the final jab that brings a limited oblivion.

As if to discredit from the outset my macromorphic fixation, my surgeon was named Dr. Smallberg. A linguist friend tells me that this is a bilingual name that translated completely into English means "small mountain." Although relatively small albeit well-fashioned, Dr. Smallberg was neither a peak with a flower in its cranny or a lonely, wind whistling crag. He was an active volcano. His first eruption: "What are you doing here? Your own area has at least two blue-ribbon surgeons who could take care of you in a less crowded hospital." On most of his visits his molten innards burned quietly, but every now and then there was a burst of lingual lava, usually directed at inefficiency. In spite of my being geographically not his responsibility, he decided to remove my appendix. It proved to be a messy business which he handled deftly.

The attendants were wheeling me from the recovery room to that long-awaited bed before I knew the operation was begun, let alone completed. My other encounter with sodium pentathol had been much the same. Both times when I awakened I felt as though, like the magician's caged accomplice, I had been whisked from pre to post by prestidiginous means. But no doubt it is better to have no playback for the period of cutting and probing.

On arrival in the hospital room for my ten nights stand I was slipped into one of those hospital gowns that is nothing on a tall man. The card wishing me a room with a view to match my gown with a view was appropriate, but that kind of view calls for some framing, and the gown was remote from any of the views the card's sender had in mind. With my pubic hair shorn I couldn't even manage matting.

With the gown in place I was ready for the shift from stretcher to bed. It was accomplished easily. I had heard that the sudden elongation of many of the race to meet the demands of professional basketball had resulted in the development of king-size hospital beds. But none was in my hospital. So I found myself in a regular size bed, and I could not leave it for four days or until the parts paralyzed by peritonitis began to function once more.

As everyone knows, a hospital bed is designed to

support the human body in positions that alter the spine. It's a matter of arranging for bends. Like all human bodies mine bends in the middle where the great trochanter meets the head of the femur and at the knee where the patella joins the fibula. My head feels comfortable when the parietal bone, the saggital suture and its neighbor the lambdoid suture ease into the pillow simultaneously. I realize that anything more or less than simultaneous is unlikely with something as compact as the skull, but when the top of the bed hits at about the third cervical vertebra, even those solid reliables north of the occipital bone seem to fidget slightly as they hang mid-air.

The nurse engineered my first bed bend. It was intended to put my back at a forty-five degree angle from my extremities. It succeeded reasonably well although the region from lower back to buttocks spanned a sheeted gulch with a tremor that in an ordinary bridge would be frightening. The trouble was that gravity had pulled my body down so my head could rest on the bed. The result was not an angle of repose. Then the nurse tried the knee raiser. The effect was predictable. My knees, like nature, abhor a vacuum, and so they slumped to the side to meet the bed, giving my body the look of a bent chassis. Only my feet and ankles extended over the end of the bed—about my lifetime norm. I tried to imagine the line of my body as some sort of graph—the Dow Jones averages, say, or the demand for large American cars—but the horizontal wouldn't stay within the limits of the vertical. However, on the whole the discomfort was about standard, and I had been told to lie on my side and cough a great deal. Lying on the side very nearly equalizes everyone since the foetal position was planned for a small place. And coughing has the advantage of redirecting the agony.

I had about decided to accept diminished circulation in my feet and temporary warping of the spinal chord when Dr. Smallberg appeared at my bedside. After ordering me to control the reflex kick of my leg as he dressed the open incision, he ordered the staff to get my bed more comfortable. They attempted to do this with two things: an egg crate mattress and an extension to the bed. The egg crate mattress promptly started air circulating behind almost two-thirds of my body. The extension was not so prompt. I was the second person to overextend the hospital's beds. The first had been seven feet tall, and the engineers had improvised for him an extension made of wood that attached to the head of the bed. It looked like the Incredible Hulk's sock drawer with the end knocked out and worked fine for all flatout uses of the bed, but it didn't solve the bending problem. Although all of my back was now supported at the forty-five degrees, the not-so-small terminations of my legs still dangled off the end of the bed. Evidently the idea of an extension at both ends of the bed was unthinkable, and rightly so. Everyone knows that it's the head and shoulders that put the tall above. So it was to remain until the end. My heels were not to be supported until home and king-size.

Because of certain strategic mishaps, the extension to the bed was not installed by the engineers who constructed it. As a result one night when I was leveling myself for sleep, the extension slipped out of place and jammed the switch controlling the motor into an on position. Had I been able to move about freely, it would have been a simple matter to correct, but I could merely ring and report. The answerer was good with thermometers and blood-pressure wrap arounds, but he refused to look at control switches. He fled and the motor ground to a smoldery-smelling halt. It was not until two shifts later that someone came in who could look at something and tell what was wrong. By this time I was allowed to get out of bed, so I watched with approval as he set things right.

Getting out of bed exposed, among other things, another problem resulting from my stature. I was being fed glucose and antibiotics intravenously, as were half the patients on the floor. I would see them stroll by my door pushing along their I.V. carrying stands. Since I was in isolation because of the open incision and its lethal discharge, my strolls were from bed to bathroom. On my second trip I noticed that instead of the I.V. liquids flowing into my veins at the wrist, my blood was flowing into the I.V. liquids. Returning to the bed and reclining restored the proper flow. After a few such reversals of flow and conflicting but not helpful advice from the nurses, I decided the problem was one of gravity. The blood in my head had a good foot's advantage over the I.V. stand's highest hanging. The remedy was a crouch to, from and at the bathroom. Probably not the best thing for a slit abdomen, but nothing new, this sort of simian saunter.

Then it was all over almost as suddenly as it had begun. I was reprieved, rescued from the sort of loose, reverse rack I had been struggling with and the self-inflicted shrink that was threatening to reduce me to a man of six feet six. Sent home to a king-size bed and the ordinary daily hazards, inconveniences, and malevolences of the low-profiled—both the animate and the inanimate.

HAPPY CONFUSION

Trusting in ideas
And lacking experience
We invent terms
To hide feelings.

Void of similes and metaphors
We paint private hells
Deluding ourselves by capturing
A moment's delight.

FULL CYCLE

Imprisoned in imagination
Is an unshakable faith
In a happy state of tyranny
To be revered as meditation
And praised as cosmic relief
In fighting boredom.

Symbols emerge
Mushrooming false courage.

The story remains the same
A morning with a problem
An afternoon with a dilemma
An evening with no solution
And from both sides of the mouth
Utterances about the dignity of man.

ELECTION EVE

Polysided politicians
Reason victories as mandates
For ultimate truths,
Narcotizing listeners with sweets
And sours pickled in the smell
Of deceit and cunning.

Do you remember election eve
When Adam was knocked unconscious
And Cain sounded the bell
As computers raised hell?

DIET CLINICS

We're helping people
By listening to caloric confessions
And many fat stories.

We're practicing thinship
And feel body image sparklets
While seeking strokes.

We dream about cream cheese,
Lox, bagels, spaghetti, and drink,
Whetting our appetites

Satisfying stale and fresh cravings,
All the while
Yearning for love.

By Arthur Lerner

SU•PER•LA•TIVE: Surpassing all others

by Hal Stone

Is there any other way of describing the Los Angeles City College Library? A library that began in 1929 with two librarians and two dictionaries and 50 years later contains more than 170,000 volumes and a full-time staff of fourteen.

Thanks to a progressive and understanding Board of Education and later a Board of Trustees, funding for the Library rarely lagged. As enrollments increased and new programs were added to the curriculum, monies were made available to meet student and faculty needs.

Today, LACC may well be proud of several outstanding aspects of its collection; a foreign language collection of more than 6,000 volumes, the largest such collection of any two-year college; a collection of law serials numbering in the thousands, including complete sets of the Pacific Reporters, the U.S. Code and Cal Appellate decisions, in addition to the standard works found in many university law libraries; and the Library's collection of material on Black History dates back almost 50 years when the Library staff early recognized the need to develop such a collection to meet the demands of an expanding minority on the campus and in the community.

A strong faculty in the humanities hired by Dr. Snyder in the late 30's showed conscientious concern for student needs in that area and instructors like Otis Coan, Richard Lillard, and Otis Richardson helped the Library to develop a strong, in-depth collection in the literary classics, and especially American Literature, so that today we own extensive material in these areas numbering more than 25,000 volumes. These are some of the things that have contributed to making the LACC Library the "best."

We realized, many years ago, the need to give library users instruction on the use of the Library and, as early as the 1940's, innovative Library staff members prepared both a library handbook and a slide program to help our students become better informed library users. The Library staff visited classrooms regularly and invited faculty to bring their classes to the Library for tours.

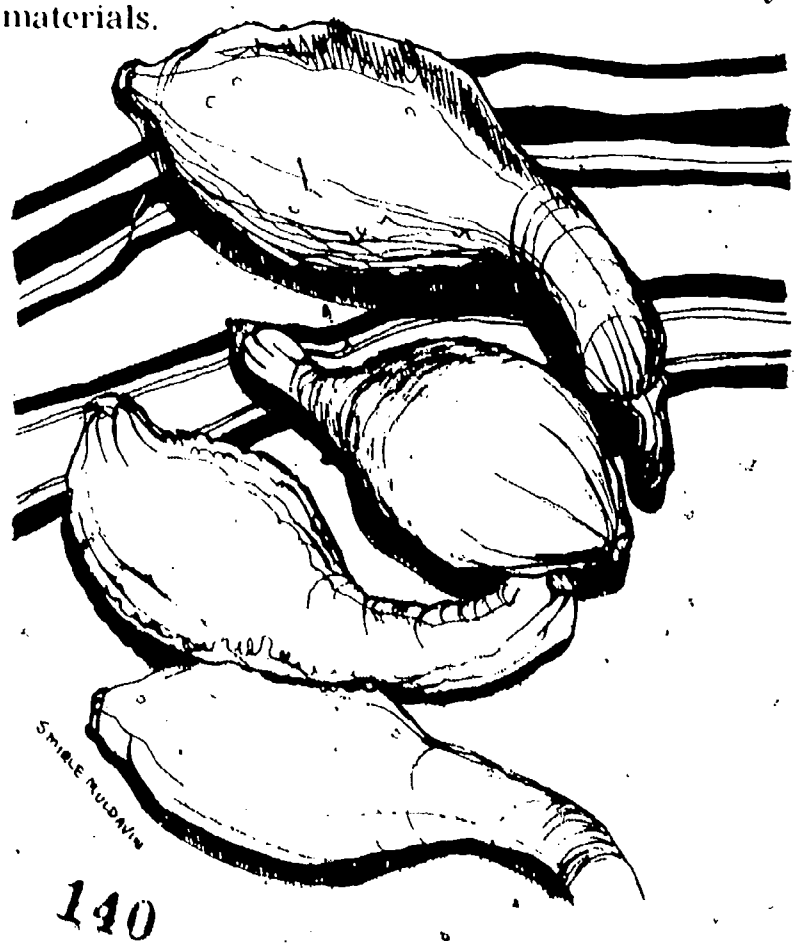
Today, our library instruction materials serve as some of the best examples of this type of material and have been copied, paraphrased and used by libraries throughout the state and the country.

A testimony to the strength and depth of the LACC Library collection was evidenced in the late forties. When Los Angeles State College began on the Vermont Campus, their students and faculty shared the City College Library facilities, and it was lack of adequate shelving and seating space that finally forced them to develop their own library on another part of the campus.

So, we see that the Los Angeles City College faculty and staff and other educators recognized our **superlative** library. But what about our public? Did the students and the community recognize it?

Let us switch superlatives from "best" to "most." By 1949, with a student body of 12,000, we were circulating almost 128,000 library books each year, an unusually high figure for a two-year college. As the collection grew and the student body increased in numbers, so did the use of the library. As the number of titles increased, we were more and more being called upon by other colleges and other libraries to lend materials not available elsewhere. The community also found out about us and we found ourselves besieged with requests to permit them to use our Library. As the concept of a community based college expanded, we made our collection available to the community at large and issued "courtesy" library cards to our neighbors, to faculties of other colleges and to teachers in the Los Angeles Unified System. We also granted lifetime library privileges to students who were elected to the Dean's Honor List each semester.

Through the years, the LACC Library served as a model for other libraries. We pioneered the concept of a textbook collection so that students lacking funds to purchase their own textbooks could read their assignments in the Library. Today, with spiraling textbook prices, we maintain this collection which has become one of the most heavily used facilities of the Library. As early as the 1950's, we recognized the need for miniaturization and were one of the first two-year colleges to own a complete microfilmed set of the New York Times newspaper, thus making room on the shelves for other library materials.



PRESSING ISSUES

By Mary F. Ramirez

The act of Congress
Is dressing all the clouds in skirts
For long ago
A poem by MYAKOVSKY
Called "A cloud in trousers"
Called attention
To the fact
That the clouds were undressed.

Now the ladies garment workers union
is busy all day long
Making skirts in all sizes
Medium, large and small
With zippers and buttons
To be used for the clouds

A fleet of helicopters is standing ready
Waiting for the order of the president
To begin
This giant task

But a problem arose
What happens if it rains
Would all the skirts
Made by the garment union
Get wet and shrink?

Or worse yet . . .
Could they be discarded by the clouds
And come down in a constant stream
Covering the roofs and the arials
And plugging all the drains?

And since no cloud was yet dressed in a skirt
Would it be more practical
To deliver
All these medium and large sizes
To some African country

As a Christmas present?

COUNSELING THROUGH POETRY: A SUGGESTED COMMUNITY COLLEGE PROGRAM

By Arthur Lerner

Poetry in particular has offered profound insight as regards man's plight, antedating those of the psychologist, psychiatrist, and behavioral scientist by many centuries. Each nation can go to its poets and gain a measure of understanding about the human condition which rings true for presentday living.

In this regard, one need only refer to the ancient Greeks who believed Apollo to be the God of Wisdom, Reason, Light, Sun, and the God of Poetry, while Askelepios, the son of Apollo, was considered to be the God of the Healing Arts. What an unbeatable combination! The psychological awareness manifested by the Greeks in their poetry and drama was revealed in their mythology. All this points toward an intuitive grasp of the force of the unconscious which underlies the Greek literary tradition.

In recent years poetry, like music, drama, dance, painting, etc., has begun to make inroads into the field of mental healing as a therapeutic modality. The arts in therapy are tools and not schools. In this vein then, poetry therapy is a tool and, like other arts, can be applied on a one-to-one and/or group basis. And whether it be in therapy or counseling, the addition of poetry as a viable tool is in its infancy.

Some poets look upon the use of poetry in therapy and counseling as an illegitimate process, a bastardizing of their field, as it were. The same can also be said about some therapists and counselors as regards the employment of poetry as a tool in mental health. However, there are poets, therapists, and counselors who welcome poetry's entry into the field of healing and counseling.

Before considering what steps may be taken toward establishing a community college counseling program in which poetry is employed, the nature of the experience should be reemphasized, i.e., the one-to-one relationship and/or the group experience.

It is my contention that an appropriate term for employing poetry as a counseling tool in the school setting on a one-to-one basis is **poetry counseling.** When counseling via poetry occurs on a group basis, I have added the term **group session**. Thus, the technical designation now becomes **poetry counseling group session.** In these sessions the counselor can use published and unpublished poetry as well as poems which people write while in the group.

I offer the following suggestive guidlines in setting up a **poetry counseling group session** program at the

Dewey Ajloka

community college level. They are not all inclusive; neither are they operationally complete.

1. Poetry as a therapy/counseling tool concentrates on the person, unlike poetry workshop where the accent is on the poem.
2. It appears the logical resource elements directly related to counseling at the community college level are Psychology, Counseling, English, and Language departments. People in these departments could be sought out for their input and expertise.
3. Efforts should be made to seek out any others at the community college who would be interested in establishing a counseling program through poetry.
4. Administrators who may be involved in the implementation and follow-through of the program should take the initiative to see that a proper spirit of cooperation is instituted. Once achieved and interested parties have had an opportunity to air their views, a free and open climate can be effected in which a sound ongoing poetry counseling program can be established.
5. At the initial meeting the point should be stressed that the program about to be developed is concerned with **poetry counseling group sessions,** not therapy groups.
6. Lectures, seminars, workshops, etc. can help in elucidating the domains of therapy and counseling, including legal and professional limitations and responsibilities.
7. An in-service training program can offer material on the dynamics of individual and group behavior, counseling, and marathon sessions; lectures on poetry would be included.
8. Ideally, sessions should be supervised by a clinical psychologist or psychiatrist. In the event the supervisor may not be versed in poetry, a poetry therapy facilitator or poet can be of help. And during the training sessions, each member could learn to lead a group under supervision.

9. Training should include an exposure to the literature in the field.
10. Finally, a word of caution. There must be administrative support or else the program as suggested here is doomed from the start.

One should keep in mind that the "truths" of literature, particularly poetry, are at times most threatening. Patience, good judgment and a spirit of positive enterprise can help make for an ongoing constructive experience. Eventually, the counselor's training will be tested within the realistic context of student problems and life-styles.

Marianne Moore has stated in the opening lines of her poem entitled **Poetry**:

> I, too dislike it: there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle. Reading it, however, with perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it, after all,
> a place for the genuine.

It is in this spirit this suggested counseling program is offered.

ACC campus - Magnolia Tree.

Olga Kooyman 4/21/76

*Thanks are due to Henderson G. Burns, Professor, Psychology Department, Los Angeles City College, for offering pertinent critical comments. However, the content of this article is the sole responsibility of the author.

TO STAY

by Carolyn Al-Debaran

Listening for her brother in the next room, she quietly locks the door of the small bathroom. As she envisions what she's about to do, her mother in the downstairs kitchen calls Brother to breakfast. Quickly she opens the window and puts her dolly and dolly's suitcase on the shingled porch covering.

Fearlessly swinging her legs from window sill to angled roof, a cheerless calm shrouds her. The distance to the ground appears enormous. The porch covering is too slanted for standing and she begins to slip precariously close to the edge. A workman approaches and helps her and dolly down. She begins her pilgrimage anew.

Not allowing herself a backwards glance and ignoring the questioning looks, she heads for the bridge as rapidly as short legs can. Walking the few blocks to the bridge she makes plans.

She begins thumbing when one-fourth of the way across. Shortly a black-and-white drives up. Its occupant and dolly's owner appraise one another. Silently the door opens. For the first time, she feels the early morning chill as she climbs into the police car.

She sits on a towering wooden barstool the longest time. Finally they give her chocolate ice cream, her favorite.

Her parents come in. Her mother cries woefully. Her father curses silently as he seeks to console his wife. They're ushered into the smallest room where a table takes up the whole of the room.

She's asked what she wants to do, to go home or to stay. She replies, quietly-firm, "To stay."

She's five years old.

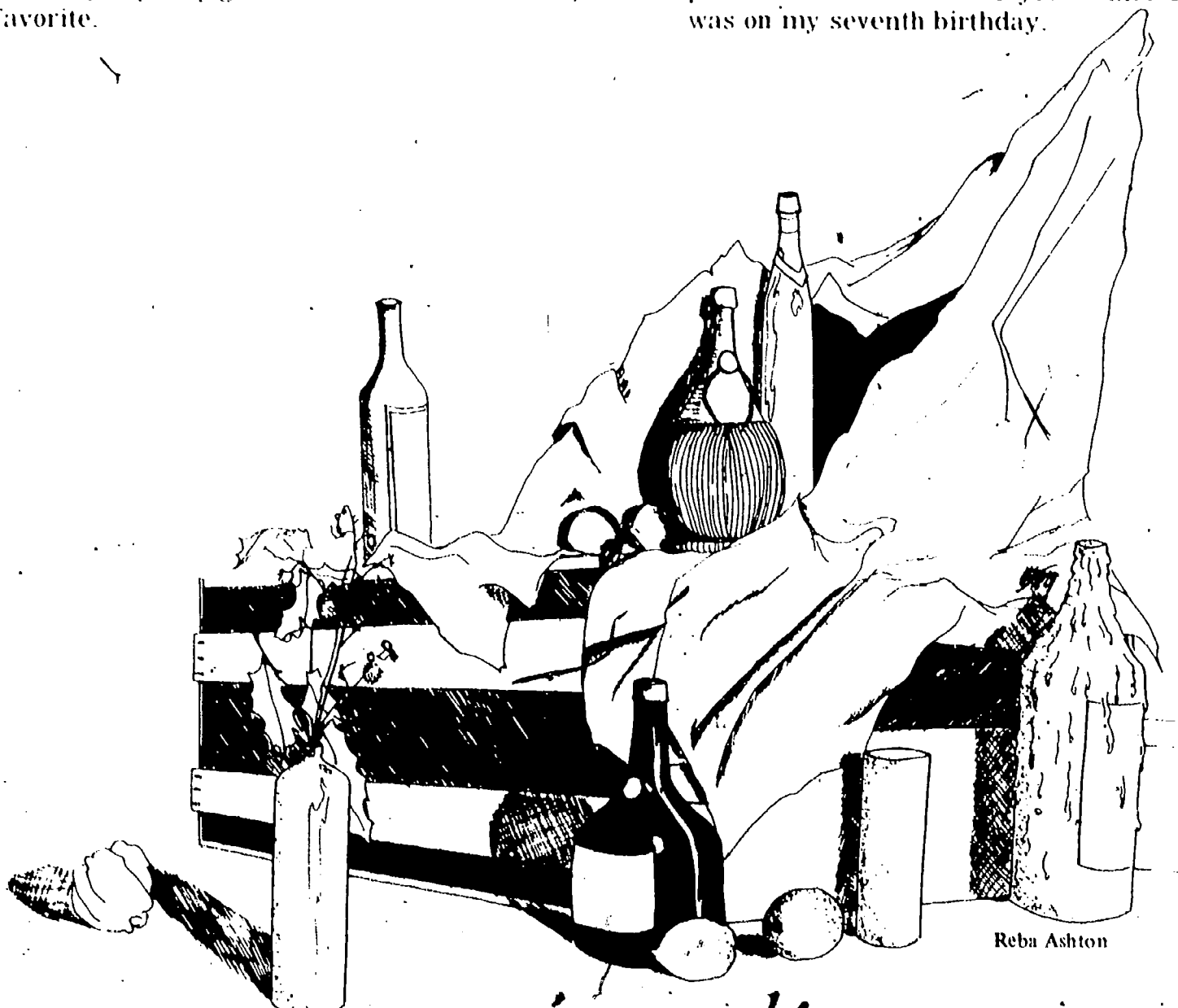
We got all dressed up. My best Sunday dress. Brother, who is two years older, with a suit. Mom looked so pretty—and nervous. Daddy always looked nice in a suit. His day off and he hadn't had a drink all day.

Just before we left, Mom made us promise not to tell anyone what was about to happen. Not even Auntie.

Drove to a strange part of town. Brother and I whispered about "this great adventure" all the way.

Funny little church. Looked Catholic and we were Baptist. Brother and I sat down frightened. This strange lady in a flower print dress started playing music. A man in long black robes came and stood down front. Mother and Daddy stood in front of him as he opened his bible and began to read.

Brother started to cry. I tried to comfort him. My parents married. Twelve years later I realized it was on my seventh birthday.



Reba Ashton

HELEN HERNEY

By A.W. Hood

Helen Herney was a librarian from 1931 until her retirement in 1960. She excelled in her field and understood book acquisition, classification, and distribution. Her commanding presence tolerated no nonsense.

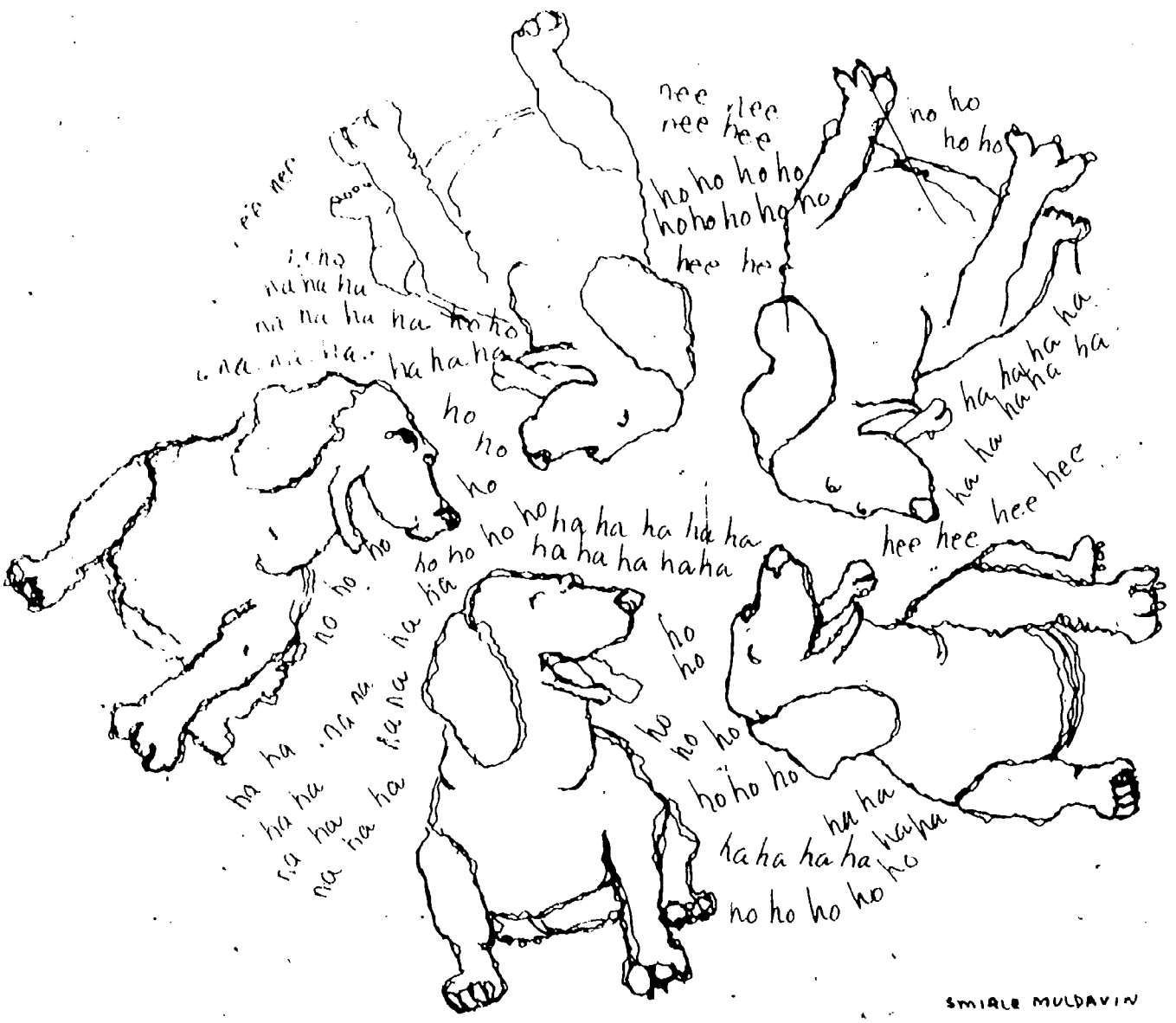
She was a tall statuesque blonde and radiated beauty. No one on our faculty had more devoted friends among both men and women. Every widower made his first call on Helen. Only Bill Orange won her heart. She delayed her marriage to have a gall bladder operation, and tragically, while she was recuperating, Bill was stricken by a heart attack and died in his prime.

Helen was a marvelous hostess. I remember the retirement party she gave for Ralph Winger. Charlie Trigg was the Master of Ceremonies.

Helen was an instinctive photographer. She had only to put her eye to the viewer and snap the shutter to produce marvelous pictures of children and old people, peasants and merchants, interspersed with ancient buildings and beautiful shorelines all over the world.

Helen retired when she reached the age of 60 and moved to San Diego to be near her sister Marie, a successful lawyer. They travelled to Italy, Greece, Iran and around the world. She had a happy 17 years surrounded by brothers and sisters and their numerous progeny and visited by her many friends from our college.

When she was nearly 80 years old she suffered a devastating heart attack. She made a slow recovery. When I talked to her by telephone she was very weak. Then she suffered a relapse. I asked if she wanted me to see her. She gave a firm refusal. I understood. As long as I live I will remember Helen in all her radiance.



THROUGH THICK AND THIN

By James Cox

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
What is bitter to stand against today may be sweet to remember tomorrow.

— Carl Sandburg, **The People Yes**

September 12, 1929, was a typical morning on the Los Angeles plain, and inland the mountains lay as clear and placid as they had for the Spanish explorers who passed this way. But when the first contingent of fifty-three original faculty members of Los Angeles Junior College showed up for work, adventurers in their own right, they found interminable lines of registering students snaking across the campus. So did Snyder, whose custom it became to swing off a clanging streetcar on Santa Monica Boulevard and stride up to the Administration Building. The next day, the Los Angeles Junior College **Weekly**, the first student newspaper, had a three-column headline: "Enrollment Tops 1500." An "Unexpected Tide of Attendance" doubled what what has been predicted. Thirteen additional instructors buttressed the faculty at the last minute, but the student-faculty ratio still jumped from an expected 17 to 25.

Kerans, the registrar, had, like Snyder, gone on a trip of his own, making a careful study of college admissions offices. He devised a numerical filing system that was unique among the alphabetical systems of that day. It, too, broke new ground, though in a little-known way, it has stood the test of time. Today the chronological assignment of file or "preference neumbers" lends itself to priority registration and data processing with a numeric system for student records that reaches back to 1929. The college has perhaps been rather unusual in the fact that regular students who register in unmatriculated summer sessions complain bitterly about the unfairness of alphabetical "call up," a common enough system with which they are unfamiliar. In regular semesters they have never known the desperation of students in some other institutions who have been known to assure their place in a registration line by spending the night in sleeping bags.

But that first registration is still remembered with shaking heads. On the first day, Kerans was on the phone frantically demanding forms that had been ordered from the reproduction unit in the central offices in July, and students were scribbling the necessary information about themselves on blank sheets of paper. Others milled around in the patio becuase they either refeused to pay the student body fee of $4.50 or did not have enough money with them. Snyder summoned Kerans to his office. "He was just beside himself," Kerans recalls, "because we had so few people registered and so many hanging around." To the fretting Snyder, Kerans said, "The system will work, but these people don't believe they have to pay their money." Snyder backed Kerans up. He insisted the students pay the fee. But it was the type of thing he did not want to happen again. Here began themes that would be familiar for years — unexpected enrollments, problems of bigness, bureaucratic conflicts, issues of cost, and trying to provide administrative services on such a last-minute basis as to strain human ingenuity. On that plain found by the Spanish explorers a free, tax-supported junior college was in operation as part of a large school system in a metropolis.

For a decade the college grew along the general lines envisioned by Snyder and the founding faculty, curiously abetted by economic depression. Eight semi-professional curricula announced in the first college catalog grew to forty by 1939. An initial "shake down" enrollment of 1300 climbed to 4500 within four years, leveled off for five years, and then soared to 6200 by 1939. Three out of four of the students were in semi-professional programs. But that was the high-water mark of the "old" college. In March, 1939, Hitler suddenly erased Czechoslovakia from the map of Europe, and in the next two years enrollment fell back to 4500 in a spawned economy. Then came the black Sunday of December 7, 1941 — Pearl Harbor — and neither the college nor its environment on the Los Angeles plain would ever be the same again.

To get some grasp of the technological change that took place between that first hectic registration in 1929 and the end of World War II, one need only look through photographic panels representing the progress of automobiles and airplanes, radios and motion pictures, oil-drilling rigs and business machines. Much of that progress was made on the Los Angeles plain. It was in 1929 that Ford's Model A was introduced, and the earlier Model T's were still backing up the Santa Monica hills because of their dependence on the gravity flow of fuel. Close in memory then were the gravity cars of Ontario, where mules pulled the cars up to the foothills of the Santa Anas and then happily mounted a platform on the rear to ride them back down again.

No such graphic illustration of social change is so easily summoned up, but that social change was taking place nonetheless. Look at the endless tracks of suburbuia, where California poppies by the square mile once dazzled the Los Angeles plain. Look at what happended to the college between 1944 and 1946. In those two years a resurging enrollment, swelled by veterans on the GI Bill, dwarfed anything that had gone before, rising from 2300 to 8000. What is more, three out of four of these postwar students declared themselves to be, not semi-professional, but transfer majors. This kind of change, hastened by the war and held in arrears by the war, is the theme of the chapters to follow, but what went on in the college in the 1930's is better understood in anticipation of the postwar era. It would be an era of "rising expectations." An institution that prided itself on its semi-profesional education, a function it pioneered and would always strive to promote, found itself facing ever new

challenges in terms of pre-professional education. At last, disadvantaged minority students out of the ghetto and the **barrio** would be demanding "Help me be a doctor!"

In 1929 the new junior college rushed into print with its first thin little catalog, 48 pages as compared to some 300 in the latter 1960's. It gave a clear-cut definition of a dual aim, preprofessional and semiprofessional tracks of training. Glossed over was the fact that one could go from either of these tracks to the other. In the postwar era this switch-engine function of the junior college would take on urgent significance, the hope and glory of the institution in the eyes of some, a trackless waste in the eyes of others. This function, depending upon one's point of view, was either an imaginative social invention or a cynical political expediency calculated to cool the mark. Always, by the very nature of educational gravity, it was easier to go down than up, but in the 1960's the dream dreamed by Snyder and others would seem more and more to become, not so much a promise of opportunity, as a warranty of success. It was argued that if curriculum and instruction were more relevant to a troubled society, more relevant to the urban crisis, it would not be so hard for so many to go up. This kind of charge had been heard before in educational history, and it gave pause to an institution that boasted of its adaptability. Did it really have saber teeth in its curriculum? Faculty frailty sat down at the conference table with student frailty and said, "Let's talk about this." But social change was taking place on more than one level, the room was sometimes turned blue with four-letter words, backlash gathered in the community if not on the faculty, and the scales of educational justice, admittedly blind, hovered in the balance. No one knew how long this sort of thing would go on.

"It paralleled the state of the economy." Relevancy? Relevancy seeks its legitimacy in a swamp of irrelevancies tied in with what is happening in the social milieu. Unrest in an urban community college paces the unrest in society.

Such student activism had been known in the college before, in the 1930's. Then, as now, the activism really grew out of external rather than internal problems. Then the frustrations were economic rather than social, but in the perspective of a former administrator,

> the format has never changed very much. Create an issue and approach the head of the college: can we have this? If he says no, then you say this is what we want; you've got an issue. This was the technique, so much so that if the President of Columbia was asked to meet certain demands, or the President of NYC, it just took about sixty days for us to have the same thing at City College, the same demands. The pattern was so you could almost time it.

"How long did this sort of thing go on?" the researcher asked.

It all began in 1929. That first catalog gave the requirements for admission to the Dental College at the University of Southern California and for the schools of the state university — Commerce, Engineering, Law, Liberal Arts, Education, and Medicine. For admission to these lower-division transfer majors one had to come from high school armed with eligibility for the university. But if he did well in a semi-professional program for at least one semester, he could move into a Junior Certificate program, as defined by the State Board of Education. Such an aspirant student was then called a "transfer." "He was in purgatory," Lillard says. In time the way out of purgatory was made easier, and if a "transfer" were admitted to the state university, he could receive transfer credit for all semi-professional courses in which he had received a grade of "B" or better, regardless of his admissions status at the time he took the courses. In those days these were liberal, even visionary provisions in the context of higher education in this country. In other states, one could attend a university for four years as a special student and, though doing creditable work, never be granted a degree of any kind because he never earned a high school diploma. He had never escaped purgatory.

Lombardi, who joined the faculty in 1936, explains how anomalies in administration worked to liberalize transfer requirements. In periods of falling enrollment, certificate and semiprofessional students were enrolled in the same courses.

> We couldn't give separate courses, so we combined them. It became obvious that the teacher wasn't teaching two separate courses, — a certificate and a semi-professional course — so the question came up, 'Why shouldn't the student who was given the same course get transfer credit for that course?' There was a compromise. The faculty couldn't see changing a 'C' grade for 53 persons in order to make them transfer, so they passed a rule that if a person had a 'B' in the semipro course he would be given transfer credit for that course. We got UCLA to agree to this. It applied to the Berkeley campus also."

Transfer memoranda, certifying these old semiprofessional credits, are still being accepted by the state university and other institutions. Over the years this nascent flexibility has been liberalized in the California system of higher education, the student militancy of today notwithstanding. The writer once had in class a professional boxer who had had only six years of formal school and who gave every appearance of being, in popular parlance, "punchy." This same man was graduated from junior college and went on to earn a Bachelor's degree from a state college. Such stories are legion among junior college instructors in California.

WHO'S WHO IN THE TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dr. **Stelle Feuers** is the newly inaugurated president of LACC . . . **Dr. Wilbert Anderson** is professor of Physical Education, here since 1966 . . . **Dr. Milton Davis** (1968), is associate professor of Biology and also works in the Counseling Department . . . **Dr. Richard Lillard,** formerly Professor of English at LACC, was until his retirement head of American Studies at Cal State University at LA, and author of numerous books on California subjects . . . **Selma Chesler** is a retired journalist and presently a student at LACC . . . **Pauline Furth, MD.,** a member of the class of 1934, practices at her medical clinic in a Hispanic neighborhood of downtown Los Angeles . . . **Dr. Philip Schlessinger** (1949) is a professor of Political Science and inveterate traveler and politician . . . A.D. **Richardson,** a '29er, retired in 1963 to avocado groves in Vista . . . **Darrel Eckersley,** former LACC student, is an associate professor of English at LA Southwest College . . . **Alexander "Bill" Hood** was in the Department of Mathematics from 1930 to 1963, long enough to establish himself as resident raconteur and wit . . . **Jose Ruiz** is an Evening Division Student, photographer and social worker . . . **Evelyn Giteck** works in the Instructional Division of LACC and ordinarily writes poetry . . . **Hugo Strelitzer's** nearly three decades (ending in 1961) at LACC saw the establishment of his Opera Workshop and opera in English throughout the U.S. . . . **Walter O'Connell** (1954), Professor of Physics, also artist and musician, has been published in K.H. Stockhausen's Die Reihe . . . **J. Folger Allen** was one of the original student body of 1929 . . . **Helen Truesdell Heath** retired in 1958 to continue her Samuel Pepys scholarship on whose life and works she has published widely, including the 1955 Oxford Press LETTERS OF SAMUEL PEPYS AND HIS FAMILY CIRCLE . . . **Dr. John Lombardi,** President Emeritus, is universally regarded as the architect of LACC's multiplicity and community integration . . . **Robert Wilkinson** (1957) is Assistant Dean of Instruction, composer and accomplished chamber musician . . . **Kermit Hicks** is a Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff and student of creative writing . . . **Isabelle Ziegler** taught French and Writers Roundtable at LACC until her retirement. Her book HANDBOOK FOR CREATIVE WRITERS is published by Barnes and Noble . . . **Herb Stein** became president of Chaffee College, Oakland, after his departure from LACC. He currently serves on many civic committees . . . **Dr. Herbert Alexander** is a '29er, "retired in 1966 to innumerable posts in higher education throughout California . . . **Thomas Nelson** belongs to the era of the 40's at LACC . . . **Dr. Arthur Lerner** (1957) holds doctorates in both psychology and English. His book, POETRY IN THE THERAPEUTIC EXPERIENCE (1978) is published by Pergamon . . . **Paul Ferguson** retired in 1975 as Chairman of the Dept. of English . . . **Reijo Koski** is an Evening Division student of writing . . . **Reverend Mary Alice Geier,** for seventeen years a Campus conciliator, has recently accepted the post of minister to Eagle Rock Community Church . . . **Dr. Daniel Hennessy** is a free-lance writer residing in Laguna Beach . . . **Hyman Solomon** retired from the Department of Mathematics in 1977 to his abiding interest in photography . . . **Dr. Sam Eisenstein,** editor of LACC CELEBRATES, joined the faculty in 1962. "What College Catalogs Fail to Mention" was first published in the L.A. TIMES, September 19, 1971 . . . **Dr. Dean McHenry** is President Emeritus of the University of California at Santa Cruz and son-in-law of LACC's founding president, Henry Snyder . . . **Dudley Gordon,** Dept. of English, retired 1963 to become director of the Lummis Museum. His book, CHARLES LUMMIS: CRUSADER IN CORDUROY is available through Cultural Assets Press, LA . . . **Nancy Quinn,** an Evening Division student, is in marketing . . . **Dr. Patrick O'Mara** (1954), Professor of History, is a distinguished Egyptologist and Irish tale-spinner . . . **Gary Baran** Associate Professor of Philosophy, is a Re-Evaluation Education teacher and former Faculty Senate President . . . **Frank Osei Blay** (1972) is an associate professor of English and accomplished poet . . . **Irene Kuhn Greene** has recently moved on to USC . . . **Charles Trigg** was Dean of Instruction until his retirement in 1963. He has published widely in recreational mathematics magazines . . . **Ed Bullins,** student founder of LACC's literary magazine, CITADEL, is a much published playwright, among whose books is THE THEME OF BLACKNESS, Morrow, 1973 . . .

James Simmons (1958), Professor of English, is currently chairman of the Department . . . **Anita Priest** retired in 1973, is an active professional organist with Monday Evening Concerts and records for several companies . . . **Roma Katch,** a senior student, formerly toured on the European stage with her husband, the late Kurt Katch . . . **John Mocine**, retired 1973, was resident raconteur of the Department of English. "The case of the Illogical Ghoti" appeared in TODAY'S EDUCATION, October, 1970 . . . **Kiomars Piazi** (1971) is a member of the Department of Psychology . . . **Lila Aurich** is director of the Women's Center at LACC . . . **Sharon Ianuzzi** is a student at LACC . . . **Hal Stone** (1956) is Professor of Library Sciences and Assistant Dean of Instruction . . . **Mary Ramirez** is a senior student and former public school art teacher . . . **Carolyn Al-Debaran** is a student at LACC and active mother . . . **Dr. James Cox** (1963) Dean of Student Services.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR ★ 1929-1979

Fifty Years of Success

Names in the following listings are some of the LACC alumni who have achieved above average success or recognition in their chosen fields. This is by no means a complete list, and it is regrettable that it is not more complete, but identifying the status of our alumni of the past fifty years is difficult. Therefore, apologies are made to all the worthy individuals whose names are not on this list.

The group presented here is probably less than half the total that should have been included. It includes all those names that were submitted from many sources. The levels of achievement are not equal, nor does the information listed indicate the most recent status of the individual, and even that is often incomplete. However, it is a good sampling of the great variety of talents and accomplishments of 50 years of LACC alumni.

George J. Bellemin and Mario Tartaglia

Architecture

Archuleta, Millard, Jr.
Architect. AIA.
Proprietor. Los Angeles

Fields, Ronald
Interior Designer
Proprietor

Leach, Sterling
Architect. AIA
President: Leach. Cleveland.
Hayakawa. Barry Assoc.. Los Angeles

Lieu, Wing S.
LACC Building and Grounds Administrator
Designer. LACC Radiologic Technology Building

Rose, Leroy
Architect
Rose and Fears Architectural Firm

Santos, Richard
Architect. AIA
President: Santos and Santos. Pasadena

Wong, Gin
Architect. FAIA
Proprietor. Los Angeles

Art

Bengston, Billy Al
Artist-Painter

Brigge, Alfred W.
Melville Art Studios.
Los Angeles

Campbell, Todd J.
Senior Museum Technician.
Los Angeles County Museum of Science and Industry

Diehl, Eleanor
Professional painter and sculptor
Hermosa Beach. CA

Davis, Alonzo
Owner-director
Brockman Gallery. Los Angeles

Davis, Dale
Artist-sculptor

Diamond, Harry
Magazine illustrator
Holiday, Harpers Bazaar

Hammond, David
Artist

Harden, Marvin
Artist

Hyland, Flaven Ellen
Artist. Ceramics

Lago, Susana
Painter. graphic artist

Lewis, Esther
Etchings. lithographs. and print maker
Los Angeles

Miller, Allen W.
Graphic Design

Perez, Xavier
Painter: florals and still life

Riddle, John T., Jr.
Metal Art Work

Seltzer, Isadore
Illustrator
New York City

Shaper, Stuart E.
Senior staff photographer
Philco Corp.

Smith, John G.
Interior Designer

Wilson, Betty
Artist

Athletics

Professional Baseball Players

Ballard, Dan
Los Angeles Dodgers

Bloom, Joe
Baltimore Orioles

Bozeman, Douglas
Pittsburgh Pirates

Buford, Don
Baltimore Orioles

Cohen, Randy
Baltimore Orioles

Escamilla, Vince
Atlanta Braves

Franklin, Tony
Cincinatti Reds

Gilbert, Dennis
Boston Red Sox

Humphreys, Terry
Montreal Expos

James, Willie
Montreal Expos

Lindsey, Dave
St. Louis Cardinals

McCarthy, Joe
Atlanta Braves

Minor, Roger
Los Angeles Angels

Mingo, Ron
Chicago White Sox

Rudolph, Ken
Chicago Cubs

Smalley, Roy
Minnesota Twins

Professional Basketball Players

Hand, Ronald
New York Knicks

Jones, Claybourne

McCracken, Paul
Houston Rockets

Powell, Henry

Odom, Bobby

Rogers, Al

Boxing, Gymnastics, Judo, Weightlifting, Wrestling

Brown, Bud
Wrestling: National Finalist

Lackey, Kenneth
Weightlifting: Olympic Lifter

Lewis, Hedgemon
Boxing: Welterweight, January Fighters, Inc.

Patterson, Kenny
Judo: National Collegiate Judo Champion 1979

Pierce, Diane
Judo: National Collegiate Judo Champion 1978

Rivera, Adrian
Judo: National Collegiate Judo Champion 1978

Tudela, Miguel
Judo: A.A.U. National Champion 1979
Bronze Medalist 1979 at the Pan American Games

Wikler, George
Gymnastics: National Champion

Professional Football Players

Alexander, Kermit
San Francisco 49'ers; Los Angeles Rams

Andrews, Daniel
New York Jets

Bishop, Don
Dallas Cowboys

Bradley, Otha
Canada; Tampa Bay Buccaneers

Brockell, Jay
Canada

Cambell, Larry
Los Angeles Rams; San Francisco 49'ers

Carter, Kent
Canada

Chatman, Roy
Winnipeg

Clark, Gary
New York Jets

Condon, John
Baltimore Colts

Daniels, Bob
Los Angeles Rams; San Diego Chargers

Dawkins, Joe
Houston Oilers

Douglas, Michael
Green Bay Packers

Dwyer, Jack
Los Angeles Rams

Edwards, Mel
Philadelphia Eagles

Elmore, Smiley
Canada

Evans, Vince
Chicago Bears

Fellows, Jackie

Goodman, Harvey
Denver Broncos

Haine, Reginald
Washington Redskins

Henderson, Bobbie
Anaheim Suns

Holland, Jimmy
Oakland Raiders

Irwin, Earl
Philadelphia Eagles

Keckin, Val
Baltimore Colts

Kramer, Jack
Anaheim Suns

Lewis, Woodley
Los Angeles Rams

Luster, Marvin
Canada

Martin, Rod
Oakland Raiders

May, Raymond
Pittsburgh Steelers; Baltimore Colts (MVP 1971 Super Bowl)

May, Roy
Baltimore Colts

McCall, Don
New Orleans Saints

McKinney, Curtis
San Francisco 49ers

Moore, Renard
New Orleans Saints

Phillips, Winston
Cincinnati Bengals

Post, Homer
New England Patriots

Rivera, Hank
Canada (Montreal)

Sanchez, Johnny
Washington Redskins

Scott, Willard
Oakland Raiders

Street, James
Green Bay Packers

Thompson, Harry
Los Angeles Rams

Walker, James
San Diego Chargers

Washington, Otis
Atlanta Falcons

Washington, Spencer
New York Jets

Washington, Willie
Washington Redskins

Womack, Joe
Pittsburgh Steelers

Business

Adler, Robert
Sales Manager
Atlas Stationers

Aragon, Joseph W.
Vice Pres Schafer Bros Corp

Aragon, Robert
Owner, Furniture business,
Garden Grove, CA

Aghayan, Ray
Dress Designer

Baum, Henry I.
Tamarind Lithography Workshop
Los Angeles

Blumin, Jack
Manager, Marketing Team
Xerox Corp., Anaheim

Caldwell, Phillip E.
Glendale Federal Savings
Vice President

Cannon, Robert
President-Owner
Cannon Electric Co., Div of ITT

Carlin, Frank
Director of Financial Operations
Lockheed Aircraft Corp

Carr, Fred
Manager of Enterprise Fund

Clemente, Jack
Bank of America

Cooper, Allan
Vice Pres of National Sales
Anaconda Aluminum and Copper Co

Cooper, Beltram Louis
Accountant, CPA
Member Chamber of Commerce, San Fernando, Calif.

Dominique, Sonia (Friedman)
Dress Designer

Edwards, Charles
Second Regional Vice President
New York Life Ins Co.

Fielding, Romaine E.
President Romaine Fielding & Assoc

Fox, Jerry
Owner
White Light Works

Friend, Larry
President
L.A. Aztecs Soccer Team

Fuller, Richard Cline
Vice President, The Bendix Corporation
Pacific Division, Los Angeles

Fulton, John T.
Ass't Vice President, Medicare Administrator
Occidental Life Insurance

Gernreich, Rudi
Fashion Designer

Glover, Harry
Manager, Bank of America

Gottlieb, Donald
Outside Advisor
Lightcraft of California

Gottlieb, Leon
President of Frozen Foods Council
National Franchise Advisor

Hans, Rollen
Public Office Manager
Pacific Telephone, Axminster, L.A.

Hansen, Maurice M.
Owner
Hansen Medical Enterprises, Los Angeles

Havenner, Joseph
Executive Vice President
Auto Club of Southern Calif.

Hodiroff, Paul G.
Computer Manager
Western Airlines

Kopp, Charles
Vice Pres., Law Dept.
United Calif. Bank

Knodel, Gerhardt
Fabric Designer

Laemmle, Herbert
Laemmle Theatres

Lapin, Jerome
Executive Vice Pres
International Industries

Lawrence, Dave
Associate Manager, West Coast Planning
Procter & Gamble

Lee, William
Senior Vice Pres Operations
Hynkin-Conkey Construction Co., Cleveland

Lemke, Stanley P.
Head of Advanced Scientific Educ for Litton Systems

Levine, Roger M.
Computer Programmer
County-USC Medical Center

Lewis, Roy G.
Pres. of R G. Lewis & Co Inc
Riverside International Raceway

Libaw, J. E.
Businessman, Beverly Hills

Lorenzini, John
General Steamship Lines, Los Angeles

Maddux, Connie
Assistant Buyer Jewelry Dept.
Broadway Department Stores

Malheau, Richard
Vice Pres., Valley National Bank

Manpearl, M.
Pres. of Assoc. of Business and Tax Consultants
Los Angeles

Marks, Dr. Alvin
President
Skyline Airlines, Inc., Sacramento

McLaughlin, Frank Henry
Executive Vice Pres.
W. Ross Campbell Co.

Nunez, Galo G.
Owner
Nunez Bail Bond Service

Orchard, Kenneth B.
Owner of Orchard Realty

Olodort, Abram S.
Owner
Olodort Clothing Manufacturing

Parnes, Irwin
Managing Director
International Concerts Exchange Foundation

Pearlstein, Alan
Pacific Mutual Life, Ins.

Phillips, Benny V.
Professional Service Representative
Smith, Kline & French Laboratories, Pasadena

Raff, David R.
Vice President, Fox Hills Savings & Loan

Rembert, Yvonne
Head of Escrow Dept. of Security Pacific Bank

Rotter, Leo
Stockbroker
Shearson Hammill Co.

Rudnick, Donald Howard
President
Ben Rudnick Tire Co.

Ryburn, Robert M., Jr.
Assistant Vice Pres., Continental Bank
Beverly Hills

Sherman, Charles
Vice Pres. Personnel
United Calif. Bank

Smith, John
Owner
Interior Design Firm

Smith, Joseph
Division General Manager
Conrac Corporation

Snyder, Sterling
Manager, Bank of America
Sunset-Echo Park Branch

Sprinkles, Ernest
Deputy Executive Director
Economic & Youth Opportunities Agency

Song, Arthur P., II
Prof. Services Rep. Smith, Kline & French
Woodland Hills

Spinning, Howard
Deputy Controller Data Processing
Shell Oil Company, New York City

Sutton, Robert
Aerospace Industry

Tankersley, William L.
Vice President, Security First National Bank
Los Angeles

Waller, Jerry (Gerald)
Photographer

West, William W.
Security First National Bank
Glendale

Vaughn, Reuben N.
Assistant Agency Director
Supreme Life Ins. Co. of America

Van der Zee, John R.
Senior Vice President and Manager
United California Bank, Beverly Hills

Wilson, Gage
President
San Fernando Chamber of Commerce

Woest, Norman A.
Community Relations Director
Title Insurance and Trust Co

Engineering-Electronics

Alrich, John
Senior Consulting Engineer

Bogart, Arnold David
Bogart Bullock Corp

Bowerman, Francis Robert
Asst Chief Engineer
County Sanitation, Los Angeles Co

Franklan, Richard
Owner Soil Mechanics Foundation

Gonter, Edwin
Senior Engineer
Bendix Corp., South Bend, IN

Gratton, Edward
Meteorologist, Senior Systems Manager
Naval Ordnance Test Stations, Calif

Muller, Colman J.
Mechanical Engineer

Pena, Alfonso R.
Mechanical Engineer
Nortronics

Rosen, Alan David
Senior Vice President
Amer Soc of Engrs & Arch., Los Angeles

Rosin, A.
Research and Management
Northrup Corp., Hawthorne, Calif.

Warren, Edward
Defense Contractor
U.S. Government

Entertainment

Allen, Lane
Casting Director
Paramount

Amurkovych, Irene
Actress

Arkin, Alan Wolf
Actor

Barty, William John (Billy)
Actor

Brilee, Charlee
Writer, Director, motion pictures

Brown, Joseph (Prof. name: Victor Millan)
Actor, Teacher

Buchanan, Morrie
Actor

Buffman, Zev
Theatrical Producer

Canova, Diana
Actress

Clary, Wilton
Musical Comedy performer

Coburn, James H.
Actor

Crosby, Kathryn
Actress

DeLavallade, Carmen P.
Dancer

Doolittle, James
Impresario, Los Angeles

Elkins, Richard
Actor

Farrel, Mike
Actor

Freeman, Al, Jr.
Actor

Furst, Stephen
Actor

Gordone, Charles
Actor, director, playwright

Grady, Don Louis (Agrati)
Actor

Hale, Alan James
Actor, United Artists Studio

Hamill, Mark
Actor

Hamilton, Bernie
Actor

Haynes, Lloyd
Actor

Henteloff, Alex
Actor

Hickman, Darryl
Actor

Hooks, Kevin
Actor

Ideman, Richard A.
Actor

Joseph, Jackie
Actress

Kaye, Celia (Burkholder)
Actress

Kimmel, Bruce
Actor, author, composer

Lawrence, Mittie Elizabeth
Actress

Lee, Ruta Mary
Actress

Leiber, Jerry
Songwriter

Lubin, Abraham Ronald
Producer, Los Angeles

MacRae, Meredith Lynn
Actress

Marolen, Adrienne
Theatrical Producer

Mayo, Nick
Director-Producer

Mayo, Whitman B.
Actor

Mitchell, Donald
Actor

Morheim, Lou
Producer, motion pictures

Morrison, Shelly (Sherri)
Actress

Newmar, Julie (Newmeyer)
Actress

Nolan, Jeannette
Actress

Novak, Marily Kim
Actress

O'Brien, Hugh
Actor

Parker, Joan
Actress

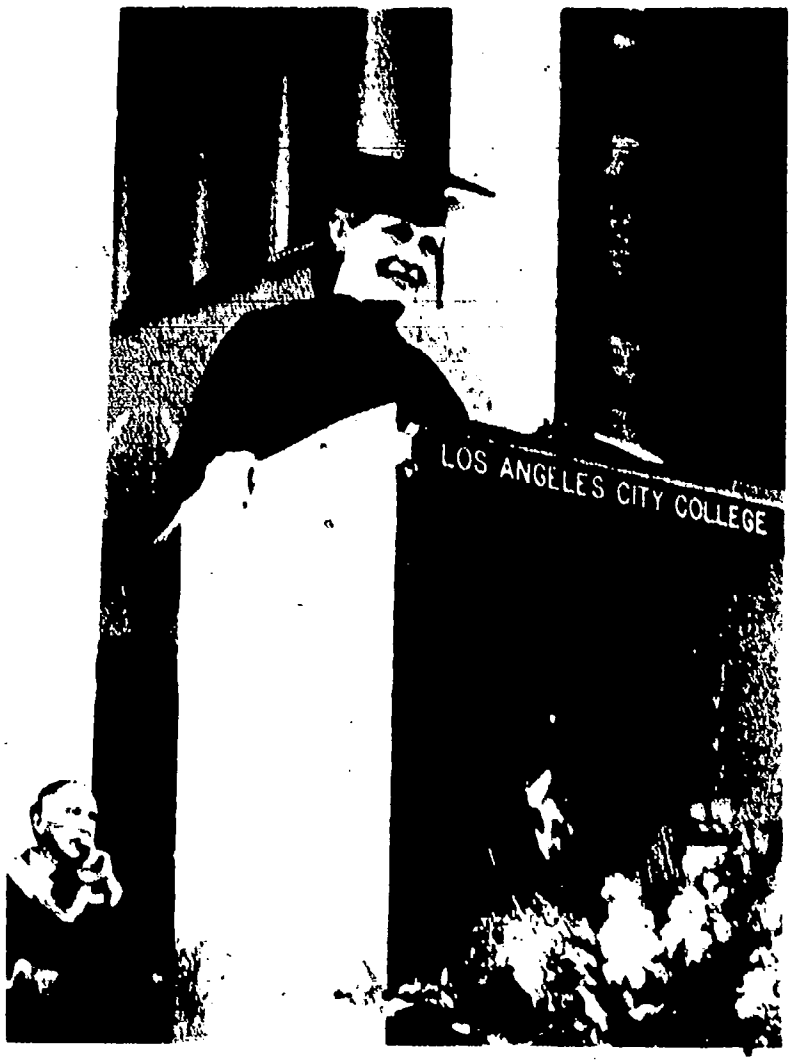
Peterson, Paul
Actor

Quintero, Jose
Director

Reed, Donna
Actress

Robinson, Christopher
Actor, writer, director

Shallert, William J.
Actor



A major motion picture star by her 20th birthday, actress Alexis Smith was discovered by a Warner Brothers talent scout during her performance in an L.A. City College production of "The Night of January 16th." She was honored at City's 50th Anniversary graduation June 14, 1979, along with her former teacher Jerry Blunt (seen at left), who received a special emeriti award.

Scheil, Mark
Actor

Smith, Alexis
Actress

Vaughn, Robert F., Ph.D.
Actor

Velasco, Jerry
Actor; Vice President, Nosotros

Warren, Edward Alyn
Manager, Music Center

Weston, Douglas
Director, Night Club Owner

Whitman, Stuart
Actor

Wilson, Woodrow
Actor; Owner, Birdcage Theatre, Knotts Berry Farm, Buena Park

Winfield, Paul
Actor

Williams, Cindy
Actress

Williams, Esther
Actress

Government, Politics, and Public Office

Antonovich, Mike
Former Assemblyman, Glendale
California State Legislature

Aragon, Manuel
Former Deputy Mayor
Los Angeles

Barton, Richard E.
Government Service
L A Chamber of Commerce

Brown, Jack Barton
Field Asst., L A Mayor
Los Angeles

Cheatham, Francis
Traffic Engr

Coan, Donald Wilson
Welfare Bureau Chief (AFDC)
Sacramento Co

Cochraine, Willard W.
Director Dept of Agriculture
Washington, D C

Conklin, Charles
Speaker of the House
Colorado State Legislature

Diaz, Louis
Councilman, Mayor
Pico Rivera, Calif

Fox, Betty
Sec Jess Unruh
Sec County Labor Council

Garcin, Robert
Glendale (CA) City Council
Former Mayor of Glendale

Hansen, Ted
Foreign Service

Harper, Ralph A.
City Councilman
San Fernando, CA

Hill, Raymond M.
Chief (Ret.), Los Angeles City Fire Dept.
Los Angeles

Lewis, Marvin H.
Superior Court Judge
Oxnard Municipal Court

Martin, Andrew E.
Member, Newhall-Saugus Chamber of Commerce
Active Candidate 62nd District

McDowell, Garrett, Ph.D.
Asst Director for Participants and Research Associate
East-West Communications Institute, Honolulu, Hawaii

Mitchell, Elvira
Deputy Dist Attorney
Los Angeles County

Moore, Marguerite P.
Board Member
Los Angeles City Housing Authority

O'Rourke, Lawrence William
City Administrator
Tehachapi, CA

Roberti, David
State Senator
Calif State Legislature

Rose, Claude Gordon (Hon.)
Ambassador Central African Republic Bangui

Snyder, Arthur K.
Councilman, 14th Dist., Los Angeles

Spencer, Valno
Judge, Superior Court, Los Angeles

Stoner, George R.
Chief, Bureau Finance
Dist Attor. Office, Los Angeles

Williams, David W.
Judge, Superior Court

Wimberly, William J.
Federal Civil Service

Journalism

Allen, Fred
Editor, Highland Park Journal, Los Angeles

Baker, Dennis
Managing Editor
Whittier Daily News

Beane, Betty
Society Editor
Culver City Star-News

Brown, Jerry
Managing Editor
Oceanside Blade-Tribune

Cash, Rita
News writer, KFWB News

Collier, George S.
Managing Editor,
Los Angeles Times

Curtis, Chuck
Executive Sports Editor
Los Angeles Times

Dark, Norman
Los Angeles Herald Examiner

Dee, Dickson
Club Editor
Los Angeles Herald Express

Diaz, Albert
Managing Editor
Belverdere Citizen & Eastside Journal

Dieney, Dorothy Cameron
Ladies Home Journal
New York

Dwiggins, Don
Aviation Editor
Los Angeles Mirror News

Epstein, Robert A.
Los Angeles Times, View News Editor

Farris, Gerald
Los Angeles Times

Garrison, Philip
Managing Editor
Antelope Valley Ledger Gazette

Gordon, Mitchell
Bureau Manager
Wall Street Journal

Hain, Jeff
Publications Editor
Orthopedic Hospital, Los Angeles

Holt, Denise M.
Associated Press Correspondent
Los Angeles Bureau

Honda, Henry
News Editor
Japanese American News

Hoover, George F.
Editor, Fireman's Trade Journal
New York

Hulse, Jerry
Travel Editor
Los Angeles Times

Judeon, Charles W.
Editor, Los Angeles Free Press

Kadison, William
Publisher, Women Magazine
Australia

Kannegieter, "Dutch"
Reporter: Pasadena Star News

Keleser, Bob
Sports Writer
Los Angeles Herald Examiner

Knee, Richard A.
Reporter, editorial desk
Valley News

Lopez, Estela
Assignment Editor
KABC TV, Los Angeles

McCance, Bill
City Editor
Norwalk Call-Advertiser, Norwalk, Ca.

Noyes, Ross
City Editor
Savannah Times, Savannah, Ga

Pitter, Lois Antoinette
Editorial assistant
KNXT, TV, Los Angeles

Radoff, Joseph C.
Sports Editor, City Hall Reporter
Culver City Star News, Ca

Randell, Marshall J.
L.A Times, Editor, Sunday Drama Section
Los Angeles Herald Examiner

Saldana, Lupi
Outdoors Editor
Los Angeles Mirror News

Scholl, Robert
News Bureau Chief
North American Aviation

Schulem, Mike
Aero Press

Smith, Howard
Editor
Drydocker, Shipyard Trade Magazine

Stepro, Keith
Sports Editor
Los Angeles Herald Examiner

Taylor, Robert William
Editor Gas News
So. Cal. Gas Co., Los Angeles

Terry, Mike
Reporter
Soul Magazine, Los Angeles

Trasoff, Nina
Anchorwoman, WGUN, TV
Tucson, Ariz.

Turpin, Dick
Real Estate Editor
Los Angeles Times

Valdez, Tony
Reporter
KTLA, TV, Los Angeles

Voight, Rodney Dale
Editor, City News Service

Walsh, Pat
Publisher
Chula Vista Star

Washington, Kenneth
Photographer
Kansas City Star

Wilson, Wayne Clyde
Sports Editor
Van Nuys News, Ca

Wilson, Wm. Richard
Art Critic
Los Angeles Times

Wrubel, Barry
Communications Specialist
Tiger Air, Century City

Law and Police Science

Allen, Walter
Los Angeles Superior Court Judge

Kaufman, Bruce Mahlon
Attorney, Sherman Oaks, Ca.

Kwan, Hiram W.
Attorney
Senior Partner: Kwan, Cohen, and Lum

Kesner, Stuart
Attorney, Kesner & Simon, Los Angeles

Lindholm, Thomas Carl
Attorney, Woodland Hills, Ca.

Loeb, Ralph
Attorney
Senior Partner: Robbins and Loeb, Attorneys

Pacht, Jerry
Los Angeles Superior Court Judge

Skelly, Martin
Los Angeles Co. Sheriff's Office
Temple City, Ca.

Spencer, Vaino H.
Judge: L.A. Municipal Court

Voorhies, Richard C.
Attorney

Villarreal, Jose Guadalupe
Attorney
Municipal Court, Los Angeles

Walter, Curtis Leroy
Captain
Culver City Police Dept., Ca.

Life Science

Carpenter, Edwin
Museum Curator

Coan, Eugene Victor, Ph.D.
Asst. Conservation Director and Nat'l News Report Editor
Sierra Club, San Francisco

Davis, Betty Schuck, Ph.D.
Research Protozoologist, Hastings, Natural History Reservation
Carmel Valley, Ca.

Ernst, Wallace R.
Research Botanist in Taxonomy
U.C. Berkeley

Hood, Mary V.
Botanist-Naturalist-Author

Hoshizaki, Takashi, Ph.D.
Research Botanist

Kats, Joseph, Ph.D.
Biochemist

Kinney, J. Kenneth
Inspector, U.S. Food and Drug

Lunsford, Henry, Ph.D.
Herpetologist

Mitchell, Edward, Ph.D.
Paleontologist
Fisheries and Marine Service, Arctic Biological Station, Canada

Siegelmann, William, Ph.D.
Research Botanist
Dept. of Agriculture, Beltsville, Md.

Tiemann, Darwin
Naturalist, Entomologist, Author

Medical and Allied Fields

Baca, Demetrius, R.T.
Administrative Assistant Radiology Dept.
Northridge Hospital, Northridge

Bergman, Anna (Rink)
Psychoanalyst
New York City

Brown, Pamela
Professional Expert in Occupational Therapy

Calmeon, B. T.
Optometrist

Clarke, Frank, M.D.
Woodland Hills

Cronkite, Eugene, M.D.
Head of Radiology
Stanford University

Dewalby, Margaret
Optometrist

Dunbar, Waldemar Soro, Ph.D.
Chief Psychologist of East L.A. Mental Health Service
Los Angeles County Dept of Mental Health

Ellis, Joan
Administrator
Julia Ann Singer School for Problem Children
Cedars of Lebanon Hospital

Ermshar, Lloyd G., M.D.
Private practice

Garcia, Norma F.
Pharmacist
Lakewood, Ca

Gauna, Ramon, R.T.
President Los Angeles District of Radiologic Technologists
Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center, Los Angeles (Sunset)

Goetz, Dr. Samuel
Private Optometric Practice

Goodsell, LeGrand H., Dr.
Practicing Dentist
El Monte, Ca

James, Arthur F., M.D.
Physician and Surgeon
Arroyo Grande Hospital

Kaplan, David I., R.T.
Chief Nuclear Medicine Technologist
Los Robles Hospital, Thousand Oaks

Konigsmark, Bruce William, M.D.
Neuropathologist

Lasky, Irving, M.D.
UCLA Medical School

Long, Ophelia J.
Director Critical Care Nursing
Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center, Los Angeles

Lovestedt, Stanley A., M.D.
Senior Consultant Dental Surgery
Mayo Clinic, Rochester, MN

Lyons, Dorothy Jean, M.D.
Physician, Supevisor, Eye and Ear Unit,
Physical Handicapped Children, L.A. Board of Education

Malone, Carol, R.T.
Hospital Student Coordinator, Radiology
Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles

McKnight, Ronald, R.T.
Chief Technologist
Ross Loos Clinic, Los Angeles

McManus, John B., Dr.
Dental Surgeon, Reseda, Ca.

Martinez, Enoch, R.T.
Director Radiologic Technology
Los Angeles Harbor General Hospital

Mascarenas, Cesar O.
R.N. Supervisor
Mt. Sinai Hospital

Morrel, Robert
Dentist

Newman, Donald D., M.D.
Chief of Staff
San Gabriel Valley Hospital

Parker, Louise A., M.S.
Cancer prevention specialist

Pearl, Stanley D., M.D.
Optometrist

Peterson, Marianne Shay, Ph.D.
Psychologist
Washington Dept. of Mental Health
Tacoma, WA

Renaud, Harold, Ph.D.
Chief Psychologist
University Hospital, Berkeley

Rice, William, D.D.S.
Lt. Commander, U.S. Navy
Honolulu, Hawaii

Sansui, Akira Dean, R.T.
Radiologic Technologist Supervisor
County-USC Medical Center

Saturno, Oswald, R.T.
Technologist Ultrasound of the Eye
Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center (West)
Los Angeles

Schuetz, Renata, M.D.
Resident Physician
Bonn, West Germany

Schultz, Marvin
Optician

Spires, Fred, R.T.
Nuclear Medicine Technical Sales
Mallnkrodt Co.

Spires, Leavon Smith, R.T.
Hospital Student Coordinator, Radiology
St. Vincent Hospital, Los Angeles

Stein, Joseph, Ph.D.
Psychologist
Private Practice, Beverly Hills, CA

Trainer, Joseph B., M.D.
Director of Health Services
University of Oregon Medical School
Portland, Oregon

Shopwin, Charles
Psychologist
Director Communicative Disorders Section
White Memorial Hospital

Wirt, Robert D., M.D.
Clinical Psychologist
Stanford University

Villasenor, Richard, M.D.
Private Practice, Santa Monica

Wiest, William, M.D.
Obstetrician
University of Southern California

Music

Alpert, Herb
Leader of Tijuana Brass
Co-owner and producer, A & M Records

Aminady, Aloni
Orchestra conductor, composer

Bagley, Don
Jazz and recording artist
Composer-arranger

Bambridge, John
Studio/recording artist

Baltuch, Morris
NBC Orchestra, New York Philharmonic

Bowen, Gerard T., Lt., USN (ret.)
Composer, conductor
Arranger of national anthems performed on State occasions in Washington D.C.

Brasch, Harold
Member Official U.S. Marine Band
Washington D.C.

Breidenthal, David
Bassoon, Los Angeles Philharmonic

Budimar, Dennis
Studio/recording artist and jazz guitarist

Bush, Irving
First Trumpet, Los Angeles Philharmonic

Charles, Richard
Tenor, Los Angeles Civic and Detroit Light Operas

Cole, William
1st trumpet, Seattle Symphony
Director of Bands, University of Washington

Cooke, Marjorie
Member Los Angeles Civic Light Opera

Davidson, Michael
Leading tenor, Mannheim, Germany State Opera

DiVall, Robert
1st trumpet, Los Angeles Philharmonic

Dolphy, Eric
Jazz artist, alto saxophone
Soloist with Gil Evans Orchestra

Elster, Steven
Guitarist

Fabrizio
Harpsichordist

Fagott, Sidney
Viola, Los Angeles Philharmonic

A member of the LACC Class of 1936 was Robert P. MacDonald, who returned a decade later to join the faculty and organize the nation's first commercial music curriculum. An arranger for such well-known groups as the Glen Miller Band, MacDonald chaired City's Music Department from 1972 until his retirement in 1974.

Farrow, Larry
Jazz/rock composer, arranger, pianist, conductor

Fenn, Jean
Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company

Florence, Bob
Composer/arranger

Friedman, Don
Jazz pianist, New York

Garner, Sandy
Studio/recording vocalist

Gauer, Cathy
Opera and recording artist, Germany

Geller, Herb
Jazz artist

Geller, Irving
1st violin, Los Angeles Philharmonic

Glasser, Albert
Film arranger and composer

Goldsmith, Jerry
Composer for films

Greyson, Robert
Houston Symphony

Groher, Malcolm
Director of Choirs
Los Angeles City Bureau of Music

Guthrie, Fredrick
Principal Bass Soloist
Vienna State Opera

Guzelimian, Armen
Concert Pianist

Hall, Merilyn
Soprano, Berlin Opera House

The LACC Music Department has produced literally dozens of distinguished alumni, among them Henry "Hot" Holt, a student during the early 50's. Holt is now Musical Director for the Seattle Light Opera Association.

Hardaway, Bob
Studio/recording jazz artist (tenor sax)
NBC staff orchestra

Haskell, Jimmie
Composer/arranger/conductor
Guest conductor Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra

Henderson, Ray
Choral arranger

Hennagin, Michael
Avant-garde choral composer

Kanazawa, Tomiko
Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, New York

Holt, Henry
Music Director, Seattle Opera

Kiber, Robert
Portland Light Opera Company, Oregon

Kirchner, Leon
American composer
Music Department, Harvard University

Lee, Ella
Opera star, Europe

Leehin, Richard
Violin, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Denver Symphony

London, George (Bernstein)
Opera star
Administrative Director, Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.

Lowe, John
Recording artist

Madrid, John
Woody Herman Orchestra, Harry James Orchestra, etc

Maloof, Richard
Recording artist; Lawrence Welk Orchestra

Mitchell, Ollie
Studio/recording artist (trumpet)

McCann, Frances
Soprano, Musical Comedy

McCann, Lee
Jazz pianist/singer, recording artist
Orchestra leader

McCarthy, James
Director, Boys chorus affiliated with
Newark, N.J. Symphony

Morgan, Lanny
Studio/recording artist, jazz trombonist
Maynard Ferguson Orchestra

Niehaus, Lennie
Arranger/composer
Saxophone, clarinet, oboe with Stan Kenton Orchestra

Nixon, Marni
Light opera and recording artist

Odetta
Folk Singer

Oliver, Tommy
TV arranger/conductor

Olivier, Rufus
Bassoon, San Francisco Symphony

Pedrini, Tom
Composer

Plummer, Bill
Jazz artist, bass virtuoso

Romero, Celin
Guitarist, one of the four Romeros

Ristov, Rodriguez
La Scala Opera House

Schnoebelen, Mike
Recording artist, Bassist with Manhattan Transfer

Shafer, John
Baritone, Detroit Light Opera and San Francisco Opera Assns

Sheldon, Jack
Recording and studio artist, jazz trumpet

Silver, Johnny
Musical comedy

Smith, Gregg
Director of Gregg Smith Singers

Stevens, Mark
Drummer

Stoller, Mike
Songwriter, composer, record album producer

Sullivan, Brian
Metropolitan Opera Company (tenor)
New York

Tartaglia, John
Arranger/composer; Capitol Records and films

Tedesco, Tommy
Studio recording artist, jazz guitarist

Timmerman, Henry
Tenor, Los Angeles Guild Opera
Soloist, Hollywood Bowl

VonEuer, Sonya
Vocalist, Ina Rae Hutton Orchestra
Spade Cooley Orchestra; Capitol and Decca Records

Wechter, Julius
Leader, Baha Marimba Band

Yarmat, Karen
Light Opera singer

Zukovsky, Michele Block
Clarinet, Los Angeles Philharmonic

Physical Science and Math

Chapman, Dean; Ph.D.
Director of Astronautics, NASA
Ames Research Center, Moffet Field, CA

Evtuhov, Victor, Ph.D.
Senior Scientist, Research
Hughes Aircraft Co.

Gaale, Robert, Ph.D.
State Geologist, Underwater Geology
California Division of Mines and Geology

Hall, Sylvia
Geologist-Hydrologist

Hori, Shizuo
Physicist
ITT Research Institute, Chicago
McDonald-Douglas, St. Louis

Jenkins, F. W.
Chemist, Water Treatment Section of Pebrolite Corp.,
Tretolite Division, Missouri

Jennings, Charles W.
Geologist; Compiler of Geological Map of Calif. (1977)
Califorina Division of Mines and Geology

Kahan, Stanton F.
Distribution Planning Supervisor,
Southern Calif. Gas Co.

Konigsmark, Theodore A.
Geologist

Livingston, William Charles, Ph.D.
Astronomer

Luxemburg, Harold R., Ph.D.
Owner-Director, Luxemburg Assoc.
Sherman Oaks, CA

Proctor, Richard
Chief Geologist, South Section, Metropolitan
Water District, Los Angeles

Shenfil, Leon, Ph.D.
Senior Scientist
Aerojet General, Sacramento

Stocks, Anthony, Ph.D.
Anthropologist

Sutton, George
Chief Scientist, Research Project Agency
Rocketdyne, Canoga Park, CA

Wade, Ernst
Director Systems Support
Aerospace Corporation

Wegelin, Rolf
Research & Exploratory Studies Dept
Microwave Tube Division
Hughes Aircraft

Werner, Sanford L.
Geologist, Dept Water Resources
California Division of Mines and Geology

Public Relations

Barnes, Pat
Public Relations Director
Columbia Broadcasting System
Los Angeles

Beekman, John A.
Public Relations Chief
Los Alamitos Race Track, Los Angeles

Bemis, Edwin Wallace
Assistant Director, Public Relations
Calif Teachers Assn, Southern Section

Blumenson, George
Public Relations Chief
Richmond City Schools, Richmond, CA

Blount, Earl
Public Relations Chief
North American Aviation, Los Angeles

Cappe, George
Managing Director, Public Relations
Thailand Representative for Burson-Marsteller
Bangkok, Thailand

Dallas, Helen
Publicity Director
U S Treasury Department

Furgatch, Leon
Public Relations
Los Angeles Dept of Water and Power

Kissner, Harry
Air Pollution Control District
Los Angeles County Information Assistant

Kovitz, Ray
Director of Public Relations
Committee for Quality Schools

Lubovieki, Jerry
Public Relations, Advertising Director
Union Oil Co

Minor, Ted
Director of the Pacoima Joint Ventura Project Center

Ritter, Lloyd
Public Relations Supervisor
Pacific Telephone, Pasadena

Radio and T.V.

Arbogast, Robert
Author and producer of T V shows,
Disc Jockey, KLAC

Barrett, Dick
General Manager WMFT
Terre Haute, IN

Benson, Samuel (Bensussen, Samuel Johnson)
Public Affairs and Public Service Director

Boardman, True
Radio and T V writer and director

Cecil, Charles (Chuck)
KFI Disc Jockey

Clenard, Vincent Valentine
Newsman, KMPC

Dela Pena, Eddie
Professional Radio/Television Consultant

Dixon, Tommy H.
KFAC, Los Angeles

Dominguez, Albert
Program Producer
KUSC, Los Angeles

Dorf, Nelson
Vice Pres John Guedel

Frandsen, Thomas Eugene
National Broadcasting Corp T V Staff
Los Angeles

Fromson, Murray
Columbia Broadcasting System, News, S.E. Asia Bureau Chief
Los Angeles

Garlund, Garreth Francis
Radio Station KTIP, President and General Manager
Porterville, CA

Haddad, Ed (Edmonde Alexander)
News Editor, KPOL
Los Angeles

Houston, Dyer
Radio News Reporter, KFI
Writer and producer

Hurte, Leroy
T.V. Producer

Jacques, Truman
Moderator of the KNXT Talk About T.V. Show

Lee, Irwin
T.V. advertising

Lescoulie, John Pierre (Jack)
Radio, T.V., actor

Livingston, Robert
Staff T V. Director
National Broadcasting Corp

Mess, Elliott
Staff Announcer and Engineer KUSC
Los Angeles

Meyers, Ted
T V. Producer and Executive
Los Angeles

McElroy, Paul Kenneth
Radio News Editor, KPOL
Los Angeles

Morehelm, Lou
T.V. Producer

Orchard, Kenneth
Audio Engineer, KHJ, T.V.
Los Angeles

Tibbles, George F.
Radio and T.V. Producer
Musician, Composer, Songwriter

Webb, Victor
Assoc. Director of Broadcast Operations, KNXT
Los Angeles

Religion

Theerle, Christian J.
Dean of the South Colorado Dist. Rocky Mountain Synod
Lutheran Church In America

Cummins, Verre Allen
Chaplain, St. Lawrence University
Canton, New York

Fuller, Perry
Bishop, Church of Latter Day Saints

Kapuya, Eliezer
Maarev Temple
Head Teacher and Youth Director, Hebrew School

Kane, Cantor David J.
Long Beach

Statelio, Rev. E. Daniel
Campus Minister
Los Angeles Baptist Mission Society

Writers and Authors

Baldor, Elna S.
Author; books on natural environment
Los Angeles

Brenner, Ray
Comedy script writer
Hollywood

Bullins, Edward
Playwright

Casteneda, Carlos, Ph.D.
Author; Cultural Anthropologist

Duffield, Brainerd S.
Story Editor, Warner Bros.

Gordone, Charles
Playwright

Kendall, Robert
Author

Marx, Robert F.
Author—Treasure seeker
Professional Underwater Archaeologist
Satellite Beach, Florida

Massey, Diane Redfield
Author—children's stories

Sturgess, Gloria Lucille (Heryford)
Novelist

Wallace, Irving
Author

Education

Administration

Blanc, George
Associate Dean, Evening Division
Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa, CA

Brown, Charles
Coordinator
West Los Angeles College, CA

Brown, Dorothy
Consultant
Los Angeles Unified School District, CA

Cohen, Sheldon
Teacher/Counselor
Los Angeles County Special Schools, CA

Dobkin, Milton
Academic Vice President
Humboldt State University, Arcata, CA

Doctor, Robert Hays, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Education
California State University of Northridge, Northridge, CA
Los Angeles Board of Education

Eisman, Philip
Radio, Television Consultant for Los Angeles County Schools

Ferraro, Richard E.
Coordinator of Teacher Training
University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA
Los Angeles Board of Education

Haley, William II
Principal
Marquez School, Pacific Palisades

Hamer, Charles
Principal
Eagle Rock High School

Herman, Joseph, Ed.D
Principal of High Schools Franklin, Westchester Bell
Los Angeles County

Hodel, Walter H.
Assistant Dean of Instruction
Los Angeles Pierce College

Horton, Robert E., Ph.D.
President (Emeritus)
Los Angeles Valley College, CA

Lockey, Harold W.
Superintendent of Schools Div of Special
Services, Kern County

Mazor, Anatol
Dean of Instruction
Los Angeles Valley College

Moscowitz, Jack
Registrar
University High School, Los Angeles

Nazarian, Richard
Assistant Director of Student Activities
Modesto Junior College, Modesto

Orloff, Ethelrose
Assistant Dean of Students (Emeritus)
East Los Angeles College

Penn, Nolan
Assistant Professor of Counseling
University of Wisconsin, WI

Robinge, Edward
Acting President
Los Angeles Harbor College

Roda, Ruth
Dean of Student [illegible]rsonnel
Los Angeles Ha[illegible] College

Schechter, Arthur, Ph.D.
President, Oxnard College

Snipper, Lawrence P.
Director: Overseas Program
Los Angeles Community College District

Talman, Carol Carthew
Vice President
Rubidoux School System, CA

Weber, Melvin
Dean of Student Personnel
Saddleback College, Mission Viejo

Communications:
Audio-Visual, Broadcasting, English, Foreign Languages, Journalism, Public Relations, Secretarial Science, Speech

Bridges, Harford
Instructor Audio-Visual
California State University at Los Angeles

Clendenning, John, Ph.D.
Professor of English
California State University at Northridge

Coates, John R.
Associate Professor of English and German
Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa

Coulette, Henri
Professor of English
California State University at Los Angeles

Eckersley, Darrell
Chairman, English and Foreign Language Department
Los Angeles Southwest College

Felix, Dave
Professor of Journalism
University of Washington, Seattle, WA

Hernandez, Maria
Professor of Secretarial Science
Santa Ana College, Santa Ana

Hoffman, Richard J.
Professor of Industrial Studies (Emeritus)
California State University at Los Angeles

Hunter, Frederick James, Ph.D.
Theatre Arts Department
University of Texas, Austin, TX

Kaspin, Albert
Associate Professor of Slavic Languages
University of Illinois, Urbana, IL

Katz, Dori
Professor of Foreign Languages
Trinity College, Hartford, CT

Lilienthal, Nathan
Professor of English and Speech
Mt. San Jacinto Junior College, Beaumont, CA

O'Holohan, Frank
Professor of English
Belvedere College, Dublin, Ireland

Owen, Gene Nielson
Professor of Speech (Emeritus)
Santa Monica City College, Santa Monica

Rivera, William C.
Public Relations
Los Angeles Board of Education

Robaire, Simone, Ph.D.
Professor of French Literature
UCLA and McGill University

Webber, Joel
Teacher, Journalist, Radio Commentator
Masatepe, Masaya, Nicaragua

Humanities
Architecture, Art, Athletics, Ethnic Studies, Music and Theatre

Anderson, Ruth
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Harbor College

Baker, Charles
Professor of Music
California State University at Fullerton

Bardeen, Jean
Chairman: Women's Physical Education Department
Los Angeles Pierce College

Blankenburg, Heinz
Director: Opera Workshop
California State University at Los Angeles

Carlson, Richard
Chairman, Department of Music
Los Angeles Valley College

Chipp, Herschel
Art Department
University of California at Berkeley

Cole, William
Director of Bands
University of Washington, Seattle, WA

Danner, Arthur
Chairman, Department of Music
West Los Angeles College

Deichman, John
Area Supervisor of Music
Los Angeles City Schools

Dow, Gene
Professor of Theatre
Los Angeles Pierce College

Epting, Marion
Associate Professor of Art
California State University at Chico

Fischer, Robert
Professor of Music
East Los Angeles College

Frodsham, Olaf
Professor of Music
Occidental College, Los Angeles

Gelber, Martin
Instructor in Architecture
Los Angeles Pierce College

Glenn, Stanley, Ph.D.
Professor of Dramatic Arts
University of California at Santa Barbara

Graichen, Fred
Supervisor of Instrumental Music, Elementary Division
Los Angeles City Schools

Hatten, Edward
Teacher of Art
San Diego

Heckman, Robert
Professor of Music
Pasadena City College, Pasadena

Hunter, Frederick James
Professor of Drama
University of Texas, TX

Jurey, Edward
Supervisor of Instrumental Music, Elementary Division
Los Angeles City Schools

Kim, Earl
Professor of Music
Harvard University and Yale University

Kimball, Lorraine Eckardt
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Valley College

Kuzell, Chris
Professor of Music
Hancock College, Santa Maria

Longyear, Rey
Professor of Music
University of North Carolina, NC

Lynn, Theodore
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Valley College

Nelligan, Donald
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Valley College

Nibley, Reid
Chairman: Piano Department
University of Michigan

Owen, Harold
Professor of Music
University of Oregon, Eugene, OR

Palmer, Anthony
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Valley College

Patton, Barbara
Professor of Music
University of California at Los Angeles

Ratner, Leonard G.
Professor of Music
Stanford University, Palo Alto

Reese, Henry
Director: Hollywood Opera Reading Club
Instructor in Operatic Acting, Los Angeles

Robbins, Sanford
Chairman: Theatre Arts Department
Univesity of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, WI

Rosenweig, Aaron
Professor of Music
Los Angeles Pierce College

Ruiz, Adrian
Professor of Music
University of Southern California

Salamunovich, Paul
Director Choral Music and Choral Activities
Loyola Marymount University Los Angeles

Seltzer, Rudolph
Professor of Music
California State University at Hayward

Shindo, Tak
Professor of Music
California State University at Los Angeles

Slater, Van
Chairman Art Department
Compton College Compton

Stein, Leonard
Director Schoenberg Institute
University of Southern California

Steinhardt, Victor
Professor of Music
University of Oregon, Eugene

Steveyman, Clara Silvers
Archivist Schoenberg Institute
University of Southern California

Von Emer, Judy
Instructor in Art
Los Angeles Valley College

Wendell, Robert
Assistant Professor of Art
Orange Coast College

White, Don Lee
Professor of Music
California State University at Los Angeles

Wright, Rollin Gene
Associate Professor of Physical Education
California State University at Los Angeles

Life Sciences
Allied Health, Anatomy, Biology; Botany, Forestry, Physical Anthropology and Zoology

Backus, Gerald J.
Professor of Biology

Ball, Ernest A.
Professor of Botany
University of California, Irvine

Beer, Robert E., Ph.D.
Professor of Entomology
University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS

Drobner, Terrie
Lecturer: Occupational Therapy
San Jose University, San Jose

Dunn, David B.
Professor of Botany
Curator of the Herbarium
University of Missouri, Columbia, MO

Griesel, Wesley O., Ph.D.
Professor of Botany (Emeritus)
California State University at Los Angeles

Hale, George Osborne
Professor of Botany
Los Angeles Valley College

Heath, James Edward
Associate Professor of Physiology and Biophysics
University of Illinois, IL

Ichino, Paul T.
Professor of Radiologic Technology
Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa

Kolber, Martin, Ph.D.
Professor of Biology
San Mateo Junior College

Pearson, Carl M., M.D.
School of Medicine, University of California

Shopwin, Charles, Ph.D.
Staff Counselor
American Institute of Family Relations

Tartaglia, Louis, Ph.D.
Professor of Anthropology
California State University at Northridge

Zinke, Paul, Ph.D.
Professor of Forestry
University of California, Irvine

Physical Sciences
Astronomy, Chemistry, Computer Technology, Electronics, Engineering, Physical Geography, Geology, Mathematics and Physics

Ando, Clifford, Ph.D.
Professor of Geology
California State University at Fullerton

Aschman, Homer, Ph.D.
Professor of Geography
University of California at Riverside

Aurbach, Milton I.
Professor of Mathematics
Los Angeles Valley College

Bonic, Robert A., Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics
Courant Institute, New York University, NY

Bruckner, Andrew M., Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics
University of California at Santa Barbara

Bruman, Joseph R.
California Institute of Technology, Pasadena

Carthew, John, Ph.D.
Professor of Geography
Los Angeles Pierce College,

Dahl, Charles C.
Chairman: Engineering Department
Moorpark College, Moorpark

Dietch, Louis, Ph.D.
Professor of Geography
California State University at Chico

Gorman, Richard C.
Professor of Mathematics
United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD

Grannell, Rosewithe, Ph.D.
Professor of Geology
California State University at Long Beach

Hawthorne, Robert G.
California Institute of Technology, Pasadena

Hintz, Norton, Ph.D.
Professor of Physics
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, MN

Hume, David, Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, MA

Kaye, Hohn
Professor of Engineering and Applied Science
George Washington University, Washington, D.C

Kelly, John LaRoy, Ph.D.
Chairman: Department of Mathematics
University of California at Berkeley

Kiter, Jack R.
Professor of Mathematics
Los Angeles Valley College

Knopoff, Leon, Ph.D.
Professor of Physics, Engineering, Geophysics
University of California at Los Angeles

Leighton, Robert, Ph.D.
Professor of Physics and Astrophysics
California Institute of Technology, Pasadena

Lewis, Urda Esther
Assistant Professor of Mathematics
California State University at Los Angeles

Lippe, Jere H., Ph.D.
Professor of Paleontology
University of California at Davis

Nash, Peter H., Ph.D.
Professor of Geography; Dean of the Graduate School
University of Rhode Island, Kingston, RI

Pack, Richard
Assistant Professor of Geography
Glendale College, Glendale

Perry, Clay L., Ph.D.
Director of the Computer Center
University of California at San Diego

Phelps, Robert R., Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics
University of Washington, Seattle, WA

Steiner, Rodney, Ph.D.
Chairman; Department of Geography
California State University at Long Beach

Takizawa, William H., Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Geography
San Jose State University

Throckmorton, Harold, Ph.D.
Professor of Geography
San Diego Mesa College, San Diego

Treat, Marshall
Professor of Geology
Cerritos College, Cerritos

Vernon, James Y.
Professor of Meteorology
Los Angeles Pierce College

Willis, Joseph P.
Professor of Geology
Palomar College, Escondido

Wilts, Charles Harold, Ph.D.
Professor of Electrical Engineering
California Institute of Technology, Pasadena

Wutkee, Winston B.
Professor of Geography and Geology
College of the Canyons, Valencia

Social Sciences
Cultural Anthropology, Business, Economics, Cultural Geography, Government, History, Law, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, Family and Consumer Studies

Albert, Leon
Associate Professor of Anthropology
East Los Angeles College

Aspaturian, Vernon V., Ph.D.
Professor of Political Science
Pennsylvania State University, PA

Bean, Lowell, Ph.D.
Professor of Anthropology
California State University at Hayward

Coan, Richard Welton, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology
University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ

Cavanaugh, Jane
Professor of Psychology
Los Angeles Pierce College

Docter, Richard F., Ph.D.
Chairman: Department of Psychology
California State University at Northridge

Doyce, Nunis B., Jr., Ph.D.
Professor of History
University of Southern California

Harvey, Monte Lee
Associate Professor of Psychology; Counselor
Orange Coast College, Costa Mesa

Hendricks, Richard
Professor of History
Los Angeles Valley College

Holtzman, Abraham, Ph.D.
Professor of Politics
North Carolina State University, Raleigh, NC

Kautsky, John, Ph.D.
Professor of Political Science
Washington University, St Louis, MO

Klein, Norman
Professor of Anthropology
California State University at Los Angeles

Mayo, Samuel
Professor of History
Los Angeles Valley College

Moody, Margaret
Professor of History
Glendale College, Glendale

Puryear, Dwayne
Chairman, Department of Business
Los Angeles Trade Technical College

Schwartz, Benjamin K., Ph.D.
Professor of Anthropology
Ball State University, Muncie, IN

Stern, Broncha S.
Associate Professor of Family and Consumer Studies
Los Angeles Valley College

Udyanin, Kasem, Ph.D.
Dean, Faculty, Political Science
University of Thailand, Bangkok, Thailand

Underwood, Kwang J.
Faculty: Home Economics
El Camino College, Torrance

Williamson, Robert C.
Chairman, Department of Sociology
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, PA

Wong, Heung Tan, Ph.D.
Professor of Oriental History
Cheney State University, Cheney, WA

LACC Alumni on the LACC Faculty 1929-1979

Almanza, Roberto Tueda, Ph.D.
Assistant Dean of Admissions

Alixman, David
Coordinator of Cooperative Education
Professor of Architecture

Arai, Victor
Associate Professor of Optics

Avery, Ronald D., Ph.D.
Instructor of English (evening)

Baker, Beverly
Assistant Professor of Theatre

Bakker, Gerhard, Jr.
Professor of Zoology

Bernard, Linda
Assistant Professor of Office Administration

Bigge, John
Professor of Music

Slade, Barbara
Department Chairman; Assistant Professor of Dental Assisting

Slettner, Cristy
Instructor in Geography (evening)

Sonino, Ella Dora
Professor of Physical Education

Brusse, Flora T.
Instructor of Physical Education

Suckner, George R.
Associate Professor of Dental Technology

Burns, Henderson Gerald
Associate Professor of Psychology

Bussell, Helen
Associate Professor of Music

Carroll, June S.
Professor of Geography

Casimir, Susan Bobrow
Instructor of English

Cogan, Esther K.
Instructor of Business Administration (evening)

Colantoni, Renato S.
Associate Professor of Computer Technology

Collins, Mildred Hunter
Coordinator, College and Community Relations
Associate Professor of Family and Consumer Studies

Constable, Helen M.
Dept. Chairman, Professor of Dental Assisting

Davis, Milton E., Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Biology

Desmond, Danny
Instructor of Theatre Arts (evening)

DeSota, Raoul
Associate Professor of Art

Ealy, Henry L., Jr.
Associate Professor of American Cultures

Easley, Bonnie L.
Coordinator of Student Activities

Ebow, Robert R.
Instructor of Business Data Processing (evening)

Egizi, Ruth
Associate Professor of Family and Consumer Studies

Engler, Suzanne Knudson
Instructor of Anthropology (evening)

Garber, Wallace F.
Associate Professor of Dental Technology

Grannell, Vincent
Professor of Physics

Haigh, Madelon
Professor of English

Harmon, Samuel, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology

Hayes, Helen
Professor of Anthropology

Herrera, Robert B.
Dept. Chairman. Professor of Mathematics

Higa, Kazuo
Dept. Chairman. Associate Professor of Art

Hoshizaki, Barbara Joe
Professor of Botany

Howell, John M.
Professor of Mathematics (Emeritus)

Hoxie, Annie S.
Associate Professor of Office Administration

Hsia, Mary
Instructor of Development Communication (evening)

Jacobson, Marvin Martin
Associate Professor of Journalism

James, Arthur F.
Physician. Surgeon

Jamee, Glenn D.
Professor of Mathematics

Jarvis, Julie
Instructor of Anthropology (evening)

Kendall, Violet C. (Strate)
Associate Professor of Office Administration

Kelly, G. Jay
Instructor of English

Kort, Robert
Associate Professor of Psychology

Lazaro, Michael
Instructor of Psychology

Lowry, Dick E.
Instructor of Architecture

Mark, Marsha Brenton
Associate Professor of Anatomy

McCracken, Kathryn L.
Speech Dept. (Emeritus)

McCloskey, James R.
Dept. Chairman
Professor of Theatre

McDonald, Robert
Chairman. Music Dept.

Memmler, Ruth, M.D.
Professor of Anatomy (Emeritus)

Miller, Stanford M.
Professor of Latin (Emeritus)

Moore, John F.
Professor of English (Emeritus)

Morrison, Margie J.
Professor of Physical Education

Nelson, Dorothy Alice
Professor of Physical Education

Nelson, Verner Neal
Professor of Accounting

Newton, Mark Shepard
Professor of Geology

Niles, Florence C.
Professor of History (Emeritus)

Nishioka, Hayward H.
Assistant Professor of Physical Education

Norris, Clarence
Coordinator of Student Activities

Olson, Wallace
Professor of Art (Emeritus)

Owen, Harold B.
Dept. Chairman. Professor of Speech (Emeritus)

Palmatry, Richard K.
Professor of Physical Education

Posner, Samuel L.
Professor of Administration of Justice (Emeritus)

Punaro, Ralph
Assistant Basketball Coach

Rangel, Robert R.
Instructor of Developmental Communications (evening)

Rose, Elnora A.
Professor of Family and Consumer Studies

Ruhl, Robert G.
Professor of Psychology (Emeritus)

Russo, Jacqueline H.
Assistant Professor of Opthalmic Optics

Seely, John M.
Dept. Chairman; Instructor of Physical Education

Silver, Gerald A.
Professor of Business Administration

Smith, Jack W.
Professor of Nuclear Medicine Technology

Smith, M. Wendell
Professor of Physical Education

Stakan, Gary S.
Coordinator, Admissions

Stapleton, Charles Otis,III
Instructor of Administration of Justice

Stevens, John R.
Professor of Art and Zoology

Takahashi, Barbara C.
Instructor of Dental Assisting

Tollefson (Nelson), Donna L.
Associate Professor of Theatre

Ulrich, Ursula
Professor of German

Vasquez, Edward, T.D.
Dept. Chairman, Instructor of Radiologic Technology

Von Blocker, Jack C., Jr.
Professor of Biology (Emeritus)

Wakita, Kayoko
Associate Professor of Asian Studies

Wilson, Don J.
Assistant Dean of Student Affairs

White, Lucille Donovan
Assistant Professor of Mathematics

Winters, B. Creed
Dept. Chairman, Associate Professor of Economics

Yamaoka, Lillian
Assistant Professor of Dental Assisting

Young, Mattie B., R.T.
Instructor of Radiologic Technology

Members Of The Present Classified Staff Who Have Graduated Or Attended Classes At LACC June, 1979

Afanador, Edward
Baily, Bessie
Baril, Rhoberta
Baklayan, Shoushan
Biberstein, Sylvia
Bituin, Conrad
Bruce, Doris
Chan, Mary
Chow, Mei Ling
Cobb, Norm
Colvin, Lily
Danbleykar, Charles
De Ruiter, Thelma
Eden, Kathy
Edmond, Jodee
Ephraim, Rhoda P.
Felix, Ruth
Fisher, Marguerite
Frailich, Davida Diane
Fryer, Linda
Fuhrman, Dorothy
Ganiron, Erlinda
Germaine, Al
Giteck, Evelyn
Hill, Sue
Huffman, Angie
Kahn, Roberta
Kelley, Rose
Kleinfeld, Dolores
Lee, Barbara
Lily, Susan
Macabio, Nemesia
MacMurty, Dave
Minoda, Grace
Morris, Sylvia
Morrison, Cathy
Norwood, Phyllis
Ramirez, Abbie
Robinson, Celia
Rollins, Cathy
Sanchez, Maria
Schori, Diana
Session, Dale
Sionim, Elaine
Stampolis, Renee
Tani, Dick
Tull, Deborah
Villareal, Ofelia
Wall, Mary Ann
Wetzel, Thomas A.
Wilkins, Joyce

DEPARTMENTAL HISTORIES

Los Angeles City College exists for the good of its students, and nowhere on campus is that fact more evident than in the individual classroom. The needs of society have changed drastically in the last half century, and our various departments have striven to keep pace and continually prepare students for successful lives. Each department was invited to speak for itself, sharing the changes encountered over the years. We feel their stories reflect LACC's ever-continuing effort to maintain excellence in its service to the community.

Joe Dojcsk
Rob O'Neil
Toni Redfield
LACC Golden Anniversary Publications Committee

173

American Cultures

The American Cultures Department, founded just a decade ago at L.A City College, where many departments trace their beginning to the school's opening in 1929, now ranks seventh among City's 33 departments in terms of student-teacher enrollment

It incorporates Afro-American, Asian, Latin-American and Mexican-American studies, offering classes in literature, history, art, music and civilization.

Just a sampling of the classes offered during the Fall 1979 semester "Peoples and Cultures of Africa," "The Asian in America," "The History of Mexico," and "Afro-American Folksong."

The American Cultures Department, born partly out of vocal student demands during the late 1960's, had its early critics. In the beginning, a lot of people thought the program would consist strictly of rap sessions. Some students were also under that mistaken impression. But the word soon got out that the classes involved serious research, term papers and intensive reading.

Who takes American Cultures classes?

Now that the opportunity exists, many students who haven't had a chance to search their own history before enroll. The history classes, particularly those relating to Chicano and Black history, are very popular.

"It has been interesting to note that students don't necessarily take courses relating to their own ethnic background. Some want to clear up misconceptions they have about a particular group. Others have a mate from a different ethnic background, and want to learn more about their partner's culture.

What frequently occurs is that those who enroll in just a single class for any of the above reasons often end up taking all the courses we offer, sometimes even changing their major.

Credit for the department's success must go to the five full-time (Armando Cisneros, Henry Ealy, Mattie Moon, Melvin Ross, and Mary Thompson, chairperson) and seven part-time faculty members. Many have traveled extensively, including to Africa and Mexico. And a number have been selected for National Endowment for Humanities and other fellowships.

Close involvement with student groups is also a departmental trademark, as is evidenced by regular LACC campus events such as Asian Heritage Week, Cinco de Mayo celebrations and Afro-American History Month.

All American Cultures classes are transferrable. All fulfill graduation requirements for history, social science and humanities.

From a somewhat stormy beginning, American Cutlures has become a diversified, yet balanced program. We have developed a good reputation – we have our credibility.

Art

The Art Department was established along with the College in 1929 with Mrs. Lois Waag Morgan as chairman and Estelle A.C. Cross as the second instructor. Mrs. Morgan was formerly the head of the Art Department at Lincoln High School where she taught before coming to Los Angeles Junior College.

From the beginning, the Art Department established a tradition which it would continue to maintain to the present. It would contribute greatly to campus activities. Joint projects were planned with other departments. Art Department instructors were visibly active in many campus organizations. In addition to teaching in the Art Department, Mrs. Morgan designed and created the sets for the Drama Department productions. Estelle Cross served as the art advisor to the Advertising Club.

The department grew steadily, offering a wide range of courses in various areas. A full complement of courses prepared the students for advanced studies at transfer institutions and courses in the vocational art fields trained students for the fields of advertising design, interior decoration, stage and costume design. These courses were augmented by programs in design for the theater and a poster shop which permitted students to gain valuable practical experience. In addition to offerings for the art major, many courses were offered to fill the general education needs of students outside the department.

Further adding to campus life, an honorary art society, the Kappa Tau Sigma was formed in 1935. The organization sponsored art exhibitions, lectures, competitions and maintained an active social program. A highlight in Kappa Tau Sigma activities in 1937 came during its exhibition of surrealist paintings when the internationally noted surrealist painter Salvador Dali attended.

In the later 1930's, Emily Louise Fry (later to become Emily Fetsch) succeeded Lois Morgan as Chairman. She served until 1958 when Clyde Kelly was appointed chairman by Dr. John Lombardi, the President of the College.

During those years the department steadily grew along with the college. By the end of the postwar boom, the full-time faculty had grown to 11. The hallways and studios of the Fine Arts building strained with the lively sounds of students learning and creating. The department soon outgrew the ivy-covered facilities that it had shared with the Music Department. During the early 1960's it moved into a new building apprropriately named Da Vinci Hall. The ceramics laboratory here is among the finest of any junior college.

Growth slowed during the 1960's. The number of full-time faculty declined to as low as seven instructors. This was a period of consolidation and reassessment. Courses, curricula and the changing student body were scrutinized. Demands for changes were also a part of the student activism at the end of that decade.

In 1968, Dr. Russell Cangialosi became chairman. New

faculty members were added They reflected the diversity of the communities from which our students came. Several of these were former students at LACC and had special affinities for the students and programs here. They would contribute mightily to the renewed growth in the Art Department

Under Dr Cangialosi, new courses were developed to meet changing student and community needs A Humanities program was begun and administered through the Art Department The Art Gallery program was expanded and access was extended to members of the community The Gallery has become a dynamic focal point in the department, providing an important laboratory for students to mount, to display and to examine works of art Experimental studio-format courses were instituted to meet the general education needs of the non-art major.

Kazuo Higa was elected chairman in 1977 and almost immediately met the challenge of trying to maintain a quality program in spite of the effects of Proposition 13. The department has fared well.

There was also the problem of dealing with major changes in the make-up of the student body. There is greater diversity Mature and experienced, returning students mix with youthful graduates — often of scant academic preparation. Many students are recently immigrated and represent many cultural and language backgrounds.

The Art faculty has responded to these changing needs as it has always done. Instruction is individualized as much as possible. In the studio-classroom, personal attention is not only possible, it is necessary. Concerns for the students extend well beyond the classroom. Instructors are involved in orientation, counseling and in support of a number of co-curricular and extra-curricular activities. The department has energetically continued to explore ways to meet changes in the art fields as well as in the community.

Away from campus, the faculty remains an active one — as practicing professional artists, lecturers, writers, gallery owner and participant in a number of civic and community organizations.

Throughout the years, the Art Department has trained a large number of students who have gone on to become prominent professional artists, scholars, technicians and exemplary citizens. The prospects that this will continue remains exceptionally high as the quality and prestige of the department continues to attract a large number of qualified and talented students.

Business Administration

When Los Angeles City College was founded in September 1929, one of the charter departments was the Business Administration Department. Under the leadership of Frank Crites, the department's curricula consisted of accounting, merchandising and general business. A few years after the founding of the college, the Business Administration department gained a new chairman in Roy Culey, a celebrated author and accountant who expanded the curriculum offerings in the department to management and finance.

The faculty, at shortly after the founding of the college, then consisted of Roy Culey, Chairman, Monroe Smart (accounting), Heber Harrison (accounting), Harvey L. Moore (accounting), Collis Thompson (general business), Gene Kinnett (merchandising), Louis H. Martin (accounting and general business), and Dr. Willard Talbert (Management).

In those early years, the Merchandising program was developed by Donald E. Kinnett and the Management program by Dr. Willard Talbert. Enrollment in the department increased rapidly and new faculty was added. John W. Ernest and Al Abramson Jesse R. Gillespie, John H. Cook, and Harvey Wright were added to the faculty.

The department added a small business management curriculum and supermarket merchandising curriculum in the 50's.

In 1962 the department's office was moved to 759 S. Berendo (in an apartment building) while the new administration building was being built.

Al Abramson took over the leadership of the department in the early 1960's and Harvey Wright in the late 1960's. New curriculum offerings developed in these years were Business Data Processing and Real Estate. Frank Snedecor assumed the chairmanship briefly during in the early 1970's. At the present time the department has grown to its largest enrollment and has a larger curricula than at any time in its history. The present chairman is John W. Ernest.

The faculty consists of: Verner Nelson, Accounting; Dr. Albert Abramson, Accounting; Edward Renetti, Accounting; Dr. Gerald Silver, Business Data Processing; Harrice Seeds, Business Data Processing; Dr. Lal Mirchandani, Management; Donald A. Landauer, Management; Fred O. Greene, Business Data Processing; Susan L. Krimm, Business Data Processing; Edward J. McDonnell, Accounting; Harriet Rice, Management; Lawrence Schenck, Management; and Woodrow Smith Jr., Management.

One significant development in these years since 1960 was the rapid expansion of the department's evening division program. Course offerings, student enrollment and faculty increased enormously so that today the Business Administration Department is outstandingly the largest in the college.

Chemistry

The Chemistry Department started in 1929 with a staff of four, including a woman Ph D., Dr. Imo P. Baugham, and three men, including the first chairman, Dr. Osman H. Cady.

A brief description of the department as described by Dr. Cady in the 1936 "Junior Campus," the school yearbook, stated that the department provided instruction in general, organic, clinical chemistry and quantitative analysis. He also noted that the department aided in instruction of peace officers in conjunction with finger-painting and plaster casts. Dr. Cady describes some practical knowledge important to the early students, including preparation of cold cream, hand lotions, tetraethyl antiknock compound, gold ore assaying, and steel analysis.

Over the years the department has grown and the course emphasis has changed in accordance with the needs of the students. During the past several decades, the department included training in paint technology. This activity was transferred to Trade Tech several years ago.

The department offers courses which prepare students for continuation of their education by transfer to four year colleges. It also offers instruction necessary for further career training in nursing and allied health occupations.

In spite of limited budgets, the department has been fortunate in recently obtaining many modern instruments which will enhance instruction. A computer terminal linking the department to the District computer was installed about five years ago, and a tutoring and learning laboratory was opened during the past year.

The alumni of City College include hundreds of successful professional people who received their training in the Chemistry Department. This list includes physicians, surgeons, college professors, pharmacists, dentists, optometrists, physicists, and many business people.

We look forward to serving the students and the community during the next 50 years.

Cooperative Education

Cooperative education is an outgrowth of apprenticeship and internship programs and was first organized in 1906 at the University of Cincinnati. LACC's Cooperative Education Program was established in 1970 in accordance with rules and regulations set forth by the State of California. That year fewer than 100 students enrolled. The program grew steadily, and since that time students from all 33 departments have participated.

Because this program makes it possible for students to couple college courses with gainful employment, work sites become learning laboratories. Many occupational faculty members were quick to realize that classroom work becomes more relevant from experiences in personal relationship, job deadlines, and production requirements acquired during actual working situations. As a result, individual cooperative education classes were set up for specific majors with occupational department faculty providing instruction. Qualified faculty have also been drawn from industry in general. Leadership for the program has come from David Alexman, who has acted as coordinator since 1971.

Earth Sciences

A very persistent tradition has it that the man who first organized Los Angeles City College, Dr. William Henry Snyder, personally interviewed and hired each and every teacher for his new school and one of those teachers was Alfred Livingston, Jr. who came to City College in 1930 and organized the Department of Earth Sciences. Young Mr. Livingston was a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley and had worked for a time as a geologist in the gold mines of the Mother Lode in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and also to some extent in various California oil fields. One thing that Dr. Snyder wanted was teachers who had practical experience in their fields and Al had that.

In his retirement, first chairman Livingston loves to reminisce on how he taught the original Physical and Historical Geology classes, the Physical and Cultural Geography classes, Minerology, Paleontology and the Astronomy classes during the early 1930's. As the school grew, more teachers were needed so William Putnam, geologist, was added. "Bill" was famous for his illustrated classroom lectures during which he drew vivid chalk pictures of erupting volcanos burying helpless peasants, violent earthquakes, etc. entertaining as he taught. Later on the scene were Arch Gerlach, a geographer, and Clyde Goudy, a geologist/geographer. In 1937 another geographer, Arthur Carthew, was hired and the department leveled off in normalcy until disrupted by World War II.

During those early years a strong and active Earth Science Club was organized when flexible class scheduling set aside the hour between 11 and noon on Tuesdays for school assemblies and the same hour on Thursdays for club meetings. Many were the field trips to local

beaches and mountains, tree planting outings in the Angeles National Forest, off-campus dinners with speakers, pancake breakfasts and club mountain climbs when many "Former Tops Of Mountains" were collected to prove that club members had been there.

In 1932 the Physics Department began collecting weather information for the U.S. Weather Bureau in an on campus weather station located on the roof of the old Engineering Building. Later this service was handed over to the Earth Sciences Department where it continues to this day on the roof of Franklin Hall in a trade for the Astronomy class.

When World War II came to America, the student body evaporated and all of the teachers at City College were summarly fired so they either entered the service or sought positions elsewhere. When peace returned all of the teachers who wanted to were re-hired and returned to work. With the new enrollments more instructors were needed so George Bellemin, another geologist, was employed and told to develop a course in Physical Anthropology. In 1947 June Carroll, a geographer, was hired and in 1948 Valene Smith and David Jennings were hired to help in the expanding Geography and Anthropology fields and a year or so later still another geographer geologist, James Vernon was added to the staff.

Shortly after the end of the War, Arch Gerlach, who had moved to Washington D.C. and had become the Head Librarian for the Library of Congress, selected City College as one of the few academic repositories for the then U.S. Army Surplus Map Collection. The first shipment of 25,000 maps arrived and were filed in steel cases. New maps are still arriving.

In 1953 the Los Angeles Geographical Society was organized by local geographers with its headquarters and meeting place at USC, but later it was switched to LACC which still hosts the monthly meetings and administrative center of this organization.

With the boom in travel interests in the post-War years our geographers pioneered a series of one-unit regional travel classes of a "How To" nature and, furthermore, branched out to teach the needed geography classes in the recently organized Transportation-Travel-Tourism Department.

One further point of expansion was ETV, the Educational Television Experiment that started on campus in 1957. Physical Geography was taught on camera for three semesters by David Jennings to be followed by Physical Anthropology for three more semesters by George Bellemin. In September of that same year Merry Mordan Jr. was employed to teach Anthropology and Archaeology.

As the college continued to grow more teachers came: Glenn Cunningham, in geography and Ann Gallagher and Helen Hayes in anthropology in 1965, Mark Newton in geology in 1965, Donald Garrett in Geology and Oceanography in 1968, Henrietta Quattrocchi in Anthropology in 1969 and Bill Russell in geography in 1973. In the meantime Mr. Livingston retired, Valene Smith, James Vernon and Jerry Jordan chose different careers. Then Glenn Cunningham, Arthur Carthew and George Bellemin retired, but the department continues.

I must note here that what I have said so far makes no mention of the numbers of Ph.D degrees earned by our graduates, the museum curators and government employees and other career people who received their original professional training here, the dozen or so weddings that have materialized within the department and the lasting friendships promoted on the campus. Neither has there been any mention of the one and two year teachers who came and left or the large and loyal group of Extended Day teachers who have left their marks on the student body. Not to mention the dozen or so student teachers from UCLA, USC or CSU and other graduate schools who cut their academic teeth by "practice teaching" in our department.

The most recent contribution to the ongoing local cultural scene was the idea of and the putting into operation of a buried "Time Capsule" that was placed in the Student Plaza in front of the Theater Arts Building with this message cast in bronze, "Open 2029." When it is open, Earth Scientists will be be there.

Engineering

The Engineering Department in combination with the Architecture Department was one of the original 1929 departments. Dr. Snyder, founding President, personally selected an outstanding group of professional engineers and architects to staff the department. Several of the faculty were professionally licensed.

The department offered courses for both the transfer programs and for the terminal AA degree. AA's were offered in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil, and later, Aeronautical Engineering. The department quickly became one of the largest on campus with 16 instructors and some 2,500 combined engineering and architectural students.

The department became very active in campus faculty and student body affairs. The Student Associated Engineers & Architects Club was the most active student group for many years. This group sponsored the Miss Slip-Stick Contest and Dance each semester. It was also active in the newspaper, student government, athletic programs, charity and scholarship drives, etc.

The department has been a flexible one that has tried to meet the needs of the students, industry and the changing times. In that light, the department has tried and abandoned such areas as Plumbing Engineering; an innovative single option program called Industrial Technology where all students were in a single block program that moved from different subject area courses as a group; to our current five-option program of Drafting Technology, Motorcycle Technology, Civil Engineering & Surveying, Industrial Technology, and Engineering Technology.

During the late sixties, Electronics was added to the department functions making it the Architecture, Engineering & Electronics Dept. However, this combination was shortlived because the early seventies found all

three divisions going their separate ways and becoming three separate departments under three spearate chairmen We continue in this mode today.

We find all of the original faculty retired and/or passed on The tremendous build-up of the State College & University system, especially in the Los Angeles area, during the sixties created a large educational market for engineering students The supply of such students arriving at LACC showed a steady decline as these new State Institutions were built. The younger engineering faculty that came to replace the retirees soon found insufficient student load and diversified into other departments and areas Today, the department is one of the smallest on the campus with two faculty positions. We are still offering four of the AA degree majors and meeting the engineering course needs of the transfer students.

The department is currently attempting to meet the needs of a changing socio-economic and racial mix within the student body by reevaluating its course and curricula offerings. Proposition 13 after effects have eliminated a major Saturday series of course offerings, A similar curtailment has drastically affected our late afternoon and evening course offerings.

The current revitalization of the aircraft and other technically-oriented areas is bringing on a renewed demand for engineers and technicians. We expect that our supply of engineering students will increase, especially as the State College & University system fills up its quota of engineering students.

English

For almost the first 30 years of its existence, the Los Angeles City College English Department offered the traditional curriculum for the first two years of college: composition and reading courses and a variety of survey literature courses. Then it was noted that an abnormal number of students were failing English 1. A remedial program was instituted in 1958. Since that time new courses and new methods have been inaugurated to meet the needs of the changing student population.

Now the English Department offers a wide range of remedial courses, reading and writing laboratories, and a reading clinic. Increasing use has been made of tutors during the past several years, both inside and outside the classroom. Some teachers are using a method of teaching writing which has proved most effective: the Garrison method of one-to-one teaching. Other new courses are in the offing to aid the "new" student to achieve the essential proficiency in reading and writing.

Other needs were not neglected in the drive to improve the remedial program. For example, responding to an obvious need, the Department started a Women's Literature course. Courses in fiction, poetry, and the drama were begun.

One dramatic change in the Department has been the increase in the number of foreign students served. For many years one class of English as a Second Language sufficed. For the Fall 1979 semester 15 ESL classes will be offered. This number includes three courses unknown 10 years ago, and one, Conversational English, is new.

During the past 50 years many dedicated teachers have served in the Department. Many of these have made names as writers and/or scholars. Otis Richardson, the first chairman of the Department, is a poet and novelist. The late John Harris wrote in collaboration with his wife, Margaret, critically-acclaimed novels of the old West. Dr. Richard Lillard is a well-known author of books on Los Angeles, the Southwest, and the Southland. Victoria Padilla writes about flowers and gardening. Dr. Samuel Eisenstein writes poetry and plays. Dudley Gordon writes about the Southwest and is the biographer of Charles Lummis. The late Nina Walters published poetry. Others have produced a variety of books, monographs, articles and textbooks.

In its 50 years the Department has been served by four chairmen: Otis Richardson, 1929-1968; Vernon King, 1958-1964; Paul Ferguson, 1964-1975; and James Simmons, 1975 to present.

The English Department has undergone many changes during the past 50 years. It looks forward to the coming years in a mood of optimism, ready to adapt itself to the changing times with the teaching of literacy as its unchanging goal.

Family and Consumer Studies

The Family and Consumer Studies Department began in 1936, probably in response to the needs of a depressed society. It was the Department of Home Administration with courses in economics for the consumer, a timely subject both then and now. Marion Burbank, for whom the present scholarship fund is named, was the first chairman. Family relations and child growth and development are other courses offered during the thirties which are still in the curriculum. Home nursing was the first career program in the department and constituted a large portion of the enrollment for the next decade.

By 1942, World War II had increased the need for nursery schools for the children of working women. The department's response was a new course. Nursery School Techniques, which became part of one of the first two-year child development career programs in California. Food preparation and nutrition were also offered in the forties especially for nursing students.

The name of the department became Home Economics in 1946. During the fifties, students were very active in practicing their social skills by planning and hostessing teas at the old mansion owned by the district on King's Road in cooperation with the catering arts program at Trade Tech. Later in the sixties, students prepared donated food to serve a proper breakfast free to over a thousand fellow students at the college.

Students of this time were very active as student members of the California Home Economics Association and won many trophies at state meetings.

As new chairman in 1958, Rose Lint supervised an extensive consumer community and student survey funded

by federal VEA funds. With these funds new consumer programs were offered both in the community to meet needs of the disadvantaged and in the college to meet needs of regular students. A newsletter, "Consumer Highlights," was begun and continues as a part of the consumer management course. Many students and staff know about the department largely through this newsletter.

In the sixties, a new career area was developed, Institutional Food Technician. This program was one of the first in the United States to train food service supervisors in a two-year college program. The present Dietetic Technician programs are still training supervisors who are now recognized as important members of the health care team and as qualified managers in school food service.

Planning and hostessing teas was considered good training for students in the then Home Economics Department after World War II. Pictured prior to just such a tea, in a photo taken in a bungalow in 1949, were (from left) faculty members Helen Knapp Hauser, Rose Lint, Lucretia Luther, Marion Burbank, Ruth Stein and Dorothy Stewart.

By 1972, the department had a new chairman, Margaret Moore, and began two more career programs, Instructional Aide to prepare educational assistants for the classroom teacher and Administrative Housekeeping to train supervisors and managers in this field for hospitals and the hospitality industry. With VEA funds, a consumer resource booklet was developed for use in programs for various ethnic groups and for senior citizens.

In the mid-seventies, the present department name was adapted and another chairman was elected, Joan Hudiburg. Working within the budget constraints of Proposition 13, the furniture and interiors program developed three new options: interior design, set decoration, and furnishings merchandising.

The department has grown from one staff member to eight. The emphasis has continued to be preparation of men and women for careers which are now offered in five different areas as well as offering of transfer courses required in many degree programs. The department plans to continue adapting to meet the needs of the community and the students at Los Angeles City College.

Foreign Languages

The Foreign Language Department was one of the original departments to be established as part of the new Los Angeles Junior College when it opened its doors in September, 1929. In an office in Hollywood High School, Dr. Wm. H. Snyder, the President-elect of the new college, personally interviewed and hired every instructor who was going to be part of his teaching staff at the Vermont Avenue campus as soon as the University of California at Los Angeles would vacate the premises to move to its Westwood site. Arthur B. Forester was chosen to be the Chairman of the Foreign Language Department. He was joined by Geraldine Billings, Marea Goddard, Josephine Indovina, Meyer Krakowski and Lucile Lenoir. The languages offered were French, German, Italian, Latin, and Spanish.

By the end of the first year, it was obvious that the new college was going to be a success, for the number of students actually doubled and so did the number of instructors in the Foreign Language Department. For the second year of operation, seven new instructors were added to offer additional classes in the same languages. Stella Lovering, Wm. Fletcher, Selma Rosenfeld, Lucy Gidney, Loren Hendrickson and Brooks Blaisdell were welcomed into the department. A few years later, Portuguese was added and was taught by Marea Goddard. No more full-time instructors were hired because the college could not accomodate many more students. Occasionally hourly instructors were hired or regular instructors were borrowed if there were an unassigned class in one of the more popular languages.

When the war came, many instructors, practically all of the men, were dismissed. Of course, the men students were drafted into the Armed Forces and the enrollment declined severely. A decision of the War Department to set up the Army Specialized Training Program brought the college back to a viable institution when hundreds of young men in uniform were sent back to school to be prepared for specialized duties in the occupation of Europe and Asia once the Axis Powers were defeated. It was a new sight to see uniformed men parading across the campus.

The success of the Allied Forces in the war effort was accompanied by a slow but steady stream of young men who had traveled far and wide and whose eyes had seen much of the world and whose ears had been exposed to many languages not heard before. Starting with Herman Stromer, Jack Tatum and Marietta Scherer; who were added to the language staff in the years from 1942 through 1944, additional classes were opened to meet the needs of the returning students.

The end of the war brought an avalanche of students to all of the colleges and universities in the Los Angeles Area and LAJC got its share. Miguel Tirado, Elizabeth Reed, Dolores Hamilton and Stanford Miller were recruited to conduct classes for the language-hungry G.I.'s. Shortly afterward, due to the emergence of the new state of Israel, Minna Yaroslavsky joined the language staff to offer Hebrew. The powerful position of

Russia in world affairs gave rise to the addition of Russian and Alexis Clement was chosen to conduct the classes. Marea Goddard retired and Theresa Picciano was chosen to replace her in Spanish and Portuguese in 1946.

The college saw considerable fluctuation in its enrollment in 1948 and 1949 and some of the instructors were temporarily absorbed into other departments for part of their teaching load. Miguel Tirado taught tennis, Dolores Hamilton and Josephine Indovina doubled in the English Department, Wm. Fletcher took classes in Psychology and others went to the Mathematics and Science departments. For the next six or seven years, the college showed no particular growth until the Russians put Sputnik into orbit and then the nation went on a rampage for Mathematics, Science and Foreign Languages to enter the race in competition with Russia, whose spectacular achievement had startled the world. Previous to this event Nadia Wilson, who came to the department when Lucy Gidney retired, was hired because of her native background in Russian and French.

Carlos Whitney-Morrison and Ronald Farrar were the first of a series of instructors who were hired to meet the needs of a new wave of students and at this time Japanese was introduced by Mr. Morrison in 1958. As it grew, Koji Sato of the Engineering Department consented to conduct the second year level of classes. In 1959, Tung Cheng and George Curti were hired, having been instructors in the Army Language School in Monterey. Chinese had been offered in the Evening Division of the college and now it became a major language among the day classes. George Curti, a multi-lingual scholar, introduced Arabic and sometimes taught Italian, Russian and Spanish. With the death of Minna Yaroslavsky, Hebrew was temporarily discontinued because this sad event took place at a time when the enrollment of the college was having its ups and downs. Kalman Kaplan followed Tung Cheng and George Curti into the department and Hebrew was reinstated.

As the college grew, as instructors moved to different areas of college activity, as others retired, new instructors were brought into the Foreign Language Department. Miguel Tirado became the Dean of Men and Jack Tatum transferred to the new college in the valley, so Roberto Almanza and Ruben Andrino came to the department. Ruben Andrino transferred the following year to Pierce College in 1965. In 1966 Ursula Ulrich and Marie Tauber joined the faculty.

To regress, Arthur Forester retired around 1949 because of ill health and Josephine Indovina was chosen to succeed him and it was she who guided the destiny of the department through a series of increases and decreases, addition of new languages and the discontinuance of others. She was brilliant in recognizing the need for new languages which had scarcely if ever been offered in any institution in the Los Angeles area. She set up a class in Hindi as India began to emerge but the class never materialized. Through her planning, Chinese was first offered in the Evening Division since the early years of the fifties. She had even experimented with Classical Greek but it was unsuccessful. Her imprint on the growth and nature of the Foreign Language Department was very positive. Her period of Chairmanship was remarkable. In 1960, she directed the installation of the college's first language laboratory. In 1966, she retired and Meyer Krakowski, another 29er, was chosen to follow her as Chairman. After one year, Meyer Krakowski retired and Carlos Whitney-Morrison was elected to fill the office of Chairman. Elizabeth Reed, and Alice Schulz retired with Meyer Krakowski and Armando Missadin, George Lebecki and Roger Fernandez came to replace the vacancies. Alexis Clement also retired.

Changes in personnel made it necessary to add more instructors for it seemed that all of the original and early instructors were leaving. Kalman Kaplan retired. Jacob Somerman came to take over the Hebrew classes and for him a new division was added to the Foreign Language Department under the name of Hebraica and Judaica. This included Jewish Studies. Miguel Tirado returned from a successful career in Student Activities and John Tristram was hired. Michi Yanagi came the same year to take over the growing number of Japanese classes.

As German increased in popularity, Harry "Ken" Kennedy was hired. When Theresa Picciano and Dolores Hamilton left, George Curti also decided to retire, so Tony Rico, a native Portuguese, and Carmelita Thomas were hired. Another shift in enrollment in other departments, the Learning Center and Chicano Studies, occasioned the transfer of Barbara Benjamin and Luis Carlos to the department of Languages. A new subject field was added to the Foreign Language Department when Linguistics was placed in the catalog in 1979-1980.

Four languages which had varying degrees of success but were dropped for one reason or another were Modern Greek, Armenian, Korean and Arabic. Proposition 13, which was passed in 1978, made it necessary to cut those classes which had low enrollment. This claimed Korean and Arabic. During the sixties when there was a surge in Black awareness, the Foreign Language Department met the challenge by offering Igbo under the instruction of Robert Duhu, a native of Nigeria. Igbo was one of the principal languages of the west coast of Africa. But when the request came for Remedial Ibgo after one year of instruction, it was obvious that the language was too difficult for the students for whom it was offered, and consequently it was discontinued after the second year.

L.A. City College had a very active German Club, the Deutscher Verein, during the 1930's. Hiking and tobogganing parties were held frequently. Here club members frolic during a January, 1934 outing.

It has always been the policy of the Foreign Language Department to offer those languages for which there was a demand, which had a grammatical text, which was the standard means of communication for a recognized political body. If a qualified instructor were available, the language was generally offered. The future of the Foreign Language Department will be an exciting one as political events in the world take place, especially the East and South East Asian areas at the present writing. Los Angeles, particularly the area surrounding the college, has a growing community of Armenians and Koreans. When the official name of the college was changed to Los Angeles Community College, the institution took on a new characteristic. Now it will surely reflect the ever-changing picture of the community with corresponding changes in the language offerings. Russian and Hebrew were not so long ago languages with large enrollments because of the presence of a large community of Russians in the area and a strong Jewish representation among students at Fairfax High School. The movement of these two language groups away from this area has been reflected in the size of the corresponding classes. A most surprising change has been seen in the return to the Classics, for Latin is steadily becoming a language of interest among the students.

Which exotic language will be the next to be added to the roster of languages offered by the Foreign Language Department? How will the list compare with those to be offered in the next 50 years? Whatever they may be, the Foreign Language Department will be there doing a good job and fulfilling its obligations to the students and to the college as it has proudly done in this past 50 years, from its inception in 1929 to this Golden Anniversary, June, 1979.

Law

LACC has offered law courses since its beginning in 1929, although the first three courses taught that year were titled Jurisprudence. Law was listed as a certificate (junior college two-year degree) curriculum.

The following year, all seven courses were called "Law"; all dealt with Commercial Law.

In 1931, General Business and Business Law appeared for the first time under City's "semi-professional" curricula, a designation meaning voc ed or paraprofessional. By 1932, 12 law courses, some encompassing criminal law; evidence and liability, were offered. One of the new courses that year was Real Estate and Property Law, and a semi-professional "Curriculum for Police Officers" required some law courses.

By the end of the 1930s, LACC was offering 15 law courses, including Consumer Law and Public Health Law.

The 1940s began on a strong note, with a total of 22 courses, including a number designed for those pursuing careers in law enforcement: Police Organization, Police Civil Law, Criminal Investigation, Criminology, and Report Writing. A new semi-professional curriculum, Legal Secretarial, was introduced under the heading of Business.

Parliamentary Law was added in 1941, but two years later, with the United States in the midst of World War II, the number of law courses had been reduced to 18. However, two of these were new classes: Fingerprinting and Federal Procurement.

In 1949, for the first time City's catalog contained a departmental organization format. The Business Law and Police curricula were formally listed under the Law Department, while Real Estate and Insurance came under Business Administration, and Legal Secretarial was listed with the then Secretarial Science Department.

The term 'science' was catching on, and in 1957, the word was added to City's police curriculum. Police Science remained in use until 1972, when the present term, Administration of Justice, was adopted.

In 1958, the LACC catalog listed "two-year occupational curricula" separately to differentiate between occupational and transfer programs. Among those listed under the former: Business Law, Real Estate and Insurance, Police Science and Legal Secretarial.

In 1971, City's Law Department began offering a Legal Assistant program in the two-year occupational curricula category. And in 1974, the last major changes occurred when Corrections was added to the same category, and those courses pertaining to real estate law formally became Law Department offerings.

Library

From two librarians and a dictionary in 1929 to a staff of 13 and more than 170,000 volumes in 1979 is an indication of the dedication of a series of outstanding personalities over the past 50 years in the LACC Library.

Miss Gladys Green and Miss Margaret MacGowan were appointed by Dr. Snyder to develop the college library when the Los Angeles Junior College opened its doors in 1929.

By 1933, a third librarian, Miss Helen Herney, had joined the professional staff and the collection numbered over 10,000 volumes.

In 1937 a new library was erected, a steel and concrete building equipped with seats for 550 students and potential stack space for 100,000 books. Facilities included a General Reading Room, Periodical Room, Reserve Book Room, Treasure Room, Law Reading Room and three conference rooms. About two thirds of the library's collection was on open shelves, freely accessible to students. The Treasure Room was a repository for the rare books and manuscripts belonging to the College and also offered special exhibits of beauty and permanent value in the field of bibliography.

About this same time an occupational curriculum for clerical library aides was offered to prepare students to serve in clerical functions in a variety of public, academic and special libraries. It is of particular interest to be reminded that the prerequisties for admission to the curriculum were grades of C or better, good personality and a height of 5'3" or more.

In 1937 Miss Janice Pidduck became the fourth librarian to be selected by the college. By this time the collection had reached 33,000 or one-third of the total library capacity while the students numbered 5,000.

In the Spring of 1938 the college changed its name to Los Angeles City College and the requirements for admission to the clerical library aides curriculum eliminated the height barrier and added a recommended age range of 18-30.

By 1940 the clerical library aide program was dropped from the curriculum. The library collection numbered 43,000 volumes and the student body was almost 7,000 students all attending day classes. The library celebrated the acquisition of its 50,000th book in 1941 just as an extended day program began to offer late afternoon and evening classes.

Marion Dodge Harris joined the Library staff in 1946 replacing Janice Pidduck, who became a counselor. In 1947 Janice Pidduck returned part-time to the library as Mrs. John Lombardi. In 1948 Mrs. Esther Waldron was added to the library staff. A professional staff of five and a half librarians was now serving a student body of almost 12,000 with a collection that had reached 75,000 volumes. The head librarian, Gladys Green, was now assistant dean of library services. "Smooth Sailing," a handbook designed to assist the student in "library living," was given to each new student during registration.

In 1949 Helen Earnshaw was added to the staff as was Eugene McKnight, the first male librarian to be hired at the college. Janice Lombardi retired from active duty in 1950.

Due to the crowding of the collection and the need to expand study facilities, now that the student body was also increasing, the law library and additional study space was made available in the Library Annex at the corner of Monroe and Berendo.

1953-54 found the college celebrating the 25th anniversary of its founding. The library responded with graphic exhibits depicting library growth and expansion and an exhibit of the many publications by its faculty over the 25 years of its existence. By now the collection numbered over 80,000 volumes. There was a professional library staff of seven and a clerical staff office serving a student body of more than 10,000.

Head librarian and Assistant Dean of Library Services, Gladys Green, retired in 1953 after 24 years of service and Esther Waldron became head librarian. Miss Gwendolyn Roessler joined the library staff in 1953, followed in 1954 by T. Francis Smith. John Nomland joined the library staff in 1955. Following the death of Esther Waldron, Tom Smith became head librarian that same year.

1956 saw the acquisition of the 100,000th book. The event was celebrated during National Printing week as well as the 250th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The book added to the library's collection of rare items was a beautiful facsimile edition of the Gutenberg Bible printed more than five centuries earlier.

Helen Earnshaw left Los Angeles City College in June, 1956 and in the Fall semester Hal Stone and Monique Harriton joined the library staff.

Margaret MacDowan, librarian since 1929 retired after about thirty years of service and was replaced by Mrs. Patricia DeMeue. A year later Miss Helen Hervey retired. Her position was not replaced. Pat DeMeue passed away in 1963 and was not replaced. In 1964 Tom Smith transferred to Pierce College and Monique Harriton became library coordinator. Mr. Smith was replaced by Dorothy Griffin.

Mrs. Harriton transferred to East Los Angeles College in 1964 and was replaced by Howard Woodworth from East Los Angeles College. Hal Stone became Coordinator of the library in 1964.

Miss Zona Gale Swan was hired in 1967 to replace Marion Harris who retired. Mr. Bruce Ferrell was added to the staff in 1968, followed by Darwin Aronoff who replaced Howard Woodworth when he returned to East Los Angeles College. When Gwen Balitzer (nee Roessler) retired in 1970 she was replaced by Mrs. Marion Cushman.

Originally planned as early as 1960, the new library building on the site of the old one built in 1937, was not ready for occupancy until the Spring 1973 semester. From 1971 until 1973 the library operated efficiently out of a large quonset hut, formerly the Student Store. Rented trailers served as reading rooms and periodicals department. On June 5, 1972 a fire, caused by spontaneous combustion, broke out in the partly completed building doing approximately 1 2 million dollars worth of damage to new construction and delaying completion by six months. The move into the new facility was accomplished in January, 1973 and the building was opened in time for the new semester.

The building was formally dedicated in May 1973 by campus-wide festivities featuring Mrs. Ariel Durant who spoke on the influence of libraries in her writing life.

When Dorothy Griffin transferred to coordinator of College Development in 1973, Calvin Anderson, former professor of History and Economics who had received a degree in Library Science on one of his Sabbaticals, replaced her.

Since 1973 the regular library staff has remained relatively stable. There is little or no documentation for the long and short term substitutes who graciously filled in for persons on sabbatical leaves, illness leaves, study leaves, etc. and no documentation on the dozens of dedicated clerical employees who served the students and staff of City College in the library for 50 years.

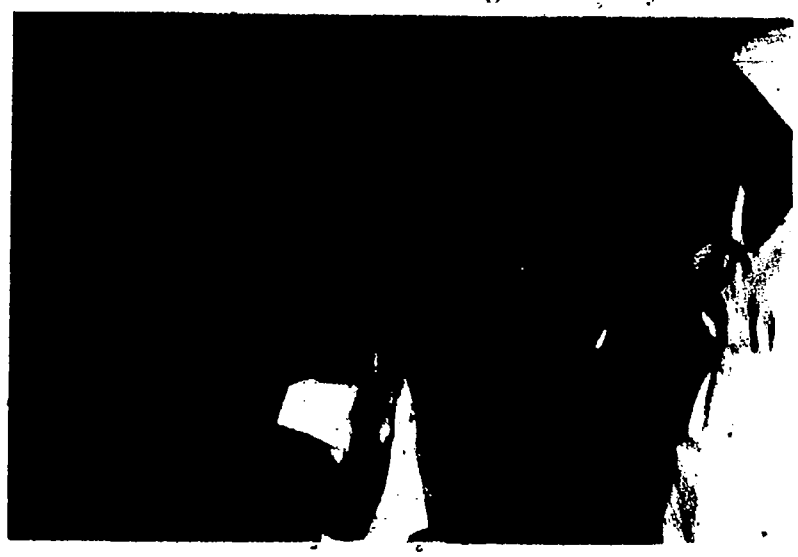
Life Science

The Life Science Department was one of the original departments that was organized with the inception of the college in 1929. Dr. A. Weir Bell, a Ph.D. from Berkeley, was given the task of organizing the department and assisting in the selection of the faculty.

Dr. Bell has been trained in traditional scientific methodology and brought this philosophy to the college. He believed very strongly that teachers in two-year colleges had a dual role that consisted of both teaching and research. City College teachers were not paid for the latter.

During the next few years, the faculty members selected by Dr. Bell and the college president, Dr. Snyder, were mostly individuals who not only taught but carried on active research, the results of which were published in scientific journals. Dr. Bell's motto, "the specimen is the authority," typically illustrates his philosophy of acquiring information from the most reliable source, the specimen.

Early faculty members included Dr. Edwin Woodhouse, a botanist from Stanford, Dr. Sherwin Wood, an entomologist from Berkeley, Ralph Webb, a physiologist from USC, and medical doctors Johnette Ensign and Ruth Memmler who taught anatomy.



Taken during the 1930's, this photograph shows two Dental Assisting students using one of the early X-ray machines. City College has since added a program in Dental Technology.

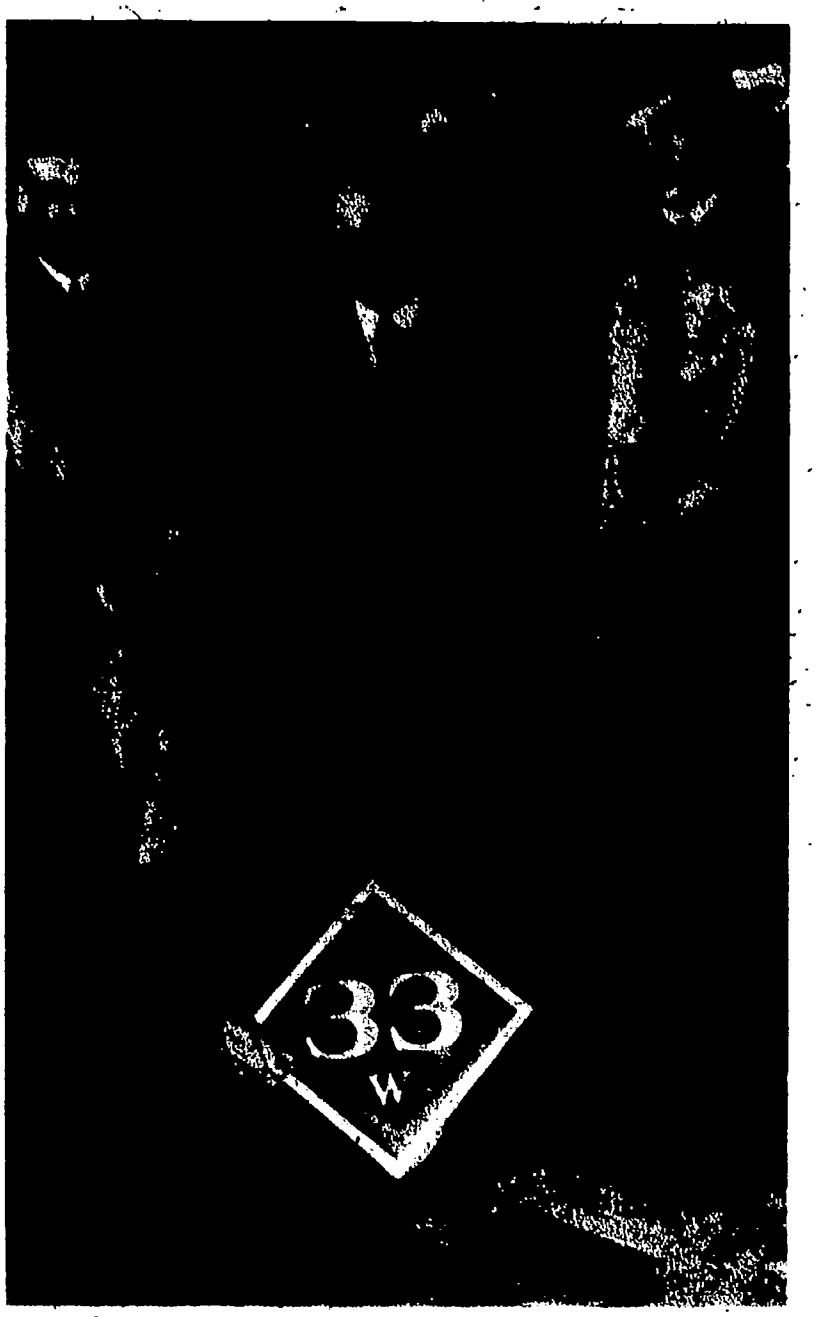
During these years great emphasis was placed on the teaching of premedical, predental and prepharmacy subjects, however, the college soon became affiliated with a number of hospital-based nurses training programs in the area and subjects such as anatomy, microbiology and physiology flourished. During the post-World War II years when enrollments were high, specialized courses such as scientific illustration, taxonomy, entomology, natural history and taxidermy were organized and had excellent enrollments. The "Archiatrists," a premedical-predental club, and "Iota Kappa Nu," a natural history organization, thrived at this time. Gerhard Bakker, a naturalist who has illustrated many books, and Jack VonBloekker, a specialist in natural history, were very active in these clubs.

With Dr. Bell's retirement in 1960, Robert Lyon, the present chairman, was appointed to succeed him; so the department has had only two chairmen during the first 50 years of his existence. The departmental organization has changed considerably in later years, reflecting the changes in student personnel and student interests. When other programs in Allied Health were developed, (Dental Assistants, Dental Hygiene, Nuclear Medicine Technology, Occupational Therapy Assistants, Radiologic Technology), fundamental core courses in basic sciences were taught in the Life Science Department.

The department also plays an active role in several programs that are shared with other departments. Environmental Science and Oceanography are examples of these inter-departmental programs. Microbiology, under Eugene Hess and Dr. Celeste Frey, and Physiology under Dr. Stuart Fox and Dr. Chen-Hau Yoon are subjects that have been completely reorganized to reflect the changed roles in the medical specialities. Dr. James Sandoval has organized and implemented, with the aid of grant money, a departmental learning center, featuring a new computer-assisted learning program that serves as a model for National Science Foundation Projects.

Natural History, with its emphasis on field biology and ecology, still flourishes under the direction of Dr. Milt Davis. Members of the department have published three books during the past several years. "A Fern Growers Guide" by Barbara Hoshizaki. "A Laboratory Guide to Human Physiology" by Stuart Fox, and "Billfish" by Charles Mather.

In the dynamic world of biological science, the key word is **change**. The Life Science Department strives to fulfill its role in this ever-changing world.



Dr. William Henry Snyder, founding director of Los Angeles City College, poses with members of the Winter, 1933 graduating class. The bronze marker shown here is one of 14 now located at the entrance to the College library.

Mathematics

Early in the history of the College, the Mathematics Department showed its ability to develop excellent programs for both transfer and certificate students. The first chairperson, William B. Orange, helped to bring together an outstanding staff of mathematicians, as teachers, writers, counselors, and sponsors of activities for student groups. Charter members of the staff included: Dr. Samuel Urner, who earned his Ph.D. in Mathematics at Harvard University, Dr. E. Justin Hills, from Connecticut, George R. Kalm, from U.C. Berkeley, and Lawrence P. Sparks, from Dartmouth College. Both Justin Hills and Lawrence Sparks were interested not only in teaching but also in helping to direct student activities for student groups. They served the Associated Students and the Associated Engineers, as well as other groups, for many years.

Dr. Urner and William Orange were pioneers in constructing a unified course in calculus and analytic geometry, during the 1930's and 1940's. Building on the ideas of Professor F.L. Griffin of Reed College in Oregon, they developed integrated courses that became the norm in subject matter for the first two years of college work in mathematical analysis. Their efforts bore fruit in the publication of a successful textbook in Calculus and Analytic Geometry published shortly after World War II. This textbook was used for several years at City College and elsewhere.

Among several outstanding teachers invited to join the Department before World War II, were Alexander (Bill) Hood, Dr. Dewey C. Duncan, Charles Throckmorton, and Fred Marer. Others joining shortly after World War II, included Dr. Harry Matison - a Cal Tech graduate who earned his Ph.D. in Mathematics at Princeton University - Samuel Skolnik, and Robert Herrera.

William B. Orange served the Department as chairperson from 1929 to 1946, when he became ill with coronary disease, he succumbed to the disease in the latter part of 1946. Dr. Samuel Urner then served the Department as its second chairperson, from 1946 to 1951. Dr. Urner was invited to serve as chairman of the Mathematics Department at Cal State University, Los Angeles, when the Department was set up in 1951. He served there as chairman until 1955.

Fred Marer was the third chairperson of the Mathematics Department, beginning his tenure in 1951, and serving for 24 years until his retirement in 1975. His was a long and distinguished career. He helped to weld a group of excellent teachers into a strong department. These teachers included two writers of a successful textbook in Statistics, Benjamin K. Gold and John M. Howell. Others included were Robert Horton and George Mapes, Jack Stutesman and Glenn James, Joe Hamilton and Vance Stine. Fred Marer helped to select a number of excellent women instructors who became members of the Department: Dr. Rosella Kanarik, Estelle Mazziotta (Marer), Lucille D. White, Sarah B. Schenker and Rosa Lee Blackiston. All of these persons were good teachers and competent students of Mathematics. Their presence on the staff clearly enhanced the Department roster.

During his 24 years as department chairperson, Fred Marer introduced many worthwhile projects, including the William B. Orange Mathematics Competition for high school students, which continued for more than 20 years. The contest was directed and supervised by Ben Gold, Vance Stine, Sarah Schenker, and others, over a period of years. Glenn James, Al Slater, and Jack Stutesman also contributed to its success.

When Fred Marer retired in 1975, Robert Herrera was

elected as the fourth chairperson to serve in the Department during its first 50 years. Professor Herrera retired in June, 1979, after serving in the Department for 33 years, the last 5 years as chairperson. During his term as chairperson, Bob Herrera helped to select a number of excellent members of the Department, including Patricio Velez, Sonnie Bloom, Martha Sklar, Vera White, and Roger Wolf. Bob Herrera shifted the emphasis in the Mathematics Contest from a regional contest for high school students to a local contest conducted for City College students. He has continued to support and develop excellent academic programs in Mathematics for all levels of students attending Los Angeles City College.

Media Arts

There was nothing superstitious about the five journalism students who decided Friday, Sept. 13, 1929, would be a perfect day to publish the first edition of the **Los Angeles Junior Collegian**.

The paper, edited by Williams Rutherford, marked the beginning of a half-century of uninterrupted weekly publication of the campus newspaper.

Robert Harris, supervisor of the Publications Department (much later to be named the Journalism Department) claimed the paper had the largest junior college circulation in America. Five thousand copies of the paper were distributed on campus every Tuesday and Friday morning.

The Publications Department moved from the Administration Building during the fall semester of 1930 to larger quarters in Mechanics's [illegible]. The department's new headquarters utilized the entire west wing of the building and occupied 4855 square feet of floor space that included six offices, a classroom, a stock room and typography laboratory.

Faculty members in charge of the publication included Harris, Marshall Green, typography and business adviser; and D Eugene Kinnett, advertising adviser.

It wasn't long before the Publications Department gained the reputation of running "one of the best-equipped college newspaper shops in the state . . ."

The department wasted no time in launching major editorial campaigns. By 1931 the **Junior Collegian** editorialized for the establishment of a separate junior college district — a dream that wasn't realized until 1969.

In 1930 the first yearbook, the **Junior Campus**, was distributed on campus. It too was edited by journalism students. The book featured for the first time full-page bleedoff pictures of prominent students, green tinted campus views, and a theme of "Los Angeles City." Editors were Joe Sistrom and Paul Fairbrother.

The yearbook reported how Los Angeles Junior College was an uncertain thing, a kind of experimental education lab housed in the cast off buildings of the Southern Branch of the University of California (now UCLA).

The new college offered three channels of learning. First, regular university classes were provided, giving full credit for two years' work toward a degree. Second, it enabled students who wanted to go to college, but who had high school deficiencies, to come to Los Angeles Junior College and make them up.

But it was the college's semi-professional training that held the spotlight in the educational world. Highly specialized, two-year courses were designed to turn out skilled men and women ready to step into responsible positions, well-trained and experienced.

The **Junior Collegian** described Dr. William Henry Snyder, first director and president of the college, as totally supporting the two-year college program. But he went on to warn students, "It is an unhealthy condition for practical-minded young people to stay in school at the age of 20 or 21 when they really should be out earning their own living."

In 1933 a rather inconspicious individual was added to the Publications Department faculty. She was Kathryn P. Lambeau. She became the Junior Collegian's news adviser and it was a job she would work at for the next 38 years. She was department chairperson, teacher, critic and friend to thousands of students.

She became known as a no-nonsense type of individual. Students described her as being "impossible but terrific." According to one of her former students, now a newspaper editor, "Katie Lambeau taught her students something about loving their work, loving their lives and loving the whole human experience."

In addition to her teaching responsibilities, she served as adviser of the Matrix Table, honorary, journalism society established for women of the Publications Department.

By 1938, Harris, department chairman, [illegible] determined to launch another literary project — the college's first magazine. **Pace**, a 22 page slick magazine was born December, 1938. It turned out to be the offspring of the **Junior Campus** yearbook and was loaded with lots of pictures, satire and plenty of anecdotes. It sold for 20 cents a copy and proved to be an immediate success.

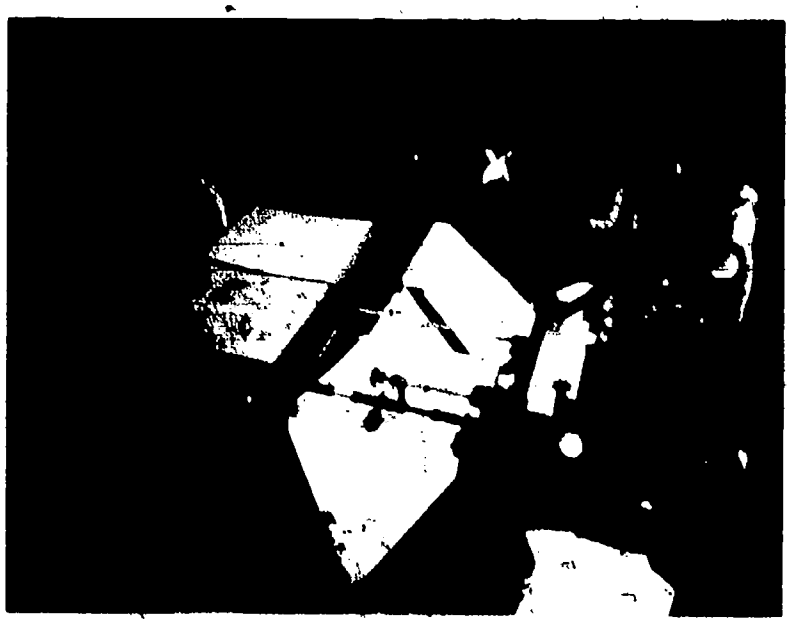
Pace articles detailed now the teacher to student ratio at the college had reached an "outrageous" 1 to 30. The magazine's sportswriters chastised the USC and Loyola hockey teams for refusing to play the Cubs and one article documented how the Cub puck forces slaughtered the UCLA Westwooders. Lack of funds caught up with the Cub team and a **Pace** writer quipped: "The Cub hockey players have fallen right through the ice, and all they have are their frozen assets."

Even Walt Disney took note of the magazine and personally consented to let members of the magazine's editorial staff run some of his cartoons.

However, like the Cub hockey team, **Pace** died when the magazine's funds were frozen.

The Publications Department continued to grow under the leadership of Katie Lambeau and by the late 1930's the campus newspaper expanded its news, feature, editorial and sports coverage.

According to Dick Turpin, former **Collegian** reporter (1939-41) and now **Los Angeles Times** real estate editor, "The **Collegian** was published three times a week, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and was run by three separate editorial staffs."



Early journalism students at LACC could witness production of the total newspaper, including the final printing, without ever leaving campus. In this picture believed taken sometime during the 1940's students gather in the typography laboratory in the old Mechanics Hall to watch another edition of the **Los Angeles Collegian** roll off the press.

By the 1960s the department expanded its instructional program to include photojournalism, graphic arts, photography and public relations.

In 1972 the department's name was changed to Media Arts – Journalism to reflect the greater variety of classes available to students.

There are approximately 700 students currently enrolled in the 30 courses offered by the department. One of the major developments that will take place during the fall semester will be the start of construction of a new $475,000 black and white and color technology photography lab. The lab will be built in the Franklin Hall basement on the site once occupied by the College Press Printshop.

There are seven full-time professors who currently work in the department. They include Toni Redfield, public relations; Adrienne Wagner, color photo technology; Ken Schuster, black and white photo; Chuck Robinson, graphic arts and photojournalism; and newspaper advisers Mary Jacobson, Ron Burton and Joe Dojcsak.

Men's Physical Education

The year was 1935; the skies were clear blue, and the surrounding area had just completed its transition from farmland to metropolis. Student workers busily ran back and forth among the carpenters, masons, and electricians. LACC was to have its first men's gymnasium.

Heretofore, workouts in gymnastics and wrestling had been held in an old army barrack, the ceiling of which was so low that the gymnasts who were executing giants on the high bar had to keep their legs bent! The men's basketball team worked out in the old women's gym, which was situated on Vermont Avenue, and played their games at Hollywood High School.

The earthquakes of 1934 prompted the rebuilding of LACC with reinforced safety measures. While many of the old ivy-covered brick buildings were torn down, many new thick-walled buildings were built up. Among these was the men's gymnasium.

Athletics at City College was first headed by Art Schuettner. Mr. Schuettner's philospphy regarding athletics was that there were no major or minor sports, only that there were sports. His bias toward non-bias, coupled with improved facilities, proved successful. Under his direction, LACC produced successful winning teams in track, soccer, ice hockey, gymnastics, football and basketball.

The golden era of LACC's athletic program was ushered in in the mid-30s through the 40s. During these years our athletic teams were working out in new facilities with outstanding results. LACC had a National Championship football team in 1941, a National Championship basketball team in 1950, and National Championship gymnastics teams for nine or 10 years.

During the 50s, athletics competition shifted to the state level, a change prompted by the dominance of California athletics over the rest of the nation, not to mention perennial budget problems. The question was posed, why should California colleges spend money to send their teams around the country when the best teams were already in the state? Thus from 1950 on, the highest honors to be bestowed in athletics were at the State rather than the National level.

In 1973 LACC won the State Football Championships, and continued as a gridiron powerhouse on into the mid-1970s. In the latter part of the decade, martial arts came to Los Angeles City College. Judo, introduced by department chairman Tom Hunt, did well. Competing against four-year institutions, LACC placed third nationwide in both 1978 and 1979.

In addition to many team successes, the P.E. and athletic department has seen a number of individuals move on to prominence in the field. Some of these are listed in the Hall of Fame in this book. Teamwork, courage, dedication, and an ever-constant search for excellence, all instilled in students by the MPE staff during the last half century, will continue long after their finely-tuned bodies have finished school and joined the mainstream of society.

LACC had produced championship athletic teams throughout its 50 years. Posing here proudly with both conference and AAU championship trophies is City's 1932 Cross Country Team.

Music

In 1929 the Music Department offerings consisted of a band, an orchestra and glee clubs, and a few basic music theory courses. Little else. It was a normal birth for a music department, no different from that of any other college.

However, one of the greatest assets of the growing music department was the vision and courage of conviction of its first chairman, Dr. Edmund Cykler, who established in the late 1930s the first Opera Workshop in a west coast college. Directed by Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, with his wealth of professional experience in German opera houses, the Workshop became a notable showcase in the Los Angeles area for college opera productions which were fully staged with costumes, lighting and symphony orchestra. Productions included The Marriage of Figaro (the first in 1938), Fidelio, and Boris Godunov (the last in 1958). With the demolition of the auditorium in 1960 came the end of the elaborate opera productions (productions which had given valuable experience to and which played a vital role in the artistic growth of such personalities as George London, who later won international acclaim in major opera houses in Europe, and was featured on the cover of Newsweek in 1955). The Opera Workshop was revived 10 years later, but was scaled down more in line with the limited facilities of the college and its basic educational philosophy as a two-year institution. The accent was on basic training for the younger singer of promise.

With the ending of World War II in 1945 and the ensuing surge of veterans on the G.I. Bill returning to civilian life, the Music Department entered a new phase in its growth and response to the needs of its community. From a skeleton teaching staff of three during the war years, the department quickly grew to nine, with Leslie Clausen, a member of the faculty since 1931, as chairman (a position he held for 26 years). An assessment of the needs of the new students — older and more mature — was quickly made. Where were the jobs and what was the shortest training route?

A survey based upon data supplied by the American Federation of Musicians revealed that the vast majority of jobs in the music field were in commercial music, jazz-oriented. The heart of the field of entertainment, motion pictures, radio and recording, was in Hollywood, right next door to the college. Thus was established, in 1946, a commercial music curriculum, the first in a college music department in the country, considered by many as the most innovative and productive educational training program in the history of music education in recent years. Robert MacDonald, former student (class of 1936), with his many years of experience in the top echelon among jazz musicians in the country, founded and directed the commercial program, and in a few years was winning national recognition with his Studio Jazz Band. The key to its success was the establishment of high professional performance standards, indispensable for entry into a highly competitive job market.

It was the appropriate time also for raising the standards for all curricula in the department. Introduction of additional basic requirements provided more breadth and depth to the curriculum. Theory courses, the core of the music curriculum, were increasingly modified to become more practical and more productive in the development of a well-rounded and versatile musician. Upgrading performance standards led to improved performance experiences which better prepared the student to meet the demands of the current job market. Many students were able to achieve a high proficiency level and sufficient experience to become successful performers in many well-known commercial bands throughout the country, and some to become members of major symphony orchestras such as the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where 10% of the musicians are LACC alumni. The reputation of the department, with its highly successful commercial music program turning out such alumni as Jerry Goldsmith and Herb Alpert, became national in scope. Emulation by community college music departments throughout the country quickly followed with the more cautious four-year colleges and universities not far behind.

The caption under this 1932 Junior Campus yearbook photo reads, "Under the leadership of Leroy Allen, the College band stimulated the student body to a fever heat at both football and basketball games." The band also played at assemblies and for a number of programs over the radio.

But the story is not yet finished. The widespread reputation of the highly innovative and successful Opera Workshop and Commercial Music programs tended to overshadow the basic curricula that were established at the inception of the department in 1929, namely the terminal, two year music curriculum (originally called "semi professional") and the college transfer ("certificate") program which attracted the more academically oriented student. The latter, especially, has turned out a large number of students entering the field of music education on all levels. The long list of alumni from this program includes such notables as Leon Kirchner, now Professor of Music and former Chairman of the Department of Music of Harvard University, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1967 for his String Quartet No. 3, twice soloist (piano) with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

The third major event in the department's history came in 1965 when a new Music Building was acquired. It became a major force in the upgrading of the department's educational process especially because of its much-needed practice rooms, performing halls and recording and other electronic equipment. Greater opportunity for the indispensable performing experience, solo and ensemble, was made possible with the new Recital Hall and with the expansion of the recital series to four events a week (climaxing the original weekly "Monday Musicale" series established in 1932). Furthermore, the recital series became established for course credit and attracted general students campus-wide, affording cultural enrichment and a contribution to their general education.

The present department chairman, Dominick Di Sarro, has continued to upgrade the curriculum and physical facilities by implementing such courses as Electronic Music and Commercial Voice classes and by acquiring an additional piano lab. More courses and a larger evening program led to a buildup of the department to its highest student enrollment level in history with a faculty of 14 full-time and 48 part-time instructors, ranking the department as one of the largest in the college.

Nursing

The nursing department at LACC originally offered courses on the lower division level to registered nurses. Later, the nursing department coordinated courses for pre-nursing students who planned to enter hospital schools of nursing. The gradual phasing out of the hospital diploma programs placed LACC in a prime position to establish a nursing program leading to an R.N. degree.

L.A. City College admitted its first class of RN students in September 1958. This class of '58 consisted of 24 students of which 16 graduated — the curriculum consisted of 2 yrs. and 2 6-week summer sessions. Each September thereafter, a class was admitted into our traditional program — entering classes ranged from 120-130 students each September.

In 1968, the nursing students obtained permission for the department to seek National League for Nursing Accreditation. It has been a status of high standards to be accredited of NLN. The last accreditation for LACC Department of Nursing was in 1976, and this is for period of eight years (1984). During the past 20 years, L.A. City College has graduated approximately 1,200 nursing students. The success rate with state board examinations has been above average — or about 84%.

On interview, most of these students stated that they chose LACCs' nursing program, because the graduates of this program are well known and have proven themselves as practitioners. The enrollment of students has been mostly local residents, in keeping with the tradition of the basic philosophy of the Community College, and has been on a steady and continuing increase. Approximately 200-300 students apply and sit for our entrance exams. Students have come from other states such as New York, New Jersey, Washington, Texas, Arizona and from other countries, such as England, Canada, Samoa, the Virgin Islands, Vietnam, Taiwan, the Phillipines, and Israel. Many of our graduates have gone on to earn higher degrees at the surrounding state colleges and universities to pursue careers in anaesthesia, teaching, public health, office nurses, research, administration, and supervisory positions.

In 1974 the modular program was approved and implemented. In 1975, the first class was admitted with a great deal of apprehension and excitement. It proved to be an exhilarating and hard working experience, not only for the instructors but also for the students. The faculty believed in the self-paced concept and was determined to make it work. The role of the student and the instructor was altered. The student became the responsible initiator and the instructor, the facilitator. For some instructors and for some students, the role change was difficult to accept — but all have survived and now we are trying to further improve the curriculum.

The nursing department has had four outstanding chairmen during its inception. Rebecca Bosworth, Fay O. Wilson, Ada Louise Kirkland and Marion Bran.

Occupational Therapy

From 1965 to 1967 the Southern California Occupational Therapy Association explored the possibility of starting a program for COTA's in this area. They set up a committee for this purpose with Carlotta Welles as its chairman on the Board of the Association. A survey to determine needs was done in 1967, and 50 potential jobs were found in just those institutions already employing OTR's. The committee then visited a number of colleges to find those which might be interested and which offered adequate facilities, related teaching and potential students.

Los Angeles City College seemed ideal in most respects. Moreover LACC was interested because the school had just completed a study to find ways of broadening its programs in health education. Therefore, SCOTA, through its committee chairman made a formal request to the college and to the College District itself to establish OT at LACC. This was done and a chairman was

sought in January 1968. Miss Welles applied, among others, and was selected in February. That spring and summer many conferences were held with the Dean of Instruction, the program was planned and announced to students. Miss Welles did all the above on a volunteer basis and went on the payroll just two days before classes started in September. In February a second faculty member, Mrs. Blanche Ringel, was employed and remained for two years, when she left to enter private practice. Then Mrs. Eleanor Hillger joined the faculty and has remained since.

The program followed the general college policy of open enrollment from 1968 to 1974, but found this very unsatisfactory, in terms of the low level of student preparation and an 80% attrition rate. In 1974-76 a screening procedure was instituted with marked improvement in both quality of students and retention rate.

In 1975-76 Miss Welles took a sabbatical leave which she requested without pay to remove the subsequent two-year requirement for service which might not be met because of uncertain health. This proved overgenerous, however, as the requirement has been met. Mrs. Hillger was acting chairman and Ms. Karen Taback joined the faculty with great expertise in psychiatry to add to the program.

In June 1978 Miss Welles retired in order to offer consultation and teaching in her areas of special expertise, professional liability and woodworking. Karen Taback was named chairperson the following Fall.

Office Administration

From 1929 to 1935 the secretarial curriculum was a part of the Commerce Department of this college. Mrs. Olive Ruth and Miss Helena McKelvey were charter secretarial science faculty members. In 1935 the Commerce Department became the Business Department. Then, as now, typewriting and shorthand were the basic courses in the secretarial program. In 1948 a reorganization took place, and two departments emerged: Business Administration and Secretarial Science. Miss McKelvey was our department chairman.

After World War II additions to the Secretarial Science faculty included women who had served in the military and in government, and they brought additional strengths to the department. Mrs. Rhoda Bedoff and Miss Alice Floyd served as department chairmen during this period, and Dr. Vancille Jones served in this capacity from 1964 until 1975.

During these years enrollment increased as students enthusiastically prepared to become professional secretaries. LACC established the first instructional programs for legal and medical secretaries. The department was instrumental in the recruitment of high school students, who were invited to career days on this campus that were sponsored by the Secretarial Science Department. The faculty over the years has worked closely with the community and with organizations such as National Secretaries Association, Legal Secretaries Association, and Executive Women, International.

Secretarial Science faculty members have sponsored two student organizations. In 1930 "Gregg Scribes" was organized as a shorthand club at LACC and soon achieved the status of an honor society. In 1933 it was legally incorporated as Alpha Pi Epsilon, and our Alpha Chapter became the first of 28 chapters across the country. Miss Florence Manning, of the secretarial science faculty, was the founder. The organization flourished as it attracted students to its high ideals of scholarship, leadership, and perseverance. Alpha Pi Epsilon continues today as an inspiration to students to excel. Future Secretaries Association, co-sponsored by the Hollywood Chapter of National Secretaries Association and by LACC, through the years has served to acquaint students with members of the business community through outstanding programs and field trips.

From the early days, when students learned to type on manual typewriters, to the present, when they are trained on late-model single-element electric typewriters and on automated word processing equipment capable of storing and printing text at over 500 words a minute, the department has kept abreast of the changes in business technology. Mrs. Charlene Carnachan has been serving as department chairperson since 1975. In recognition of the changing needs of the business office, the Secretarial Science Department in 1977 changed its name to Office Administration Department. Our new name points out the wide range of positions available today to both men and women in office occupations.

The Office Administration Department is proud of its Individualized Typewriting Center, established in 1976, which offers typewriting instruction on a self-paced basis through instructional slides and tapes. An open-entry / open-exit course, the program has great appeal for students, who appreciate the individual attention they receive from their instructors as they learn at their own pace.

For 50 years the goals of the department have been consistent: to provide college-level vocational training for students planning to enter the business world and to provide them with competence as individuals and as citizens. As a result, thousands of secretarial graduates from LACC are serving the business needs of the community in responsible positions in business and government. Some have continued their education at four-year universitities and have become business teachers. The department has responded to the ever-changing business needs by establishing such specialty areas as bilingual secretary, legal secretary, medical secretary, medical office assistant, clerk-typist, and word processing specialist.

The Office Administration Department is enthusiastic about career opportunities currently available to persons with training and motivation. The U.S. Department of Labor predicts a tremendous shortage of secretarial and clerical workers in the years ahead, and the future has never looked brighter for those who select this career. The faculty of the office Administration Department look forward to another exciting half century!

Psychology

Between 1929 and 1946, the chairperson of the Philosphy Department was jointly responsible for both philosophy and psychology. This traditional practice in many colleges changed about 1946, following World War II, when an increasing demand for psychology compelled the separation of parent and child into two independent adults

Psychology had been given adequate room for growth while a part of the Philosophy Department. Many courses appeared in the curriculum, including not only the first-year introductory courses, but offerings in abnormal, applied, child, experimental, industrial, and social psychology

In 1946, when psychology and philosophy separated, Dr. Walter C. Varnum assumed the Chair and a rapid expansion in both teaching staff and available courses took place. The Department moved from three full-time psychologist in the '30's to 15 by the mid-to-late 1950's. New courses in psychological statistics, mental hygiene, personality and adjustment, and special personal counseling made their appearance. Beginning in the late 1940's, the character of the Department changed. The former two-track program of academic training for certificated transfer students and two-year vocational students called "semi-professional," changed to a single-track program fusing the scientific and experimental with the humanistic and practical approaches. In the last 33 years, the Psychology Department has offered a vocationally and humanistically oriented curriculum aiming at personal application of psychology in everyday life along with job preparation. Courses in experimental and scientific method have not been neglected. Physiological psychology and Independent Scientific Studies are still popular with students. But the main thrust of the Department's offerings has become the training of a type of paraprofessional counseling worker known as the Human Services Generalist or Human Services Worker.

Under the chairmanship of Dr. Max Sheanin beginning in 1965, there emerged four years later the Human Services Curriculum that trains people in the social and personal relationship skills, plus technical information needed to assist a wide variety of people with emotional, educational, age adjustment and other personal problems.

Students completing the Human Services Curriculum may receive the Certificate in Human Services granted by the Psychology Department with a minimum of 39 units of required work. Those not choosing to continue toward the 60 units required for the Associate in Arts Degree can certify by the indicated training in the Psychology Department and enter into the job market.

Under the present chairperson, Dr. Mae Ziskin, nine options are available in the Human Services Curriculum, including such fields as, Administrator of Community Care (board-and-care home management), Counselor Aid in the Public Schools, Teacher's Aide to the Handicapped, Special Education Aide and Braille Transcriber.

Student participation in the affairs of the Psychology Department is encouraged in many ways. Beginning as early as 1937, students formed a Psychology Club and actively hosted lecturers and hypnosis demonstrations. After the war, revival of Psychology Club activities led to the creation of the Kenneth H. Lanouette Scholarship for psychology students, named in honor of the first member of the Department who taught from 1929 until his death in 1946. The scholarship was funded privately at first by Chairperson Dr. Walter C. Varnum who directed the Department's growth between 1946 and 1965. The Psychology Club added to the funds by sponsoring paid admission hypnosis demonstrations for several years after the war.

With the exhaustion of scholarship money in 1965, there emerged a short time later a new type of student participation. Students on the campus were elected to a council as department representatives. They acted as liaisons between departments and student government. Frequently, a Psychology Department representative could make available student body money for lectures and demonstrations by off-campus professional psychologists for the benefit of both faculty and students.

Hope seems bright for the continued growth of our department.

Perhaps the forerunners of today's anchorwomen, these two coeds were photographed during the 1931-32 school year at the microphone of City College's then-fledgling radio station.

Radio-TV-Film

L.A. City College's first radio class, Radio 85, was offered in the Fall of 1930 as "an elementary study of the theory and operation of radio circuits and vacuum tubes." The class was part of a physics curriculum known as "Electricity, radio and sound." In 1934, electricity broke away from its newest cousin, leaving the embryo of what what would become today's department, "Radio and Sound."

The following year, the first two courses in radio production were offered, again as stepchildren, but this time of the Speech Department. The course description for Radio Technique read in part: "A course designed for

students desiring training and radio broadcasting experience in announcing and interpreting dramatic literature." But it was the last sentence which set the stage for the kind of training that followed in subsequent years, and which the department has maintained ever since. "Participation in educational sustaining broadcasts is required of all registrants."

And so it was. Dramatic and live broadcasts to KFAC, written, produced and acted by students, became important additions to Los Angeles programming. The Music Department provided an orchestra that presented regular broadcasts live from Studio A, several of which were commercial shows heard coast to coast on the radio networks.

In 1941, Radio had become a separate department with two divisions: radio physics and radio production. Douglas Kennedy, formerly with the Physics Department, chaired this new department. Also to be prominent as instructors were Robert Whitten, a speech professor, who would eventually become president of the Faculty Association, and Miss Julia Crary, who eventually became the first chairperson of the Broadcasting Department when it broke away in 1954 from the Electronics Department. Others included Ransom Rideout, Joe Johnston, Bill Shaw, Vocha Fiske and Eula Jack.

Miss Crary continued in the Broadcasting Department until 1958 when she launched her own radio station in Escondido and also took a sabbatical to study at San Diego State. She returned the following year, but found the rigors of energetic students producing documentaries, auditions, and daily broadcasts a little too much and transferred to the Speech Department. Don McCall succeeded her as Broadcasting chairman.

And so it was that she had made the full circle: joining City in the Speech Department, moving to English, then to Drama, finally Radio, and then back to Speech, taking her retirement in 1961.

As has already been mentioned, hands-on student experience in broadcasting was always a departmental trademark, dating back to the early 1930s when a 14-member Radio and Sound Crew built a public address system and booth for announcing games and other events. Beginning in 1962, what would become a very popular program, "Encounter," was aired daily from 8 to 9 a.m. from Studio C over KMLA-FM. The program continued for a year until the station was sold and became KFOX-FM. But "Sunday Seminar" had by that time made its debut on KFAC. Produced by broadcasting students, the Sunday evening program featured a different faculty member each week, accepting telephone calls from listeners about the college and particular curriculum.

"Encounter" was alive and well also, operating under various formats until the 1970s. In its heyday, the program was being taped and aired over stations KGIL, KMET, KHJ, KDAY, KGFJ, and KLAC September through June, with reruns of the best programs scheduled during the summers.

During the mid-60s, live broadcasts of all LACC football games were being produced by students, first over KHOF FM and then over KPPC FM. At the latter the programs were sold with students handling live commercials as well as doing the play-by-play.

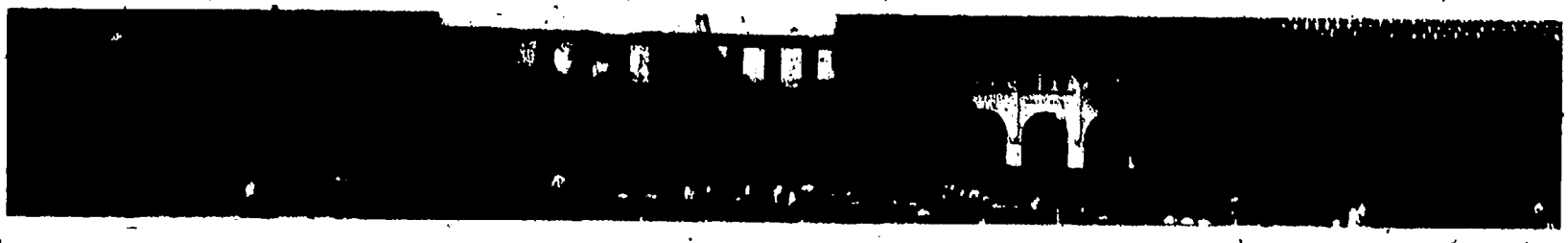
In the Spring of 1966, with its ever-expanding television offerings, the department moved into the old Engineering Annex Building (which had also served as an interim theatre during construction of a new one) renaming it Television Studios, or TVS. In 1968 the department received a $90,000 federal grant (written by Ed Williams) for purchasing and installing a complete black and white TV studio facility, including plumbicon cameras, telecine and videotape facilties, along with a modern master-control with TV switcher, audio and special effects capabilities.

Although the radio broadcasting classes had included more and more TV as the 1950s progressed, the first separate TV class was not offered until 1956. Dummy cameras, built by Ed Verrill, with ground glass lenses were used in training. They were also equipped with tally lights, switcher, and headphone intercom from control room to cameraman.)

In the Spring of 1969, the first daytime classes leading to a cinema major were offered, listing courses under that title. Two years later, television classes were separated from broadcasting and similarly assigned their own course numbers under "TV." And in 1972, by faculty vote, the name of the Broadcasting Department was changed to Radio-TV-Film Department.

Today, as LACC reflects on its first half century, a new era is beginning for the Radio-TV-Film Department. Work which began in May, 1976 on a multi-million dollar facility is nearing completion. The three-story, 52,000 square-foot structure will be one of the finest facilties of its kind in the nation. It will house two radio, one film, and two large television studios. One of the latter will be more than 2,500 square feet in size, and will feature a quadri-level control booth, enabling those students in the rear upper levels to observe those manning the controls in the front lower levels. The building will also contain three projection areas, including a 95-seat screening room with 35mm capabilities, individual film editing rooms and broadcasting studios, scenery construction and machinery shops, and a specially-designed animation room.

The Radio-TV-Film faculty, at this, the half century mark: Jim Bentley, Chairman; Charles Edwards; Robert Stahley; J.P. Geuens, Tom Stempel; John Acken; Jerry Hendrix; and George Bowden.



Social Science

Dr William H Snyder personally interviewed all of the original 1929 faculty of the department Since Dr Snyder was a native of Massachusetts, it helped the candidate for a position if he, or she, were also from the Bay state. At least that is the way Sooren Frankian describes his interview, although one suspects that he would have been hired to teach history in any event. In addition to Sooren Frankian, Herbert Alexander (sociology), Vincent Brewer (economics), Belford Cruse (economics), Adam Diehl (economics), Ray Dieter (political science), Orvil Myers (philosophy — philosphy being part of the department in 1929), Clinton Smith (history), and Samuel Wixman (history) were hired

There was among the original faculty a great amount of enthusiasm and **esprit de corps**. They all felt that they were among the pioneers in the junior college movement. They worked long hours in preparing both certificate (transfer) and semi-professional (non-transfer) courses. Some of the faculty was not overly keen about the semi-professional courses ("Charlemagne is Charlemagne — semi-professional or not" said Clyde Chenoweth who joined the department in 1934), but they were all-out supporters of City College

During the Second World War, the department was involved in the training of some 1,500 officer candidates for the army Rosco Ingalls, the second director of the college, insisted that the training program include courses in American history and government - they were supposed to be "gentlemen as well as officers," said Ingalls. Some of the faculty, remembers Sooren Frankian, loaned out their automobiles so that the married officer candidates could search for apartments in the area around the campus

There were very few civilian male students on campus during the war When the department offered Social Science 51 - Factors and Issues of the Second World War - the Director insisted that all students and all the **college faculty** enroll in what was essentially a course in war information. It was not a bad way to increase the department's WSCH!

A number of the department's faculty went on to higher positions after teaching in the department for a time, John Lombardi, who taught history and political science in 1936, later became President of Los Angeles City College. Ray Dieter became Dean of Students. Adam Diehl and Robert Holcomb became Deans of Instruction. Byron Holmes and Mario Tartaglia became head counselors. Eric Bellquist went on from LACC to the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley. E. Bryant Phillips went to the faculty of the University of Southern California after a short tour of service in the department. Alfred Ho went to Western Michigan University.

Several of the department's faculty became authors: Clyde Chenoweth, Charles Boss, Porter Ewing, Arthur Horton, Melvin Lesser, Patrick O'Mara, Phillip Schlessinger, and Jan Visser all authored textbooks, scholarly works, or articles.

Two of the department's faculty, Florence Niles and B C Winters, were themselves former students of the college and majors in departmental subjects.

The department grew from nine full-time faculty members in 1929 to a maximum of 24 in 1966. The department currently has 17 permanent instructors. Since 1929, 72 instructors have served in the department on a full-time basis for varying lengths of service.

A department as large as the Social Science Department has, inevitably, many memories, both pleasant and sad, about the past years. Many department members still recall the meetings of Sigma Tau Sigma, the department honorary society, organized by Arthur Horton. These meetings, very large productions in fact, frequently had invited speakers from the world of science, motion pictures, and world affairs. The highpoint for these meetings was in the 1950's. Some of the senior members of the department recall the days of the Korean War when low enrollments required a great amount of on-campus recruiting on the part of the faculty. Enrollment in classes was held in the Men's Gym, and this allowed for a considerable amount of faculty-student contact. This was due to the fact that the faculty did all of the work required for enrolling in classes at that time.

Many faculty and multitudes of former students remember as well Sooren Frankian's annual Christmas lecture. Mr. Frankian, part of the original 1929 faculty and second chairman of the department, each year would gaily decorate his classroom, AD-204 and later JH-102, in the spirit of Christmas, and it was a delight to all. On the last day of classes before the Christmas vacation, Mr. Frankian would give his lecture on the history of Christmas. It became a department tradition.

Speech

The Speech Department had its beginning with the inception of the college in September of 1929. At that time, speech courses were under the direction of the English Department, with Otis Richardson as chairman. Later, William Morrissey became the head of the Speech section of the department with Edmund Doran its first chairman as a separate unit. He was followed by John Gresham, who later became President of Harbor College, Gordon Mills, Harold B. Owen, also well known as a humorist and a writer of children's plays, and the current chairman, James G. Luter, Jr.

Course offerings in the department have constantly expanded to meet the needs of the student population. Our mainstays are Public Speaking and Voice and Articulation, courses which meet basic university requirements, but many of our offerings are specialized in nature. Story Telling meets the need of future teachers and nursery school personnel. Oral Interpretation is geared for the performer and speech major; Interpersonal Communication answers the need for increased awareness of self and others expressed by the modern student.

Developed by Harold B. Owen as its first instructor and expanded under his chairmanship, the LACC Speech Clinic has become a model for other institutions to fol-

low. With renewed interest because of the recent laws concerning handicapped students, it is undergoing another period of expansion.

The increasing number of foreign students on this campus sparked the development of the course titled English Speech as a Second Language. With renewed input from South East Asia, this course is undergoing expansion as well.

One of the department's outstanding programs has been that of Forensics, that is, competitive speaking. LACC's forensic teams have constantly excelled and, except for a period during the late forties and early fifties, when no program was offered, have often been in the forefront of national competition. Its first entrant in a nationwide debate tournament in 1930, coached by Edmund Doran, took the championship. One of its members, Truman Bordman, went on to become a well known writer of radio, television and film, while another, Wade Church, became a Lieutenant Governor of Arizona. Continuing in its winning ways in 1977, the team produced the best community college speaker in the nation, Robert Siricco, under its current coaches, Robert Bornemann and Charles Romero.

The current staff of the Speech Department continues a long tradition of excellence in education and pledges to continue to meet the challenge of LACC's constantly changing student body.

Theatre

To borrow a line from Thornton Wilder, "How did this all begin?"

Los Angeles City College started in 1929, using the buildings and site formerly used by UCLA. The Theatre Department was activated with the inception of the school itself, under the chairmanship of Harold Turney, and produced plays in the inherited school auditorium.

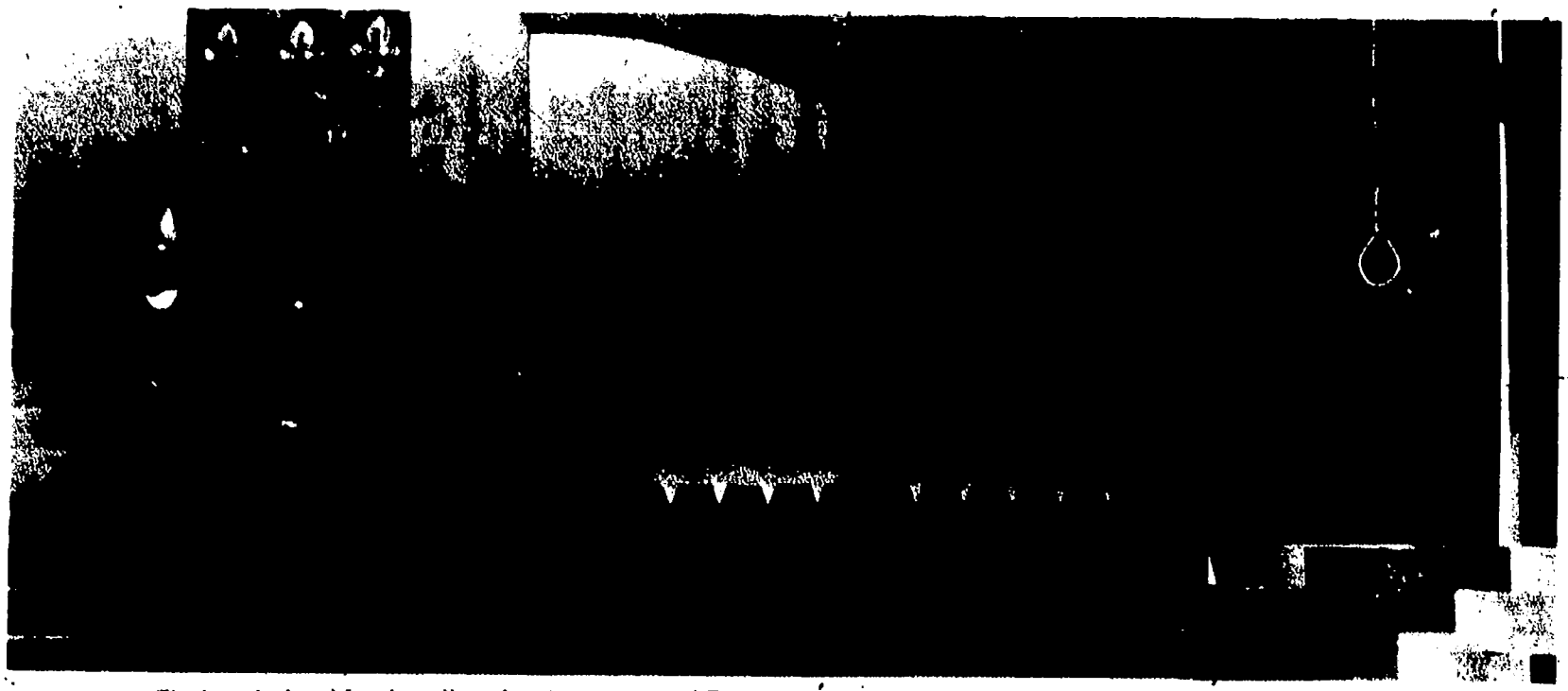
In 1931 a Little Theatre was created in what had once been a women's gymnasium. Jerry Blunt joined Harold Turney, the founder, and together they established the basic philosophy of the department, that the productions themselves form the climax of the student's course, and that the student appear before the public as many times as possible each semester. To that end an extensive system of classes, embracing all phases of the dramatic field, was organized as a part of the regular curriculum.

During the 1930's and until World War II the department operated two theatres, the Little Theatre and the larger auditorium. Following the war, a third theatre was added which featured central staging. This welcome addition was adapted from a bungalow — a war emergency building — and carried the name Bungalow 16. Plays were alternately scheduled, according to adaptability and needs, into each of these three theatres, giving the student ample opportunity for variation in his stage experience.

In 1959 the large auditorium was razed to make way for the new Administration Building and in 1963 the Little Theatre was razed to make way for the new Theatre Building. The demise of the Little Theatre was not without emotion as it had been the "home" of the Theatre Department for over 32 years and many a student had enshrined it in his memory. Prior to the leveling of the Little Theatre, the Engineering Annex was pressed into service as an "Interim Theatre." Fortunately, it proved to be a most workable playhouse, and the training of students never slackened.

With the opening of the new Theatre Building, the Theatre Department had, at last, a well-designed proscenium theatre, a flexible theatre, and a class room theatre to accommodate the activities of the department.

Through the years, students have come in a steady stream to the Theatre Department of Los Angeles City College to receive an education on the college level which emphasizes the practical application of all academic



The hero is slated for the gallows in this scene from "The Vagabond King," a cooperative production by City's music, art & drama departments staged during the 1932-33 season. The operetta was widely acclaimed for, among other things, its "brilliant and authentic period costuming. . . and high standard of stage direction. . . ." The venture was jointly directed by Dr. Edmund A. Cykler, Mrs. Lois Wagg Morgan, and Harold Merrill Turney.

work. The staff has increased from a single member in 1929 to 19 at the present time

During the 50 years of its existence and growth, the Theatre Department has had the solid support of the Administration, the Student Body, and the Community, until it is now one of the best known and respected theatrical institutions in the United States

Transportation-Travel-Tourism

Transportation-Travel-Tourism education has been thriving at Los Angeles City College since its inception during the 1950's. Mr. John Tonkovich was elected Department Head by College President John Lombardi and Dean of Instruction Charles Trigg. A research project was undertaken by Mr. Tonkovich to determine the philosophy, objectives, and course content for a two-year curriculum. The investigation indicated not only a need for transportation studies but also a need for a travel course. The original curriculum included such a course, which was the "first" offered on the college level in the United States. Through the years, the Department Head has maintained inter-communication with carriers, freight forwarders, passenger and freight-traffic conferences, travel and tourism promotion organizations, tour operators, hotel and motel systems, passenger- and freight-traffic bureaus, transportation and travel consultants, transportation associations, and governmental agencies as guidance for curriculum development. Also, such industry relations have encouraged on-campus recruitment.

The Transportation Geography classes have been excellently staffed with faculty from the Earth Sciences Department. Those who have contributed to the success of the Transportation-Travel-Tourism program were Ms. Valene Smith and Messrs. Glenn Cunningham, George Bellemin, William Russell, and David Jennings.

To encourage independent study, a Transportation-Travel-Tourism Student Development Resource Center was established recently. Worldwide passenger and freight tariffs, official guides, passenger-and freight-service manuals, handbooks, directories, audio-visual aids, company training materials, programmed instruction lessons, employee and consumer travel publications, periodicals, and sources of employment have been included in the Resource Center.

Our graduates have been employed with airlines, motor freight carriers, railroads, buslines, shiplines, freight forwarders, industrial traffic departments, governmental agencies, urban transport systems, tour operators and travel agencies, rent-a-car companies and hotels.

Women's Physical Education

In 1929 when UCLA vacated the present campus and Los Angeles City College began its infant career as the first of the Los Angeles Junior Colleges, Mrs. Katherine Blanchard nurtured the growth of the Women's Physical Education Department with great care and devotion. She was our first Chairperson and the future reputation of the Department depended upon her administrative and organizational abilities. She prospered by hiring excellently qualified teachers who also had at least one major specialty in the field of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation. To the present day, Mrs. Blanchard's standards for the ideal Physical Education teacher are still followed with the accompanying success of the Department.

Mrs. Blanchard retired in 1950 and placed the responsibilities into the able hands of Dorothy Stinson who was the Chairperson 'til 1956. Margaret Meacher served from 1956 to 1972, Margie Morisson from 1972 to 1977. The present chairperson is Nancy Nolan, who assumed the position in the spring of 1977. All the faculty through the years are dedicated teachers who supplemented, modified, modernized and kept striving to keep their Department in high esteem and qualification.

During the years of World War II, the Department lost some of its staff to the service. Regretfully many faculty also had to temporarily resign due to the decrease in enrollment. All were returned to work at the end of the war. One activity the Department did for the war effort was to go out and pick tomatoes, the field not being too far away in those not too developed Los Angeles days.

Graduates from our Department have enjoyed an excellent reputation. These graduates are readily accepted into four-year colleges and/or universities to complete their studies and receive their teaching credentials. These graduates have proven to be excellent teachers, counselors, principals, and, as citizens, they have worked hard for their communities.

The new gymnasium was the first new building built in many years. Dedicated in 1959, it has given us the opportunity to offer a more comprehensive sports and dance program.

We now have 12 faculty, over 7,000 contact hours weekly with the students, and a varied curriculum taking care of the needs and interests of the community day and night. Our Athletic program has prospered since the advent of Title IX, and we have an intramural program each semester for our regular service students. We are proud of our work and of our history.

In 1952 we established the Katherine Blanchard Scholarship to honor outstanding Physical Education and Recreation majors. Another was established in 1955 in honor of Dorothy Allen, a well-loved teacher who passed away unexpectedly during the school year. This scholarship helps needy majors whose potentials are readily noticed by the faculty. Over a hundred students have been helped by these scholarships and the entire department worked hard to raise the money to keep the funds active. For many years the Department held a "Round-Up" of past and present students and faculty to participate in a carnival-type festival. All the monies, over $20,000, went into these scholarships and each of the participants was proud of their individual contribution.