

1967

Viking 1967

Portland State University

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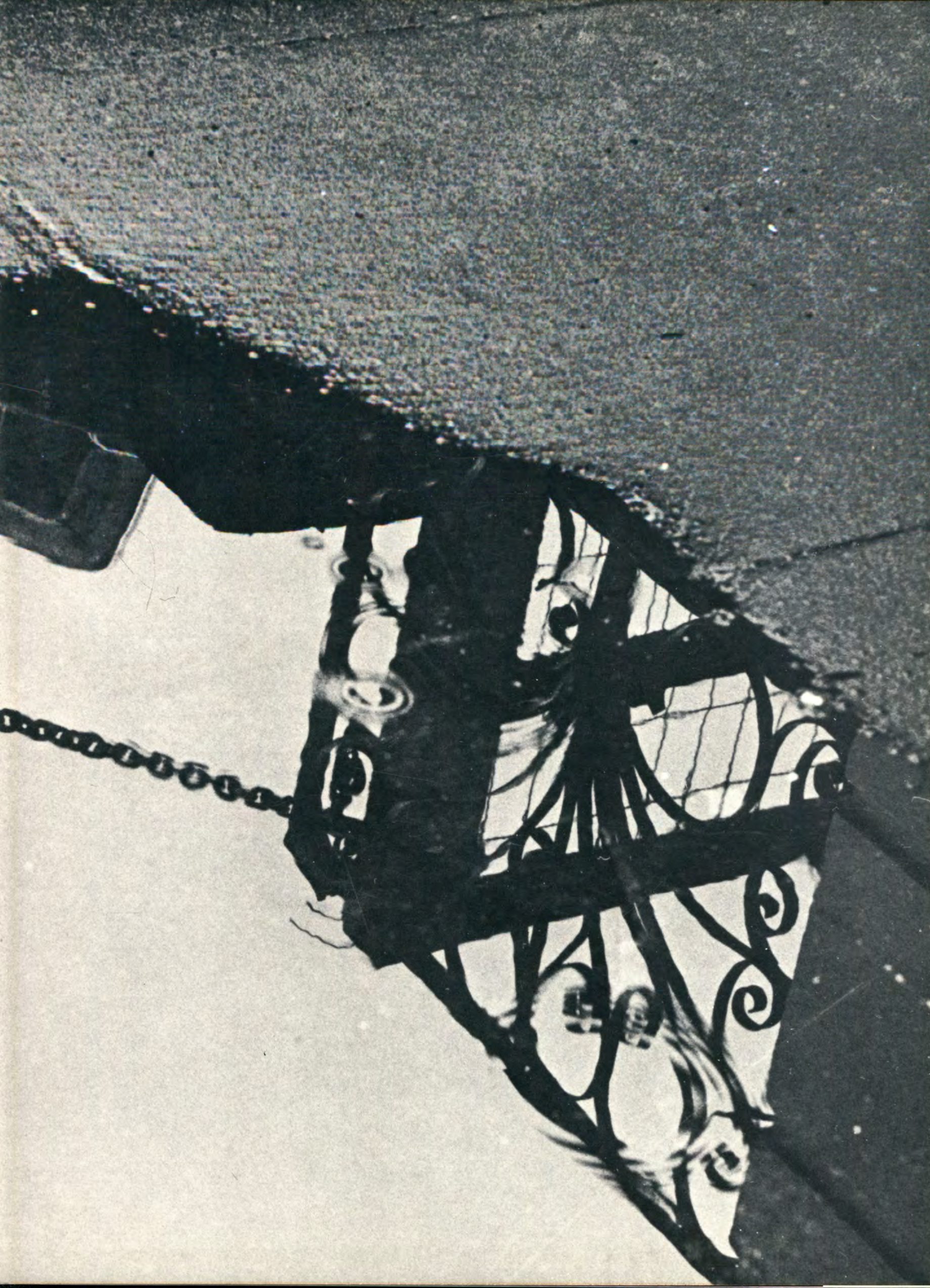
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Viking
English







portland state college viking 1967

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Ching



It is said that any government rests upon the humor of its subjects, the wisdom of its officers, and the bravery of all men. To these I would add that men must fear any government that believes itself righteous, and men must fear any government that believes ends justify means.

The image of Portland State has undergone change. People no longer think of us as a poor man's prep school. People no longer imagine us as the amorphous, plasticized and mentally impoverished.

We are now what all universities must be—a center of controversy, discussion and learning. It is up to others to fulfill that most severe of challenges: to make Portland State a place where men must think.

When your friends ask you, "Where did you go to school?", if nothing else this year you can have said, "At an interesting college."

Remember that a university is not what the Rotary wants, it is not what I want, it is not what your Mom and Dad want, it is not what you want.

It is a place where men gather to learn, to argue, to study, to discover; and it is a place where all of us must deal with disappointments.

It is natural that there should be times when, for whatever reason, the voices of the absurd, the angry, and the amused are drowned out by the sound of the bureaucrats, the button pushers, and the reasonable. Progress is made by men who know joy and sorrow and who know how ambiguous progress is.

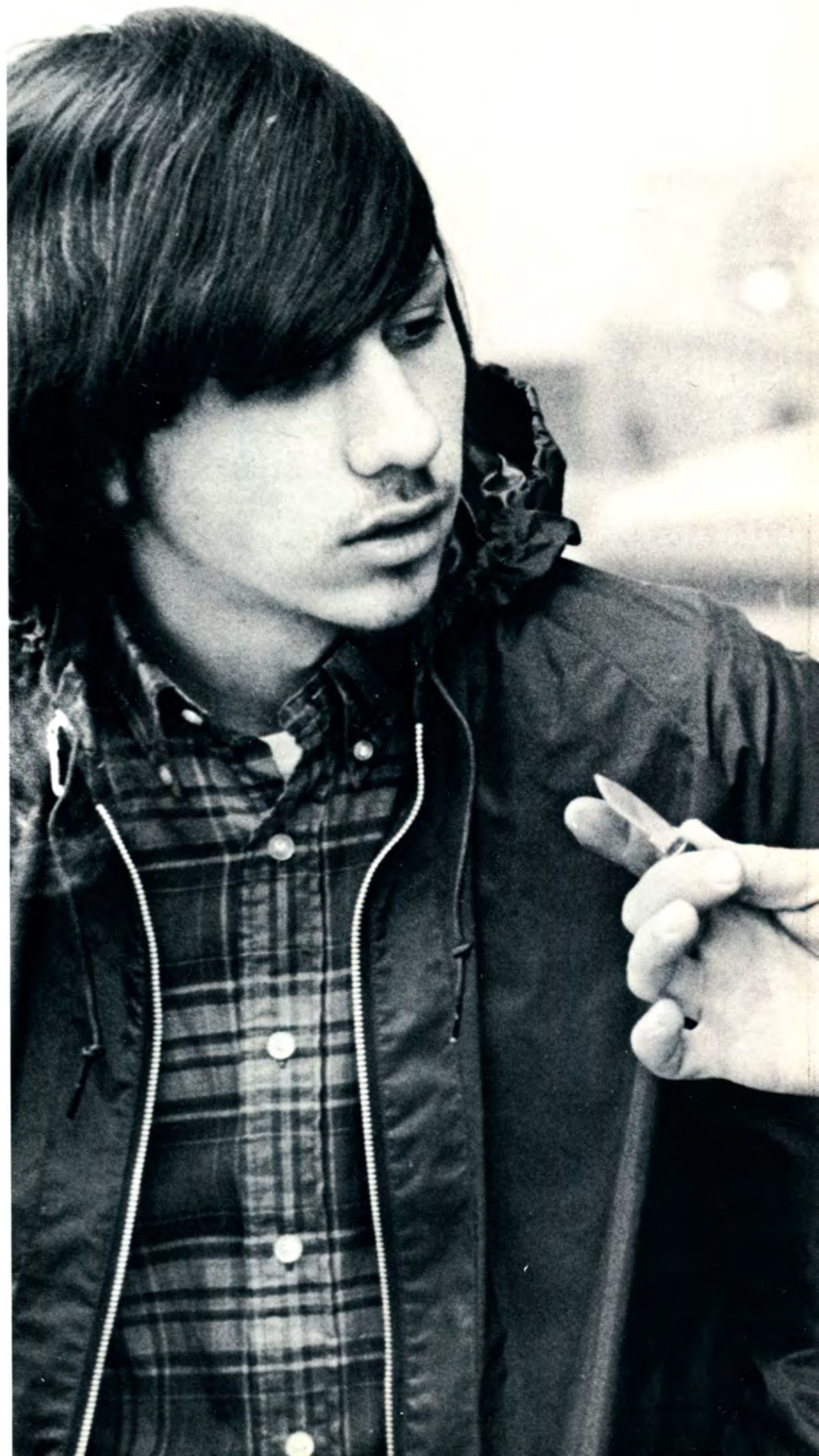
I remain as I have always been, and, with deference to those who succeed me, I offer them the last flowers from the trees which once grew where the new buildings will stand.

—*Joe Uris*



Zockers! You're on a trip.
You came to college.
You got to the classes
And someone told you
You didn't have to go at all.
But you did, sometimes.
It's supposed to educate you.
Well, maybe it did.
You thought you knew what was going on
But now it's all around you.
A liberal education . . .
"I used to know what was going on
But then someone tried to make me think.
Then I found it wasn't that way at all.
Something was different, I didn't realize."
Tune in, turn on, drop out,
Tim Leary must know something. What?
He didn't tell you, you have
To find it out for yourself.
Coffee cups, cigarettes,
Talk it out, find out what you think.
It's all there, you just have
To dig in and find it.
No matter what they think.







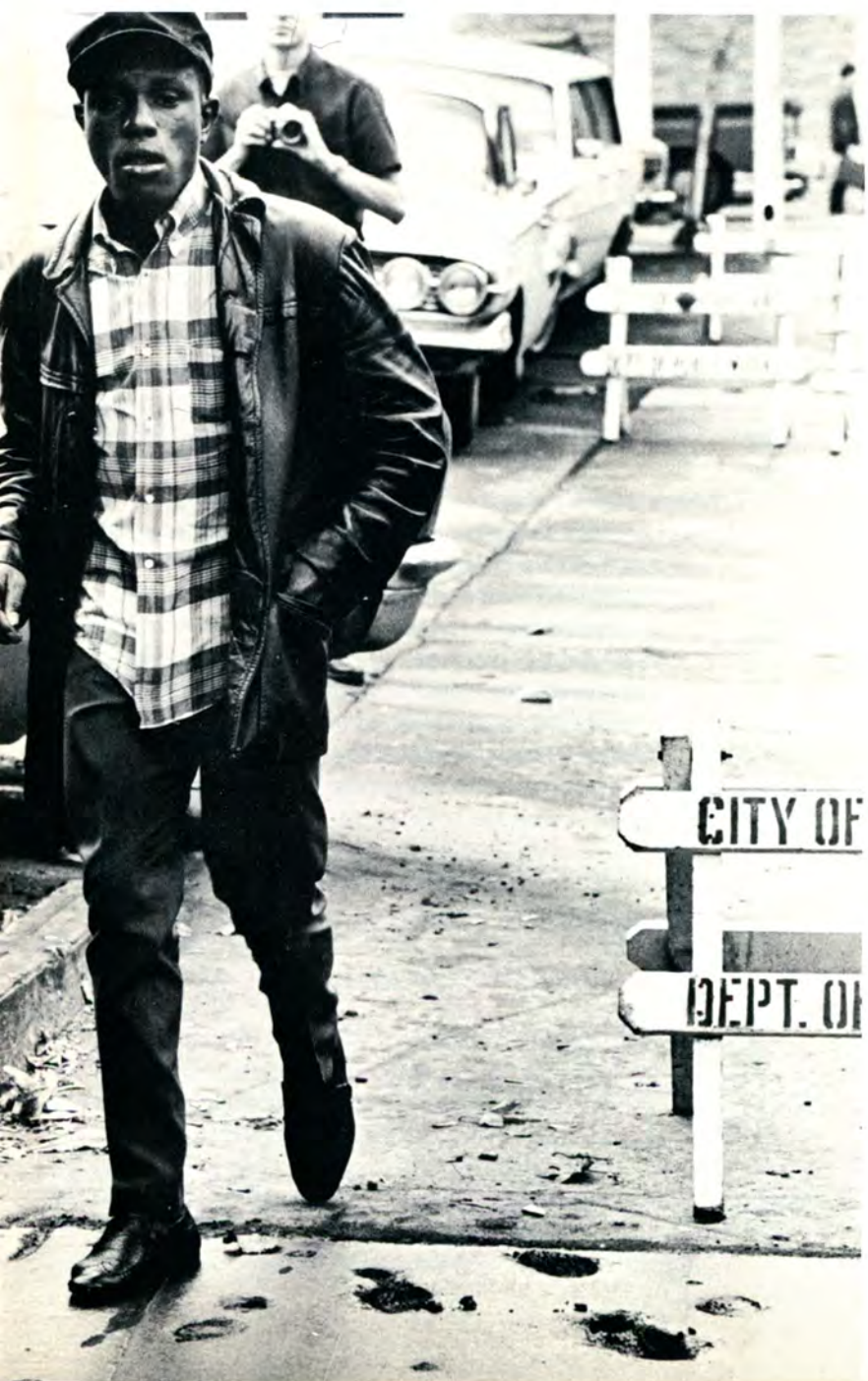
THE
NEW
LOST
RAMBLERS

NEW COMING
DANCE
FRESH









16-27 A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-h, Bang, bang, bang, clank, uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uhhhh, sputter. Another day at PSC had begun. Classes were never quite suspended in South Park Hall, but they were frequently drowned out by the noise.

“English majors at PSC don’t sit in rose gardens discussing literature or reciting poetry,” commented one of the English faculty, “their thoughts throb to the meter of jack-hammers and riveting.”

Between Broadway and South Park Hall, giant cranes held girders suspended. Bulldozers pulled in and out all day excavating. The water main broke and the bulldozers and the people slid in and out of the mud. Students stood on the overpass watching the labor pains of PSC’s continual process of becoming a university.

More houses came down and the library began to go up. Swami, the spiritual advisor of many a student, was moved out. And one of the best gardens in the neighborhood disappeared in the concrete forest. The Campus Christian Community contributed to both the new construction and the housing shortage by displacing a 1910 Broadway relic of a building with its handsome new center.

Somewhere along the street, the K-House mosaic cross disappeared and ended up in the home of one of the Hippy groups. Through the efforts of an unidentified student, the cross was finally returned. “It was a protest,” someone said, “and besides, we liked it.”

Three more floors on the parking facility, and still no one could find a place to park. The freeway came in and several streets disappeared.

Students became more dependent on the pioneer instinct as sidewalks and streets disappeared under mud and forests of lumber.

The cafeterias disappeared under a great wash of paper and plastic utensils. The food has always tasted like cardboard. Now it is.

28-33 For the first time, Portland State had a dorm. A typical room in the Viking Residence Hall had a window with a view, two beds, two chairs, two desks and an adjoining bath. There was a choice of color. Say red. Then, the red drapes harmonized with the red rug and the red rug went well with the red bedspread. Boys and girls lived on separate floors with separate elevators. Eating and harmless good fun were communal.

Actor Paul Massey, here to play Hamlet, was put on the top floor. “I had to take the girls’ elevator and everyone told me I couldn’t. When I got up there it was completely empty and the silence was deadly.” He moved to a hotel three days later.

The Hippies took over the area near the Ross Island Bridge. They lived communally in the grand old Bohemian style. They painted their walls in iconological images, read the *San Francisco Oracle*, took drugs, and lived in continual fear of the “BUST.” One finally happened and eleven PSC students were arrested. “Jail is dirtier than my place,” one said.

The Martha Washington was as elegant as ever. The (My God, it's as old as the hills) residence hall still served the needs of homeless girls. Every night at 11, cars were parked up and down both sides of 10th street. On moonlit nights, a bass yell opened almost every window in the building.

Most people still lived at "home." Meals were more complete and more punctual. Laundry was done free. Though one could not do everything, one knew what one could and could not do.

Privacy was the reason most often given for moving downtown. Students wanted a place to be alone, a place to think in. But there was no lack of distraction, and too many parties. And a diagnosis of mono could and did send many students back to their forgiving parents.

34-37 Daytime, cops and parking meters, digging for change, looking for a place to park, waiting for lights to change, running downtown to pick up a blouse before the stores closed, usually finding them closed . . . In warm weather the bums out looking for money or a place in the sun to sit and relax in . . . someone distributing Bible tracts and free advice . . . every once in a while a parade, buses stopping, and cars held up for miles . . .

At night, everything going on . . . Lights flashing, signs—BROADWAY INN, BROADWAY THEATER, THE PARAMOUNT, THE MUSIC BOX, HANDE PANTRE, DRUG STORE, THE HEATHMAN, THE GAY BLADE—and everything to do in town pretty much right there . . . "How much for a six-pack?" . . . Kids dragging the street, not going anywhere—just being away from home, but going all night . . . Cops checking ID's, sirens screaming ! ! ! the girls out picking up sailors, people just out breathing the air, or looking for action. . . . Cars honking, people rolling down their windows and yelling, everyone downtown for New Year's Eve, screaming and yelling. . . . Rainy nights when nothing happens, except to the couple holding hands and looking at rings . . .

Papa John's Grocery . . . "I've only got a dollar, can I bring the rest tomorrow?" . . . every beer run ending up at Papa's . . . the place for credit when it counts . . . Papa sitting inside on rainy nights looking up at the empty buildings . . .

Bianca's sign being carted away . . . a new dress shop starting every month . . . hamburgers at the Wee College Inn . . . the Broadway House giving its own brand of a cocktail party.

Broadway went on until you hit the freeway.

38-41 A couple at Portland State finds no help in the typical "housing for married students" section of a campus catalogue. At PSC there is none. But, Jim and Shelley Hunt regard their apartment as novel and speak of the building, the old San Raphael, rather nostalgically as "...the last remaining structure in Portland that has authentic New Orleans architecture." The decor inside, however, is authentic Hunt; both Shelley, a twenty year old junior in the Urban Studies program, and Jim a twenty-one year old junior majoring in political science, consider the surroundings an ideal reflection of the sometimes whimsical combination of study and housekeeping. While Jim spends his evenings working with disturbed children at the Parry Center, Shelley might try sewing, painting the windows with colorful translucent patterns for privacy or leafing through Peace Corps material; both hope to join after graduation and work with a community development project, preferably in southern Asia.

The Hunts are only one instance in a figure which sets married students at twenty-two per cent of the PSC enrollment (based on full-time day students). They mirror the unique blend of being both "married" and being "a couple." If they have anything in common with the rest of the percentage, it's wonderfully vague, as Shelley says, on the question of whether or not they're typical. "No, no, not at all. I've never been around anyone who's typical; maybe that's the problem."









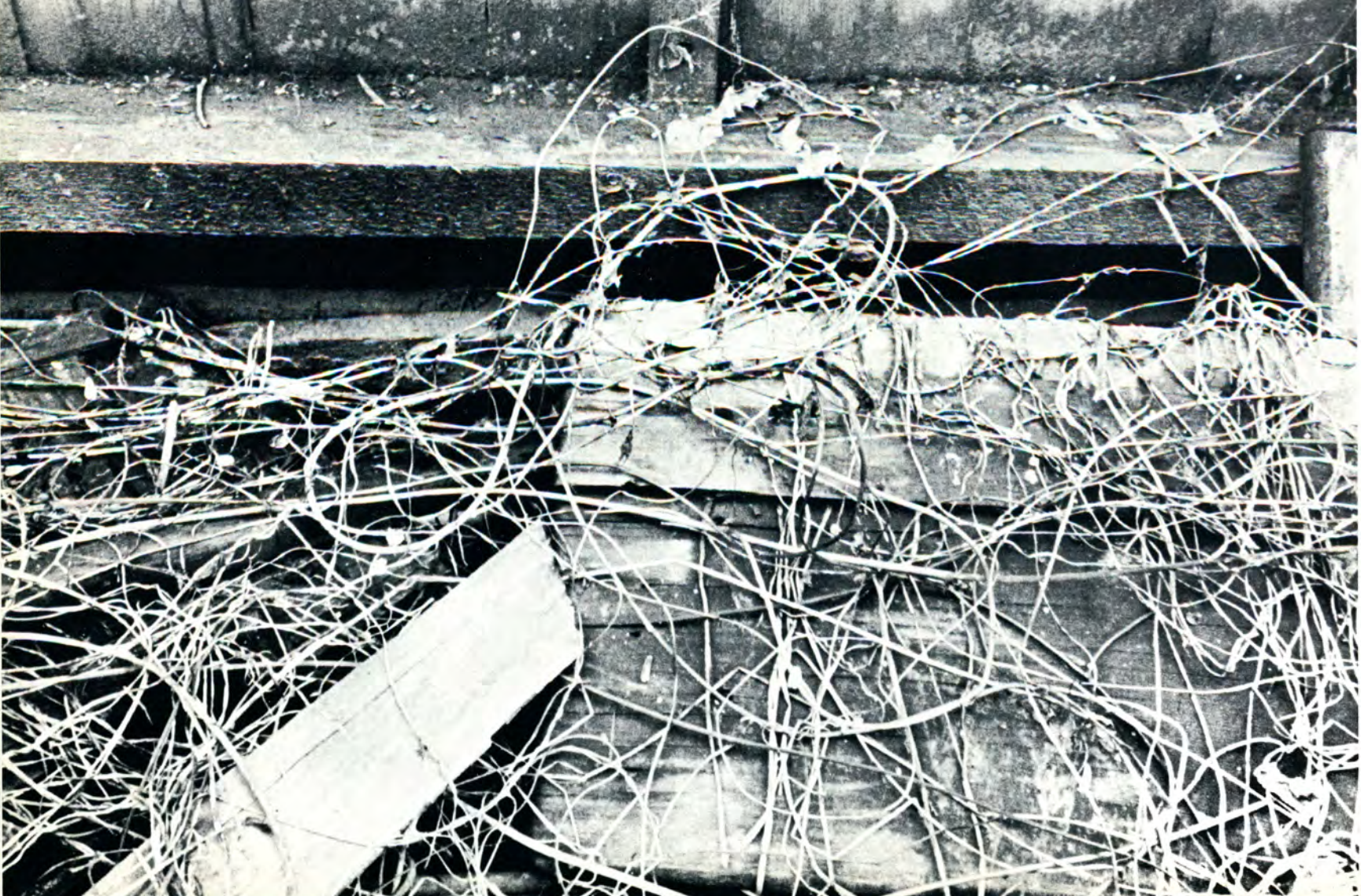


OUR PAL



"TIMMY"

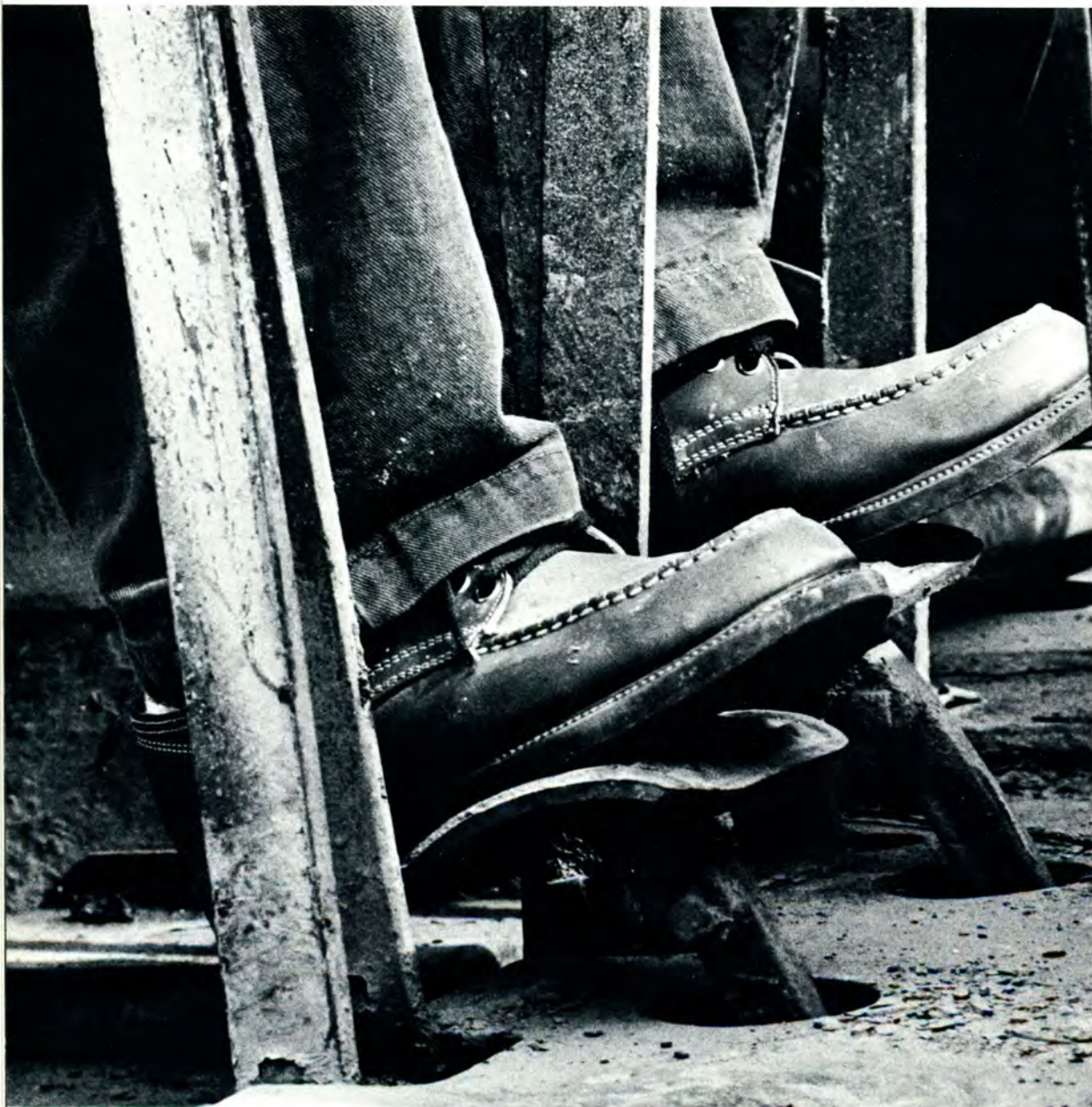
1953-1965



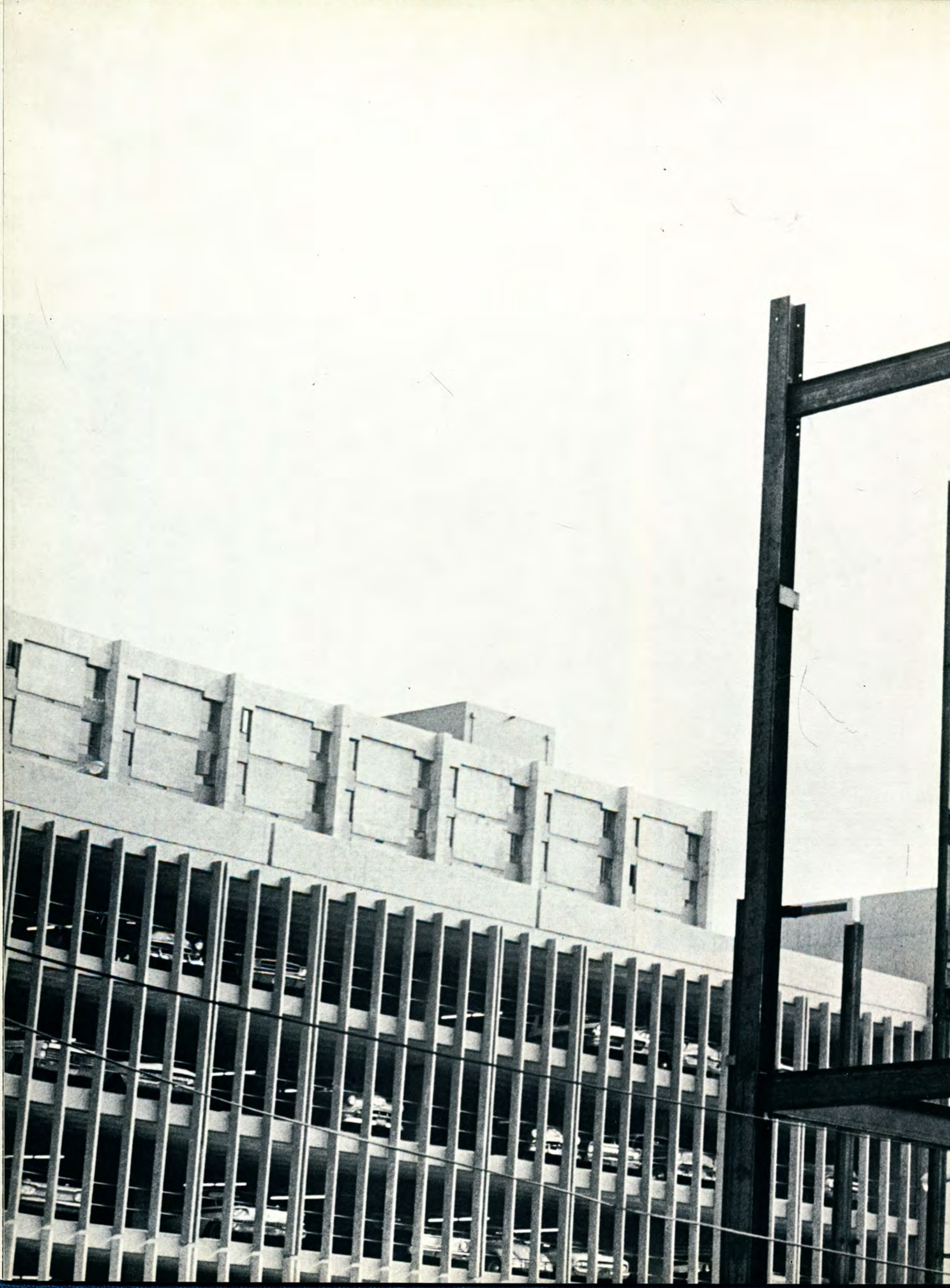








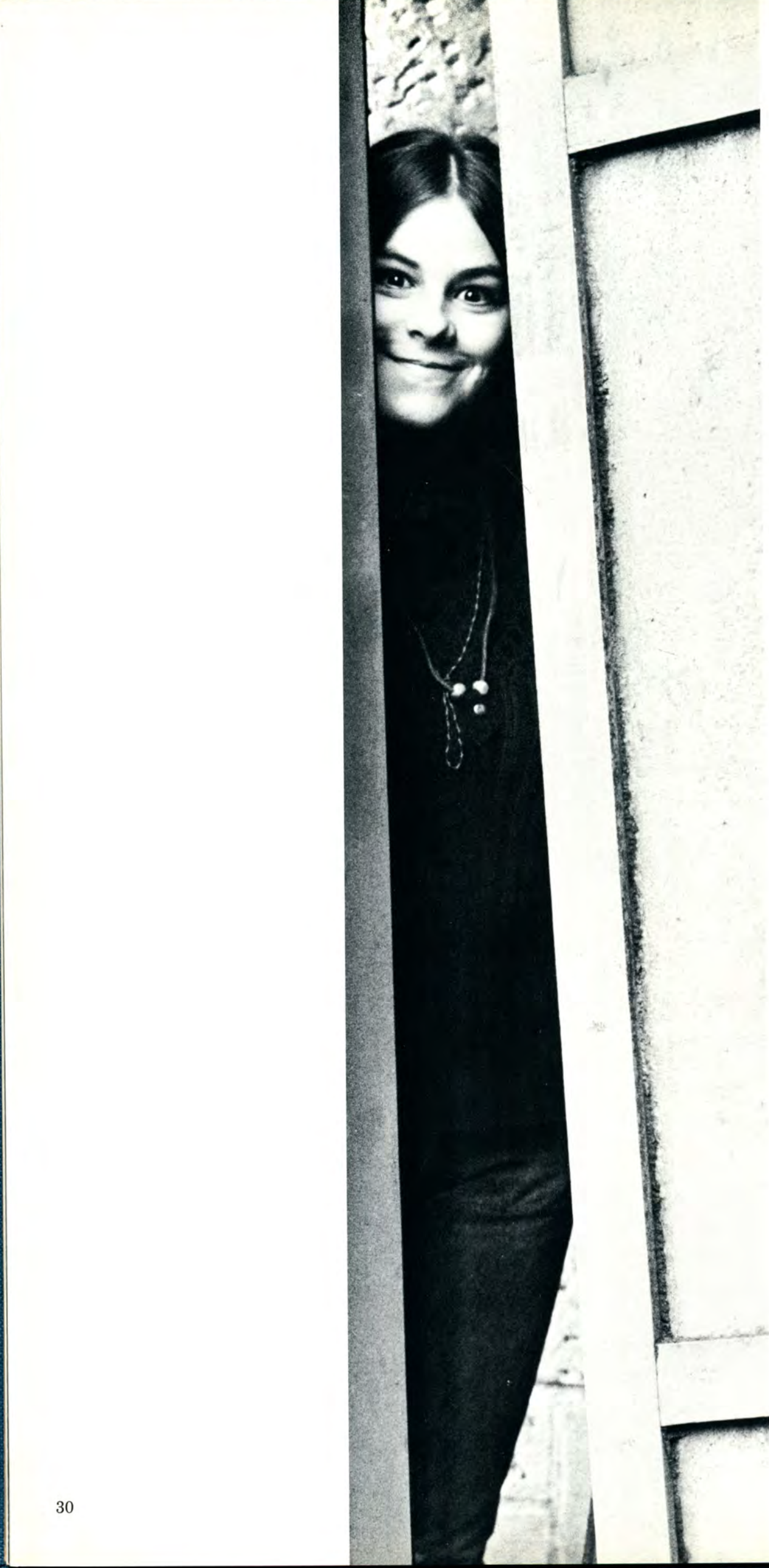








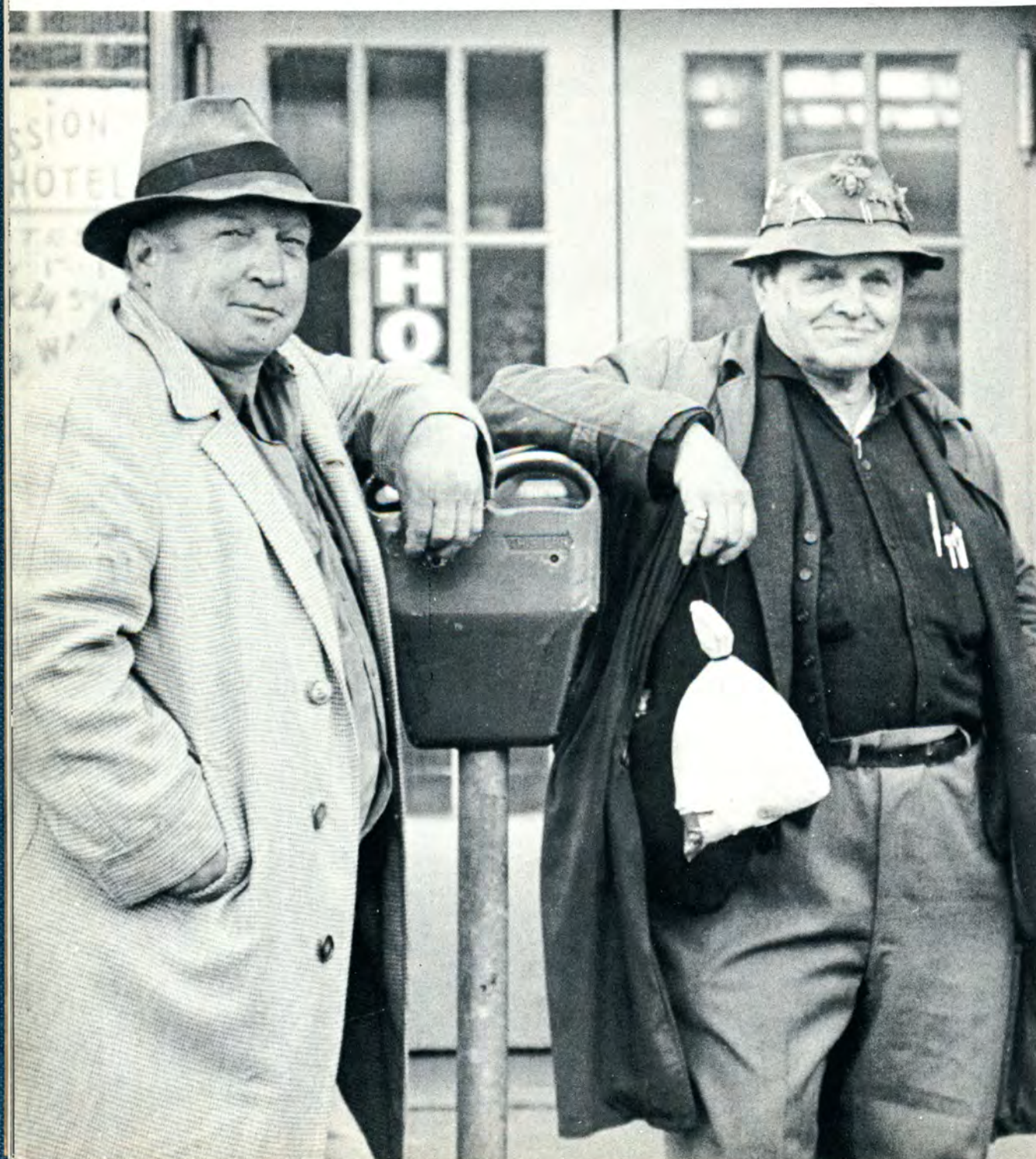












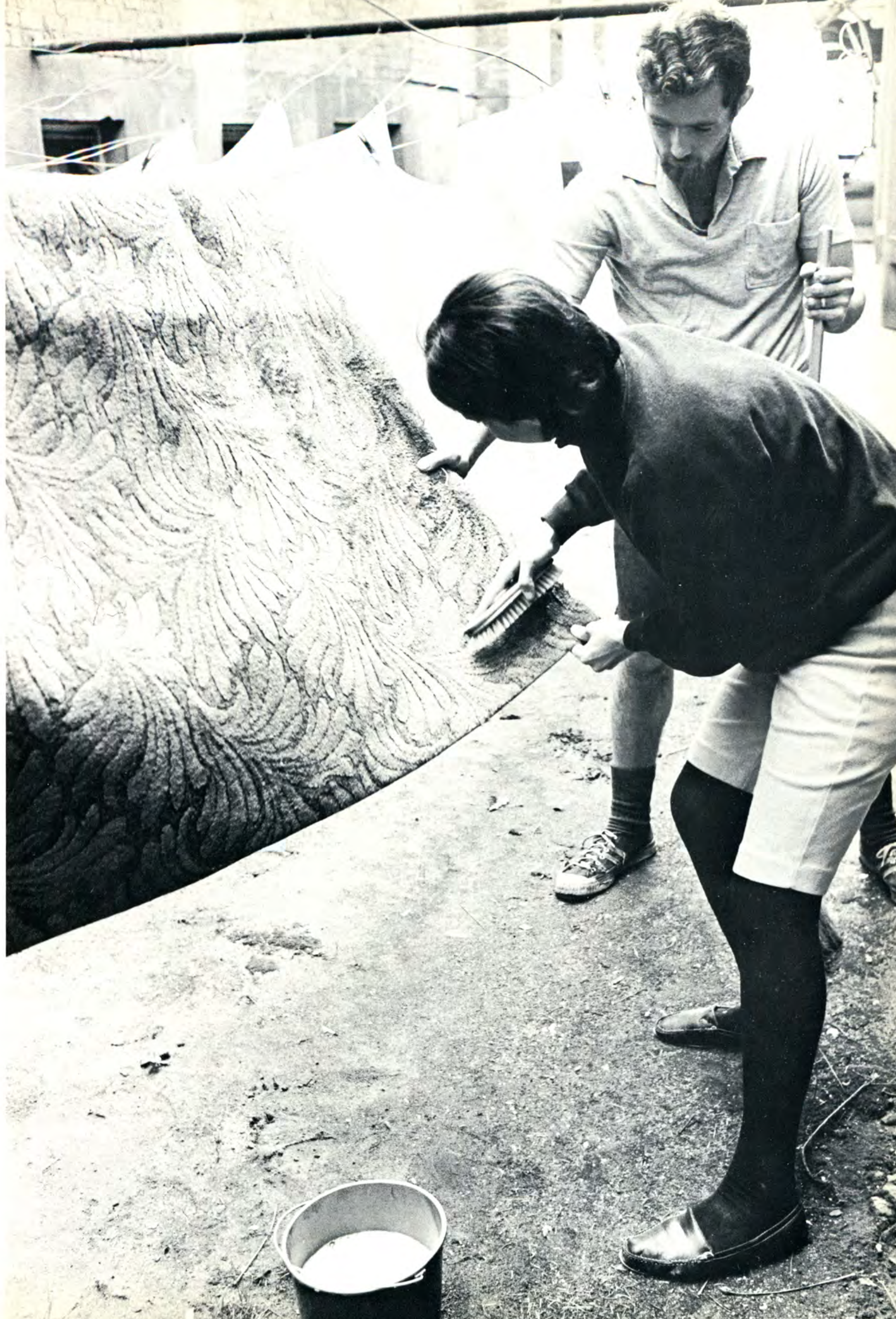


OLYMPIA
BEER













44-45 Balconies holding gasps of glass suspended in cement tension enclosed part of the Science Department this year. Old Main still held a majority of classes, but the new building gave science space for some expansion. The elevator stuttered at each floor, but the offices, one lecture hall, labs for upper division classes, and more adequate space for equipment were reasons for welcoming the structure.

46 At last the animals have a home. Rats share the pent-house of this six-story building with sundry mice, chipmunks, ducks, chickens, sometimes rabbits and cats, a few snakes and a fly colony—all under the care of the animal caretaker, a position new to the department this year. Cleaning three animal rooms presents the problem of garbage. Unaccountably, the nervous, new structure has no incinerator, and janitors are decidedly against handling the possibly infectious remains from experiments. Scientific solution: don't burn the debris; freeze it. After two weeks of cold, killing all dangers, it receives a warm welcome at the Old Main incinerator.

47 A more serious application of scientific ingenuity is found on the fifth floor, which is devoted to private research. Here the scientists weave together some of their segmented knowledge in their various disciplines and, thus, create.

An example of this artistry is the work of Allen Berntzen who has developed a mechanical device in which he can recreate and hold constant any environment. A parasite is placed in a genuine-imitation of the living conditions provided by its usual host—say the environment of an intestine. There, the parasite lives and grows as it would in a real animal, and more realistic studies of host-parasite interrelationships are possible.

Controlled culture is a sensitive system which, because of the intricate balance of factors, remains, like life, constantly in process, constantly dynamic. Only a synthesis of knowledge in biology, chemistry, physics made possible the creation of such a unique process.

48-49 For the first time this year, freshmen were focused on a new approach to science which may help them cultivate the researcher's ability to cross scientific border-lines and draw freely from the several disciplines. The vehicle is the core-course, offered mainly for science majors. It is an experimental course which combines the material covered separately in the introductory courses of biology, chemistry and physics into a unified, two-year sequence (six hours per term for six terms). Lab and lecture topics fluctuate readily. The thirty PSC students involved are perhaps the first in the nation to be in a course of this nature.

Further developments in curriculum, research, and general lab facilities await the legislative approval of a second new building in 1968. Eventually (1980), a complex of five buildings will stand. Hopefully, the rest will have incinerators.

50-51 What do you see? A poor, little, forlorn child? A potential swinger? A future motherhood USA?

Human development is a process we all have endured, but one which few observe objectively. However, in Psy 311, Human Development, students observe and compile notes on the behavior of a child no older than ten years. The approach must be scientific—no preconceptions. Sharpened perceptions are the necessary tools for precision. So . . .

What can a blue dress tell about a child? Is the dress dirty? Is it freshly ironed? Are her eyes blue, too? Does someone maybe care? Do her socks clash with the color of the dress? Is she wearing socks? Are her shoes scuffed? Is she barefoot? What do shoeless feet say of a small girl's pastime? Perhaps she likes to run. How does she show her anger and frustration?

Is she constantly with others or does she play alone?

The collected observations answering these questions won't provide conclusions about her future. But a statement will be made defining her present state of development.

52-53 "Every day is anthropology day in the Anthropology Department."

Anthropologists roam. For example, Assistant Professor D. Scheans spent 1963-64 in a Philippine village studying kinship and social organization. Various other department members have lived with Papago and Navajo Indians, people in India, Chile, Japan, South Africa, or Mexico.

Home at PSC, the department members dwell this year in a house which seems ordinary from the outside. But inside—the basemented anthropology labs have forehead-level ceilings and a magnificent pipe decor. "We are suggesting a new prerequisite for our majors—either a height limited to 5' 5" or a pronounced stoop," said the anthropologist lowly.

Upstairs, each office is equipped with its own bare 200 watt bulb, placed centrally in the ceiling. But the anthropologists are a bright lot. They adjust.

54-55 Law Enforcement executed the plans of a new modus operandi this year. Although the course has served time in the PSC catalogue since Vanport, its progress has been held up. However, encouragement from the 1965 legislature to line up a four-year program, plus the help of a two-year, \$81,000 grant from the Office of Law Enforcement Assistance, clarified and expanded this one-time fuzzy program. Graduating in law enforcement doesn't warrant a badge. Rather, the program investigates and testifies to the facts of enforcement, arresting attention upon new, more efficient methods of enforcement.

The books can make the theories known, but only experience can make a police officer.

56-61 Arts and Letters, frivolous and fine, graphic and graffiti, found its own media as "handwriting on the wall" came into vogue like free soup and bananas. The temporary walls along South Park Hall's east side recorded doodles that often amounted to epigrammatic manifestos. Some were merely silly signs that students, alas, got maximum use out of the building—they could even write on it! Coincidental it was, since most of the scrawl reflected what the four-floored complex held—a division that tried to direct a new voice, vitality, and maybe even a vision or two, toward the life that is Art.

Someone wrote "A naked body is nature's way to saying 'Hi!'" Sketching classes armed themselves with charcoal and returned the greeting with a nude model who must certainly have felt she'd never left nature (studios being somewhat artistically out of key with the heating system, as fresh and cold as all outdoors). Clay, plaster, stone, wood or metal—fledgling artists attacked them all in the creative study of all aspects of sculpture.

Media was the message. David Falconer, Oregonian photographer, offered the first professional class in the tact and technique of communicating with a camera. Relating the relevant to functional art forms (everything's relevant!) and stressing practical design application in advertising, easterner Gerald Kilborn showed students the significant currents in graphic art. In the advanced design course, Arvid Orbeck took classes beyond that. Media marched on as Orbeck taught the tactics he uses with almost sleight of hand finesse, that made him one of Portland's finest graphic artists.

The Speech Department held out for the spoken word! The department's Forensic and symposium activities brought home an impressive array of awards. With the aid of several federal grants, the Speech and Hearing Science program grew, and

optimism was high toward the goal of granting advanced degrees both M.A. and M.S., in General Speech and Speech and Hearing Science.

Philosophy kept it's usual cool and if you noted on inexplicable wall decoration—"Birds really do have souls"—it's witness enough that the philosophers were still there. (On the lighter side, they may even have prompted the whimsical assurance that "Marijuana is not Hobbit-forming.")

And the English Department, as ever, willingly suspended its disbelief. Often abandoned to their offices, English professors read on through the onslaught of term papers, the typical literature major's exercise ranging from laboriously vague to vainly critical. And on the wall, someone borrowed from Frost to remind the passer-by "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." Arts and Letters students thought it all quite lovely and kept on writing.

62-67 The Physical Education Department got out of the Old Main basement and moved into its new building. The new building included a swimming pool and rooms for every kind of activity. But P.E. was not happy with a group of students who worked for a pass—no pass grading system. The measure was put into discussion and left there.

The modern dance group and Vaunda Carter moved into one of the finest dance studios anywhere. No more barked shins from cement floors. Vaunda invented a new class in Movement Dynamics, adapting the movements of sports to the movements of dance.

"Rhythm is the continuity of differences," said Vaunda. From the new vocabulary new forms began to emerge, not the floating lyrical movements of ballet, but a hard new system of logic based on strength and dynamics.

Art and exercise found a home and began to resolve themselves into action. New athletic teams were formed to match new facilities. It was now only a question of finding the limits.

68-69 Change has been the motif of the Business Administration Department. Plans were completed for a new master's program (MBA) which will begin in the fall of 1967. This program will stress managerial processes of business firms within the context of the community. Because of PSC's central location close contact of both students and faculty with active elements in the business world are possible.

Effects of change have been seen geographically. This year some business administration majors traveled to Italy to take part in the International Business Studies Program at Pavia. Also, a group of 30 will go to Japan for the Sapporo Summer Session held at the University of Hokkaido.

70-71 The estimate of the School of Education could be about right, that roughly one-fourth of the student body is actively or tentatively aiming to teach elementary, high school, junior college or college level. Or in one or another of the special fields that make up a whole new gamut of professional and technological education services.

Portland State's education staff and students, like educators around the world, are facing incalculably complex demands for change from a society which in practice remains suicidally blind to the means necessary for change in its schools. Perhaps a key to their new challenge is reflected in the current spate of titles showing in the professional literature. Where once the title pattern was "The Role of the Teacher," it is now, "The Teacher and His Staff."

One of several experimental projects launched in the Education School this year is a fellowship program for 15 graduate students which offers \$2000 a year and tuition for two years. In this program several education courses were combined into

a seminar based on the idea that a teacher must know himself in order to know others. Besides the seminar each student has some involvement in the community, working with centers for educationally deprived youngsters or tutoring. Next year they will get direct experience student teaching in their fields. Then . . . if theory learned is well discerned, they let ideas mystify—a little.

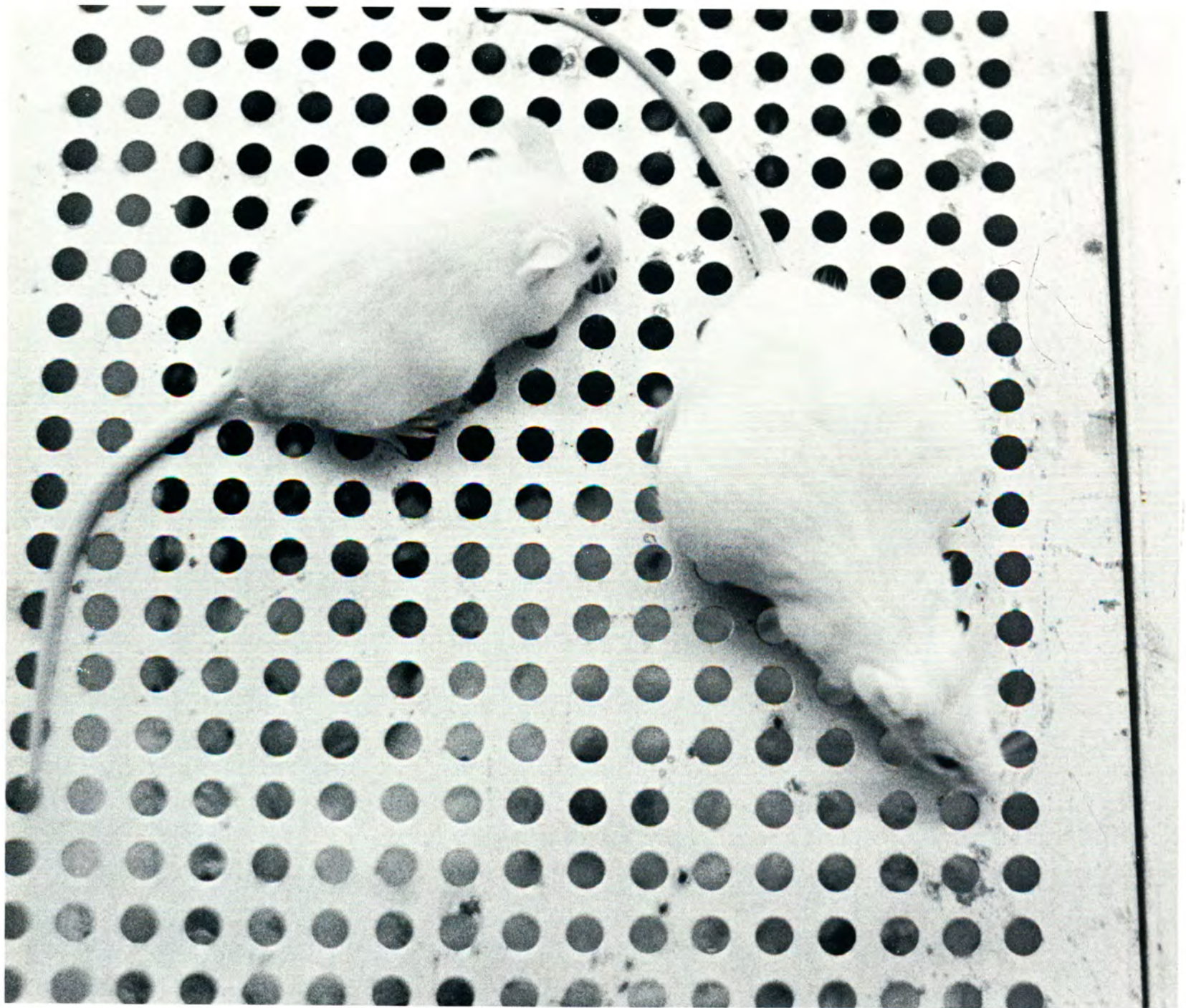
72-73 A large, staid, old home on the corner of 12th and Mill houses one of the most inscrutable "programs" at Portland State—the School of Social Work. Established by the State Legislature in 1961 and beginning classes in 1962, it grew to state-wide significance and granted its first master's degrees in June of 1964. Though there are any number of undergraduate programs in social work on other campuses in Oregon, Portland State has the only fully accredited school offering the advanced degree of master's in Social Work.

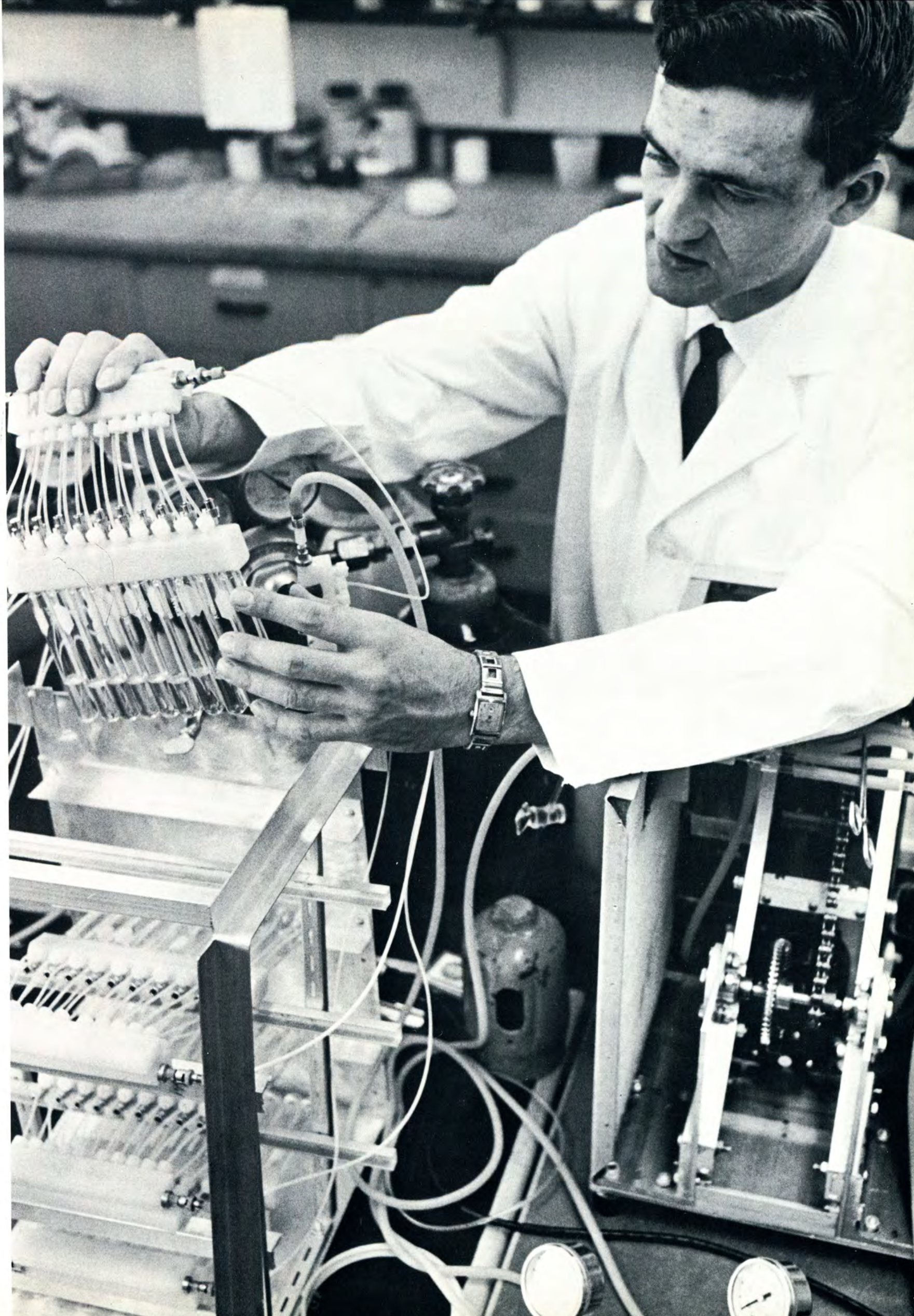
Aside from its factual course, credits, and calendar profile, it is the student body that offers a startling contrast to that of the undergraduate enrollment at PSC. An instance of its mysterious element is the average age of its students, which is thirty-two and has been as high as the 1965 figure of thirty-eight. This is easily explained by the fact that virtually all of the students enter the program after a number of years of experience in the field. Indeed, the majority of the men and women are returning for degrees which they find are necessary to secure positions on an administrative level. Recognizing this need, the school can boast that ninety per cent of its students receive some kind of financial aid. At the moment the number of students involved in the graduate program is small.

The school at the present features a kind of triple bill: an academic faculty, field instructors, and a series of special lecturers. This arrangement lends depth to the two-year program's format of concurrent participation in lecture and field work; outside of classes, the student spends two days each week in an agency and works with a different agency each of his two years. A student is likely to find himself working with a public school, in a juvenile court or home, with Oregon's Public Welfare Commission or simply taking a moment to watch children play on the street, a particular street scene like that at the Albina Center. The school trains men and women to seek such opportunities, for as its Bulletin states, "Social welfare is society's way of helping in time of special need."









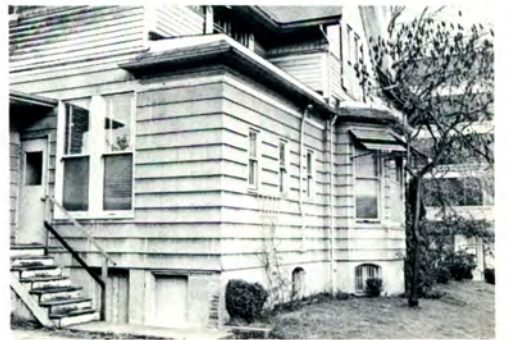












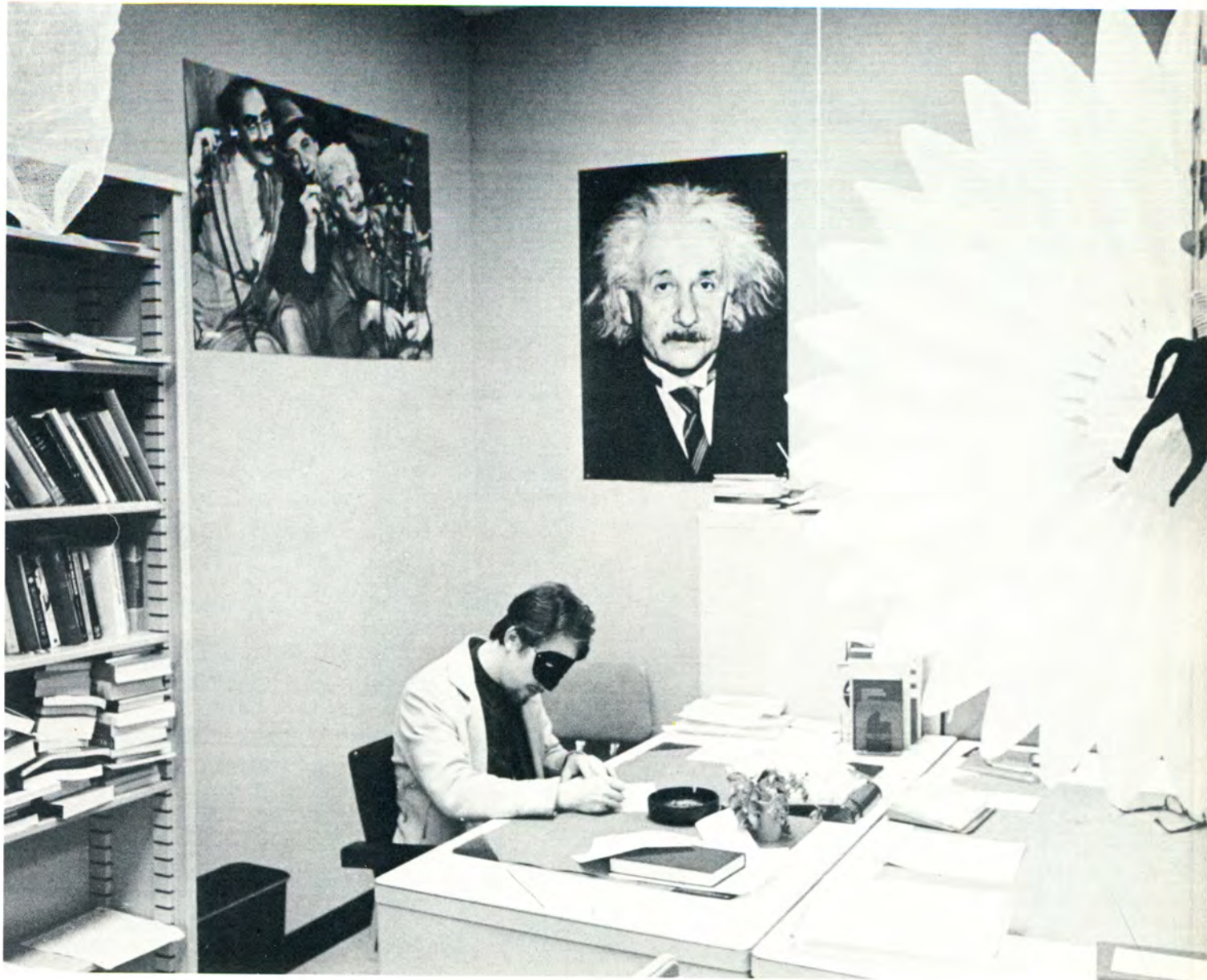


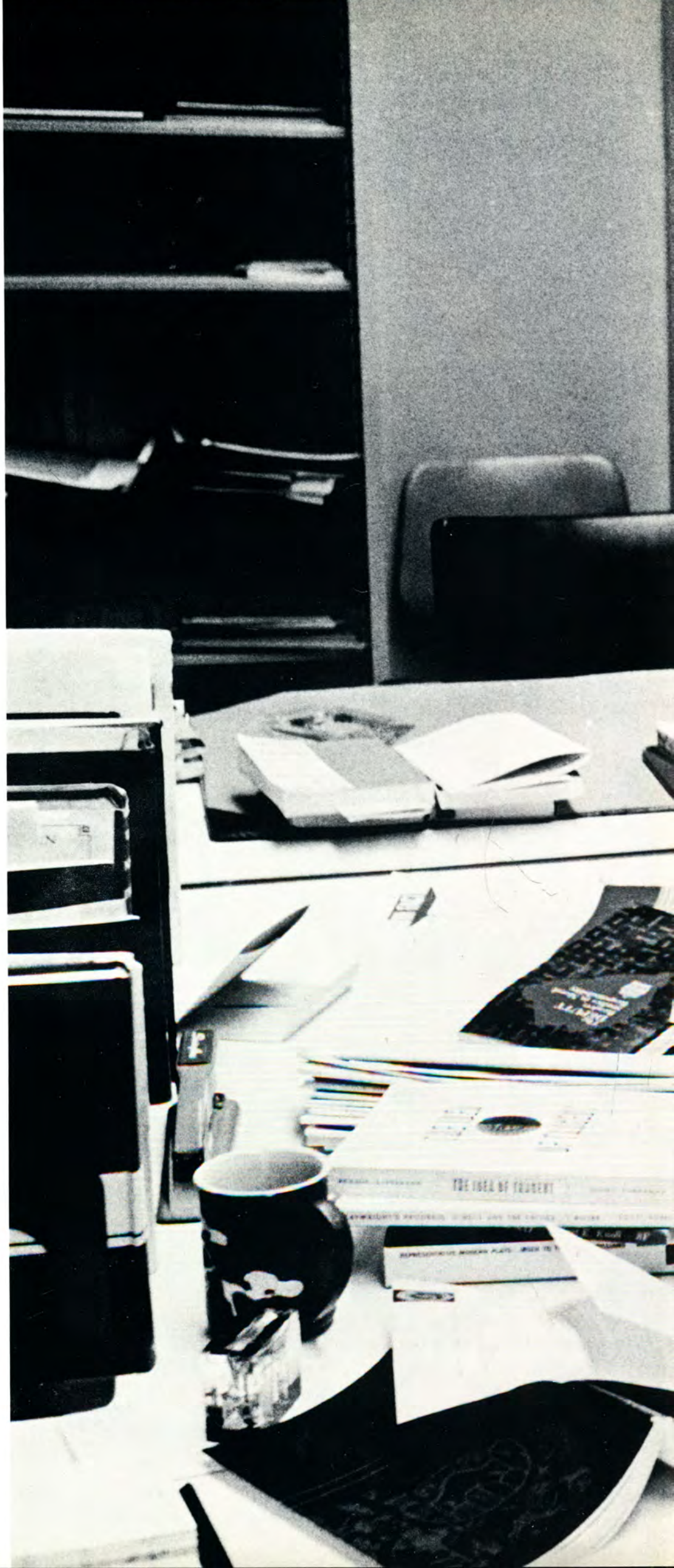




























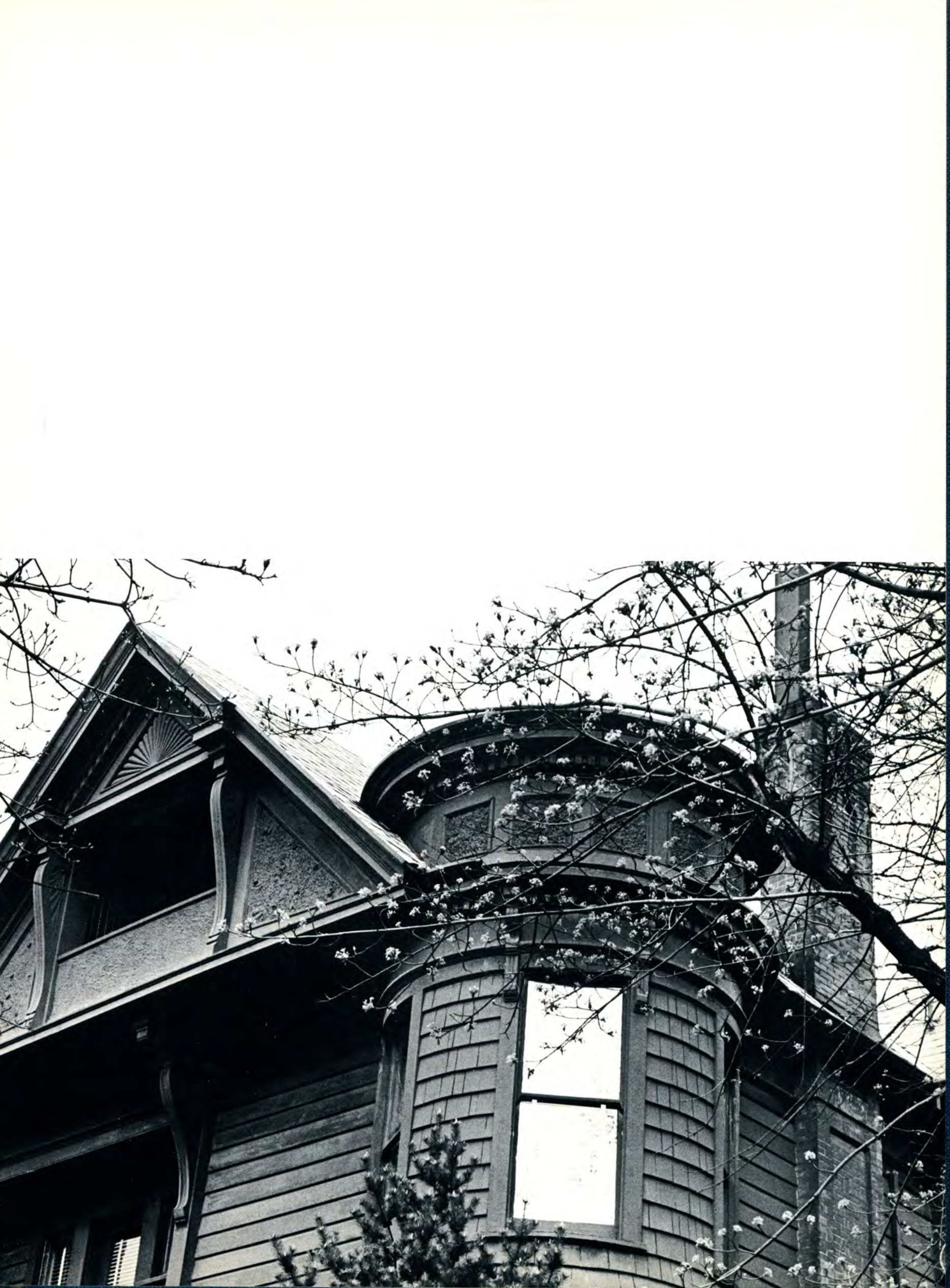


Teacher
Education Program
Advisement Center









76-81 They locked the door on PSC sports fans this year and President Branford P. Millar told a bunch to go away. It was the year of the win, the NCAA crown, the go-go Vikings. And the untitled "new" gym was filled (unofficially) beyond the wildest dreams of the fire marshall.

The PSC football team ended its unheralded 4-6 season with an almost upset of Idaho State in the Cranberry Bowl, the annual Thanksgiving extravaganza at Multnomah Stadium. Gallant men were not enough, however, as the Bengal Tigers held the last-gasp Vikings under, and celebrated the turkey fest with a 27-7 victory.

82-85 The speed merchant basketballers played to full houses throughout the season and Millar played doorstop at the new gym's official opening. Basketball popularity heightened as the fans were doubly treated to a winning team and a razzle dazzle style of play that accentuated point production and the sudden and unpredictable application of the full court press. It was a grand show.

Senior Bill Wilkerson supplied the consistency backbone to the team's final 19-7 regular season record by setting a new school point mark of 657. Wilkerson finished the season in top 20 scorers among the nation's collegiate division schools.

The team ended the season by heading south to San Diego for the Far West Region IV NCAA College Division basketball tournament.

There they bombed out, got bombed out, laid the proverbial egg that wasn't golden and came back looking to next year.

86-87 The wrestling team, as usual, didn't bomb out but rewarded coach Howard Wescott with his first undefeated season. Westcott and Co. moved through the season undaunted as they toppled Pacific Eight Conference champion Oregon State, 21-11, the University of Oregon, 24-9, and the University of Washington 24-8, in an end of the season flurry that deflated the northwestern big time athletic mills.

The Viking mat squad then paused to uproot powerful Wyoming, 17-12, and moved into the NCAA College and University Division wrestling championship at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

They were ranked first in the college division when they went there, and when they got back, it was official. They were national champions.

Returning 115-pound champion Rick Sanders continued his pinning ways to retain the national crown and become the outstanding wrestler of the meet. Marasu Yatabe, 145-pounder, gathered PSC's second individual title.

In the university division the Vikings placed fifth with Sanders again taking the national title. Sanders later went on solo to the Amateur Athletic Union national free-style championships, where he placed 1st in the 125.5-pound division.

92-95 Then the dance went one, flew on, moved on through the red and blue glitter of glass and color against the raucous, lonely, grouped up-freaked out notes of a horn, a guitar, strings flown out against a swirling dizzy crowd of people whirling through the circled hall and down the soaring, weaving floor.

You didn't dance this year, you went to the ballroom, you heard the sounds, the new, old big bang running sounds of a new religion taking off with fire and the roar of the lions caged up, strobing-stroking, moving-ever moving, bright and blinding light, music falling off the walls and over the terrace rail to gas fumed gatherers with beer and women.

If you were old and straight or young and straight, you didn't go near the pit of the Friday-Saturday night Park Block bluster. You walked along the sidewalk on the other side of the street and looked up to the third floor bedlam of flashing noise. If you passed among some of those who somehow be-

longed up there, you pretended not to notice them or how they dressed or what they said or who was on their arms or in their hands.

You walked along and only looked and thought, and heard what it is, and wondered what it was like and you knew it never would be yours. You felt better but somehow wished that you had not passed along so soon and could retrace the steps that led downtown and only let you out when you had drunk too much, and maybe not then.

You never went in, old man-young man.

And the music moved on through the bones and limbs of women, girls in mini-tent-sandaled color of fabric, unlabeled clothes. And if you couldn't hear the music when the doors were locked and the police had moved them all along, if you didn't hear it again when you walked the halls or the park, you didn't go back.

Then the dance went on...

96-101 The Drama year began with a production of Max Frisch's "Firebugs," a play of protest against Fascism and conformity. The production which starred Arnold Hummasti and Gay Mathis was somewhat uneven but the sets were evocative.

The Music Department added its forces to a production of that proverbial musical chestnut, "The Mikado." At times the orchestra was too loud or the singers too low but the production often sparkled as brightly as Mary Collins' costumes.

A strange new director, Leila Saad, presented Ferlinghetti's "A Coney Island of the Mind" as a musical revue. One of the first Cabaret performances of its kind, it went through many successful performances.

The year's highlight, "Hamlet," was probably the least interesting play. An imported professional and several fine cast members could not raise the play from confusions of concept and interpretation. The play just couldn't work.

The Lunch Box Theater was sparked by Hummasti's production of Ionesco's "The Bald Soprano." The production was light and subtle and played with a sense that meaning might be more important than production methods. It had all the qualities the department's other productions lacked.

102-103 PSC's newest addition to the concert scene was its Cabaret, a suggestion by Alan Cherney which gradually drew in the Music Committee and the Poetry Series. The late Friday night session gave a home to both concerts and the spoken word and supported many student talents.

Brahms' German Requiem was performed by the chorus and orchestra in the early part of March. The concert was sponsored jointly by the PSC Musicians' Trust Fund. Perhaps the most ambitious work to be performed by PSC, the German Requiem was enthusiastically enjoyed by the downtown critics. But the most exciting thing in the PSC season was the advent of the new Group for Contemporary Music. The group presented some of the more modern works in the chamber repertoire. And the audiences were Philistine or IN as the work struck them.

Always present was the Tape Recorder that was the most Avant-Garde of the performers. PSC found that there was some music you couldn't sing, whistle or hum, but that in some music there were new and strange noises. The group had a qualified success.

104-105 The White Gallery exhibited everything from children's art to a display of photographs taken by the yearbook photographers. But one of the most dramatic showings was made up of drawings and paintings by Henk Pander, who came to the United States from Holland two years ago.

The paintings were observations of loneliness: a man reaches out for a mate to complete himself; a figure leaps on another in a frenzy of lust. Pander's concern with man's alienation was expressed through his use of vivid colors.

"My paintings are not intended to be violent, really," Pander observed. "I always leave a door or a window open in my paintings so one can escape."

106 "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

"Turn on and reach a new level of experience," Timothy Leary, LSD Messiah said. "Tune in and find the key within yourselves. Express the discovery in acts of beauty. When the structure gets too complicated, drop out."

"The only meaning in life is to be found in the religious quest. Start your own religion—you've got it in you. The new sacrament is LSD and the psychedelic drugs.

"But the sacrament is dangerous. It has to detach you from the beat—the one, two, three, A, B, C, red, white, blue—and put you in the ancient rhythm."

Leary called himself a visionary . . . a Christ, a St. John of the Cross, a William James, a George Fox, a William Blake. The public called him a nut.

107 On the heels of Leary came Stokeley Carmichael, 26, head of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. His credentials: born on the island of Trinidad, one of the first "freedom riders" in the South, jailed 27 times for his role in demonstrations, advocate of Black Power.

"Right now this nation is racist from top to bottom," Carmichael told a crowd of 1484 packed into the PSC gym.

"If whites don't come through on civil rights," he said, "Negroes aren't going to remain civil about it."

"Black power means an end to police brutality when a Negro is elected sheriff in a small southern town," Carmichael said. "It means the creation of power bases from which the black people can reach out. It means coming together to elect representatives to speak for the black people. We must close our ranks to gain admission into open society."

108 State Representative Leo Thornton (R-Milwaukie) would have banned Leary and Carmichael from the state's colleges and universities. Such "barnstorming professionals" and "known advocates of lawlessness and anarchy" should not be allowed to speak in tax-supported institutions, Thornton said.

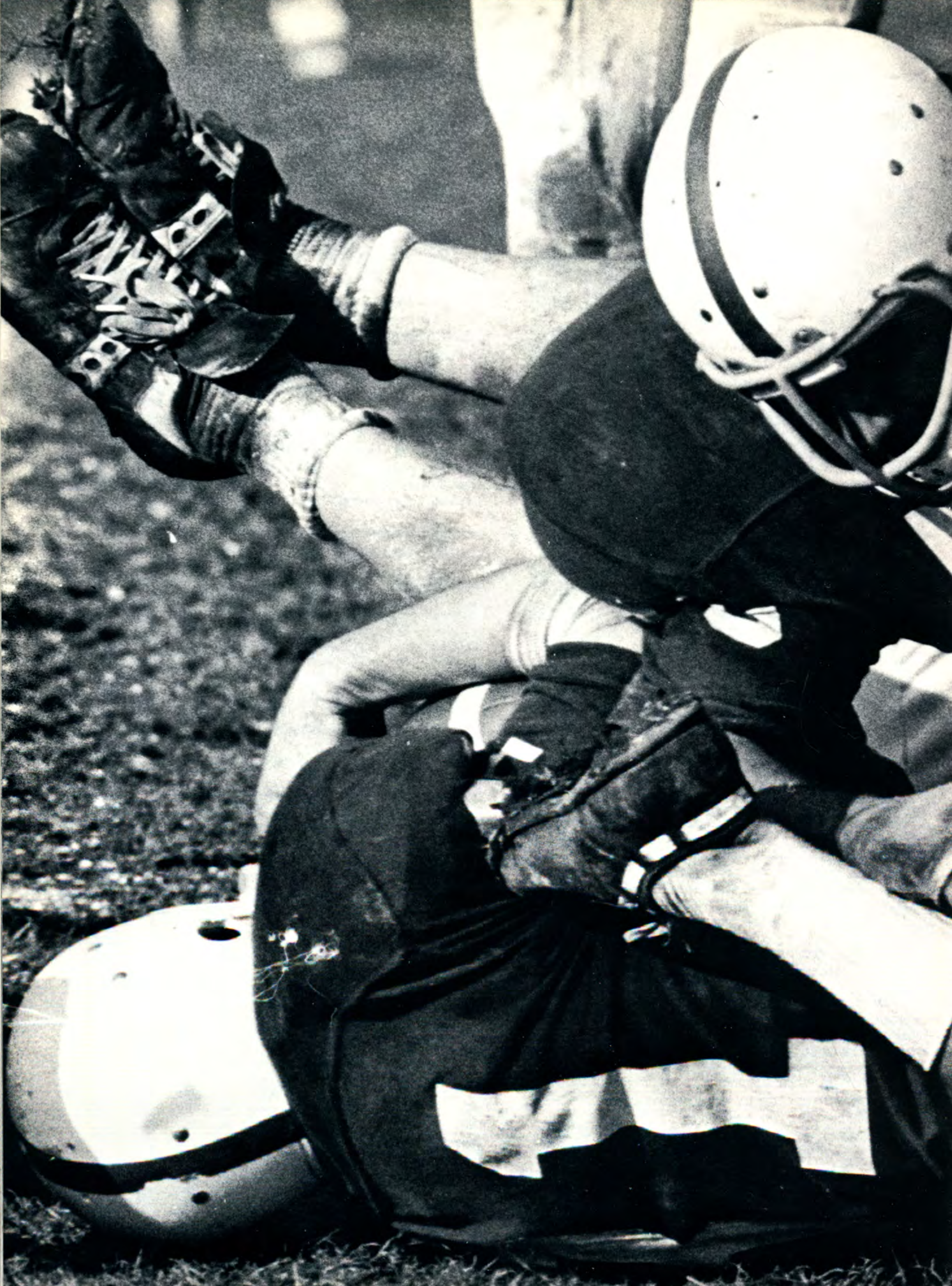
Thornton has his own three R's philosophy: Rights-Responsibility-Restraint. "I'm for a revolution of restraint based on responsibility that has to do with the rights of the individual," Thornton told a Portland State audience.

109 Then came journalist Barbara Deming, just back from a visit to North Vietnam. She told of the "war of terror" which the U. S. government was waging against the Vietnamese.

"The fact is that for every guerrilla killed, we kill six civilians," Miss Deming told an overflow audience in College Center. "We have already killed one-quarter million Vietnamese children with napalm bombs."

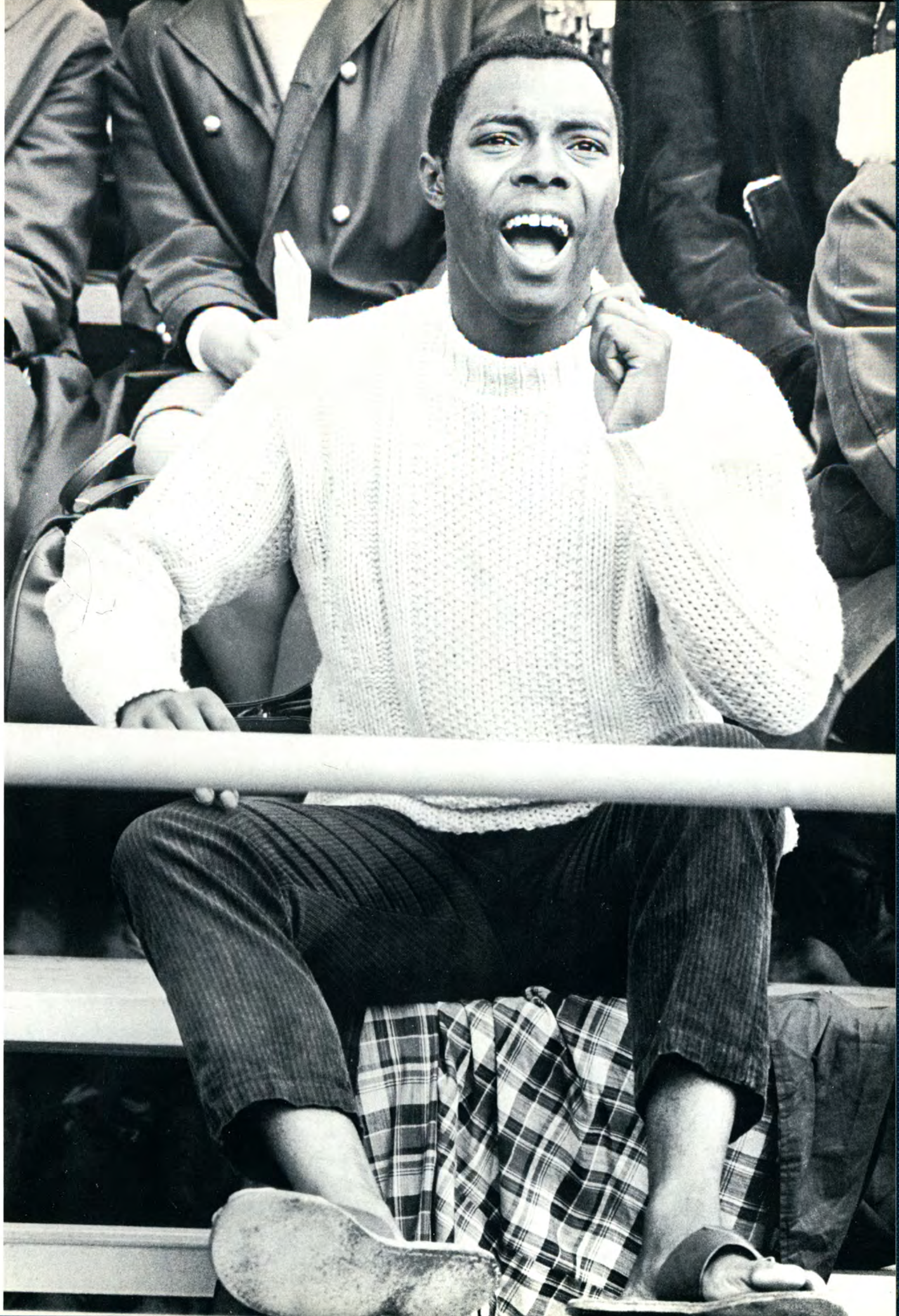
She reported seeing a baby wounded by a "lazy-dog" bomb while still in its mother's womb; a child whose limbs had been melted together by napalm; and a man who lost his vision through defoliation spray dropped by American planes.

Others spoke, right, left and center. They told of the many things experience, study and self discovery had taught them. The world came to PSC and asked to be recognized.





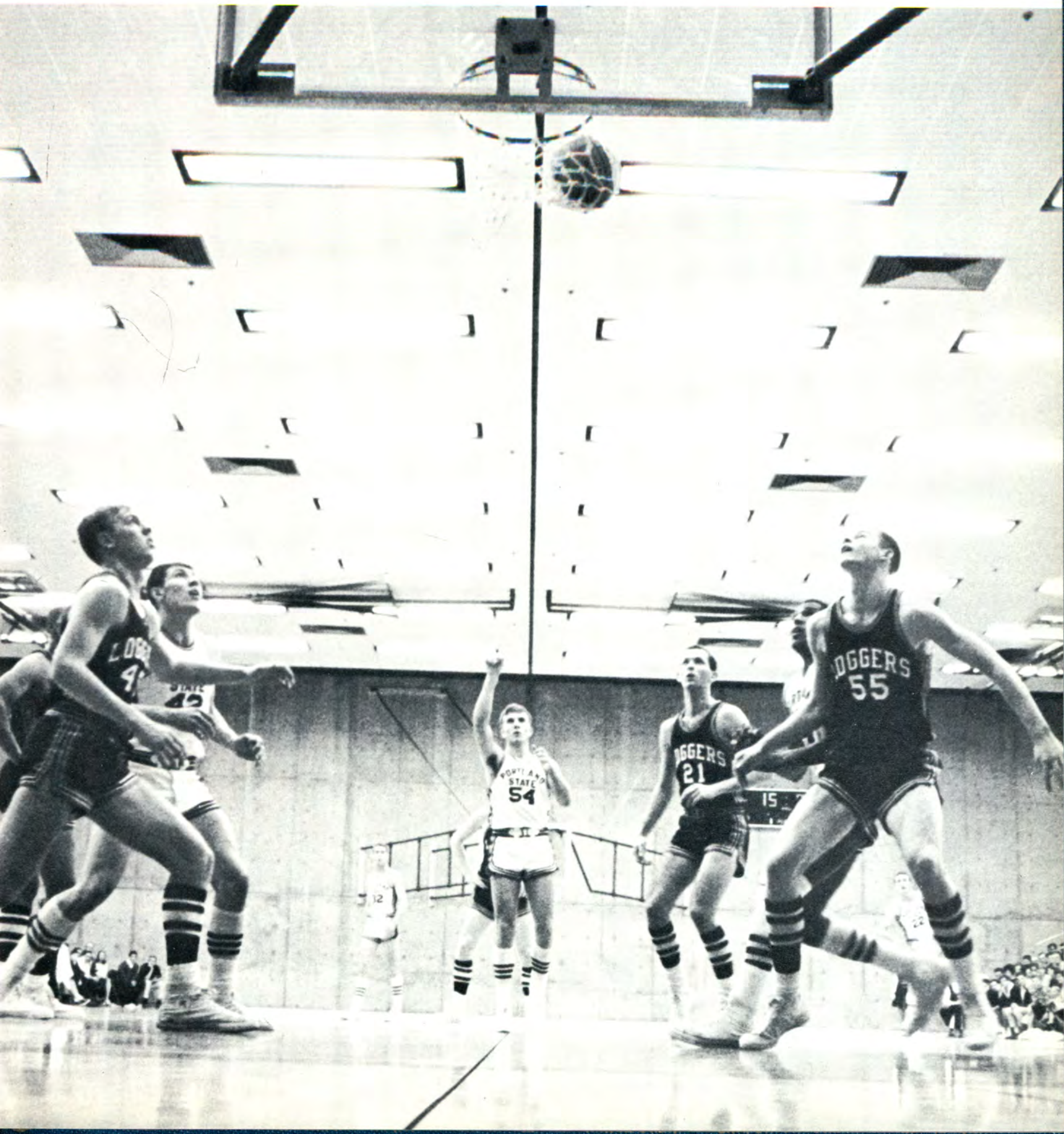


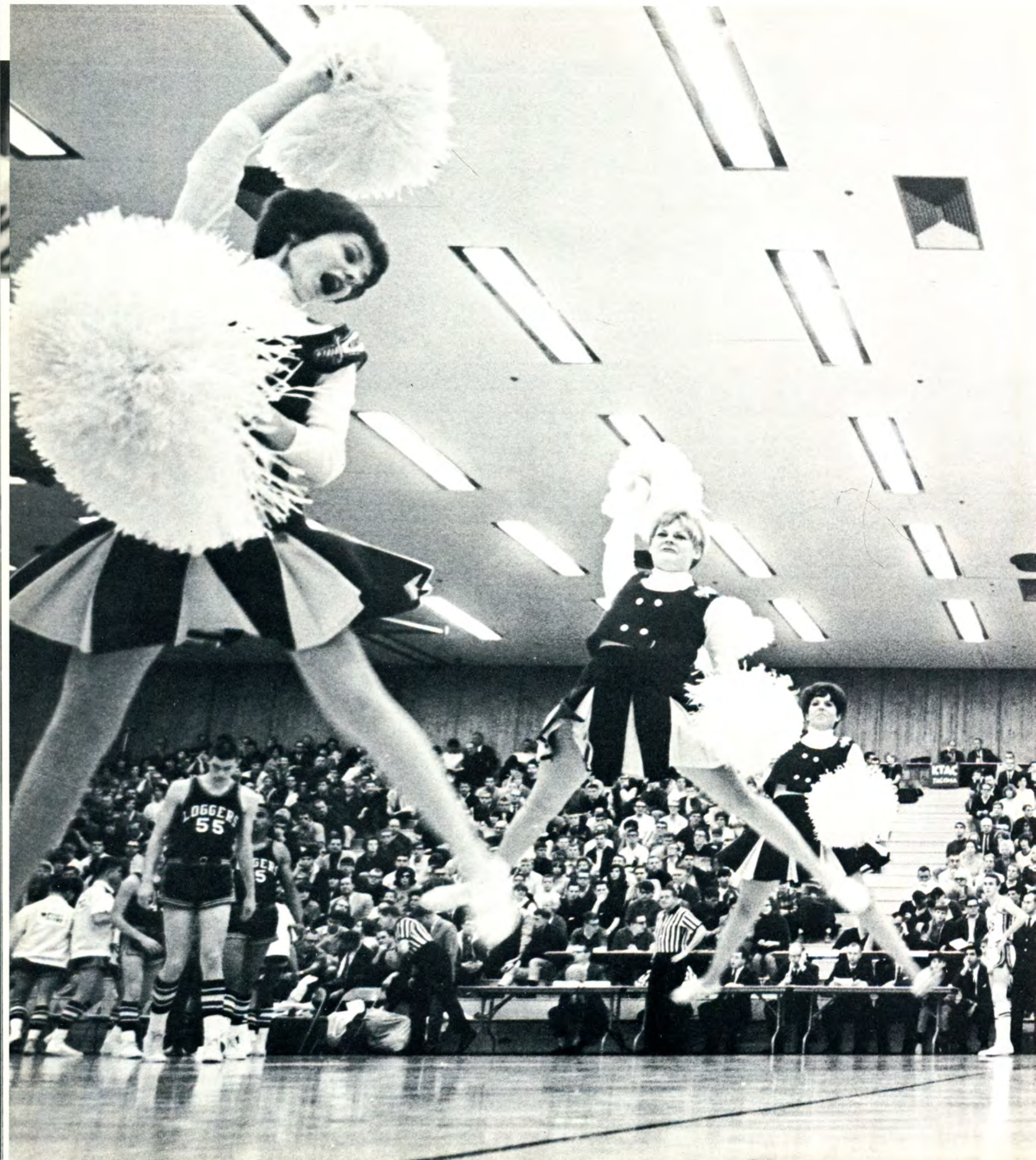




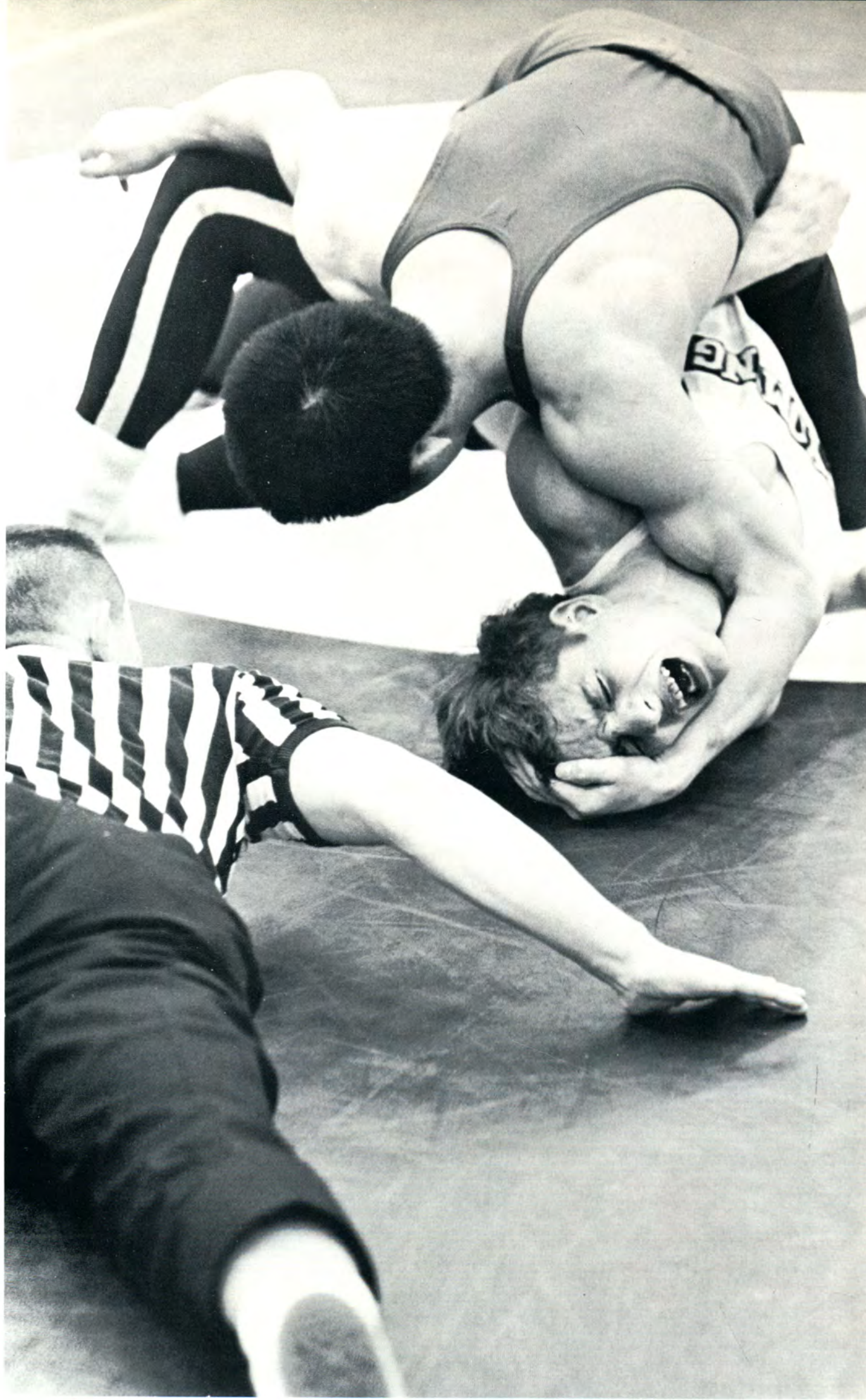




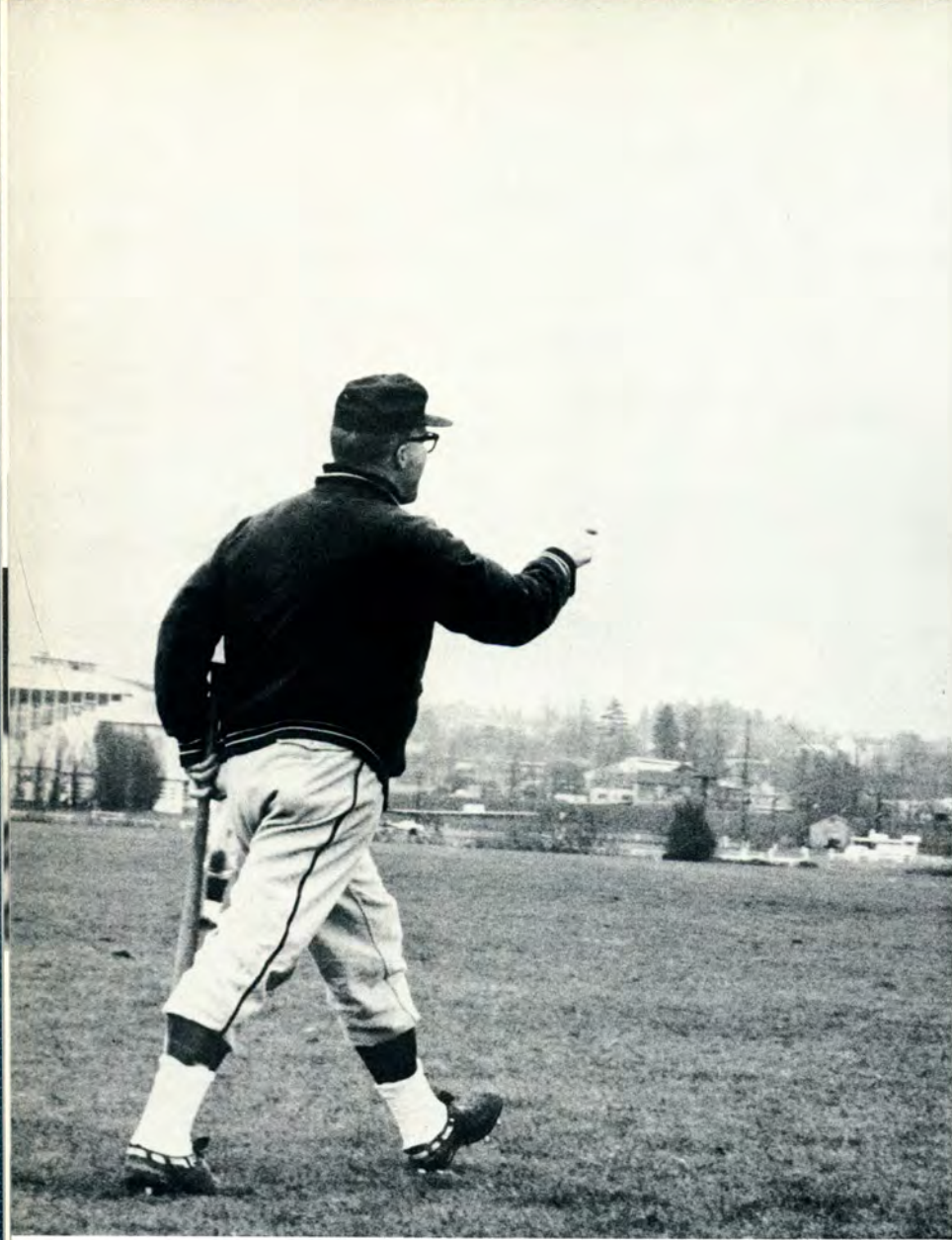


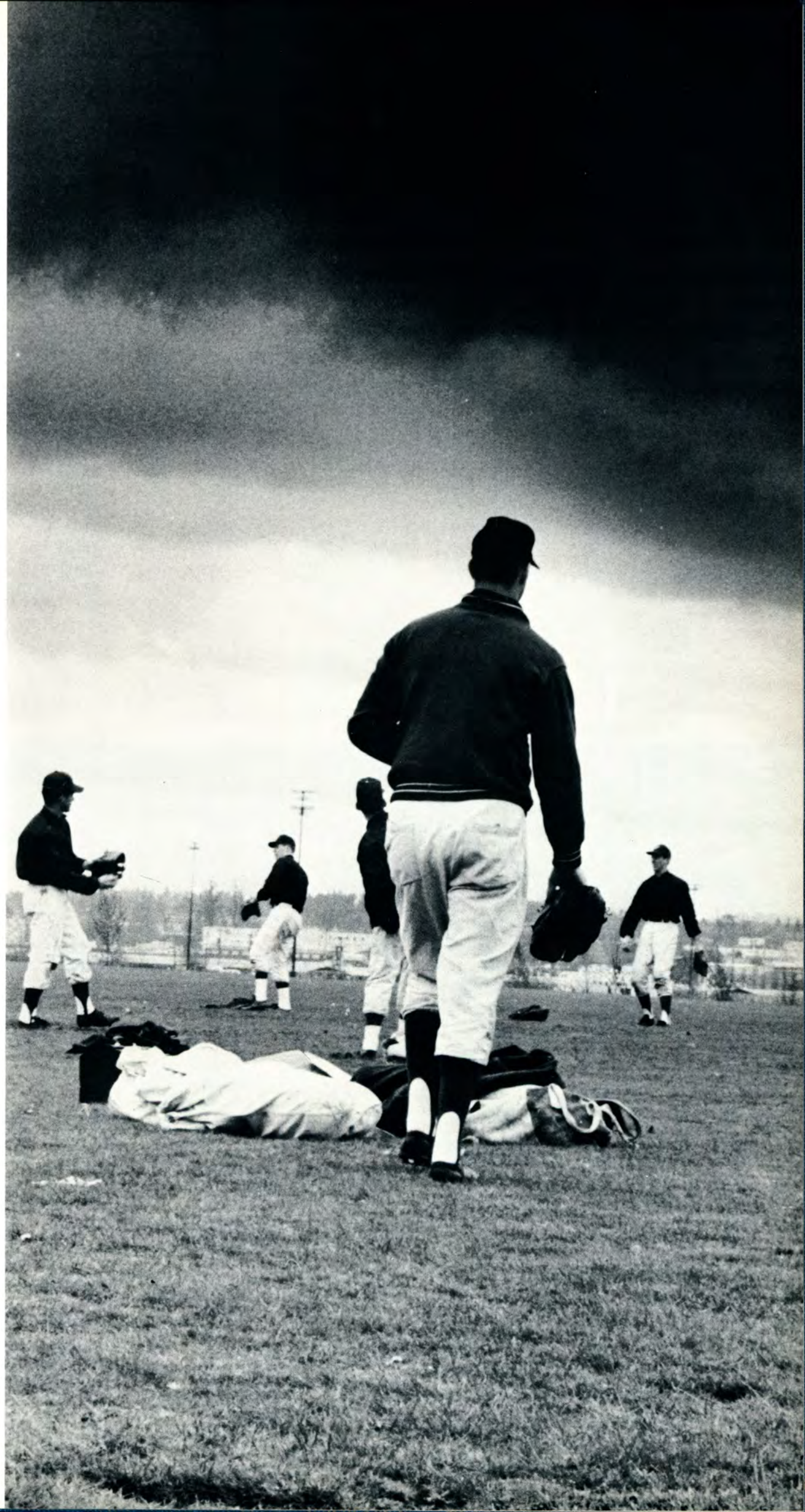








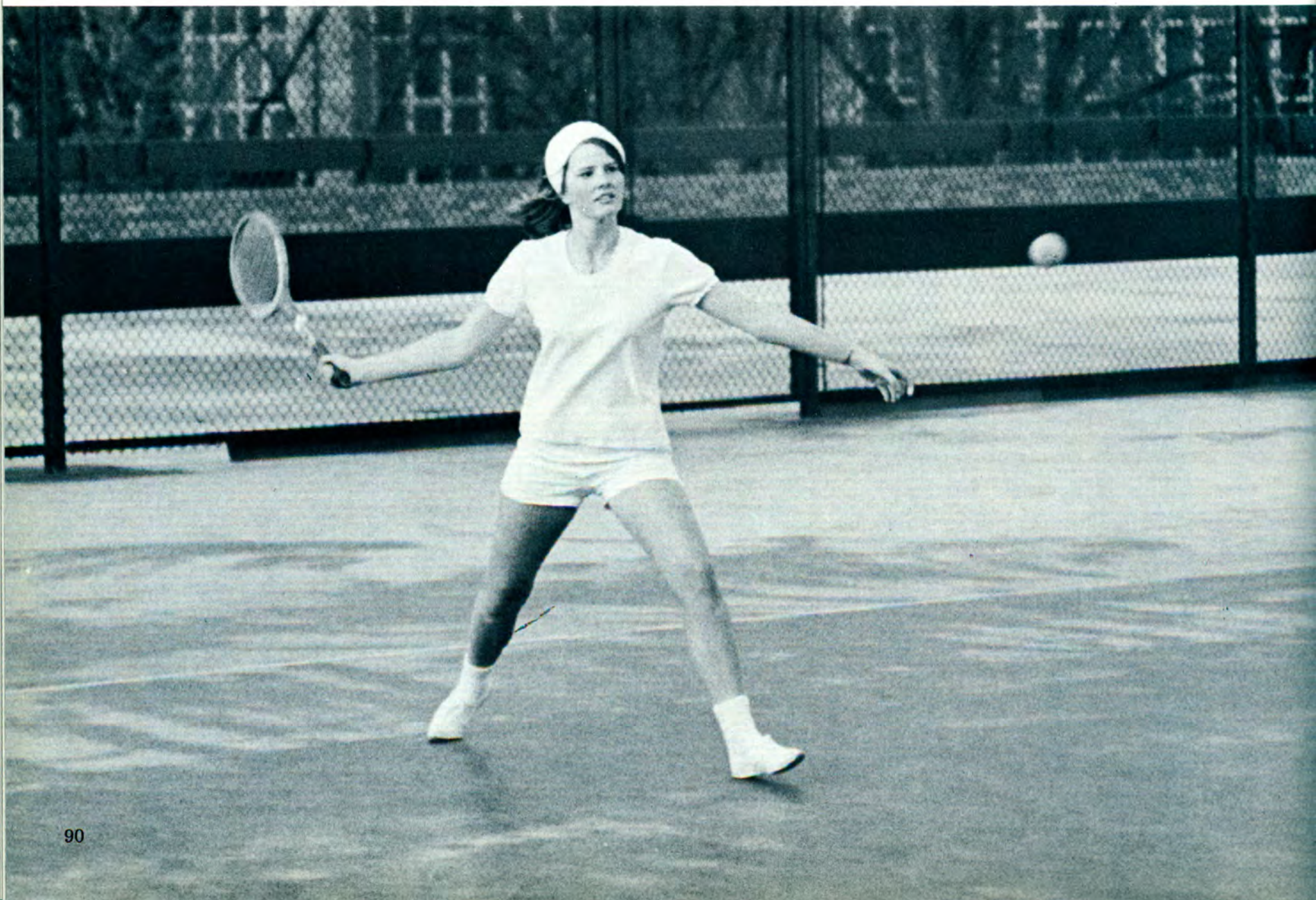




WRESTLING

- 115 Rick Sanders, champion and Outstanding wrestler
- 130 Rich Green, 4th place
- 137 Masaru Yatabe, champion
- 145 Freeman Garrison, 3rd place
- 152 Chuck Seal, champion
- 177 Tony Campbell, 5th place
- 191 Mike McKeel, 2nd place

	PSC Opp.	
Oregon State	17	11
Central Wash.	18	17
Wash. State	26	6
Utah	24	8
Fresno State	17	11
Cal Poly	21	11
Brigham Young	25	10
Washington	26	8
Western Wash.	37	0
Oregon	29	5
Southern Oregon	30	3
Eastern Oregon	26	9
Central Wash.	19	12
Oregon State	21	11
Oregon	24	9
Washington	24	8
Wyoming	17	12



BASEBALL

Catchers
Fiske, John
Cooper, Bill

Infielders
Hatch, Dave
Hergert, Pat
Bauer, Dave
Withers, Dan
Johnson, Paul
Field, Scott
Zimmerli, Lee

Outfielders
Siler, Rodger
Thompson, Val
Tullis, John
Wassom, Bruce

Pitchers
Fahey, Les
Gorman, Ed
Scharringhausen, Gil
Ellett, Mickey
Gates, Roger
Scholtes, Ron
Wallace, Dean

Opponent	PSC-Opp.
Nevada	2-3 7-9
Cal Aggies	6-0 3-5
Chico State	0-2 2-1
Linfield	3-5 6-8 2-4
Oregon State	3-6 5-0
Oregon College	7-1
Lewis & Clark	14-2
Pacific	8-3
Oregon State	2-8
Oregon	5-4 10-7
West. Washington	4-6 3-0
Seattle Pacific	6-5 4-2
Seattle U.	0-2 4-3
St. Martin's	10-1
Seattle U.	1-0 4-3
Southern Oregon	5-4 4-0
Seattle Pacific	9-2 2-1
Oregon	2-7
Pacific	11-4
Oregon College	4-5
Oregon State	2-6
U. Puget Sound	2-3 4-5

FOOTBALL

Montana State 50PSC 7
Lewis & Clark 14PSC 7
Montana 10PSC 0
Br. Columbia 14PSC 0
PSC 40Western Wash. 13
PSC 56Oregon Tech 0
PSC 36Central Wash. 27
Weber State 51PSC 6
PSC 20Southern Oregon 10
Idaho State 12PSC 7

Adamson, LarryG
Allison, GaryHB
Bennett, LannyC
Bodine, BillG
Bohlander, CorkHB
Brush, JohnE
Calkins, LarryC
Clark, BruceE
Cooper, BillG
Cripe, BarryG
Crouchley, EarlG
Davis, GeneT
Everett, RickT
Fee, TomT
Filley, JimE
Gorman, EdQB
Heard, JimFB
Henricksen, LarryFB
Hergert, PatHB
Janes, BruceE
Jones, TerryE
Lambert, LouFB
Livermore, TerryE
Londos, TimT
McGahuey, KenFB
Malensky, RoyG
Martindale, PeteG
McDade, KarlQB
McGriff, DaleG
McKeel, MikeG
Mikulic, SteveHB
Moore, JimT
Ober, TomHB
Oldenburg, JerryE
Olin, MikeC
Raddle, KenT
Radke, AllenG
Selanders, JackT
Sheehy, DennisFB
Silve, RickHB
Somner, BrentE
Suloff, DonE
Thompson, ValHB
Weber, BobE
Whitehead, JimE
Withers, DanQB
Wood, PeteT
Weygandt, TimT
Young, GaryT

BASKETBALL

12 Dave Whelan—G
20 Curtis Heath—G
22 Hal Dohling—G
24 Randy Bethke—G
30 Mike O'Gara—F-C
32 Peter Ness—F
34 Bill Wilkerson—F
42 Ed Gorman—F
44 Chris Stanley—C
50 Bill Reisbick—F
54 Don Suloff—F-C

Opponent	PSC	Opp.
U. of Br. Columbia..	81	69
U. of Br. Columbia..	93	71
Idaho State	118	112
Calif. State	81	100
Southern Oregon	106	77
Southern Oregon	124	91
Northern Arizona	103	108
Alma College	84	74
Calif. Western	78	81
Linfield	102	79
U. of Br. Columbia..	101	80
Central Wash.	79	74
U. of Puget Sound	91	65
Western Wash.	68	82
Gonzaga	83	101
Montana State	98	83
Montana	95	82
Alaska	83	77
Alaska	88	77
Linfield	105	97
St. Martin's	110	90
Seattle Pacific	81	98
Gonzaga	91	80
Seattle Pacific	87	75
Montana	108	99
Montana State	85	104
San Diego State	73	101
U. of Calif.	61	81

DANK

LITE SHOW

TWEEDY
BROTHERS

P. H.

PHACTOR
JUGBAND

GREAT
PUMPKIN



THE

RETINAL
CIRCUS
LITE-SHOW

SAT
8:12

THE
WIKI

1912

SWAN







































114-121 It began as a joke born of anger.

Joe Uris, 26, sociology major from New York City, ran for student body president.

"You have a birthright to an exciting education," Uris told students, "and your rights are being sold. They are sold by tidy little minds and ambitious little men."

"What you are given instead is an expensive union card which gives you the right to work until you die without ever having to question what is really going on around you."

Uris talked politics in the language of poetry. And he put his poetry into action.

"In the belief that education can best be attained in an environment that develops the whole man intellectually, spiritually, physically and socially, we recognize the obligation to strengthen the educational community by encouraging mutual cooperation and the realization of the rights of each member of this community."

For the first time in college history, Uris got students placed on each of 14 faculty committees as voting members. "Students will continue to behave as you expect them to," Uris told a jammed faculty meeting. "If your expectations are low they will fulfill them. But if you see them as some day joining your community, then give them partial access to your world."

Uris called a strike. "We are striking to give greater representation to students," Uris said. "Students should have the end say in all their programs and final control over all their funds. We consider these rights more important than the privilege to attend a film on Friday night as a beneficent gift of the institution." All board chairmen for student programs ceased to function in compliance with the strike.

Students continued to attend dances, films, and lectures. "Uris is dead" flyers were scattered through the cafeteria. A sign, "Uris University," flanked by a swastika and a hammer and sickle, appeared above the college. After three weeks Uris called the strike off. He termed it "a qualified success." The strike, he said, had forced the administration to arbitrate the student constitution.

Said College President Branford P. Millar, "Uris came along at just the right time. He symbolized the possibility of change. He was asking for participatory democracy in the college."

Two weeks before Uris left office, the House Committee on Un-American Activities said it had evidence that Joe was a communist. Students and faculty rallied to his support, but somehow everything seemed spoiled, turned sour. The joke born of anger was no longer a joke. But Uris fulfilled his campaign promise:

"I think we will be able to break the long tradition of Promethian failure. If not, at least we won't lie on the rock silent and terrified as we are slowly devoured. Rather, we will let cry at the horror of it all."

122-123 The faculty, as well as the students, were on the move for more participation in the decision making process at the college.

More than 150 of them jammed into 53 State Hall to decide whether students would sit as voting members on faculty committees. The issue had already been approved by the Faculty Senate but an initiative petition had recalled the decision; the faculty as a whole wanted its say. "For the first time in years the faculty has before it a meaningful question" said one professor. "If students are given a significant role I believe they will accept the responsibility that goes with it." Countered another, "The students' case is founded on sand. They are not going to return government to the people; there is too much bureaucracy to go through already." By overwhelming voice vote, the faculty opened each of its 14 committees to two voting student members.

For the second year in a row the faculty was to decide whether it wanted to take part in the Mosser merit award program to give \$1000 bonuses to each of the 30 teachers rated "outstanding" by their students. This year the faculty got its say—nearly three hours of it in a special session. The decision: Narrow defeat of a motion to reject the Mosser Plan and establish a mandatory student rating system instead.

The vote: 52 to 43. In effect, the faculty had hoped to participate in the plan again this year, but the decision did not eliminate the problems of awarding the money. As late as May 1 the award committee had failed to agree on a criteria for selection of the 30 recipients.

Faculty concern for its voice in the decision making process sounded during the weekend of March 3-4. Classes let out as hundreds of faculty gathered to hash over the topic, "Faculty Governance in an Emerging University." It sounded dull, but the issue at stake was an important one: How should the existing faculty constitution be revised? No resolutions were passed and no vote was taken. But the large attendance at the conference itself was significant.

Portland State College is on its way to becoming Portland State University. It is no longer a question of whether it will happen—but when.

That was the top PSC story out of the Oregon Legislature this year as State Senator Don Willner (D-Portland) dropped SB 31 into the hopper. The bill would appropriate \$2 million to have the college begin offering courses in the fall of 1969 leading to PhD's in biophysics and environmental science. Another \$758,520 would be spent immediately to strengthen master's degree programs. At the same time, the initials of the college would be changed from PSC to PSU.

Offering doctoral programs is "vitally important to the business and industrial growth in the Portland area and throughout the state," Willner told the State Board of Higher Education. Support for his bill came from the Portland Chamber of Commerce, which prepared the original draft bill, and the Portland AFL-CIO. The only organized opposition was Associated Oregon Industries. The State Board reluctantly approved the bill, saying that offering doctoral programs by 1969 would upset the board's timetable. It sets 1971-73 as the time for PhD's at PSC.

Willner's bill would also step up the planning of the Portland State administration. Under the original time schedule, the college would have offered master's degrees across the board before jumping into PhD's. But with the bill before him, College President Branford P. Millar put his stamp of approval on the stepped up time schedule. "We must begin our preparations now," he told the faculty senate. With two abstentions, the senate unanimously endorsed the bill.

124-127 Speakers came, films and paintings were shown, but Educational Activities had problems.

Some laid the blame on the "system"; others on the personalities in it. But from all sides the conclusion was the same; something was wrong up on the Fourth Floor. To students working on the Activity Boards, it was the reams of red tape, the paternalism of the advisors and the control of Dean of Students Channing Briggs over student funds. To faculty members it was the encroachment of Activities into academic areas and the proliferating power of the dean's office.

Set up in 1963, Activities is divided into four boards: Academic Affairs, Publications, Community Affairs and Social Recreation. These are responsible to the Executive Board composed of members from each. Students man the boards along with a staff of five Activities advisors. The chain of command runs from the advisors to Activities Co-ordinator Mrs. Henry L. Corbett to Dean of Students Briggs. He is the man delegated responsibility for the more than \$100,000 a year operation.

The Administrative Code of the State of Oregon makes the president of a college or university ultimately responsible for its expenditures. College President Branford P. Millar made it clear that in the area of Activities Briggs had that responsibility, not students and faculty.

The paternalism of Activities advisors and administrative red tape came under fire from student board chairmen. Four of them quit. "I felt as though I was butting my head against a brick wall," commented Pamela Erickson who resigned as chairman of the Community Affairs Board. "There's so much red tape and so many needless formalities. Students are treated as though they can't assume responsibility." Jeanne Bailey, former Academic Board Chairman, said, "Advisors tell students what's to be done. Activities is a challenge for those who enjoy fighting Mickey Mouse red tape." Student Body President Joe Uris refused to fill the vacant seats. "The whole thing is absurd," he concluded.

128-129 PSC Publications made it through another year.

There was one casualty; a new literary magazine that was to be called *Yin Yang* made it to the manuscript stage when the editor David Josephson goofed and sought college approval of the work. The manuscript wandered from College Editor Nancy Stuart to Mark Howard, director of Public Services; to PSC President Branford P. Millar; to Dean of Students Channing Briggs; to the student-faculty Publications Board. The board balked, the manuscript disappeared, but Dave Josephson is reportedly alive and well.

The *Vanguard* struck with the last issue of winter term. Nobody noticed it was gone because it wouldn't have been there during vacation anyway. Fortunately, the downtown media played it up well, and Editor Bill Weissert began to get fan mail; he was on the 6:30 news so many times. A reconciliation emerged from an "executive conference" between Weissert and Millar and the *Vanguard* came back after a week's lapse to start its first twice-weekly publication.

The yearbook, *The Viking*, edited by David Harriman, and the literary magazine, *The Review*, edited by Robin Tibbets, had their own problems, but were so overshadowed by the Publications Board, the *Vanguard*, and *Yin Yang* that they managed to avoid publicity.

130-135 Elections 1967-68—Candidates for Presidency were Rod Barrett, George Clark, Tim Dorosh, Pat Heade, John Ross, Larry Smith.

It was a choice between "love" and "responsibility" that the voters decided in the Student Body Elections this year. The two heavy slates of Tim Dorosh (responsibility) and Larry Smith (love) raised comment from the *Oregonian* and the *Journal*. Dorosh was supported by the Business Community and Smith by the *Vanguard* and Joe Uris.

Much of the fight was about the school's "image." The Dorosh campaign was against communists and Hippies but Smith's group loved everybody. The issue was a hot one and was decided in Dorosh's favor.

Dorosh received the responsibility and Smith the last word. He quoted Tennyson, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

136-139 A year passed in Vietnam . . .

"Great progress," said President Johnson back from Guam. "Immoral and illegal," harangued Senator Wayne Morse. A quarter of a million Vietnamese children dead, reported *Ramparts* magazine.

Some felt it was not worth the death of one child.

On the night of September 27 hundreds of students took part in a demonstration against Vice President Hubert Humphrey outside the Sheraton Motor Inn.

Thirty-one were arrested.

"I sat down on the driveway. I did it in full awareness that I was breaking the law . . . I did it from my own conscience."

In the Park Blocks sixty students and faculty kept a weekly peace vigil to express sorrow for the loss of life in Vietnam.

The protesters were not the majority. Students left school to join the Service; many protested the "semi-riots." Most said nothing at all.

. . . a year passed in Vietnam.

140-145 When you become a senior, you start thinking about what you're going to do. You have to earn a living. Some students go into business. Dress shops, small businesses, even railroads are some of the favorites.

Most of the time students seem to try to ignore the problem. Most students who are seniors are over 21, and the taverns around the school are often full. As long as they stand, The Chocolate Moose, the Montgomery Gardens, and The Cheerful Tortoise are likely to be the popular places in the area.

Some students go on to grad school. One of them is Leila Saad. She is in the Theater Arts Department and one of Portland's youngest directors. "Sets and costumes are unimportant," she says, "the things that count are the actors and the scripts." Leila will go on at PSC as a graduate assistant.

Some students are here forever and many will remember Gordon Clark, the unofficial school photographer. His careful eyes measure and catch the world we live in. Seniors go, Freshman come, PSC goes on.













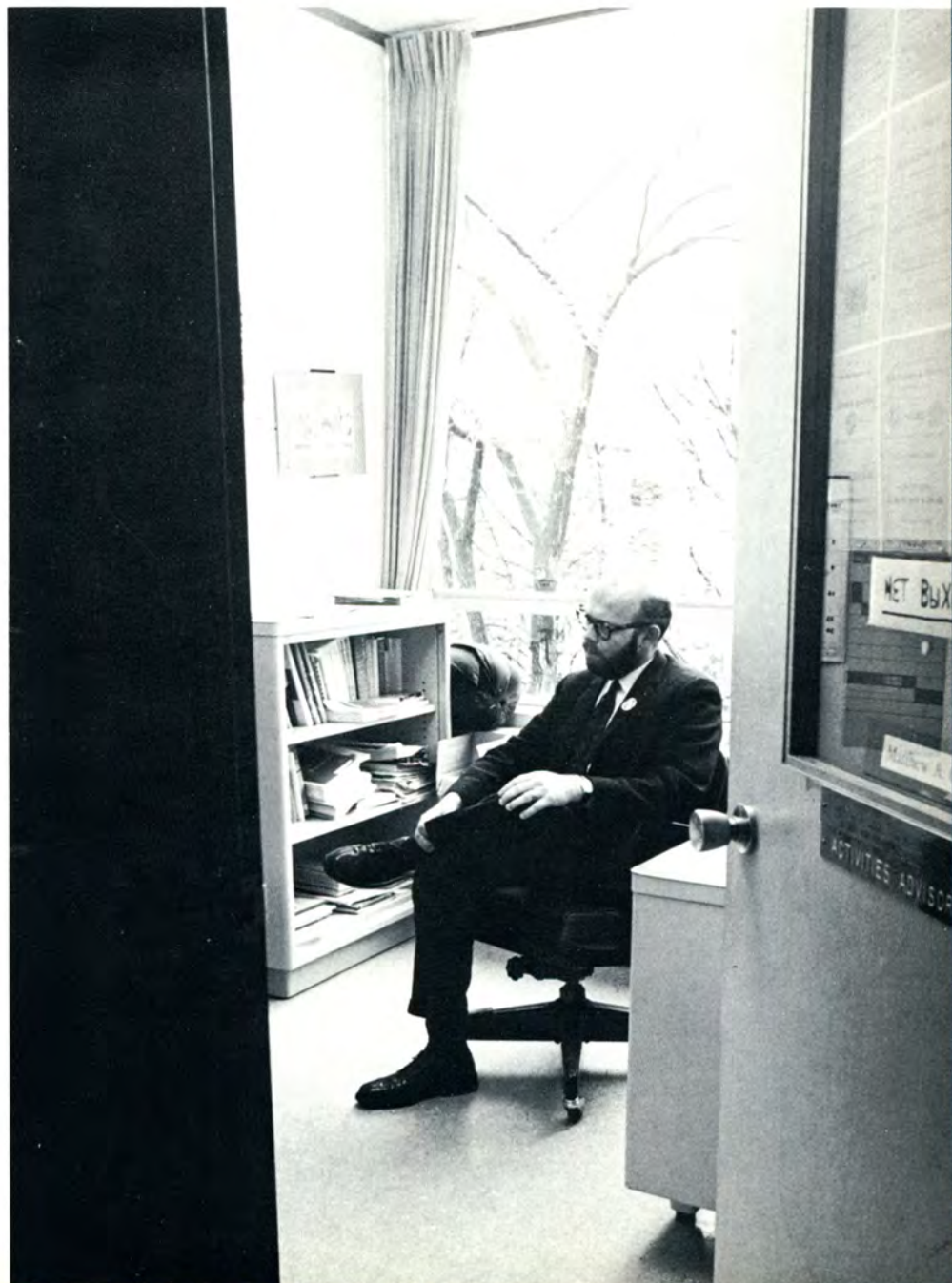










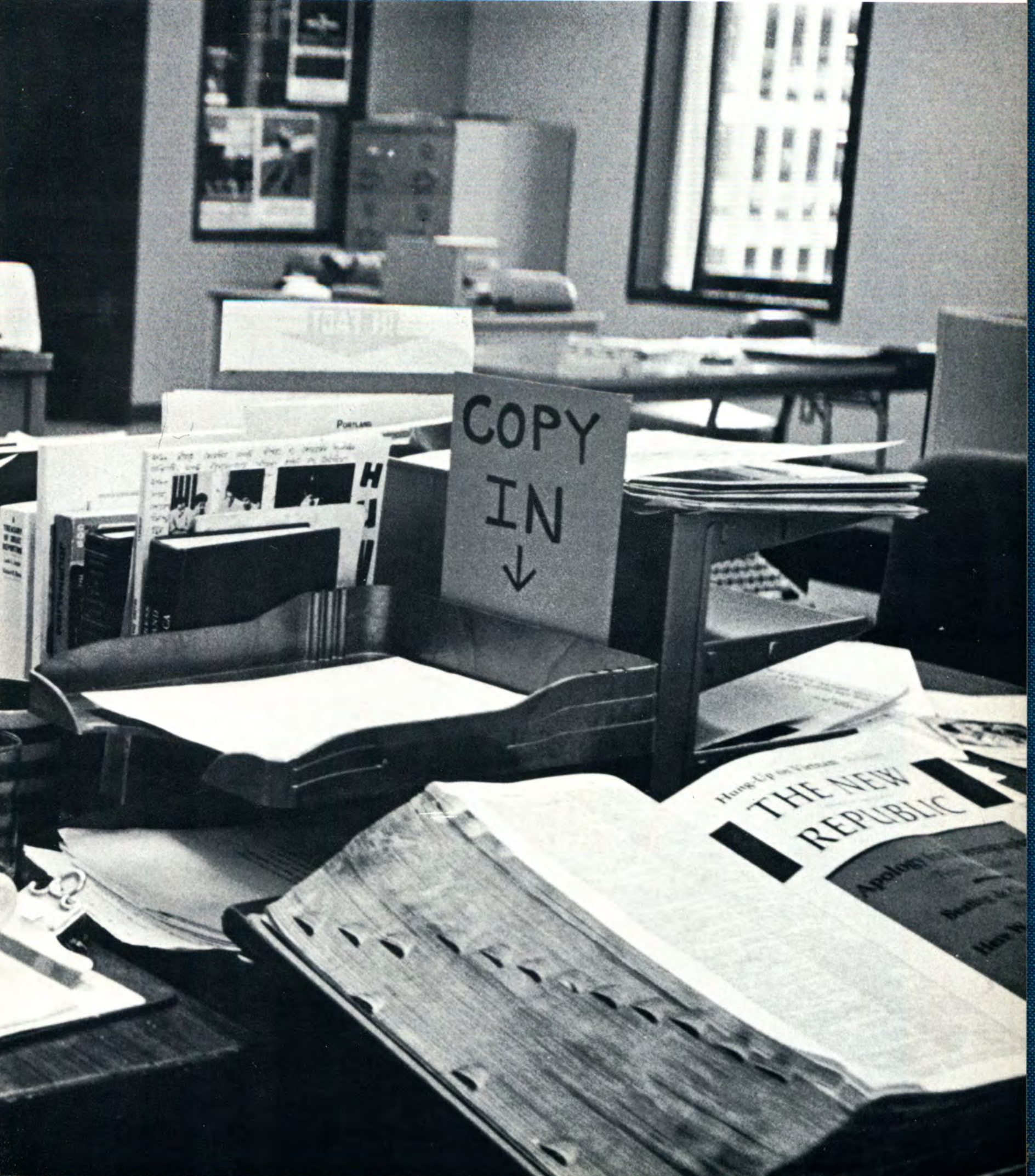


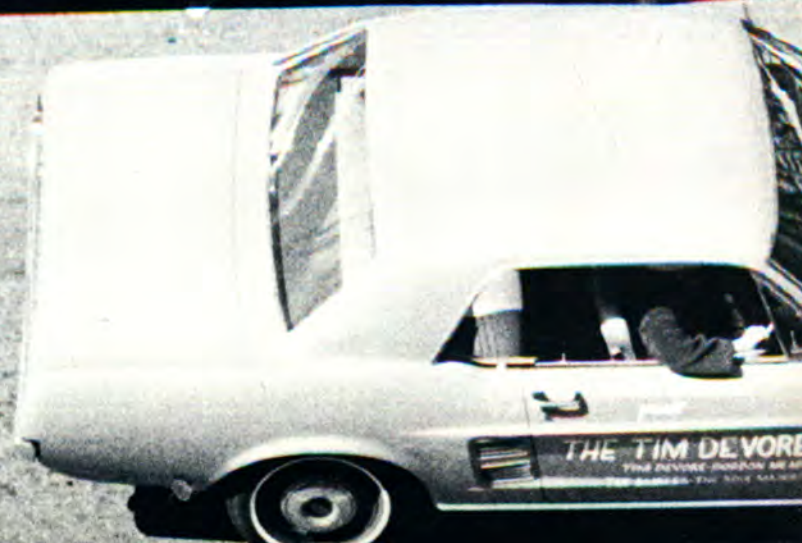
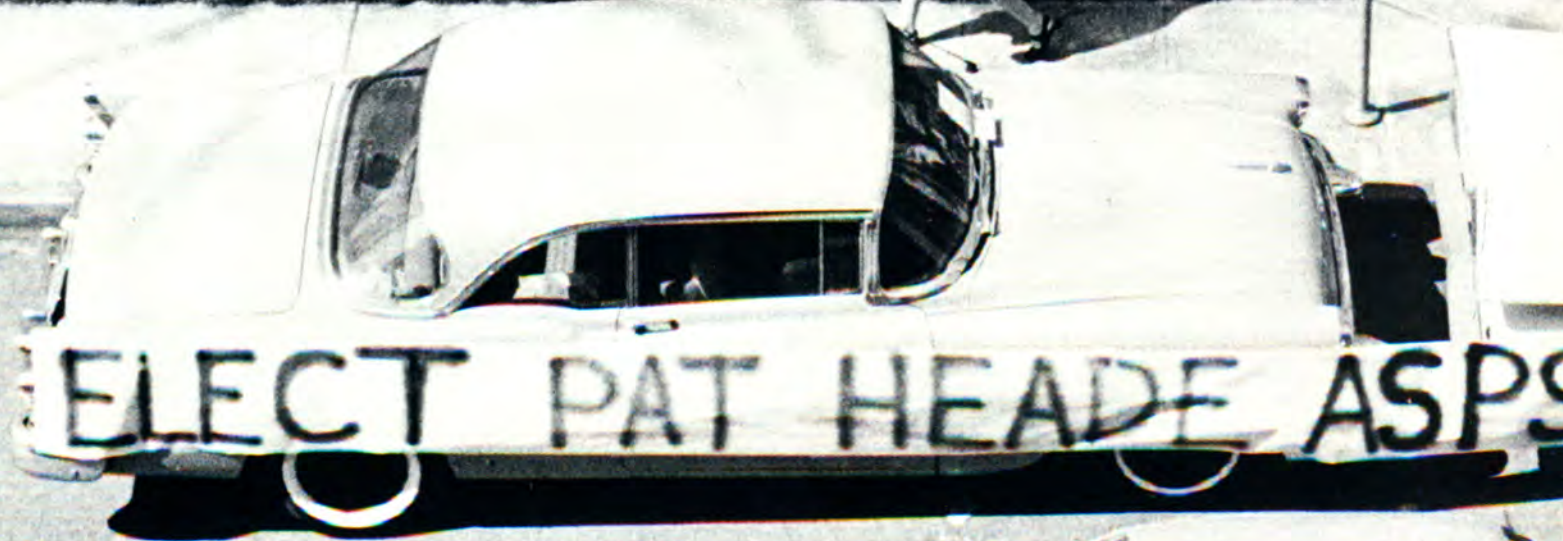






News
Editor







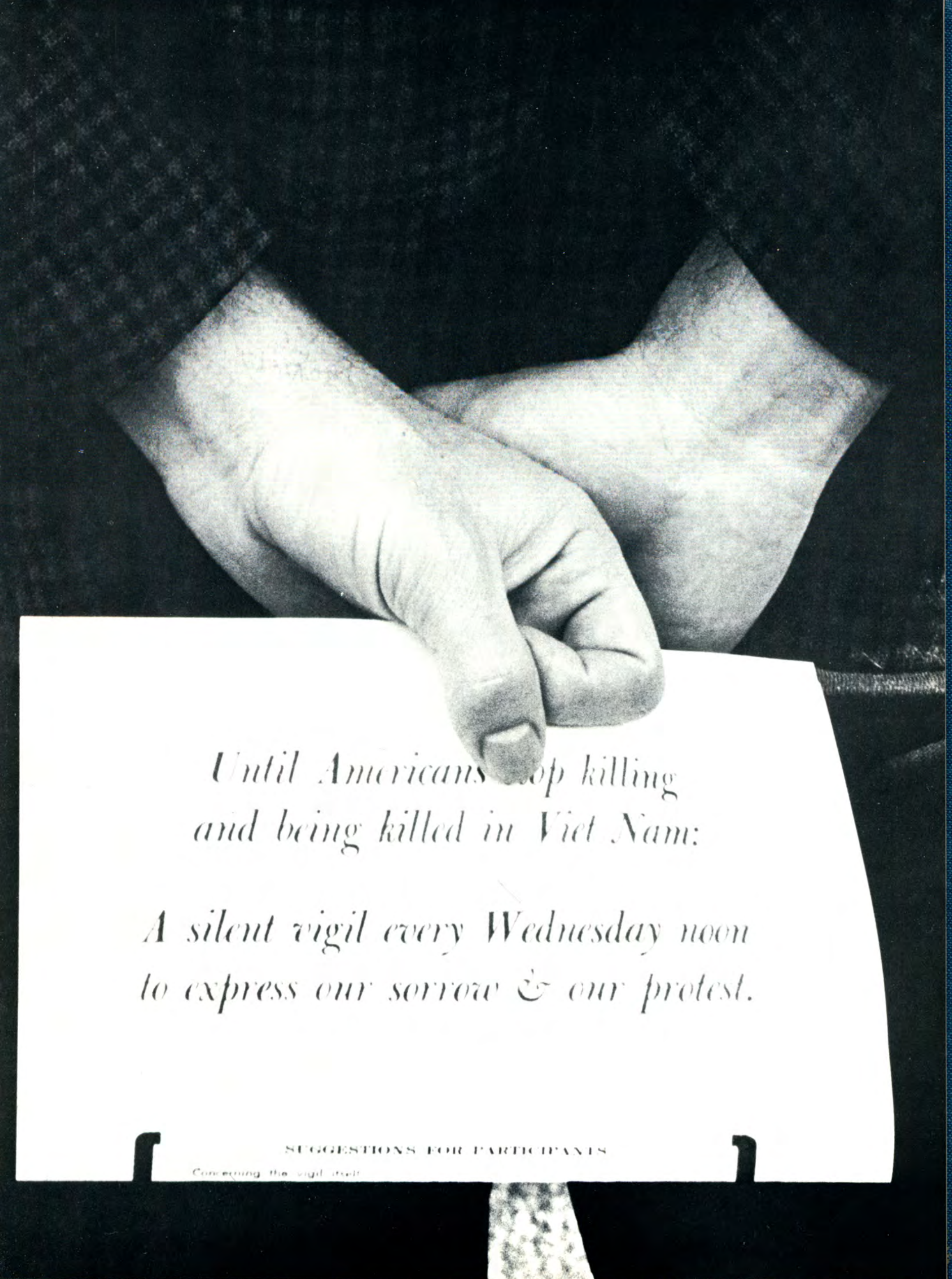












*Until Americans stop killing
and being killed in Viet Nam:*

*A silent vigil every Wednesday noon
to express our sorrow & our protest.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR PARTICIPANTS

Concerning the vigil itself



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SPEAK
FOR YOUR
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VIETNAM

CITIZENS
RINALS

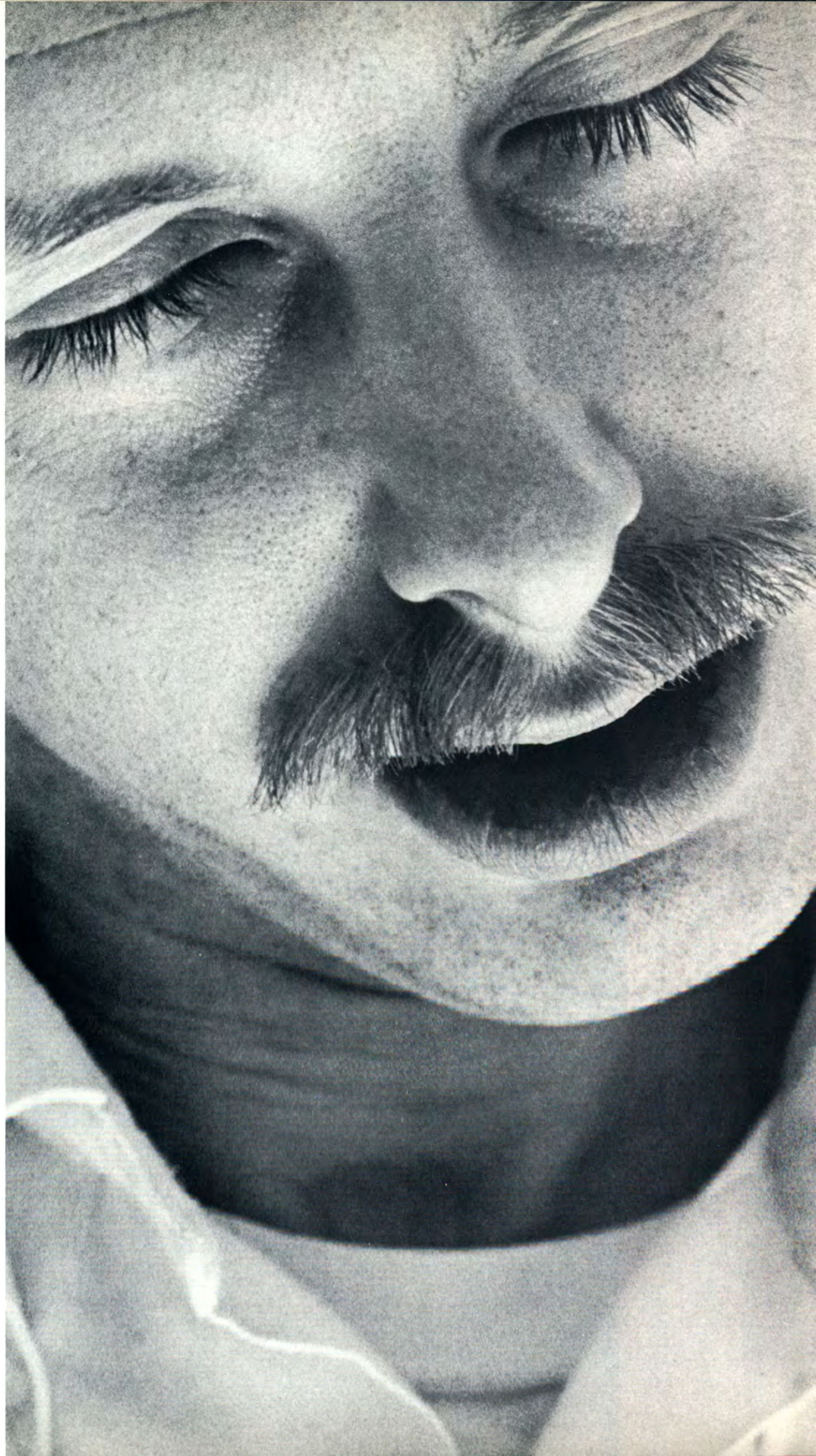












It's almost over,
There's nothing left
But worrying about
What you're going to do
When it's all over.
You drink a little more
Or a little less
It doesn't make much difference.
Alma Mater is letting you go.
Four or fourteen years,
Getting older, learning a little,
Now you've got to find the job.
Movie tickets are going to cost more.
No more summer vacations.
You've got to know what you know.
So you hurry a little,
Time keeps going by faster and faster.
You wonder what happened to those dreams
And you wonder who that was
That used to be you.
The way of the world is:
If you're replaceable,
You get replaced.





Abendroth, Fritz, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Adams, Mark, B.S. Econ.
 Adamson, Larry, B.S. Sci.
 Adcock, Edward, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Albertdt, Gary, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Albertson, Joan, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Allen, Kay, B.A. Hist.
 Amato, Daniel, B.S. Sci.
 Argyropoulos, Symeon, B.S. Sci.
 Arnold, Barbara, B.A. Music
 Ashbrenner, Vernon, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Austin, Dennis, B.S. Arts & Let.



Avedovech, Nancy, B.S. Sci.
 Avedovech, Richard, B.S. Bio.
 Backlund, Dale, B.S. Hist.
 Baker, Margaret, B.A. Eng.
 Ball, David, B.S. Bio. & Chem.
 Barnekoff, Phillip, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Barrett, Cheryl, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Barron, Richard, B.A. Pol. Sci.
 Bartlett, Gerald, B.S. Art
 Bates, Janet, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Battles, Dennis, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Baughman, Marlene, B.S. Elm. Ed.



Bay, Richard, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Behesht-Nejad, Mansour, B.S. Pol. Sci.
 Belcher, Diane, B.S. Sci.
 Benson, Gary Arnold, B.S. Psy.
 Bently, Janet Eileen, B.A. Elm. Ed.
 Berg, Thomas Allen, B.A. Pol. Sci.
 Bergler, Deidre Kay, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Bethke, Randy, B.S. Geog.
 Bevan, Robert, B.S. Sci.
 Bolton, Meredith, B.S. Soc.
 Borden, Patricia, B.S. Soc.
 Boslar, Muriel, B.S. Ed. & Soc.



Brackhahn, Dwayne, B.S. Math.
 Brandes, David, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Brandt, Judith, B.S. Math.
 Broten, Sharon, B.A. Elm. Ed.
 Brown, Anne, B.A. Eng.
 Browne, Linda, B.A. Eng.
 Bruneau, Robert, B.S. Mus.
 Bryans, Edward, B.S. Pol. Sci.
 Bucey, Connie, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Burton, Henry, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Cage, Robert, B.S. Econ.
 Calhoun, Ronald, B.S. Gen. Sci.



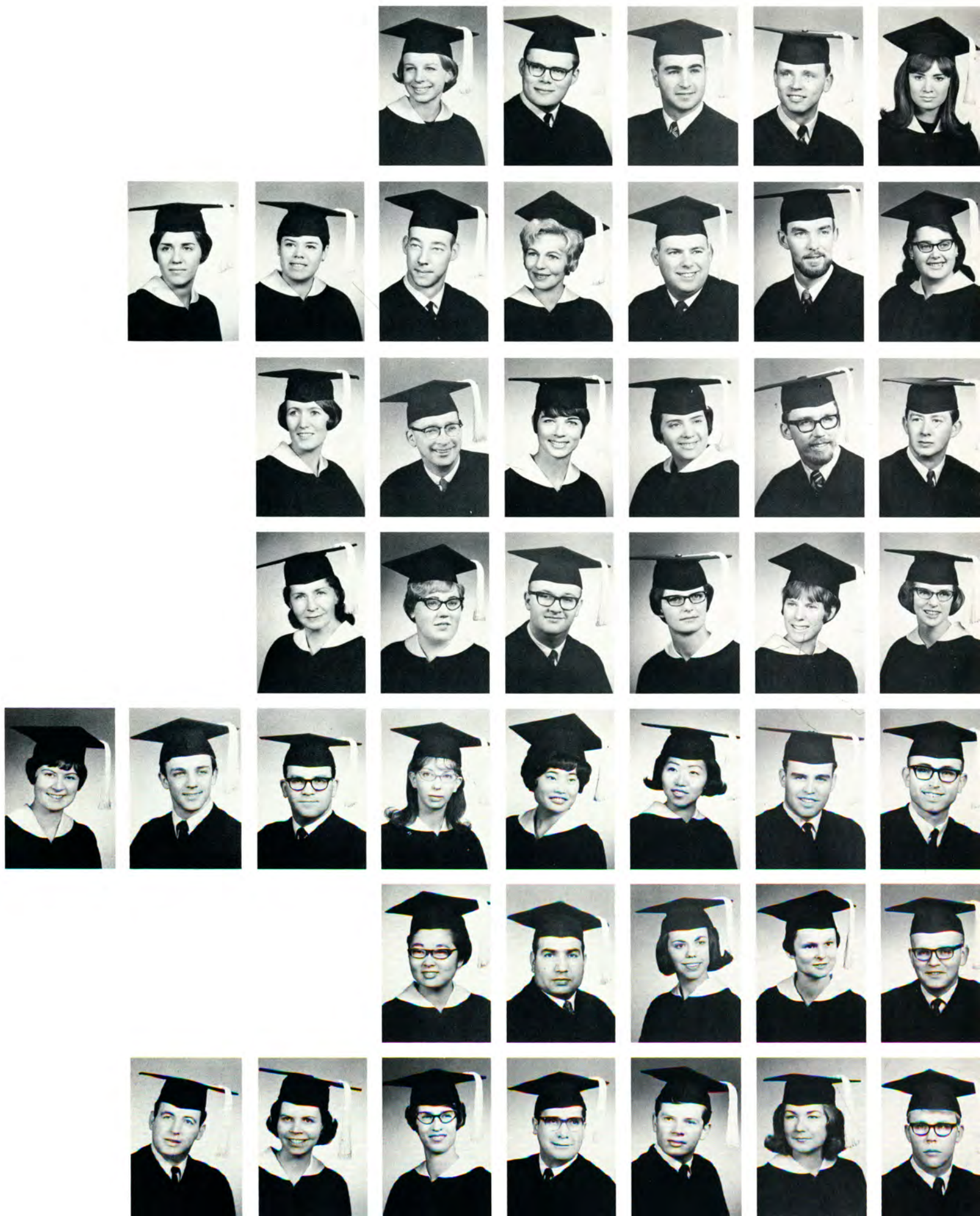
Cameron, Albert, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Caputo, Donna, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Carlton, Dianne, B.A. Pol. Sci.
 Carson, Donald, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Case, Kathryn, B.A. Econ.
 Chapman, Charles, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Charles, Frederick, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Cherney, Joyce, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Chesterman, Arthur, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Clarke, Richard, B.S. Bio.
 Corning, Richard, B.A. Arts & Let.
 Connell, Leslie, B.S. Bus. Adm.



Coulson, Sheila, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Croft, Jerry, B.S. Arts & Let.
 Crume, Larry, B.S. Math.
 Cusick, Louise, B.A. Elm. Ed.
 Cutler, George, B.S. Math.
 Dalrymple, Ronald, B.S. Math.
 Davee, Douglas, B.A. Hist.
 Davee, Leslie, B.A. F. L. Ger.
 Davenport, Linda, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Davison, Marlene, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 DeHaan, Dorothy, B.S. Soc.
 Del Valle, Jerry, B.S. Bus. Adm.



Demers, Julie, B.A. Speech
 Doble, Kirsten, B.S. Elm. Ed.
 Donnell, Daria, B.A. Eng.
 Dorland, Larry, B.S. Hist. & Soc. Sci.
 Dougherty, Jerald, B.S. Soc. Sci.
 Dumas, Patrick, B.A. Econ.
 Duncan, Thomas, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Dunham, David, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Duyck, Marilyn, B.A. Soc.
 Eggleston, Valeria, B.A. Psy.
 Elliott, Michael, B.S. Hist.
 Ely, Alan, B.A. Middle East Study





Eng, Deanne, B.S. Sci.
 Enquist, Eric, B.S. Bus. Adm.
 Enos, Larry, B.S. Hist.
 Erickson, Robert, B.A. Hist.
 Erickson, Pamela, B.A. Pol. Sci.
 Esterholdt, Karen, B.S. Art
 Ewen, Robert, B.A. F. L. Russ.
 Fancher, Linda, B.S. Math.
 Fargo, Richard, B.S. Math.
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 Felton, Stanton, B.A. F. L. Ger.
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