

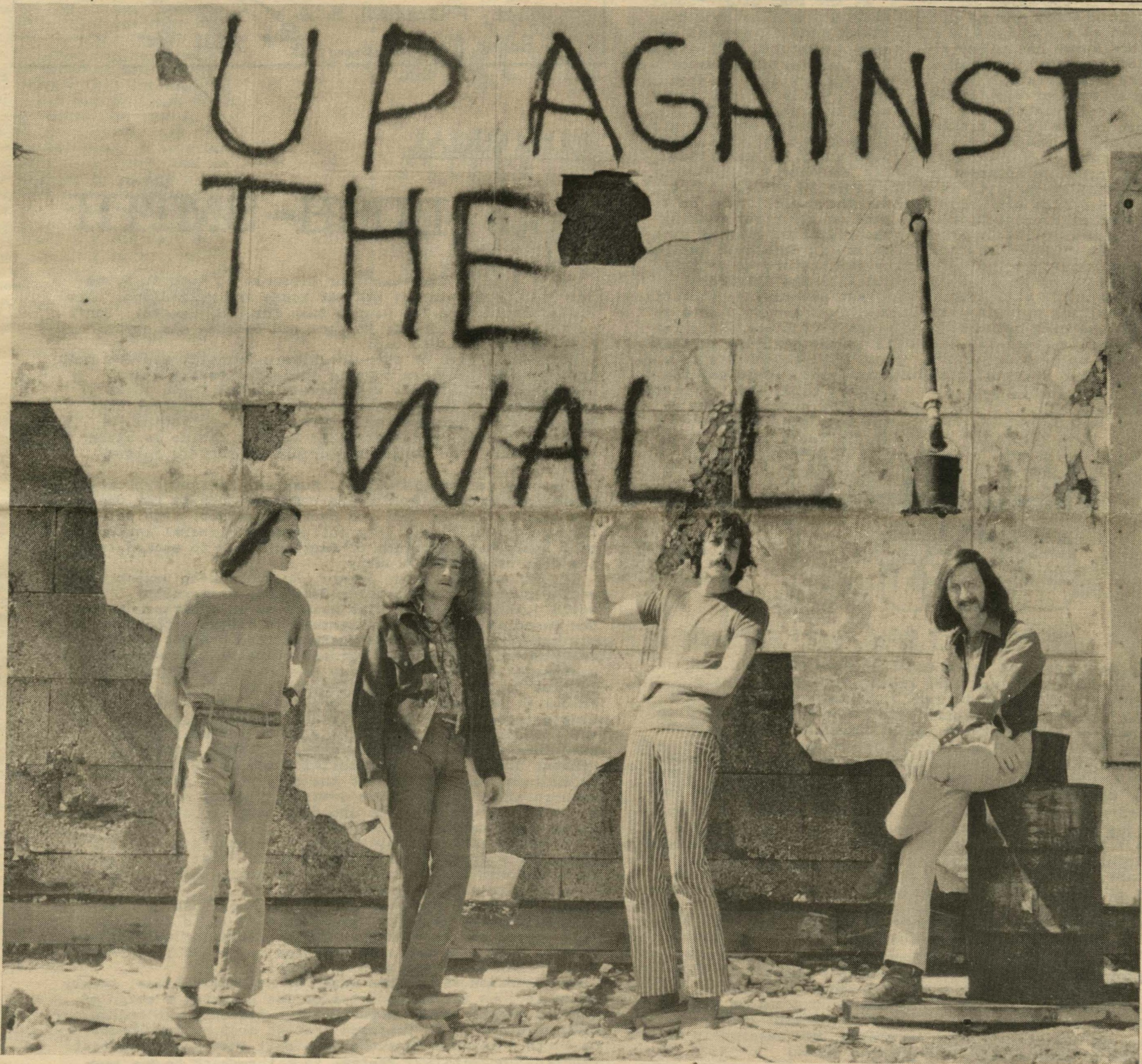
the Catalyst

vol. II issue 4 25¢

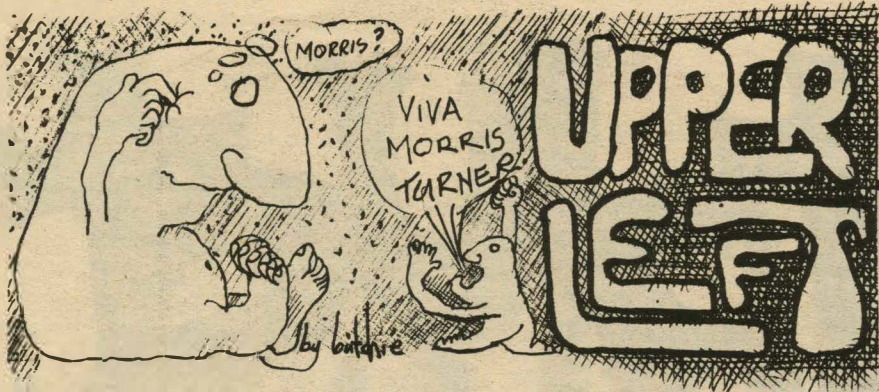
4611 TECH STATION

OCT. 22-NOV. 5, 1970

LUBBOCK, TEXAS.



WELCOME EXES
THINGS HAVE CHANGED



Soon copies of the CATALYST may be a lot harder to come by for our readers in the Lubbock community. We have been selling a couple thousand papers each issue to Lubbock citizens as they drive along University Avenue. This may have troubled some people in positions of power.

Thursday, October 22, the Lubbock City Council will

vote on an ordinance which, if passed in its present form, will ban all selling to cars in the lanes of traffic whether moving or stopped at a traffic light. The ordinance has already passed its first reading before the Council. The vote on October 22 will be the second reading. If passed by the Council this time, the ordinance will become law.

The ordinance apparently originated in the city attorney's office with possible moral support from the Lubbock Police Department. It will, of course, seriously cripple the CATALYST.

The CATALYST will limp along selling on sidewalks and in shopping centers, but we will especially concentrate on getting our subscription service in high gear. A blank is provided on page 10.

eco-action

At the last City Council meeting, held October 8th, the Council in special ceremony introduced Tech Student Senators Barbee Anderson and Jim Boynton, praised them (justly so) for their work in organizing the Tech clean-up day, and proclaimed the day, Saturday, October 17th, Eco-Action Day in Lubbock.

Later in the session that day the Council went on to pass on its first reading the ordinance banning street sales--an ordinance designed by its authors to cripple and kill the CATALYST.

Last Saturday on Eco-Action Day, Tech groups picked up trash in Lubbock and piled it in the Coliseum parking lot. The object was to see which group could get the biggest pile, and the little CATALYST group was one of the very main winners. Ironical isn't it?



Thomas Wolfe said, "You Can't Go Home Again." Each year thousands of Tech exes prove him right in their ritualistic trek back to Tech for Homecoming. In a desperate attempt to recapture some remembered moments from the halcyon days of their youth, they inundate the Tech campus and surrounding environs, with their middleage, middleclass values and sensibilities. The exes don't understand the students of today, and the students don't understand the exes, and therein lies the general malaise that is gripping our nation. It is more than a generation gap. A value gap would be more precise. The exes "have it made," in their own opinion. Their world revolves around material wealth: new cars, color T.V.'s, overpriced clothes, and the assorted junk of the consumer culture. Many of the students want to join the time-payment life style, but others reject it.

So welcome back, old grads! You'll discover that Eco-Action and Moratoriums have replaced your party raids.

Don't be surprised to find long hair on men students, Playboys in the University Center, pot smokers in your old frat -- and perhaps a Black Homecoming Queen. Most Black and Chicanos you'll see around campus will actually be students, not grounds-maintenance personnel.

Can you dig it? If not, dear exes, the message is clear: Welcome to campus but don't get too close!

De Old Staff:

Snow, Shaw, Fletcher, Boyer
Dave, Klein, Penny, Libby,
Crowder, Williams, Newscomb,
Grogan, Hank, Doctor-X, KIM
LNS, FRINS, Bill, Butch
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EDITORIAL

Vote BUSH-SMITH

It is vitally important for liberals to vote on November 3rd. Write-ins or stay at homes are ridiculous. Liberals should vote for George Bush for U.S. Senate. Don't do this because Bush is so good but because his opponent, Lloyd Bentsen, is so bad.

Bentsen is part of the old Shivers-Connally machine that has retarded progress in this state for twenty years. If he is beaten, liberals will have a chance for a voice in the Democratic Party. Remember the dirty campaign that Bentsen waged against Ralph Yarborough? By voting for Bush you can pay him back. All Bentsen can do is sling mud. Recently he called Yarborough supporters "ultra-liberal jackals."

The only serious issue that Bush and Bentsen substantially disagree on is welfare reform. Bush is for the new welfare reform bill and Bentsen against. The welfare reform bill is a very enlightened, liberal measure that would help millions of American poor to escape from the doom of endless poverty.

If Bentsen was in the Senate, he would keep Democrats, real Democrats, from getting committee assignments. He would join Eastland of Mississippi as an embarrassment to the Democratic Party. If Bentsen is defeated then he and his kind may follow Strom Thurmond into the Republican Party where they belong. In any state with a two party system, Yarborough would have easily won the primary. It is time to beat Bentsen and beat him badly.

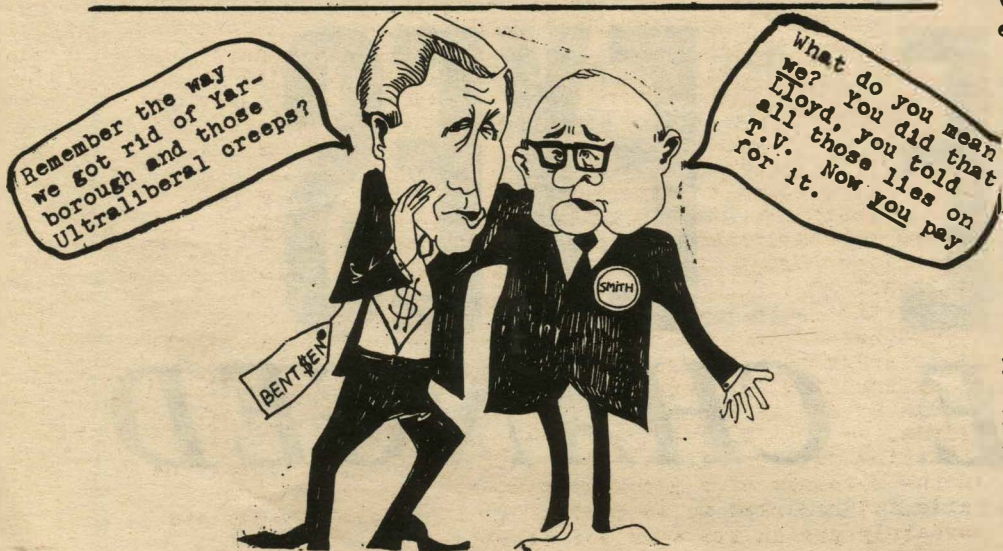
Look at this issue of Playboy. They graded all the candidates from A to F on the issues. Bentsen got an F. He was the only candidate in the U.S. to get an F grade. Even Ronald Reagan got only a D-. Playboy graded all the Senate, House, and gubernatorial candidates in all the major races and Bentsen was the only one to get an F! Bush received a C-. About Bentsen, Playboy said, "Millionaire Bentsen is a hip-shooting hawk who doesn't like blacks, Mexicans, or kids."

We contacted a Lubbock leader of Bentsen's campaign about the Playboy article and he said, "That is a lie. Bentsen doesn't hate meskins. He's coming here on October 19th to have a meskin dance."

When the Texas Observer decided to back Bush, the editor called the decision "grim, grim." It is grim. It is a forced choice, but Bush is the lesser of two evils. Bentsen used lies and smear tactics to defeat Yarborough. It is time he was repaid with defeat.

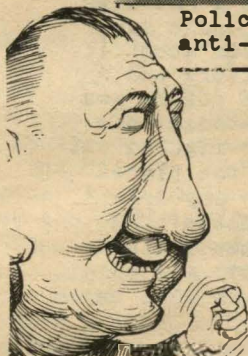
When Bentsen was in the House of Representatives, twenty years ago, he was a supporter of Joe McCarthy's reign of terror. While in the House Bentsen did only two things that made news. He proposed that we drop nuclear bombs on North Korea and he authored a bill that would segregate veterans' hospitals. Bentsen is a throwback to the darkest era in American politics. He must be beaten.

In the race for Governor, liberals don't have a real candidate of their own. With Eggers and Smith, you have two conservatives. Liberals didn't even field a candidate in the primary. We urge you to vote for Preston Smith as the most logical choice. Smith is a conservative but he is independent of the Shivers-Connally machine. He didn't support Bentsen against Yarborough, he remained neutral. He was decent to Yarborough during the primary and said he would campaign with Yarborough in the general election. It is important to keep the state political apparatus in Democratic hands for the 1972 elections. Smith and his supporters have been fair to liberals this year. They didn't ramrod county conventions or the state convention. There was some fighting expected. We urge you to vote for Bush and then vote for the Democratic Party, right down the line.





Police Chief J.T. Alley destroys an anti-Bush-Agnew sign. What a clown!



AGNEW in Lubbock

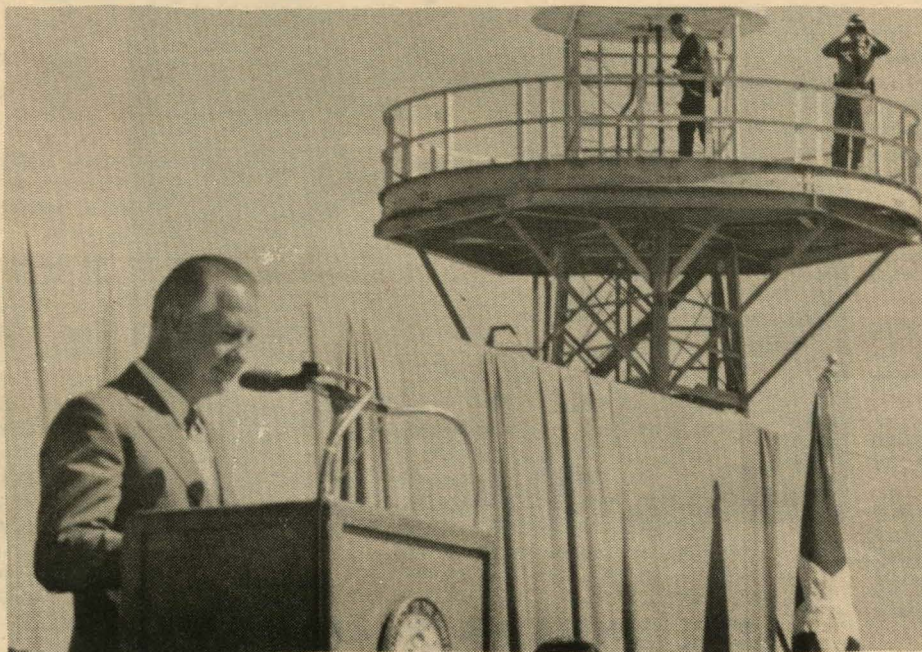
Agnew whistle-stopped in Lubbock Columbus Day as part of his Texas campaigning stint for George Bush and Paul Eggers. Agnew's appearance drew a crowd of 4000. Probably about 10% were curious young people who were not necessarily Agnew supporters.

The political strategy behind Agnew's coming to Texas and Lubbock is a bit unclear. In the Bush-Bentsen race, the only uncommitted voters are the liberal Democrats. These voters might have been leaning toward the Bush camp out of revenge for Bentsen's tactics against Yarborough in the Democratic primary, and in order to promote a two-party system in Texas by handing defeat to the old Connally-Shivers machine. Agnew's visit certainly did nothing to help Bush court the liberal Demos. Agnew's Lubbock tactics seemed even more muddled. Even Charlie Guy at the A-J castigated Agnew for mixing Eggers into his pro-Bush spiel in Governor Smith's hometown.

There wasn't much of national interest in Agnew's Lubbock speech. Agnew knocked Fullbright a lot and got big applause each time from the Lubbock crowd. Agnew told the crowd they ought to vote for Bush in order to help retire Fullbright from chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee. Agnew sprung the astounding news that "Bentsen will vote down the line with the radical liberals." No such luck!

There were all sorts of police and local dignitaries out to greet Agnew. The mayor and the entire City Council were there. Also on the rostrum were a token Black, a token Chicano, and a token Tech administrator.

There were cops everywhere. They were in the crowd, around the crowd and even positioned on the water tower over the crowd. Many of the policemen were polite even to longhairs. Several were not. The police-hero of the performance was Chief J.T. Alley who personally tore up an anti-Bush-Agnew sign (see photo). Such courage! Instant censorship!



Make the Scene at DJ's
Music Starts at 5pm
Service Charge on Beer \$.50
2401 Main St.



hail to
thee
spiro t!

by Brian Jones Bones

All the local enemies of America assembled at the Lubbock airport, Monday, Oct. 12, to greet Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew and his protégé, George Bush. There were also a few heckler and I was one of them, called there in defense of my country.

The crowd numbered some three to six thousand, depending on whose official estimates you mistrust least.. Bush supporters passed out pre-fabricated Bush signs and everybody passed out Spiro signs. I got one but in good conscience I could only hold it upside down. The cowboys were on hand for the occasion, their greasy hats dotting the crowd, but the bulk of the crowd was middle aged and elderly women. Obesity was the order of the day and seldom has an uglier crew been assembled anywhere with the possible exception of a D.A.R. convention.

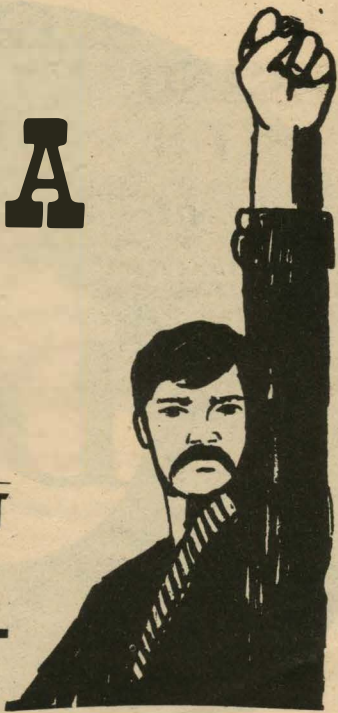
When Bush arrived, the small band broke out into (you will never guess it) -- Complete "In-a-gadda-da-vida". Bush spoke a few forgettable words, and then everyone settled back to await the arrival of the "Big Bird" as George so movingly phrased it. Finally the "Big Bird" arrived. The crowd parted and suddenly, behind the podium stood the Great Metaphor himself, Spiro T. Agnew.

To dwell on Agnew's speech would be to do a disservice to the able reportage of the Avalanche Journal which religiously reprinted every word. Besides, you've heard one Agnew tirade, you've heard them all.

During his speech I began to acknowledge his assaults on human dignity with the fascist salute. This did not sit well with the grand mother types who surrounded me, and one of them grabbed my arm and began to tow me in the direction of the police. "Here! the police will take care of you!" she informed me. And they probably would have had I not managed to disengage myself. I regained my former position, only to be barraged by other gentle, sign-waving repressionists who seem to make up the bulk of the Republican party. Finally I was accosted by a group of "Muscle Men for America", held, and advised to "cool it" by their spokesman, who was near tears.

Fortunately Agnew's speech ended, and they had to release me in order to applaud. Seizing the opportunity I escaped my Pounding for Patriotism, and hung around only long enough to see if the plane would crash on take-off. It didn't, so I left, leaving behind small groups of women muttering darkly. It had been another edifying experience in the workings of a great democracy. And as one Bush Belle had remarked to me earlier in the day: "Lubbock has certainly put on its sunniest face!"

LA RAZA UNIDA



CHICANOS IN POLITICS

The lead speaker in Lubbock at the recent La Raza Unida Convention was Alberto Pena, County Commissioner of San Antonio. Pena is widely recognized as a key political spokesman of Texas chicanos. He is more militant and less Uncle Tomas than other elected chicanos. Pena was the key speaker, and his opening remarks were, "Viva La Raza and to hell with the Texas Rangers." He mentioned Bentsen and Smith, and the crowd booed loudly. Pena said, "There isn't anything white people have I want... I'm here because there is injustice, poverty, and discrimination in Lubbock Lubbock is the number one racist city in Texas It took a tornado to unite the people. It took a tornado for the people to get a break. The titles to homes were cleared up. Maybe we need some more tornadoes in Texas."

"We need to get rid of the tornado mentality in Texas, and the only way to do this is to get united La Raza is united: Democrat or Republican, Liberal or Conservative, young or old, rich or poor. We recognize those who are our enemies When we talk of Gringos, we mean racists. Not all Anglos are Gringos. Not all Gringos are Anglo. We have a few in the chicano community."

Pena told of being jailed twice recently in San Antonio in protest against racial remarks and police brutality. Pena said, "I am not in jail. There is no jail that can hold the truth Yes, I'm against violence: the violence in that jail, the violence of poverty, the violence of discrimination and the violence in Viet Nam. Oppression breeds violence. Up until now, chicanos have been non-violent, but I cannot promise it will continue if oppression continues. This country was built on violence and has a history of violence. Chicanos aren't going to take oppression any longer I'm for law and order. I want police to protect the barrion. I don't want political policemen. I want them to protect and not oppress our people."

Pena continued, "If a Ranger hit me, I would turn the other cheek. If hit me on that cheek then, friends, I have run out of cheeks. There is either going to be a bloody Ranger or a bloody chicano."

Pena said he had seceded from the Democratic Party but had not joined the Republicans. At present, La Raza Unida party is attempting to get on the ballot in several South Texas counties. Pena said he had consulted with Jose Angel Gutierrez, founder of the La Raza Unida Party, and they had agreed, "If they do not allow our candidates on the ballot, we will ask all chicanos to declare a moratorium on November 3 and to hell with the Republicans and to hell with the Democrats." Pena asked the crowd if they would go along with a voter boycott, and nearly all raised their hands.

When asked how chicanos felt about the upcoming elections, Pena said he had talked with independent chicanos around the state and found "a lot of support for Eggers, some for Bush, and none for Bentsen and Smith."

TEATRO CHICANO

Who says Chicanos do not have talent. Chicanos were taught to think that and that we had to have groups like Tijuana Brass and personalities like Edie Gorme and Gomer Pyle to interpret our songs, music, etc. But during La Raza Unida Conf. one was able to appreciate the performances of local artists ranging from age 8 to 60. Gus Guzman and Donato Ventura opened up the theater by singing "Yo Soy Chicano", a song telling about the NEW CHICANO and his pride. Isabel Charles from Mathews Jr. High danced several Spanish and Mexican dances and she also helped "El Remolino", an 11 year old professional singer who is accompanied by Pedro Puente. Another tremendous dancer was little 10 year old Cynthia Guzman who could learn a dance a day. Satirical skits about the draft and what happens to the Chicano when he returns from serving his country. Skits on Police Brutality and the Public schools really made a sharp point also. On the sentimental aspect there was Senora Juanita Castro reading some dramatic poetry. Another form of peaceful expression, the Chicano Teatro under the excellent direction of Olga DeLeon, a teacher with the public schools plans to perform again in the near future.

PRIDE AND AWARENESS

At La Raza Unida's conference held here October 10, Ramon Tijerina spoke in behalf of his brother, Reyes, who is a political prisoner in New Mexico for attempting to reclaim land there which belonged to his people under the Guadalupe Hidalgo treaty. (Reyes burned a national forest sign.) Following is the text of Ramon's address, translated from the Spanish for the CATALYST by Arturo Escobedo and Billy Arguero, from a tape:

I am very proud to say that to this day my brother has refused to drink powdered milk in jail. Just like in Chicago like the black brother refuses to let the Gringo and the establishment sleep, so from this day forward, La Raza Unida will not let the gringo sleep. For 136 years, the gringo has called the Chicano "Poncho." When the Gringo called my brother "Poncho," Reyes knocked the gringo on his butt. La Raza Unida is proud; we do not want charity, nor will we be satisfied with crumbs. La Raza Unida has a culture which we can be proud of and also a future. The gringo (racist anglo) is our enemy. If he hates us, we must hate him. If he wants our respect, let him respect us. The gringo loves his dog more than his family or his neighbor. The gringo is worried and he is squirming. The gringo is wondering and worrying why his kids are rebelling, letting their hair grow long, turning to marijuana and lsd. How could they have possibly failed? Why are their kids turning against the establishment? Instead of solving the kids' problems at home, Uncle Sam got a loan and went to the moon and then brought back some rocks--(Souvenirs)? Left mother and kids home hungry and then brought them some rocks. I don't know if the anglo thinks Uncle Sam is crazy, but I KNOW he is crazy. The gringo cannot take care of his own problems but is forever trying to solve everybody else's problems. I don't even care to compare Uncle Sam to a cat because a cat digs his hole and has enough sense to cover it up. Uncle Sam dumps his waste in the rivers, and NOW he worries about it. The Indian had no such worry; they had clean rivers and no air pollution. Uncle Sam manufactured a lot of poison gas and then didn't know what to do with it. The atomic bomb came along and he really got confused. Then he figured out what to do with the poison gas. He gave it to the fishes in the ocean. Tio Samuel is crazy and stupid. Why does he feed the poor little fish poison gas? Why doesn't he feed it to the people who made it? I wonder what Uncle Sam and his clowns will do with the atomic bomb? All this goes to prove that when the gringo is no more, we will be happy.

I am proud to be Chicano. I have Color. The gringo envies my color, so he takes sunbaths. But remember, too much sun is dangerous, and many times the gringo gets sunburned and blisters.

Our culture is beautiful and we maintain high morals; the gringo has no culture and is forever after the materialistic wealth. Money and materialistic aspirations will be the downfall of the gringo. Let us retain our beautiful culture, let us speak Spanish so the gringo becomes angry.

One day a Chicano, a gringo, a Negro, and an Indian died and went to heaven. There were only three rooms available. St. Peter asked the gringo if he wanted to live with the Chicano--"No" was the answer. The Indian?--"No". The Negro?--"No." "Well," St. Peter said, "Then go to hell."

We must learn to live together or we will all die together.

On the 20th of this month (October), we will gather at San Antonio and pray for my brother Reyes Tijerina. My brother will continue to refuse to drink powdered milk. He will refuse to shut up until his price is met--the millions of acres of land which belong to the Chicano, which Uncle Sam stole.

I will continue to fight for my people. Let's unite and keep united; let's not forget my brother.

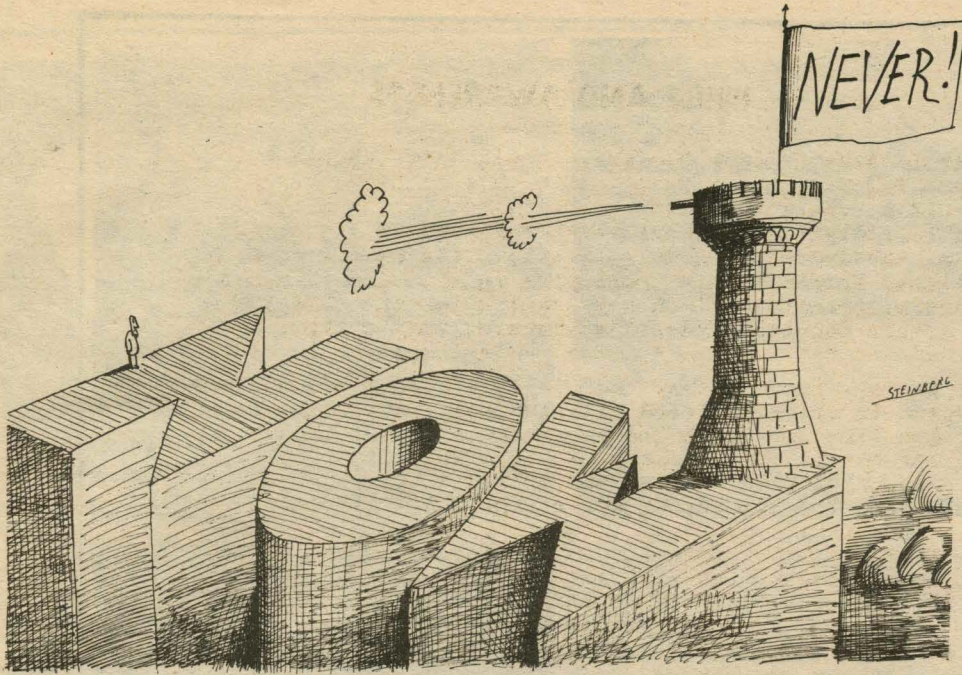
We need a new system: let's face it!.. the existing system has not worked. Proof of this is the kids burning and bombing, the lsd and marijuana.

When the blacks found out that Black is Beautiful, they were so happy they started to burn the country down. We are even more beautiful--God help the gringo.

Viva La Raza!
Viva El Chicano!
Viva our liberal brothers!
Viva Reyes Tijerina!
Viva Che Guevara!



LET'S UNITE LA RAZA!



CHICANO MOVEMENT

C.B.O.C.U. (The Coordinating Board of Chicanos Unidos of Lubbock, was initiated here after the May 11th, 1970 tornado. The purpose of this group was to unite all the Chicano organizations existing in Lubbock; to act as a pressure group and attempt to eliminate the great injustices such as discrimination, police brutalities, or any other unjust act; to supplement C.B.O.C.U. potential, and act as one people. In its short existence C.B.O.C.U. has helped the public schools in hiring more Chicano aids and teachers in the new bilingual kindergarten programs. C.B.O.C.U. has also circulated several petitions with over 50,000 signatures in hope of bringing pressure to the local public schools to comply with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare guidelines. The latest accomplishment of Chicanos Unidos has been successful sponsorship of La Raza Unida Conference Oct. 10th. Officers for the C.B.O.C.U. are Perry Vecchio-pres., Javier Chapa - 1st v. p., Gus Guzman - 2nd V.P., Alicia Garcia - Sec., David Narvaez - Tres., Nephtali Deleon-reporter, and Mary Lou DeLaCerde-photographer. Several resolutions were voted on in the various workshops. The problems of the Chicano students in the schools was the topic of discussion which was led by Alejandro Pulido, Saul Solis, and Arturo Escobedo, three of the Chicano Counselor Fellows at Tech. One of the main points emphasized was the lack of communication between the schools and the Chicano community. Mario Compean, pres. of Mayo in San Antonio led the workshop titled, Youth in the Movement in which it was resolved that we demand that Los Mayo Nueve be exonerated and all false charges be dropped. The workshop titled Women in the Movement was led by Mary Lou DeLaCerde, a teacher of social studies who was fired from the Lubbock schools last May '8 because of her involvement against discrimination towards the Chicano. An enthusiastic group of about 100 women from throughout the Southwest resolved that La Nueva Chicana not only contribute in a supportive role but that she take a more active role in the struggle for true Social Justice. Gustavo Gutierrez, State Organizer for the United Farm Workers of Arizona gave a lecture on LaCausa and it was resolved that an economic base for Chicano organizations be established, such as credit unions, buying coops., and consumer coops. Dr. Rudy Acuna, Chairman of Chicano Studies at San Fernando Valley State and a good-sized delegation from that school showed slides and gave an eye-witness account of the police riot during the Chicano Moratorium in Los Angeles, Aug. 29. Perry Vecchio, Linda Ramirez, and Henry Munoz from the Texas A.F.L.C.I.C. conducted the Labor workshop.



PLEASE DON'T BUY PUREX PRODUCTS

New York, N. Y. (LNS) -- The United Farm Workers' Organizing Committee is calling for a nation-wide boycott of all "Purex" products.

Purex is a conglomerate company that owns lettuce fields in several western states, and refuses to negotiate with the union, led by Cesar Chavez. Chavez led Arizona and California grape pickers to victory over the growers due in large part to an extremely effective consumer boycott.

Farm workers in America, predominantly Spanish-American (Chicano, Mexican, Mexican-American and Puerto Rican), are categorically excluded from the benefits of legislation that is supposed to protect most other workers.

Purex owns more than lettuce fields, making it easier to mount a more intense boycott campaign. Purex bleach, Brillo soap pads, Brillo detergent, Dutch Cleanser, Bead-o-Bleach, Sweetheart soap, Trend, Brion Enzyme Pre-Soak, Fresh Pict produce, Cuticora, Doan's Pills, Vano starch, 4-in-1 Perry Morse seeds, Sheer Magic Make-up and Magic Touch are all consumer products manufactured by Purex. Boycott them!

Agüero CHICANO YOUTH

Ed. Note: The following is the text of Billy Agüero's speech delivered to the Ecumenical Council for Social Action at the Unitarian Church on Oct 15th. Agüero is president of Tech's Los Tertulianos and an active leader of the Chicano movement.

The question to be discussed here tonight, what does the Chicano youth of today most want, can be answered in the one phrase, the betterment of my people.

The Chicano youth, as he becomes more and more educated is beginning to realize the vast wrongdoings that are being done to his people. He has realized that there were many obstacles which he had to overcome in order for him to succeed. It was wrong that we were placed in first grade on equal standing with anglos when we did not know any English. It was wrong that we were not allowed to speak Spanish in school. It was wrong to put us in special education when we were not mentally retarded, but only suffered from a language barrier. It was wrong for the counselors in high school to steer us into vocational training because "we were not college material." It is wrong that our little carnalitos (brothers) are still suffering, after 15 years, from the same problems.

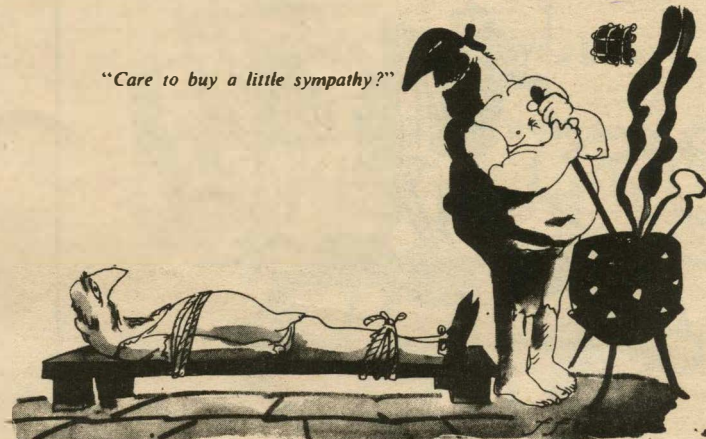
We the Chicano youth realized that a change is needed. A change in the attitude of some anglos that we don't need any help. A change in the attitude of some anglos that change will eventually come. I agree that we are not as bad off as we used to be. We no longer see the signs in front of Preston Smith's theatres saying "No Mexicans or dogs allowed." It has been almost 200 years since the invasion and occupation of Mexico. Are we to wait another 200 years before we are allowed to be equals in this society?

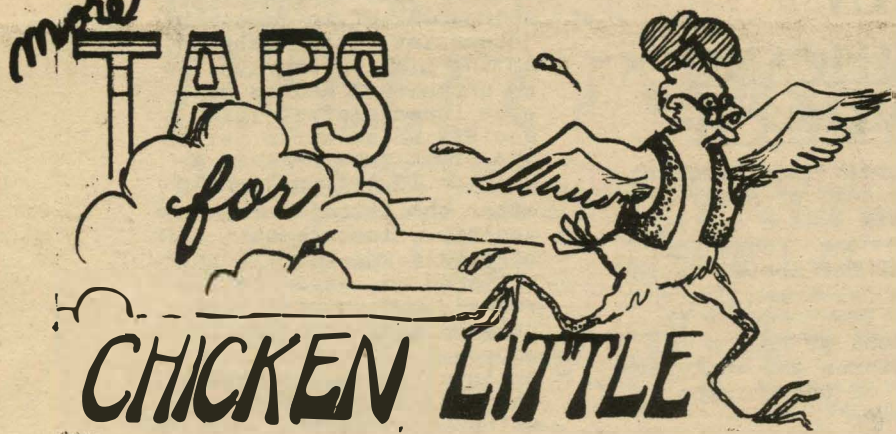
This society, which allows the murder of an innocent journalist, Ruben Salazar, in the L.A. moratorium, to go unpunished and is not even investigated. This society which hires police who break arms because a Chicano is trying to help after the tornado. This society which elects officials who call youth; illmannered, uncouth, unwashed, and unprincipled, only because those youth choose to disagree with their ultra-conservative thought. This society, which has committed mass genocide to the original American who once had a population of ten million and now the Indio only has a population of seventy-five hundred thousand. Is this society so exclusive that it does not want to allow a person with a different color skin or culture to exist?

The Chicano youth wants to be a part of this "American" society, but we want to be accepted for what we are. We are bicultural people who can help to better this society. The ideas of the Chicano can help to bring closer together to gap between black & white. The Chicano can help develop better relations with all Spanish speaking countries. The Chicano can help to develop a school system that will work for all bilinguals. Just as the Chicano helped the anglo in the past to survive in the dry arid land of the southwest, so can the Chicano of today help to develop a world suitable for everyone to live in. These are but a few of the contributions Chicanos can give by keeping our culture and ideas. But still the anglo wants to anglicize us. They are so threatened at the idea that the Chicano can become a better person than the anglo, that they will do anything to destroy the Chicano culture. To most of the middle generation, the anglo has succeeded in doing this, but the youth of today will not let them destroy our culture completely. Now that the Chicano youth has realized that we should be proud of our culture and heritage, he has started to educate himself concerning Chicano

(cont. on page 11)

Are you interested in closing the Chicano communication gap? For a slide presentation with explanation and discussion on the Chicano Movement, contact Mary Lou De La Cerda at 765-9740. Inform yourself before you criticize.





by Matthew Mark

(Synopsis: God appointed Chicken Little to come to Texas Tech to spread His word. When nobody believed C.L. was The Second Coming, God changed C.L. into a man and the Tech community into chickens, who mutinied against C.L. and called the police. The police took him to the psychiatric ward of Methodist Hospital, where the psychiatrist who interviewed him considered him insane for maintaining conversations with God. God told him to escape.)

Chicken Little slept easily, drugged in his hospital bed. He awakened in the morning to the clattering of food trays. He got out of bed and went into the cafeteria. There was no food for him there. The authorities were against him.

Hey God, he thought, send me a loaf and I'll make it last. He went back to his room and found a smiling nurse waiting with a loaf of Rainbo. C.L. gulped it down and smiled at her. She smiled back at him.

At this point a horde of authorities appeared in C.L.'s room. They noticed the bread wrapper and the spokesman among them fired the nurse. "There will be no handouts for Chicken Little," he said, frowning behind his glasses with frames of gold. The nurse left the room.

Father, C.L. thought, Why have you abandoned me?

He had the bread in his stomach, but further help seemed gone. God had told him to escape, but C.L. didn't know how to do it. He had thought the nurse would help him.

The spokesman for the hostile group before him said, "He needs more thorazine."

C.L. winced. Thorazine meant sleep, and sleep meant death. How could he get away before they drugged him?

They were already trying starvation tactics on him. He sat up in bed. "Look," he said, "If anything happens to me, God is going to be hard on you." He spoke with a faltering voice because he had not made the loaf of bread last.

An attendant came into the room and at him with a needle. "Now just sit still for a moment," he said and jammed the needle into C.L.'s arm before C.L. could move.

Father, C.L. thought again, Why have you abandoned me? He felt the drug in his bloodstream; he was becoming sluggish. All I wanted to do, he thought, was spread God's word in Lubbock, Texas.

It was already a City of Churches. Why hadn't they listened to him?

"Look," he said, "I am the Second Coming of Christ. Don't you believe it?"

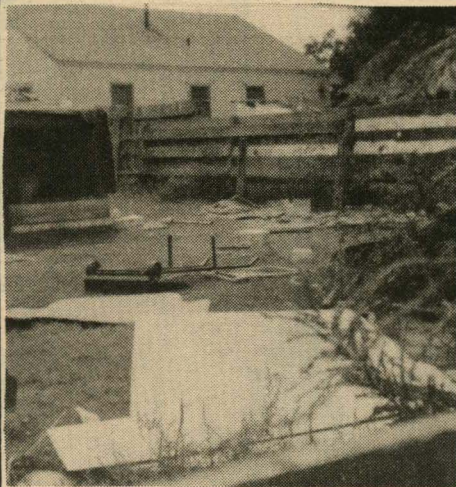
The crowd in the room stared at him, fascinated at watching him die. Clucking sounds came from the hall. A crowd of chickens came into the room, clucking, "The sky is falling."

C.L. felt his throat become dry. He knew it was time to make a final effort. "Listen," he said, "God told me to come here. I came. You have all turned against me. I came to tell the truth and you are killing me. What kind of society is this?"

A couple of chickens began to roll dice on the floor. The clucking in the room became louder. "The sky is falling."

And so it was. Chicken Little died a misunderstood man. Even God had abandoned him in the end. The Tech community was turned suddenly back from chickens into men and women. The corpse of C.L. turned from that of a man into a chicken. His white kimono was taken by the men with the dice. His chicken body was placed in the hospital garbage disposal unit and was forgotten.

Perhaps the reader will divine a moral in the case of Chicken Little. Does the author dare suggest it? No, he leaves it to the reader and says adios.



Photos: Lubbock trash for those who've never seen any.

ECO-TASK FORCE

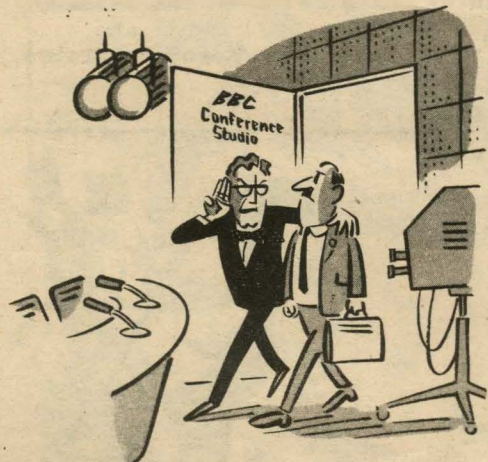
Whatever happened to the radical upheaval of human concern for survival which occurred last spring? The thunder of revolution and rebellion rumbled across the campus on and around April 22, cracking the plaster coverlet of our minds and turning the crank on our automated bodies. Earth Day!!! People from all walks of life gathered in an effort to create something better out of the decayed, something better than just weekend beer busts and fast times. Their demands on society's administration included some of the following: the right to have children, the right to have clean air, the right to have trees and other greenery. Their demands were answered somewhat in Earth Day, but this was designed only to be a beginning.

Now a group of individuals have taken up where Earth Day left off by forming the Ecology Task Force, headquartered at the Wesley Foundation. This group, which was formed just last month (September), is in the midst of learning how to cope with the environmental problems of the Lubbock community.

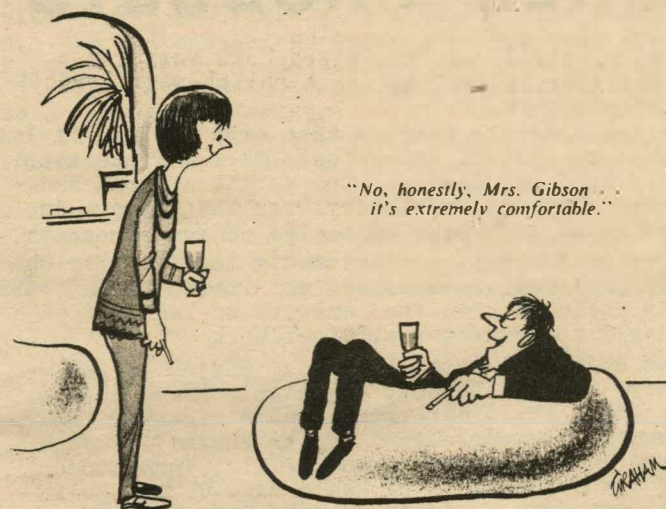
The ultimate goals of the group include the starting of an information center, hopefully on campus, which would provide ecological information to interested individuals. This information could be gathered from local Planned Parenthood and ZPG chapters, magazines, books, personal interviews, and other resources pertinent to the Lubbock area. In the making are plans for a Bike Day, clean-up projects similar to last Saturday's Eco-Action Day, and recommendations for future ecological courses which could be offered to students on an elective basis. Focus would also be brought upon the establishment of a pre-marital counseling service concerning birth control.

The Task Force meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 p.m. in the Wesley Foundation. All students and the general public are urged to take part in order that these goals may be realized.

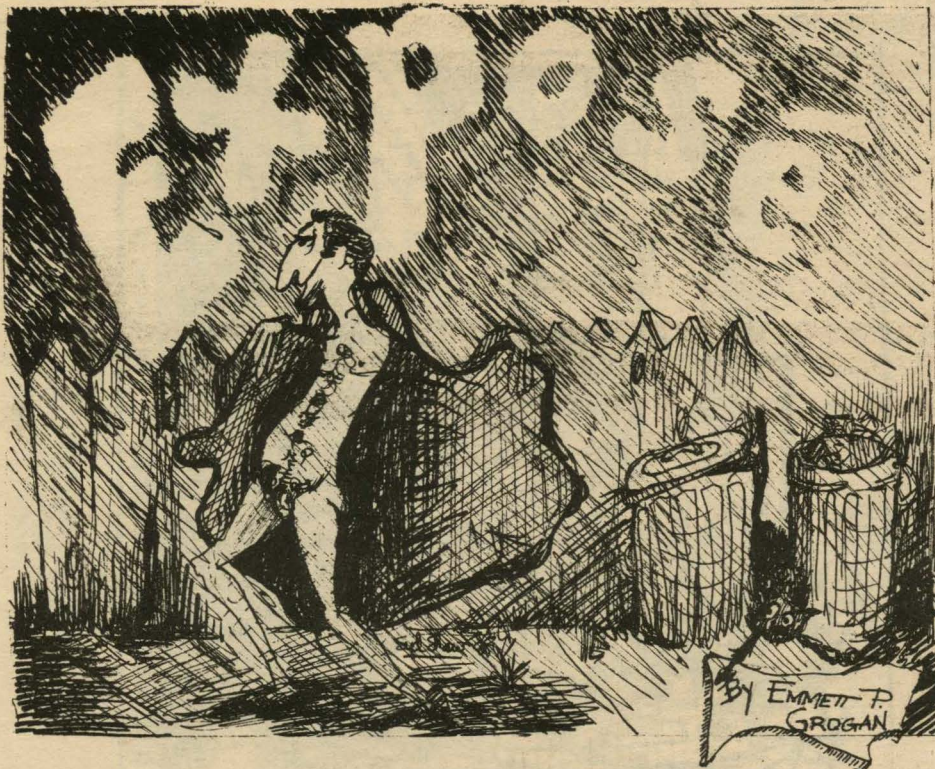
Help stop the systematic rip-off of our environment!



"I promise. No awkward probing questions or nasty snide remarks."



"No, honestly, Mrs. Gibson... it's extremely comfortable."



ED. NOTE: Catalyst reporter Emmett Grogan was given the assignment of finding out just what was behind the "Raincoat Charlie" sightings by Tech girls. Was this fact or fiction? With only the reports that "Charlie" had dark curly hair and wore only a raincoat and a smile, Grogan bravely set off as if looking for the Abominable Snowman or the Loch Ness Monster. The following is a report of his dramatic encounter.

After hanging around the 3rd floor of the Ad. Building for 14 embarrassing hours and asking every person in a raincoat if they were The Raincoat Charlie I was rapidly becoming disheartened. I was wondering why it had to rain today of all days. Suddenly I heard several screams coming from the west wing and I dashed off in their direction. When I arrived I was confronted by five very pale co-eds who were pointing trembling fingers at a closed door and mumbling in unison, "Raincoat Charlie--he's in there."

I entered the room quickly and the door swung shut behind me. It was completely dark.

"Raincoat Charlie?" I whispered to the dark. I heard some rustling of silk. "Raincoat Charlie, I'm a reporter from the Catalyst and I'd like to interview you. You've made quite a name for yourself, here on campus."

He giggled modestly.

"Is your real name Charlie sir or what...?"

He coughed (I took this as a sign of disapproval. Freud says it is, unless the individual has a cold).

"Well I suppose it would be rather bad if you reveal your name (although I couldn't see why, he revealed everything else). Is there anything you would like to say?"

There was a rustling of silk again.

"What do you think of the war in Southeast Asia? What about Russia taking over the United States? Who do you think will be the next President? What do you think of ole Morality Fats, winning all of those football games?"

After each question there would be a rustling of silk and an inane giggle that kept increasing in intensity.

"Look," I said, "I have a feeling you're trying to express yourself but you're not saying anything and I can't see you in the dark. So is it okay if I flip on the light?"

Suddenly there was a rushing movement and I saw a dark shadow spring up. Quickly I fumbled at the light switch and the room was illuminated, and there in front of me stood Grover Murray.

"Dr. Murray, what a surprise! How are you? Fine rainy night, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes it is," (He clutched his raincoat closer.)

"What are you doing here Grogan?"

"Me? Oh, I'm trying to write a story for the Catalyst," I explained with much embarrassment.

"Well, good luck, and have a good day."

"Thank you and same to you, Dr. Murray."

Well, I guess we'll never know the identity of Raincoat Charlie. But I still wonder how he got out of that room so fast and what Dr. Murray was doing there. I guess we'll never know. Raincoat Charlie will just have to remain one of the modern mysteries of man.

ANTI-WAR

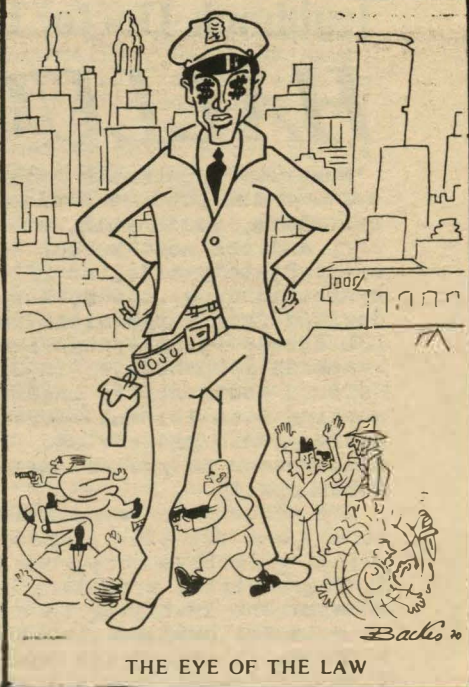
The Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam has called for nationally coordinated mass anti-war actions to be held across the nation on Oct. 31.

Last May, 20,000 University of Texas Students voiced their opposition to the Vietnam war. This year, the Austin SMC is urging representatives from all communities in Texas to attend a rally in Austin on the 31st. In recent conferences, representatives came not only from the various student communities across the nation but also from the labor unions (such as Teamsters and the United Auto Workers), the women's movement, the black and Chicano communities, and from the military. Here in Texas, we have an especially unique opportunity in relation to GI's since we have more military bases than any other state, and these bases include Fort Hood, the largest Army base in the country (and one with a growing GI anti-war movement).

In order to hold the largest anti-war demonstration possible in this state, the Austin SMC has planned a mass rally to be held in downtown Austin and at the State Capitol on the 31st of this month. Permits have been applied for from the City Council and a parade route, ending at the Capitol, has been mapped out.

We hope everyone opposed to the war--students, hard-hats, labor unionists, GI's, mothers, professionals, community people, high school students, veterans, etc.--will go to Austin from all over the state to participate.

Tech people interested in participating in the October 31 Anti-War Activities in Austin should contact the CATALYST by mail immediately so that we can help arrange free lodging for you in Austin.



THE EYE OF THE LAW

Kops Kameras

"You'd be surprised how much you learn by seeing yourself on television." So spoke Sgt. Dick Hamilton, of the records and investigation division of the Texas Tech Traffic Security Department. "We film our trainees in action, then show the sequence in the classroom and judge their job performance." Sgt. Hamilton was referring to the recent \$3,000 addition to the department of a video-tape recorder and a six-pound battery operated camera. Sgt. Hamilton added that the new equipment may also be used to film campus demonstrations in order to identify campus militants and radicals.

Training at night has proven that the camera can distinguish facial features even in subdued light. And, with a telephoto lens, the camera can accurately record disturbances which take place indoors.

Although Hamilton refused to elaborate on the complete arsenal of crowd-control devices available to the department, he proudly showed off the never-seen "pepper fogger", which can spray a heavy cloud of tear gas to clear radicals from inside buildings and other closed areas.

"We're getting students here now who have been in some of the major riots, and they are experienced in reacting against crowd-control devices. We have to keep trying to surprise them," Hamilton said.



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JOE'S

Lubbock Doctor Discusses

HALLUCINOGENS

Numerous substances exist which alter mood, distort perception and produce hallucinations. Some of these are: mescaline, psilocybin, and Ololiuqui, along with Myristicin, and the most potent of the hallucinogens, Lysergic acid, Diethylamide, or LSD-25. The latter is a semi-synthetic drug; the mother compound, Lysergic acid, is derived from a parasitic fungus of certain species of rye. LSD-25 was first synthesized by chemist, Hoggman at the research laboratories in Switzerland in 1938. In 1943, Hoffman accidentally ingested some of the compound while working with it, and thereby accidentally discovered its hallucinogenic properties. The average single dose for an adult human to produce major effects is 100 micrograms, taken orally.

The sequence of events depends upon the administered doses, and the time elapsed since administration. After a full effective dose, one generally will observe the following: First, a feeling of dizziness and vertigo, and an apparent inability to concentrate on the work at hand. This is followed by visual perceptual distortion and illusions; at this stage there is generally also a progressive withdrawal from the environment. After about 30-60 minutes, increasingly severe visual hallucinations occur, which are usually vividly colored. Note the distinction from true psychoses where auditory and olfactory hallucinations usually predominate. The effects begin to subside gradually after about 6 hours. There are usually no lasting after effects. Throughout the course of intoxication, aggressive behavior is uncommon and withdrawal from the environment is typical.

Tolerance to the effects of LSD develops rapidly. The drug becomes practically ineffective after just a few administrations in rapid succession. There is no evidence whatever for the development of physical dependence to LSD. The development of psychological dependence must also be considered unlikely on the basis of present evidence.

Several violent crimes (murder, suicide) are reported to have been committed under the influence of the drug; the same is true for excessive sexual behavior. The situation is similar to that of alcohol, in which individuals (about 5-10%) severe psychotic reactions may last for several months after an episode with LSD-25. It may require long term hospitalization and intensive psychiatric treatment. In the absence of a conclusive demonstration of some usefulness in the treatment of a disease, it would, therefore, appear justified to make the drug available only to carefully screened investigators, the present policy in the UNITED STATES.

Any of the above mentioned hallucinogens are extremely dangerous, and particularly with those people who tend to have a desire to escape from the problems of life. Any of the drugs that can be obtained today are dangerous with this type of an emotional aspect to life. Dexdrines and similar compounds, tranquilizers, marijuana, and narcotics, tend to cause behavioral changes consisting of an increasing amounts due to tolerance. Tranquilizers have made life bearable for a large number of mentally ill persons, but even these patients who respond well to them, may develop an attitude of indifference towards their symptoms, their surroundings, and their personal state. Psychoactive drugs rarely increase awareness of the world; they are much more likely to contract people's lives, negate conflict, and deal with stress by dissolving it rather than by meeting it with fully human and creative awareness.

Young people generally underestimate the danger to society, that a drug-intoxicated person can be. A drug may be taken quietly at home, but if there is free access to that drug, there is no control over whether it is taken in an isolated setting, or whether the user, despite prior intentions, will become a public hazard.

When a young person says, "The society has no right to tell me what to do in my private practice," he does not take in to account these fundamental facts of human interaction. The society in which he lives, does, according to the philosophy generally subscribed to today, have the right to protect itself, to act in its own best interest, and to regulate the lives of its members in those areas where damage can result.

Society has the right to protect itself from loss incurred by diminished productivity of its members. To just what extent society's regulation is justifiable on these grounds remains one of the most pressing governmental and sociological concerns of our day.



"Some day all this will be yours."



"PROWL CAR 39 THINKS HE JUST SAW A SUSPECTED BLACK PANTHER CARRYIN' WHAT HE IMAGINES COULD BE A CONCEALED LETHAL WEAPON!"

STUDENT
ACTIVISM

NEW YORK (LNS)--The fall term is here, and in a state of trepidation and queasy pessimism, university officials are gnashing their teeth over the dark unknown. "The question is, of course," said Chancellor Lawrence Chalmers of the University of Kansas, "Where will the small group of dedicated anarchists focus their attention?"

College administrators are freaking. They know, according to a recent report in the Wall Street Journal, that the "major issues that have sparked campus disorders in the past --the war in Vietnam, the draft and racial problems--are all still present." Furthermore, some parents are having second thoughts about sending their children away to college this year where they may be shot down by the National Guard or by other law enforcers. (New admissions at Kent State, for example, are down 10 per cent.)

Administrators are worried that on top of everything else, their colleges may go bankrupt. At a recent round-table discussion at the New York Times office over "the problems facing the university today," Dr. Samuel Gould, who just resigned as Chancellor of the State University of New York, told ten other university presidents: "Support for public higher education is going to be difficult to maintain and increase . . . so many questions are being asked about whether or not institutions that have unrest and campus difficulties should really be supported by the taxpayer."

Who's going to pay for the universities if they are closing down all the time, if they are producing radicals instead of corporation executives? What happens when bombs destroy the research centers that do the work the Army pays handsomely for? What happens when high ranking military officers are no longer turned out of ROTC because ROTC has been driven off the campuses? What's going to happen when students demand open admissions and a relevant curriculum, and when they don't get it, strike?

These problems have driven frightened university officials into a summer of "extensive security preparation."

A recent article in U.S. News and World Report outlines some results of this summer's "security preparation" (those that aren't to be kept secret and used later to surprise students):

--A new law affecting all public institutions in Ohio provides a mandatory one-year suspension for any student or faculty member convicted in a court of law of campus disruption. The State Board of Regents in Iowa now requires a one year suspension or dismissal for any student, faculty or staff member who is found guilty of violating "new and stiffer rules of personal conduct."

--Authority has been given to college presidents in Iowa and California to ban students from their campuses temporarily if, in the opinion of the presidents, the students are likely to be serious disturbers.

--To keep "outside agitators" off campus, more and more schools are providing students with photo-identification cards.

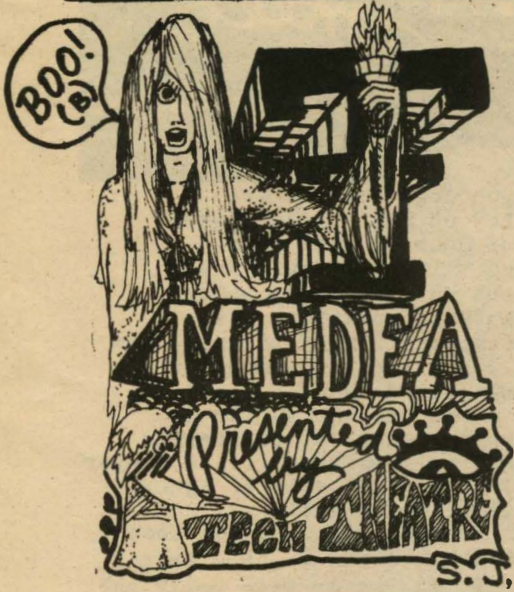
--Many campuses are doubling the number of security police on campus.

--In Texas, the legislature gave universities the power to commission campus police so that they could, if necessary, carry guns and make arrests.

--In Los Angeles Police Chief Edward Davis has talked about swearing in members of the faculty to help keep the peace at UCLA in the event of big trouble.

--All 38 officers of the police department at the University of Georgia in Athens are students attending the

(cont. on page 10)



Friday night's performance of *Medea* came as close as was possible to being topless. At one point during the first act part of Miss Gürün's anatomy that had thus far been concealed popped into the view of a startled cast and an eager audience. Back stage during the intermission Dikmen remarked, "I don't know what happened, but my boob fell out."

Medea was originally planned to be topless in the final scene of the show; and it was rehearsed in this manner at the dress run-thrus. But director Pat Rogers decided that the unveiling took too much time causing the scene to appear contrived or gimmicky. Amazing as it may seem, there has been little problem with the administration and other moralistic groups concerning the idea of a production with a bare-breasted female. It's irritating that the costume design made it impossible technically for the show to continue as it had been conceived.

The show itself was only fair. It had its captivating moments but these were mostly in the second act. Act I was concerned with the laying of the ground work for the story

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and tended to be rather tedious in places. This was not due to Jeffers' translation but to the manner in which it was played.

Act II definitely made up for the mediocrity at the first and some real acting talent was displayed. Trudie Marchbanks, as the nurse, redeemed herself in the chilling account of the deaths of Creon and Creusa. Richard Privitt's portrayal of Jason and Miss Gürün's characterization of *Medea* were combined to form an ending to the production that left the audience on a high emotional level.

Probably the most helpful aspect in keeping the production alive was the beauty and simplicity of the set designed by Pat Rogers. It combined different platform heights, flaming torches encircled by gilded vipers, and a gaping arched entrance way.

Even with the almost-topless *Medea* beginning rather weakly, the cast managed to generate a good deal of power for the final impact thus making the first Lab Theatre production of the 1970-71 season somewhat successful.

A-J HOAXED

The *Avalanche-Journal* was hoaxed again recently. On October 9, the evening edition has a lead story with a banner headline: "Millionaire's Jet Missing." The hoax story had many obvious clues if the A-J had only had a literate person on the dayside. We will give you the story. Our comments are in parenthesis.

Carlsbad, N.M. (UPI). An executive jet plane carrying eleven persons, including an oil company heir, was missing today after an apparent inflight explosion over rugged New Mexico mountain country.

The oil heir was Rosenthal Kimbel, Jr., 28, of Far Eastern Oil Co., of Larose, La. (Jewish first name, Goy last name. There is no Far Eastern Oil Co., as a check of their own financial page would disclose. Anybody ever heard of Larose, La.?)

Others aboard the plane were the pilot, copilot, Kimbel's secretary, four bodyguards and three passengers. (Come on, now, if he was important enough to have four bodyguards, how come he wasn't famous?) Identification was withheld by the oil firm.

Reginald Smith, Far Eastern vice president, of New Orleans, said the jet was purchased a week ago by the firm. He said it was last heard from Thursday night (How come they waited until Friday morning to notify authorities?) when the pilot radioed that an explosion occurred over the Carlsbad area in southeast New Mexico. (The plane exploded and the pilot radioed his New Orleans office rather than use the international distress signal, MAYDAY, and plea for nearby help.)

Smith said the pilot radioed the Far Eastern tower in New Orleans he had "no more control over the aircraft. It's going into a dive." (Planes that explode don't dive, and the pilot wouldn't radio New Orleans.)

Smith said Rosenthal left Thursday for Anchorage, Alaska, but diverted the plane to Mexico City to pick up three passengers. (That is quite a midair decision, to "drop by" Mexico City. Flight plans aren't taken lightly by the FAA.)

"The plane developed engine trouble after leaving Mexico City and the pilot decided to try and land at Santa Fe, N.M.," Smith said. (El Paso, Roswell, and Albuquerque are closer airports.)

At Carlsbad, four planes of the McCarsland Aviation were hired to start a search over the rugged Guadalupe Mountains stretching along the Texas-New Mexico border.

Claude McCarsland, owner of the service, said, when the pilot radioed about the explosion, "He could see Guadalupe Peak and the lights of Carlsbad."

Smith estimated Kimbel was worth "about \$50-60 million." (This would get him listed when magazines do their richest-Americans-thing, but still no one ever heard of the dude.) He said the plane was equipped with beds, a bar, and space for twenty-two passengers.

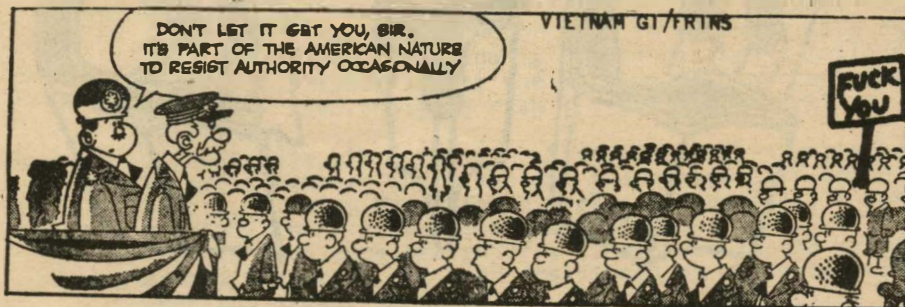
Kimbel's mother, Mrs. R. Rosenthal Kimbel, had Smith telephone the Carlsbad *Current-Argus* newspaper and place a full-page advertisement, offering a \$25,000 reward for the person finding her son.

The plane was described by Smith as a twin-jet Fokker F28 purchased a week ago. (This is the biggest giveaway of all. Fokker's are those famous World War I German planes you see in the movies.)

"The pilot shouldn't have had any trouble with it, he said, 'Just stripped down, that plane cost millions.'" (This is overpriced even for executive jets.)

Smith said Kimbel had planned to go elk hunting in Alaska after checking Far Eastern's oil-drilling rigs near Anchorage. (They haven't started drilling on the Prudhoe-Bay oil find. The companies which won that prize were highly publicized. Non-existent Far Eastern wouldn't be large enough to be in on that, anyway.)

We suggest the A-J hire one person who reads *Time* and *Newsweek* so the paper can get enough knowledge of current affairs to avoid such obvious errors in future.



STUDENT SENATE

Last year we decided to give up coverage of the Student Senate because it is a ridiculous farce and they never do anything. However they recently made a move worth comment. They cancelled the fall elections! This was a neat trick that kept half the senate from facing elections. This move was said to be for the purpose of having elections once a year. The Senators had their frats and sororities trot out to approve it. This was needed because several independents planned to run for office.

If they were really sin-

cere they could have held the elections now and then all stood for office in the spring. Everytime there is redistricting the legislators have to run even though it isn't their year. Calling off elections was Hitler's tactic.

The only reason Tech's elections were cancelled was to keep the present Senators in office all year. This was obviously vested interest and the most dishonest move to date. One Senator is now on his third term. Once he was appointed, once he was elected, and once the Senate voted to extend all terms.

Dear Bob:



Dear Bob:

The past week I've had the strangest dreams. I am trying to do a tap dance, but my feet keep getting stuck in a pile of golden marshmallows.

Cass Key

Dear Cass:

Don't worry, I used to dream that I had acne on my ass; anyway, it's a common problem among senile old fools.

Dear Bob:

I had Soc. 232 on the 3rd floor of the Ad Building last spring. Since the class was after lunch, I always brushed my teeth in the bathroom up there. Now the Kampus Kops are always pointing at me and asking for my autograph.

Emory

Dear Emmy:

Either you're very photogenic, or you're getting fewer cavities this year.

Dear Bob:

I was working on my Math homework in the basement of the FL&M late last night, and suddenly a gripping paranoia came over me. Then I noticed a leering cleaning woman in a trench coat standing in the doorway. She cackled wildly, flung open her garment, and exposed herself. Then she knocked me out with a mop, and I woke up today feeling strangely satisfied. Could this have been Nightmare Alice?

Stark Terror

Dear Stark:

Raincoat Charlotte, maybe?

Dear Bob:

I have something to get off my chest, and I thought that you could help me. When I turned 35, I realized that my degree from Anton High School wouldn't make me rich and famous, so I decided to enroll at Tech as a freshman student. The admissions office made me fill out confusing computer cards that asked many embarrassing questions, some of which I refused to answer, and others that I creatively evaded. I wrote my name down so many times!!! Lou Dean Jones; Jones, Lou Dean; Dean, Lou Jones; etc.--- it made my head spin. Anyway, about a month later, I received a letter from the Board of Regents ordering me to move into a little room in the administration Building. Imagine my disappointment at being rejected as a student. I have been making official decisions ever since, but have recently been feeling inept, and a little bit silly; say, do you think that there was some foul-up at the computer center?

Lou Dean Jones

Dear Lou:

Oh my god! What if this had happened with Bill Dean? Bob

Obscuring The Movement

An impressive news release from the organizer of the recent Texas Women's Liberation Conference announced a mass demonstration on abortion law to be held at the state capitol sometime in January. Hopefully the "mass" will exceed the 250 women interested enough to attend the conference.

Last August, when word of the conference reached our little paper, we were fairly surprised to discover that there was a Women's Lib movement in Texas. In Lubbock, at least, the few faithful feminists have succeeded in obscuring their ideology and plans of action not only from the press, but also from most of the women.

Did Lubbock have a delegation to the Austin conference? Have the delegates (if there were any) imposed their new unity and mobilization on the community? Or do they confine their comments to the ntipicking 25-member weekly bitching group that is blushingly referred to as Lubbock Women's Lib?

Perhaps our local movement is on the right track. There is no greater embarrassment than stark failure. Re-education on sexism, male chauvinism, birth control, abortion, and child care may be too much for our timid troopers to tackle... However, if the nasty rumors about pending action continue, there is one truism that those labeled few in Lubbock should heed: no successful revolution or party was ever planned the afternoon before.

CONT'D from page 8

university. They are credited with having done a good job of maintaining order last year.

--Often, after a major disturbance, it is difficult to prove a case against offenders because of lack of identification. As an aid in disciplinary or court proceedings, several colleges are experimenting with video-tape, which records both sight and sound. Others plan to use still or motion-picture cameras. It has also been suggested that rioters be sprayed with a long-lasting dye so they can be readily identified.

--State institutions which shut down during the school term in Ohio are likely to be penalized financially. The Ohio board of regents threatens to withhold state support for the period in which any public college or university is closed.

GRAF-FECES meets FRANKENSTEIN'S BRIDE?

Is it true that Abnormal Psychology classes are required to listen to Bill & Lew on KSEL's T10 show? Our definition of a cynic: Someone that sees President Nixon on the tube and thinks of David Fry. The Aggies are going to put out their own underground paper. In keeping with their political views, it will be called AG-NEWS Grover Murray bought a new hard hat with a flag decal One local newsman (it wouldn't be kosher to name him) called Agnew "the mighty metaphor." To bad they don't let the public in on shots like that We have the funniest obituaries ready, if the right people would only pass on A lawyer friend gave us some free legal advice. He said if Agnew becomes President we go to jail without trial Our District Attorney's office has gone to pot The Tech campus is about as active as LBJ's barber Now that the FBI's 10 most wanted list is filling up with political fugitives, a murderer or bank robber can't get any publicity Notice to the man who exposes himself around campus: Why not do it right and pose for our cover? I met a guy the other day that watches the news on Channel 11. I didn't even know they had news on Channel 11. As a follow up to Friday's UD article, "Blind Fan Calls For More Spirit," the CATALYST is doing one on "Deaf Student Demands New Music Building" Notice to the local football players: There is an article you should read in the October issue of Today's Health. It says those amphetamines you use are bad for you and don't help you to win anyway The University Theatre is preparing to present the excellent play, "Boys In The Band." The play is about a group of homosexuals and one straight guy--their only problem was finding someone to play the straight guy JIM CARLEN IS THE ANSWER. (what was the question) Now that they have closed the downtown Dunlaps, there is a heavy rumor that Tech plans to buy it from Retha Martin...

Yes, yes, oh indeed yes! Rush me my year's subscription to that much-lauded journal of applied paranoia, THE CATALYST.

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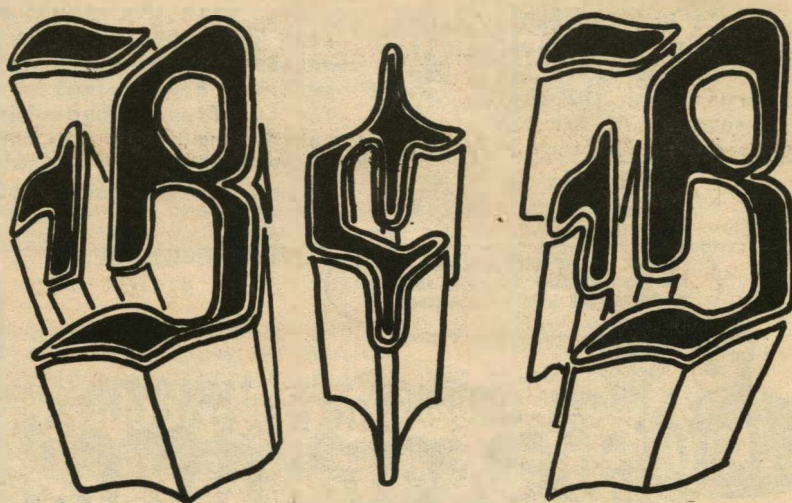
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SPEECH (from page 5)

history and the Chicano movement. We will no longer allow the system to make us racists to ourselves.

Chicanos want a revolution. By revolution, we mean change. We are not advocating insurrection although it is sad that in the history of the U.S., when revolution was needed, insurrection has occurred.

You ask me what the Ecumenical Council for Social Action can do for help. This is a question which you must ask yourselves. Do you really want to help our people or are you here only to listen and be part of the silent majority? Do you want to help or are you here because nowadays it is "in" to listen to the minority group for an hour or so? I cannot tell you what to do. You are the ones working inside the system. You are the ones who are running the show. I have been called a militant because I express my opinions. I am not allowed to work within the system. I have applied for a job where I thought I could help my people at several community centers and have been refused, yet they hire gringos who cannot even compare with the knowledge I have of my people and cannot even compare with the good services I can render el barrio. Yet overshadowing the assets is the excuse the white system gives me for not hiring me: "You are too militant." I am working cleaning rest rooms, you have the jobs helping the people, but still you ask me what you can do to help.

I can only suggest; tell your friends about our problems; tell your friends about our ideas in the Chicano movement; help our people to elect representatives who will work for my people; bring pressure to develop a system that will work not only for the majority but for all people. And something you should do with all your might--Hope and Pray that this time insurrection is not needed to acquire social change.

What do Chicano youths want? We want to opportunity to gain your respect and love. Why not let us have what was given to us in the constitution--life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and why not Justice and Love for all?

Durk's Law

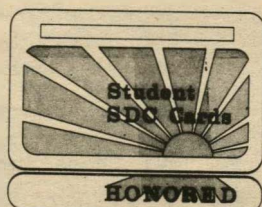
Sgt. David Durk, a detective for the New York Police, will speak at 8 PM Wednesday, October 28, in the University Student Center. Durk has spoken recently on the campuses of Yale, Harvard, NYU, and Columbia about the "new breed of committed cops." Durk challenges, "If the thought of seeing a problem on the street and doing something about it appeals to you--become a cop." He is sponsored by the Ideas and Issues Committee and the University Speakers Series.

JENTS

HOUSE OF MUSIC

2640-34th

GUITARS
DRUMS
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FACTORY



OUTLETS

2640-34TH

FERGUSON CASE

by Linda Bond

Stanley Ferguson is fighting a battle against Police Chief J.T. Alley--he wants to be a policeman.

Ferguson is almost alone in his fight. He has been rejected by the Lubbock Police Department, ridiculed by whites, threatened by blacks who are afraid to "rock the boat". His case, Ferguson v. Alley, et. al., will be tried in the U.S. District Court for the Northern District of Texas, Lubbock Division later this year. He may then find out why the police force doesn't want him in its ranks.

The 22-year old black man made the second highest score on a May 20 Civil Service exam and allegedly should have been hired to fill a position on the Lubbock Police Force when the highest scorer did not accept the job.

Ferguson's application was turned down on May 28 by the police review board. He was given no explanation for the refusal, although the Texas Revised Civil Rights Law requires that a statement be sent to the Civil Service Commission and the applicant if a rejection is made.

His plea was taken before the Civil Service Commission but apparently no documents proving Ferguson unfit for duty were shown. The stated reasons for refusal were vague but centered on unidentified doctor and personal references. Ferguson has not yet learned what is wrong with him, although he has offered to submit to a psychiatric examination but has not been taken up on this offer by the police department.

Pride wasn't the only aspect of Ferguson's life hurt by the rejection of his application. Unless he receives an explanation from the police department, he will have to put down on every job application he makes that he was rejected by the Lubbock Police Department for "unknown reasons".

He was refused a job which would have paid from \$334 to \$600 per month, and is currently doing day labor and playing the organ for various church services. His senior status at Prairie View A&M College, although probably higher than the educational level of most Lubbock policemen, did not help him get the job.

The idea that Ferguson's rejection may have been based on racial grounds seems to be a fair consideration. Less than one per cent of Lubbock's police force is black--there are three black men in the department of 206 patrolmen and supervisors. Two of Lubbock's black policemen are full civil service patrolmen--the other was permitted to join the force on a temporary clause of the Civil Service Laws because he was over the required age at the time of his application.

If racial discrimination is determined by the Lubbock District Court as the cause of Ferguson's rejection, Attorney General John Mitchell may be sued for not enforcing the Civil Rights Laws. The Powell Amendment would be the basis for this court action.

AJ newsboys screwed

Your neighborhood paper boy is getting screwed by the Avancher-Journal. Our local reactionary rag has arranged their rate schedules so that the more papers a boy throws the less money he makes.

If a boy throws only the morning paper (no Sunday paper) he will make \$10.04 per customer a year. If he delivers the Sunday paper also he will make \$6.98 per customer a year. In other words he will lose about \$3 a year if he throws the Sunday paper.

His misfortune will be the same if he throws morning, evening, and Sunday; or if he throws evening and Sunday. He will lose \$3 a year per customer if he delivers a Sunday paper.

Here are the figures:

Annual Rate	Cost	Profit
Morning only		
\$21.00	\$10.95	\$10.04
Morning and Sunday		
\$23.40	\$16.41	\$ 6.98
Evening only		
\$19.20	\$ 9.13	\$10.06
Evening and Sunday		
\$21.60	\$14.59	\$ 7.00
Morning and Evening only		
\$33.60	\$20.09	\$13.51
Morning, Evening, & Sunday		
\$36.00	\$25.55	\$10.45

Eco Epic

or
(How I was shanghaied for humanity)

HELP!!!!, I am being held captive in the CATALYST office since they never edit their copy I am pasting this note right into their copy-----

It all started on a cold drab Saturday morning when I had nothing better to do at 10:00 than to wander over to the coliseum parking lot to see all the weird-o people picking up trash for the Eco-Action program. While I was walking around, minding my own business, not even stepping on any ants or nothing when along comes this flaming chariot of the sun (really some old beat up Lancer). As it sped past me a long hairy arm reached out and grabbed me by my knee (a weird place to grab somebody and even a weirder place to get grabbed at) and pulled my body into the car. I soon learned from my kidnappers that I was going to spend the rest of the day picking up trash for the CATALYST.

For the next three hours or so I found myself, not trash picking up, but freezing to death 'cause we all (about five people) had to wait on a big group to come--which turned out to be two guys and a pick up truck. Then we started out on our task by having lunch. I really didn't mind working up till now for it seemed to me we weren't going to do anything anyway. But then my bubble of hope shattered when we headed out toward East Lubbock. I then realized work was to come. The first two hours were spent in deciding what to do. We all unanimously decided to go to the dump and get something big and call it a day--boy was I glad at that. But, since we couldn't find the dump we had to settle on a burned-out house with a lot of neat-o stuff like chairs, stoves and sheet metal lying all around. Once we got started everybody started getting real excited again--about like the way they were about 10AM. This really scared me--and for good reason too, 'cause we started to pick up trash diligently. We even did better than diligently--we split up into two groups--one to go around town and get stuff like refrigerators and one to get honest trash like beer cans and candy wrappers. I, of course, had to get beer cans and stuff--note though, all this time I was under maximum security and was not allowed within sight of a car. We (or they) did have another kidnap victim but he (intelligently) made off while the rest of the group was away making a phone call. Since his escape, I had a sack of trash tied to each leg and a guard stayed with me all the time. Well, picking up trash was really a drag until a group of local people (some might call them black kids) came out to help and "join in the fun." That was really neat; some of them occasionally sang out and I really felt neat working along them and for them--since my background was typically anglo-saxon conservative.

Anyway, by the time I finally made it back to the coliseum parking lot, about four hours and a van full

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of trash later, I found we (the CATALYST) had the neatest pile there--also one of the biggest (not to include the coliseum itself which we claimed to our pile). We had a bunch of washers, stoves, ice boxes, not to mention a coke machine door and a half of a john. We topped it all off with a dead dog (found in the street by one of the guys) and about a hundred CATALYST stickers. Then I found out we won! We really did. We got three big old honey locust trees and a little pine tree. It was really cool to sit up on top of our pile there (with the dog and all) watching our trees just lie there with growth busting out all over. Ah, imagine...in 50 years journalists from all over the world will make yearly pilgrimages to site...kiss the ground around our trees. yeah. Anyway, we won.

signed, Dave Sherry

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