

The Long Valley Gazette

Cañada College • Redwood City, California

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'Hedda' in Flex



"Hedda Gabler" cast members Rene Mathews (Tesman) and Stephanie McClain (Hedda Gabler).

Smoking, AIDS Targeted by Health Center

By Michelle DeWolf

Since Mon. May 4th the school cafeteria has been divided into smoking and non-smoking sections, with the non-smoking section on the south side towards the windows. This decision is the first positive move toward the health center's effort to become a non-smoking campus with designated smoking areas. The San Mateo County division of the American Lung Association has been very helpful in trying to have district wide non-smoking campuses, but progress is slow.

The health center has several concerns. The non-smoking issue is one, but the spread of AIDS and prevention is also very important.

The Cañada College Student faculty forum presented an "AIDS Issues" panel discussion May 27 for students, faculty, staff and the community.

Participants were Joel Palefsky M.D., AIDS Researcher, from Stanford's microbiological medicine department, Jim Perkins, D.P.H. Chief, Health Educator of the San Mateo County Public Health Department and Dick Claire, Instructor and Mayor of Redwood City. Dr. Ernie Rodriguez, college psychologist, moderated the panel.

Michelle Freeman, Cañada student, in conjunction with Lois Cunningham, ASCC student advisor, and the Health and Psychological Services, have been actively involved with AIDS education.

On-going information and programs will be forthcoming in the fall and spring semesters.

The Health Center (5-213, phone 364-1212, ext. 309) is an available resource to anyone seeking questions, information, and counseling regarding issues of AIDS.

Ibsen Play Concludes Spring Drama Here

Henrik Ibsen's HEDDA GABLER opens Thursday, June 4 at 8 p.m. in the College's Flexible Theatre.

Directed by Mel Ellett, HEDDA GABLER is a masterpiece of psychological analysis and one of the most popular plays by Ibsen. Written in 1890, it focuses on the plight of women who had not yet achieved outlets for their creative energies. It tells the story of a beautiful aristocrat who marries beneath her and has no children or challenging work. Boredom, frustration, and tragedy inevitably come to her.

Hedda is played by Stephanie McClain of San Francisco; her husband Tesman,

by René Mathews of Redwood City; Eilert Lovborg, her former sweetheart, by Peter Vilkin of Palo Alto; Mrs. Elvsted, Hedda's rival for Eilert's affections, by Gloria Symon of Palo Alto; and Judge Brack, who tries to trap Hedda into a sexual liaison, by Mike Lyon of Redwood City.

Remaining cast members are Claiborne Jones of Woodside and Lynette Curtis, also assistant director,

from Menlo Park. Mike Walsh is stage designer and costumes are by Kate Irvine.

HEDDA GABLER plays June 4, 5, 6 and 11, 12, and 13. Tickets are \$5 general and \$4 students and seniors.

For reservations call 363-1516 or 364-1212, Ext. 271.

Tuesday Theatre Performance Today

Don't miss it! Cañada's resident drama group, the TuesDAY Theatre Company, will stage its final performance of the semester today at 11 a.m. in the Main Theatre.

See a variety of intriguing scenes from representative modern American plays. Admission is free.

In the spotlight are the following performers: Marc Moessner, Kelli Reese, Bernadette Fife, Michael Blakley, Donna Hartman, Kimberley Jorgensen, Chris Finetti, and Lisa Hickey.

Always entertaining, TuesDAY Theatre performances showcase the talent of Cañada student actors. The company is directed by Bob Curtis.

Don't Panic When Things Start Shakin'

By Joanne Haug

What would you do if you were stuck on Cañada campus and you couldn't drive because the overpasses fell and the roads became impassible? What is the plan of attack?

"In no sense would we be isolated from the community" says Vice President Jack Greenalch. I asked if he believes there will be another major earthquake sometime in the next 30 years or so. "I certainly hope not, but I think if we believe the people who forecast those types of things, there will be a major earthquake in the future." Fortunately Cañada Collee has been built to the most stringent of earthquake standards and should be able to withstand any major earthquake. All the classrooms have walls in them without glass and lighting, chandeliers etc, that are going to fall on people.

Greenalch said, "The basic thing to do would be to move over against walls and then simply get on the floor, put your head down to protect your eyes and face from falling glass." We have an emergency chain of command up on the campus so that communication with the outside world will continue. Cañada has at all times radio contact with the Sheriff's Department and would be able to establish contact immediately with command center for the emergency San Mateo County instruction. There are quite a few people at Cañada who are trained in CPR and emergency procedures including Greenalch and his two colleagues in student services. He hopes that the "big one" never comes; however, he feels that Cañada is reasonable well prepared to deal with it. He would like our families to know that if there is an earthquake the college is prepared to look after the students' health and safety. He advises not to panic.

April was California Earthquake Preparedness month which reminds us students and faculty to be prepared should a major quake strike the Bay Area.

The following advice is suggested by the American Red Cross and other national and state groups; it outlines actions faculty and students can do at school in order to act constructively during an earthquake instead of panicking.

DURING AN EARTHQUAKE

If you are inside:

—DO NOT RUN OR TRY TO GO OUTSIDE.

—Get under a sturdy table, desk, or brace yourself in a sturdy door frame.

—Cover your head with your arms.

—Watch out for falling objects.

—Wait until the trembling stops.

If you are outside:

—DO NOT RUN OR TRY TO GO INSIDE.

—Move to an open area away from

Continued on page 3

Apply Early, Get Special Service

Cañada's new program for full-time students (12 units) offers special services to high school students and others who apply for college early. This program offers information, counseling and a special orientation that facilitates college entry and registration for Fall 1987.

Call the Registration Office (364-1212) and ask for an application marked "Early Admissions." Fill it out and mail or carry

it in prior to the June 3 deadline. Upon acceptance you'll receive a letter of admission and be assigned an English/Math placement date and orientation and counseling appointment.

Following the group orientation on June 17, you'll be offered an individual counseling appointment which is optional. At this time a counselor will answer additional questions based on

your personal education plan.

Early admission students will receive information before other new students and be registered for college before the summer begins. This is also an excellent opportunity for the concurrently enrolled student, who has already been admitted to Cañada, to secure the classes he/she wants. For further information call 364-1212, ext. 385.

PRESIDENTS CORNER

Bob Stiff

Real Success ? It's Up to You



College President Bob Stiff

As I look at the 1986-87 academic year at Cañada College, I see mostly plusses. Enrollment continues to increase; the new Basic Skills Lab and Mini-Track are being used daily by students; the College has a new planning process; and various student activities have been successful. Also, the athletic teams had good years; staff morale seems good; the Center for the American Musical has been successful; the Interior Design Program had a successful accreditation; many programs and the individuals connected with those programs have received awards. On the District level, many efforts are underway to better coordinate programs and services. From Sacramento, it appears as if this may be the community colleges' year, after all, with the possible infusion of another 100 million dollars for community colleges.

However, I suppose the real success of Cañada College, much harder to document, has to do with the ways in which you students translate your classroom experiences to your own daily lives. This success is measured by the extent to which you do some of the following kinds of things as you enjoy your summer:

- Do some serious reflecting on your own lives and values. This can be done even while running, swimming, or cycling, by the way (or while working in the local pizza parlor).
- Follow local and national political campaigns closely and critically.
- Notice some things around you - trees, hills, ocean, squirrels - aspects of nature which you may have talked about in science courses.
- Read a novel or some short stories, or take in a play or two (if only a movie, then analyze its content and style).

- Do a little writing, if only in a diary.
- Provide something of service to the community, even if it's only a minor volunteer effort.

These kinds of things should not take away from your enjoyment of the summer months; in fact, they should add to the enjoyment. Putting in the requisite number of hours in the classroom is only a start. How much of the information, interest, and habit of thinking is taken out of the classroom and applied to your daily lives is really the important test of whether you have profited from your instruction.

Have a pleasant summer, but remember what the philosopher Socrates told us: "The unexamined life is not worth living."

FAREWELL

Donna Simon

Editor's Job Dubious Honor

By Donna Simon

Last September I assumed the role of Editor (in chief) of the Long Valley Gazette — a dubious honor, indeed. In the months that followed, I learned the amateur news biz first-hand. I learned a little about how to find news stories, a little about how to assign news stories, and a little about how to write news stories. And I learned a lot about people — how to write 'em and how to read 'em.

I discovered that we cannot motivate others — they must motivate themselves. Sometimes they will, and sometimes they won't. All of my ranting and raving, begging, beseeching, coaxing, cajoling and idle threatening didn't get stories written. They were written when boyfriends were out of town, the moon was in Aries, and the weather was lousy at the beach.

I believe it was Abraham Lincoln who said, "You can please some of the people all of the time, and you can please all of the people some of the time..." and so on and so on. Honest Abe was never at Cañada College (it's a historical fact — look it up). His maxim takes a nosedive in the long valley; for at Cañada, you can't please anybody, anytime.

This is, therefore, an apology. All are welcome to a piece of it.

I beg the forgiveness of all the folks (students, faculty, administrative staff, and cleaning crew) whose plans and programs got no ink. I throw myself on the mercy of the ladies downstairs who were subjected to an hour-and-a-half interview by a student who, subsequently, never turned in the article. It must have been nice at the beach that weekend.

To the people upstairs — I apologize for failing you, too. I tried to cover every class, happening, piece of trivia and memorandum, but, hey, I'm young, and my priorities are shot.

I was once accused of being a bigot, because I refused to cover happenings in third world countries. That same week I was chastized for not focusing on events that relate directly to Cañada. None of the people, none of the time.

Abe, you were smart to go into politics. In politics, you just blame someone else, erase the tape, or forget.

Despite the slings and arrows, I have enjoyed my days at the helm (or, more often, the stern) of the LVG. It's been a fascinating experience, and one I'll never forget. Also one I'll never repeat.

Work, Play on Summer Agenda

By Michelle DeWolf

What are Cañada students doing with their summer months?

The largest group of people polled are going to work.

44% are working.

28% are vacationing to exotic places, such as Mexico, Hawaii and L.A.

18% will be attending summer classes at Cañada.

4% are moving away to school.

4% have plans to simply relax.

2% have absolutely "no clue" what they will be doing and plan to live the summer one day at a time.

1% of students polled are attending summer classes at a different community college.

The last 1% polled intends to concentrate on meeting Danielle a waitress where he will be working.

Placement Test

Please note that an additional ENGLISH/MATH PLACEMENT TEST will be given on Saturday, June 13, at 9:00 a.m. in 3-148 (Choral Room).

Are We Having Fun Yet ?

By Michelle DeWolf

Is the Bay to Breakers really a fun experience?

Every year I begin with high hopes and outrageous goals for the run. As the day draws closer I really look forward to running. The morning of the race I secretly hope my ride won't show up. I mean 5:00 in the morning is a little too early for even the earliest bird.

After driving to the city and taking half an hour to park six uphill blocks away we pay \$1 to ride an extremely crowded bus to the start where 100,000 people are already waiting.

We proceed to freeze wearing hefty bags, the popular attire until the race begins at 8. We actually cross the starting line at about 8:45 a.m. There are several thoughts that cross my mind at this point. The seeded runners have already finished the race!!! What am I doing here?! I begin to wake up and realize there is no turning back and I couldn't get out of this crowd to save my life.

Six miles fly by and just when I think I can't go another step two young naked men run by. Well...I am off and running! One more mile and my inspirations are arrested. Half a mile to go and I am done.

Now comes the worst part, walking to

the polo fields where we need to wait in line for half an hour to get our official t-shirts. The walk alone must take half an hour and is at least a mile.

After walking six uphill blocks back to the car I return home to the hot tub and my bed. Granted 7.5 miles is not that difficult, but for a seasonal runner it is something that I can never quite be prepared for. All in all I had fun, but I say this looking back on the experience. During the race is a different story.

No 'Bad Vibes' At Concert by Grateful Dead

There are many different types of people who attend a Grateful Dead Concert. First there are the college students who pull up in BMW's or convertible bugs who look clean cut. These students dress in long sleeve surf shirts and 501's with slip on shoes which they bought in Mexico. They also like to wear tie-dye clothing and macrame bracelets, made by the groupies. These almost yuppie type students usually don't dance throughout the whole show. They just sway back and forth clapping their hands and are high on marijuana.

Second, are the teen-agers who got dropped off by Mom, or whose mom is a Grateful Dead fan and started bringing the children as infants (also known as "dead babies" with cotton stuffed into their ears). These kids blend right in with the crowd, always dressed in tie-dye, always running around and dancing right up front with all the other fans. They look so happy with the surroundings, they can be as carefree and wild as they please and no one bothers them. It's amazing how these kids know all of the words to the songs being played.

MUSIC

Joanne Haug

Third, are the hard core Dead Heads whose lives are "dead"icated to the band. Following (or touring) the Grateful Dead is a way of life. They are sometimes categorized as "freaks" or "hippies" who have long hair, sometimes knotted (or with dreadlocks entwined throughout) from not brushing it. They drive and live in double decker school buses, old hearses, and — the most common vehicle owned by the true dead head — the VW bus. These spaced out individuals are hallucinating at every concert. They dance apart from the crowd, weaving in and out of the outer perimeter moving their arms and bodies with a snakelike motion. Their means of livelihood consists of creating and selling various arts and crafts such as: tie dyed clothing, jewelry, stickers, macrame items weaved into crystals, and customized paraphernalia. They dress in faded holey jeans, wearing the most vibrant tie-dyed shirts you can imagine and Birkenstock sandals on their feet (if wearing shoes at all). The overall look to them would be "the earthy look." Most are considered throwbacks from the 1960's. They stress individuality and nonconformity to roles that society places on people.

A Grateful Dead concert is unique because so many types of people accept each other and there are no negative feelings or conflicts in the audience. We thought it was bad when John Lennon died, just wait until Jerry Garcia passes on.

Improv Theatre

The Main Theatre will be the place to be for drama lovers Thursday, June 4. The Hillsdale Improv Theatre, a unique performance company, will be on stage beginning at 11 a.m. Admission is free.

The Long Valley Gazette

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COMMENT *Gerald Messner*

A Lot of History This School Year

By Gerald Messner

Many of us think of history as a dreary line of numbers — presidential terms, battle dates, miles of railroad, employment statistics. As we walk through the calendar, we rarely think of ourselves as part of it. We are part of history, however, and we have witnessed a lot of it this year. Get yourself ready to explain some of the following to your grandkids.

This was the year when:

Beatles cds outsold any new lp.

Jim and Tammy Bakker, PTL's Ken and Barbie, were shown to have Marcos-like tastes — and possessions.

Single issue candidates for public office suddenly found out that you can't win if you are only against. The public caught on: why is this guy running for government when he is against government?

Zealots were discovered in the White House basement. They gave us all the most unusual and least well understood Presidential scandal in history.

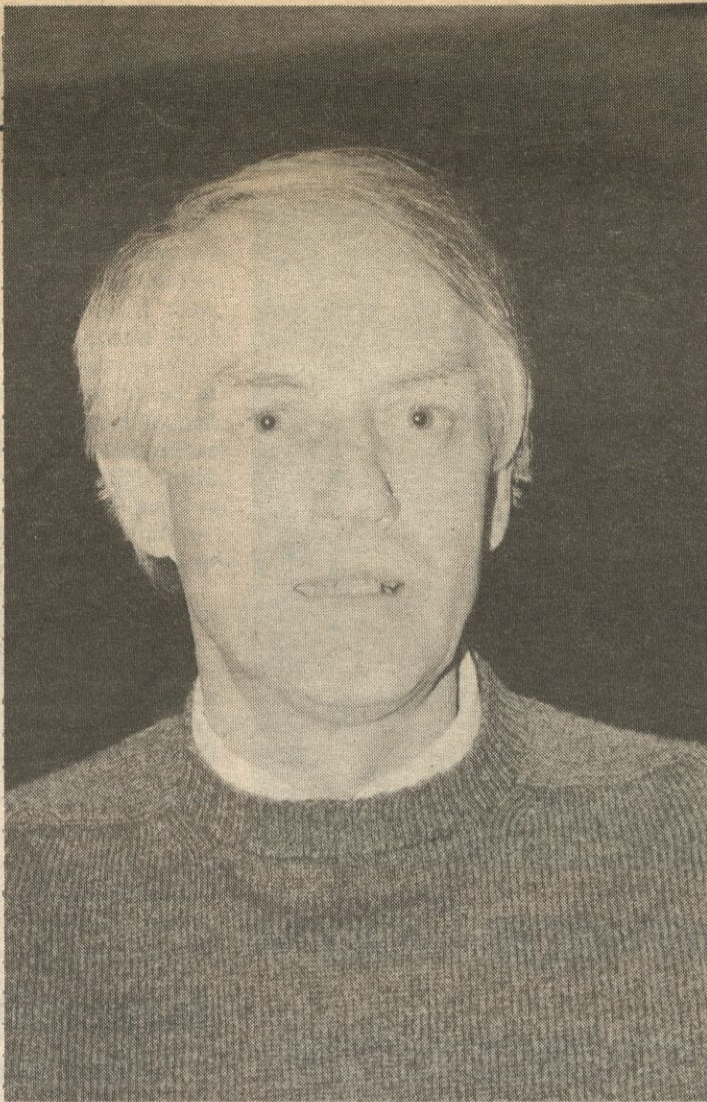
In major metro areas like ours, am/fm stations switched formats. Kiss and AC/DC went out the window. What's in? Swing, Sinatra, Streisand.

The California State Commission on the Master Plan for Higher Education decided that community colleges performed a terrific educational service. To show their appreciation, our friends in Sacramento decided that we should undertake a vast new series of services — but without any money to do them. A little like being given a huge and successful testimonial party and then getting billed for it.

Chico State finally collected on its reputation; *Playboy* accomplished what two generations of parents and high school counselors could not.

We learned not to blush at the use of the word "condom."

TV viewing declined, and book sales soared. Research reveals that more college students watch soaps than any other



Academic Senate President Gerald Messner

type of tv show. Next in line: news. Least watched: Joan Rivers. A generation with promise!

More students awoke to the obvious, and stopped trying to mix job with college. One student of mine worked full-time for five years, gave his money to a stock-broker, and now carries a 16 unit load.

"Studying is in," a girl told me last week. "Drinking is out. Knowing is in. Cool is out. Caring is in. Aspiring to be a yuppie is the 70's."

That noise you hear is the swing of the pendulum. All this took place since we began this year together. Preview of the 90's?

Flick 'Good to the Last Gasp'

By Joanne Haug

Did you ever go to the movies by yourself? Well, I did. For the first time ever I was the only one in the theatre. It was scary. If you liked the original *Creepshow* and if you are a normal kid who liked cartoons, you will enjoy the new mini stories created from Stephen King's creative but demented mind. There were only three stories as compared to *Creepshow I*'s four or five. The first story was a little stomach turning, the second was funny, and the third was classic. The movie opens up with the voice of Joe Silver as "the creep."

A beatup old truck with a license plate, "CREEP" pulls up to the town post office and throws a package at Billy's (the wimpy evil eyed kid) feet, "getting the first copy off the presses Billy?" The picture turns into cartoon... "What's in the package?" A Giant Venus Fly Trap that eats meat, ordered from *Creepshow Magazine*. "The Creep's voice, "Welcome blood suckers, I know you will enjoy being repulsed."

The first mini movie takes place in Dead River, a town that really lives up to its name. They set the scene by building up your liking for the old couple who runs the town supply store. A large wooden carved Indian Chief adorns the steps. A psycho Indian Sam White and his two idiot friends Fat Stuff and Rich Boy hold up the place and you can guess what happens. This is only ten minutes into the movie and by then the only other person in the theatre left, which made me feel less scared. It certainly is something new for me to have the whole theatre to myself. Chief Woodenhead goes on the rampage, proceeds to shoot an arrow through fat stuff, axe rich boy and scalp Sam White. The scalping scene is really sick!

"Stranded without a paddle in a sea of blood," The Creep says introducing the next story. This little morbid masterpiece

was pretty gruesome but has a satiric tone. It's called "The Raft." Deke (the jock), Laverne (the slut), Randy (the pre-med student), and Rachel (the quiet say no to drugs type) are driving in the middle of nowhere to a destination only Deke knows, while fogging a joint. This is the one where a little sex and a little sucking face take place (literally) by a blob-like creature who floats around the icy lake they decide to swim in. The four of them make it to a raft in the middle and the mossy, seaweed looking, blob follows them. It eats Rachel first. "It hurts, it hurts!" as her skin turns red and disintegrates off her face. "Maybe if it's full it will go away but if it still wants chow....." Which is what it gets, chow. The suck face scene is pretty gross as well. This creature has no manners at all, belching after his meal.

"The Hitchhiker" is by far the best story in *Creepshow I* and *Creepshow II*.

"Never pick up hitchhikers, especially on the hood of your car." Lois Chiles portrays a rich lawyer's wife who is late coming home from the local gigolo's house. She's got some great one liners. For example, figuring out what to say to hubby: "I was out with Trudy and Jim, no... I went to see a movie, I went to get laid, \$150.00 for six, count them six orgasms, that's \$25.00 a pop whatda ya think George?" She sees a hitchhiker up ahead and we will let your imaginations figure out the rest. All I can say is the words "THANKS FOR THE RIDE LADY" stuck in my mind for a long time afterwards. Stephen King shows his ugly mug in this short story. He has one line, "A guy got creamed; it happens all the time." The Mercedes which Annie Lansing (Lois Chiles) is driving seems to endure the impossible. It makes you want to go out and buy one. This scary flick is good to the last gasp.



Reality Rules For Drivers, New and Old

By Michele Duren

Every day thousands of people take the test. The test that, if they pass, enables them to join the millions of drivers on the open road.

The new driver is armed with all the classic information in the DMV's driver handbook. This handbook fails, however, to mention all the rules, so I have composed a list of "reality rules" for the new driver and those who may have forgotten.

A general rule of thumb is the more expensive car always has the right of way. Expensive cars usually come with automatic right-of-way as a standard feature. Unfortunately, their turn signals are either broken or haven't been installed in the first place.

The driver of one of these nice cars is required to drive either 15 miles per hour under the speed limit or 42 miles per hour over the limit. Irrational driving is perfectly acceptable if done in a BMW, Porsche, or Mercedes.

Never do at home what can be done while you are driving. The art of steering with your knees was developed especially for applying makeup, doing last minute homework, talking on the phone, curling your hair, painting your nails, eating fast food, cleaning out your back seat, and fixing your car stereo.

Never forget that the car is just another single's bar. There is very little that you can do in a bar that can't be done in a car (just look at the drunk driver statistics). There are even specific areas designated for meeting members of the opposite sex. Cruising is a skill that doesn't need much practice to master. There are certain standards to cruising that will help your chances. The more outrageous things you can do to your vehicle, the louder your stereo, and the more obnoxious you are, the better you will do. If your stereo can't be heard at least three blocks away, don't even waste your time.

Traffic is every driver's nemesis. There are a few things that you should accept before you even start; no matter how long you leave your blinker on, it will probably not get noticed. There are some people who believe that the more cars they cut off or don't let in, the faster they will get out of the traffic. You have to be somewhat aggressive, but don't be stupid. A stupid person four miles ahead of you caused this whole traffic jam.

There are always going to be people that cut you off so you might as well learn the different ways of dealing with them. The reliable horn honking can be very effective if followed by flipping them off. This can get old and doesn't affect everybody. If their window is open you can tell them exactly what it is about them you don't like. Sometimes not saying anything, but looking at them blankly will make them more angry.

It's a jungle out there so keep your defenses up and never assume that the other driver has a brain (it's not a requirement). Beware of the people with special licenses. Bus drivers, cab drivers and some truck drivers can be more dangerous than the basic driver. Driving all day can deteriorate your brain cells. While you're watching out for the other guy, make sure you don't become like him.

Earthquake

Continued from page 1

buildings, overhead wires, trees, poles, etc.

—Kneel or sit down.

—If you are in a car, stay in the car, pull over and stop away from over passes, power lines, etc.

AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE

—DO NOT RUN OR TRY TO GO OUTSIDE

—Remain calm and prepare for aftershocks.

—Wait for instructions.

—Help injured students and/or faculty members.

If you are outside:

—DO NOT RUN OR TRY TO GO INSIDE UNTIL YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY SURE THE BUILDING IS SAFE TO RE-ENTER.

Poetry & Prose



When the Lemmings Come

By George Raymond

Lemmings are strange creatures. As you probably know, the lemming (genera Lemmus and Dicrostonyx) migrate to lower elevation in search of food and better radio reception. Eventually they reach the sea; attempting to cross it as if it were a river, they are drowned. For once they have chosen their direction, the lemmings do not alter their path. That's why I'm standing out here, knee deep in the cold arctic waters. Just like I have been faithfully doing for the past six years. Unmoving. Ever watchful for the distant yelp of the lemmings. For I, Leo Webber, plan to single handedly change the course of the lemmings. I'll accomplish this by simply tossing them out of the water and back to safety of dry land. Safe and unharmed, they will be free to pursue unregulated lemming lives.

But, until that day arrives, I wait. And I will continue to wait 'till the day THE LEMMINGS COME.

Two by Shellie

A Fleeting Moment

A fleeting moment just went by
As we caught each other eye to eye.

In a second's fraction we saw each other,
Naked and honest with nothing to cover.

Our hearts leap and our fingers tremble.
We rethink the thoughts that seemed so simple.

We wonder if it's worth our while,
But forget the thought with a careless smile.

— Shellie Terry

My Questions

Do you miss me
When we're apart?
Can you feel the beating
Of my heart?
Do you feel
The emptiness inside
That controls your body
And becomes your guide?
When I'm away
Does it make you cry?
Do you need me
By your side?
Do you see me
In your dreams?

Sweet and pretty
How real it seems.
Does your heart
Feel lonely and cold?
Do your arms
Need something to hold?
Do you struggle
For concentration?
Are you troubled
With frustration?
Or do you smile
And act so blissful?
Dismiss my questions -
They're only wishful.

— Shellie Terry

Changes

Through a Child's Eyes

By Joanne Eckholm

I remember being asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "A policeman or a fireman." I would reply sincerely. Well, I decided to ask several children where I work and some that I knew from various places what they'd like to be when they grow up. I listened to many different answers, and boy have things changed since I was a little kid on the playground.

There are still those who want to be princesses and movie stars, pro-football players and cowboys, policemen and firemen, and the mayor and a teacher. But instead of being Superman and Wonder-Woman, they want to be He-Man and Sheera. ("He-Man and who?" I asked, I was given a "duh" and an explanation that they were super heroes).

Some children want to be doctors or lawyers. One child said he wanted to be an engineer. "Of what?" I asked. And he said, "Of Electricity." (I'm lucky if I knew what electricity was all about at seven, but I know that I didn't know what an Engineer was).

The most common answers among all the children were doctor, Veterinarian, "Mom" or "Dad", and Dentist.

The two most unusual answers I heard were from the youngest two children. Both were six, a boy and a girl.

When I asked Timmy what he wanted to be, he looked up at me with his huge brown eyes, his dimples nowhere to be seen and said, "I want to be a Fighter pilot." "In the Air Force?" I asked.

"Yes" he said.

"Why" I questioned unsure if I wanted to hear the answer.

"So that I can get them before they get us."

"Who's they?"

"You know, those bad people who are killing everyone." I just looked at him and told him not to worry about "Getting them" because we all live in the world

together and we have to be friends.

When I asked Amy the same question, I was astonished by her answer.

"What would you like to be when you grow up Amy?" (Amy looks like a Holly Hobbie Doll, with all of her freckles and her pig-tails).

"If I could be anything, I'd like to be alive."

(Alive I thought) "What do you mean Amy?"

"Well, if I live to be older with all of those bombs around that kill everyone, then I'd just like to be alive."

I gave her a hug and said, "Come on Amy, you're going to live to be 100 years old so what do you want to be?"

"Happy" she said and smiled.

Though the responses that I received on a whole were positive and happy, the last two really got me down. I thought, "How dare we instill in children the thought that they're futureless, it's so unfair."

I know that things have changed since I was a kid because the biggest worry in my head was, what game do we play next.

Poems by Hoffman

In the Driver's Seat

By Craig Hoffman

She likes to shoot craps
in Las Vegas shouting over the felt
"Come on seven!"
The first time I saw her
talking like that I couldn't
believe she was my aunt.

To that husband of hers, Uncle Herb,
she is fatally resigned: to his temper,
to his driving—
he once drove her from Salt Lake City
to Las Vegas in his Cadillac at 100 mph
while she slept in the back seat
dreaming of dice and silver dollars.

My mother calls him Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
and still doesn't know why her sis married him.

I visit Uncle Herb — he gives me bricks
of stale cheddar cheese he gets for free,
offers me a crisp \$20 bill and says
the real estate business is great.
He insists I stay a couple of weeks
but I know when to leave.

No wonder my aunt likes craps.
When she throws the dice she talks
like an alley player, rattling the cubes
in her palms like she does her false
teeth in a glass.

You can tell she is in charge:
she holds stacks of \$10 chips
like they were potatoes,
no side-betting for her,
action's on the table,
Herb's in the back seat.

Pumping Gas at the Bomb Site

By Craig Hoffman

In the morning they form a line
new Ford and Chevy pickups
light gray with AEC on the doors.
Gasoline and diesel fumes exterminate
the bacon and eggs odor drifting
from the cafeteria,
you don't check oil or wash windows
unless they're from Washington.

Nozzles into tanks, cool vapor
escaping like transparent smoke.

Construction workers peer
into their lunch boxes,
scientists check their notes
and instruments one last time.

In the morning they return
dressed in white coveralls
taped at the ankles and wrists
waiting among the fumes
after breakfast
to measure
the results.

California Dreamin'

By Martin Sheen

Martin Sheen is, of course, the great actor who made such extraordinary films as "Badlands" and "Apocalypse Now", and who began his career in The Living Theater in NYC. But his caring and devotion to a healthy and good world is perhaps as important to him as his acting. This article is clear demonstration of that conviction.

A California settler once complained that they built the Statue of Liberty on the wrong coast; that California, not New York, is "beside the golden door" and who among us would argue?

California! The name itself conjours up unimagined and daring dreams. We are bid to shake off the bonds of reality, as there are indeed more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our present philosophy, and venture forth with a light heart; governed only by self-imposed limitation and ever mindful that it is not always the dreams realized but those left unchallenged that provoke the greatest mystery. Nourished and inspired by the great universal struggle to unite the will of the spirit with the work of the flesh, let us begin.

Where the ecological balance of California's land and sea coast are not surrendered to irrational demands for fuel or subject to indiscriminate waste-dumping, but are preserved and equally protected by the rights of man and the laws of nature....

Where the capital punishment imposed on the homeless is rescinded throughout the land and the desperate destitute are restored to health and human dignity through compassion in accordance with the command of Isaiah. Let us go further....

Where endlessly, self-serving rhetoric is shamed to silence by simple, clearly spoken words from the depths of truth....

Where arrogance is universally understood as ignorance matured....

Where gang violence is mercifully transformed to group vigilance and the courage of the unarmed arbitrator is celebrated. Let us go lightly....

Where the very deep and natural instinct for spiritual awakening strives toward perfection and is not mistakenly diverted by the self-deceptive and dead-end inner journey of drugs and alcohol. Let us go lightheartedly....

Where grid-locked freeways, so often occasions for frustration and anger, are surrendered to as a golden opportunity for patience and personal reflection and even where the mighty Santa Ana is not solely cursed and feared as an ill wind, but is welcomed as a blessed breeze to cleanse. Let us go swiftly....

Where the clear stream of reason is not polluted by prejudice where all races, colors and creeds are united by their unique diversity and basic humanity. Then let us ascent to....

Where the arms race is declared unlawful, where the weapons are dismantled and all the human, technological and financial resources involved are redirected to preserve all life on earth so that we may be made worthy of the long promised blessing reserved for the peacemakers and finally, let us arrive....

Where we are no longer anesthetized by fear, but are led forward in faith by the omnipotent spirit to ever-widening thought and action.

Into that heavenly dream, my fellow Californians and Americans, let us all awake!
— From the InterCollegiate Press

Verse

A Dagger in the Mind

By Wes Patterson

As we search this universe for a constant state of stasis;
We find pain and horror we must flee;
It is a cruel unloving morality in which we exist;
Yet we know for some reason we must persist.

Every day we awake we think "will this be the one;"
Just to find, at the end of the day, that our hopes have been shattered;
Why then you may ask do we hope for this every day;
For the hope that some day (against all odds) it will pay.

As we sit and watch our life crumble;
Dropping our hopes and dreams along the way;
As they hit the cold hard earth they shatter;
With the winds and cruel feet of strangers they soon scatter;

You can no longer even mourn where they fell;
These few vestiges of our superiority;
They will never be ours to retrieve;
Those that tell otherwise try only to deceive.

Love is the biggest lie of all;
Is it not, what most of us live our life for;
How often have you heard of the ecstasy;
Only to watch people die alone in misery.

Conniving creatures we humans can be;
Say "I love you" just to get your way;
Though this is wrong, it oft is done;
I am confident that it has been experienced by almost everyone.

Pain is what makes us human;
Not pain of the body but, agony of the mind;
Cold and hard as the strongest metal, through our brain it does pierce;
The pain of the mind can be the most fierce.

The burning of the flesh hurts not so much as the burning of the mind;
As our brain burns with a fire unquenchable;
Oft we know not why our mind is in such a state;
Perhaps it is merely fate.

Afghanistan, Iraq and Iran;
Are these a sign of the times;
America, supporting the Contras by selling fire power;
Has this entire damn planet gone sour?

Was not Korea, or Vietnam enough;
Although when has this blood-thirsty planet ever been satisfied;
There has been for all time war;
Through our entire history, how long until we collectively say "NO MORE?"

Was this not once an orb of beauty;
A man had only to worry about the shearing of his sheep;
But lo, we discover the Atom Bomb;
And we devise a way to turn an entire planet into a tomb.

Is there a future for this human race;
We the parasites of this planet Earth;
If there is, it is what we make of it;
Upon our brains we can no longer afford to sit!

Long Valley Love Song

By Donna Simon

Today I crossed the womb
of my postsecondary education,

Passed the busy bookstore
Where *Hamlet* is a quarter
And Garfield a buck.

Mea Alma Mater.

Past the paltry crystal cubicle—
Monument to junior college democracy,
Empty except for a Senator
tossing darts at the bulletin board.

I have loved you well.

A diet coke and right about;

Past a dozen carefree coeds.
Oh they don't call us coeds
Anymore
They call us students.

Most of the time.

Scurried up the stone steps
and stopped
In the doorway of His office
To stand on the size 7 scuffs
I have worn into the carpet
Laughing, and learning
to write for myself
and others.

I thank you.

Let Me Feed You in the Morning

By George Raymond

Let me feed you in the morning
Though you might not be too hungry
I'll fix you a big breakfast
with all de trimming's

Bagels and lox
Maybe a flatcake, or two
Let me feed you in the morning
Feed - feed - feed you.

Potpourri

By Joanne Eckholm

You know it's going to be a bad day
when.....

You walk into a bank where the line
extends to the door and 25 people are
behind the counter, but only two
windows are open.

You dive into a swimming pool, a lake,
or the ocean and you lose your suit.

The teacher hands back papers highest
grades to lowest grades and you get your
paper last.

You go to get gas and you leave your
gas cap sitting on top of the pump.

You get to the toll booth and toll is 75¢
and you only have 25¢.

You go to pay for your groceries, but
you seemed to have left your wallet at
home.

You write a check to your boss and it
bounces.

You go to buy a present and your credit
card is "declined".

You receive your letter from the college
you've always wanted to attend and they
don't want you.

You're in a fancy restaurant and you go
to eat your salad but the dressing decides
to try out your face.

You go to put lemon on your fish and
the lemon decides to take a flying lesson.



The person next to you on the plane
gets air sick and can't find the bag.

You are on a date and your zipper
breaks.

An officer pulls you over for speeding
and you can't seem to find your license or
registration.

You get your final grades and your
English teacher was supposed to at least
give you a "D", but decided to "fail" you.

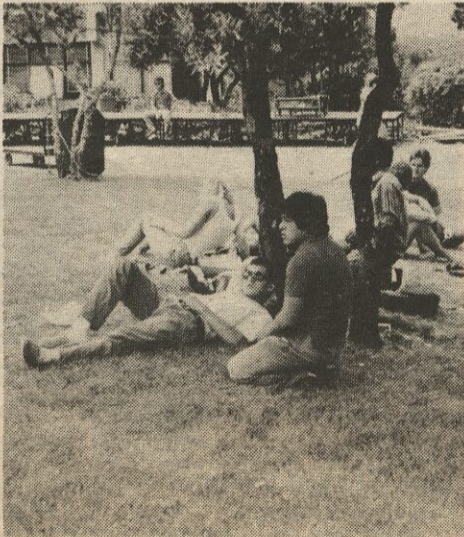
Stress Diet

Breakfast:
½ grapefruit
1 piece whole wheat toast
8 oz. skim milk

Lunch:
4 oz. lean, broiled chicken breast
1 C. steamed zucchini
Herb Tea & 6 Oreo cookies

Mid-Afternoon Snack:
Rest of the package of Oreo cookies
1 quart of rocky road ice cream

Dinner:
2 loaves garlic bread
large mushroom and pepperoni pizza
large pitcher of beer
3 milky ways
entire frozen cheesecake, eaten directly
from the freezer



'Max of All Trades' Leaving Cañada

By Michele Duren

You may have seen her. You may have seen her and not even known it. Her office is discreetly hidden underneath the spiral staircase in the main office. Who is this mystery woman? None other than Maxine Koop.

Although she has been a vital part of Cañada since day one, Koop is going to retire at the end of the school year.

She has held many different jobs in her last 19 years at Cañada from working with student activities to public information.

When asked what her "job" was, Koop replied "Assigned duties. I just do what people ask me to." She also does special projects for Cañada President Robert Stiff. The weekly bulletin is another of Koop's responsibilities.

She may not have a fancy title, but her services are irreplaceable. Since she can't be replaced, her duties will be divided up.

About her future plans? "My husband retired six years ago," says Koop. "Now it's time we share the household chores."

There is more than the domestic side of Koop; she also plans to play more tennis and start taking golf lessons from Cañada's Gerry Drever. "My goal is to be less of a danger to the rest of the people on the course."

Koop also wants to spend more time with family, especially her three grandchildren. She is planning a trip to New England in September. "I've always

had to work when school was in session. September always meant going back to work. I'm looking forward to traveling."

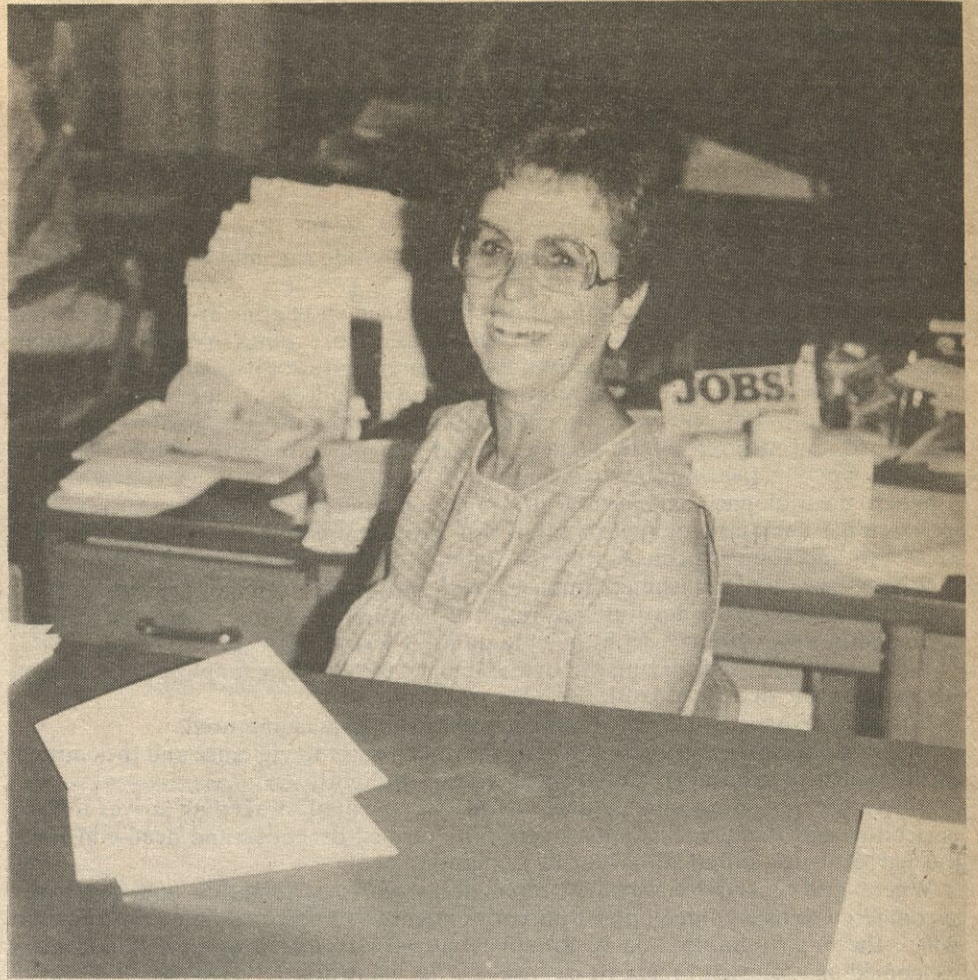
Koop has very strong feelings about the roll Cañada is on. "Clearly Cañada is suffering from financial restraints, but we still have the most energetic, creative, enthusiastic people around."

She is not worried about Cañada's future. Koop says "The quality education that we provide will eventually be recognized and supported by legislation."

Koop is very pro-education. "Any education you have will enhance the quality of your entire life. Anything you do to broaden your scope on life is worthwhile."

Although she is looking forward to the change, Koop says she will miss the people at Cañada. "I had a lot of jobs, challenges, and I worked with wonderful people."

When asked to share her funniest experience, Koop says "it" happened when she was working with student activities. "I kept getting my wallet stolen." After several times, she began to hide her purse in the wastepaper basket and cover it with paper. One afternoon she returned to her desk to find the garbage had been emptied. She had the custodians searching through all the garbage to find it. After a mad scramble, they did find it. But even to this day, people still approach her to ask her where her purse is.



Maxine Koop

Student Doesn't Take Life for Granted

By Michelle DeWolf

Many of us take common everyday aspects of life such as walking for granted. Kathy Renal is a recently disabled Cañada student who no longer takes those simple aspects in life for granted. She sustained a serious spinal cord injury on Jan. 27, 1986 in a car accident that left her confined to a wheelchair. Because of an excellent team of doctors and therapists and her positive attitude she is getting better quickly.

Her boyfriend was also involved in the accident and has been a motivation for her progress just as she has been a positive force for him to overcome the injuries he sustained.

Kathy graduated from Woodside High School in 1980 and began taking night classes at Cañada. At the time of these classes she was fulfilling her general education requirements, but was interested in pursuing a career in physical

therapy. She had a long road ahead of her to become a therapist and now it is even longer, but her experience has left her more determined to achieve her goal.

Kathy was in surgery after her accident at the Santa Clara Valley Medical Center and the team of therapists in the spinal cord injury unit had her immediately up in a wheelchair and attending therapy eight hours a day. The team really pushed her to set goals and progress and without this extra effort Kathy feels she would not have achieved so much so soon.

Setting goals is one of the most important factors in recovery. And setting a time to be out of her wheelchair was the biggest obstacle she had to overcome. She is currently using two canes to get around and has set another personal goal to be walking on her own by summer's end.

Kathy's enthusiasm towards recovery and the people and programs she has

been involved with is astounding. The adaptive P.E. program at Cañada is one of the best, according to Kathy. Barbara McCarthy, Jane Hettrick along with the entire staff have been helpful and extremely supportive. "The center needs to be expanded. It is difficult to turn a large wheelchair around in the small work out room," Kathy noted.

Kathy has been involved with the center since the summer of '86 and has helped raise money for new equipment by selling raffle tickets and was instrumental in the decision to give the handicapped the upper level of the visitor parking lot. She wrote a letter to Jack Greenalch to inform him of how difficult it really is to get a wheelchair out of a car and get into it while positioned on a hill and that some students were forced to miss school because many times the designated handicapped parking spaces were occupied by non-disabled students. Now,

getting to class at Cañada is easier; but the biggest nightmare is the hill leading to the Media Center and the Cafeteria.

Kathy has learned to operate a car with hand controls by attending adaptive driving classes.

Going from a non-disabled student to a disabled student is such a monumental change, but to meet Kathy Renal is to meet someone truly inspiring. Her attitude toward life is one that is hard to come by and the strength it takes to want something badly enough to overlook infinite obstacles and just go for it is amazing.

Kathy is very special and her experience has not only changed her life, but has touched many other lives as well. It is important for people who see the disabled to give words of encouragement, because it is better to remind them of how well they are doing rather than bluntly reminding them of their disability.

Creepy Things in This Scientist's Classroom

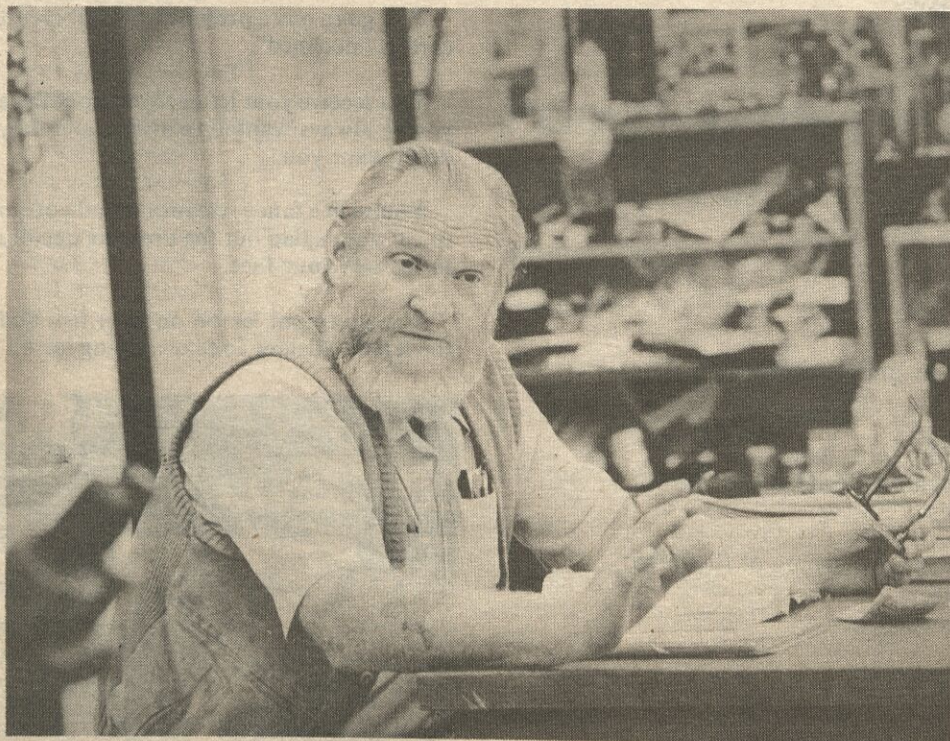
By Joanne Haug

"In a science room there ought to be something alive," says Nature Studies teacher Merv Giuntoli. His classroom is adorned with all kinds of creepy crawly things like crayfish, king snakes, gopher snakes, boa constrictors, rattlesnakes, black widows, and other various reptilia.

For as long as he can remember, Giuntoli made a long term goal out of getting his master's degree in Zoology and teaching at the college level. He has been with Cañada since it opened in 1968. His dedication to his job often brings him into the lab as early as 4:00 a.m. In addition, he is always willing to help students who make the time to come in and ask for it. His recipe for student success is, "Try to attend class regularly and be responsible and attentive in class, you owe it to yourself."

He seems to be a very personable fellow whom the students both like and respect. Kim Waller, one of his Biology students, says, "He is a really good teacher. I've learned a lot from him." "Giuntoli is notorious for his stories and sense of humor," adds another Nature Studies student Michele DeWolf.

This red haired half-Italian half-Irish teacher lives in San Jose and commutes to Cañada daily. He has two sons, and a brand new baby granddaughter. How does it feel to be someone's grandpa? "It's



Merv Giuntoli

okay," he replied. Giuntoli enjoys gardening and fishing whenever he gets some spare time.

There certainly are a variety of animals

in his classroom way up in building 18. There are several preserved animals (stuffed), skins and things like that which were road kills.

I asked him what lengths he would go to in order to get a specimen to which he quickly answered "I don't kill animals to get specimens."

The state provides permits which allow certain individuals to collect animals off the road. Giuntoli used to maintain such a permit. He stated dangers of such an extracurricular activity including accidents with other cars while you are rubbernecking for road kills, and the possibility of picking up an injured rabid animal. He suggested first of all to make sure that the animal is dead before trying to carry it off somewhere, and never touch a skunk because there is such a high risk of rabies in skunks.

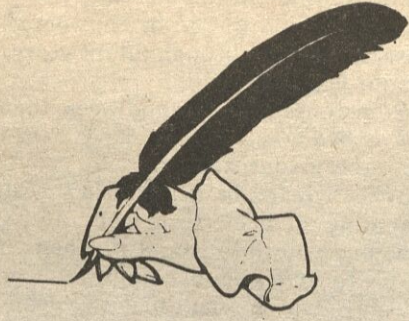
If animals are not fresh, then you have the blood, the guts, the smell and the fleas. How do you bring them in? You have to carry the animal, which means you have to bag it some way. There is a lot of responsibility here.

Giuntoli says that his tests are not difficult at all if one knows the material, has paid attention, has come to class, and is a responsible student. I asked him if he could do it over again, would he be a teacher? "Yes, it was a first choice with me a long time ago and I would do it again. In spite of the old saying IF I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW."

What the Guys Have Written

By Marc Francesconi
 This newspaper had an article on graffiti in the girl's bathroom a couple of issues ago. Well, now it is the guy's turn to show what they got. As I wandered into the bathrooms on campus to write down what the guys had written, one of the things that crossed my mind was, "How in the hell do they get to write this stuff without anyone catching them writing on the walls?" It seemed like half of the male enrollment at Cañada came into the bathroom while I was in there, writing in my notebook, right next to the urinal. Most of the writing on the walls had to do with swearing and more swearing with a couple of anti-apartheid remarks thrown in for good measure. Some poet wrote on one of the walls: THOSE WHO CAN, DO! THOSE WHO CAN'T, TEACH! Very poetic, don't you think? Another person, who was mad at his P.E. teacher, I guess, wrote - THOSE WHO CAN'T READ, TEACH P.E.! Right next to that one was this winner -TUTORS ARE WIMPY!! It must have been pick-on-teachers day on that wall. On the walls near the library bathroom, some obviously bright student wrote - MATH IS TRUTH!! But right under that was this line - MATH CAN

EAT IT!! Must have flunked a math test. That's enough about school though. Now we can get to the heavy stuff like drugs and Ronald Reagan. One of Reagan's followers wrote - I SUPPORT REAGAN NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES, I WILL OBEY HIM! HE IS MY



GOD!! I wonder if this was written before or after the Iran scam. Not everyone writes weird saying on the bathroom walls. Some very mature person wrote GROW UP, STOP WRITING ON WALLS!! This guy should practice what he preaches.

A lot of the stuff on the walls had to do with taking everything from marijuana to coke to heroin. One student wrote - TAKE MORE ACID AND GET STONED! This person obviously knows what he wants to do in his life.

There are a few messages on the walls that are not suitable for print in this family type newspaper. Most of it had to do with nasty things about Nancy and Ronald Reagan. On the whole, I think you guys could do a lot better than you have done on the bathroom walls so far. Write some funny lines, not \$%*!&%* all the time. Write messages that make sense, not just a bunch of garbled words thrown together. Be proud of your work. Another thing, you guys of Cañada, what ever happened to messages with sports as the main idea? Signs like - 49ERS ALL THE WAY TO THE SUPER BOWL, DUDE!! I mean, that's how signs should be. Or how about the good old phone number on the bathroom wall. You know how it went - FOR A GOOD TIME CALL JENNY, with a phone number next to her name. I did not see any of those on the walls. Overall, I'd have to say the guys of Cañada could do a much better job than what they have been doing.

Micro Program Wins Award For Excellence

Cañada College's MICROCOMPUTER PROGRAM was recently selected by the San Mateo County School Boards Association to receive the highly acclaimed J. Russell Kent Exemplary Award for uniqueness and excellence.

Cañada's popular program, under the direction of Jim McDonald, is designed to produce job-ready technicians for entry-level positions in electronics or computer based equipment in 4½ months!

It is a one-semester program, consisting of three hours of lecture and three hours of laboratory work daily which will lead to a MICROCOMPUTER TECHNICIAN CERTIFICATE and/or Associate of Science Degree.

Applications for the fall semester are now available. Fall classes at Cañada begin September 8 and space is still available for the MICROCOMPUTER PROGRAM.

For further information, call Ext. 285.

A Guide to Knowing the Right Thing to Do

By Joanne Eckholm

It's not always easy knowing what the right thing to do or say is. Well, I'd like to give you some tips on proper etiquette for college students.

1. Always say please, thank-you, you're welcome, and excuse me or pardon me in cases of interaction with others.

2. Never brush hair or apply make-up in public. (Got ya girls, huh?)

3. Never arrive more than ½ an hour late for a date. (Fashionably late is one thing, and rude is another).

4. Never pick at your teeth, nails, nose, or zits in public. (tacky-tacky).

5. Make sure all snaps are snapped, zippers zipped, and buttons buttoned before entering a public scene. (We wouldn't want anything falling out would we?)

6. Never smoke when it disturbs others.

(It's a tacky, filthy habit anyway, but if you have to do it, be courteous about it).

7. If a paper doesn't get turned in on time, don't blame your dog. (The teachers don't go for that one anymore).

8. If you ever pass gas in public, look around and blame the person behind you.

9. Never pick your nose while you're driving. (Afterall, you're not invisible, cars do have windows).

10. Before leaving a public restroom, be sure to flush. (No one wants to

examine the feces left behind).

11. Boys, for goodness sakes, lift up the seat before urinating. (We girls don't like to sit on your drips, sprinkles, or misses).

12. If you dial a wrong number, don't act like it's the person's fault who answered and slam the receiver down in his/her ear.

I hope these tips will help you in future situations. Etiquette is important in a functioning society.

CAÑADA COLLEGE
 FINAL EXAM SCHEDULE
 SPRING 1987

REVISED
 FOR DAY CLASSES ONLY

How To Find Your Final

Write your exam schedule here

CLASS	DAY	TIME	EXAM DATE	TIME

1. Find the time your class begins. 2. Look for the day or days it meets. 3. Read across to the time and date of your final.

Time Class Meets	Day of Regular Class Meeting	Time and Day of Final Examination
8 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	8:10-10:40 a.m. Monday, June 8
8 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	8:10-10:40 a.m. Wednesday, June 10
9 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	8:10-10:40 a.m. Tuesday, June 9
9 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	11:10-1:40 p.m. Friday, June 5
10 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	2:10-4:40 p.m. Wednesday, June 10
10 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	2:10-4:40 p.m. Monday, June 8
11 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	8:10-10:40 a.m. Thursday, June 11
11 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	8:10-10:40 a.m. Friday, June 5
12 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	2:10-4:40 p.m. Tuesday, June 9
12 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	11:10-1:40 p.m. Tuesday, June 9
1 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	11:10-1:40 p.m. Wednesday, June 10
1 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	11:10-1:40 p.m. Monday, June 8
2 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	2:10-4:40 p.m. Friday, June 5
2 o'clock	TWThF; TTh; T; Th	2:10-4:40 p.m. Thursday, June 11
3 o'clock	Daily; MTWTh; MTWF; MTThF; MWThF; MWTh; MWF; MW; MF; WF; M; W; F	8:10-10:40 a.m. Friday, June 5
All Others (*except Saturday)		11:10-1:40 p.m. Thursday, June 11

NOTES

*Evening & Saturday Classes- Instructors should check the Evening & Saturday Class Calendar and students should check with their individual instructors.

When a course consists of recitation, lecture, and laboratory, the final examination is scheduled according to the lecture. When a course meets one hour one day and two hours a second day, or for one and one-half hours two days a week, the final examination is scheduled according to the hour that is common to both days (e.g. T 10 and Th 9-11 or TTh 9:30-11, the examination would be scheduled as listed for TTh 10).

Examinations will start promptly at the hours indicated. Examinations are held in the same room in which the class regularly meets.

If there is an unavoidable conflict in your final examination schedule, see your instructor in one of the classes and arrange to take the examination with another group.

A Dream Come True for Bob Melvin

By Shellie Terry

"Batting for San Francisco, number seven, catcher, Bob Melvin."

These are the words many young baseball players only dream of hearing.

For the Giant's Bob Melvin, it is a dream he has worked hard at to make come true.

Melvin graduated from Menlo-Atherton High School and then attended U.C. Berkeley. Because a freshman from a four year school cannot be drafted, Melvin transferred to Cañada.

He attended Cañada during the Fall semester of 1980 before being drafted by the Detroit Tigers in the January draft.

While attending Cañada, Melvin played baseball under former coach Lyman Ashley.

"Melvin did outstanding in our winter program," said Ashley. "He had a tremendous following of scouts to see him because he was such a talented player."

"It was not just a coincidence that Bob came to Cañada," said Ashley. "Cañada has had outstanding success with catchers."

Melvin was drafted by the Tigers when he was 19 and started playing in the minor leagues in 1981.

"I played in the minors for three years and about a month," said Melvin. "You get used to the long schedule of playing 150 to 160 games in the minors. You also get the experience of playing every day."

Melvin made his major league debut with the Tigers in 1985.

"It was on May 10th or 12th in Seattle. It was a whole new experience," he said. "I was so nervous. You kind of come outside of your body."

"My first time up I was walking to the plate and I caught my cleat in the dirt and kind of tripped. Then I struck out swinging. Kind of an auspicious debut."

Going into his third year as a major leaguer, Melvin now sits casually in the San Francisco bullpen dressed in his net practice jersey over a Mizuno t-shirt,

talking freely, with a quick smile.

"You try to think of (baseball) as every game being different, but it is an everyday thing. You have no butterflies and you're used to it a little more."

"Being in the public eye is different than I always thought about. But really, you're no different than anyone else."

Melvin would like to be considered a consistent player throughout his years as a major leaguer.

"Sometimes I have a good week, then I have a bad week," he said. "I haven't always been consistent."

"When you're in a slump it's really frustrating. It doesn't sit well. You go home and you think about it. Then you just try to forget about things."

Professional baseball players spend a lot of time on the road. Eighty-one games worth to be exact. One has to wonder how that affects a player's personal life.

"I'm married, but I don't have any kids," said Melvin. "You are away 81 days and it does have its drawbacks, but if it's what you want to do, you have to

handle it. But I like traveling."

Melvin was traded from Detroit to the Giants in 1986.

"I'm very happy with the position I'm in with the Giants. We have a good team and good young players."

"There couldn't be a better manager than Roger Craig. He's always throwing positives rather than negatives at you. If you have a good day, he's always there to pat you on the back."

"Someday I would like to play in a World Series, and win. I'd also like to play in an All-Star game. But I guess that's what all players want."

What kind of advice would Melvin give a young player who wanted to become a professional player?

"It's a tough grind. There are a lot of guys who want to play. If you're fortunate enough to get to play, you have to get used to the schedule. You have to bear down or you'll be run out of there real soon."

Obviously, Melvin has taken his own advice.

'87 Record-Breaking Year for Colts

By Shellie Terry

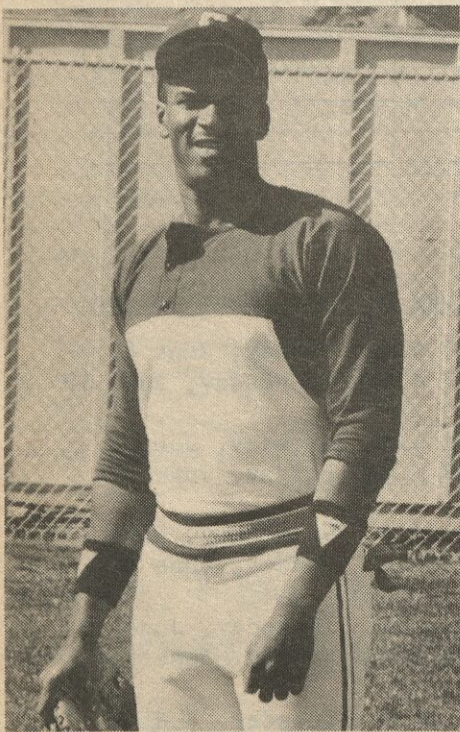
The Cañada Colts baseball team had a record breaking year in 1987.

As a team, the Colts broke seven records. They broke the records for most hits which in 1971 was 427, this year the Colts had 436 hits. They also broke the 1971 record of highest team batting average which was .323 with a batting average this year of .336.

Two other 1971 records which Cañada broke were most runs scored which was 267 and is now 292, and most double plays turned which was 21 and is now 25.

Cañada beat two 1976 records of most doubles: 73 in '76 and 79 this year. They also beat the record for most triples which was eight in '76 and is nine in '87.

The Colts also beat the 1978 team record of most runs batted in of 249; this year was 267.



Troy Jackson

Seven individual records were also broken.

Ron Bush beat Keith Comstock's 1976 .910 winning percentage with a .916 winning percentage.

Dean Mitchell broke his coach Mike Garcia's 1977 .427 league batting average with a .437 average.

Troy Jackson broke Andy Leonard's 1984 39 RBI record with a total of 43 RBIs.

Rob Munoz broke Jeff Hansen's 1977 record of five times being hit by a pitch with six hit-by-pitches.

Chuck Waible broke three records this year. He broke Tate Smith's 1978 record of 39 at bats with 45. Roger Keilig's 1971 151 runs scored with 160, and Rob Breessea's 1971 record of 55 hits with a total of 66 hits.

Waible believes the record for the most hits is the most important one "by far."

"I would definitely give credit (for this year's success) to Coach Garcia," said Waible. "He's a good coach."

"Chuck had an outstanding year this year," said Garcia.

Waible along with his fellow sophomore teammates is deciding where to go next year.

"I might go to Florida, a college named Lewis-Clark, or San Diego State," said Waible. "I'm also waiting for the June 1st draft."

"All of the sophomores on my team are going to four year schools," said Garcia.

Terrance Batiste may go to Nebraska, Frank Fulham is looking at USF, and Dean Mitchell has a scholarship to San Jose State.

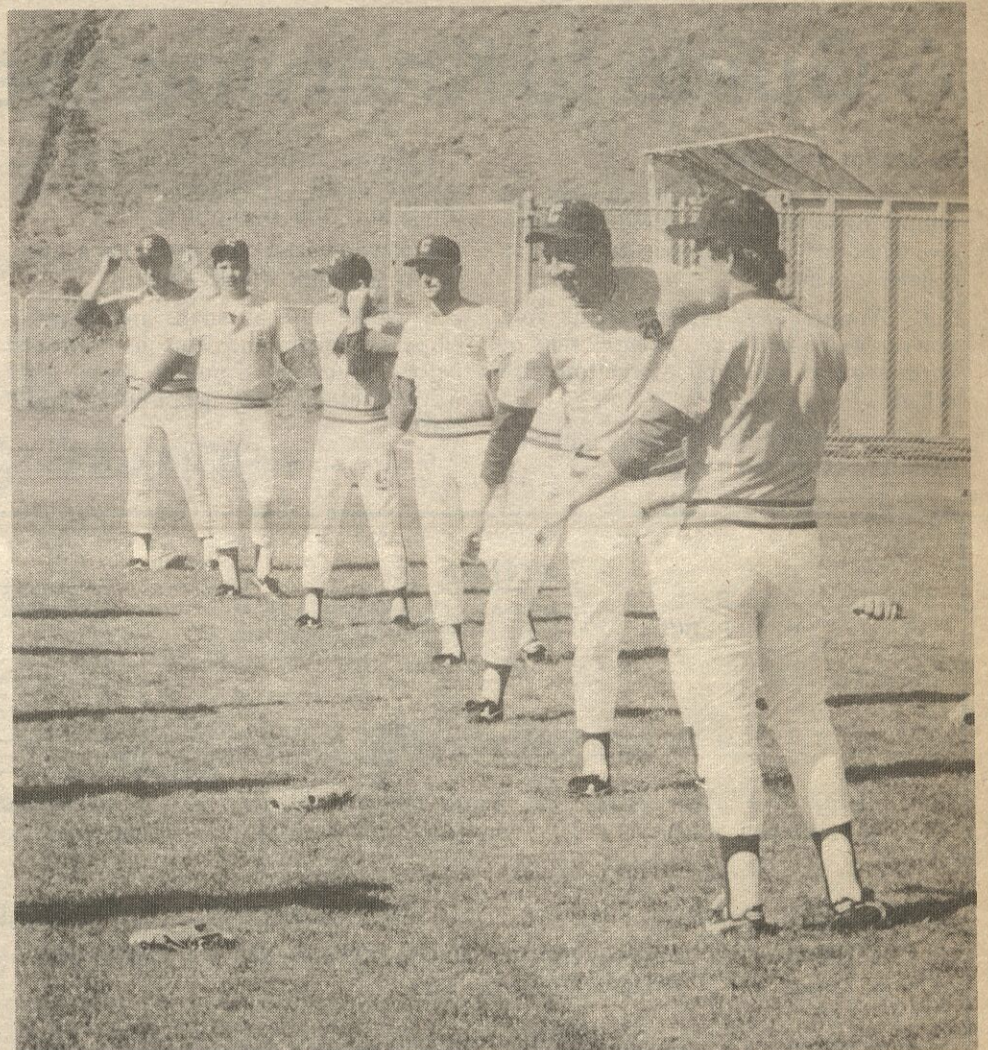
Rob Munoz is headed for UC Riverside. Tim Bowler is looking towards Long Beach. Ron Bush may be headed for Azusa Pacific and Jaime Theisen is going to San Francisco State.

Todd Wolger is headed towards UC Davis. Jim Fales and Sean Sexton are looking at Hayward State, and Hector Rodriguez and Fred Rowen are going to Chico State.

Troy Jackson, the team's DH, will either sign professionally or go to USF.

Although there are 14 sophomores who are leaving, the Colts have a solid group of returning freshmen led by short stop Paolo Della Bordella.

"Paolo is the type of kid you take for granted," says Garcia. "He's out there



everyday, he's a consistent player that does so many things you don't see in the books like talking to the pitchers and positioning infielders. He's the leader of our infield."

"My role is to stay positive through good and bad innings," says Della Bordella. "Also to keep everyone in to what situations could come up."

As far as being the leader of the infield, Della Bordella says, "We'll find out next year how I relate to the team and the infield."

"I thought we were going to go farther this year," says Della Bordella. "We had a lot of talent, but we didn't hit the goals we

wanted to."

Many of his teammates agreed.

"We had a good team, but we didn't start out good," said Waible. "If we would have started out good we would have won the league."

"We met the challenges as best we could," said Troy Jackson. "Basically, we put ourselves in a hole, and we couldn't get out."

The Colts ended the year winning 11 out of the last 13 games. The Colts also won a total of 20 games, which hadn't been done since 1979. They won their 20th game beating Mission College on the last day of the 1987 season.

Student Enjoys Role as 'Man in Blue'

By Marc Francesconi

It's the last inning of a baseball game. The winning run is on third base and the ball is hit to the infield. The infielder throws home and the crowd awaits for the call from the umpire. This is what umpiring baseball games is all about says Leif Engebretson, age 20, who is in his second year of umpiring Little League games for the Highlanders League in Redwood City, and a second year student at Cañada College.

He started umpiring last year with intentions on becoming a Little League coach in a couple of years, but he doesn't mind waiting because he is having so much fun as an umpire. Leif does not have

plans to umpire professionally, but he does have a couple of friends who do umpire pro ball.

Leif is taking business classes at Cañada in hopes of managing a theater some day. He has worked at the Circle Star Theatre for the last seven years, but even though it is closed for now, he is still keeping busy with the Little League games which he does at least three days a week even though it is all volunteer work.

Asked about the best part of being a Little League umpire, Leif thought about his answer for a couple of minutes and said "Getting to watch a lot of baseball games which I really love to do, and watching the kids improve in their skills."

The only bad part of umpiring Leif said was knowing that he made a bad call and having to live with it.

Leif, who has seen some amazing plays in Little League the past couple of years, says the most memorable one happened last year in a minor league game when a triple play occurred. Leif said that he had never seen a triple play in his life before and it was really exciting for him. How this play transpired was that there were runners on first and second and the batter lined out to the second baseman who touched second base for the second out and then threw back to first to complete the triple play.

Umpiring is not all rosy though for Leif. He said that there have been a few embarrassing moments for him out on the field. The most embarrassing moment he said was when he was making a call on the bases and fell down while he was making the out sign.

Leif doesn't know how much longer he is going to umpire, but he says it has been a great experience and would recommend it to anyone. He has made a lot of friends while umpiring and has a lot of memories.

Leif plans on going to San Francisco State next year to further his knowledge in the business world and after that hopes to manage a theater like the Circle Star.