



Time

Does,

time flow on ,

true to course

Does,

it circle round.

who can say—

beyond today ;

if time is there at all.

R.M.N.

Leslie Harrod Photo

The Newspaper

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Ideas Needed By Cafeteria

by Gary Aced

What's your attitude toward the cafeteria? Do you like the types of food served, the way it is prepared, the prices? Right now the cafeteria is in a state of severe limbo and they could use your suggestions to find a direction in which to head.

Believe it or not the cafeteria has been losing lots of money the past few years. Robert Walker, the head of the cafeteria, gave these reasons for the loss of money: decreasing sales, large union benefits received by the paid employees, and (get ready for these two) too large portions and too low prices.

Walker is out of a job for next year and as of yet a replacement for him has not been found, so just what changes will be made to alleviate these problems can't be said for sure, but the obvious answers of smaller portions and higher prices are really discouraging.

Rhoads, the Manager of Services, feels the cafeteria is not here to make money primarily but to serve the students. He also feels the cafeteria will head toward a more snack-bar like style next year offering one hot item a day and specializing in such student favorites as hamburgers, ice cream, and cokes. It would seem the students here are more interested in filling their stomachs with sweet treats than in eating nutritional, healthy food. If this news dismays you, yes even makes you feel sick to your stomach, you can speak out now before it is too late to make any difference. Rhoads WANTS to hear constructive student suggestions as to how the cafeteria should change next year.

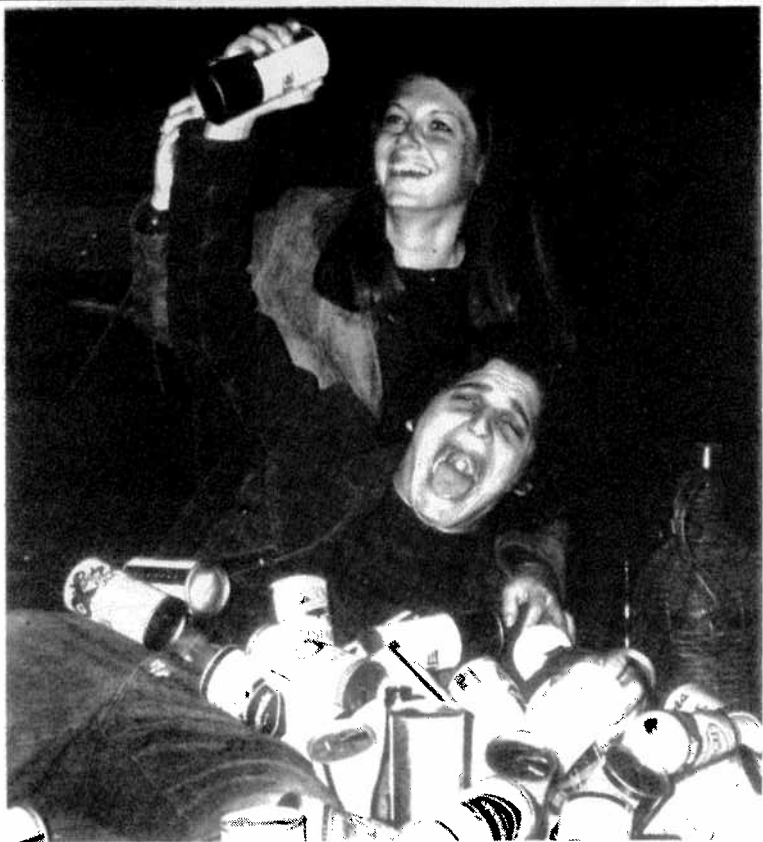
There is a growing number of students who want to eat food rid of preservatives, sugars, artificial flavors and colors. The possibility of having an organic or natural foods section becoming a part of the cafeteria has been considered by the administration, but they are not at all convinced that there is enough student interest in eating such foods to have it pay for itself.

If you would welcome and use this proposed addition to the cafeteria, write a note expressing your opinions and hand it in to Rhoads' office or sign the petition on the student bulletin board. It's speak out now or freak out later.

THE NEWSPAPER

Hal Humphrey

Eric Petersen	Shirley Polich
Gary Feuser	Joe Rapier
Diana Schlageter	Dave Lesser
Gary Aced	Tom Bunker
Cathie Cline	Leslie Harrod
Tom Moylan	Steve Kieser
John Perry	



This is not a holdover from the Easter vacation but Phil Althouse and Priscilla Mitchell in "101st," one of the two plays being presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday in the Canada flexible theatre at 8 p.m.

Cañada Presents Two New Plays

Drama freaks of the area have a last chance tonight and tomorrow night to catch two plays in the Cañada flexible theater. The plays, directed by two Cañada drama majors, are "Miss Julie," a tragedy written in 1888 by August Strindberg and directed by Dawna Kaufman and "The Hundred and First," written by Kenneth Cameron and directed by Nicolas Rush. The plays opened their short run last night.

"Miss Julie" is the story of a young countess who is seduced by her father's valet and is eventually driven by guilt and shame to committing suicide. "It's an emotional, touching play," Miss Kaufman explained, "I chose it because it has a lot to do with a woman's place in society and with how people worry about what other people think of them."

The second play, "The Hundred and First," will be a satire, more on the humorous

side. Rush chose the satire because, he said, "It was the only thing I read that made me laugh out loud." He explained he was looking for a funny play to direct.

The play is about a needy family in New York that ends up one hundred and first on a list of the hundred most needy families in the city. The plot then follows the attempts of the main character, Frank Stockstill, to solve the problem. He eventually turns to crime and makes a lot of money, then gets caught when he steals a newspaper from the hundredth needy family to check the progress of his stock market holdings. Slapstick and vaudeville techniques will be used in staging the production.

The cast members of "Miss Julie" include Janet Smith as Miss Julie, Gerry Lancaster as Jean the valet, Karyn Dietz as Kristen the valet's fiancée, Mike Hill and Christy Love as the lead dancers, and Mike Callan, Jack Holt, Jim Harper, Swan Osberg and Trisha Bowling as dancers.

"The Hundredth and First" stars Phil Althouse as Frank Stockstill, Priscilla Mitchell as his wife, Cindy Meadows as his daughter, and Dan Cole, Pat Cahill, Mike Logan, Gary Crosman, Carolyn Franklin, Steve Heywood, Rick Blackman, Greg Furet and Bill Moreing.

Curtain rises at 8 p.m. both nights.

J.C. Politicos To Hold Meet

Tomorrow at De Anza College, the California Community College Student Government Association, Area VI will hold their first meeting since the Sacramento conference. Newly elected CCCSGA officers, President John Vasquez, Antelope Valley College and Executive Vice-President, Lynette DeNike, American River College, will be present.

According to Fred Dusel, Area VI Vice-President, the CCCSGA is pushing for the 18 year-old vote, more voice on the Board of Trustees and control over their own bills and laws.

They want to focus attention on assembly Committee for Education bill 430 (Cline) which makes it mandatory for student body officers to carry 12 units. Dusel claims fear of student power was behind the bill and passage of it will lessen student control and limit our ability to function.

More information on activities of the CCCSGA, ICC and Student Council can be obtained from Dusel in the Student Activities office from 10-12 daily.

Nation's Second Best Team Opens Tennis Tournament

In a warm up for their post season tournaments, the Cañada College tennis team played the excellent Stanford JV team and came out on the short end of a 6-3 score.

Cañada coach Rich Anderson rates the Stanford varsity as the second best team in the nation, and said "their junior varsity is only a shade behind their varsity."

Cañada has two post season tournaments coming up. Next Monday, the Colts will tackle Ohlone in the first round of the Northern California team championships. Anderson feels that Cañada will see some of their toughest matches of the year in this single elimination tourney, and says of Ohlone, "I feel we can beat them, but we will have to play well to do it." The matches will be played at De Anza, a neutral court, with the first serve taking place at 2:30.

The Camino Notre singles

Singing Groups Will Perform

Three singing groups are to perform at Cañada during May.

The Cañada College Choir and the Chamber Chorale are scheduled for two performances: tomorrow, May 1, at 8 p.m. and Sunday, May 2, at 3 p.m. The Peninsula Master Chorale is scheduled to sing on Tuesday, May 18, at 8:30 p.m. All three concerts are in the college main theatre. Tickets are available in advance from the Community Education Office.

tournament will take place Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 29 thru May 1 at West Valley College. This tournament will consist of open play, with the top eight places transferring to the regional tournament at Cupertino May 6-8. The top eight from this tourney transfer to the state J.C. singles championships to be held at Los Altos May 14 and 15. With all three tournaments in the immediate area, it gives local tennis buffs a real opportunity to see some top-notch tennis action.

Procedures For Sign-up Change

There will be a significant change in counseling and registration procedures for returning students next semester. On Monday, May 3, report to your counselor's office where an appointment chart will be on the door. Appointments are available May 10 through June 9.

Be sure to keep the appointment as scheduled. Notify your counselor if you are planning to attend summer session and at that time, if necessary, fill out your draft deferment request. Report to the physical education department office between 9 am and 4 pm for your P.E. class assignment or excuse.

At this time class cards will be pulled and you will be notified by mail if there is any problem with your schedule. CHANGES IN YOUR PROGRAM WILL NOT BE MADE AFTER JUNE 9!



Tom Bunker Photo

Death Of Autumn Brook

*Veins of root
Washed naked of their soil
Reach down
Fingering into banks of earth.
Auburn leaves sleep in their hollows
Waiting for the funeral
Of storm waters.
Another leaf ballets
By whims of the wind
On its fall to ground.
Creek pool stills to olive gold
Deepened by black shadows;
Summer foliage calms
In grace before death.*

W.Wayne Luthi

Season's Change

*Poppies, gold and fragile
grow wild along the slopes

The lupine, purple and red
at hill's foot

The small blue mountain flowers
climb up the hills

While mustard bursts below
in winter's wet soil*

Valerie Skwarlo

Pome

*My light bulb
so dim
With denim shade
illusions so fantastic
that reality dies,
and the sun
(my god the sun to burn eyes)
Rises over a plain
to grow roses.*

Kitty McKoon



Tom Bunker Photo

Sky Blue

Sky blue .
tripping .
Free wind and fog .
Enter ,
wonder , seeker .
Seeing the star-full
sky .
Sky blue and Windy .

R.M.W.

Sky

the sky reflects
as a crystalline prism
all that's refreshed
by the birth of today
a myriad of soft, pale colors
varnished with silver satin
sweeps across the blue heavens
and dances into place
the domed archway of reflections
kisses the sky and
the blanket of green
hugs the wet earth
rebirth is replenished
by silver-dewed tears
and the lacy coverlet reweaves
itself over the years

nora clegg

Haiku

Cricket huddle, dancing
In the muddy creek, singing
Love songs to the moon.
* * *
Dappled butterflies
Of silver and red, wing swiftly
From spring's womb.
* * *
Thick crimson blood weeps
As calloused barefeet stumble
Over burning stones.
* * *
Sun-crested swallows
Fly to forests to shatter
The gold-shaded pools.
* * *
Mist-showered petals
Pink buds shimmering nightfall—
Blossoms soon to flower.

nora clegg

Lovely Long Sunday

Do you remember,
my friend,
that day on the road
when we sat
on the lawn
next to where the car was parked—
and we sat
while the sun sank
for a chat about women
and those girls we would love
till the end?

and when
some spark
of some flash
of believable insight
made you dawn
on the notion
that all was alright—

So we reached
an agreement
to welcome the night
(first hand)
at the beach—
We would be the first ones
to watch the sea eat the sun.

And we went to the sand—
though our real intent
was to slip our cares
into the ocean
and be carried away by a friendly
wave.

And then we drove all the way home.
You to play songs.
Me to sing poems.

Back home
to go kiss'm good morning.

Ron Federighi

Touch Hands

Footprints wander with thoughts
Indented upon surf-combed sand.
Water calms to whisper,
Sharing this moment
With land's nipple of shore.
The lips of the sea swell—
Hesitant to lay touch—
And turn to set so sweet a kiss
That land lets flow
This milking foam.
Light of the moon's paw
Stepping into the loom of fog,
Softens, to deep the auzurean blue;
A gown of night that
Sits on the bed of sand
In mild still.
Eyes one-thousand,
Watch from the sea,
The womb of divinity.
Yesterday was still,
And now, God listens to pain.
It is good
That we can touch
Hands.

W. Wayne Luthi

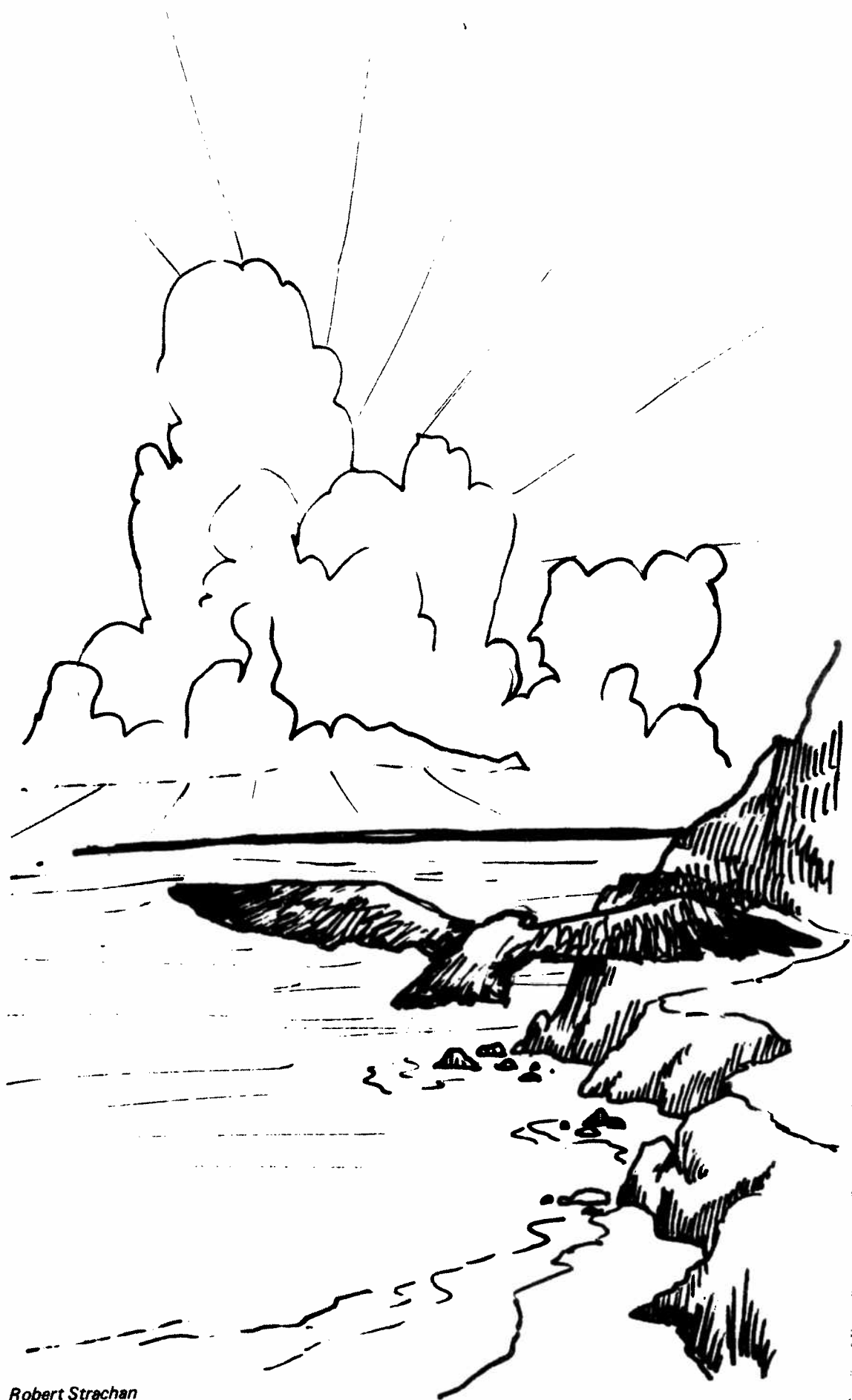


Tom Bunker Photo

Sand And Gull

grey feathered seagull
 gliding through whipped white froth
 of the salt-spiced waves
 what do you dream?
 what touches your days?
 i saw you one morning
 standing in the sparkling sand
 voicing your tiredness
 (with loud, biting shrieks)
 of the angel-hair clouds
 then,
 the sun peaked out
 warming your wet breast
 i felt you smile
 and winging from your rest
 the soft, sandy breeze carried you miles
 my thoughts fly with you:
 memory of envy
 of your freedom as you've flown
 my legs don't take
 me very far
 when i want to be alone
 peoples' minds and human hands
 can't grasp you from the noon-day sky
 can't catch you in the sand
 dreams of freedom
 haunt my days
 search for love
 touches my ways
 sometimes i envy you, my seagull friend
 will you love me in the end?

nora clegg



Robert Strachan

A Possibility

When the rain falls
 I think of you
 Remembering the times we laid close
 and warm to each other
 Listening to rain hit the roof
 with its different variations of sound
 You liked the rain best when it fell
 hard and fast
 with no time to give
 I loved it when it fell gentle and slow
 reaching out to give freely

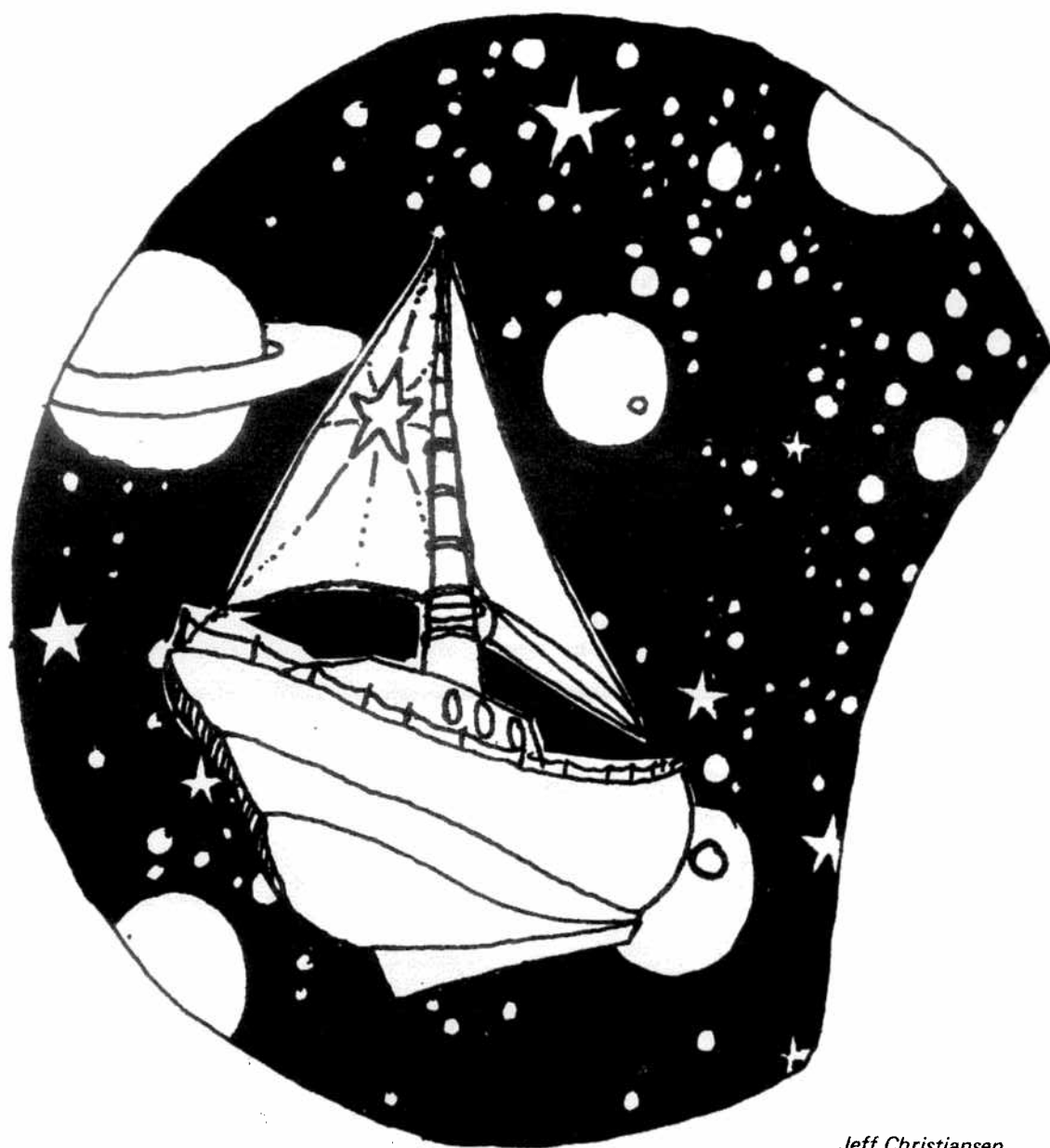
Maybe that's why we went wrong
 You being hard and withdrawn
 While I was gentle and willing
 You only liking, when I loved

Jo Ramsey

Rain

The skies turn gray
 The cold wind blows
 The rain from the sky
 Are tears from your eyes
 The pitter-patter of falling rain
 Brings loneliness, forgetfulness
 The raging sound of thunder
 Leaves me in great wonder
 The birds do not sing
 The child does not play
 The drops of rain washed the Earth
 As tears wash your saddened eyes
 The rain falls free onto the ground
 It leaves its mark, but all around
 The beauty of raindrop crystals we share
 It falls on all of us
 It does not care
 For Black or White, or of shades of Gray
 The raindrops fall
 Upon us all.

Ron Allen Okamoto



Jeff Christiansen

Raindrop In Rest

Raindrop coming to rest
 On my window,
 How teased you are by
 The glass transparency;
 Able to see comfort and warmth,
 But not able to come in.
 Lucid pearl of the sky,
 Delight the whims
 Of imagination
 Sailing through the fathoms
 Of your micro-sphere
 Playing crystal ball.
 Naked to
 The cold blown night,
 Sleep with the beauty of a tear;
 Your charm will sparkle warmth.

W.Wayne Luthi

SPRINGFEVER

THE NEWSPAPER'S sixth art and literary issue.



Tom Bunker Photo

In The Sun

March and April
Students sit on the grass
enjoying the sunshine

Everybody comes together
to dig the day

Long-haired young men
with their German shepherds

Young women wearing cotton dresses
and barefoot
Their long, loose hair floating

A tall, thin lad
with a blonde pony tail
He's comfortable in his loose
blue cotton shirt
His eyes are gentle and
friendly

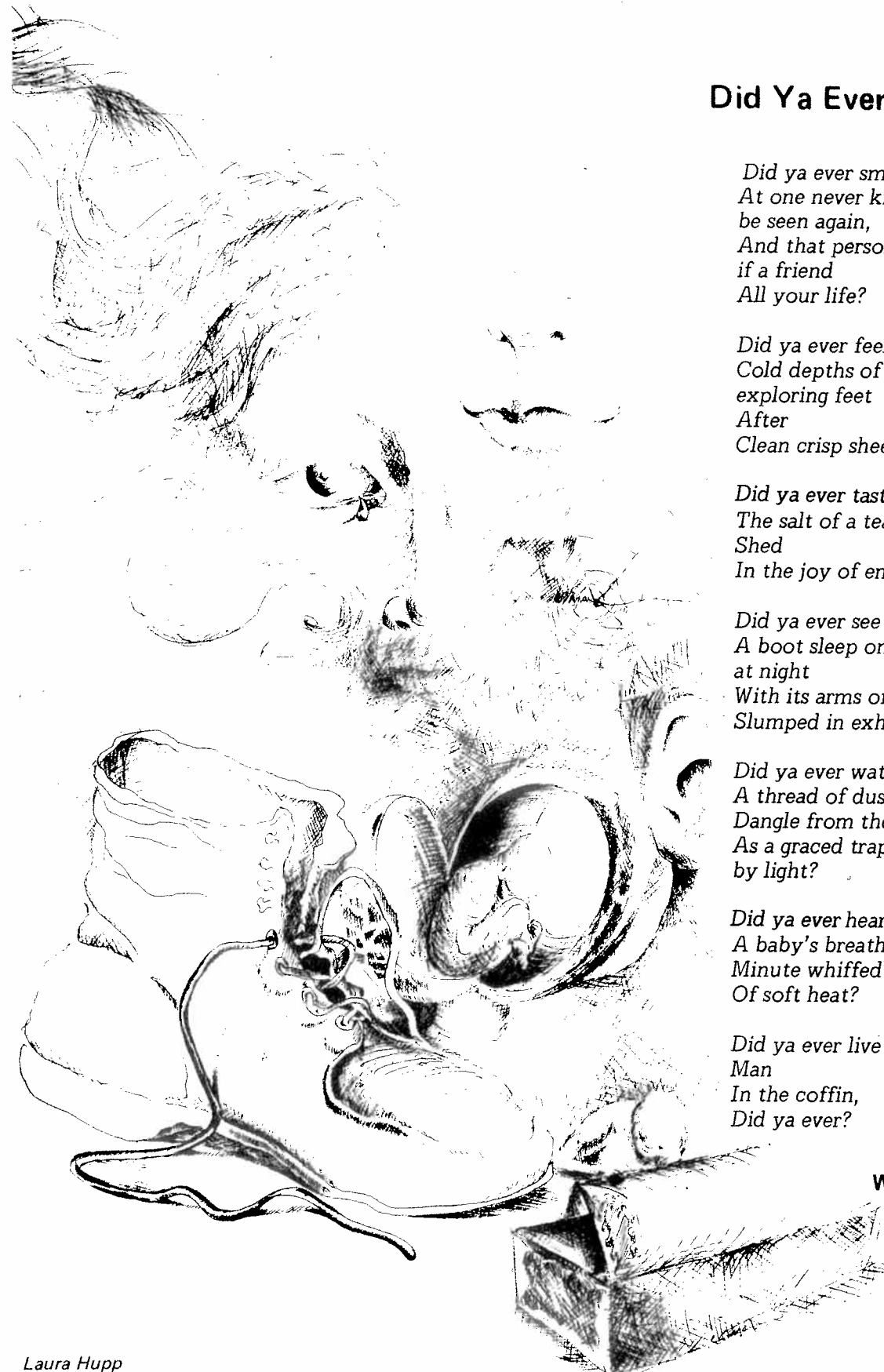
A beautiful California day
Sweet accacia
Sunshine
People
And Dogs

Valerie Skwarlo

Spring Day

A silly day
Students blowing on
blades of grass
Making whistling sounds
EEE---EEEEEE

Valerie Skwarlo



Laura Hupp

Did Ya Ever?

Did ya ever smile
At one never known, never to
be seen again,
And that person smiled back as
if a friend
All your life?

Did ya ever feel
Cold depths of a bed with your
exploring feet
After
Clean crisp sheets were put on?

Did ya ever taste
The salt of a tear
Shed
In the joy of emotion?

Did ya ever see
A boot sleep on the floor
at night
With its arms of string
Slumped in exhaustion?

Did ya ever watch
A thread of dust
Dangle from the ceiling
As a graced trapeez haloed
by light?

Did ya ever hear
A baby's breath—
Minute whiffed bellows
Of soft heat?

Did ya ever live
Man
In the coffin,
Did ya ever?

W. Wayne Luthi