

CANADA COLLEGE
Archives



Weatherpane

Vol. 1979 No. 3 CAÑADA COLLEGE, REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA 94061, December 10, 1979

Birth of
A production
See pages 6-7

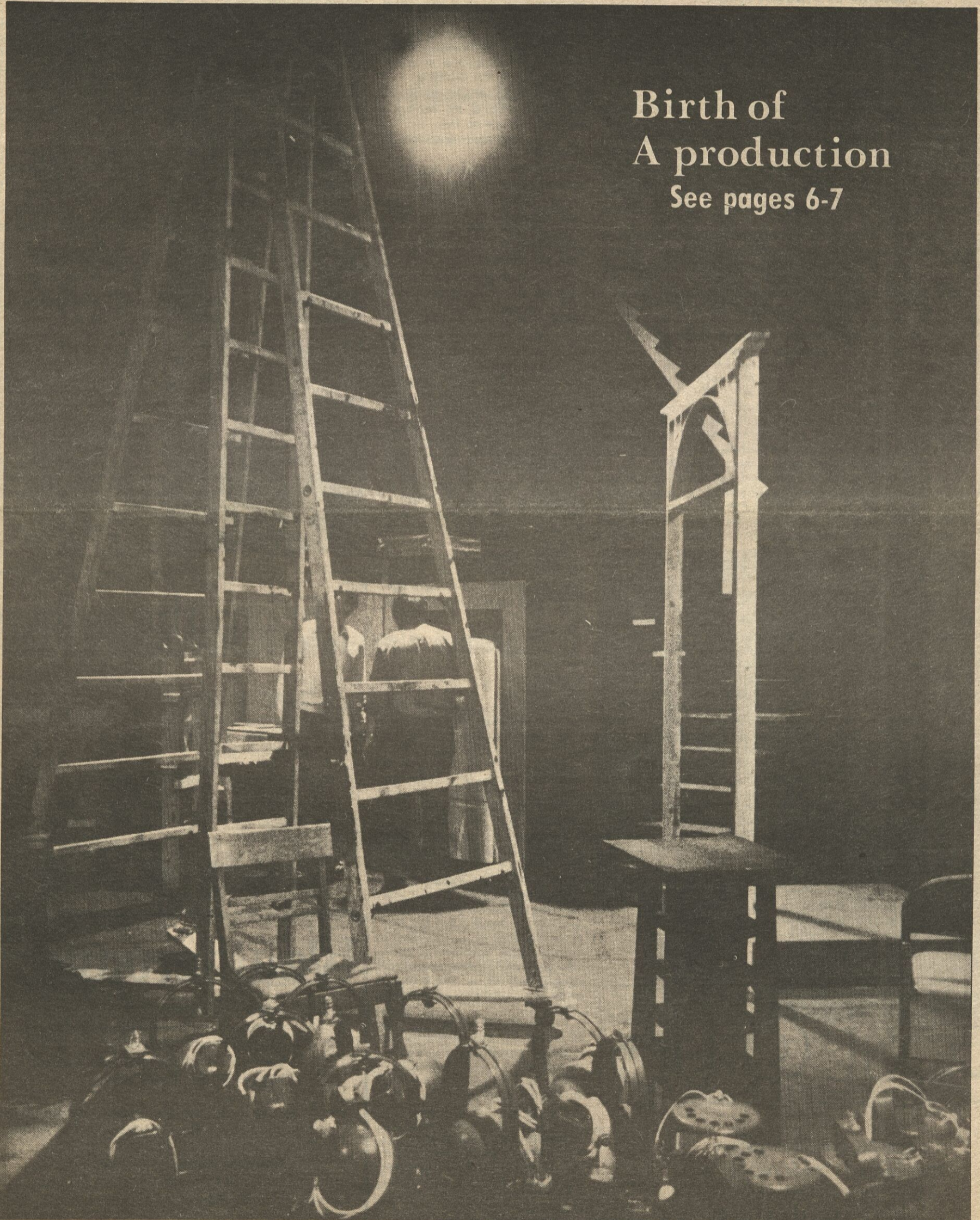


Photo by Rohn Wood

CANADA COLLEGE
Archives

VOICES

book & pencil

A column of student opinion

An observation has been made in the pages of the Weathervane that there is too little good conversation available on campus. Too little 'good culture.' It has been further observed that there exists on campus a fairly large body of students, of people, genuinely hungry for exposure to better talk and a wider culture. I tend to doubt the validity of the first observation, but agree with the second.

I do believe that there are students among us who wish for talk of a wider world than basketball, partying or the incessant rumors of war that are now current on our campus, and would submit that if encouraged to avail themselves of a slightly wider circle of peers than just their fellow students and friends from high school, our students would find wider world magically, though by degrees, opening up to them. I would urge that curious hungry group of students to include some of those resources always available to us on the printed page or on tapes and records at the AV Center.

There in that wider world, T. S. Eliot waits to speak to us of missed cocktail parties of his own experience. Or talk to S. Johnson! Or Dickens! Or Steinbeck! Those men chronicled the misadventures of their times with as penetrating a wit and as fully cultivated a phrase as anyone could want. In doing so they helped to provide answers to readers of the past, and can do so again in our times if we will but read them.

Think of poor Dickens, waiting for you in the stacks with a plaintive, "Please sirs, could I have a little wider readership in these times."

Of if you are of a more contentious turn of mind, if you are willing to 'get into' things through argument and discussion, a pert Bertrand Russell waits to argue with you in unpopular but penetrating essays on love and war and the uncertain possibilities involved in civilizing the mind behind the finger on the buttons of apocalypse in our lives. A guiding precept of his—particularly apt now in the general hysteria over the really pressing religio-political problems in a land five thousand miles away—is that: "You should not follow a multitude to do evil," a precept learned from his grandmother, as a moral principle.

Do you wonder at the lack of style in ourselves and in those around us, in our fellow students? Perhaps we're just not looking far enough. The lightness of our talk (I speak here not of wit but of lack of weight) is at least partly due to our unwillingness to seek further for models than our immediate circle of friends. This can be a problem early in school, but by now we should realize that the infinite variety of possible behaviors, opinions, in short of models, is available to us just through the printed page, tapes and records. We are at an age by now when it should be becoming apparent to us that we do have a real choice as to our models.

This brings me to a little thornier problem. For those of us who are unwilling to, or just plain don't enjoy reading, there are still better models available to us than just our immediate circle of friends. Your class room can and should act as a medium where you can be exposed to the broader culture of the society. There is a really wide variety of majors, of classes, and finally of teachers available to us.

Are you tongue tied, too uncertain to know at all how to become involved in your classes? Sometimes students are unable or unwilling to start becoming involved in class discussions unless they can speak on topics they are intimately familiar with. Classes like Speech ten and Psychology ten were designed with just you in mind. They are classes to involve any student in the art and philosophy of everyday living. They can help get students directly involved in learning the skills necessary to cope with the learning experience in any group.

For many of us, these may be the last years of our formal education so why not opt for some of the really hard studies, the more exacting teachers. Others have gone before us and won mastery, each of us can, too. Be critical in your selection of classes—you've a right to be. Take some time and thought in selection of your teachers.

The younger teachers are more closely attuned to ... I don't know ... I'll call it a media oriented presentation. They are good and capable of captivating our attention, but some of the older, quieter teachers are a little trained to the older standards of scholarship, and if you are in-

Continued on Page 12

coat & tie

Faculty/Administrators:
This space is reserved for you.
Contact the Weathervane office
bldg. 17, rm. 112, ext. 248

MAIL

Editor:

Lately I have been complaining a lot on deaf ears about the events in the cafeteria, where I happen to be an employee.

The following complaints are for the most common activities that happen in the cafeteria:

1. Note giving advance notice on certain events, for example: College Information Day, etc.
2. Taping announcements to the tables.
3. Not taking down signs etc. after the event is over.
4. Giving excuses and passing the cleanup chores to other people, for example: the janitor, just because he helped the individual put up the poster.
5. Not straightening the stage, tables and chairs after an event.
6. My biggest complaint is that people who do all this, say that it is the janitor's job to take down the signs from the walls, etc.

In order to be fair, I have listed my complaints without identifying the campus organization. They themselves will have fun recognizing the appropriate complaint and hopefully do something about it, (before I take stronger action and go to the group of people above the Director Of Operations and the President of Canada College, who I have already complained to unsuccessfully).

In conclusion, I suggest in the future that the people who put out the signs, posters; more the stage, tables and chairs, etc. clean up their own act.

Sincerely,

Bart Schulze
Busperson

Editor:

I read the "Coat and Tie" essay of your paper of the 27th with great interest and admiration, but also with a little chagrin. Mr. Crockett noted the tendency of speakers at faculty meetings (what is a faculty meeting anyway? I have this image in mind of small meetings of teachers discussing and plotting .. what?) to debase and abuse the language. He noted the use of "military jargon," "This task force will help us to accomplish..." where it was not appropriate or necessary and also condemned the gradual contamination of the speaker's language with "technical terms": "We need your feedback plus your input in helping us..." I take exception to his criticisms on various levels.

In the first case the utilization of what he characterizes as military phraseology is really "Project" or goal oriented" talk... adopted partly in hopes of developing more of a "can do" (more jargon: it translates to something like come on gang we can accomplish this goal or project or whatever) atmosphere in the faculty. But probably Mr. Crockett knows this and rejects that kind of bid for faculty support for reasons of his own.

In the second case his problem

of misunderstanding of the phraseology in "we need your feed back plus your input" is in not recognizing that it is borrowed not from the language of technology specifically but that it is language in vogue in the "helping" or the mental health profession. I believe that it was developed to aid mental health professionals in communicating with mentally disturbed people where messages must be closely examined to aid in sifting out the correct meanings. I'm not certain, but I believe that this is the case. Perhaps if there is an interested member of that profession on campus he could enlighten we readers as to the origins and uses of that kind of language.

On a little deeper level I'm unhappy because I read those two examples probably as being taken from the context of messages that were ... somehow pleas for cooperation, that they were directed towards building a more positive attitude in people. The message may have been garbled but why criticize people for speaking poorly if the cause is good.

I was also a little unhappy in that Mr. Crockett apparently saw his proper role in these instances as being that of the critic. W. Jarrel in his 1949 essay, "The Age of Criticism," said, in brief that the art of criticism has grown so sophisticated and so pervasive in our society (Jarrel talks of the literary society ... I think it applies more broadly than that) that gradually in stages people have

become timid about saying (and in our day now doing) anything at all.

In other words to paraphrase Richard Prior—Be happy for any administrator-teacher-student (just say person) anywhere trying to make something of himself (or to do something positive with their job).

My remarks are kindly meant and I hope Mr. Crockett won't take umbrage at them. I'd hate to think he won't do another fine essay now just because he knows there are critics sniping at him!

Respectfully Larry J. Wood

Editor:

Does Mr. Vonder Haar think that for the sole reason of tumbling off of a chair like so much wet laundry entitles him to "Clutz of the Monty?" As a person who has fallen upstairs, I'd like to contest.

Blame it all on the stone cold sober orange juice of that morning, but 10:00 I was thirsty again. Upon arrival at the cash register, I gently ripped my entire cup of coke over. it bubbled merrily over the counter, register and cashier.

The 16 other patrons of the lunchroom, sensing my misfortune, formed an immediate, impatient and LONG line behind me.

The kindly cashier would not allow me to die until after I pushed some of the puddle around with a paper napkin.

This may not be as exciting as falling off a chair BUT it is as embarrassing. You might say, a close second.

B.B.
San Carlos, Ca.

From the editor

The Weathervane, this issue, features Canada's drama department. It is our intention that future issues will explore all departments.

Our hope is to acquaint the campus with the inner workings of the various spheres and specialization areas of the college as well as spotlighting some of the individuals involved.



Today's issue being the final one until after the winter recess the Weathervane staff wishes to take this opportunity to extend season's greetings to everyone.



Weathervane

Editor - Renee Mitchell
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Board debates

High schoolers and grading

District trustees discussed a model agreement allowing younger students to enter the district's colleges on a part time basis.

11th and 12th grade students from surrounding high schools in limited numbers. The district receives revenue from the added attendance.

The colleges currently accept

The Hart Bill (AB2229)

expands the law to permit students of any grade to be recommended for "advanced scholastic" opportunities in areas beyond the level of high school in performing and fine arts, mathematics, foreign languages and science as well as vocational and technical courses.

It was the opinion of the board, students in grades Kindergarten thru eight (K-8) should be excluded and to allow only 9-12 grade students access to the college courses.

Non-voting student trustee, Mark Robertson, said such limitations, "eliminates a segment of the community" if the K-8 grades are not permitted college opportunities.

Board President Nettles countered, calling AB2229, "permissive legislation." Trustee Tormey concurred, adding, the district would be "bailing out" the secondary schools and that is the legislature's job.

The approved model agreement outlines the requirements and responsibilities of the "recommended" students and forms an agreement between the high schools and the district.

District trustees also discussed a state-wide grading policy change, standardizing grading symbols. Discussion centered on the board's consensus that the change is contrary to a current law which permits the local college districts to decide grading policy, allowed thorough local autonomy.

The State study group recommendations hold the opinion that "equality of opportunity" is more important than local autonomy.

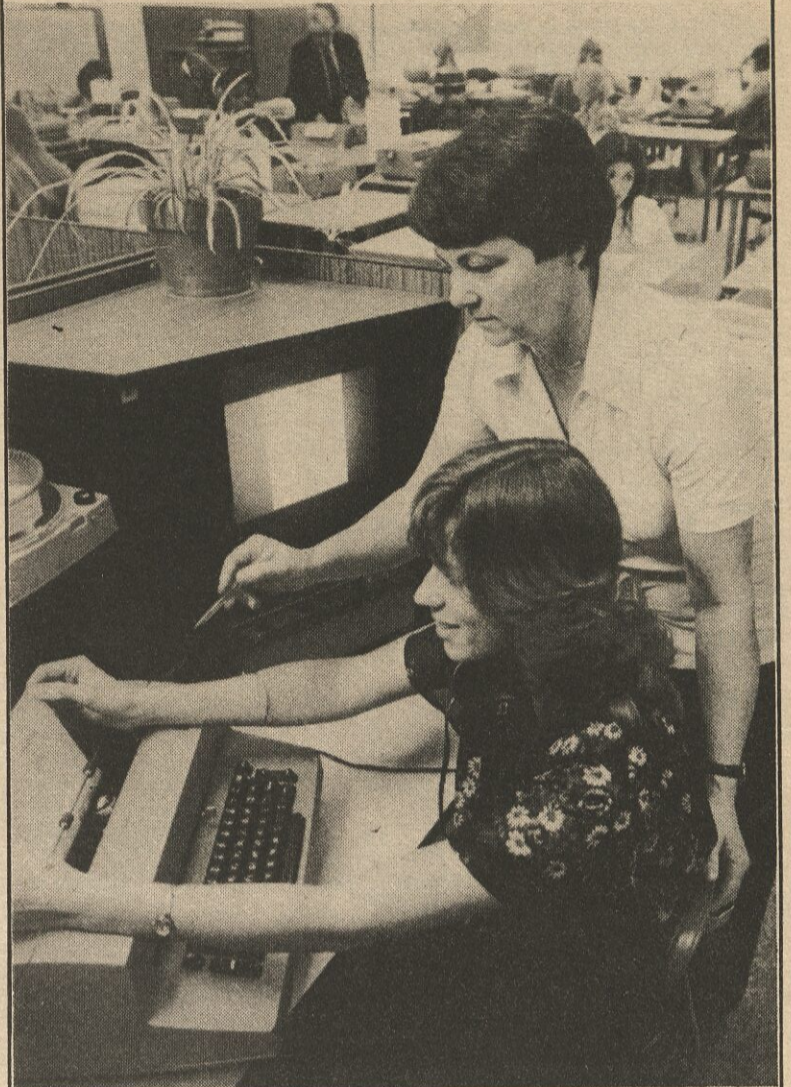
Trustee Tormey reminded the board of their standing on competency based education.

The real questions, cited Tormey "Is the student competent?" Employment and higher education are concerned with the student's ability to perform. According to student trustee Robertson, grading standards may be lowered.

Chancellor Smith summarized by saying this district's grading policies may not have to change as the grading change recommendations are only concerned with the "structure of grading" and the letters used for their rating.

Typing lab to Hold open house

Photo by Rohn Wood



Jeanne Pogreba, a court reporting student from San Carlos, operates a self-paced typing laboratory, while Instructional Aide Carol Jensen of San Mateo explains the procedure.

Something new has been added to Canada College. It is a vital, sophisticated, self-paced typing laboratory called the Business Skills Center located in building 13, room 217. Under the skillful direction of competent instructors, fall semester typing students have been proceeding at their own pace, utilizing up-to-date audio visual learning materials, and developing maximum typing proficiency.

To acquaint Canada faculty, counselors, classified staff, and students to the new laboratory, an Open House will be held on Jan. 9, 1980, Wednesday, from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Coffee will be served and a raffle is planned.

Quelch and Quench

by Diana Dull

Manager Frank Enriquez and his entire staff invite everyone to patronize the Canada cafeteria Mondays through Fridays from 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. and Saturdays from 8:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

A wide variety of hot and cold foods are offered and there are daily specials throughout the week that are real money savers. Hot food selections include a variety of grilled items along with hot soups prepared daily by the food technology department. Various luncheon specials are also available, including such favorites as hearty beef stew and sweet and sour pork.

Numerous cold items are prepared fresh daily by the staff, which include tossed salads, fruit plates and a variety of sandwiches. If you're just stopping in for a drink you will find what you're looking for in the cafeteria and perhaps even discover new beverages that are becoming popular—heavenly nectar juices, specialty coffee and teas, and pina coladas. (sorry-non-alcoholic!)

So come on down to Building 5 to quelch your appetite and quench your thirst. The cafeteria welcomes your patronage and will be inviting your comments soon in an upcoming cafeteria survey.

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SPECIAL OFFER TO CANADA STUDENTS

On Monday nights, pay half price for your first drink

Must present SB card & ID as proof of age

Canada Choir will spend Christmas at Disneyland

This Christmas brings special excitement to the Canada College Singers. The choir has been invited to participate in Disneyland's Christmas Candlelight Ceremony on Friday, December 21.

A beautiful and inspiring event, over 1200 singers blend their voices in song as they proceed up Main Street, U.S.A., lighting their way with flickering candles. The mass choir ends its procession in front of the Main Street Railroad Station, providing a spectacular background for the reading of the traditional Christmas story, narrated by a special guest star.

Past narrators include actors Cary Grant, Ross Martin and James Stewart.

"This ceremony which traditionally begins Disneyland's Christmas season, is even more special this year as it also begins Disneyland's 25th birthday celebration," comments Frank Matosich, director of the choir and a former Disney employee. "I have been witness to many Candlelight Ceremonies, each more beautiful than the last. It is a fantastic opportunity for our choir and also a great honor as we are the only choir outside of southern California

to be invited."

The ceremony will be under the baton of James Christensen, internationally regarded conductor and composer. The members of the choir have been invited to enjoy the park as Disneyland's guests the following day. "All-in-all," adds Matosich, "It'll be a 'Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah' weekend for all!"

Want to be A senator?

The Associated Students of Canada College seek students interested in becoming senators.

Qualified applicants must be free on Wednesday afternoons from 1-2:30 p.m. to attend meetings. They must also be willing to "get involved".

Spring semester senators will focus most of their attention on the Spring Festival.

Interested students may contact Deloris Hicks, the ASCC office, building 5, for further information.

Plan to register?

If you are planning to pre-register for spring, 1980, the Office of Admissions and Registration requests that you follow this procedure:

1. Make an appointment with your counselor prior to your registration date.
2. Day students report to the hallway between the Career Center and the Registrar's Office for registration any time between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. but only on the priority date shown below:

No. of Units to be Completed At the End of Fall Semester	Registration Date
36.5-70	Monday, January 7
24.5-36	Tuesday, January 8
12.5-24	Wednesday, January 9
5-12	Thursday, January 10
70.5 or more and all students who missed their day	Friday, January 11

Please note that if you are planning to enroll in day classes, the \$4.00 health services fee must be paid at registration.

3. Evening students may register any evening, Monday through Thursday, January 7-10 from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. in the hallway between the Career Center and the Registrar's Office. Counselors are available for evening students in the Career Center Monday thru Thursday between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m.

4. Saturday students may register Saturday, January 12 from 9 a.m. until noon in the hallway between the Career Center and Registrar's Office.

Class schedules will be available in the Registrar's Office by December 13, 1979.

But first, a date Here on campus

The Canada College Choir will present its eleventh annual "Winterfest Assembly" at the Main Theatre on Thursday, December 13, at 11 a.m.

Joining the choir will be the Canada College Singers, a select group of sixteen voices that perform in various styled, ranging from madrigals to pop.

Both groups will be conducted by Carl Sitton, directors of Choral Organizations at the college.

The major work on the program will be Cantata 142, "For Us a Child is Born" by Johann Sebastian Bach. Student soloists on the piece are Valerie Flatt,

soprano; Ruth Warren, alto; Edwin Harper, tenor and Robert Hoyt, baritone.

Other soloists include: Merilark Padgett with "I Wonder as I Wonder", and Rob Paulus singing "Silver Bells".

Other composers represented by shorter works are Handel, diLasso, Costeley, Menotti and Gustav Holsf. The group will also perform selections from musical theater and a medley of traditional Christmas music.

The event is open to all Canada students, faculty and administration members, free of charge, during the "College Hour".

Watch the purple and orange

SamTrans 20-Ride Zone Books, which expire on Dec. 31, will not be honored after that date. Persons holding these orange and purple ticket books should use them up before the end of the year. They cannot be exchanged or refunded.

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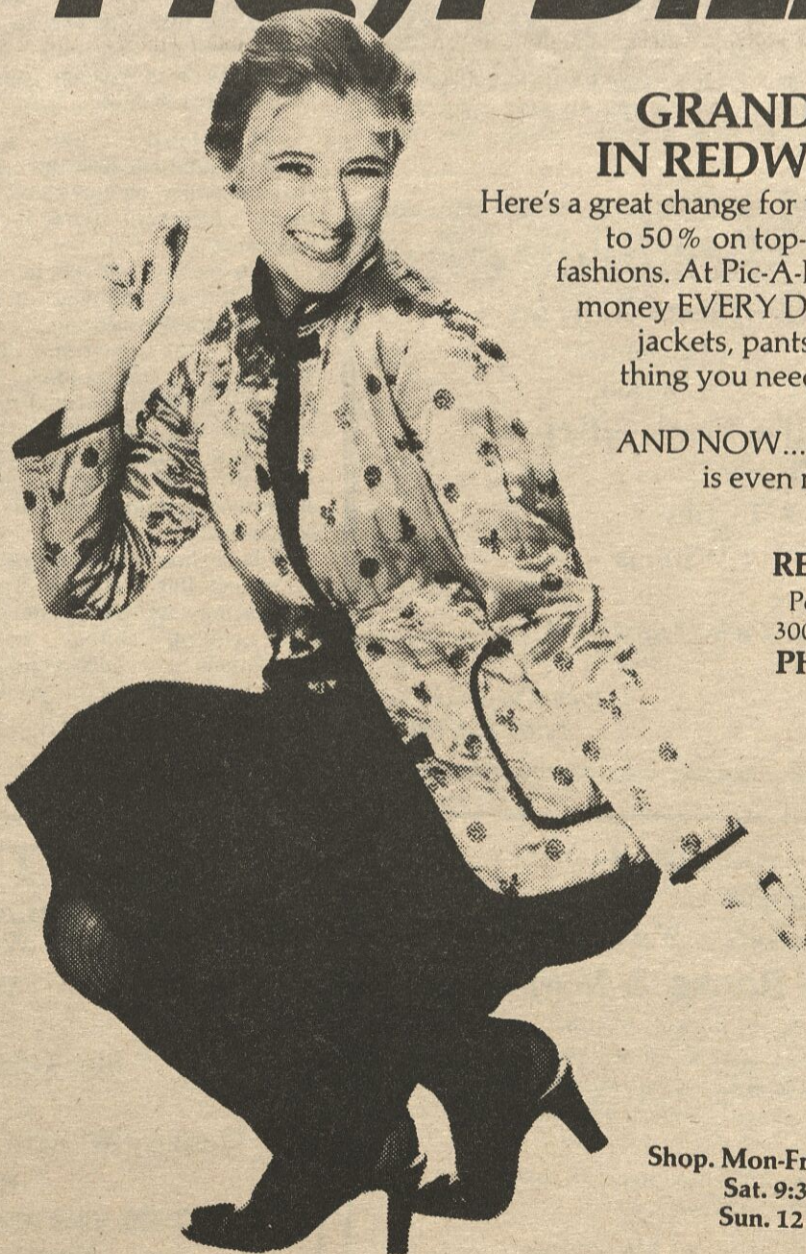
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'From Hell to Canada'

Boat people tell of harrowing journey

by Ralph Vonder Haar

From an overcrowded death-filled concentration camp in South Vietnam to the incomparable serenity of Canada College is a mind boggling trip. Two men who endured this hellish journey are now enrolled here.

Vantam Nguyen, from Bac Lieu, and Taithuan Quach, from Saigon, were both sergeants in the South Vietnamese army when the Communist North Vietnamese took over their country in 1975. Vantam, now 39 years old, and Taithuan 27, were both thrown into jail when the takeover occurred.

They had been accustomed to a happy life. The economy was fairly good for them and they enjoyed their freedom.

After the Communist coup their lives changed drastically. Many people, women and children included, were killed. Over 200,000 political prisoners were taken. There were no jobs, not much food, and the hospitals were closed, causing a severe shortage of medical care.

Many students weren't allowed to continue school because their parents had worked for the previous government. Anyone who had ever worked with the United States was imprisoned.

Vantam spent a total of one year in a concentration camp during three separate incarcerations. Taithuan was jailed for three months.

Both spoke of the terrible conditions, overcrowding, and the hardships inflicted upon them.

Medical attention was non-existent in the camps and food was scarce. Detainees were forced to work at menial labor in the fields many hours each day.

Once released from jail, Vantam became a fisherman, and Taithuan began planting sugar cane. Although they were no longer in jail, life was still extremely difficult for them.

The Communists still considered them their enemies and treated them accordingly. They were not allowed to visit friends or go out after dark. They were often followed, and harrassed in other ways.

To escape what they considered to be an increasingly intolerable situation, on July 20, 1978, Vantam and Taithuan, along with 45 other people, sailed off in a small boat 46 feet long and only nine feet wide, toward the Philippines 750 miles away. After three days and nights, the small, desperate party ran out of food and water. Four days later, lost, hungry, and thirsty they were rescued by American sailors working on an oil rig in the South China Sea. They were 500 miles off course due to strong winds. The Americans gave them food and water, and took them to East Malasia.

"We were lucky," Vantam said. "We missed the high waters." Many of their countrymen died attempting the same escape.

Once in Malasia ICEM (Intergovernmental Committee

for European Migration) lent Taithuan \$320 and Vantam and his son \$640 to help them get by. They had to leave most of their possessions in Vietnam.

Taithuan was forced to leave his family in Vietnam. Vantam, likewise, left his wife and three other children behind. She died in April attempting the same boating escape, but his children, 11, seven and two years old, made it safely to Indonesia, where they are "taking care of themselves."

After reading in a newspaper about a possible sponsor, Vantam and Taithuan wrote to him to see if he could help. With the assistance of Doctor Nguyen Vannang, a Buddhist minister of the Giacminh church in East Palo Alto, they came to California to study. Both are here on visas that allow them to stay indefinitely.

They are receiving \$1512 for one year from EOG (Educational Opportunity Grant). Each man also receives welfare, which comes out to slightly over \$300 a month.

Vantam is trying to get his three other children to join him in California. He has been in touch with American immigration officials in this regard. Vantam says he is extremely worried because there is no one to take care of them in Indonesia and they are quite young.

Both men expressed their gratitude to the U.S. for its help. "The good people of the U.S. have helped me," Taithuan enthused. He says he enjoys life here, but is determined to "return to my



Vantam Nguyen and Taithuan Quach

Photo by Rohn Wood

country and fight against communism."

Each man's courses here at Canada consist solely of English language classes. They praised the school and their instructors, Flemming, Hehr, Szabo, and Chase highly.

"Before I came here," Vantam said, "I couldn't speak any English, now I can talk with people and they understand me."

"People are ready to help me if I ask for it," Taithuan said, "but they don't bother me."

Vantam pointed out that there are many cultural differences between Vietnam and the Bay

Area but he said the people here are "very friendly."

Both men stressed the importance of their new freedom here. "In my country," Taithuan said, "there is not any freedom. Here I can do what I want."

Vantam and Taithuan both plan to continue their studies here at Canada for another three years. They feel that by that time their English will be good enough to enable them to move on to specialized fields.

Vantam would like a career in computer accounting, and Taithuan plans to study electronics and math.

'Many of their countrymen died Attempting the same escape'

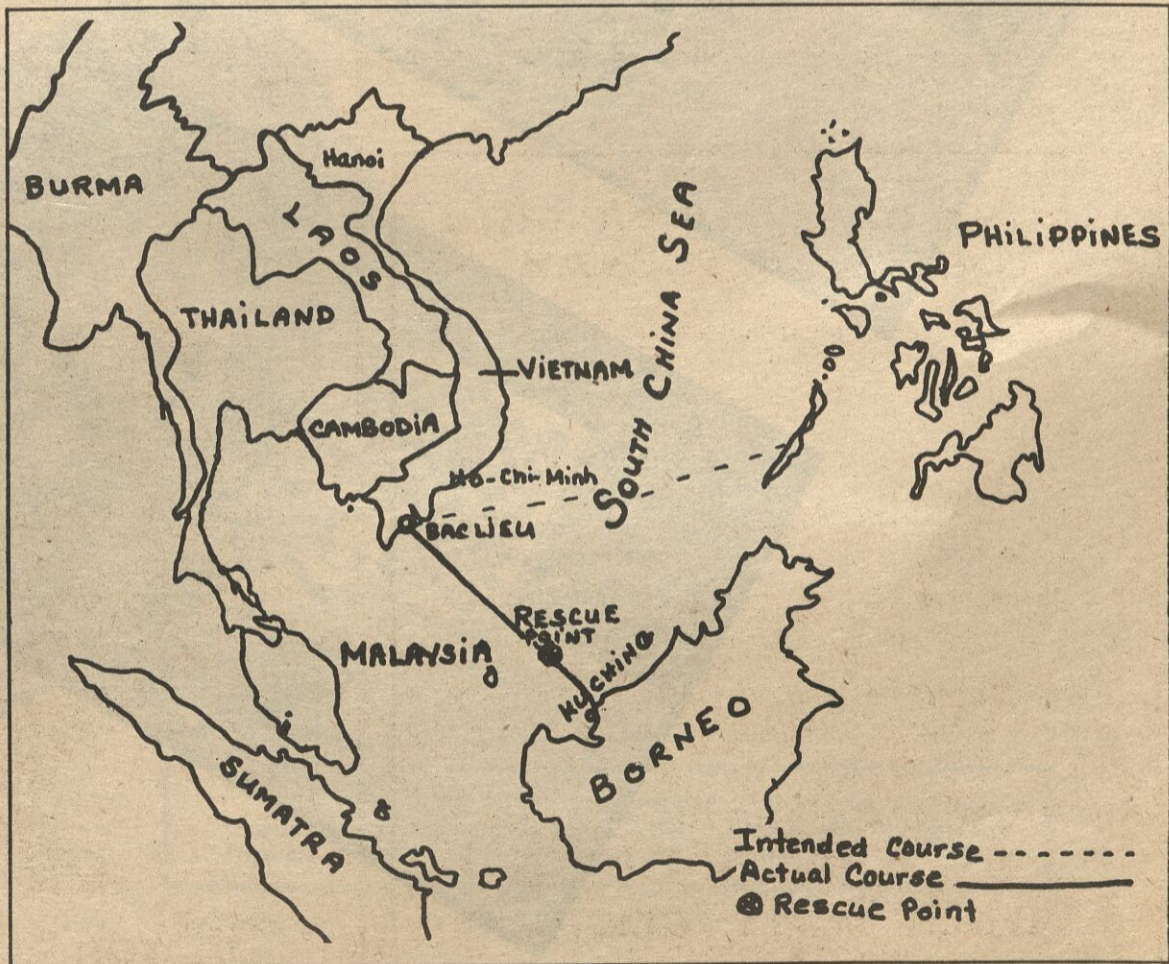
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Strong winds swept their small boat 500 miles off course.

REHEARSAL

This was a night to feel the cat's hair stand. This rehearsal, a decision was to be made. Tension hung from the black stage curtains.

"Death of a Salesman," in rehearsal, requires unparalleled concentration by the actors and the script by Arthur Miller force feeds the necessity of clearly defined character development on the director and his company.

This director, Mel Ellett, felt uncertain if his company was ready to perform in the tradition of this Pulitzer prize-winning play.

This rehearsal would be the balance of egos, talent, and a certain amount of feverish weekend practice.

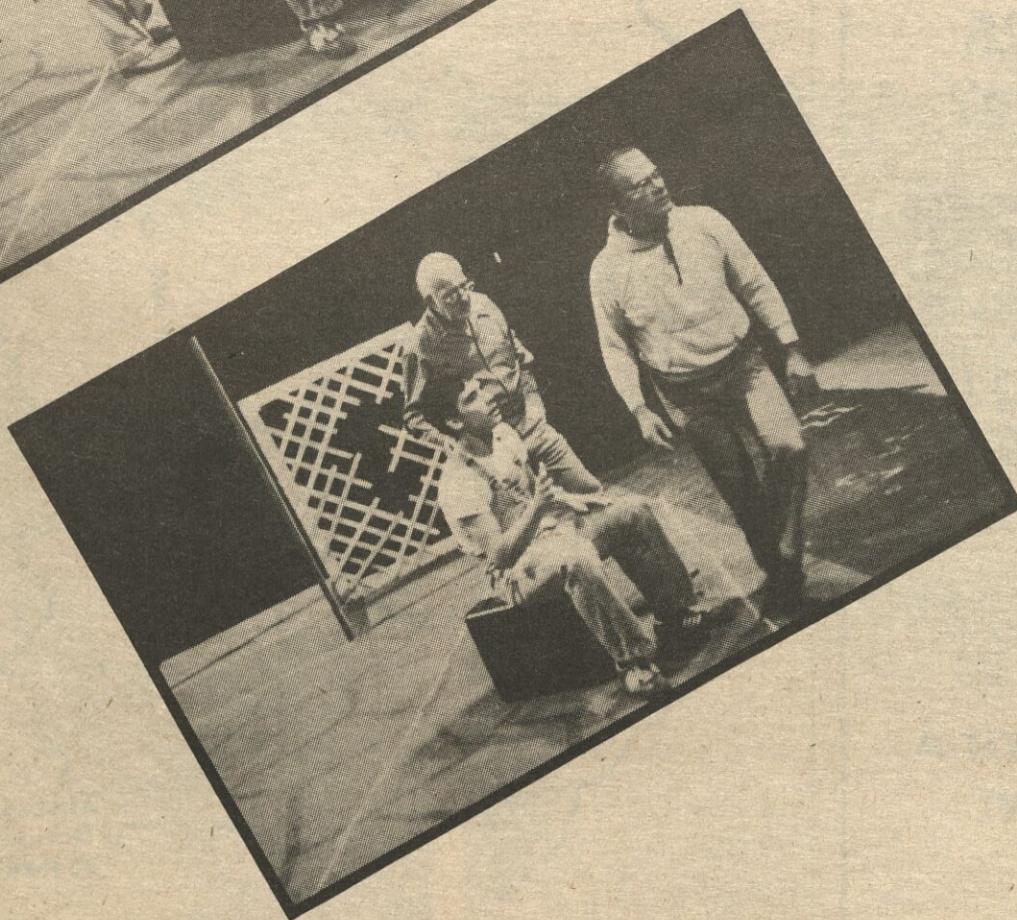
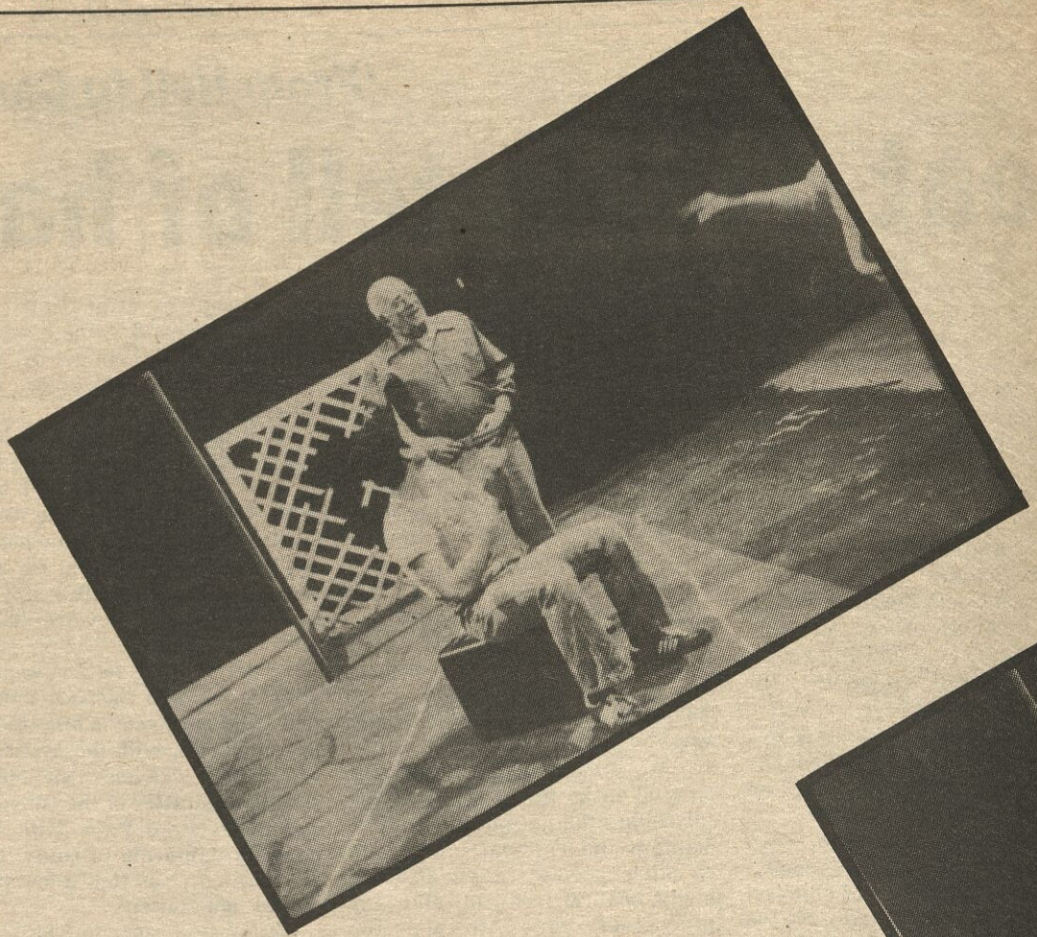
Postponement of a show is a blow to the company. It means "You're not good enough, not ready for the audience." Theater companies are a nuclear family, centered around the director; they know each other's secrets and reasons for success or failure.

They each understood tonight's rehearsal and why postponement was in the air. Not one among the company would give you the answer if you were to ask. It's...family.

The talent provided by a director's auditions is always flawed. Call it occupational hazard. Actors are usually sure of themselves and capable of some discipline. The variations of that generalization are infinite.

There are egos and insecurities packaged with every actor. A director knows this and therein lies the challenge.

Tonight's challenge centered on discipline versus insecurity in the balance of Ellett's small cast.



There is a single pillar of yellow light making its gentler white, diffused light from the nether regions, overhead, at the far end of the Flexible Theatre.

Ellett and two assistants stand half yellow. "Can we he asks. "It's an electronic sound," he adds, looking up light booth, suspended on one wall overlooking the sta

"The violin...?" says a woman's voice from the b

"A high-pitched sound," says Ellett.

"The violin is high pitched..." she replies.

The sound is heard. An electric violin. It will be u

Ellett moves through the gentle wash of actos and on the quality of the set, reassuring an actor, making preparing for rehearsal.

Quiet as a monastery, the cast members practice movement, or staged encounter, reviewing scripts for another cup of coffee, talk of football.

"Let's go!" roars Ellett in a hoarse working voice. people dries up behind the curtains.

"We're late...we won't do the requiem...PLACES!" Lowman stands outside the gate, the "Salesman" is h

The first act accelerates as a freight train, pulling block of Miller's script into line; its inertia building to ca

A small cluster of cast perched on table or chair at dimly lit stage. One nursing the memory from lines in the pair, huddled, silent in their coats in the sometimes c

One of Willy Lowman's sons, Biff, not in the action Except for timed coffee cup travels from table to mot

motionless.

The brother, Happy, also not in the action, paces an between the same table and a wing curtain. As he pad steps, his cigarette traces an ember's curve until he re the ember falls to the side, a sip of coffee from his cup, and back.

A door opens repeatedly, cutting the stage with short as the bodies drawn behind the curtains at the start, th without noise, from the stage for coffee, or errands or

The director sits, nested with the stage manager an Throughout the rehearsal he will put on or take off his co With elbow on the table and a half clenched fist obscuri rasps whispering notes, comments and the detailed minute's progress.

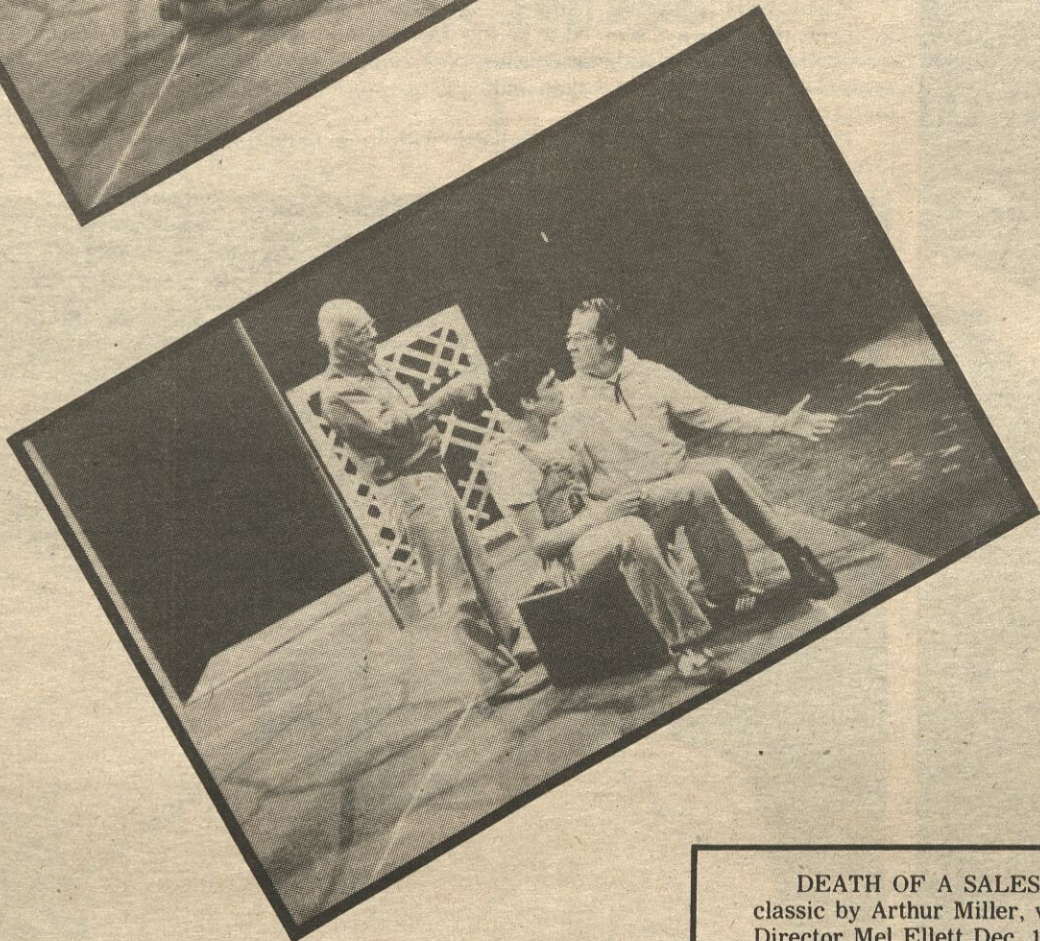
As each scene moves past Ellett's review and the act the stage, they received penciled notes on yellow sheets are read immediately.

The first act settles itself with a good run. A fresh su bodies. The theater relaxes, there is a breath.

'DEATH OF A SALESMAN'



Text: Stephen E. O'Mara
Photos: Rohn J. Wood



Backstage, behind the black drapery, into the scene shop where sets are constructed from imagination and lumber. The director stands with a member of the crew, who is unrolling a banner intended for the cafeteria; yellow paper, black lettering, "...and you'll lay another piece of yellow paper over the dates...?" Ellett asks.

"...And paint the new dates on," was the answer. Ellett was satisfied. "Good," he said leaving to discuss other changes with other people of the company.

The individuals returned to a pre-rehearsal wandering: practice, talking, staring blankly across the set, sweeping, moving furniture, knife blades of light from the door until Ellett decides it is time.

Again "PLACES!" The waters of conversation subside and the tension starts to climb the curtains, the shadows knowing the weakness will appear.

The principal actors begin the rigors of Miller's script and the intonations of Ellett's direction. This is not a freight train, not easy. It is more—a catastrophic mountain slope clinging to the intrinsic complexity of Miller's characters. A sense of lost confidence pores from the character's mouths, desperation written in movement, a fine line between the real and memory, is created and shows.

Honesty shudders in the wake of the second act; definition of reality gets lost in the darkened theater; each character in turn regains their hold on the audience, each one luring the audience through the scenes.

Someone drops a line. The demon has arrived.

The falter of a giant. The silence could be heard. Picking the cue deftly, the actor regains control.

The climax building, working toward the mountain, as here and there, first one fiber snapped, then others creating their own rents in the fabric not yet strong enough to carry the weight of the show.

There was no discussion at the end of the rehearsal, simply one or two words and a yellow note; encouragement or suggestion.

The captured intensity poured out the doors, chased now by brighter lights and the sudden dispersal of people.

"Do you know what time it is?" shouted Ellett's note keeper, excited because all in all the rehearsal was swift, having fewer mistakes than expected. It only took moments for the theater to empty, asleep in its mystery.

Outside, a cast principal was asked why Ellett wanted to close the show. "He doesn't think we're ready."

"Do you think he'll postpone the show after tonight's rehearsal?"

"No, it went a lot smoother. I don't think he will."

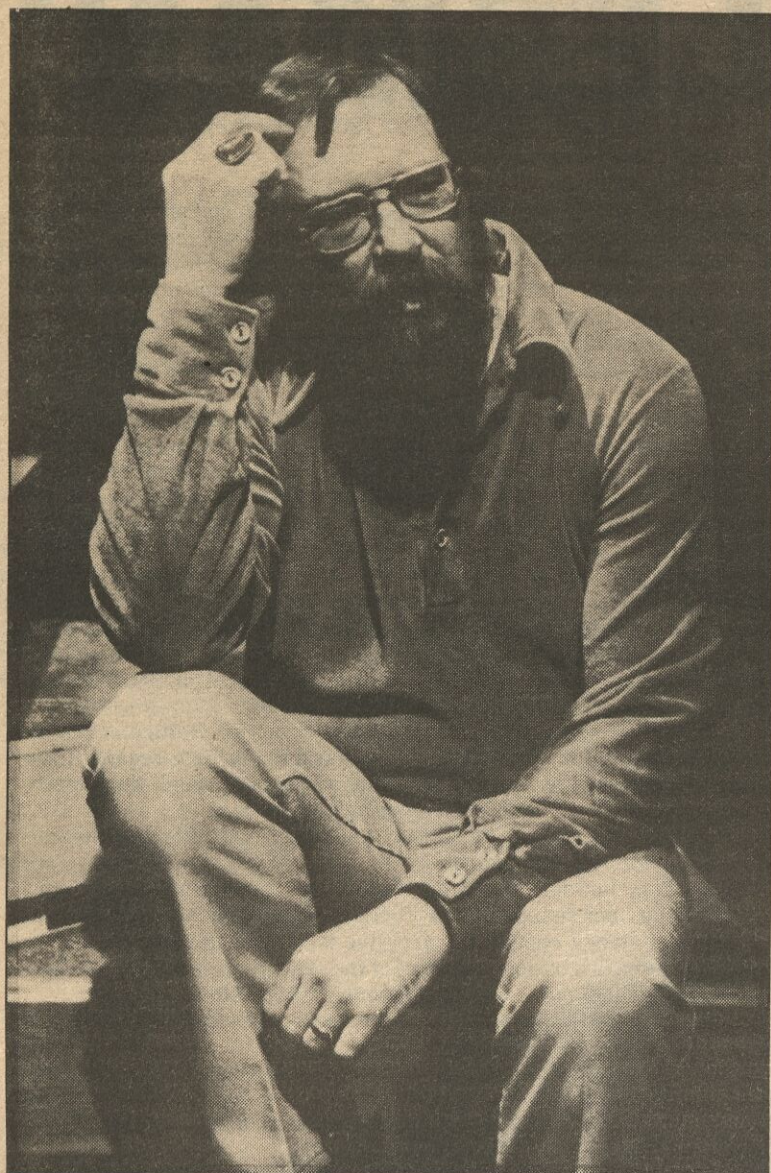
11:27 a.m., the next morning, in Mel Ellett's office. He felt good, seemed pensive and sounded sure.

"We've decided to go with the show...the gamble is a good one!" Ellett said positively.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN, the Pulitzer prize winning American classic by Arthur Miller, will be presented in the Flexible Theatre by Director Mel Ellett Dec. 12, 13, 14 and 15 at 8 p.m.

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Canada's Directors



Marty Lepisto



Lepisto directed Moliere's 'Imaginary Invalid.'

Marty Lepisto: He Calls it 'relaxation'

by Ralph Vonder Haar

An eight hour technical check is in progress at the Flexible Theatre. Darkness hides the unfinished stage. The theatre could be an immense universe, or a tiny black box. Only a few people are present, busily at work.

A crash pierces the darkness with a feral ferocity, as an object slams onto the ground. The people in the control booth rush madly for the light switch. The light shines on Marty Lepisto, clutching his knee in agony, eight feet adjacent to the riser from which he fell.

He dismisses the concerned pleas of his compatriots and returns feverishly back to work, climbing halfway up a ladder before they even reach the control booth.

"I'm getting old and burned out," Marty mused reflectively, as though he was speaking to himself. "I used to be the eternal optimist, always biting off more than I could chew. Now, I've learned to relax more," he said, not quite convincingly.

Martin Lepisto relax? Martin Lepisto, the man who has been at Canada since the school opened in 1968? The man who's workday continues to midnight almost daily? The man who is the designer, technical director and responsible for virtually all aspects of production except for costumes and make-up of all Canada's productions? The man who, when directing or acting, still maintains these duties? The man who also teaches acting? Somehow, that is hard to swallow.

It is a very difficult job Marty admits readily. One that demands "total concentration" and a "huge adrenalin output."

He works busily at the early stages of a production, and as the opening draws near, the fever of work builds and builds until it reaches its culminating point during the performances. After the play, the sets, representing six weeks of hard work, are detachedly torn down in a matter of two hours. A sense of sadness, of emptiness can't be escaped. The next week it starts all over again.

The productions follow one another so closely, they force him to "constantly be on the spot" which builds the pressure considerably.

It is an extremely "emotional business." One that runs the gauntlet from extreme highs and lows; another profoundly draining quality.

"It's fun to do," Marty said. "Helping a troubled actor make it happen is a real source of joy." He also enjoys "building an inner structure of the world," where he can interpret the playwright's ideas and feelings.

But, "total satisfaction" is something that only comes to him "sometimes." Most of the time he is forced to make compromises. It's important, Marty said, "learning to live with and change the way you compromise." He explained that there are too many depending factors, i.e. budgets (which are a "constant hassle"), actors, technical aspects, and personal limitations. If one sets his goals too high, he warns, he will never be satisfied. That's why it's important, he continued, to be realistic and "to see what's right in what you do, as well as what's wrong."

When asked about his plans for the future, Marty was evasive, however, there always seemed to be the theatre underlying his obscure words. He spoke of such things as "just continuing life." But, finally, he said, "I would like to find a way to make this job work and also have time for acting."

Martin Lepisto will continue his battle with time, to do the things he loves to do.

Curtis: It's His idea Of fun

by Renee Mitchell

Relaxing in his small, colorful and incredibly cluttered office, Bob Curtis, a Canada drama instructor and director, appears to be a man well-satisfied with what he is doing.

"If I wasn't," says the Texas-born director, "I wouldn't be here."

"Some of the most dynamic and significant theater done is at the college level," states Curtis, "because we don't have to be concerned about making money as the pros do and we tend to be more focused, disciplined and have a better talent pool than in community theater."

Curtis, who spent his high school years in Burbank, California, acted during that time as well as in college and community theater. He spent a few years in Los Angeles before coming to San Francisco, which he says, "had a kind of an aura about it. It was in the early '60's," and he noted, "before the Haight-Ashbury." In time though, it was this particular area that lured him into staying.

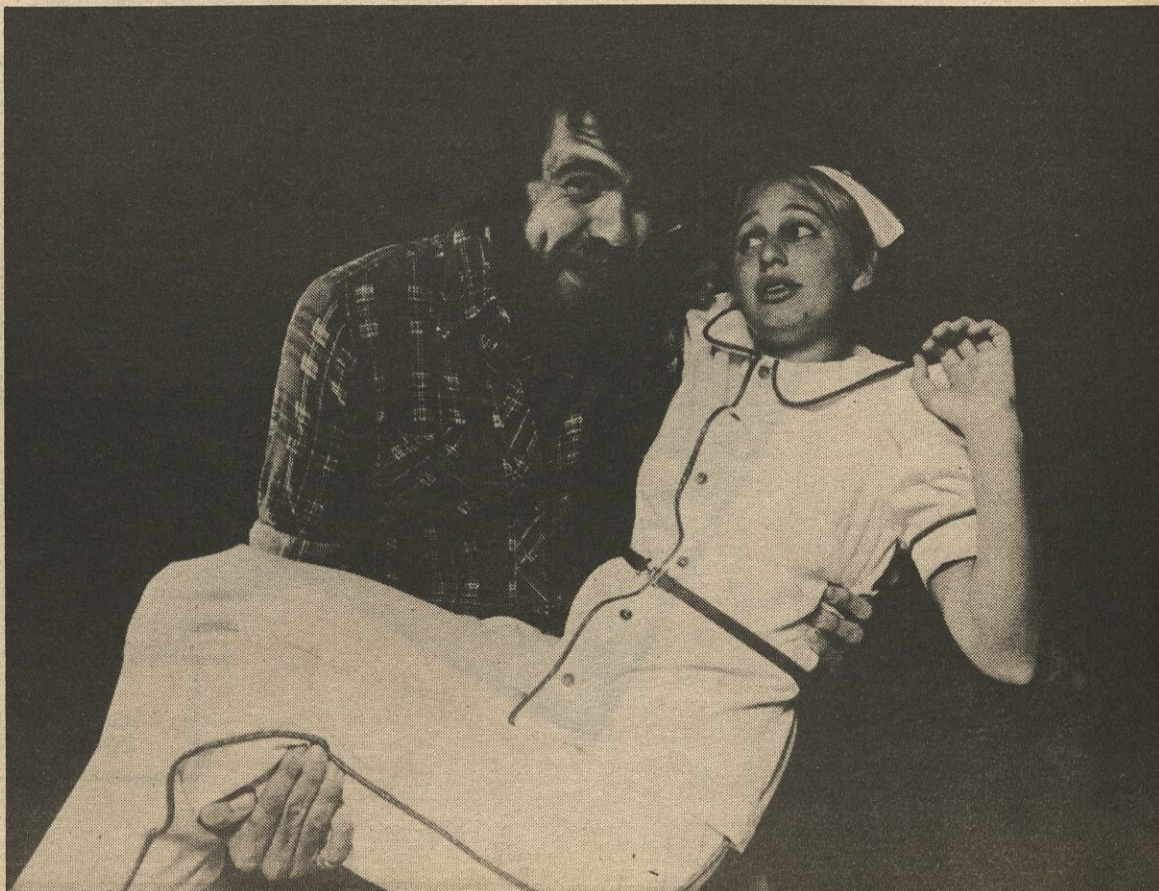
While attending San Francisco State, Curtis earned his BA and MA in literature as well as his teaching credentials in English and Theater Arts.

Twelve of the 13 years he has been in the district have been spent at Canada. For the last five years, Curtis has been with the drama department. Previously, he taught English.

"For as long as I can remember, I've been interested in the theater," he says, "It's been a way of learning about people, a way of interpreting human experience."

Rearing back in his chair, laughing, Curtis recalled his first

Continued on Page 9



Curtis directed 'Bad Habits.'

Photos by Rohn Wood

Every play's a whole new Challenge for Mel Ellett

by David Beardwood

"I get so hyper. I feel just as excited as I did 30 years ago," said Dr. Melvin Ellett, a drama instructor at Canada College. "Each play is a whole new life; a whole new challenge."

Seeking that "whole new challenge" is Ellett's obsession.

At Inglewood High School in 1937, Ellett accepted the challenge of his first role in the senior play. He played Magee in George M. Cohen's "Seven Keys to Baldpate." The local newspaper said, "He (Ellett) had a long and difficult role, which he interpreted with a humor and restraint that never failed to clock."

His demanding nature drove him to excel in sports. He set numerous high school track records and won a football scholarship to UCLA.

But a scholarship wasn't challenging enough for Ellett. He passed it up to work his way through Stanford. "I figured I'd get more out of it if I had to work," he said.

While working at a drug store and as a lifeguard he maintained his grades, acted in plays and participated in football, track and boxing. In 1939 and 40, Ellett won the Pacific Eight Conference light-heavyweight title and later became a boxing coach.

For years Ellett was a physical education major bent on being a coach. But he said, "I figured I'd get bored after a few years. In a way though, I am a coach. One of my deepest pleasures is to help young actors fulfill their fullest potential as actors and human beings."

Armed with a masters degree from Stanford, Ellett headed south



Mel Ellett

for Oceanside-Carlsbad College near San Diego for his first teaching job. He had his hands full teaching 21 units, directing plays and running the college FM radio station.

The drama department at College of San Mateo on Coyote Point was very small when Ellett arrived in 1953. To build a cast he played football to meet students and urge them to try acting.

"I have found dancers and athletes with intelligence can become very good actors," said Ellett. "They have body coordination." The run-down Baldwin Auditorium in Downtown San Mateo provided "bad acoustics and squaky floors" in the early CSM plays. Ellett said, "The light dimmers glowed hot enough to light matches on."

Those problems were eradicated when a committee of which Ellett was chairman, designed a new theater. They also designed theaters for Canada and Skyline colleges. With pride he says, "I am certain Canada's facilities are the best."

Ellett took on the most extravagant productions while at CSM. He did Shakespeare's "Hamlet", "Othello" and "Oedipus the King". Greek drama scholar Donald J. Mechling said, "The production (Oedipus the King) was, in every way, of professional quality and unusual excellence."

A lust for learning compelled Ellett to return to Stanford in pursuit of his PhD. His thesis was "The Organic Unity in the Social Problem Plays of Henrik Ibsen."

As an educator with acting and

directing experience, he felt dissatisfaction with types of play interpretation he had been taught. He felt they "...chained a person to the surface of the play." He interprets plays from an "organic" point of view. "...taking the student past the surface of the work to the inner core, the center of poetry and meaning to see the relation it has with the outer values of the play."

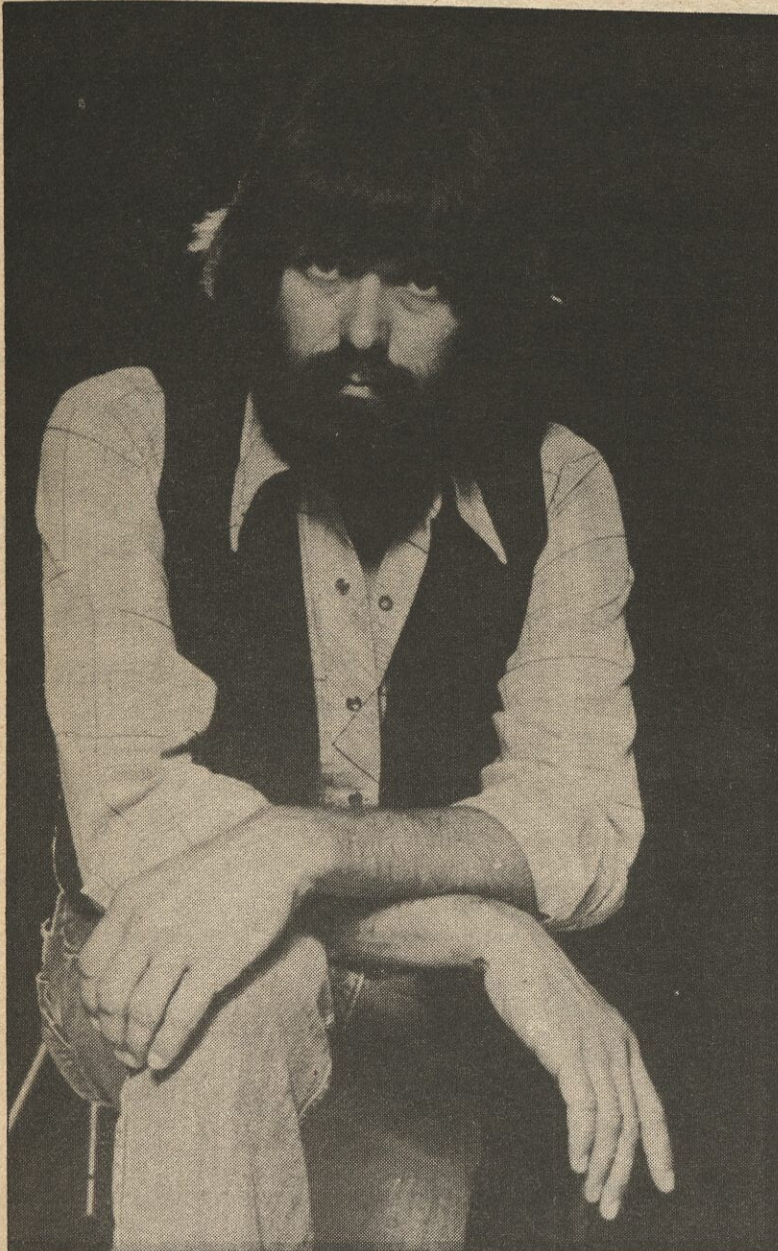
Television movies also played a role in Ellett's life. He starred in "Dark Interlude" filmed in 1953 in the Santa Cruz Mountains, the first TV movie filmed in Northern California.

"The life of an actor is not one I'd enjoy," said Ellett. "It's too precarious. Being a teacher is more intellectually challenging."

"I see teaching as a great profession in which a teacher has a unique opportunity to touch the lives of thousands of young people," says Ellett. "I have the firm conviction students love to be challenged."

Many of Ellett's former students have become professional actors, including Kurt Smith, who also taught at Canada with Ellett for ten years. Another of Ellett's students, Bart Braverman is presently playing a featured role in TV's "Vegas". Kenneth Wasington, formerly of Redwood City, has appeared on TV's Marcus Welby MD, Star Trek, Dragnet, Adam 12 and Petticoat Junction.

Ellett is still active in sports and in excellent condition as a "tennis nut". He says, "It relieves the tensions of life." He is also writing a movie script just to keep chasing that "whole new challenge."



Bob Curtis

Curtis remembers

Continued from Page 8

acting role of any consequence. It was in high school. "I haven't thought about this in 20 years. I can't believe it but I remember the PR on it...strife-torn family...it was called "Where the Cross is Made." I don't remember the author... let's see ... filled with treachery and deceit.

"It was a struggle between a father and son, I played the son ... about a treasure ... there's a mother and a sister too. The family is killed ... I mean not physically but destroyed psychologically. Nobody gets the treasure."

Curtis who had a successful run of Terrence McNally's "Bad Habits" recently, hopes soon to direct Shakespeare's "John II."

"I don't like to limit myself," to one type of production he says. "Different types make me work, allow me to be creative."

He further explained that the Canada directors confer to attain a balanced season with a variety of farce, satire and heavy drama.

These decisions having been made, the director and his students get down to work.

An important point, says Curtis, is "the attitude that the director and the students take towards theater in general and toward the specific production is as important as acting and directorial skills.

"On top of that, what I try to do is to get them (students) to commit themselves to the production and give it every damn bit of focus and discipline; talent and intelligence that they can possibly muster."

The one thing that may be the hardest to get across to actors is, says Curtis, "It's important to

have fun in theater, but that the most significant fun and the only kind of fun that is worthwhile, is the fun that comes from the realization that you were part of a production that was done well in every respect."

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SPOTLIGHT

Corpo Santo 'Carnival' Coming to Canada

The Associated Students of Canada College and the Latin American Student Association are sponsoring what they believe will be one of the most exotic and exciting entertainment events ever to occur on Campus.

It's a performance of Corpo Santo, a lively and innovative group of singers, dancers and instrumentalists from Brazil. They will be appearing in the Main Theatre Saturday, February 2 at 8 p.m.

According to ASSCC Senator Margaret Leicester, this might be the last time people in this area will have to see Corpo Santo in such an intimate and informal atmosphere, since they are definitely

headed for the big time. They have appeared in the past at the New Varsity in Palo Alto, and at several other nearby locations, and on television. But after the Canada engagement, Corpo Santo takes off for a tour of Europe and Japan.

"They're really unique," Leicester said. "A totally different experience. This is an act that is really going to turn people on."

The sponsors of the event hope that people will show up in costume, because Corpo Santo's appearance is going to have a Mardi Gras flavor, with dancing in addition to the group's performance.

One highlight of the Corpo

Santo act is a demonstration of Capoeira, an Afro-Brazilian martial arts dance that was originally developed as a self-defense technique by descendants of African slaves. The group also performs a dance with machete knives.

Corpo Santo will be on campus Thursday, Jan. 17 for a brief free demonstration at 11 a.m. in the cafeteria, to give students a taste of what to expect during the Feb. 2 performance. Advance tickets are \$3, or \$2 for holders of student body cards. They can be obtained through the Community Relations office in the Administration building.



Brazil's Corpo Santo, above, perform Capoeira, a martial arts dance.

Local group's big break

'U.S.A.' rocks Berkeley

by Miki Nakanishi

"U.S.A." the local hard rock group played November 27, at Berkeley Community Theater for an audience of about 900.

They played, starting with "FAN" and "NICK OF TIME", nine songs. Redwood City U.S.A fans were the hottest. Screaming and writhing, their bodies never stopped during four hour concert which began 8 p.m. and lasted until midnight.

Four other bands played with hem, each band had unique sounds of Rock'n Roll.

U.S.A played here at Canada on the frisbee lawn a few months ago and they have been playing at other colleges and keystone

Berkely. The Berkeley concert was their biggest break so far.

"Band U.S.A is representative of those who combine what is real with their ideals. I believe U.S.A will become a voice of the 80's and the future," drummer Sam Mann said. Alan Teman who is the rythm and lead guitar player said, "At Berkeley Community Theater, it was the best we played. We will keep playing and gain valuable experience on the road and in our area."

Vocalist and bass guitar player, Joe White added, "With the change vibration of the 80's, we are hoping that our potent Rock'n Roll will be able to strike new interest to young people and even for the next

generation."

U.S.A already has been selling their tapes at The Record Factory and local teenagers seem to like their hard rock sounds. When their members get together, the music explodes.

Sam Mann also said that U.S.A believes, "that if you work hard, you play hard."

The Associated Students of Canada's Holiday Arts Fair commences Monday, December 10 and runs thru Wednesday, December 12.

Merchants will have bargains galore: scarfs, hats, gloves, handmade sweaters, flower arrangements, jewelry and hand-made handbags.

A real Christmas Bargain

Looking for a Real Christmas Bargain??? A theatre party is being organized for the California Actors Theatre production of Mrs. Warren's Profession on January 13, 1980. Tickets are \$3.25 each (a savings of nearly 50 percent!). The performance starts at 2 p.m. in the newly refurbished Sequoia Fox Theatre. Enjoy the rapier wit of George Bernard Shaw surrounded by an atmosphere of Art Deco elegance. Seating is limited and tickets must be purchased by Dec. 14 in the Women's Center, bldg. 16, rm. 5 (ext. 460). Buy one for yourself and give one as a Christmas gift to a friend.

Clutz of the Month Club

Clutz of the Month Club's first board meeting will be Dec. 14, 1979 in the newsroom. New membership will be considered. BYOC-Bring Your Own Crutches.



CALENDAR

Tuesday, December 11, Brown Bag Special

ASSERTIVENESS FOR WOMEN with guest speaker Karen Scheikowitz, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., bldg. 16, rm. 5. Free.

Wednesday, December 12, Lecture

ASTROLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF 20th CENTURY, Kirk Gallaway, practicing Astrologer for seven years in the bay area, 1 to 3 p.m., bldg. 2, rm. 10. Free.

Thursday, December 13, Music

CANADA COLLEGE THURSDAY MORNING RECITAL SERIES, students in Ensemble classes will present Christmas music, 11 a.m. to noon, bldg. 13, rm. 148.

Friday, December 14, Brown Bag Special

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE, Women's Re-entry to Educational Program will host an open house, refreshments and guest speakers, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., bldg. 16, rm. 5.

Wednesday, January 2, Lecture

EDGAR CAYCE, THE MEANING OF HIS WORK FOR TODAY, Rudolph Beahs Spangenberg, a Physicist turned engineer who has been a student of Cayce for the past five years, 1 to 3 p.m., bldg. 2, rm. 10. Free.

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Colts win Opener 75-58

by Ernie Hallock

Canada's basketball team opened against the Junior Varsity squad of San Francisco State at home recently. The colts won 75-58 despite the fact that they played a good part of the game as if they were in a trance.

The starting line-up for the Colts was Charles Patton and Tod Sedlacek at the forward position. Mario Mitchell was the center and James Williams and newcomer Isiah Thompson were the guards.

The Colts were paced by second year players Sedlacek and Williams. Sedlacek who had only five points at halftime came back to score 12 in the second half. Along with his 17 points he also was a factor on the boards, especially on the offensive end, where he picked off numerous missed shots.

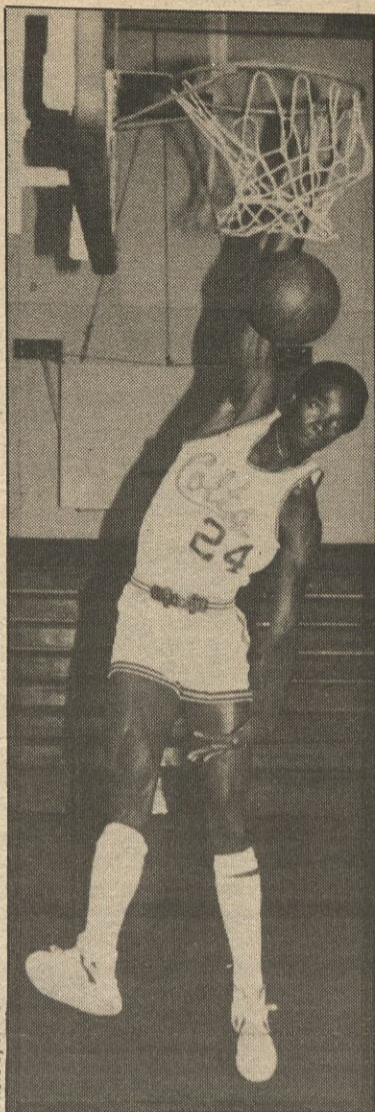
Williams also scored eight of his 14 points after the intermission.

The Colts had a meager 36-31 lead at the half, and it stayed close until the later stages, when Thompson made a lay-up with two minutes and 53 seconds to go, giving the Colts a 65-55 lead. After that the Gators made a few turnovers, which accounted for Canada outscoring them 10-3 the rest of the way.

As far as the season outlook right now, coach Bowling said he wants his team "To be as successful as we can be."

CANADA SCORERS

Alger 0 5-6 5; Brown 0 1-2 1; Chilton 3 0-0 6; Davis 1 0-0 2; Dow 1 2-2 4; Jenkins 1 0-0 2; Patton 4 1-1 9; Sedlacek 7 3-5 17; Thompson 2 4-4 8; Williams 7 0-0 14.



Charles Patton scores two points for Canada.

Photo by Jim Olsen

CANADA SPORTS

Williams, Sedlacek, Dow

Hooper's three musketeers

by Tim Goode

James Williams, Tod Sedlacek and Gerald Dow have probably accumulated a lot of basketball trophies through their young basketball careers.

And each of their trophy cases holds a South Peninsula Player of the Year award.

Williams from Ravenswood, Sedlacek from San Carlos and Dow of Menlo-Atherton give the Canada basketball team a distinct local flavor, as all three will be on the court for the colts this season.

It's no coincidence either. All three were attracted to Canada for virtually the same reasons.

"I think the reason everyone comes up here is because of Bud. (head coach Bowling)" said 1976 player of the year Williams. "It's a good program and every year we win more games."

Dow, the 1979 winner, voiced similar opinions. "I saw how Bowling coached. It was a style that was comfortable to me under control and it covered all the basics."

A major factor in Dow's and Sedlacek's deciding on Canada was

another former SPAL player of the year, Darrell Barbour, the 1977 player of the year from Mrenlo-Atherton.

"When Darrell came up here, it broke the ice," said Sedlacek, who collected his trophy in 1978. "After he played, they made the playoffs and people knew they were good. Barbour talked to me and said that the coach was good and would help his players."

Barbour also influenced Dow towards coming to Canada.

"Darrell and I are close. He told me that the program was good and the school was nice," said Dow. "He was right. The school keeps me on the move, the instructors are nice and the coach is good. He doesn't take any bull from anyone and yet he's open. I like that in a coach."

What makes the situation of three MVP's on the same team unique is that in most cases, players continue their playing right after high school. But

Williams dropped out of Canada just into his freshman year.

"I came up here but I wasn't sure what I wanted to do, so I dropped out and worked for a year," explained Williams. "I kept playing at nights at Kelly Park. I loved it too much to just quit, so I came back and I am very happy here."

Both Sedlacek and Williams are graduating at the end of this season and plan on playing at a four year college. Sedlacek would like to play somewhere in southern California such as Santa Barbara, but he has offers from Chico State and a small college in Hawaii.

Williams, on the other hand, is shooting for the big time. "The coach from Chico has talked to me, but I would really like to play for DePaul."

Williams thinks that his experience at Canada should help him greatly in his future ventures.

"Bub is a great coach and he has taught me a lot of things."

Recruiting essential for women's teams

by Tim Goode

As stated in last issue's article, the mens program nearly lives and dies by the recruited player. The women's program likewise depends on recruited athletes.

"I recruit extensively throughout the southern section of the college district," said women's softball coach Gordon Gray. "And 85 percent of our softball personnel are here because of the active recruiting that I have done."

The job of recruiting can be very tiresome, as Gray can attest. "I probably have attended 150 softball games in the Redwood

City, San Carlos and Menlo Park area since last January. I have to do this in order to find out who the prospects are and who might help us."

Volleyball coach Eva Casey and cross-country coach Carl Greenhut both suffered from the lack of recruits.

The Colt runners fared poorly in meets and Greenhut, who is in his first year at Canada, believes that one of the reasons for his team's performance was that there were no recruited athletes on either the mens or womens teams. Greenhut took over the coaching job from Mike Ipsen late in the year and was unable to talk to any high school athletes.

The volleyball team also had problems this season, closing out their season with an 0-11 record. Casey has a young team and has also been scouting the local high schools for some added support. Casey believes that if she can get some tall players from Sequoia's championship team, next year's volleyball squad will enjoy considerably more success.

The women's coaches at Canada also run into problems when seeking prospective athletes.

For instance, coaches are allowed to contact athletes from any of the six South Peninsula Athletic League schools: Menlo-Atherton, Woodside, Sequoia, San

Carlos, Carlmont and Menlo, which recently turned co-ed. However, coaches may not approach a Carlmont student who lives in Belmont, because Belmont is CSM territory.

"This situation is almost an impossible thing to legislate," said Gray. "And in my opinion it's a very poor rule. Because any rule or law that you cannot enforce is not a good law. And that's what we as coaches are faced with. We have a certain number of people who do not follow these rules, and it makes it very difficult for those of us who do."

Another barrier in the way of women's coaches is the state of the women's athletic program at Canada. Women are offered three sports, volleyball, cross-country and softball, and since many female athletes play more than one sport, they will opt for CSM, where basketball and tennis are provided.

Is there a solution to the problem of recruiting?

The most talked of answer is to open the district and allow the coaches access to all the high schools. But wouldn't that make recruiting all the more cut-throat?

Instead of just one coach talking to a student athlete, there will be three coaches trying to outdo one another.

Unfortunately, it seems best to leave things the way they are.



Tod Sedlacek demonstrates some of the technique that makes him a valuable Colt hooper.

Photo by Jim Olsen

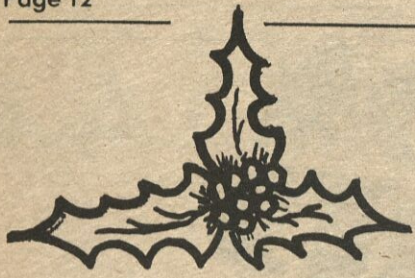
Basketball schedule

Date	Day	Opponent	Place	Time
Dec. 12	Wed	College of Alameda	Canada	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 14	Fri	Merritt College	Canada	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 19	Wed	Ohlone Tourney	Ohlone	TBA
Dec. 20	Thurs	Ohlone Tourney	Ohlone	TBA
Dec. 21	Fri	Ohlone Tourney	Ohlone	TBA
Dec. 27	Thurs	Cabrillo Tourney	Cabrillo	TBA
Dec. 28	Fri	Cabrillo Tourney	Cabrillo	TBA

Correction

There was an error in last issue's recruiting article. The final paragraph stated that an athlete from the North Peninsula League must go to Skyline; Mid-Peninsula athletes must attend C.S.M. and South Peninsula athletes had to go to Canada.

In actuality, an athlete can go to any district school he or she wishes, but a coach may only make personal contact with an athlete from within his district.



Happy Holidays



Christmas is for You bums too!

by Stephen O'Mara

Three days before Christmas, Patrick, a Phillipino friend and I, were on the road to Cairo and didn't know it, being the lost remnants of a music group from Hawaii, living in Shalby, Montana, hitch-hiking to Eugene, Oregon. Patrick was going to see his lady, I was going back to the Rock.

Hitchhiking in the middle of December from Montana is not the easiest thing I've ever done and Pat, good buddy that he was, almost froze—a chocolage popsicle with wet boots and real frosted hair down to his belt.

Dec. 22, we were cooling our heels in Ontario, Idaho, a small and inescapable town, perched on the state border. We spent 50 hours trying to get out, and didn't sleep a wink.

We had been dropped off at an "ON" ramp by a guy with a car trunk full of dynamite who said he was going to blow up a river. By the end of the day we hadn't captured one car.

All night however, 18-wheelers blew past us about every 15 minutes, swirling a sticky fog across the icy road while we waited at the full moon, a pasty glow in the clouds.

Pat's boots were wet. Real wet. Mine weren't much better. We realized we hadn't gotten anywhere, figured we wouldn't, and in fact didn't. Not by hitchhiking.

By this time we were good and crazy. We walked about a mile, hauling a suitcase, a typewriter, a guitar case, one large box and a pack. We'd go a few feet, carrying what we could, and then go back for the rest.

All the while we threw out our thumbs at anything passing us. No luck. We reached the state border, a bridge over the river the guy was going to blow up, stashed our things in a gully and covered them with snow.

We stood there watching and fishing for the bridge traffic, talking about how we might get home. A cop pulled over on his side of the Oregon border.

"You can't hitchhike in this state," he called out.

From where we stood his face was a loaf of bread. He wore those 'shades' cops are fond of, his hat was cocked at a sadistic angle and his brass shone. We wanted to twist his neck, steal his car and roar across the state.

Patrick and I were frozen. Tired to the last wet sock, enraged, hungry, dazed and desperate. We took a totally confusing path to escape, break out, but we got lost, wet again, and furious as we surveyed an impossible cloverleaf for rides.

The trip to escape was stupid, a product of our frosted minds. There was an inside joke in the music group. We were on the road to Cairo. A mythical El Dorado of some sort. We had no idea that road would lead us nowhere.

But nowhere we were. Feeling like jellied water balloons, we trudged back across town to where our things lay buried in the snow, passing a radio station. Across the border was the cop. We didn't wave.

"Let's go back to the radio station," Pat suggested. "Maybe they can help us."

I decided his mind had frozen. But I agreed. Before we entered, we walked past the door three times. It was one of those little backwoods stations, trying to look like a big city station. A revelation if I ever saw one.

"Can I help you?" asked the pensive receptionist.

We explained the situation briefly and asked if we could sit down to warm up. She consented. It was suddenly very hard not to fall asleep. We kept jabbing each other awake. It was so easy to sleep.

Thus, we didn't see the receptionist become an angel, making several phone calls, offering coffee, and asking to hear our story again.

Then more phone calls. We returned to our stupor, and finger jabbing. "I found you a place to go, I think they can help you. Mike (a DJ) is going to ask for rides, but you fellows go here," she said handing us a small map. "I'll call you there if something comes up." She was smiling.

We were like zombies and did as she asked. We wandered around this strange little town full of wrinkled sidewalks and rumpled houses. We found an old gasoline station and a house made up like a church. Some small Christian group.

They took us in, fed us, let us get warm and we began feeling human again. Shortly there was a phone call asking us to return to the radio station. We returned looking and feeling much better.

Pat talked to the receptionist while I looked at a map of the country, which I hadn't seen before. According to the map, about five miles away was a smaller town called Cairo. I didn't believe it.

I called Pat over and he didn't believe it. I told the receptionist about Cairo and she didn't understand it. She sent us to the Chief of police instead.

His name was Joe. We found him talking to the Mayor in an old combination courthouse-fire station-jail.

"Boys," said Joe, "The Woman's Church club has a few dollars set aside for hitchhikers that get stranded here."

At that point a third man appeared, interrupting the Chief. The radio station manager.

"You boys come with me."

Saga of A tree hunt

by Renee Mitchell

Trudging through a muddy lot, sprinting the competition for the prize and paying a king's ransom is not my idea of having a good time. It happens every year though, when I get my Christmas tree. There is one day during each year, drought or no, which can be depended upon for rain—the day I've chosen to embark on the tree safari.

Soaked and having gone into considerable debt, a new problem arises, how to transport the eight foot evergreen. A helpful lot employee easily hefts and secures the tree atop the compact.

The drive home, made somewhat perilous by the image of the tree's top flopping in and out of focus in the rear-view mirror, is snail paced.

Home at last, it became obvious the helpful employee undoubtedly doubles as a sailor during the off-season. The slip, triple and advance square knots, it seems, are there for the duration (the 10,000 good miles left on the car or when the tree becomes dry, brittle and hackable—whichever comes first).

Eyes darting about the carport looking for an electrical outlet, I consider decorating the tree right there when the first knot gives. It's

It was getting pretty weird, things happening so fast, and us so slow. He took us to the gully by the bridge to get our gear, then to the Greyhound Bus station, riding in his huge greenback Buick.

He coughed up two tickets to Eugene and handed us a buck each.

"Get yourselves a hamburger," he was smiling. "Good luck" and he simply went out the door. We thanked him feebly and waited six hours for the bus.

Waiting is waiting, for a ride. So we walked around the town, down streets that were folds in the snow, talking to people we didn't know, of the town they call home, and eventually went back to the bus station.

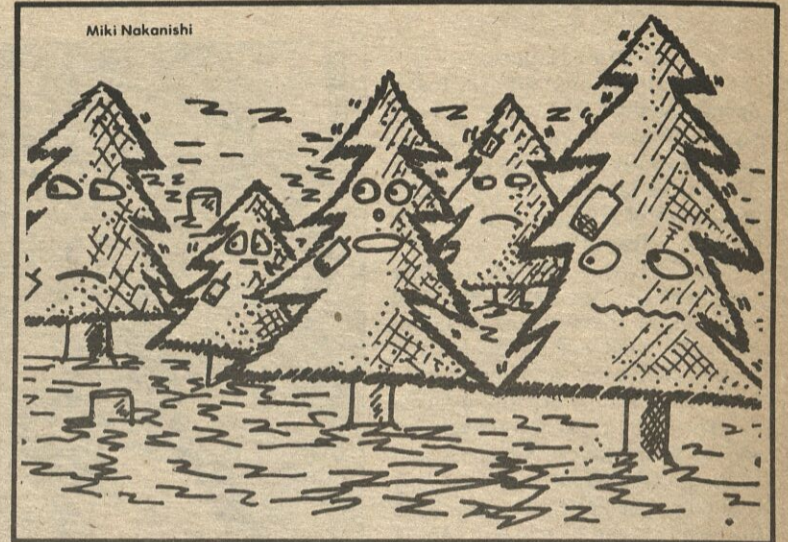
We were blind exhausted when the bus pulled in. We climbed in and found seats. I never have fit a bus seat so well in my life. The bus pulled out, shifting gears through a town we learned to like. I turned to Pat, just coming out of his daze. "See you in Eugene," I said.

"Yep," he replied.

We fell asleep instantly.

We arrived in Eugene in time for Christmas. It was raining, but not cold. Not to Pat and I; we felt invincible.

It was the thought that, in the middle of December the word Christmas had not entered our conversations with the town people. It was as if sending two zoo cases home for Christmas was an every day occurrence. On to Cairo and Merry Christmas.



Here they come again. Why don't they just buy plastic trees.

a piece of cake from there on as the eight-footer slips from the roof of the car to the patch of pavement on which I was standing.

Having righted both myself and the tree, I fight the tangled branches to get a good grip on the trunk somewhere around the four foot mark with my white-knuckled, frozen-fingered hand. I tug and drag the timber giant towards the house, leaving a Hansel and Gretel patch of needles in my wake.

Reaching the door, both of us relatively unscathed, I am faced with the possibility that the WELCOME mat may be inaccurate. This may be the most difficult passage yet.

I lay the tree flat on the ground, the stand facing the door. I then discover that I have to step

very gingerly among the branches to unlock and open the door.

Once inside, I bend over, grasp the stand and swoosh—the branches compress upwards and the tree and I, picking up speed, slam into the wall across the six foot hallway, failing again to negotiate that sharp right turn.

Minor adjustments made, the tree stands in place ready for trimming.

Boxes marked "lights" and "ornaments" (the lights are in the "ornament" boxes and vice-versa) are taken down from their storage place, dusted and set for the action.

He walks into the room, sighing exaggeratedly. "Jeez, stringing lights on a Christmas tree HAS to be the worst."

Book & Pencil

Continued from Page 2

tending to go on to a four year school they are better used to instilling the study and writing habits that will get you through the long grind ahead.

Generally the rule I've followed is this: it doesn't really matter if a teacher is capable of commanding your attention, but rather that he is capable of earping it. Try to take the teachers who are capable of making you think, who involve in class discussion, and in the learning process, itself.

The easier classes are those that just entertain, but the really useful ones are those that gradually step-by-step involve you in the process of thinking and studying and finally generating thoughts of your own. I know that there are many days that I'd rather just passively absorb a lecture, being involved in a class discussion is hard, there are risks involved. But the benefits possible to the student are well worth the risks.

I know that objective tests are less frightening, and there are some classes I've enrolled in just on the basis that I knew the teacher relied on a straight lecture format. But every student needs one day to face a teacher who regularly assigns essay tests, and if one does the assigned reading, follows the lectures actively (by this I mean listens critically), then in time, even essay tests become endurable—even enjoyable. Take the hard classes, you can handle them.

In conclusion, be critical in your scrutiny of your options next semester. There are varieties of classes, of subjects, of teachers facing you. These are the real decisions about style you will make, for they will help form yours. Choose wisely, this may not be Cambridge or Harvard, or even Berkeley, but it is your school. You will set the tone.

If you're a younger student, be responsible, there are hard decisions facing you. If an older one, be open-minded, the company of the young has much to offer if you will accept it. I've a technique that I've followed with profit. When in doubt about a major, a class, a teacher, take the hard ones, you can handle them. And remember, always request a reading list. You will be in this way assured of good company, and gradually in the course of time you'll find that they'll make good company of you.

D. Underhill

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