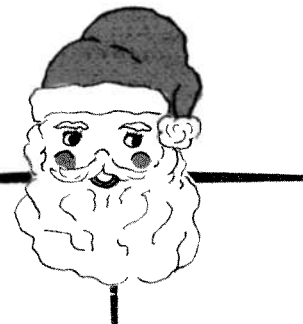


Weathervane



VOL. 1977 NO. 12

CANADA COLLEGE, REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA 94601

DECEMBER 16, 1977



Happy Chanukah

Masten is poet To be heard



Ric and Billie Barbara Masten gave three performances at Canada last Thursday.

by S. E. O'Mara

Ric Masten is a songwriter, poet, and minstrel. "I write my poems to be listened to..." says Masten. Masten finds speaking easier than reading, and follows this in his speaking style of writing.

At Canada last Friday night, Masten, his wife Billie Barbara and a friend read their poems and performed songs, touching the human in each member of the audience.

Easily, he began by answering a question with a poem about children, and then a song and another poem. Like he just stepped from the garden, he spoke on being 4, of children and living, of age

and death, with humor and a touch of wisdom we all have but too often fail to see.

His poetry is conversational, easy to believe, without esoteric wind storms or frothing inconsistencies. Ric Masten reads the real world and through his poems draws the listener into the real world for a glimpse of life, too often pushed aside.

Masten is the poet in all of us without being apart from life. His poems and songs are worth experiencing, at least once. His works have been published and recorded and are available in the college bookstore.

Colts Take Two

by Jill Enomoto

Canada put together two strong performances, giving the Colts back to back victories last week with an easy win over San Francisco State Junior Varsity 83-62 and a thriller over Monterey Peninsula College in Monterey 89-82.

The Colts' defense limited San Francisco to only five field goals in 15 attempts in the first half. Canada led from the start, scoring the first eight points, leading at the half with a lopsided score of 41-16.

Kevin and Darryl Barbour led the scoring with 18 and 14 points respectively, with Dan Blackman playing well coming off the bench.

In the second half, the defense let down. Coach "Bub" Bowling felt the Colts lacked the experience to maintain the level of play and concentration. Strong rebounding by the Colts (Adrian Perkins grabbed seven and Kevin Barbour six) was a significant factor in the Colts' victory.

Taking advantage of a great comeback in the last half, Canada defeated Monterey Saturday in double overtime, 89-82. The Colts were able to get the necessary clutch baskets to keep Monterey at bay.

Jay Quackenbush's critical baskets led the Colts' scoring with 24 points and Adrian Perkins basket sent Canada into the first overtime. Strong showings by Mark DeFrancisco and Perkins demonstrated the depth of the Colts' bench, netting 16 and 14 points respectively. Steve Lopez played well in the second half, netting the necessary points. On the foul line Quackenbush was four for five and Darryl Barbour five for six.

Ken Booker, demonstrating his value as a clutch player, pumped in five points and D. Barbour making four of his five free throws in the second overtime sent Canada to victory.

Bowling admits the Colts' win was a satisfying one, stressing it was their first road game but was disappointed in the defense. It has been lagging all season long and allowed Monterey's Tom Ware to lead all scores with 35 points.

Science Fiction Film festival slated

An opportunity to reveal the depths of science fiction film making has manifested itself in the All West TOMORROW Film Festival scheduled for January 2 at the new Willows Theatre in Concord, California. This first annual science fiction film contest and showing will feature amateur films from throughout the western United States. The film showings will be interspersed with classical feature films, film serials and professional films from industrial and commercial sources.

The City of Concord, Community Arts Division, in sponsoring this event is offering prize monies of \$1000, \$500, and \$300 plus two Honorable Mention plaques. It is the City's intention to expand cultural activity throughout the area by bringing national attention to this first science fiction film festival of the new year.

Judges from the science fiction and film fields have been contacted to view films over a two day period. In addition, appearances by famous science fiction personalities have been scheduled. During the course of the week long film festival, amateur and classical films will be shown at 8 p.m. at the Willows Theatre, 1975 Diamond Blvd., Concord (the Willows Shopping Center.) Tickets for the showings may be purchased in advance on a subscription basis. Cost for the series is \$15.00. Individual shows may be viewed at a rate of \$3.00 each as available at the door prior to show time. Subscription purchases are advised. On Saturday, January 7, an awards dinner will conclude the festival. Entry blanks for films or tickets can be attained in the Weathervane office bldg. 17, rm. 109.

Spring! Time To register

IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO PRE-REGISTER FOR SPRING 1978:

1. YOU MUST see your counselor if you are in the ENGLISH INSTITUTE (EXCEL), X-RAY, OPHTHALMIC DISPENSING OR COURT REPORTING PROGRAMS. FOR ALL OTHERS, it is no longer necessary to have your counselor approve your study program before registering, however we strongly recommend that you make an appointment with your counselor prior to your registration date. Counselors are available for evening students in the Career Center Monday through Thursday between 6 and 9:00 p.m. Counselors will also be available on Saturday morning January 7th between 8:30 and noon.

2. Report to the cafeteria area for registration any time between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. BUT ONLY ON THE PRIORITY DATE SHOWN BELOW!

Number of Units to be completed

By the End of the Fall 1977 Semester

45 - 70

30 - 45

24 - 30

12 - 24

.5 - 12

70.5 or more

open to any continuing student

open to any continuing student

open to any continuing student

Registration Date

Tuesday January 3rd

Wednesday January 4th

Thursday January 5th

Friday January 6th

Monday January 9th

Tuesday January 10th

Wednesday January 11th

Thursday January 12th

Friday January 13th

SATURDAY JANUARY 7th ALSO OPEN TO ANY CONTINUING STUDENT 8:30 to 12 noon.

HEALTH FEE: \$4.00 HEALTH FEE MUST BE PAID AT REGISTRATION TIME IF YOU ARE ENROLLING IN A DAY CLASS.

The Fall, 1977 final schedule is now available in the Registration Office, Student Activities Office and from the Career Center.

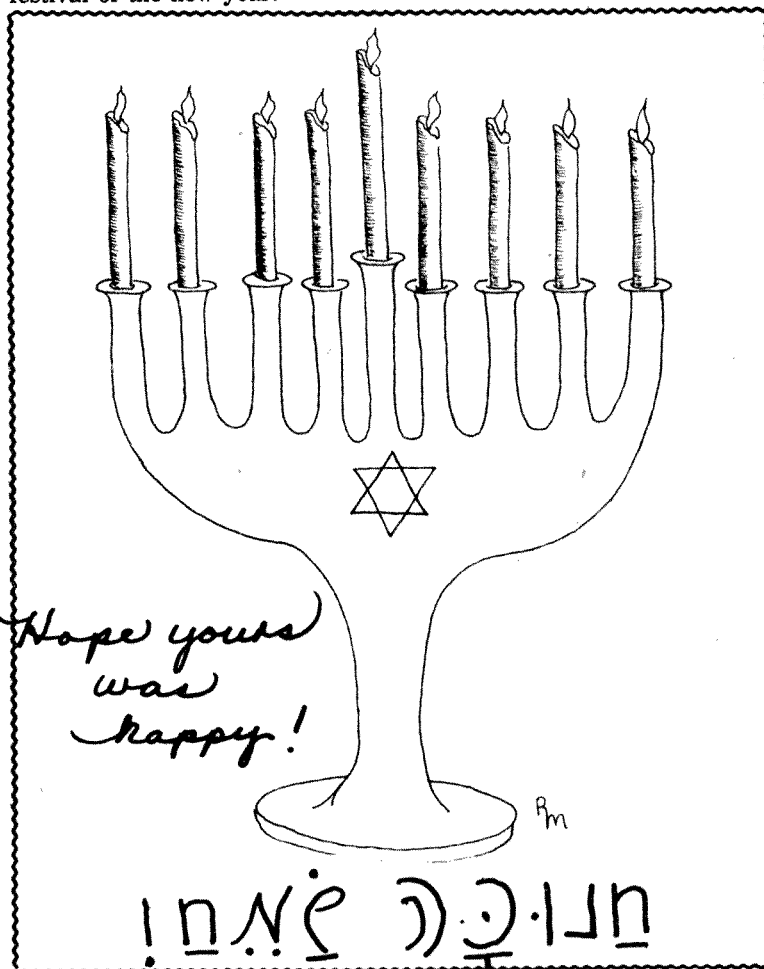
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Kunisumasu Omedetou

Memories of a Midwest winter

by Phyllis Olson

Considering the drought pattern has returned once again this winter to haunt us with lovely weather and ravaged lawns, I'd like to take a moment to tell you spoiled Californians that not all Statesiders enjoy such mild winters, drought or no drought. To some people, winter means COLD, WET, and WHITE.

I'm from the Midwest, where sometime during the month of November the folks start getting antsy for that first big snowfall. It inevitably came in the middle of the night (always in the middle of a school or work week) after a few days of grey threats and cirrus clouds. I would awaken one morning and discover that Jack Frost had created a new design of frost and ice to cake my bedroom window; that early morning light which managed to glow through the translucence was peculiarly white. Rather excited, (as the first snowfall was always the most beautiful) I'd hoist open my window amidst a flurry of snowflakes and peer out on the freshly white-washed world of small-town winter.

That was only the beginning of what seemed an interminable season of ice and snow and boots that incessantly filled with the first two items, and scarves that mummified individuals, leaving only the eyes as identification; coats that made any maneuvers other than walking forward or making 90 degree turns impossible and snowball fights, which left a person young or old, with his spinal column perpetually poised for that one big hit that would turn him into a wondrous snowball fighting machine, hurling snowball after snowball in all directions until the culprit had been sufficiently subdued.

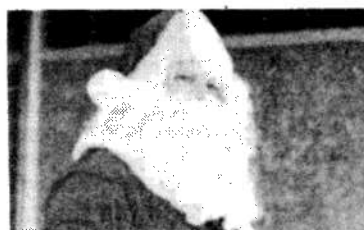
What can be said for the temperature that could fluctuate from thirty above to thirty below inside of twenty-four hours? What properly raised midwesterner (or easterner for that matter) doesn't remember their father or brother or husband waking in the wee hours of the morn to bundle up (Mom always made us bundle up) and go outside in the frigid dawn to check the string of light bulbs glowing feebly beneath the engine to keep the auto warm, to prod and plead and curse and kick the damn thing until it started (or didn't). It was not an unusual sight to see two vehicles facing each other, hoods up, in the half-light, two or more individuals (bundled up) bent desperately to the task of connecting the battery cables that were strung all over the street, while dogs, yipping and yapping at their feet and cables, would turn the once pure driven snow to the dangerous yellow that Frank Zappa warns us not to eat.

I remember the first year (in my lifetime; I was about 7) the snow fell so deeply that all the schools in the county were closed. What a Joyous, unexpected surprise! I didn't even mind having to help my dad and brothers shovel off the sidewalks and driveway. I had never dreamed it possible for such a thing to happen. Needless to say, subsequent years found me waking hours before school in order to check out the weather situation. I would get dressed with a radio preaching the weather report by my ear, and I'd watch news and weather on TV with breakfast, no doubt giving the broadcasts a boost in ratings for the season.

At least once a year, usually in January or so, we would have a partial thaw, where the snow would begin to melt, turning the whiteness to dirty grey, with torrents of water rushing down the sides of the street, everyone longing for Spring to come. Then it would rain (another middle of the night affair) and the temperature would take one last plunge for posterity. Dawn would present a crystal wonderland, a rather treacherous one at that, what with the streets and sidewalks turned to hard, thick, (and slick) sheets of ice, icicles hanging like enormous stalactites from the eaves of homes, just waiting to break off and fall on some poor innocent passer-by.

I once walked my dog (a large german shepherd) on one of those nature-made ice rinks. I really don't know what business a squirrel has living in these sub-human conditions, but one did and Sabre saw him, and we were off! Jesus! To this day, I ask myself why it was so important for me to hang desperately on to his leash while he dragged me, like a scarf waving in the wind, across that ice up the main street of my town, where people hung out of their cars, staring and wondering what that poor girl could be feeling as she skimmed by at the end of a dog's leash, only inches above the ground.

Do I miss it? Sometimes, like when I think of how the kids are out of school now because of all the snow that fell and piled in great drifts over cars and doors and right up the side of a two story house to the roof. Or when I remember the year it got so cold that the water tower near my house blew up and coated all of the trees in the vicinity with ice that sparkled in the sunlight (and just about blinded you if you looked at them), providing tons of children with a fairyland play area for an enchanted afternoon. In January or February I feel kind of homesick when I think that pretty soon that first spring flower is going to peek through the snow left by the ravages of winter, letting everyone know that the season of ice and snow is just about over and it's time to start planning ahead for that dazzling California-like tan they all so want to have.



Joys of cutting Your own tree

by Nancy Baglietto

Oh the joys of picking out a Christmas tree. This year my family decided to return to the days of our grandparents and cut down our own tree.

Arising early Sunday morning, which has got to be a first, we packed a picnic and set out. After much deliberation, if that is what you call it when three kids argue, we decided on a tree farm south of Half Moon Bay. Over the hills and round and round and round the curving mountain roads we went until we saw the good old Pacific Ocean.

At that point Father was ready to get out and walk rather than hear any more "ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall!" Besides, on the roads we had been driving, the beer would have done us in.

Here we are at the junction. Right we go North and left we head South. According to the newspaper ad, the "Most Beautiful Green Trees" can be found at Little Elf's Tree Farm. Okay, so left it is!

We pass quickly by Half Moon Bay, downtown is only two blocks long and the speed limit is 45 mph. The road is straight and flat down the coast which is definitely a plus.

Immediately, the three experts in the back of the station wagon took up whale watching. The 13 year old twins have learned there is a ban on whaling, therefore there should be schools of whales swimming close to shore. When three miles have passed and no whales have been sighted—what else—the nine year old has a gut feeling of kidney problems. Have you ever tried to find a gas station between Half Moon Bay and Santa Cruz? Well don't, because there aren't any! Thank heavens the darlings are all boys—when those kind of problems crop up Father is the one who has to deal with them. I just sit in the car and smile at all the cars driving by.

At last, 15 miles down the coast, we sight a waving green blob some one thousand yards ahead. As we get closer we discover it is the entrance to Little Elf's Tree Farm. Do you want to know why they offer a \$2 discount on any tree—why else would anyone in their right mind drive all that way? Do remember we haven't seen any gas station—I think Little Elf missed his calling—he should have opened a Shell station or a Mac Donald's instead.

Once out of the car, the kids disappeared. Oh a moment of peace and quiet. I'm afraid if I hadn't safely zipped the car keys in my purse, Father would have driven off.

Okay, we grab a saw and some twerp dressed in green, hands us a two page flyer of directions on "how to cut the tree properly". Actually that means if you find an eight foot tree and follow the directions, you end up with a six foot tree.

Up the hill we go, the echo of voices nearby. Children seem to have this instinct to be with their mother, but how did they find me—I'm only five feet and there wasn't a tree smaller than seven feet. Oh to be lost in a forest. With my luck if the boys didn't find me—Little Elf would. Little men in green outfits with bells aren't my style.

As we appraised each tree and decided on its possibilities, we marked it with white kleenex, then moved on to the next acre. Having examined what seemed to be ten acres of trees and marked close to 20 trees, it was time to narrow down the choices. Let's find a high spot and get a sweeping view of our choices. Instead of 20 trees with white kleenex, there were 50. Someone had copied our idea of marking trees. Meanwhile Father is carrying this one foot saw on a five foot pole up and down hills, over fallen trees, nearly hanging himself on a low branch.

The choices had been narrowed to three trees in close proximity. Okay fellows—here is where a woman's touch comes in. The A's branches are a bit too droopy and with ornaments they will sag unmercifully. Tree B is too short already and that's that. Tree C—well—aside from the fact there is a hole on one side, it is full, no sagging branches, and will be lofty enough for our 17 foot living room. Who'll notice the hole if it's facing a corner?

Dad begins to saw and saw and saw. It is not exactly easy to cut a tree using a saw with a five foot extension. We've always been delighted the boys were such good readers, but now as each takes his turn reading directions, Father's blood pressure begins to rise. Dad is still sawing, not saying a word, but suddenly he is sawing faster than before. As the tree begins to topple a round of "Timber" can be heard for miles.

The tree, now cut and paid for, is tied to the top of the car. Now for the glorious ride home. Father warns of no "ninety nine bottles of beer" and anyone with kidney problems had better keep quiet until we reach the junction. How peaceful the ride home was.

Oh the joys of cutting your own tree!



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GRAB THE NEAREST PIECE

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Mele Kilikimaka

Sassoon's: Right price and style for hair

by Phyllis Olson

Need a haircut? Want one of the contemporary styles, but know you can't afford to throw away \$25 on a haircut? Maybe you have the money but you don't quite know what kind of style would suit your face. Let me tell you a story about a place I know and someone who had found herself in just such a predicament.

Silvia Solorzano, student and Weathervane photographer at Canada decided one day she wanted to cut her hair, which stretched halfway down her back. As most students usually are, Silvia was broke and besides that she didn't know how she wanted her hair cut. She'd heard about a place in the City from a friend, so she called and made an appointment.



Pablo, left and Paul discuss the style they're designing for Silvia.

It was a rather overcast day that found Silvia standing nervously with me before the portals of Vidal Sassoon's School of Cosmetology located at 101 Ellis in San Francisco. I offered some encouragement; she drew a deep breath; we entered.



"Ooh, God, that feels goooood!"



Silvia Solorzano wasn't sure how she should have her hair styled.

"My God! It's only \$6.00" was her first comment, and most nervousness disappeared.

She signed in at the reception desk, payed her \$6 and was then instructed by the receptionist to put on a brown smock and stand "over there" (a wave of the woman's hand toward a row of chairs) until a stylist came to "do" her.

"Is anyone doing you?" the young man eyed her long hair greedily.

"Uh, no."

"Good. My name is Pablo, and I would like to cut your hair."

"Uh, okay," she replied uncertainly, looking a little like a lamb before slaughter as Pablo led her away.

On the way to his station, Pablo explained to Silvia that most of the stylists she saw working

were actually students of the school who were licensed hair stylists, coming to Sassoon's for a week of training to learn some of the world-renown Sassoon cuts. He went on to say that he was an 'instructor student', one who had completed the week-long course and stayed on for ten months more of training to become one of the instructors who walked around constantly, supervising the students and checking to see if they were executing their cuts on their guinea pigs, that is customers, properly.

Silvia was seated before a mirror and almost immediately she and Pablo were joined by another young man with an English voice. This turned out to be Pablo's instructor, Paul. Paul studied her face and along with Pablo, deliberated and pondered on how they wanted their finished produce to look.

"I'd kind of like to keep it below my shoulders," Silvia suggested.

"Oh, that would never work for you," admonished Paul. "You see," he explained, "we must expose more cheekbone, and what with this wave, your shoulder would be a barrier, so we must go above the shoulder."

Silvia sunk a little in her seat and decided to place herself completely in the two men's capable hands.

Paul departed and Pablo's first move was to pick up a pair of scissors and lop off about eight inches of Silvia's hair. "No need to wash all this," he cajoled. Silvia looked grim.

He then took her to be shampooed after which he led her back to her seat to set to work on the cut designated for her face personally.

I had watched and listened up to this point and decided to leave Silvia and Pablo to their tasks and have a look about the place. A young lady with the loveliest shade of burgundy hair passed by. Another with beautiful mauve

(dark blue-violet) locks disappeared into another room. I followed only to be amazed at what my innocent eyes beheld. A young man was seated with three women buzzing about him, busily at work. He wore on his head a plastic cap with holes all over it, reminding me vaguely of a colander. Through each of the hundreds of holes, protruded tiny locks of hair, some of which were wrapped carefully in tin foil.

"What in the world are you doing?" I blurted.

The three women looked up at me. One, with absolutely normal colored hair stepped forward. "Hi, I'm Gina, the artistic director here. We're having a show tomorrow and this is one of our models. We're dying each of his locks a different colour." She



This young man thinks it's pretty funny that these ladies are dying his hair all different colors.

gestured toward a tray of dyes that covered all of the rainbow and then some. "Don't be so shocked," she told me. "These colours won't hurt your hair at all, on the contrary, your hair will be in better shape."



"I think I can get used to it."

"I see," I said weakly and moved on, only slightly horrified. Smiling and walking, I strolled



Pablo convinces Silvia that this style is really her.

around, watching instructors help their students with difficult angular cuts, people with their hair tied up for a perm, other people experimenting with colors, checking to see how Silvia was faring...I was lucky enough just then to meet the salon's manager, a rather sophisticated English gentleman by the name of Phillip Tomsett.

"Our prime objective is to give people styles that they don't have to hassle with. There is so much going on these days that there is no time to be playing with rollers or dryers, etc...the purpose of our school is to educate American hairdressers to the techniques of Vidal (Sassoon)...also to offer the public a great looking hairstyle at a reasonable cost."

A few hours had drifted away and it was time to check on Silvia. Pablo was just adding the finishing touches that only a pro can. Silvia was staring intently in the mirror trying to decide what she thought of her new image. Her hair had been cut above her shoulders, as was prescribed; it fell from above her eyebrows in graduation to the nape of her neck. Very becoming, very economical, and very Silvia.

Felice Navidad

DNA research, rules & Progress examined

by S. E. O'Mara

During 1953, James Watson and Francis Crick discovered DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). DNA is a chain forming a chemical sequence of instruction, located within every cell of the body.

These DNA instructions tell when and how a cell should perform a specific duty. The DNA in a single cell contains all the information needed to create the entire organism.

In 1973, Stanley Cohen and Herbert Boyer, leading two teams of researchers first isolated and connected two pieces of DNA, creating a new form of life they called chimeras.

The Chimera is from Greek mythology. Having the head of a lion, body of a goat and the tail of a dragon, the beast vomited flames and personified a terrible storm.

Cohen and Boyer's chimera is the result of the recombinant DNA process. To recombine two differing forms of DNA, the researchers use a chemical scalpel called a restriction enzyme which cuts DNA molecules at specific points.

A segment of genetic material is removed only a few genes in length.

The restriction enzyme is used again to cut a segment from a plasmid, a ring of genetic material found in bacteria.

The use of the restriction enzyme leaves the cut material with loose or sticky ends, which are then attached to form a complete ring of genes from two sources.

The modified plasmid is placed in a host cell of bacteria, which absorbing the plasmid, produces copies called clones.

Escherichia Coli (E.coli), a bacteria which inhabits the intestine, is used most often as the host and plasmid, because more is known about E.coli than any other bacteria. The process is simple and takes less than a week to complete.

The idea of recombining genetic material to create a new form of life raised questions from the researchers themselves. They could not anticipate the results of recombination and in the summer of 1973, a moratorium was called on DNA research.

In Feb. 1975, 140 biologist at Asilomar, California met to set rules and precautions for general categories of experiments according to the potential hazard.

The National Institutes of Health (NIH) then redesigned the guidelines for recombinant DNA research funded by the federal government.

Research funded by non-governmental institutions are not required to follow the NIH guidelines, however most do, or have established similar guidelines. There are efforts to obtain federal legislation imposing the NIH guidelines on all DNA projects regardless of funding.

The NIH guidelines compromise between the need to protect the public and yet provide the benefits from research. The purpose is to contain the chimera's, preventing the organisms from escaping into environment.

Physical containment means the use of isolation chambers and negative pressure rooms utilizing air filtration. The guidelines result in a "P-scale".

P-1 is handwashing and general decontamination.

P-2 is similar but more stringent requiring limited personnel.

P-3 requires negative pressure rooms and work done in isolation chambers.

P-4 is a combination of the previous 3 for working with the most dangerous organisms known.

The NIH guidelines also provide for biological containment, called the "EK scale".

EK 1 restricts research to organisms that cannot survive the human intestinal tracks.

EK2 restricts organisms to those that will not grow under "usual" conditions.

EK 3 involves EK 2 and the organism is tested in animals for safety.

Physical and biological containment will only retard the rate which bacteria escaped into the environment, but escape doesn't mean that chimeric DNA will become established in nature and become a threat to existing communities.

The mixed foreign DNA fragments often inhibits their own growth. This agrees with the impression of many workers in DNA research that some DNA, especially bacteria may be "uncloable".

Recombinant DNA will prove beneficial to medicine, science agriculture and industry. The NIH guidelines are generally accepted by researchers who realize the awesome possibilities in genetic research. The technique is dangerously simple and much like the atomic age, mixed in fear and reason, the Genetic Age will follow.

Soundings . . . Informs staff

By Mary Lou Kirwan

Soundings is a paper for "staff, classified staff, secretaries and people who kind of work in the trenches, the faculty and for the administrators, not for student distribution," according to editor Jack Swenson.

The students do not receive Soundings because according to Swenson, "they have their own newspaper, the Weathervane."

Swenson said, "There's a crossover between the Weathervane's information and the information in Soundings." He said it gives personal information, "such as who's getting married, who's having a baby...and tries to give a pat on the back to people who are honored in one way or another...people who have published a book, people who are participating professionally on the faculty or administration in one or more organizations...There is a column called 'Jottings' that basically summarizes that type of thing."

In the Nov. 4 issue of Soundings, the winners of the "Eldon Earnhardt Caption Contest" were announced. Swenson had taken a picture of Earnhardt, Anthropology instructor originally printed in the Weathervane (Oct. 21, 1977) and reprinted it in Soundings. Swenson said, "The Weathervane printed a picture of Earnhardt that was just hilarious...He just looked sick and hung over...so I put a border around it and offered prizes for the best caption." Ted Gilman won first prize with the caption, "The morning after" or "So help me, I'll never touch the stuff again".

First prize winner got his pick of either a bottle of Beefeater's Gin, two tickets to the Jack Anderson lecture, or an autographed picture of professor Earnhardt but Swenson said, "nobody claimed that". When asked how Earnhardt felt about the contest, Swenson said, "I don't know if he was happy or sad, he threatened to get me back." Soundings received about 40 responses to the contest but many entries were disqualified due to obscene content.

Swenson writes between 75 per cent and 80 per cent of Soundings which comes out every two weeks. Swenson said Soundings "is just a newsletter not a newspaper...I don't go into things very often in as much depth...Every once in a while I'll do something the Weathervane wouldn't in the area of news. I might interview a coach or something like that...I keep my eye on the Weathervane to figure out what it's doing so we don't duplicate too much."

Swenson prints up to 450 copies of Soundings every two weeks. The newsletter is distributed by mail but Swenson relates, "Sometimes, if I'm late I run around and stuff the mail boxes myself, play paper boy."

Swenson said, "I have more fun probably with the cartoons than anything else. I don't do the drawings...I steal the stuff. It's not printed so I'm not bound with the same copyright laws, I don't think...I steal a cartoon from some newspaper and just put a caption under it that applies to somebody locally."

This is the third year that Soundings has been in existence. When asked how it was originally developed, Swenson said, "We felt three or four years ago, one of the main problems at Canada was the communication problem...How come I didn't know about this? How come this happened and nobody told me?...You get 400 or 500 people working together and there's going to be a breakdown of communication...Anyway, the President then, Bob Stiff, he and I talked over the possibility of plugging the gap by starting a newsletter, and I said O.K., I will edit it if the people write the stuff."

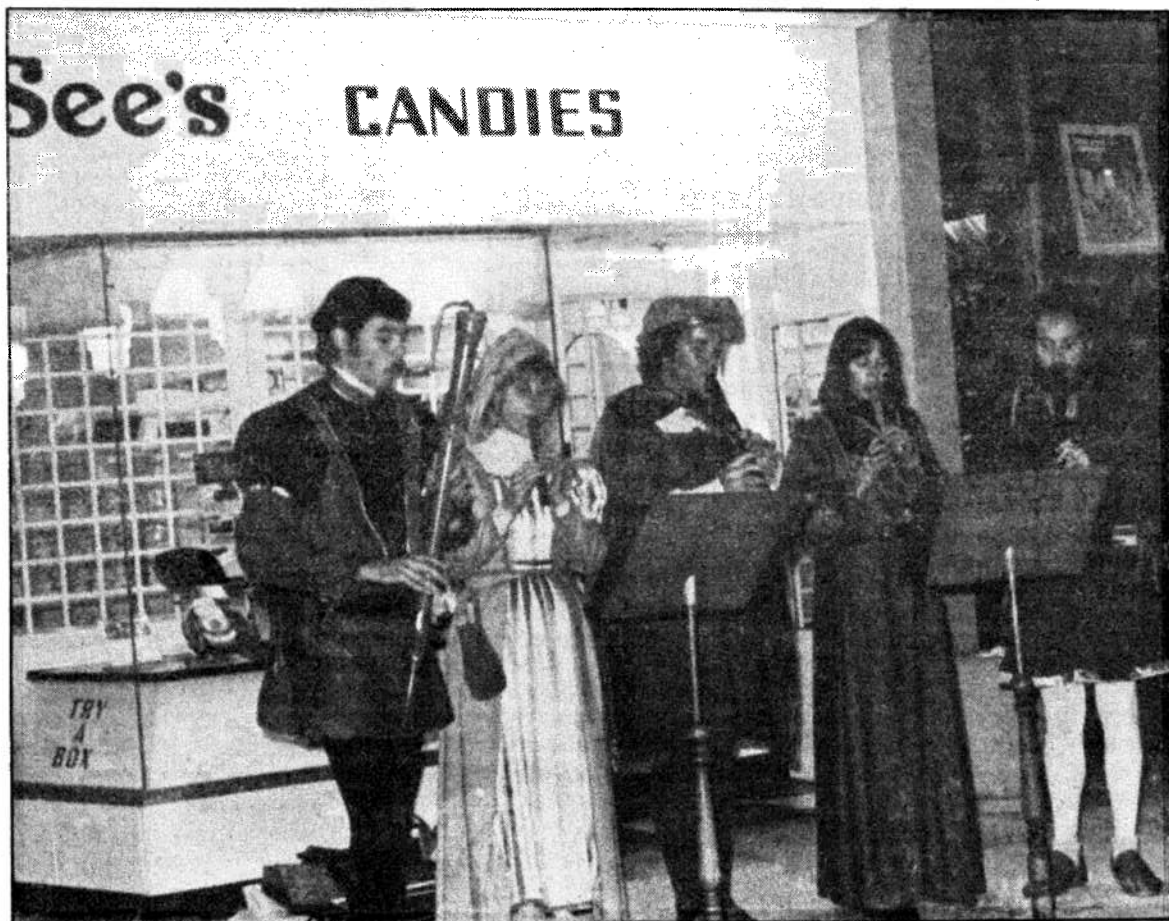
"People were complaining they don't get information or this or that...I got too much to do to write it. Well it was a flat-out failure. People won't do it. They just won't send me the stuff. So I have ended up writing most of it myself. When Bill Wenrich became President three years ago, he asked me if I'd do it every two weeks. Sometimes I don't get it done for some reason or another. I might either get involved in a project or just don't have enough news."

When asked what problems he encounters, Swenson said, "A real problem is lack of input. People don't share things that are newsworthy. I have to get it out of a lot of people." He added, "For me, this is not a major part of my time. I can't afford to do the job I'd really like to do. I really would like to make the writing better, make it more comprehensive."

Swenson is an English teacher and is involved with human relations and communication at Canada. He says it consumes about 15 hours every two weeks to write the newsletter, "which is about all I can spend, which is not very much...I didn't envision it taking as much time."

Swenson said, "One thing we're going to try to start is to set up a forum column where we ask a question on a controversial issue and invite people on the faculty, staff and administration to write back and then publish their responses."

Swenson concluded with "We've got a lot of talented and accomplished people who don't get a lot of recognition...that's important to the individuals...this is just a little pat on the back to tell people LOOK!"



These carolers seem to have a sweet tooth as they toot in the spirit of the season outside of See's Candies at the Hillsdale mall.



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Gutes Weihnachten



O'Mara



Three days before Christmas, Patrick, a Filipino friend, and I, were on the road to Cairo and didn't know it. Being the lost remnants of a musical type group from Hawaii, living in Shelby, Montana, hitchhiking to Eugene, Oregon, Patrick was going to meet 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 chocolate popicicle with wet boots and real frosted hair down to his belt.

Dec. 22, we were cooling our heels in Idaho, wishing we were somewhere else, but no, we were in a little town called Ontario. We spent 50 hours trying to get out. 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 that day we hadn't stopped a car.

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

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

By this time we were getting a little crazy. We walked about a mile, hauling a suitcase, a typewriter in a case, a guitar case, a box and pack. We'd go a few feet carrying come, and then go back for the rest.

All the while we threw out our thumbs at anything passing us. We reached the state border, a bridge over the river taht guy was going to blow up, and stashed our things in a gully, covering them with snow. Then we stood around, talking about how we might get home.

We were still talking, with our thumbs out, when the cop pulled over, on his side of the Oregon border.

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

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

Instead, we lost control. Frozen, tired to the last wet sock, enraged, hungry, dazed and desprited, we took a totally confusing path that got us lost, wet again and furious, to a clover-leaf interchange.

The whole trip to escape was stupid. We were stupid. We had an inside joke in the group about our travels; said we were on the road to Cairo. A mythical El Dorado of some sort. Pat and I had no idea that that road would lead us nowhere.

But nowhere we were. Feeling like jellied water balloons, we trudged back across town to our things, where they lay covered with snow. We saw a cop across the border. We didn't wave.

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

I agreed. I thought it was part of his dingleness, but I was wrong. Before we went in we passed it three times. It was a revelation if I ever saw one.

It was one of those little backwoods stations, trying to look like the big city stations. We went inside.

"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. Thus...

We didn't see the receptionist become an angel. She offered us coffee, made several phone calls, then asked us to tell her one more thim of our situation.

More phone calls. We fell into a stupor like LSD.

"I found you a place to go. I think they can help you. Mike (a DJ) is going to ask for Aides, but you fellows go here." She handed us a small map. "I'll call you if something comes up."

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

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

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

I called Pat over. He didn't believe it. We told the receptionist. 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 court house combination fire station-jail.

"Boys, the Women's Church Club has a few dollars set aside for hitchhikers that get stranded here."

A third man appeared, interrupting Joe. The radio station manager.

"You boys come with me."

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 in his huge green Buick.

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

"Get yourselves a hamburger", he said smiling. "Good luck."

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 called home, and eventually went back to wait for the bus.

We were blind exhausted when the bus pulled in. We climbed in and found seats. I never fit a bus seat so well. The bus pulled out, shifting gears through a town we learned to like. I turned to Pat coming out of a daze.

"See you in Eugene", I said.

"Yep," he replied. We both 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.

The one funny thing, to us, was not Cairo being so close, but that no one ever said a word about Christmas. I guess they thought that sending two zoo cases home for Christmas was an every day occurence. Merry Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

OR

A DAZE ON DAYS

There are good days and bad days
D-days and pay days
Fun days and glum days
Plus some be kind to animals days
Not to mention Saturdays and
Sundaes.

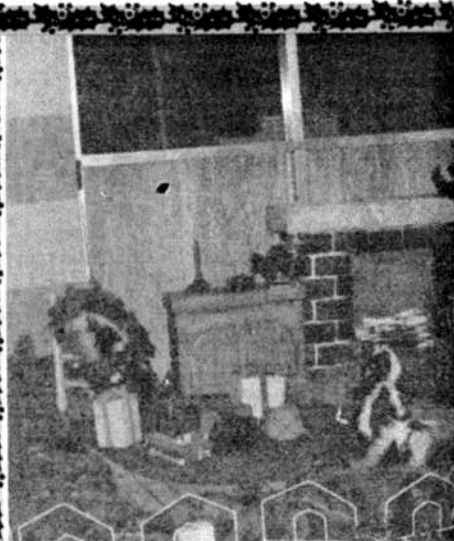
There are May days and Hay days
And even an occasional Doris Day
But, even if you put all these days
in a row
And add them up very
mathamatically
Then divide the sum by the joy
found in:
Ah heck, what I'm trying to say is
that
There just ain't no day as far out
and happy
As Christmas day.

So everybody please have a great
one.
Love, Peace, Tranquillity and
Serenity.

By Kip Hewitt



Photo by Jim Olson



How do you suppose Santa is chimney?

Holiday Shopping

by Renee M

I hate to shop.

Christmas shopping is even more

The stores are crowded, lending claustrophobic behavior.

There are frail, spindly ladies who jab to the ribs, leaving the victim in

Two-fisted shoving and pushing is pers, young and old, leaving in their w the "Funny Farm".

Toe-treading, usually inflicted by h kind with the fuzzy pom-poms), or hyp kind with the fuzzy pom-poms), sets t may lead to hospitalization.

A heavy-set woman, resplendent in and a paisley scarf, causes shortness of a quick shot in the breadbasket with a

Everyone looks so depressed. It's equipped with shiny, synthetic name t harmonize the ring-rrring or brrrr-brrrr registers, punching the keys without e

Next year flashes before your eyes; and late charges as you hand over passport.

I like to give gifts. I care about m

A word to the wise. Beware of the (weekdays and Saturdays it's eight o'clock over, colors swirl in your brain, pins and your feet get numb. THAT'S WHEN YOU OF MERCHANDIZE AND BLITZ TH

When you're in your right mind th There's that little blue-haired, besp orders in the basket, so she's first to b sumers discount store.

Why is it you cannot find, when salesperson when you want to make a

If you're just browsing or looking a afford, salespeople decend on you in c

Red-faced and fumbling, you mutte away feeling guilty for God knows wh

You're really looking to make a centrating. That's when a salesperson s sweat. The pressure is almost unbear

It seems to me, these days, you pay mean just the merchandise. It takes a fe the kids toys to break and that new and

As I trudged the seemingly fitee adequate light, wary of muggers, eve away spilling my modest purchases hit the parking space voiced the obscenti

Home at last, with aching bones, s kick off my shoes sighing, "Is that al

Christmas Eve, Christmas morn camera might zoom in on a face or fa smile, particularly winning, in the glo whole thing worthwhile. You know, wit

next year.

Joy to the world, peace on earth an next year the stores will be open till

Buon Natale



Musical notes

by Kevin Teixeira

The notorious SEX PISTOLS, England's punk rockers who had their "God Save The Queen" single banned from the air waves, are set to appear on this weekend's Saturday Night Live show. And there is talk about possible future concert dates here in the U.S.A.

ACT, San Francisco's renowned theater troupe is presenting performances of a CHRISTMAS CAROL all through next week.

Tonight, JESSE COLIN YOUNG will be performing at the Old Waldorf. Look to see GIL SCOTT HERON here Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29 & 30.

QUEEN will be at the Oakland Coliseum this Saturday night. The BEACH BOYS are coming to the Cow Palace Wednesday, December 28 for a 7:30 show.

The JERRY GARCIA BAND are playing at Keystone Berkeley this Monday and Tuesday, December 19 & 20.

Mabuhay Gardens is the home base for much of the New Wave music appearing in the area these days. This Friday night's show will be KID COURAGE, WATERBABY SPARKING'. Saturday night there will be a comedy show at 8:30. CRIME will be the group (with special guests) starting at 11:00.

Bill Graham's organization is going to be working in overdrive come New Year's Eve week with 13 shows to juggle into place. On December 30 BONNIE RAITT and JOHN LEE HOOKER will be performing at Berkeley Community Theater. The three GREATFUL DEAD shows this New Year's weekend were sold out ages ago.

AL JARREAU (plus special guests) will be at the Paramount for shows at 7 p.m. & 10 p.m. on the 31st. The TUBES are doing two shows, 6 p.m. & 9 p.m., the same night at the Berkeley Community Theater.

The Cow Palace is going to be having a hot show with SANTANA and JOURNEY sharing the main bill. EDDIE MONEY and STARWOOD will also be on the schedule. A light show will be provided by Little Princess 109.

At the Oakland Coliseum for the 31st, HEART with SAMMY HAGAR, EARTHQUAKE and the GREG KIHN band will be playing. Tickets for both this show and the Cow Palace show are \$10 in advance or \$12.50 the night of the show.

Poets Corner

BREAKFAST WITH AMERICA

Yoga tea
mornings on
bamboo mats.
Yoghurt and all-
natural smile,
wheat-germ grin,
wholesome grains
grinning, beaming across
America, chanting
"Drop those Cheerios in the
compost!"

Bob Miller

UN SUENO (A DREAM)

It did happen, didn't it?
We did spend the whole night
together.
Holding each other.

We did spend the whole night
talking and sharing secrets.
It wasn't just un sueno, was it?
We did love, and loved it. You and
I.

I kept you warm, covering your
body with kisses.
A midnight cup of tea, and warm
wool shoes
For your feet. Honey to sweeten
your drink
And more loving, to make up for all
we've missed.

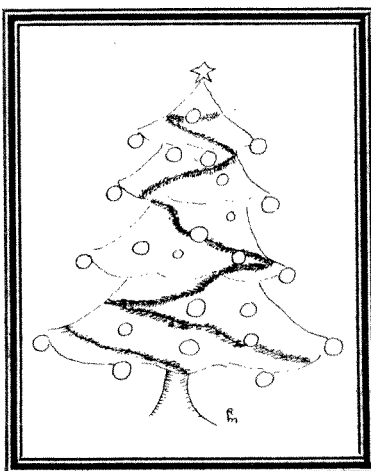
I cried in my Sueno, remember?
Cried from happiness of having
found you,
Only to lose you, when the sun
showed its face.

It wasn't just a dream,
It wasn't only un sueno,
Was it? By Joaquin Murrieta

Election Results ... CTA victory

There will be a bargaining agent representing the teaching staff in the San Mateo County Junior College District. In the elections held Monday and Tuesday November 12 and 13, ballots were cast for either the AFT or the CTA. By a mere 51 votes the CTA overcame the AFT 408 to 357.

The reason for the second election was due to the fact that in the original election neither the AFT or the CTA received the needed 51 per cent to be designated the winner.



"Ski Fitness", For first snow fall

by Nancy Baglietto

"Ski Fitness" is important to any skier no matter how accomplished they are in the sport.

The first snows have fallen in the Sierras and the local skiers are already checking their bindings, making reservations for accommodations, and buying the latest fashions for the slopes. Hopefully skiing in the West will have a long season this year to make up for the past two they've missed.

Ellen Collins, an exercise physiologist in sports medicine, is a member of a group whose main concern is to avoid injuries and to increase the enjoyment of skiing. VITAL, a San Francisco based fitness center, provides medically supervised testing of individual fitness and recommends exercise and activity programs to bring fitness up to the desirable levels.

Injuries affecting bones and muscles are the most common, but an ever-increasing study of cardiovascular problems has recently been brought to light. Ms. Collins points out, "Several factors come together here. With the decreased amount of oxygen found at higher altitudes, the cold shunts blood away from the hands and legs, causing an increased amount of blood to return to the heart. This can mean higher blood pressure; plus the anxiety accompanying the sport can result in a great deal of

strain on the cardio-vascular system."

VITAL emphasizes potential skiers undertake an exercise program to condition their muscles, as well as one for their hearts. Conditioning adds to both safety and enjoyment of the sport.

Seminars have been held throughout the Bay Area for the past two months, and VITAL is willing to speak to pre-arranged groups. If, however, anyone would like to find out more about the program, brochures are available at the office. The facility in San Francisco is set up for testing: how fit you are, and what your tolerance levels are for activity. Endurance is checked, pulse rate is watched, and body weight in relation to body fat is computed. For an individual appointment the cost runs about \$200-280 for the two and one half hour testing and analysis. Ms. Collins quickly adds that many insurance companies are endorsing this program and will often pay some or all of the expenses for testing.

VITAL is located at One Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, Calif. 94111 and the telephone number is 433-3286. Ms. Collins will be happy to answer any questions or arrange for an appointment. Brochures are also available on request by either writing or just dropping into the center.

Bob Joyce leads Free & Easy but,

by Steve Schreiner

Tuesday's concert in the Canada cafeteria marked the first ever public appearance for Free and Easy. The band, led by Bob Joyce, a Canada student, was formed only three weeks ago in response to a request from the Canada music department.

Joyce, the lead singer and rhythm guitarist for the band, had done a solo performance at last year's Spring Festival but he didn't want to go it alone this time. He found his lead guitarist, Brian Deutcher through Brian's brother Randy, a Canada student. Bob Piercy on bass rounds out the nucleus of the band.

Percussionist George Bermuda, who's played with Santana also sits in with the band as well as singer Melodie Price, a Canada student Joyce compares favorably to Janis Joplin, whom he performed with. Guitarist Deutcher's brother Randy also helps out on horns.

Joyce emphasizes the band is only three weeks old and in the experimental stage. "We are developing our musicianship and trying to find a way that's real," he said. Joyce also explained the band hopes to expand by possibly adding a keyboardist, drummer and singers on a permanent basis.

After a close brush with death in 1974 due to a liver disease, Joyce believes he's had a religious experience. He feels music was therapy, helping him become healthy again. In addition to his studies at Canada and his work with the band, Joyce also works part-time in a heroin detoxification program in San Jose.

While Joyce would rather have waited until the band had played together longer before their first appearance, the show is, "...our Christmas gift to Canada. And we couldn't very well wait until after Christmas to give our Christmas gift."



Members of 'Free and Easy' from left to right: Melodie Price, Bob Joyce and Brian Deutcher.

...Melodie Price stars

by Andy Gawley

Free and Easy performed an hour long set Dec. 13, in the cafeteria. The show marked the first live exposure for the newly-formed local band.

The group centers around guitarist-vocalist, Bob Joyce, who sings with a fine voice, reminiscent of Gordon Lightfoot. His performance was particularly strong on the self-penned, "The Day We Met."

Lead Guitarist Brian Deutcher plays with a light jazzy feel, and seems to be the strongest instrumentalist in the band.

Vocalist Melodie Price, wasn't used nearly enough, but when she sang the classic "Stormy Mon-

day", her voice became the highlight of the set. Melodie possesses a beautiful talent that should be utilized more within the context of the band.

Randy Deutcher added sax to a couple of numbers which gave the band more depth. A bongo solo received ecstatic applause from the audience.

The group's sound is hard to describe, sort of a folk-jazz-blues format. "Oleo", an old Sonny Rollins instrumental showcased the band with its light jazzy feel.

Free and Easy has been together in its present form for only three weeks, and they show some promise. They're welcome at Canada anytime.

Announcement

The Latin American Student Association will present their annual Christmas celebration, Las Posada, on Friday, Dec. 16. This is

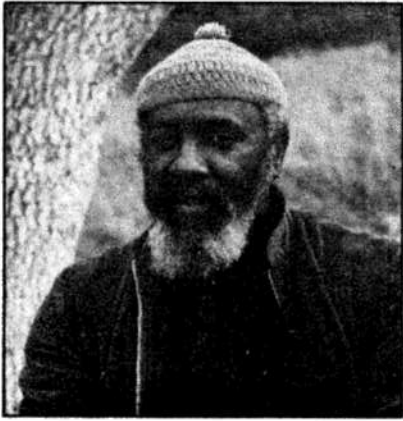
a procession which involves the Holy Family and the Christmas Story. It will begin at 10:00.

Merry Christmas

SNAPSHOTS

by Silvia Solorzano

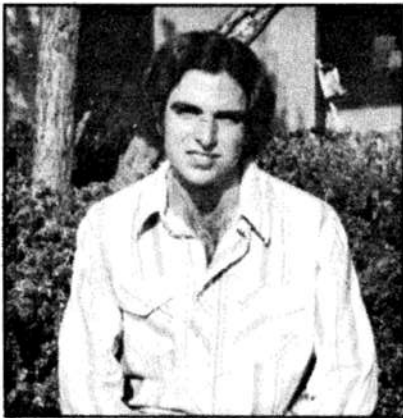
Snapshots: Does Christmas still exist for you?



James Calloway, Law: Christmas is the greatest holiday in the world because it is Christ's birthday.



Stephanie Klatt, medical: Yes, Christmas is alive for me, but I try not to make it over materialistic.



Joseph Alves, Biology: Sure it does. It gives me a chance to reflect on the reality and of the true meaning of Jesus' birthday.



Robert Andrews, undecided: It exists but not with the same feeling as if you were to spend it with immediate family. We need the sharing of people's feelings.



Scott Palfreeman, electrical engineering: Sure, but I feel it could be better with snow.

Local student to Transfer via Taiwan

by Gloria Bullock

Many colleges offer on-the-job training associated classes. The purpose is to extend the experience of a student while in school and to offer new and different viewpoints.

Cooperation between schools in their respective programs is also very important, especially for students taking courses at junior colleges.

James Rhodes, a student majoring in Administration of Justice, will be attending the Nationalist Chinese Police Academy and working with Taiwan policemen in Taiwan from Jan. 4 to Feb. 1. The trip is sponsored by San Jose State, where Rhodes is a student. In addition to upgrading skills, those attending will get to see a different part of the world and become acquainted with the law and how it operates in Taiwan. These student will be involved with the actual enforcement of law in Taiwan.

San Jose State offers these overseas courses in A. J. every year. Sometimes more than one trip is scheduled. Rhodes could have gone to Copenhagen. Instead, he chose Taiwan.

Anyone could take the trip, but he or she would be expected to work with the Taiwan police as a part of the course.

The Administration of Justice departments of Canada, under Rudy San Filippo, and San Jose State, under Pete Unsinger, have worked together to develop a meaningful and very impressive program. The Administration of Justice department at San Jose

State accepts all AJ credits from Canada.

Rhodes' university experience has been gathered under varying grade philosophies. He went to a small university in Alabama where he says they gave "one fifth A's, one fifth B's...one fifth F's." He attended the University of Maryland in Vietnam where "Officers got A's. Enlisted men got the leftovers." "I've experienced no injustices here or at San Jose."

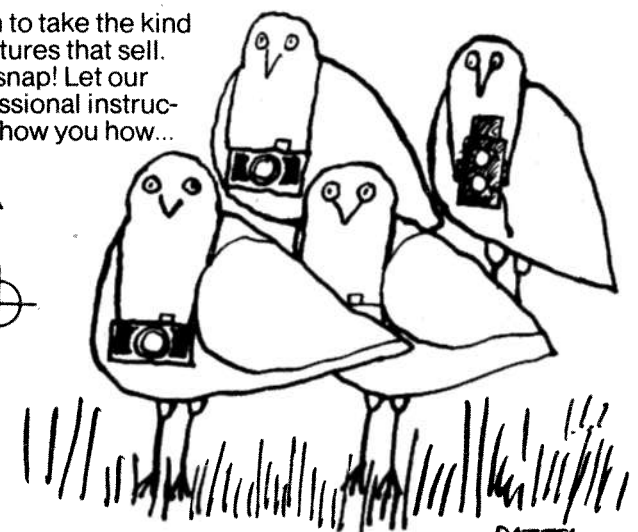
Rhodes' work experience found him working for Pacific Telephone as a switching communication technician. That job was "one of the primary reasons for me to obtain a college degree. The management was inefficient, incompetent, incapable, and insensitive. I was making very good money and benefits were good but it did very little for me. I knew I couldn't keep up with that for 20 years...got to get a degree to make me more attractive in other areas." Rhodes has a BA in History.

So he's taking 29 units, has a full time job, is a government advisor on Indian Affairs in San Mateo County. Although one quarter Cherokee Indian, he looks like he is from Scandinavia. Sorry no picture. Rhodes was adamant about not having his picture taken.

Come Jan. 4, he will be boarding a China Airlines jet out of San Francisco Airport. When he returns, he will be making a decision as to his future plans—but his BS in Administration of Justice is one of them.

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