

The Newspaper

CANADA COL
Archives

VOL. IV No. 26

Cañada College, Redwood City, Calif.

MAY 11, 1972



Ass you like it? No, not quite. Alpha Gama Sigma is challenging the faculty to a game of Donkey Basketball, on May 16, at 7:30 p.m. Admission is \$1.50 for adults, \$1 for students, and 50c with a student body card. Bring a carrot and a friend.

Cooking Class Popular

"I've had this mixer, gee, ten years," Mrs. Karel Peer said, "and it just keeps beating on." Mrs. Peer, ex-home economist for Sunset Magazine, Armour, and Safeway, and present-day free-lance home economics instructor, went on with the class changing from the topic of her ten-year old mixer to how to prepare a pecan-chocolate angel cake. She used her spatula with the expertise and experience of a woman twice her age.

Gourmet cooking, formally known as Home Economics 4, meets three hours each Tuesday. Mrs. Peer cooks the food while lecturing. Then the class "chows down," one of the many assets of

the class.

Mrs. Peer, a mother of two, attended Whittier College, where she attained her B.A. in Home Economics Education.

To this point the tummy-warming encounters in class have been appetizers, soups, pasta and grains, cheese and eggs, breads, Mexican Cooking, poultry, fish, meats, Greek Cooking, cakes, cookies, candies, pastries, desserts, French and Italian Cooking. Out of class each week, the students prepare a dish themselves at home and write-up an evaluation of said dish to be turned in to Mrs. Peer. The assignments can be as "wild" as the student's creativity and as filling as the student's stomach.

A chapter in the textbook accompanies each topic. Many times a handout of extra recipes from companies hoping for our future buying dollar is included.

This class is not exclusively for young college students. In fact, the ages of the campus connoisseurs range from approximately 17 to 63.

The cooking room (17-205) is equipped with a refrigerator-freezer, two ovens, one electronic and one electric, and an abundance of cabinets. Many times Mrs. Peer will cook with the electronic oven

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Back Road Opens

John Rhoads, administrative assistant, announced today, that as of May 15, the back road will be opened to traffic until June 15. A survey will be taken of traffic patterns and road usage with a final decision to be made after June 15 as to whether the back road will remain open for good or closed until a better plan can be worked out. The two factions involved in the decision are the Woodside Town Council, and the San Mateo Junior College District. The Student Council said it planned to give the questionnaire, tabulate the results, then submit their recommendations to the city Council.

The Making Of The President Will Be A New Class This Fall

"Probably the best thing that could happen to Ted Kennedy would be to be nominated as vice-president on the Democratic ticket and then have the Democrats lose the election," Theodore Reller stated between sips from a carton of milk in the faculty dining room. The boyish-looking political science teacher continued, "That way he'd prove that he was willing to serve the party and would be in an excellent position for the nomination in 1976."

Reller was being questioned as to the Political Science 41 class which will be offered next Fall. Poli. Sci. 41 will be its catalog title, but the class will be referred to as THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1972.

The new class will be broken down into two sections for day-students. The first nine weeks include working for the candidate (s) or campaign of the student's choice for a minimum of 30 hours and will meet for one hour weekly during, and for several weeks after the campaigns to report on and analyze the candidates and issues of the election.

A second unit of credit will be awarded to students who wish to

continue meeting as a seminar for the rest of the semester (seven additional weeks) to discuss brief review papers they have written on significant books on presidential campaigns and elections. During this second phase of the course, a book will be read and discussed every several weeks. Books will be drawn from among the following: THE REAL MAJORITY; PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS; THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1968; POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING: PROBLEMS IN CREATING AN INFORMED ELECTORATE; and MIAMI AND THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO.

"The last time the class was held (fall 1970), the class polarized and didn't want the opposition party backers to know what was going on in their camps," Reller explained. He went on to add that he had to sometimes serve in the capacity of referee as some of the "discussions" got quite heated.

A three-unit evening college course will also be conducted by the versatile Reller. It will be devoted to analyzing the 1972 election but in the evening course, field work will be optional; not required as with the day college

class. Proportionately more time will be devoted to reading and class discussion in the evening, with quizzes and brief written and oral reports taking the place of the paper written for the first unit of credit in the day college course. More guest speakers will be invited to the evening course.

"Students will get a chance to see all the aspects of campaigning, such as making a video-tape while a sign is flashed requesting the audience to applaud or cheer. Most of these things people don't realize go on," Reller explained. Finishing his sack lunch and lighting his pipe, Reller added, "After the election, we'll hold a post-mortem to see why candidates won (survived) or

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Actor To Speak

Professional actor and musician Wes Finley will speak Thursday, May 11, 11 AM on the use of music in drama, using as examples music he wrote for Stanford Repertory Theater's production of "Lorca's Blood Wedding" and will use a guitar to illustrate points. The presentation will be held in the theatre.

Archeology Class Finds Artifacts

by Georgi LaBerge

Cañada's archeology students, while digging at the burial site of pre-historic Indians, unearthed a major find. In a single burial more than 500 artifacts were uncovered to indicate what instructor Eldon Earnhardt termed a "status burial."

The find is significant because it refutes ideas previously held about the Bay Area Ohlone Indians. "It is highly unusual", Earnhardt said, "because all the burials so far indicate a lack of status." There is no question that the deceased was very wealthy very esteemed, or both. Earnhardt and other

authorities, believe it may have been a shaman (witchdoctor or medicine man).

Archeologists from Stanford and San Francisco State, who also have been digging into the life and culture of pre-historic (before written record) people of the Bay Area, are hailing Cañada's discovery.

The excavation site, which is about 2000 years old, is located five minutes from the campus beneath a grove of trees - redwood, madrone, buckeye and an occasional oak.

On a windy Thursday afternoon Eldon Earnhardt led me to the

"unit" that yielded the bones of a male, probably in his 20's, and over 500 artifacts. Digging within the 6' by 3' by 1½' pit were students Patti Dunn and Linda Smyrnos who participated in the unearthing. "About a year ago the burial was found", said Linda, "and it took about a year to dig it up."

The girls described the types of artifacts found — charm stones, olivella shell beads, pendants, obsidian blades, bird bone whistles and sting ray barbs. From a mound in one corner of the pit Linda extracted a weathered barb and showed the grooves still intact. The

(Continued on Page 3)



The bones of an ancient man, surrounded by a great number of artifacts, is unearthed by Cañada's archeology class. Bird bone whistles pictured appear to have been strung around his neck.

Editorials

More Bombs to End War

President Nixon urged the American people to support his pledge to blockade and bomb North Vietnam, Monday night, saying the eyes of the world rest upon the American response to his words.

If true, let the world see a nation horrified, appalled by the action of their President. Let the world see a nation vocal, bitter, and active against the tyrannical destruction of a maimed and bloody little nation. Let the world see outrage and action, not supplication to an edict delivered by a man either mad or mercenary.

Let the world see a nation awakening to the fact they are led by a man who, if he is not a blatant liar, is criminally ignorant.

Nixon spoke continually of the "invasion" of South Vietnam by its "neighboring" nation North Vietnam. How can a nation invade itself? The Vietnam tragedy is a civil war, the invader the U.S.

Saving face, saving the sanctity, the infallibility of the President has become a manic reaction, and all loss of life, all sanity and humanity have become secondary to it.

The power of the Presidency and of the nation have become a thalidomide seed, growing into a vicious deformed entity, as bent on conquest as it is doomed to self-destruction. President Nixon has become a symbol of the abysmal ignorance which has left a third of the world's population starving. He is not the problem, nor the power, but an embodiment of both. His thumb rests upon the button and the stupidity which could either blow the world apart or rot it internally.

Half a nation will virtually be starved into submission, smoked out of existence, if this horrendous blockade succeeds. Because a man, and a nation have accepted the cretinistic concept of saving face at all cost.

There is no face, no honor left to save. The actions of the United States in Vietnam over the past seven years have destroyed any semblance of honor the nation may have once had.

Thus North Vietnamese regulars, joined by their South Vietnamese brothers, are sweeping down upon American and South Vietnamese troops, who have lost any reason they may have once had to fight. Americans fight for nothing in Vietnam, save a madman in the White House.

President Nixon has promised to end the war by this devastating campaign. Instead he may push it to the brink of nuclear destruction.

This is a call to action, to arms if need be. Protest is vital, the tide of warfare struck by the President and the Pentagon must be turned. If you can find faith with a candidate, campaign for him, put him into office. If you can work within the system, do so; if not, work in whatever manner you can, to achieve peace, and an immediate withdrawal.

The moment and the action must not be allowed to pass unchallenged. The time for talk, for advocacy, is gone. The time for action is here.

Conscience and Courage

A former Canada student, after tussling with his conscience for over two years, burned his draft card last week, sending the remains to President Nixon in a protest against both the selective service system and the Vietnam war.

Randy Lawson had a high lottery number and probably would never have been drafted. But Randy found silence and inaction the cowards way out, and thus invited imprisonment and fine by rebelling.

The courage needed to challenge the government is phenomenal, and certainly did not come to Randy easily. His action, however, mirrors the actions taken by many other courageous people who have deplored the Vietnamese war, and struck a blow against it.

Many people who took action against the war and against the system are now, or have been, in jail, a reward for their sensitivity. They are prisoners of war as certainly as those incarcerated in North Vietnam, but these men and women are prisoners in their own land.

They must be supported and encouraged. The release of American prisoners must include those unjustly imprisoned on the home front.

The Newspaper

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Transcendental Meditation Becoming Popular

by Viki Perris

"Meditation", says Richard Armstrong, a teacher of that practice, "is a process of turning the attention inward, of experiencing the deeper, more quiet areas of our mind, and then bringing those areas out into our daily lives. When you meditate, you get closer to the 'source' of thought. Eventually, when you reach the source, you find an unlimited amount of potential."

Meditation is an increasingly popular exercise performed daily by thousands of people in the Bay Area and elsewhere. Advocates of this practice claim that meditation helps them to relax and appreciate their lives more than they had been able to prior to taking up meditation. After meditating, they claim, there is a lingering, residual

Letters to the Editor

J. Edgar Hoover wasn't dead one full week when your slanderous article appeared in last week's paper. I am well aware, by your own admission, that you people are Comsymps, and that you are quick to defend revolutionaries and traitors while attacking patriots. Could that be the reason you are also quick to malign someone who has just died?

I can recall two good examples which compare the different methods of people with opposite morals. In 1968, local chapters of the John Birch Society had scheduled one of our nationally known black lecturers to speak in this area on the numerous Communist connections of Dr. Martin Luther King. This happened to be the very same week King's bosses had him assassinated, so our speaker, Julia Brown, cancelled her original speech and instead discussed the overall Community program for "racial" agitation in this country. It's just common ethics, which you people obviously do not have.

Shortly thereafter, Lurleen Wallace died of cancer, yet there were people who had the gall to picket her funeral. Just because they didn't like her? Or were they protesting the peaceful, non-violent manner in which she died?

This makes clear one of the most striking humanitarian differences between the John Birchers and the Communists. Birchers love their enemies and would even give their lives for them, if necessary. Communists despise their enemies and wish to completely annihilate them. And don't kid yourself — we are at war.

In closing, I would like to relate something which should be of interest to all "free speakers." I own a car that is plastered with patriotic and anti-U.N. stickers, which obviously aren't popular with some people. In the relatively short time I've had the car, I've had an antenna broken, two American flags stolen, an air filter stolen, and a complete dismantling of the headlight and signal system, including plug, socket, wires, bulbs, etc.

Am I not allowed to do my thing? Isn't this the day of enlightened liberalism?

Aric Leavitt

feeling of peace and well-being.

Although every person has the ability to meditate, Armstrong claims, they must be taught this process like walking, or riding a bike. Because of this, there is an organization, the Students International Meditation Society, (SIMS) the purpose of which is teaching people to meditate.

The Palo Alto office of SIMS holds four monthly sessions, lasting four days each. People who wish to learn to meditate may enroll in one on these sessions, which meet for about 1½ hours on each of the four days. Before taking the course, however, a person must agree to three conditions.

First, he must agree to a time commitment, promising to attend all four meetings and not quitting before the end of the four-day session.

Second, a person must not take any non-prescription drugs for at least 15 days before beginning the course. Third, people are asked to make a monetary commitment to SIMS before beginning the course. For students, the required course fee is \$35. For non-students, the cost is \$75.

After agreeing to these conditions, and before beginning the course would-be meditators are asked to fill out a form containing questions such as "What is your state of mind? (Good? Worried? Tense?)" "Have you ever used any form of meditation or other spiritual practice or program for self-improvement?" "Have you ever (or are you now) under the care of a psychiatrist or other psychotherapeutic program?" "Have you ever taken any hallucinogenic drugs?"

People under 21 years of age who are living with their parents are asked to furnish a signed letter from their parents, "Stating that they are aware that you are taking up the practice of Transcendental Meditation."

After paying the fee and filling out the form, an appointment is made with an "Initiator," a teacher of meditation. All initiators are personally trained by the Mahareshi Mahesh Yogi, who can reportedly train thousands of

people at once to become Initiators.

During this appointment, the Initiator and his student will talk together, review the students form and state of mind. Also at this meeting, the student will be given his "mantra" - a word or sound that has no meaning, and is used to concentrate on while meditating. When assigning a Mantra, the Initiator uses the natural tendency of the mind to drift towards that which is most pleasant to the meditator, and will select a Mantra which is pleasant to the one who will be using it.

The important things about this word or sound are 1) to know the right Mantra, and 2) to know how to use the Mantra properly.

During the four sessions, people are actually taught how to meditate, and use their Mantras. They are checked periodically by their initiators to make sure that they are meditating correctly. They are also told how long to meditate at each session. People usually meditate twice each day, once in the morning, and once before dinner. The standard length of time is 20 minutes, but it may be as little as 15 minutes, or as long as half an hour. After taking this course, people usually meditate continuously on their own.

A common long-range effect of meditation, says Armstrong, is that because of the deep relaxation which meditation induces, people tend to sleep less. Some people who have been meditating for four or five years report that they sleep "Around four or five hours a night." Some of the communist countries have forbidden meditation, but others have approached the Mahareshi Mahesh Yogi and asked him to train some of their people.

Poli Sci Class

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lost (died)."

Perhaps a candidate's winning or losing will depend on the success of audience response for a video-tape, or perhaps it could depend on the success of people like Ted Reller and the students who campaign for the candidates of their choice.

Don't learn to be a pilot fly in your dreams.

Don't learn how to bomb women and children

Don't take God in your own hands! Can you destroy for profit? If you can, then you need help! See your local chaplain for advice.

There are many more important programs in the U.S. that need capable young college graduates. If this sounds misleading compare the military strength with community and county welfare, Vista, and school programs.

Do you want to be committed to wear a uniform, and salute every turd you see? Do you like to look at the knots on your head, in your sharp crew-cut?

If nobody joined the military, then there would be no war, think hard, think for yourself.

It cost the U.S. Government \$21,600 to kill every Viet-Cong soldier, that's \$21,600 that could be put to use in your community.

Think about all the hell that takes place in boot camp, and take my word for it,

Do your flying in your DREAMS

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Women; A Long Way To Go

by Shirley Polich

"Mind has no sex." Hannah Crocker

"We've come a long way," bellows the female in the commercial. But we've got a long way to go, she might very well add. Among the numerous ways being attempted to break down the prejudice towards women is the Equal Rights Amendment, (E.R.A.) which will be voted on May 24, by the five-man Senate Rules Committee. If this five-man group passes the resolution to ratify a proposed amendment to the United States Constitution guaranteeing equal rights for women, California will become the 12th state to do so. The amendment must be ratified by 38 states to take effect.

However, this group rejected an identical measure earlier. In doing this, Sen. James Mills (D-San Diego), head of the Rules Committee referred to the E.R.A. proposal as the "Minnie Mouse Amendment"; Stephen Teale (D-West Point) said, "My wife told me that if I vote for it she would divorce me." That's two out of the three votes needed for passage. Also voting no was Robert Lagomarsino (R-Ojai). You can write to any or all of them by addressing your letter to the Senator, Senate Rules Committee, c/o Secretary Peggy James, RM 5100 State Capitol

Hot Stuff Popular

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to save time.

One of the male students in the class, when asked what his opinion of the class was, said very straight faced. "I've never seen so many husband-hunting women assembled in one place at one time in my whole life. I feel like a large walnut on a chopping block ready to be cut up and consumed." A slight exaggeration to be sure, but for every male there are three females to compliment his attendance, and this is probably what he meant.

The three-hour class is kept from getting boring by a short smoke break ("If you've got 'em, smoke 'em,") and a short stand in line to get the day's goodies. (Note: During the day of Mexican Cooking, above authors got so stuffed that they didn't eat for 24 hours.)

Back to the bodies in the class room and the people who take Gourmet Cooking. Most of the girls in the class are quite attractive and don't show the results of the usually fattening items eaten in class. A male student who wishes to remain anonymous, not so shyly commented, "I'm probably the only one in class who gets horny instead of hungry." Mitzi Montana, in a shy rebuttal, simply stated, "Gee, this is one of the grooviest home classes I've ever had. The one thing I don't like about the class is having to sit and wait for the food to get ready. Smelling the food make me very hungry...but not horny."

At times, while discussing the preparation of various dishes, Mrs. Peer will speak of Julia Child. One student, her name being Jody Bejerke, said, "Julia's Child? Is she any thing like Rosemary's baby?" Nevertheless, even with such interruptions, the class cooks on.

Building, Sacramento, CA. 95814.

"Women need not always keep their mouths shut and their wombs open," Emma Goldman

What difference will passage of the E.R.A. make? It will change community property acquired within marriage which is now solely controlled by the husband. It will remove child custody laws, meaning the state would award the child to the parent they thought best for the child.

The legal residence laws will become more equal in the age of mobility.

The husband is now head of the house and he chooses where they will live. Since a woman cannot choose her own domicile but has to take her husbands, she loses all residence rights in her state.

For example, if a woman marries an out-of-state serviceman, traveling salesman or students with legal residence elsewhere, she automatically becomes a resident of his state, thus loses all legal rights of her state. She can vote in his state but has to register in person. She would also be a non-resident in the eyes of the schools and be required to pay the non-resident fee. Mind you, she has not left the state.

If both are legal residents but he leaves her and settles in another state and she does not follow, she still loses her rights. If two happily married persons are separated because of job problems, she also loses her rights. A woman is legally bound to follow her husband. If she divorces him she waits one year to establish residence.

"Whatsoever it is morally right for a man to do, it is morally right for a woman to do." Sarah Grimke 1838

If woman dies her husband automatically inherits her property. If the man dies the estate is locked up, then to probate. The court decides if and how much money she can get and before she receives the estate all debts are paid.

Loans too would change. Once the woman had control of one half of the property she would be a reasonable credit risk and could open accounts on her own depending on how the community property law was changed. Now a woman's salary is not considered when a loan is applied for by a couple even though she is

working.

The laws on rape will be revised to include any person entering another's body. Prostitution will deal with all parties, not just the woman.

Rights will not be taken away from anyone through any of the legislation assured a spokeswoman for the National Organization for Women (N.O.W.). Facilities & working conditions for men which do not equal those for women will be brought up to the same level.

Technical gadgets have released women from most of the mundane chores of housework. While the males were inventing the gadgets to free women, they unwittingly accomplished their purpose. They may have had in mind more time for the P.T.A., volunteer organizations or to bake better, but the women had time to think, time to mull over their situations, time to question their lives and their goals. They left their homes, mentally, physically or both, rarely giving it full career status again.

The first years for women at the all-male University of Santa Clara were ones of harassment. The women had to be in their dorm rooms from 7-11 p.m. Between 9 and 10 p.m. they could go to the library or anywhere else for half an hour signing in and out. By 11 p.m. the lights went out. To keep the ratio down, women are required to have a higher grade point average to be accepted. They cannot become cheerleaders. In one class there was a considerable time lag between the time it took the father to call on a male and the time to call on a female.

To quote from the Administrative Analyst in UC's Office of Equal Opportunity, "The goals of the women's movement are linked to the broader questions of social justice. Its promise is its vision; a world of equality, peace, and justice among men and women of all races, classes, and nations."

Rock Concert Friday Night

There will be a rock concert by Blue Mountain and Baggin's Band, Friday evening at 8:30 in the Main Theatre. Tickets are \$2.00 each, \$1.75 with a student body card. Tickets are available at the following locations: Eddie Kramer's Music World, Cecil Sammen's Record Shoppe, and the CSM, Cañada, and Skyline Student activity Centers.

Reasons For Veto

Several weeks ago, members of the Cañada student government tried to pass a new constitution which, they claimed, would greatly benefit the student government. Student body president Jim Woodhall vetoed the proposed constitution, after it had been accepted by student council.

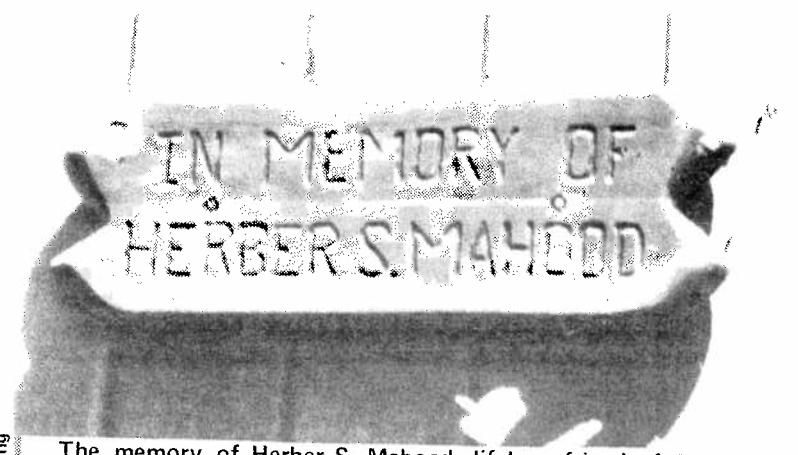
In a recent interview with The Newspaper, Woodhall gave his reasons for vetoing the constitution. "I think it would have been bad judgement to vote it in for an incoming council. Two weeks after the council is in office they would have to run another student government election to fill the offices made available under the new constitution."

People For McGovern

Students backing senator George McGovern for president have begun to organize at Cañada College.

But according to Frank Trogione, Cañada's Chairman for Students for McGovern, they are going to need more support to launch their community wide campaign. The group will be meeting every Tuesday in Room 112, building 13, at 11:00 where they hope to muster more support from Cañada students. They will also outline their campaign strategies at these meetings. "I think a lot of people will come," said Trogione.

While combining efforts with



The memory of Herber S. Mahood, lifelong friend of California Junior Colleges, has been honored in the garden outside Cañada's bookstore. A newly planted Jacaranda tree has been dedicated to Mr. Mahood, father of Lee Mahood, Associate Dean of Continuing Education at Cañada. The elder Mahood died two years ago. The new tree will grow with Cañada and continue to honor his memory through the years.

5th Of May Archeology Class Digs Successful

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mound, she said, contained a "complex of artifacts" yet to be dug up.

The discovery of artifacts involves taking of field notes. Measurements must be taken to indicate where the item was found and at what level. Relics unearthed during the Thursday afternoon class are identified during the 1-hour classroom period on Tuesday.

Items to be saved, other than artifacts, are placed in appropriate paper bags marked "Faunal" (animal) and "Lithic" (stone).

Student John Cavanaugh explained his unit's find for the day. On a piece of white cloth were shells of abalone, clam and oyster, charcoal, ("That indicates ashland or fireplace"), chert, a hard rock used for arrowheads and tools ("They had to bring it from the Santa Cruz Mountains or Monterey"), and animal bones ("The people cracked them to get the marrow out").

Each class day students dig down 1 level, the equivalent of four inches. A variety of instruments are used for moving away the dirt. Trowels, wielded by careful students, are used to scrape the surface of the soil, then wisk broom brush away the excess dirt. Ice picks and dental picks are used for delicate work, such as around a burial. The dirt is dumped into pails and later poured through a screen which sifts out pieces that might have been missed.

Present-day Indian, Kathy Pow, member of the Makah tribe of Washington state, is one archeology student. Though one might think she has an edge over on the "white" students she says "no". Her background does not necessarily help her in understanding the Ohlone Indians because, "practices are different in each tribe," she said.

The hard work involved in excavation does not dampen student spirit a bit. They thrive under the good-natured ribbing of Earnhardt, ("Don't talk, don't laugh, just dig.") They do talk, they do laugh, they do guzzle apple juice, and they do learn.

One dirt-smudged girl, who preferred to be nameless said, about the class, "I love it, I absolutely love it. Mr. Earnhardt's strange weirdness rubs off on us all."

The Cinco de Mayo celebration, held on campus last Saturday, has been called "extremely successful" by its organizers. Through the efforts of Cañada staff and faculty and Redwood City Spanish-speaking clubs the cultural day became a success story in terms of profit and public relations.

A feeling of community spirit pervaded the day-long activities climaxed by a dance that evening at St. Anthony's church in Menlo Park. Students, staff, faculty and hundreds of local Spanish-speaking people joined in the festival which included a soccer game; music, dancing and dramatizations in the auditorium and a spicy lunch of enchiladas, burritos and tacos served in the campus cafeteria.

Cañada's Registrar, Lynn Carlyle, who worked on publicity for the event remarked, "I don't think I've ever seen the theatre that crowded." The great turnout, she said, was proof "that if we put out some effort the community will respond."

Financially, the event surpassed expectations. Profits from the sale of queen candidate tickets, food and dance tickets is expected to total between \$3500 and \$3700. Proceeds will be placed in an education fund for Spanish-speaking students. Cañada's organizers, instructors Gil Workman and Gilberto de la Rocha, and Ruth Nagler of Community Services will meet with representatives from the Spanish-speaking clubs to set up guidelines for the scholarship.

According to de la Rocha many people are already talking about next year's Cinco de Mayo observance at Cañada College.

other McGovern groups, such as those organized in Redwood City, CSM and Skyline colleges, they hope to distribute literature, phone voters, and try to set up a day care center to help mothers get time off to go to the polls for the primary.

Trogione wants to sponsor a march for McGovern where those who want to support the candidate can pledge a specified amount of money for each mile completed by the marchers.

Trogione noted they hope to get a campaign going like last April's tax election where the students got involved in getting the measure passed by the voters.

Uncle Ofie

by Cecil G. Powell

My Uncle Ofie married a full blood Choctaw Indian for two reasons, neither of which was for love. The first being that it used to be the custom of the Indians that the women folk did most or all of the work, leaving the men free to fight the enemy and provide wild game. Well now, the Indian Wars had been over with for years so Uncle Ofie was safe there. As for hunting wild game, that was right down his alley. He loved nothin' better'n huntin' (especially out of season). He figured that he was entitled to anything that was on his land. The other reason for his marrying Aunt Carrie was that she belonged to one of the Choctaw Indian families who received money from oil companies, for mineral rights (this was commonly referred to as "Indian Money").

Uncle Ofie and Aunt Carrie owned a small farm, on which she did the work and he did the "overseein' ". Uncle Ofie may have been a small time farmer, but he was the wheeler dealer of the Washita Valley. Now you take the way he got the most out of a crop of cotton. Any fool knows that cotton is sold by the pound, but Uncle Ofie, bein' smart, figured out that wet cotton is heavier than dry cotton. When Uncle Ofie hired people to pick his cotton, he knew he had to pay them by the pound. He wouldn't let them start pickin' until the sun had dried off the morning dew. He weighed

them in and had them empty their sacks on the ground so he could make sure no one was wettin' their cotton. The night the conniving old codger would spread the cotton out so it would collect the dew — (I have my suspicions that if the dew wasn't heavy enough he helped it a long with jest a dab of water). The next morning bright and early he loaded the cotton and got into town. Uncle Ofie's old model "A" truck was always the first to weigh in at the gin! When it came to pickin' someone else's cotton, that was another kettle of fish. 'Twas Uncle Ofie who taught me and my nephews to piss on our first sack of cotton. Of course you can be sure we weren't pickin' Uncle Ofie's cotton at the time. He always said, "the only benefit from pickin' cotton is gettin' paid for pissin'."

Another thing I remember about Uncle Ofie was the way he could sell a cow that had gone dry. He would put her in a field of fresh Johnson grass the night before he took her to the sale. The Johnson grass caused the cow to bloat. Naturally everyone thought the cow was goin' to drop a calf. He always got a good price for her. Afterwards, if the disgruntled owner came to him to complain about her not having a calf — he'd just look right past them and say "Well, I reckon if I'uz you I'd go have me a talk with that bull."



The Three and a Half Dollar Storm at the Fillmore

We are waiting and we are impatient with it.
Impatient and powerful now.
So open those doors to a good time.
I'll look much better under stranger lights.
But now we river in and wait.

We are an ocean.

We are electric and the air crackles.
We are a "we" and we will breathe each
other's air a hundred times over tonight,
until it is all used up, worn out, wet and tired.

This is a prison of sorts... floors laid out with
last night's joy. We will recycle it
between our toes and look in
amazement at its blackness under
the streetlight.

Prison floors and liberated ceiling that will
nearly reach,
And we lap at the stage and the walls and
the closed doors. We are contained.
We are tormented. Suddenly and loudly, under
the hands of exquisite provocation,
under the hands of a name we once
repeated to our friends.

It is a nothing name. We are an ocean.
It's throat is an echo of us — amplified —
Until we writhe in spasms with our sky.
We cringe with lightning pain and we
scream soft and smokey thunder,
with a beat —
the sky laughs
And the floor is sometimes there.

Until it stops.
In a room.
We are released they say.
We stop
We are no longer an ocean.
I am blackfeet and wet.
And so are you too.
We walk, not spash.
With eyes, and ringing.
And the window's stars is blank
—Like yours and mine.

by Allyson & Ann Fluckinger

Trivial Sex In The Andes

by Brent L. Anderson

The highest mountain was yet a hundred miles away
and my three women friends were very tired so I
tied the llamas to a plastic Redwood tree and the
four of us found shelter under the leaves of a
gigantic poppy plant and drank nectar from a
flowering mushroom.

The next morning when the sun and the moon joined
over the peak of the middle most mountain on the
horizon the four of us performed fertility rites fit
for the queen of the Amazon only to find a large
rock cracking and spilling sand all over the ground
so we packed the sand in a bag and quickly
departed for high ground.

The head llama had just mounted the top of the hill
when the moon broke away from the sun and
dropped into a beautiful lake and caused a flood
and the water evaporated and sank into the dry soil
and fed the bones of the poor and they were again
strong enough to reproduce and cause more
starving and famine and my head llama knew that
and ate a mushroom and died so my three girl
friends drowned in the overflowing lake and I
again returned to the sea to start again.

How Can?

by Ara Assilian

*Devastating destruction spread everywhere.
Highways, villages, cities,
Houses, factories and churches
Destroyed to the ground.
Dead and wounded soldiers,
Tarnished skeletons of horrified civilians
Crying babies born to taste the bitter vices of war.
Mother, with hearts choked in misery and grief.
A whole nation homeless, hopeless and starving
Dying in arms for their sacred independence.
"A nation who could be defeated
But never conquered."*

*How can men stand
This bloodshed and killing of another man,
Man's aggression against man,
Man's cruelty against man.
How can?
How can man kill people
"For the next generation to live in peace"
How can a nation for peace
Decide to bury another nation
Under tons of killing bombs?
How can?
How can man forbid man to decide for their own
To live for their own?
How can man stand this
Man's inequality to man,
Man's vicious and cruel punishment to man.
How can?*



by Robin Papazian

Tower Isle

by Karen Olson

Inside the taxi, the air was dense and sticky. Perspiration stuck to my legs like glue to the old worn seats. I felt almost like a martyr suffering through that long ride (at least five hours) to Tower Isle. But one could not help but feel happy with the lush tropical beauty outside, its peaceful simplicity giving promise of joy. God, how lovely! And Tower Isle stood calmly with its spacious lawns; a cool breeze ran through the stone-floored lobby. Outside, the wind touched with gentle warmth, like a mother soothing her new-born child. Our cottage, where we were to stay for a week, already seemed like home.

The sun rose early through my window next morning and filled me with gladness. I dressed quietly and walked slowly across the lawns to the beach. There was excitement in the silence about me, the only sound being the muffled slaps of clear blue water as it kissed the sands with a slow rhythmic motion. I felt like a soul witness to something precious. . . I turned back to have breakfast with my family.

The four of us entered the hotel restaurant and were greeted by a short, chubby black man who assisted us with cheerful courtesy and suggested, "Try our Jamaican honey." His smile was full and casual, and a flower adorned his lapel.

My stomach was warm with thanks as I stepped onto the beach in a brightly-colored bikini to match my mood. On that first day I met Morris. I wanted to sail, to skim over that clear water and be happy. But the lifeguards wouldn't let me go alone, so Morris took me. We sailed out of the tiny bay, water bubbling and steaming over the small boat's flat deck. It was interesting - he knew how to sail but knew none of the terminology which I had been taught. We talked of this and laughed as spray wetted our bodies. He showed me the tiny island inside the bay on which a stone tower had been built and I was careful not to step on any sea-anemones as we waded ashore. Morris was kind and patronizing. He stood about 5'10", his body strong and lithe, deep-black colored.

I saw Morris several times in the next few days. We sailed together; I met his friends, the other lifeguards. They were all much older than my tender and naive fifteen years. Morris was twenty-one, Spider approaching forty, and Howard was old enough to be my grandfather. Yet they were young in spirit, laughing gaily and enjoying simple pleasures. They would tease me by talking in their quick pidgin English which I could not understand.

My morning walks alone had become very special, a

time when I could take in everything about me and think. One morning, while walking on the short stone wall which edged the water, I stopped to watch the water fill a small pool. In a burst of tiny energy, little waves would flow over the rocks and into the pool. A silver fish darted across it, startling my mind, and I wondered at the chance wave which threw this fish uncompromisingly into the pool. And the pool became his home and security. It struck me then that this was home to me, this place, Jamaica and Tower Isle. There was a sense of holiness and loving guidance. I felt secure and full.

When the restaurant opened I would have breakfast alone and the friendly, chubby man would offer, "Try our Jamaican honey. It's very good today," always with a smile. Then I would go out to meet Morris. He would take me to the island now, and inside the coolness of the stone tower, he would touch me and kiss me full on the mouth. His interest in my body and his care for me was totally new, sweet and something I'd never known. His eyes were warm and dark as he looked into my eyes. "Pretty," he would say. He wanted to make love to me. We sailed to an abandoned hotel once where there was a room. But I was not ready and he never pushed me, never demanded anything.

It was about this time that my father became somewhat uneasy about my relationship with Morris. We went for a walk together along the stone wall I knew

so well from my mornings alone. It is humorous now to picture the two of us - my father very embarrassed, fidgeting all the way up and halfway back the long path before he got up the nerve to say anything. What he said, basically, was that there is no woman a man hates more than a tease and I listened and knew it was important, but did not really understand.

We had to leave soon and I took my last morning walk alone before having breakfast with my family. Our table had been set specially with flowers for our departure, and the smiling man, my friend, understood that it was sad to leave. He was sorry and hoped our stay had been happy. I pressed back tears. After breakfast I met Morris again. Our bodies were very close as we stood in the shade of a grass shelter, looking at one another. He kissed me and his body felt hard, tensed. I realized his maleness then, with a start, like peering through dense fog and stumbling over something that had been right in front of me all the time. I stumbled over his excitement and was overwhelmed by my power to create it. With some shame and guilt I remembered my father's warning. Yet, Morris did not hate me; rather he cared for me with unbelievable patience. I knew that Morris understood my naivete. At that moment, I wanted to give him everything, to make up for the pain and frustration I had caused - but it was too late.



Marc Meyer

Livin' In The USA

by Bob Patch

Belmont is really a nice casual place to live; quiet, peaceful and serene. The kind of place you'd send your grand-parents to retire and spend their last years, leaving you in peace. In Belmont there are several large apartment buildings and nestled in one of the little compartments I sit smoking a joint with my roommate, Rolf. We are both the average "All-American" college kids who are a little under pressure now from exams. You can't blame us for firing up a number to relieve the day's pressure. Merely a cocktail to calm my nerves before dinner.

By this time we had headed on to the second number. It was a tough day and the trivial pressures that had previously burdened us were definitely relieved. Needless to say, I was a mess. We sat around talking in hilarious tones about insane topics, indeed we had smiles as broad as our ears and were definitely having a great time. Laughing uncontrollably. Indeed it was time to put the greatest of all put-ons, on the revolving platter and laughingly listen to the inspirational sounds of the one and only Beach Boys (and you thought they were dead!). The introduction, "ladies and gentlemen the Beach Boys" had just begun when the ultimate in downers struck: the phone rang.

Mustering all the courage in my drug ridden frame I crawled confidently forward and answered it....

"Um Hello"

"Hello, this is Mrs. Quesindingleberry, and I'm calling with a little bad news. Realtors are going to come through your apartment tomorrow morning at nine to inspect the apartment for they may purchase it."

"Oh" The horny lady-land or land-lady, I thought.

"Yes they may buy your entire building and they would like to see your apartment so that they can have a better idea of the building's condition. The price of owning one of these buildings is....." "It's the horny land-lady"

"She's always putting the make on one of us."

"Okay, thanks for the warning" another commendable job of maintaining.

"Good-Byeeeeeeeeee"

"Yeh, so long" Click -Horny Lady.

Then it hit man. There were going to be people, realtors, inspectors, narks crawling all over my humble little home. Shit: what could I do? I panicked. NARKS!!!! What if we had been set up for that big bust in the sky. The realtors were actually narks. Those vicious scaly, slimy little suckers that slither through the grass in search of the heavy users.

The apartment was totally messed up, anything in the place that could be dirty, was dirty. You had to climb over the different piles of various forms of excretion. One such pile was a guy that passed out one night about two weeks ago and he still can't sober up enough to tell us his name.

I told the entire story to Rolf and he immediately panicked and yelled for an answer to this situation, almost yelling to the heavens. Suddely a flash of powder puff pink light in the sky and voice bellowed deeply, reverantly, "Here my son."

Trembling, I took the piece of paper and said thanks. The paper read "Clean it". Indeed a capital idea and we began our marathon clean. Eight days later and one bulldozer with three cranes, the place was clean except for the dope.

What if these so called realtors were actually all set to pull an Elliot Ness type bust. Indeed a bad case of paranoia. It's like looking in your car mirror and seeing

a police car when your car is just loaded with goodies.

So we panicked and hid all the stash outside of the apartment just in case.

The next morning I was slapped in the face and told to wake my ass up. Looking up, the room reeked of nice White Collared, gray suited pigs. Enough of them to make your eyes water and tears roll down your cheeks. But faith, fortitude, morality, sexuality don't weaken.

"May I see your warrant and your badges?" asked Rolf.

"Yeah, I want to know what you are doing with fourteen other thugs standing in my bedroom?"

"Screw you kid, now where is the crap?"

"Flowing from your mouth. I demand to see some sort of official type paper that authorizes you to abuse me."

At this he pulled the blankets of my bed, dramatic cop, and exposed my J.C. Penny undershorts.

"Your sexual frustrations are showing."

It took three fellow officers to hold him back, his face turned hernia red so they took him out. Meanwhile these clowns were groping, smelling, tasting every little crevice in the place. We were clean. None of the cops were excited about this at all. One cop sat in the corner sipping coffee and burping on this morning breakfast, the little woman's breakfast always did pack a wallop. Here I am for all I know busted and these mutthers aren't even interested.

"We know all about you....(Looks at piece of paper)... Uhh, Colin Goody Koontz and Rolf Higgin Botham. Why don't you make it easier on all of us and we'll make it easy on you." He was selling out, nothing found, we were safe. We both laughed out loud at him and he turned and stormed out with all the little ducklings or piglets in hot pursuit.

"Eat It!" he blurted.

The police are, indeed, my friends. I was glad they woke me up. My own original alarm clock. Well, since I'm awake, I think I'll roll a joint.

The Jealous Woman

by Pat Adkins

Jealousy has taken hold of every part of my being: ravishing and torturing Me until I am strangulating from his strong hands.

Pulling, teasing me to near death, enjoying every minute watching me Suffer, allowing me to take one last breath each time before the final blow.

Each time giving me hope, never enough to really save me, always just Enough as he slowly, menacingly closes the air passage.

Yet I survive each time, always getting just enough breath, he is angry That I will not die, for he thinks he's capable of killing, but he wants me to live.

Only by living can he torture and hold me, my dying is worth nothing to him, only My life is of value. When he sees I will not die, he also realizes that he can't kill.

My life is spared for a time, my will power stronger than ever, yet I am Very vulnerable. Pain is there and he remembers, sticking me with knives and causing more pain.

Yet I live and become stronger, sealing and protecting my vulnerability with weapons Too powerful to think of. What have I become?

Hard and coarse, unloving, Cruel. Is this life? Is he glad He spared me? Even he can no longer hurt me.

I am the jealous woman, hurt once too often and not loved enough. What I took for love was only one man's passion.

Now I am living, wishing for death to deliver me from this state of being. Unloved and worse yet, unlovable.



Peter Witting



Peter Witting



Peter Witting

Biggest Festival of Them All!

Jubilee

The booths being constructed around campus this week, are the final preparations for the "Ice Cream Social and Spring Festival of the Arts." On Wednesday and Thursday of next week, Cañada students may participate in perhaps one of the largest festivals ever to be presented on any college campus in California.

Food for the festival will be sold at cost, however, there will be a five cent charge for each contest entered to cover the cost of materials. During this week and next, anyone may register for the contests at the information booth, located on the upper mall near the pit. The information booth will also supply the schedules of events, rules for the contest, and any general information you might want or need to know.

The setting for the "Ice Cream Social" is about 1915, so you are asked to wear something special. All the events will start at 10:00 in the morning and continue until 2:00 in the afternoon.

The Newspaper

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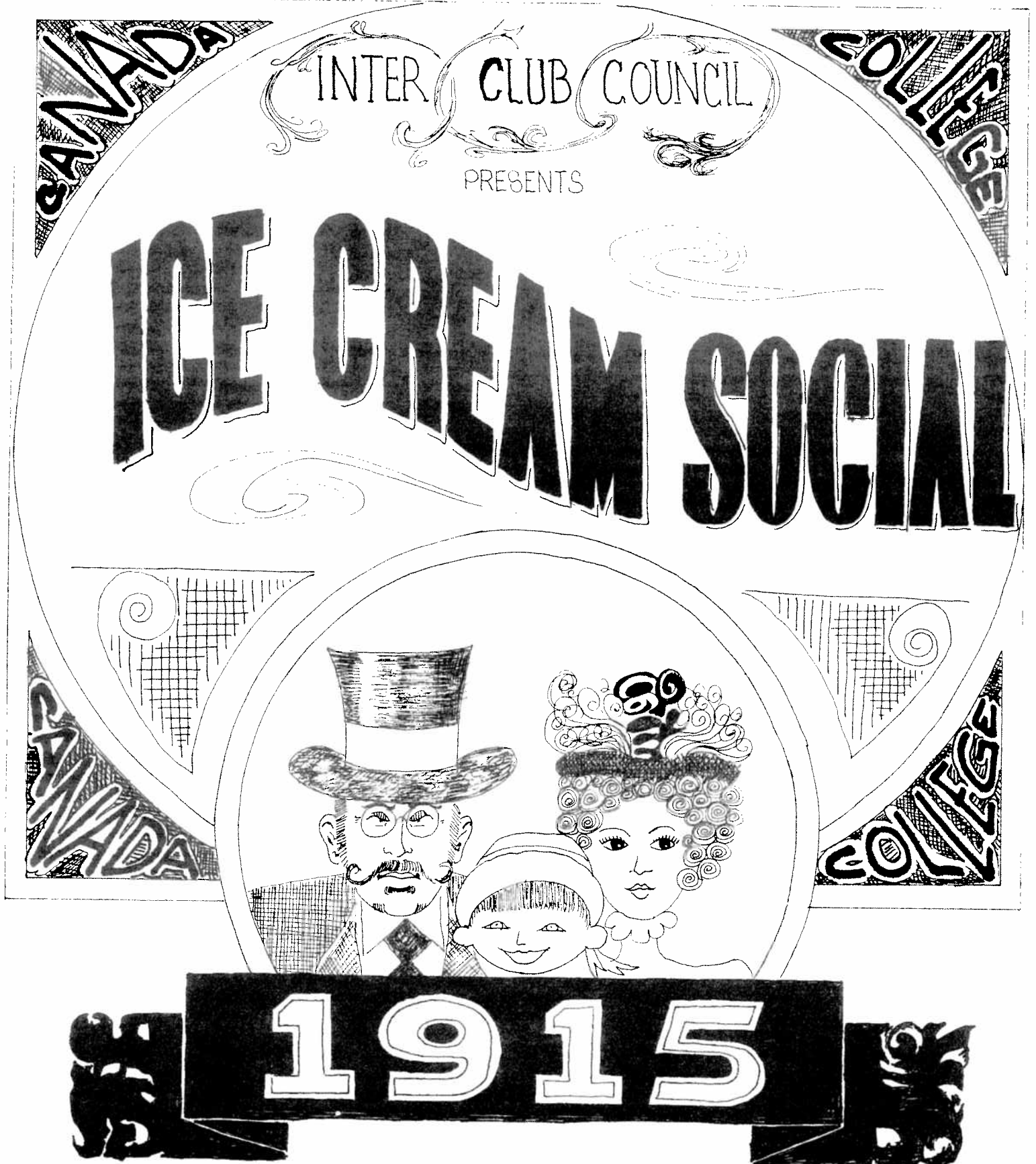
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Participate in many delightful **CONTESTS**
Rejoice over the ravishing **DANCERS**
Go caruarts over the **KISSING BOOTH**

When? **WED; THURS MAY 17; 18** LOCATION **Cañada College**
Time? **10am to 2:00 pm** WHERE? **FRISBEE LAWN**
DRESS? 1915 or something special **Admission? FREE**

weary query

by Marc Meyer & Lee Zirbel

Do you think Nixon's decision to block supply lines will help end the war?



Jim Woodhall:
Student Body
President

No, I don't think it will end the war. It's all part of the political game.



Dr. James Duke:
College President

Yes, I think it will. I had hoped that other actions would be taken. When you take action to end the war militarily you must stick to your original premise that it will end the war.



Mr. John Rhoads:
Director of
Services

From a military standpoint the effect will take some time to develop. It offers the solution to the war if the North Vietnamese are willing to accept it.

Colts End Season In Second Place

Canada College ends a very frustrating baseball campaign today. A second place finish in CNC play is the best they can hope for. League-leading Contra Costa bombed DeAnza 19-0 on Tuesday to eliminate Cañada from title contention. A win today would leave the Colt slate at 15-6, the very same league record they went all the way with last year.

DeAnza third baseman Eric Elson had a super day with 3 home runs and 8 RBI's last Thursday as the Dons beat the Colts 10-6.

Sophomore Lou Vanoli made his last game at Canada a memorable one. The Colt right fielder blasted a three-run homer in the fourth and added a run

scoring single in the seventh to compete a 3 for 5, 4 RBI day. Slender Ron Scott matched Vanoli's three hits and Terry Freethy and Clyde Augmon garnered two each. Starting pitcher Cliff Holland retired after three frames with a sore elbow.

The Colts bounced back on Tuesday to defeat Marin 7-2. Eratic Bob Walter took over for ailing Cliff Holland and pitched 7 innings of two-hit ball for the victory. Glen Lague came on to whiff the last batter to preserve Walter's win. Holland's two-run homer and a pair of hits by Ron Scott, Rob Brassea, and Fidencio Herrera headed the Colt Offense.

The Colts visit Solano today at 3:00 p.m. winding up the 72 Camino Norte Conference campaign.

Refuses Draft

(Continued from Page 1)

down. He initiated this personal protest to encourage other men to do the same.

Randy entered Cañada partially due to another protest. A year ago the coach at CSM objected to Randy's collar-length hair, and ordered the runner and four other harriers off the team, unless they cut their hair.

The administration at CSM reversed the coach's mandate and reinstated the runners. Randy, however, felt pressure being applied, and left CSM last June, opting for what he hoped was a mellow climate at Cañada.

His abilities as a runner won Randy a scholarship to Sioux Falls College, in South Dakota, which he hopes to attend next fall.

Randy's calm voice belies any fears he may harbor about the future. He believes it will take the government a considerable amount of time to notify his draft board and initiate any action against him.

Whatever the outcome of Randy's situation he feels his actions were well founded. "Five years in prison for doing the right thing is better than spending my life as a coward," he said.



California Financial Responsibility Law requires \$15,000/\$30,000 bodily injury and \$5,000 property damage coverage. Six month rates for qualified students in South San Mateo County are as low as:

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20 \$143	21-24 \$57
21 \$77	25 & over \$48
25 & over \$48	
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age 17-20	
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More Colt Net Honors

The Cañada tennis team added to their growing list of honors by grabbing both the singles and doubles championships at the Camino Norte Conference finals at De Anza College last weekend.

Sophomore Dennis Gibson claimed the singles championship by defeating talented Bruce Kellock of Marin 6-4, 6-1.

The Colts also nabbed the doubles crown when Randy Marx and Rich DeMartini came through to win their last two matches Saturday. Of their play coach Rich Anderson enthused, "They were outstanding — so impressive."

Gibson finished his CNC dual and finals play with an unbelievable 33-0 mark.

Others besides Gibson who qualified for Northern Calif. playoffs were John Hursh, Rich DeMartini and Randy Marx.

All of Cañada's doubles teams qualified for Nor. Cal. action. The

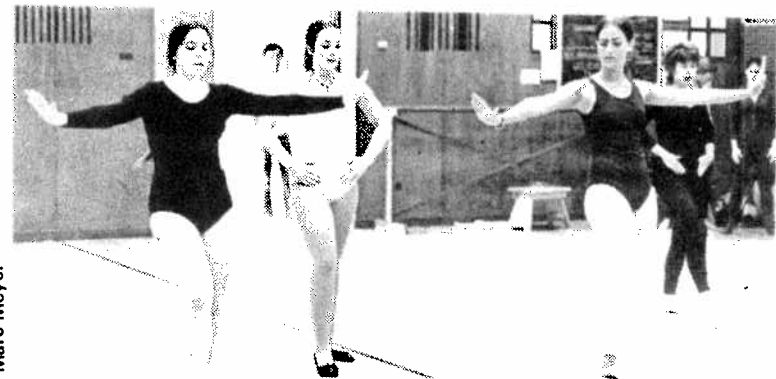
teams are Dennis Gibson — John Hursh; Randy Marx — Rich DeMartini; and Jim Sciaroni — Todd Lewis.

One sad note to last weekend's playoffs was the illness which caused Hurst to withdraw from the tourney. However he still won enough matches to qualify for Nor. Cal. action.

There will be six conferences competing in the Nor. Cals. 48 singles and 48 doubles teams will be fighting for the eight singles and eight doubles spots who get a crack at the state championship.

Coach Anderson noted, "It's really going to be tough. American River is the team to beat due to the strength of their number of entries." (American River's whole team qualified for the Nor. Cals.)

The stiff competition to see who is the best in Northern Calif. begins today and lasts through Saturday, at Cañada.



On Thursday, May 18 Cheryl Reed's dance class and invited graduate students from the University of California at Santa Cruz will perform a "Modern Jazz Hour." Another guest is Sam Weber, a jazz ballet dancer who will perform a piece entitled "Solo Of." Canada dancers will dance to Rare Earth's "Get Ready" wearing flesh colored leotards which have been tie-dyed. This free production will be from 11-noon.

Meditation

There will be an introductory lecture on the practice of transcendental meditation, the teachings of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi Thursday, May 11 at 11 a.m. in Building 13, Rm. 115.

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