



I Am Awakening

by Russ Dehnel

*I am awakening from the slumber of my childhood,
and I have nothing, no-one but myself and the turbulence of the times.*

*I haven't even a memory
but the smells of composting leaves
in the cool fall hills of the coast mountains,
and the smell of stale beer clinging to the walls
of my grandfathers house,
barely holding on until I call them down to memory.*

*And Boston...Boston,
I remember Boston.
I grew up in Boston, a month ago on a two hour walk.
I saw the way men could be.
I saw the things I could be*

*I remember the stagger,
but more the timid face of a drunk on a subway:
He looked like my father.*

*I remember the beauty of an old rotting dock,
and the patient death of a fish
mowing on its back in tight circles,
around, around, around, in the black oily water.*

*I met God in a Catholic Church
where poor Catholic women went to pray.
And I met a priest there who drove God away,
though the women didn't seem to care,
nor even notice.*

*And the children. The excited little children in a wading pool,
playing a hundred times a game
they had made with the shooting water and a red balloon.*

*I remember a graveyard, covered with tall weeds,
and forgotten by all but the old ragged caretaker
cutting down the weeds the best he could.*

*As if in a grey dream, inches above the old stone markers,
I can see the children dancing and splashing in the water
oblivious to the deathly scene below.
And, too, the old man is unaware of the children
as he passes among the stones.*

I love those children.

*I know that I shall be the old man,
unaware of the children dancing on the gravestones,
though I see myself clearing weeds from old forgotten tombs.*

I like leaves on top of trees
And in autumn
At the bottom.

By Debbie Diegelman

TEARS MUST
always make
a dusty journey
their path
is never
straight
they fall
from love betrayed cheeks,
never rolling back
the pain

by LaVonne Goff



Lasting Friends

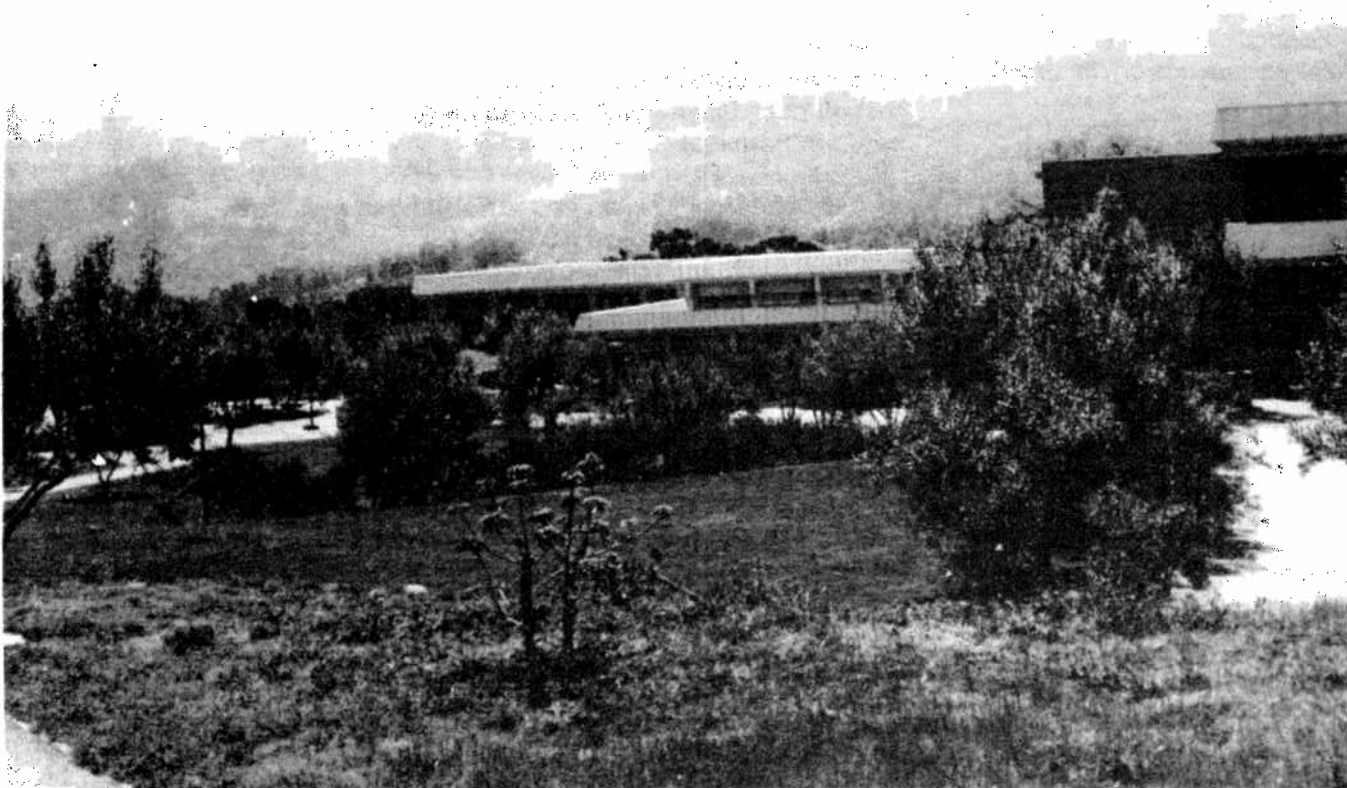
Eyes meet-
Then drop, as though on cue-
each paging through the pasted nothings
in our scrapbook minds.
I see you're changeless-
Your emptiness remains like a deserted sea shell
that I crush on the sand.
Time lapses
like years have
And we pass-
Sharing only relief, that silence is
between us.

-Laurel Morris-

Through spring it came

Through spring it left
With Love's breeze Through Time's trial.
Its tender joy grew fine and sweet Till hearts and fun dawned sacred.
Through my joy i see You near in Spirits blessed in sunshine.
Through pain of life
I fear the doubt that hides my hallowed knowledge.
But soon one day the joy that is
Will brim My Am forever

Richard Corvin



Photo's by Jeffrey Alan Weiss

In June
we dragged the old
handmade
quilt
to the back porch
and let the baby
sleep on it
fanning the flies from her face
as we mended the aging patches.
The clouds blurred the
sun
and the grass,
bright green then,
rippled in the breeze
as if
applauding our presence.

By Debbie Diegelman



Stranded here
 Without a soul to hear my cry
 I roam empty tunnels
 of darkness
 Eyes wide open
 One face to give me peace
 Again dark
 A stirring of life
 within my death
 of these past months
 Not another tear
 Not another scream of selfish impatience
 I proved that I won't give in to them
 Only you.
 My shalom.

How many times must I look at you
 And say it silently to myself?
 Why can't you give me back the key
 That fits ever so gently
 into the lock that lets me speak—

Why must words be unsaid
 As I pass through my seasons of woe
 You so nobly gaze at me—
 And wonder how I can

Jeff Weiss

LaVonne Goff

WHY?

I used to be by myself.
 Just me and nobody
 having a great time
 being just me and nobody.

Why'd you have to come and wreck it all up?
 I used to live for just me (and nobody)
 not really caring about anyone or anything else,
 let alone loving anyone.

Solitude was my name, independence, my trademark,
 freedom was my lifestyle.
 You took it all away
 when you said you loved me.
 Why?

Diane Paar

People are wandering in
 lonely circles
 of needless ends
 with endless needs
 to be met.

By Debbie Diegelman

Justice hangs as does the lynch
 mob who pats themself on the
 back for a job well done.

Al Franklin

I'm afraid to let
 my anger show
 as i feel i'm giving
 away
 a part of myself
 and losing
 a part of
 you.

By Debbie Diegelman

THE OLD PHOTOGRAPH

In the pencil gloom
 A child in white
 I am
 Surrounded by shades
 With flowery hats.
 All dark hollowed eyes squinting
 In the sun
 At the photographer-
 Maybe my father.

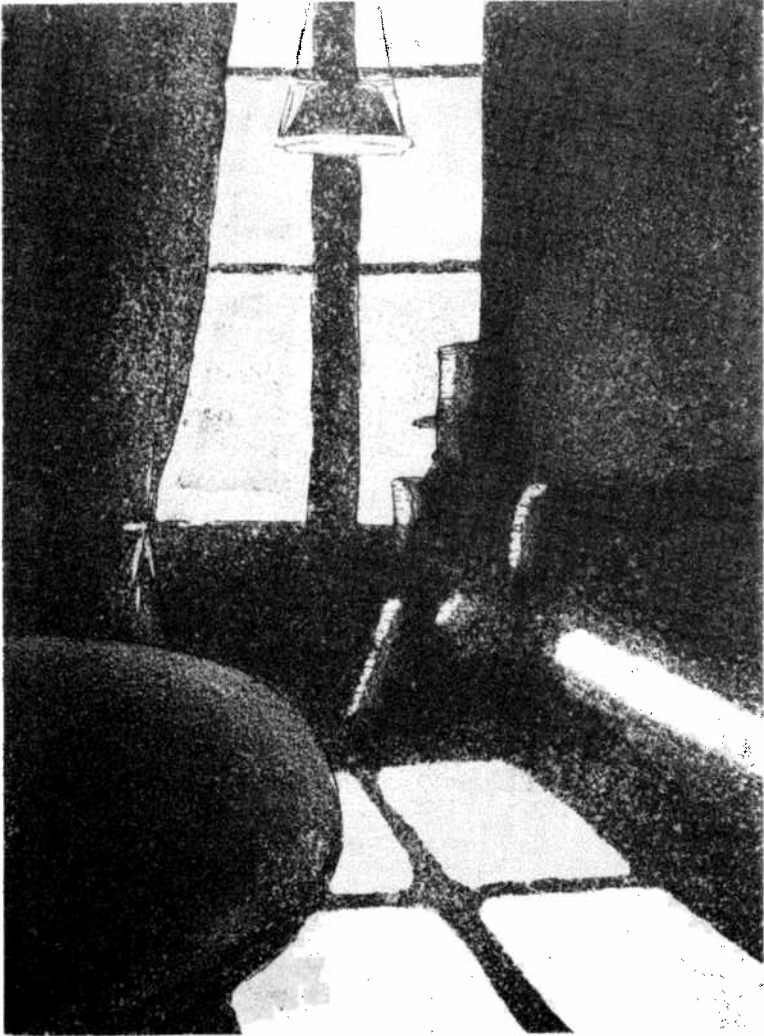
I want to remember the feel
 Of those corseted figures
 Smelling of rose water.
 The Italian grandmother stands apart
 From the Irish aunts.
 I loved her more
 Than the rest.

They are all gone
 Years past.
 Yet return
 Fluttering through me
 Whispering
 "Between our shadows you played
 And grew.
 In the hushed umbra
 We await you."

M.A. Eldon

Jeff Weiss





DIRTY OLD MAN

A spry old man, you'd call him, thin
 And wispy dry, with an axe-blade chin,
 My seat-mate on the Albany flight.
 Eyes so pale they dissolved in the light
 That shriveled up a mouth too small
 For dentures restless as hooves in a stall,
 And a push-button grin he used to unsheath
 The startle of those grotesque teeth.
 He asked me where I planned to stay--
 "The Wellington? Boy, many is the lay
 I had there. One girl, I remember, Rosemary"--
 "For remembrance," I murmured. Bird-like wary,
 He darted his death's head forward, then back
 But, now launched in memory, resumed its track.
 "We'd shack up at the Wellington early on Sunday,
 Wouldn't even get up till late on Monday.
 Feed her rye and giner and she'd screw and screw--
 And I'd go and go till my balls turned blue...."
 Phlegmy chortle, bony head nodding, taut,
 Turning to hide grey washed-out eyes, hot
 And wet like mouths sucking at the light.
 I stared at him coldly, embarrassed, up tight
 At sharing, unwilling, the cheap lechery of a stranger.
 His face flushed hot with hurt and anger,
 Mottled and shrunken like an over-ripe peach,
 Hating my youth and the long years reach
 Of fulfilled lust still ahead (Would I, too, tell
 Someday of a Rosemary at the Wellington Hotel?)
 I dared not try to break the fragile mold
 Of our separate existences, one young, one old.
 There should have been some word of comfort I could give
 This shamed old man, condemned to recall, but not to relive--
 In the cold emptiness of impotence,
 The dry friction of brittle loins,
 There is no magic but memory.

Harry Daum

MADNESS II

Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, South Dakota
 April-May-June '68

Smoking one endless cigarette,
 hidden from a rainy day mailman
 who would bring bad news from the living
 and good news of the dead,
 of which there have been too many recently.
 The ice-box hum goes on and off, it is the only time-table here.
 Ice-box filled with nothing disguised in empty bottles
 and brown paper bags.

Sunny day has turned to rain
 and the last quart of murky orange juice sits on the gas heater--
 warmth is hard to come by here.
 Contentless books of stamps tell of pleas to faraway Loves. . .
 And I wait for unborn whiskers to fill out my face. . .

Bubble-gum red faces fence climbing indian Children
 want to know about the big city
 they have so much to lose.

An ashtray, overflowed two days before, broken edges like an
 old womans hands sits on tilting windowsill...
 Meager work of my life lie in bed with my wishful thinking...
 Past and ghostly voices speak from a less and less discretely
 hidden hollow in my mind
 And I still dream -- forgetting the waste and pain of all those
 other dreams
 I think I love too little too much.

Peter L. Hooper

F.T.A.

Well they took my young man
 tried to teach him to Kill
 if he could
 he could

Well they took my young man
 they taught him to Kill
 if he would
 he would

Well they took my young man
 put a gun in his hand
 and ask him to show his skill
 some skill

So many swallowed tears
 as the pain left
 his pain left
 So many wasted years
 as his youth left
 Gone

LaVonne Goff

DESPAIR

Despair, like a mugger,
 knocks us down. There is
 Only a glint of his knife, or the
 Menace of bared teeth, but
 Even as he flees, we are
 Aware of profound change.

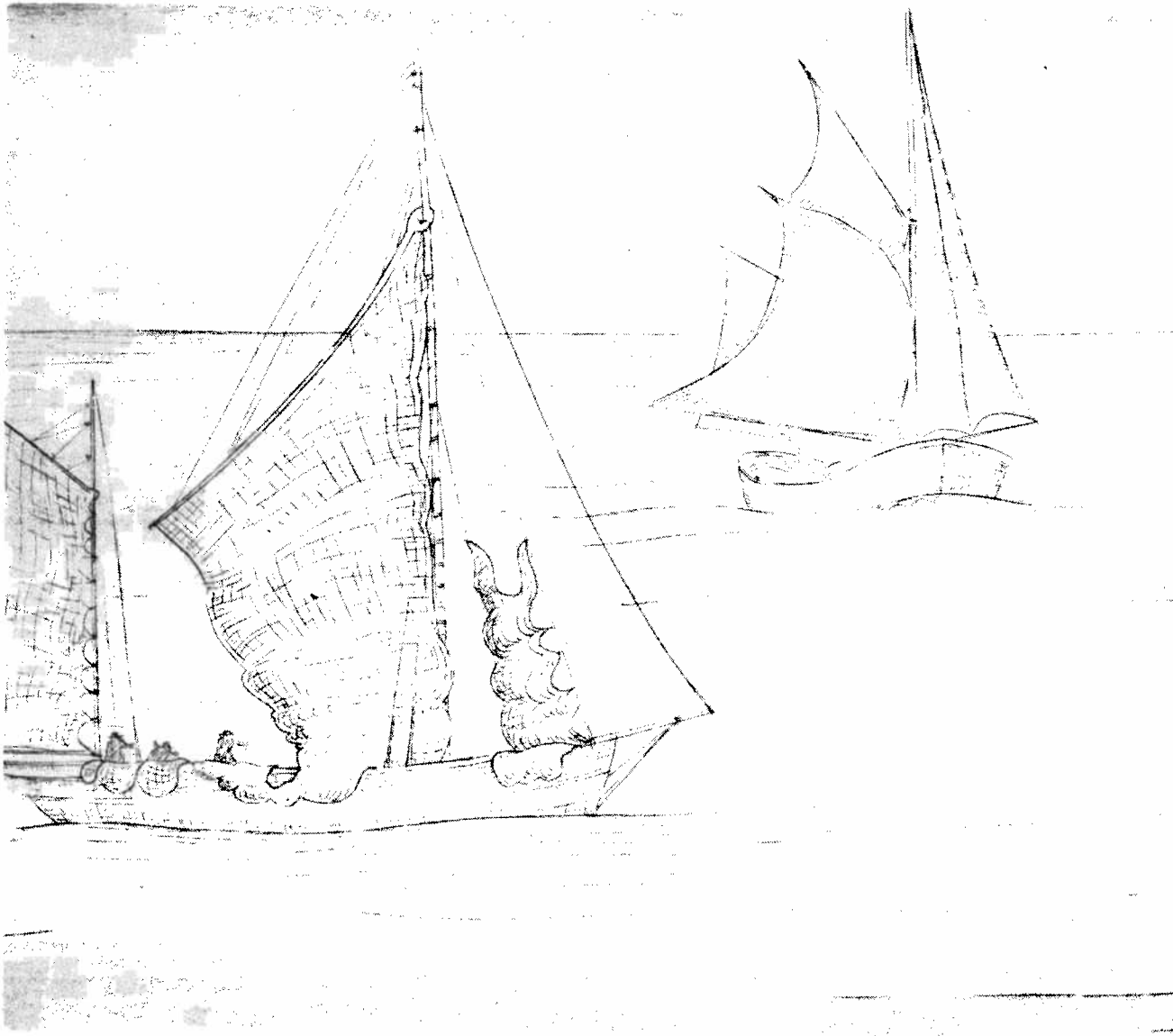
How could we, before,
 Have loved, or scorned,
 Or even have lived?

Despair creates itself,
 Creates Man and all his works.
 We can gain nothing without loss

Harry Daum



Jeff Weiss



Mike Patterson

U.S.S. TURNER JOY (DD-951)

I didn't like her
on sight.
A bloodless dull color,
she had the experienced look
of the sailor's whore.

She stood by the pier
a cruel look about her,
for she carried herself
with an aggressiveness
out-of-place
in this quiet city.

She had many admirers
following a smiling sailor-boy
eager to show her
private parts.
He had lived with her
many months,
he said proudly,
caressing her much-handled sides.

I stared at her for a long time
puzzled.
How did this hag lure men
into boarding her?
What promises did she whisper
to young ears?

Mary-Alice Eldon

LAST CHANCE

We're like innocent children
sired at the gates of hell
Crying a song of freedom
though on deaf ears only it fell,
While those crouched deaf-mutes
were thinking "now whose soul can we sell?"

I've only one question.

As we're flying through eternity
We're only touching on what we could be,
We're flying naked though for all to see,
Though at this speed reality is just
a blur to me.

Sometimes you know I see you
Amidst the smog and the din
I catch a note of despair
Then I look back to where we've been.

America, if you fall will you
rise again?

Mark Gray

HALF AS GREAT

A holocaust!
Like fire it sweeps us—
Creating burned out depression and spreading fear.
Unattached 20 is Serious!
The panic rages on—
The society page brags conquests.
Girls! Get your man—
Statistics prove chances are HALF as great after 20!

—Laurel Morris—

The Black Sleep

Anna Rose Barskey

Exile. Permanent, irrevocable exile. A few personal belongings, some tools, and one-way passage to one of the remote planet colonies. So ruled the High Earth Judicial Council. Judson Edward Alexander had been convicted of treason and subversion against the United Earth Government.

Judd felt the stab of the needle and the coldness of the anesthetic as it entered his vein. In an hour he would enter suspended animation and the trip to his new home would begin.

Judd let the drug take effect. He could feel a faint dizziness overtake him. He knew he was being sealed into the life sustaining capsule aboard the ship, but he didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore. Once long ago he would have cared. He would have fought the injection. He would have fought the sentence. He would have done anything to save himself. The inquisitors

and guards had done their jobs well. By the time Judd had faced the judges he wasn't even able to dispute their verdict or deny the charges.

His mind was rapidly feeling the effects of the drug. He could form images, but he could no longer sustain a thought for long.

He wondered if Urline would be sent to the same planet colony. No. He had learned not to expect humane treatment from the Council.

He thought of his mother.

She had been a tall, dark woman with hazel eyes that always seemed to be smiling at him. The United Earth Government had exiled her when Judd was just seven. He had loved her. After her banishment he had been sent to one of the Government's boarding schools. He had detested it.

Urline. His beloved wife. His lover. The mother of his child. Where would they send you? He hoped she would be sent to one of the older colonies. Maybe

she would have a chance there.

The house. He remembered the house. It had belonged to his grandmother. She had looked like his mother. She had loved him and he had loved her. She had been arrested when Judd was five. He remembered the Government Agents who came for her wearing uniforms of terror and guns of death. His grandmother had been calm. She had kissed him and his mother before they took her away. He never saw her again.

Darkness. The darkness of oblivion. He felt it seep into his very bones. He knew that time would pass as he slept the Black Sleep. He knew he would be at his destination when another injection revived him.

In the lounge of the space transport the copilot ate a sandwich and talked with the captain. "Alexander out yet?"

The captain smiled through yellow stained teeth, "Relax Sam. Give him another ten minutes then you can eject him."

You caught my soul
by surprise
And took me into your
crystal cloud of
Laughter.
And made me forget
all my sorrow.
And who else could
take me on such a trip.
Oh, carousel of delight
Envelope my
weary soul
Bring light hours
to my darkened heart
of woe.

To know you so
endlessly
Without prime
emotion
To enjoy and forget
and then be thrust
into the stormy waters
the dreaded peak
Means of destruction
Love.

To feel the thunder of time...
unfolding
And the rhythm of your heart...
increasing
The wisdom so intelligently
comprised
Evaporates - and you're left
so helpless
And wandering through the
abrupt phrases--
You cry mountains
The depth of the main
For whatever reason--
cleanses the soul.

For one and only one thought...
This too shall pass.

Karen Brandt

I love you...I think...Thanks anyway.

Combat the flow and
bind the rest,
Desecrate and defile
her cherry breast,
no beauty in life
your hurry has confessed.

Wonders of live, struggles of life,
mystery above, pain for my wife.

So many shapes, descriptions refrain,
my wife's eternal lesion has its
magnetic gain.

Pull back, let go tension and release,
its polar attraction don't call the police.

The day is coming when the earth
will be filled and that fecund lesion
to its fullest passion devoutly tilled.

What then God?
What then does thou will?
Mark Gray

And then the sun came out
Bringing rays of vibes so good
And then he took me into his heart--
A cave I could rest in - bubbly joy effervescent
I cried my last tear--
A volcano inside - outside exploded
With its - lava covering my world--
touching yours
Feel its heat
Intense reflections
I touch your lips so differently--
With fingers, lips, not eyes--
But as always heart.

I can be a well of giving without an end.
Infinite songs of joy I can bring your
worn worn heart--
Weary with dulled pain
Ah rest it for awhile--
Let me teach it to feel again
Gently gently fear not.
It's only good--
How can you resist joy?

Karen Brandt

Forgotten dreams,
Suddenly appear in flash-a-back.
Short celluloid flip-a-trips,
Sins denouement.

Kenton Sutherland
Instructor,
English & Foreign Languages

THE INTRUSION

How inconsiderate, these
reflections of a society wrought
in painful clamor
they intrude on my spirit's solitude
of peace
with harshness jabbing, brought
in discordant twang
to a rapid nervous beat
dull percussion

Oh, lord,
ease this troubled lot
infringing unfairly on my soul
trampling rampant across my mind
drowning cleans thoughts of mine
with crashing despair
by means of the clashing din
these Godawful bands dispense

Mark Baird

TRIPPING WITH MONEY TO SPARE

Let me take you on a journey.
A trip you will never forget.
The cost is almost nothing
And there is no limitation on the distance you choose.

You can go to the south
with plenty of time to spare.
Or maybe you would like the north,
It's quite pleasant this time of year.

Not too far, you say.
You want to stay close to home.
That is purely up to you.
Pick a place and you can be there.

This trip is not a physical one,
It is a trip in your mind.
Everyone can enjoy it.
Many already have taken the necessary climb.

Just let yourself go,
It's good for the expsnion of your mind.
Of course you know
There is the possibility of never returning.

Vinnie Baldwin

LOVE ME

Spill sweetly
over
me,
saturating me
with sunshine-dripped
kisses
in the warm
honey
afternoon--
while daytime air,
humming with nectar,
lays thickly on
our
moist bodies
lightly scented
our tenderness...
our overflowing
love.

Anonymous

The Longest Night

by Terry Gilles

Upon arising, it took a while for me to realize where I was. After such a long sleep, my mind was foggy and it was hard to tell the difference between dreams and reality. Feeling was just returning to my fingers, my toes still felt wooden, I stumbled as I crossed the dusty tile floor, holding onto the counters for support.

It had been a long time since I'd seen the lab, perhaps fifty years. I don't know, the clock had long since stopped running, permanently stuck with broken hands pointing to ten and three, the year was blank. Gradually I tried to piece together the fragments of memory, the sight of distant faces. For many years I had slept expecting welcome when I woke up, now finding no one.

God damn it, they'd lied to me when they explained the experiment, sitting in the small green conference room (which, if I remembered correctly, was down the hallway, through the door with the tarnished knob). It was then that the doctors carefully explained the necessity of using a human to experiment, to see the after effects of induced long-term freezing. "Oh no," explained one nameless grey haired doctor, "we won't keep you under for more than a few years, nothing dangerous." Nothing dangerous my eye. Something had screwed up, and here I was in a timelost laboratory feeling sick (damn sick) tired and sore. Hell, what was I supposed to do. I'm no doctor, no scientist, just an average woman standing in the dusty hulk of a long deserted lab ... nothing dangerous about that...

Actually, all I wanted to do was to crawl back into the little cubicle, turn on the machines and sleep in a perpetual limbo. The only hitch was I don't know how to turn on the machinery.

With a painful intensity, the tingling in my 'outer extremities' made me more conscious of the fact that I had better do something. At least eat. Or

go to the bathroom, if I could find one. "How do you like that Mr. Scientists?" said I, the dupe of an experiment. "I have all these symptoms to record, and you're all probably dead."

It wasn't until I said "You bastards" that I realized I wasn't talking to anybody, anyone or anything. By the way, where were the people?

It comes as a real blow to your ego to awaken, expecting heroism, to find

any vandal, even one lousy mugger, a rapist, anybody. "I might even accept a dog," I said to the walls of crumbled brick and flourishing ivy (poison ivy always flourished, it's never content with just 'rambling').

Jesus, the whole school was molding and crumbling, the walls had fallen in on each other, the carpets rotted in the rain. The sun was just setting over unfamiliar hills, casting long solemn shadows. A lizard or

just glorious? It looked like I would be alone here for a long time, or at least for the night.

Hesitating, I went back to the lab to spend the night, looking with distaste at the spider which sat on the wall beside the door. It was my only company so I decided to leave it in peace.

There is absolutely no need to discuss that night. It was a pure hell of doubt and fear, horror, hatred for those who had done this to me. All that can be said is that the tired, skinny woman who resembled me let go to all emotions, leaving me drained when the sun rose...

For the better part of the morning I tried to remember it all. I had been lonely, that's why I'd volunteered for this. I still don't know why they chose me. Perhaps because I had nothing to lose. With a jail sentence of twenty years-to-life for the 'crimes' the judge, a kindly old man with a brush-cut hair style that made the top of his head look flat, called "hideous, a danger to society, malevolent, blah blah blah." I was a person "with no redeeming value," wasn't I?? Probably.

Here was my chance to start my own society, where I could be redeemer, king, god, and loyal subject. Too bad I didn't want to rule over a crumbled echoing set of ruins. (Perhaps a tour bus would come through later in the afternoon bringing gaping old ladies in muu muus and sandals dragging their husbands).

Anyway, I volunteered for this experiment, hearing of it from the prison psychologist. At first, I didn't jump at his offer, I was due to be released in 2010 when I was 45...

Then the glamour of prison life wore off. After my 18 months in deep freeze, followed up with two years of observation, with luck, I would be free to try my new role as a reformed, famous, and possibly wealthy woman.

It took a long time, a lot of interviews, tests, and medical examinations, before the panel of doctors informed me that I was the

lucky one. (For some reason my luck always bites me in the leg...)

I was flown here, to the college lab, and spent three months, an anonymous stranger to the students, rarely venturing outside. For the most part it was more tests, examinations, plus exercises. Special diets caused me to lose 17 pounds. Special lectures and discussions with faceless, strange instructors kept my mind from rotting.

They stuck the needles into me, fixed the diodes, and plugged me into the computer sometime in June at 5 p.m. one foggy morning. From then on my memory only hands me wisps of dreams, some good, some terrifying nightmares from which I couldn't wake up.

I don't know why I awoke, I don't know what happened ... I just can't say. It doesn't seem like a war (atomic at least) did all this, at least the world doesn't look like science fiction writers predicted it would after a massive atomic attack. There are probably people out there (where is there and who are they?) Hell, how am I supposed to know.

Anyway, the tour bus hasn't come, no old ladies are stumbling around shrieking at mice or lizards, searching for something to take home as souvenir (take me Lady, I'm cheap and I'm clean).

Tomorrow, I'm going to start my hike into the pine wood. I found a hickory tree, I can find more. Most likely there is someone around who can explain. If not my greatest wish; to rule the world (empty though it be) will be fulfilled.



Lou Warneke

instead that you are forced to talk to yourself, without even the piece of cheese an experimental rat would find.

After taking care of my immediate needs, I realized that my nausea came from lack of solid foods. So, I went in search of my promised award banquet ("You'll probably get the Nobel Peace Prize for this," the small, blond psychiatrist had said in an envious voice). It took about 40 minutes to pry open the doors which led outside the lab to the campus of the small eastern college, nameless to minimize the danger from "vandals or other idiots" (so they said). I certainly would welcome

mouse (it moved too fast for me to be sure) flew between two rocks. Slowly and carefully I made my way to the cafeteria. It had been huge, several stories high, with bare walls and a smell reminiscent of old Velveeta cheese, or glue. This building too, had fallen, the concrete pitted with age, the now-common poison ivy crawling over the remnants.

There was no possibility of food here. There had not been a town close to campus (I now remembered what a hassle it had been getting my prescription medicine which I had forgotten to pack when I came here to participate in the glorious triumph of man over death). My, didn't I feel

WeatherVane

Vol. 6, No. 26
Canada College
Redwood City, California

Spring Semester Staff:

Editor: Blob Coupon
News Editor: Terry Tarantula
Layout Editor: The Shadow
Sports Editor: Father O'Reilly
Photo Editor: The Toker
Women's Editor: Mama Bear
Thrills Editor: Old Mother Hubbard
Ad Editor: Goldilocks
Surfing Editor: Ricc Ricardo

DEDICATED TO PAPA BEAR

'Canada Enlightened My Views'

To the Editor:

In May of 1969 I entered Canada College with third grade skills and could barely read. I was twenty-seven years old and very determined to learn. Since 1969 I have been working 36-40 hours weekly at the Charles R. Drew Health Center in East Palo Alto. My job is quite important — working with people in the ghetto, young people of the ghetto who suffer as I do.

Empirically speaking, my ghetto experiences and suffering will better qualify me to feel and share those problems than someone who has not known the suffering of ghetto people. My intelligence and determination to learn have enabled me to go on plugging away at learning.

School has helped me by enlightening my views on life. Unlike many people, I had a chance to see myself grow in knowledge over the past four and a half years here at Canada College, even though at times my feelings were very ambivalent about much of what was reality. My unique personality enabled me to accept it for what it is. I would like to think that while attending Canada my anger was placated with knowledge. School also has made me aware of my intellectual strengths and has enabled me to understand some of the

unique experiences I've had in life. In addition, I think it's rational for me to say that my informal learnings have helped me to see much more clearly what's really going on.

I can foresee none of this happening without the help of Dr. Pagels. Dr. Pagels is a qualified, concerned English teacher. He is a well-read man and takes great pride in helping when he sees that the person is willing to help himself. He's not only a good teacher of thinking — he's also a counselor, a friend in need who is a friend indeed. The best way I can summarize this is by saying I have always been impressed by Dr. Pagels' intelligence and his dedication to teaching.

Another teacher whose time and help I greatly appreciate and love dearly is Mrs. Whitmore.

Psychology classes undoubtedly helped me to be more sure of my philosophies. The philosophies of instructors and men we've read about have helped me to think in depth and look at things from a broader point of view. Most important, my experience here has allowed me to test my own beliefs and ideas against those of other people. All in all, the classes and instructors at Canada have really helped me get myself together.

LeRoy Johnson

Empathy Needed

To the Editor:

For years, student presidents and members of student government expressed their disappointment and frustrations in continuing their role as leaders of the Canada College student body. It is, only too simplistic to conclude that they were lacking the necessary integrity, patience, concern, maturity, devotion and willingness to sacrifice themselves for the betterment of all at Canada.

It seems to me that it is time to expose the possibility of another explanation. Students that were brought to confront the contradictions that exist in our society in the late sixties and seventies, were a sort of "different breed." Much as I hate to admit, the existing structure, which as yet is in need of restructuring in order to accommodate the continuous progress of society, is not flexible enough as a means to facilitate the manifestation of the sincerity and concern of those who are actively involved in student politics. Granted, in a democratic society, working within the structured system, in this case our cherished Canada campus, is the ultimate concern, and yet the predicament seems to immediately prevail — i.e. can a dynamic, progressive goal be realized within an inflexible, bureaucratic and rigid structure. Giving such a predicament, the active and concerned students, regardless of their political orientation, cannot help but sense the hypocrisy of their situation.

Are we, therefore, in order to maintain this inflexible organizational system, to sacrifice those innovative, talented, dynamic and progressive potential student leaders? Or should we reexamine the inadequacy and rigidness of the organization itself?

Student apathy is not a disease, it is merely a symptom of another as yet to be determined disease within the system. I, as a member of this system, ironic as it may sound, call upon all of you to reflect and search for a best possible way to bring us all together again in the Fall. Students, Faculty and the Big Brothers Unite! Power to all of us, and let us make Canada a place of equal learning and more empathy than apathy.

Frank Young

Party!

Join the fun and come to the biggest Pot Luck of the year. The feast will be held at Vista Del Mar Restaurant on Skyline, Sat., June 8th, from 11:00 a.m. on. Tickets are \$1, and winner of a drawing will receive a waterbed. Games and music will follow lunch.

Bernard Wins

Complaint Troubles Winner

Alex Bernard is next semester's ASCC president, despite some controversy over the conduct of last week's election.

Albert Franklin won the vice presidency, Debra Ference the treasurer's post, and Jan Carey is the new Controller of Activities. Filling three representative-at-large vacancies will be Victoria Hamilton, Carol Leavitt, and Barbara Davis-Story. In the only contested race, Bernard accumulated 131 votes to Robert Elliot's 82 and Aurelio Correa's 34 votes. The top vote-getter was Jan Carey with 185; 250 ballots were cast altogether.

A complaint was made Tuesday that supporters of Bernard were openly soliciting votes within 50 feet of the election area, which Election Commissioner Joe Younger (see 'Election' letter) calls "both ethically and legally improper."

Bernard was in the hospital during the election, recuperating from an auto accident. He was ostensibly upset by the accusation. "I took it as a personal insult."

Bernard's immediate plans are to "meet with the rest of the people and lay down the basic foundation." One of five winners from the Prison Project, the heavy, bearded student would like to see more activities on campus, "and whenever an activity is planned, it should be presented to the student body first for their consent." He'd also like to see suggestion boxes around campus so student needs can be gauged.

Presidential runnerup Robert Elliot said he lost

"because maybe I didn't try hard enough." Elliot thought the eight percent turnout demonstrated "a lack of communication more than student apathy." Elliot is "more than satisfied with the election" and feels Bernard is "a qualified, hard-working person."

Al Franklin, presently a rep-at-large, moves into the vice-president's chair. A journalism major, he is active in the Prison Project. Franklin is organizing a Summer Music Festival involving both Canada and Sequoia High School District musicians. He'd like to see more film showings and a Fall Festival designed to raise money for a day care center and other student services. Franklin would also like to see a new grievance procedure that activates student government. "There must be more recognition and appreciation of Canada from the community."

New Controller of Activities Jan Carey would like to draw from the talent on campus. "I'm tired of anglo rock groups." She'd like to work with the music and drama departments as well as recruit good speakers and films from outside. "People should be more involved in what is happening." Echoing Bernard's sentiments, Jan contends the election complaint is "a personal insult to Alex and the whole Prison Project slate."

Treasurer Debra Ference, however, felt the complaint was "very valid. I saw it myself. It was unethical." Debra will "continue working for the needs of students."

Quarrel Clarified

Open letter to students, faculty, staff and administration:

On Friday, May 24, 1974 at 10 a.m. there was an open session on "The Chicano Story — A History of Neglect, 1968-1974." Everybody was invited and about 40 people attended. It was intended to be an informational session, and that is precisely what it was. I talked about the lack of Chicano-Latino certificated staff on the campus and tried to give the people who attended an historical perspective. Questions were asked and they were answered.

Saturday morning May 24 I came to the campus to work in the office. I picked up the mail which had been delivered to my mailbox Friday afternoon. Included in the mail was a small lettersize, manila envelope. It was sealed. It did not have my name on it. Someone had hand carried the letter to the work room where I have an assigned mail slot. There was a short typewritten note in the manila envelope. The note was unsigned and read as follows. "Are you so insecure that you must USE the students to hold on to your job?????—?" Normally I would have just had a good laugh and discarded the note but it dawned upon me that there might be other people on campus with similar feelings.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE UNSIGNED NOTE AND TO OTHERS WHOMIGHT HAVE THE SAME FEELING THAT, 'I AM TRYING TO SECURE MY POSITION ON CAMPUS BY USING STUDENTS,' I DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING BRIEF EXPLANATION.

The hiring of a Chicano-Latino on a full-time basis would mean the opposite of what you are suggesting. That person hired would more than likely take over some of the responsibility that in the past has been mine. In one sense my position on the campus is very secure. As long as there is a need for the development of Chicano-Latino courses, programs; a need for a Chicano advocate; a need for improved communications with the Spanish speaking community, I HAVE A JOB. There is more than enough work for me at Canada College. I merely wish to share some of my responsibilities with another Chicano-Latino.

Next time you have something to say I wish you could be more secure and sign your name to your own note. Better still bring your concern to me. Maybe we can talk about it over a cup of coffee. Who knows, we might discover that we agree more than we disagree.

Gilberto de la Rocha

Shape Up, Bookstore!

Dear People,

We don't feel that we can let this semester come to an end without a comment about the bookstore and, especially, its personnel. On most occasions, we have encountered rude and discourteous employees who seem to feel that they're doing us a favor by serving us. We have been kept waiting in long lines needlessly, we have been reprimanded like children for trivial matters, and we have not been treated like paying customers but more like major annoyances in the lives of the employees. Trying to find a smile on any one of their faces is like trying to find a needle in a haystack. The bookstore's purpose is to serve us and is there for our benefit. It is not there so that we may be subjected to the negative attitude of the employees. We feel that there must be many Canada students who would be more than happy to serve their fellow students and would do so in a pleasant manner. If the present employees do not feel happy in their present capacity, and it appears that they are not, we feel that they

should look for other more satisfying work.

Roxanne Coffey
Clare Vlamming
Erin Callaghan
Mary Draper

Election

To the Editor:

It has come to my attention that improper campaigning took place on both Thursday and Friday in the ASCC election area. People in the balloting area and those behind the table were openly soliciting votes for candidates. I know that it is both ethically and legally improper to campaign within fifty feet of the polling booth and as election commissioner, I have full responsibility for any impropriety. I would like to assure that we will do everything possible to see that this doesn't occur in future ASCC elections. I also would like to take this opportunity to publicly apologize to the entire student body.

Joe Younger

Commissioner of Elections