

Faculty Elected to Presidential Search Committee

by Jill Stewart

The election of six faculty to serve on the Presidential Search Committee has ended on an anti-climactic note. Six faculty were chosen, but three are out of town and one wants to decline the position.

The six are: Bill Brown, Carolyn Dobbs, Richard Jones, Linda Kahan, Maxine Mimms, and Joye Peskin. They were elected by the faculty by written ballot on Tuesday, but had not been officially notified as late as yesterday afternoon.

A proposal to form a Presidential Search Committee comprised of six faculty, three staff, and three students will be presented to the Board of Trustees by the elected group today. However, Dobbs, Mimms, and Peskin will be off campus for the remainder of the week and Richard Jones has said he is "prepared to try to decline." He said he had not realized he would be elected and is too busy with his

duties on the Academic Consultative Council (formerly the Faculty Leadership Group) to serve on the Search Committee.

Linda Kahan had no statement but did indicate she would serve on the Search Committee.

It is expected that the Board of Trustees and the elected faculty will devise some beginning procedures for the Search Committee at the Board of Trustees meeting today at 10:45 a.m. in the Board Room. However, the board could reject the proposed committee and organize one of their own.

In other action at today's meeting the board will make a decision on the dismissal of Dumisani Maraire, former Evergreen faculty member. Maraire was terminated in June for violation of the social contract. He appealed that decision to an all-campus hearing board, which upheld the original termination. That decision was appealed to the Board of Trustees on July 23.

Oly Late-Night Drag Scene Heavy Hang Outs, Mean Machines



by Jim Wright

Garish street-lights illuminate rows of drive-ins, seedy 7-11 stores, gas stations, and used car lots. Engines rumble and reverberate and tires screech in the background. Colors kaleidoscope past in a blur of motion . . . A jet-black van sinisterly embellished with red-orange flames leaps past, chased by a sleazy '63 Impala in hot pursuit. The air is a pungent mixture of gasoline exhaust and wafting aromas of equally deadly hamburgers and French fries. The moon is full . . .

Down the street, a traffic light winks green, and two monster machines tear off, neck-to-neck. Simultaneously, a blue siren flashes from nowhere, and the pace slackens noticeably to allow for this unwelcome interruption. As the intruder retreats into darkness, the action soon resumes in high gear. An orange convertible full of gawking, blushing, waving girls swings by.

"American Graffiti" repeats itself like clockwork here every Friday and Saturday night — except that this is not Southern California of the late 50's and early 60's, but Olympia, Washington in 1976.

A veteran cruiser of the Olympia circuit of the 1950's reminisces back on the fabulous fifties . . . — "When you think about it — It's like 'Happy Days.' I en-

joyed it." Apparently, little has changed since then. No matter how dead Olympia may seem during the week, its streets explode into life on Friday and Saturday nights with automobiles of all shapes, makes and colors, and multitudes of fanatic teen-agers.

The action is only as far away as Harrison Street and the Westside Eagan's drive-in, a traditional hot spot since 1946. And while Olympia's Cooper Point Road may not be Los Angeles' Sepulveda Blvd., it's obvious that they serve similar purposes as remote late-night drag strips. In fact, rumor has it that our own Evergreen parkway is used occasionally for this purpose. Welcome back to "Happy Days" — with one important exception. Gasoline is now 55 cents a gallon . . .

Cruising has become a ritual of sorts among teen-agers who are old enough to drive but not yet old enough to drink — legally, anyway. Author Tom Wolfe notes in *The Kandy-Colored, Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby* that if there is one thing teen-agers pay attention to above all, it is adherence to an established form of behavior. Actions are governed by unwritten rules according to a pre-set pattern. Cruising in Olympia is no exception.

Needless to say, a cruiser is nowhere without a car. Thirty-four year old past



Rick Dowd

The winning pumpkin in the Library's First Annual Great Geo/Pumpkin Contest will be chosen today at 1 p.m. Several pumpkins entered the competition, sporting names such as "Space Pumpkin X-13" and "Dame Jacqueline O'Lantern." To the winner goes a \$20 gift certificate at Jo Mama's, a local pizza restaurant.

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and present cruiser and Evergreen graduate George Barner observes . . . "This culture — You just got to accept the fact that to get somewhere you had to have a car or know someone who had one." A cruiser's car is crucial to his ego and self-identity. In a line reminiscent of "American Graffiti," an anonymous friend of George Barner's recalls that "As a matter of fact, it was easier to go up and kick the shit out of someone than to park your butt on their car. You didn't screw with anyone's car!"

Olympia's cruising circuit is a somewhat distended network of one-way streets and main thoroughfares connecting Olympia with Tumwater and Lacey . . . I begin at the parking lot in front of Shakey's Pizza in the Westside Shopping Center. I check to make sure my park lights are on. I peel out onto Division Street, wait at the stoplight and turn left onto Harrison heading down into town. I watch out for the cop in the alley across from Eagan's but he's not there tonight. Off to a good start. I cross the 4th Avenue bridge and disregard Reuben's Drive-in on the left next to Mark-it Foods completely. Only greasers hang out there.

I hang a right at Capitol Way and head up the hill for rough, tough Tumwater. I pass a Dairy Queen on the left without stopping. No one hangs out there because the parking lot is too small. My destination is the Tumwater Pizza Hut and accompanying 7-11 store. On the way, I pass another Eagan's, but this one is a family joint, and no one hangs out there either. When I get to the 7-11 parking lot, I turn in and pull up front, just to make sure everyone can see me. My parking lights are left on.

When I leave, I am careful not to peel out, because a friend has warned me that "In Tumwater you're charged for how much per inch of rubber you lay on the street. The cops get out a ruler and measure it and then you get fined that much." I retrace my route back down the hill into Olympia, to the intersection of 4th and Capitol, where I turn right onto 4th and head up a different hill towards Lacey. I see the cop lurking in his usual spot alongside Lew Rents just in time, and slow down. He pulls someone behind me over instead. I was lucky that time.

I continue on out Martin Way cautiously, remembering a different warning from the same friend . . . "You don't check. You just go slow 'cuz you know they're there." I turn right off Martin Way when I get to Sleater-Kinney Rd. Here, my eyes are confronted with a dazzling array of drive-ins and other quick-order food places including a McDonald's, an Eagan's Big Tom, a Winchell's Donuts, a Baskin-Robbins, and a Sambo's Restaurant for late-night coffee drinkers. I finally go to McDonald's for a Quarter-Pounder with Cheese. I drive across the street to Winchell's for dessert before turning back onto Sleater-Kinney to Pacific Avenue where I turn right and head back for Olympia.

My mind wanders as I drive, and I remember an older friend telling me about her cruising days back in 1964 . . . "We'd keep going clear up 4th and we knew if we went 25 mph all the way that all the lights would be green and we could go all the way up without stopping. That was sort of a neat thing to do — make the entire loop without stopping . . ." Fat chance of that anymore. I think, as I lurch to a halt at a stoplight.

Pacific Avenue becomes one-way State Avenue as it drops back down into Olympia heading for the west side. I rumble back through town, passing a couple of beat-up junker cars parked side-by-side on my right. I slow down as I come up on the sharp corner where State Ave. turns back into 4th, remembering the words of an Olympia policeman . . . "This corner . . . All the telephone poles have concrete reinforcement. If you get a guy from out of town and he doesn't know the town, here's a good place for him to lose it . . ." But I round the corner uneventfully and head on up the hill, once again on Harrison Street. I turn right on Division and then wing a left into the Shakey's parking lot, being careful not to scrape my dual exhaust pipes on the curb as I enter. Feels good to be home.

Hang-outs are very important to teen-agers as social space. They reflect typical teen-age concerns with independence, mobility, and visibility. Evergreen assistant to Dean Larry Stenberg and cruiser of 1964 Bonnie Hiltz remembers that "At drive-ins you hardly ever got anything to

(please turn to page 3)

Letters Letters Letters Lett



Ford Gilbreath

ENTERTAINMENT COLUMN TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY?

To the Editor:

Re: Arts and Entertainment column referring to *The Shootist*, "John Wayne as a heroin addicted cowboy." Page 7, Vol. V Number 3 of the *Cooper Point Journal*.

Is your column to be considered as a serious guide to entertainment? If your response is no, then I'd agree that the reviews often reflect that stance. If we are to read the *Journal* to get some idea of plot prior to attending a movie or play, then I believe such off-hand comments are unprofessional and unacceptable.

The Shootist, while enacted in the western format, is about a terminally ill old man who hasn't needed or found anything or anyone. He now requires a place to die, someone to feed him and a drug (morphine) to help him get through another day of pain. This movie says a lot about people being alone, old, and sick. About heroin addiction it has nothing to say! I enjoyed this movie — the first John Wayne movie I have ever paid to see — and I hope that others don't let your flip review dissuade them from going to see it.

Rita Cooper

GAY & WOMEN'S CENTERS EDITED

To the Editor:

In the article last week on the student groups, in the women's center and the gay resource center statements of purpose, there was a noticeable edit. Both of

our original statements said that we were concerned with and support the other student groups in their struggles against discrimination. We recognize the need of editing for space but the statements were extremely short to begin with and our statement of unity is too important to be cut out. We highly suggest that in the future you be more aware about how your editing might stifle, frustrate and confuse communication between ourselves and the students we are here to serve.

The Women's Center
The Gay Resource Center

Another Fable for Our Time: THE FACULTY AND THE DEAN

Once upon a time a group of animals started a new school because they were unhappy about the way the older ones were being run. They complained about there being too many arbitrary rules, not enough freedom, no sense of community, and an administration that seemed remote and uninterested in real education. And so they got together and agreed that each of them would simply teach what he or she wanted to whom ever would come to learn. The school ran very smoothly at first. The birds gave flying lessons, the squirrels taught self-sufficient living through nut storage, and the beavers taught architecture and engineering. Gradually more and more animals came to teach their specialties and learn from others.

But as the school grew larger it developed some problems. Sometimes two groups wanted to meet at the same time and place, so logs and trees and caves had to be scheduled. Sometimes two or three of the animals wanted

to teach together, but there were conflicts about who was going to teach with whom and what was going to be taught each year, and these difficulties had to be worked out. As the number of teachers grew it became hard for all of them to meet together and discuss their mutual concerns; discussions tended to become speechmaking and went off in ten directions at once.

So one day some of the animals put their heads together and decided that they needed an administrator — a dean to make some of the decisions and to generally coordinate the school. They called all the animals together and presented their plan.

"You see," they explained, "in other schools the dean is just an administrator who doesn't understand the faculty because he isn't one of them. But here we will just make one of our own number a dean for a while. He will still just be one of us and he will help us run the school the way we want it run."

"Yes, yes," cried some other animals. "What a fine idea. We need to elect one of us dean."

"Then who will do it?" asked the bear. "I would do it myself, except this year I am working with one of the squirrels on an exciting interdisciplinary program centering around the economics and nutrition of honey and nuts."

Several names were suggested, and then someone shouted, "I nominate Bill Beaver."

"Oh, wonderful." "A noble fellow." "Just the man," ex-

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claimed several others, and amid great furor and acclaim he was quickly elected.

"I'm really very pleased by your confidence in me," said the beaver modestly. "I'll certainly do my best. As a matter of fact, I've got several ideas that I'd like to tell you about," and he walked up to the front of the group and started to explain them.

But as he spoke, a strange thing happened. Suddenly he no longer looked like their old friend Bill the Beaver to most of the animals. Suddenly he looked alien and very threatening.

"Look, look," cried a goose. "There's a stranger up there trying to tell us what to do."

The woodchuck jumped up and yelled, "Don't listen to him, don't listen to him! He's trying to make all kinds of rules for us. We can do it ourselves."

Then most of the animals flew about in a panic, crying, "Oh, mercy sakes. Oh, heaven help us. What are we going to do?"

"Don't worry," said an old tomat. "We'll start a Union. We'll all stick together and fight this thing. We won't let him make rules for us and fire us because we don't obey them. Join

the Union! Solidarity forever!"

Just then the owl, who all this time had kept his mouth shut, cleared his throat, and when the mob had quieted a bit he said, "I think you're all crazy! That's just our old friend Bill the Beaver up there, and if you'll shut up and listen to him for a minute you'll see that he's just saying the same things that we've always said to each other. I don't see that he's any threat."

"Fool, dupe, scab," shouted some of leaders, and they chased after the owl and ran him out of the forest. "The same thing will happen to anyone else who opposes us," they said. "Now let's get to work and draw up a contract we can force that darn administration to sign."

"But what a shame," added the woodchuck. "This used to be such a nice place in the old days when we used to just talk to each other — before we had Us on one side and Them on the other." And with a sigh he went off with the others.

MORAL: If you don't know who your enemies are, it is best to invent them.

— Burton S. Guttman

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The Alphabet Odyssey

by Tim Girvin

We all know what the Alphabet is: a group of markings approximating various sounds which, in turn, form words imparting their various meanings to us. But most of us, through a fantastic Alphabet overload, have truly forgotten the power of the Alphabet, a collection of ancient markings traversing 4000 years of aesthetic development, cultural transmission, mutilation and survival to reach the present time. Poets and other lovers of language know it to be a potent mystery to be arranged and manipulated to uncover, to convey the image. An expressive tool.

I have just returned from a search through Great Britain, Europe, and Russia, for the greatest lovers of letters: the Calligraphers, the Fine Printers, the Letter Sculptors — to whom a single gestured stroke, an impression, the nuance of an incision in stone expresses a whole poem, a world. I have met with the Masters of the letters to enhance my own comprehension of the Alphabet.

London is one of the calligraphic centers of the world, a vast repository of the traditions of the past and as well the birthing ground of new developments in letters. I wandered about the museums, collections, libraries of London and the surrounding cities to study the old books, the drawn books, the magic books, produced to capture the glory of God's Heaven, others: Hell, other books wove the absolute majesty of a single poem. All books were weavings of illustration to text until they were a gallery for the reader, initiated to Language, to explore and understand. I spent two weeks learning gilding, the medieval practice of laying on breath-light sheets of pounded gold to a humidity-sensitive raised paste, which is then burnished to brilliance with an agate stone. It was used during the Middle Ages to express "the Light beyond all lights" and the supernatural. Now it is exploited for cost and luxury.

In a web about Britain are the Letter Workers, concealed by distance and disinterest in public exposure. I conferred with Heather Child, the calm and regal matriarch of English calligraphy, master of a sure and delicate hand. Madeline Dinkel, whose hair-light flourishes glisten upon clear glass and swirl upon ceramics, revels in her own eccentricity. Issam El-Said, a Sudani painter, architect, author, and calligrapher, maps the sacred phrases of the Qur'an in the mystical geometric letter constructions of Kufa. I stayed with David Kindersley, a swift stone cutter of letters and sculpture, the slate chipping away like butter beneath his facile fingers and blades. Working in a medieval tower, gargoyles guarding the vaulting, he and his partners explore computer spacing, type design, and new letterforms. Will Carter explores, too. An extraordinary printer, he impresses the best crisp lead type into thick paper. He makes books an edible design feast to wanner through. I



approached Othman Waqiala, a traditional arabic calligrapher. He knows the formulas, the ancient design canons, the symbolisms. All were to remain undisclosed: "You must seek out a *Shaykh* in Istanbul . . ." In Wales, Iuan Rees, a wild man born of the earth, with multi-fisted pommels for hands to split bold strokes in stone and wood, to splash explosive calligraphy on paper, rending the reed. His curly hair drafts in an arc away from his face and his inspiration is the architecture of the leaves, the trees. Beautiful books with the words, letters, and drawings all forming the pattern of the fabric whole. This is the work of Alison Urwick.

I watched, talked, tried, learned.

And to Germany, the ancestral sunrise of printing, where calligraphy was once a soaring art and now is lost in the struggle of modernity and the American Appearance.

There is a brush calligrapher and type designer, living *now*, his German talk and writing a bundle of dynamic gesture. Karlgeorg Hoefler. Nearby is the pensive Hans Schmidt. He is a woodcutter, sculptor, typographer. He creates shifting root-like letters, and others which blink in Klee visions of positive and negative. I met with Herman Zapf and his wife, Gudrun Zapf von Hesse. Zapf is the grand master, a designer of forty type faces, typographical designer, and master calligrapher; his hand is forged to a deadly accuracy. Gudrun Zapf von Hesse is an excellent de-

signer, bookbinder, and calligraphic artist in her own right.

I got criticisms, thoughts on design, and knowledge of new letters and techniques.

On a southern train to Austria I journeyed to meet my mentor Friedrich Neugebauer. He is now a publisher of extraordinary childrens' picture books, and a maker of original calligraphic manuscripts. He is one of the best.

He understood the art during WWII in an English War Prisoner Camp in Egypt. From a piece of bamboo he fabricated his only tool; his writing surfaces were toilet and stolen typing papers. He ground his pigments from the Sahara, paste came from flour, and binding materials were clothing fabric and helmet lining. He passed the books to me carefully, speaking quietly, one by one.

One man remembered an essay; Neugebauer would write it. Another man knew an old song, another knew the notes; Neugebauer would make a folding book of it. It kept him alive. He is centered in his art.

I listened, watched. I practiced.

In Estonia is the 60 year old patriarch of Russian calligraphy, Villu Toots. I correspond with him. He said, "Come to a symposium on calligraphy, lettering, and letters." I went. Moscow was dark, foreboding, and cold. Mysterious. The back streets were bare, old; the people in grey, afraid to talk. Young people talked in subdued clusters in obscure alleys and corners. At dawn I flew to N. Russia, to the

medieval capital of Estonia: Tallinn. Its ancient walled city, the old Russia, is surrounded by the new Soviet Union, a clamoring array of smoking industria. Still, these people were different, more alive and happier.

Villu Toots was the happiest. A glorious man with fiery eyes. He is as vitalic as his art; dancing, whipping, grasping, and demanding attention.

The symposium was entitled KIRI-KA-ASAEG, 76, and was staged in a huge hall, its portals guarded by a massive 30 foot bust of Lenin staring fixedly into the distance. The walls were bedecked with powerful red curtains separated by portraits of Soviet officialdom. "MODERN LETTER-ART" was attended by over 500 Moscowians, Moldavians, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Finns, Germans, two English people, and one American, all listening carefully to earphones murmuring simultaneous translation. We had dialogues on type design, graphic design, the necessity of change in letterforms teaching, the process of pen to type, innovative uses of lettering, book design and palaeography. I spoke on contemporary American activities, societies, individual calligraphers, typographical lettering, sign painting, and my own work. I created a small exhibit of examples, catalogs, brochures, society publications, posters, slides, and my portfolio. A ravenous horde of designers descended upon it, carefully and thoroughly examining and distributing the material through the audience. They are starved, yet they produce exciting new achievements in the realm of letters.

I met with a number of Estonian artists: weavers, sculptors, printmakers, and bookbinders. They were also starved of outside material, but they're making, and beautifully. The "artist status" is unique in Estonia and is extremely difficult to attain. After one is accepted into the League of Artists Institute and its extensive six to seven year Masters program, the selected artist becomes a sort of ward of the State. It is possible to survive solely as an artist or craftsman from supporting commissions from the State, from exhibitions, book illustration, and the sale of individual commissions. There seems to be no restriction of personal style or expression. All artists asked for books and catalogs on the arts in the U.S.

I return exhilarated with the uncovering of whole new worlds of images, directions, expressions. Like some pilgrim, I sought the roots of the Letter experience, journeying from shrine to shrine, seeking all stations of the immense Alphabet labyrinth. Now perhaps closer to the center, I witness the majesty of a huge tree.

Tim Girvin received an award grant made under the training program of the Western States Arts Foundation through its supporting grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Cruisin' in Oly

(continued from page 1)

go. You got it and you stayed there and ate. It was cool to hang around after you finished eating, especially if your friends were there — You just sort of mingled . . . Hang-outs are first and foremost places to see and be seen. Eating is only a feeble excuse for being there, in the first place.

In Olympia, Eagan's is as good a place as any to hang out. A former Evergreen employee, 1964 cruiser Candy LeClerc, recalls of Eagan's that "We used to call it 'buzzing' — buzzing Eagan's." Custom dictates that there is only one correct way to make the scene at Eagan's. An Eagan's employee describes the ritual . . . "They go through the stoplight and turn into the parking lot. They cruise through real slow to see if there's anybody they know. They back in, so they can watch all the other cars come in. They get out of their cars and lean against them. They lift up their hoods and look at their engines. They stand back and look them over . . . When they leave, they peel out into the street." That's the motor-head scene at Eagan's.

Olympia's social elite — athletes, cheer-



leaders, student body officers — prefer to avoid the "grease-monkey" environment at Eagan's, and hang out at Shakey's in the Westside Shopping Center instead. Al-

though Shakey's lost a lot of popularity when its foosball tables were removed, it remains the most popular spot in the area, if for no other reason than because

it has a large, well-lit parking lot. A Shakey's employee explains: "We have a big empty parking lot. It's just somewhere they can all get together. It's like a party in a room only with cars in a parking lot."

Shakey's apparently appeals to a much broader cross-section of cruising teenagers from Olympia, Tumwater, and Lacey, whereas Eagan's is primarily a Westside (Olympia) hang-out.

Visibility is the ultimate consideration however. Kim Eagan, an Eagan's employee, notes that "When we close, we turn off the lights, so it's dark. Then they all move to a different parking lot — any one that's lighted." Whoever heard of hanging out in a dark parking lot anyway?

If nothing else, it is obvious that cruising is a teen-age means to pass time among peers who are all playing the same game by the same rules. Nineteen fifties' cruiser George Barner recalls that "In the fifties, you made your own excitement."

It doesn't take long to realize that the same situation exists still today. Cruising is not as aimless as it seems, nor is Olympia quite as dead as it appears to be.

Candidate Forum Here Tonight

22nd District Features Personality Contest

(Editor's note: Tonight, at 7 p.m., there will be a candidate's forum in the main lobby of Ever-

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green's library. At that time candidates for a variety of local elective positions will be on hand to answer questions and present their views. Thurston County Commissioner candidates Harold Anderson, George Barner, Del Pettit and Ken Stevens will be there; also State Senate candidates Del Bausch and Harry Elway and State House of Representatives candidates Jerry Gray and Ron Keller; John Hendricks and Mike Kreidler. In this feature, the Journal takes a close look at one of those races.)

by Stan Shore

"The experience I've gained in the Legislature can prove very valuable, not just to myself, but to the people I represent," said Republican John Hendricks, the first position representative from the 22nd district since 1972.

"You still have the Old Guard . . . the Community establishment [in elected offices]. A few years ago, if you weren't born and raised here, you wouldn't have gotten elected to anything, but I think that's changed," said

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John Hendricks

Democrat Mike Kreidler, a North Thurston School Board member who is challenging Hendricks this year.

The 22nd District, where Evergreen is located, comprises all of Thurston County. It includes the city of Lacey; the city of Tumwater, home of the beer Washington's state capital was named after; and, of course, Olympia itself.

ISSUES

The contest between Hendricks, 63, and Kreidler, who at 32 is almost half his age, lacks any clear-cut issues to divide the candidates. Instead, it is a matter of personalities, perceived competence, and to some extent, generations.

In Washington, the legislature meets only part-time. There are, like the federal government, two houses: the Senate and House of Representatives. Their salaries, approximately \$7,200 a year, are low enough that few would think to live on it alone. Kreidler is an optometrist, and Hendricks, who owns the Rexall in Westside Shopping Center, is a pharmacist.

Both men are opposed to Initiative 325, the ballot proposition which would curtail the development of nuclear power plants in Washington. The initiative is popular among many environmentalists and students.

Both men also oppose oil supertankers on Puget Sound; Hendricks voted for the state-imposed ban on them this last session.

Both also favor decriminalizing marijuana, and adopting instead the type of law which Cal-

ifornia has. In California, possession of a small amount is a minor misdemeanor, like speeding, and is seldom prosecuted.

Likewise, both favor lowering the drinking age to 19 and both, with reservations, think that Evergreen is doing a great job.

HENDRICKS

"Hendricks is a friendly, outgoing guy . . . He's the sort that has a reputation if someone needs drugs, a prescription, and can't pay for it immediately, well that's okay, they can wait to pay . . . That's the kind of guy John Hendricks is," someone said recently. It would not be such a remarkable description if it had not come from a close and ardent Kreidler supporter.

Working at his own pharmacy, Hendricks has a chance to meet many of his constituents, including Evergreen students, each day, and he greets many of them by first name. Although born in Tacoma, Hendricks has been a resident of Olympia for 35 years. He has served on the YMCA board, 14 years on the Olympia School Board, and is a past president of the Kiwanis.

An affable man, Hendricks is not as articulate as he is sincere. When talking about issues, he is knowledgeable, but not minutely so. He does not have a storehouse of statistics to accentuate his points. He is clearly at his best as a representative of Chamber of Commerce type philosophy.

"There is a real responsibility," he acknowledges, "to try and represent all the people in this district: both the business community and the approximately 7,000 state employees. I'm a businessman. I subscribe to the free enterprise system . . . Small business is the backbone of this country . . ."

"I don't understand how anyone can get turned off on business," Hendricks said. "I can understand not wanting to be a banker, or not wanting to have



Mike Kreidler

some particular job, but to be against business in general . . ."

This deeply felt loyalty to business has netted Hendricks strong financial support from different political committees representing the business community. *United for Washington* is a political committee which contributes to many state legislative candidates, and whose list of donors reads like a Who's Who in Washington state business. It has given almost \$2,000 to the Hendricks campaign, out of a total campaign expenditure of almost \$11,000.

Hendricks, who is a giant of a man, well over six feet tall, speaks easily and personably, even if he sometimes becomes tongue-tied. He seems to view issues in a very personal way: in terms of people he knows, and bills he's voted for. In the legislature, he most often votes along Republican party lines.

KREIDLER

The first time many people saw Kreidler was during Olympia's annual summer fest, Lakefair. He was an odd sight: a small, well-dressed man passing out white helium balloons with his own name on them.

The Kreidler campaign has picked up a lot of support since then, particularly after his powerful primary victory in September, which made him the Democratic nominee. At that time, he scored a dual victory: beating both his Democratic opponents and picking up enough votes to out-poll Hendricks. As a result he is the odds on favorite to win in next week's election.

(please see next page, top)

in our lounge thru November 7

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ing 20-30 times faster, attaining speeds that approach 6,000 words per minute.

Our average graduate should read 7-10 times faster upon completion of the courses with marked improvement in comprehension and concentration.

For those who would like additional information, a series of free, one hour orientation lectures have been scheduled.

These free meetings will be held at the following times and location:

GOVERNOR HOUSE

Thursday	Oct. 28 — 6:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m.
Friday	Oct. 29 — 6:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m.
Saturday	Oct. 30 — 10:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m.
Monday	Nov. 1 — 6:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday	Nov. 2 — 6:30 p.m., 8:30 p.m.

GOVERNMENT JOB AND GRADUATE SCHOOL INFORMATION DAY

Wednesday, November 3, 9:00 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. in Library 3112/Board Room

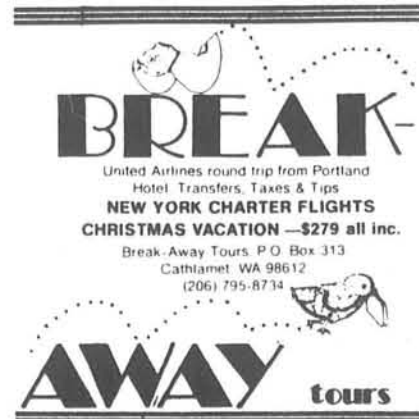
FORMAT: Morning workshops on Job Market and Job Search, and Resumes, Applications and Interviews. Afternoon workshop on Graduate School Information and Individual interviews with professional representatives.

REPRESENTATIVES INCLUDE: Seattle Office of Women's Rights, Human Rights Commission, Social Security Administration, Washington State Department of Personnel, Pierce County Manpower Planning, House Office of Program Research, Seattle City Council. Plus the University of Oregon and University of Washington.

TO PARTICIPATE: Register today in the Career Planning and Placement Office (Library 1214). Interviews will be assigned on a first come, first served basis.

TO PREPARE: Attend a special Job and Graduate School Preparation Workshop on Monday, November 1 at 4:00 p.m. in the Career Resource Center (Library 1213).

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CONTACT: Career Planning and Placement (Library 1214) 866-6193



Kreidler - Hendricks

(continued from facing page)

Kreidler is a more thoughtful and articulate candidate than Hendricks, whom he refers to only as "the incumbent." There is the air about Kreidler of a budding professional politician. He views his candidacy as a challenge by the younger, better educated people in the district, including professional and skilled public employees, against the "old guard," men who are well-established and lifelong residents.

A member of the North Thurston school board, Kreidler is proud of his "three degrees," which he spent "nine or ten years" earning. He speaks with authority and precision, often adding the phrase, "That's a fact," to his more important points.

"In order to get elected," Kreidler explained, "you don't go out and make hairline decisions on issues that are 50 - 50 with the voters. You do that and you don't get elected."

Kreidler has spent approximately the same amount of money as Hendricks on his campaign, and he is proud of the fact that a good deal of it comes from small individual contributions.

This race between an optometrist and a pharmacist will most likely be decided by whether voters prefer the experienced, friendly manner of Hendricks or the crisp, competent professionalism of Kreidler. That, or the toss of a coin, because there are no issues dividing them.

• A workshop, **Math Made Simple For Astrological Chart Makers**, will be taught Thursdays Nov. 4 - Dec. 16 in Lib. 4003 by Rosalie de Stefano, a professional member of the American Federation of Astrologers. Class limit 20, fee \$3.00 per person per week. To register call Ann Harrelson, 357-9630.

• Students interested in sports should leave their names and how they may be contacted with Reynard Gordon or Katey Steele in CRC 302. So far, informal organized sports are nowhere here, but interest continues sporadically for volleyball, basketball, and running. Special interest workshops in racketball, speed bag hitting, weight lifting, and volleyball are scheduled regularly in addition to swimming lessons.

• Membership application to the River Rats, Geoduck Yacht Club, or the Evergreen Alpine Society is accomplished by visiting CRC 302. Sailboats, kayaks, rafts, and items of climbing equipment are available to students proficient in their use.

• A rally to support Solar Energy will be held Nov. 1 at 1:00 on the Capitol grounds for all people who feel our society needs to develop solar energy at a faster rate. Show your support and attend.

• Saturday October 30 at 10:00 a.m. a self-help workshop will be sponsored by the Women's Clinic and you. Bring a mirror, a flashlight, and a speculum if you have one (and 75 cents if you don't so you can buy one). We'll be teaching women how to do self-breast exams and self-speculum exams. Located in Health Services Lounge, Seminar 2110. For questions call 866-6238.

• A student forum of seminar delegates and other interested students will be held Friday, Oct. 29 at noon in Lib. 4004 to: 1) select seven at-large representatives to the Sounding Board, 2) discuss the ramifications of the proposed Geoboard and adopt appropriate strategies, and 3) continue the grassroots democratic process that did some important growing last year.

• If you are concerned about some of the more fundamental problems afflicting our state today such as: taxation, growth of the bureaucracy, school financing, local government authority, rights of individuals, and environmental protection, the Commission for Constitutional Alternatives urges that you attend the Constitutional Forums series in October and November. The forums will be held at St. Martin's College cafeteria from 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. on Nov. 3, 10 and 17.

CAREER FILM SERIES

Topic: Women and Career Development
Date: Friday, November 5, 1976
Date: 2:00 - 4:00 p.m., Place: CAB 110
Contact Career Planning & Placement for more information at Lib. 1214 or phone: 866-6193



CLASSIFIEDS

Help, I've lost my puppy. She is small, white, and furry - a female and her name is Paddy. She was lost around ASH Saturday night. Please call if you have seen her. I really want her back. Anne Connelly, ASH #67, 866-8504

Artist needed for weekly commercial assignment. Payment negotiable. Elaine Ward, 426-1118.

Entertainers wanted for ASH snack bar (CHRIS' ICE CREAM), Fridays and Saturdays. Contact Elaine Ward, 426-1118.

Marantz 1120 amplifier purchased 4 months ago. Has been in use for one month. Best offer over \$350, 352-4941

NICE CATS. Rachel and Sally need a new home (or homes). They are adult, spayed females 3 - 4 years old. Affectionate, stay-at-home types - go well with laps, fireplaces, children, etc. Sally: a "plain clothes" Siamese with tiger stripes. Rachel: a "pretty kitty," gray, pink, and white lady. One or both could add warmth and fuzziness to your life... See or call Kay Atwood Lib 1218, Phone 6205 or 352-0999.

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GRAY has limited contributions to a \$100.00 maximum and refused contributions from outside Thurston County.

?
Public Disclosure Commission Reports (10-7-76) show contributions from outside Thurston County, and outside our state totalling thousands of dollars. Contributors include a transportation lobby group from Cleveland, Ohio (9-24-76), and Bethlehem Steel of Bethlehem, PA. (10-7-76). \$1,500. is reported from one source alone.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE
GOP 22DIST POS 2

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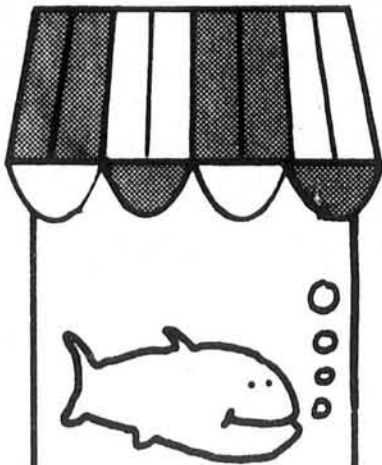
TAPES
RUGS
PILLOWS

This Man Has Everything for Heads and Beds!



SENIOR EMPLOYMENT
SEMINAR

Subject: How to Plan
and Conduct a Job Search
Date: Thursday, November 4
Time: 3:30 p.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Place: CareerResourceCenter
Library 1213



Olympia
Fish Market

Lon & Pat Hogue
208 W. 4th
357-6762

Swine Flu Vaccinations

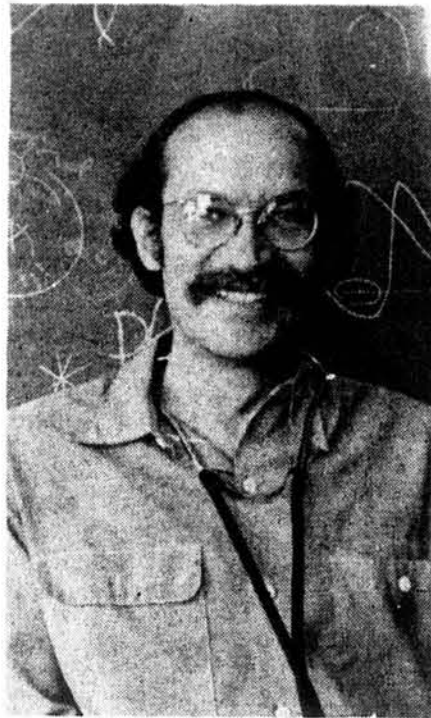
Should You or Shouldn't You?

by Brad Pokorny

"For people who ask if they should take it, all I can say is; you can ask Jerry Ford. He's taken it, and I've taken it myself. We are trying to make the vaccine as available as possible. Beyond that, it's really a take it or leave it proposition." So says Dr. John V. Deshayé, the district health officer for Thurston County, in talking about whether Evergreen students should seek inoculation against the much publicized Swine Flu.

Garnering a straight answer on how important the vaccinations really are is difficult. Evergreen physician Dr. David Peterson, when asked about the need for vaccination against the Swine Flu, said, "I have no opinion at all. I got my shot last week. I happened to be walking by the hospital cafeteria and saw a bunch of people lined up. I asked what was going on and they said they were giving Swine Flu shots. So I rolled up my sleeve. What the hell. I can give you the government recommendations."

Most physicians are standing by the government recommendations. Deshayé said, "The Public Health Service says that those between 18 and 56 should come



Dr. Dave Peterson

in for the monovalent vaccine, and those older or with any chronic debilitating diseases should get the bivalent vaccine." President Ford launched the 135 million dollar public inoculation program last March after one soldier died and others were infected at Fort Dix, N.J. with a strain of virus said to be similar

to the one that caused 10-20 million deaths around the world in 1918. Complications are the prime danger in influenza. Victims are usually treated to a few days of fever, chills, headache, dry coughing, and sore muscles. But severe viruses, such as the 1918 version, weaken certain people and open the door to secondary infections, such as pneumonia. Dr. Peterson put it this way, "A good bug comes along every once in a while and wipes out a whole bunch of people — people who are probably ready to go anyway."

Swine Flu vaccine has been produced in two types. The monovalent inoculum is directed only against Swine Flu, while the bivalent is designed to be effective against both the A/New Jersey /76 (Swine Flu's official name) and the A/Victoria strains. The number of doses of bivalent are limited, so it is being reserved for people over 57 years of age and others with a high risk condition. Anyone with heart or kidney trouble, diabetes, or respiratory problems is advised to seek immunization with the bivalent vaccine.

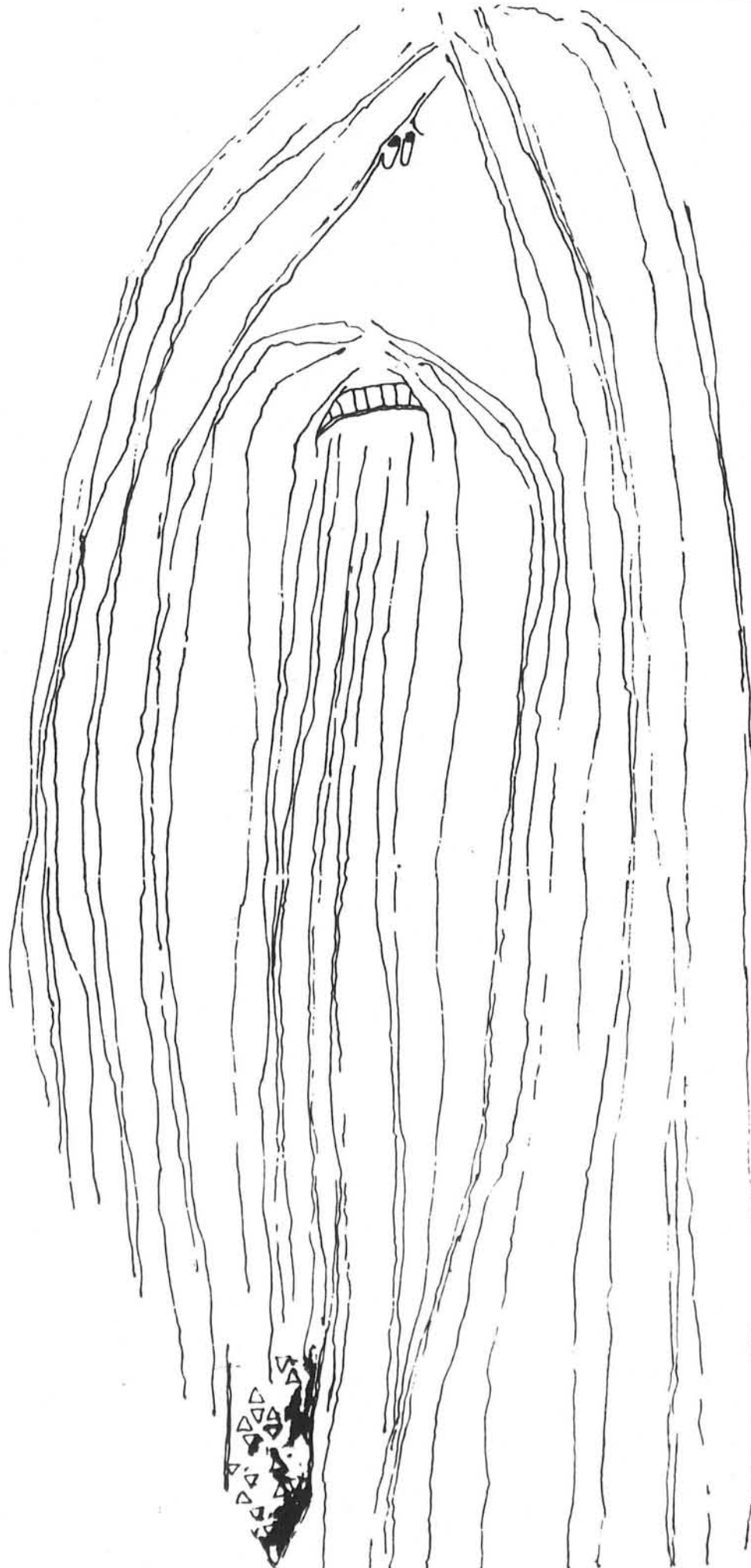
The government literature speaks of the Fort Dix virus with

narrow-eyed sternness. The decision to confront the Swine Flu is defended with a rhetorical question: "Do you gamble with dollars, or lives?" Yet many people feel the program is unjustified. Six British volunteers exposed to the Fort Dix strain developed only mild illness, and the disease was not unusually contagious. No outbreaks of Swine Flu have been reported since the New Jersey episode, and no other countries have initiated immunization programs. Some attribute the death of the soldier to exhaustion, as he had just taken a long hike, and contend there is no proof that this virus is going to sweep the country in a deadly epidemic. Dr. Peterson questioned the probability of a major outbreak this winter and indicated he did not feel strongly about vaccinations for young people. "I think Evergreen students are among the least susceptible population — except those with heart trouble or other chronic diseases," he said.

A few authorities even contend the program is harmful, pointing to the possible side effects of vaccination. Dr. Deshayé discounts the deaths of the elderly people in the east, saying that a certain percentage of old people die every day, and the fact they were inoculated on a particular day has nothing to do with their deaths. He also blames the "outer space approach" of using mass inoculation jet injectors instead of regular needles for causing the anxiety that might have contributed to those heart attack deaths. "We use a more personal approach, with a small painless needle and syringe. And we have not had any reports of any serious side effects after giving about eight thousand shots here. A few sore arms maybe, but nothing serious," he said. He also said that perhaps two or three percent of the population would get a mild reaction after vaccination, suffering a slight fever and assorted aches.

Beyond the medical realm, the Swine Flu program has been touted as more of a political shot in the arm than a public health measure. One local physician briefly wondered about governmental ulterior motive in light of the total lack of Swine Flu cases since Ft. Dix. And the lack of viruses in the air does leave plenty of room for speculation. There are jokes about the vaccine actually being a mass inoculation for the Defense Department's latest biological weapon, or perhaps a live test of our nation's ability to respond to new microorganisms.

Should you decide a Swine Flu shot makes sense for you, the free, quick, and painless vaccinations are available at the Thurston-Mason County Health District offices on 524 W. 4th in Olympia between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

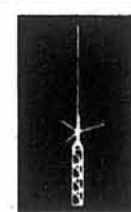


Remember to call Mom to thank her for the tie.

Tell her how well it goes with your hair.
She'll be glad you did.
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Entertainment



THE HAIRY WOMAN
Aldrich, 1942

Freaks: A Confession of Evil

by Matt Groening

Tod Browning's *FREAKS* will be shown in Lecture Hall One on Friday, October 29, as part of the Friday Nite Film Series. The show times are 3, 7, and 9:30 p.m. The cost is 75 cents.

Every intelligent kid I knew when I was growing up was obsessed with freaks at one time or another. I think our curiosities were triggered at the first sight of the Munchkins in *The Wizard of Oz*, and by the time the Flying Monkeys showed up on the screen a life-long, embarrassing obsession was firmly implanted in our tiny, unformed minds.

I like to think our morbid fixation was an unconscious revolt against a placid, boring, suburban life-style, but I fear it was merely a creepy love of loathsomeness which caused us to immerse ourselves in abnormality of all shapes and sizes.

In the fourth grade we formed a secret organization called the Creature Club, and our apt little motto was "I'm Peculiar." The Creature Club's president was a doctor's son, so we used to go over to his house and pore through dusty old medical books full of photos of cyclops babies, victims of elephantiasis, and the like. We didn't waste our time on homogenized Hanna-Barbara cartoons like our peers, but searched diligently for new extremes in the lower depths of unwholesome weirdness. We watched the TV show *You Asked For It* religiously, and whenever we were in the Seattle area visiting friends or relatives we never missed *Freak Wrestling*, a program which featured grunting midgets. We memorized passages from the *Guinness Book of World Records*, *Ripley's Believe It or Not*, *The American Way of Death*, and *Miss Lonelyhearts*. We all read P.T. Barnum's autobiography and took turns with *Duet For a Lifetime*, the story of Cheng and Eng, the Siamese Twins. Some of us even got through Gunter Grass' *The Tin Drum*, and we all were enchanted by the sniggering hunchback in the novel *Candy*.

But literature did not slake our thirst for the bizarre. We carefully passed around a jar of embalming fluid a club member had found in his attic, and went on bike tours of some of the local cemeteries. A couple of the more daring club members actually snuck into the back of a mortuary and reported back, bug-eyed and breathlessly, "The shower . . . has straps!" We stared at the two-headed stuffed lamb at the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry time and again, and if the Right to Life people had been crusading in those days, we probably would have hung around just to eye their bottled fetuses over an extended period of time.

The Creature Club finally broke up in frustration after we spent the club's entire treasury (\$35) on back issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, which were ripped up by a disgruntled older brother of one of the club members who broke into the padlocked club closet in a fit of pique when we voted unanimously to keep him out of all club activities. He also stole the club's secret *Playboy* magazine collection, but I don't know if he ripped them up or not.

All of us pretty much put our temporary preoccupation with the grotesque out of our minds, and when something happened to remind us of the Creature Club or its activities, we dismissed that warped period in our lives as "a growing experience."

But when we arrived at college we found we weren't as monstrous as we had thought we were: other kids had grown up with the same morbid drives we had, and many of them carried their contemplation of deviation to extremes which we had not thought possible. Dog-eared copies of *Very Special People* and *We Are Not As Others Are* haunted their libraries, and they watched and re-watched movies like *Sisters*, *Fellini Satyricon*, and *Don't Look Now*, the last of which reveals Little Red Riding Hood to be a psychotic dwarf with a machete. Right down the hall in the dorms were kids who took delight in recreating the scene when the Sheriff came to

investigate a death, and others who liked to eat light bulbs or wish they could fellate themselves. One young woman made it her New Year's Resolution for three years in a row to sleep with a midget; she finally accomplished that goal.

All of this somehow brings me to the original topic of this essay, which is Tod Browning's 1932 horror masterpiece, *FREAKS*. This long-banned movie will disappoint no one who has somewhere within him- or herself the Creature Club mentality. *FREAKS* gives it to you both ways: as a voyeuristic sideshow thrill, and as a sympathetic, although crude, portrayal of the adjustments and miseries in the lives of total physical outcasts. The film also asks some profound questions, and the answers may haunt you.

Two things make *FREAKS* unique among horror movies. First, apart from the few "normal" actors, all the roles are taken by actual circus freaks of all types: dwarfs, midgets, Siamese twins, limbless persons, and so on. The "monsters" in this movie cannot be dismissed as fantasy — they were born the way they now appear, to an extent their screen lives mirror their actual lives, and *they are real*. Second, the freaks are depicted with great sympathy, a complete reversal of the expectations in a traditional horror movie. We are given life from the freaks' point of view, and after the first visual shock we find we can accept it, to an extent. It is the "normals" who are seen as cruel and evil, as non-human, as an irrational nightmare. This pervasive evil eventually overcomes the freaks, though, and they turn on their tormentors with a chilling and grimly satisfying act of vengeance.

I suppose one of the main impulses behind the desire to view the inmates of zoos, insane asylums, and sideshows is to reassure the outsider of his or her own physical and moral superiority. *FREAKS* fairly effectively subverts that desire through the compassionate treatment of its stars, some of whom we get to know and like as individuals. Harry Earles as Hans, the circus midget, is completely charming, despite stiff lines and awkward acting. Frieda, another midget (played by Daisy Earles), is just as appealing, even though her acting is even worse than her husband's.

Notwithstanding the sympathetic rendering of the freaks' lives, *FREAKS* is ultimately a film of horror. Although we are taken in by the gentleness and tolerance in their lives, our physical revulsion cannot be denied, however much we may wish to do so. Perhaps the most revealing example of this is during the feast scene, in which a "normal" is initiated into the band of freaks. Toasting her, they chant something like, "Gooble, gobble, gooble gobble, one of us, one of us! We accept her, we accept her, one of us, one of us!" Although we have no sympathy with the "normal," she is our representative in the scene, and most of us cannot help but identify with her reaction.

FREAKS is more than a morbid movie treat. It is a test — a test of tolerance, squeamishness, conditioned reflex, and aversion, all tugging against each other at the same time. The test, if you take it, has no pleasant answers, but it is important. Do we accept the truly abnormal, the inexplicable, the deviation, can we really accept it, as one of us, one of us?

Arts and Events

FILMS ON CAMPUS

Friday, October 29

FREAKS (1932, 64 min.) One of the few truly chilling horror films in a generally overrated genre — mainly because the "monsters" in this movie are actual human freaks. Despite the implicit exploitation of the abnormal people in a film such as this, they are depicted sympathetically, and it is the "normal" folks who are the villains. Frank Zaona says this is his favorite movie. SEE REVIEW IN THIS ISSUE. With **WHITE ZOMBIE** (1933, 66 min.) Bela Lugosi is the zombie, in a movie considered by some horror buffs to be outstanding. And **INSOMNIE** (France, 1964) A horror film spoof. Presented by the Friday Nite Film Series. LH One, 3, 7, and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents.

Monday, November 1, and Tuesday, November 2

THE DOUBLE DAY (56 min.) a documentary on discrimination against Latin American women. "Double Day" refers to the two jobs the women experience: as wage-earners and as wives/mothers. Presented by EPIC (Evergreen Political Information Center). LH One, Monday, 7:30 p.m.; Tuesday, noon. FREE.

Wednesday, November 3

KING LEAR (1971) Peter Brook's highly acclaimed version of Shakespeare's play. Presented as part of the Academic Film Series. LH One, 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. FREE.

IN OLYMPIA

A MATTER OF TIME, starring Liza Minelli and Ingrid Bergman. Capitol Theatre, 357-7161.

TUNNELVISION, an imitation of "The Groove Tube." Olympic Theatre, 357-3422.

SILENT MOVIE And you won't hear any laughter, either. With: **THE TWELVE CHAIRS**, another Mel Brooks movie. State Theatre, 357-4010.

GIRLS WHO DO For guys who can't. With: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY**, starring John Voight and Dustin Hoffman. Trunks and ID's will be spot-checked. Skyline Drive-In, 357-8302.

POLITICS

Thursday, October 28

THE 1976 CANDIDATES FAIR AND FORUM, featuring candidates for seats in the state legislature and in Thurston County. Each candidate will make a five-minute presentation, with open question/answer sessions following. Main Library lobby, 7-9 p.m. FREE.

MUSIC

ON CAMPUS

Thursday, October 28

SQUARE DANCE with live band and caller. Fourth Floor Library, 7:30 p.m. Donations appreciated.

Sunday, October 31.

FOLK DANCING All dances taught. College Activities Building lobby, 7:30 to 10 p.m. FREE.

Wednesday, November 3

FOLK DANCING All dances taught. College Activities Building lobby, noon to 2 p.m. FREE.

IN OLYMPIA

Friday, October 29

IRISH-AMERICAN STRING BAND English, American, and Irish folk music with Frank Ferrel, fiddle; Mark Graham, concertina, bodhran, harmonica; and Mike Saunders, guitar. Also: the annual Halloween costume contest. Applejam Folk Center, 220 East Union, 8:15 p.m. \$1.

Saturday, October 30

WALT ROBERTSON, a pioneer folksinger in the northwest. Applejam Folk Center, 8:15 p.m., \$1.

ART

ON CAMPUS

THE FIRST ANNUAL GREAT GEO/PUMPKIN CONTEST Judging will take place Thursday, October 28 by members of Evergreen's Visual Environment Group. Library, 1 p.m. FREE.


THE BONE TONES Bizarre drawings and paintings by Charles Burns, Lavone Mathison, and Scott Tillotson. Crypto Art Gallery, College Library, October 20 through November 4.

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRREL AND SWINE FLU VACCINE KIT At great expense and trouble the *Cooper Point Journal* has discovered that a local virus, carried only by stuffed albino squirrels, is even more deadly than the dreaded upcoming swine flu plague. In order to nip this impending epidemic in the bud, so to speak, we proudly present the world's first and only combination Stuffed Albino Squirrel Flu/Swine Flu Scratch 'n' Sniff Vaccine:


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RED APPLE NATURAL FOODS

New admissions director

Greg Vermillion "result-oriented"

by Steve Kruse

What words would best describe Greg Vermillion, Evergreen's new director of admissions? Experienced, aggressive, bright, and straight-talking are just a few of the descriptions that have been used for Greg throughout his young but successful career.

Vermillion took over this demanding administrative position when Ken Mayer resigned after several stormy up-and-down years here trying to keep Evergreen's enrollment at an even pace.

Even though Vermillion is only 35 years old he brings to Evergreen over 12 years of experience in the field of college admissions. After Vermillion received his BA in education from Seattle University in 1966, he went straight to St. Martin's College, where he served as director of admissions for four years. He then went on to become one of the youngest directors of admissions in the California system of higher education, by filling the position of Assistant Director of Admissions and Records for California State College-Fullerton until 1972. Greg was most recently employed as the director of admissions with California State College-Sonoma.

The 6'6" Vermillion's competitive nature was developed on the basketball court at an early age. His passionate dedication to hard work and athletics led him to a high school first team, all-state basketball selection in Montana in 1959 and again in 1960 as a senior from Shelton High School in Washington.

Greg pursued his athletic career through college where he played three years of varsity basketball for Seattle University. He then went on to coach basketball for St. Martin's and Cal-State-Fullerton.

Vermillion's expertise and positive attitude are reiterated in a late afternoon interview with *The Cooper Point Journal*. As a writer it was a pleasure to interview someone so enthusiastic and straightforward. He seemed to display all the attri-



Gene Darling

Greg Vermillion

butes of a young man with a productive future ahead of him.

What have been some of your past successes and failures?

"My major success in life is that I have come up the hard way. Nothing was ever given to me and I have earned everything that I have received — I feel good about that fact. My major failure was that I had the opportunity to play professional basketball and I passed it up because I wanted to use my education in an educational sense. I don't know if this was really a failure, but now that I look back I wish I would have taken the opportunity to play pro ball."

Your predecessor left Evergreen with a disgruntled feeling over the lack of results of his office. Do you feel that this could happen to you?

"No! I'm not aware of his problems. I'm a result-oriented man. This is perhaps one of the toughest jobs in higher education today. With support and backing my experience lends itself to the job in hand. Nothing scares me and I consider it a challenge and that's what makes it exciting for me. I wouldn't be in a job that didn't present a challenge."

Why did you take the job in the first place?

"I wanted to come home. When I left St. Martin's I did it with the specific purpose in mind of eventually coming to Evergreen. In order to do that I had to pay my dues in the higher education system. The California system offered me the best opportunity to learn a great deal in a short period of time, as well as build myself a reputation. I could go back to California any time; but this is where I wanted to be."

What are your priorities in redoing the Admissions Office?

"I want to streamline the management of the Admissions Office so there is continuity, cross-training with the staff and to work effectively as a team towards eventual boosting of enrollment. We want to focus in on recruitment of freshmen coming from the high schools in Southwestern Washington as well as the entire state. We also want to start an orientation program at the junior high level. Too many colleges overlook the value of long-range planning that centers around getting students thinking about college at an earlier age . . . I want to set up an advisory committee composed of high school and junior college counselors, to solicit their input as to how we can better serve them and their schools. This will help build up a better working relationship with the Evergreen community."

What kind of student or individual will the Admissions Office concentrate on attracting to the campus?

"I've heard the statement that Evergreen

is not for everyone — I'm not convinced of that! We will try to attract anyone who is self-motivated and wants to learn."

What can be done to help Evergreen's low retention of students?

"First we have to find out why the retention is so low. We have to design some questionnaires for students that didn't follow through on enrollment [after they were admitted] and for students that left Evergreen before graduating. Then, after assessing the problem areas, we can concentrate on eliminating them."

How would you compare Evergreen with other institutions? Are there any advantages or disadvantages to this system?

"I think in many respects that public education has failed to teach self-evaluation in a consistently effective way. I think this is something that Evergreen offers the student and that we are all becoming more aware of self-growth . . . People are so used to structured learning that it's hard to relate Evergreen's advantages to them . . . Today's higher education is a definite buyer's market for students. Competition with other institutions is unbelievable; but as people become more aware of Evergreen and its offerings the potential could be unlimited. It's the college's responsibility to make the community more aware of its potential. I would also like to see the development of an Educational Opportunity Program Office, established in the future. This way we could develop a solid working relationship with the minority of the State of Washington."

What can Evergreeners do to help the Admissions Office out?

"The public [judges] the success of any college by the amount of people that go there. Though this is an arbitrary judgment, it is a fact of life. If Evergreen is to succeed it must attract new students every year and this can only come about by a total effort by everyone to promote the college to the buying public."

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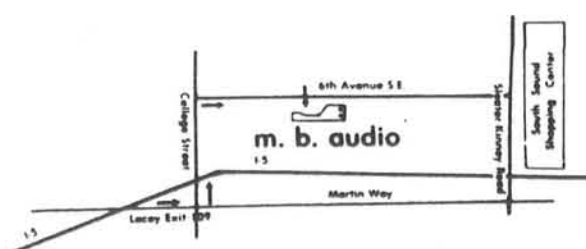
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