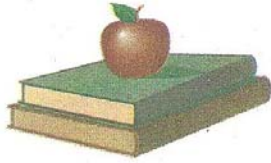


Online course nets academic degrees



education notebook

To our readers

The Education Notebook is intended to complement our regular local education coverage by presenting a wide range of education news in short form. Send your submissions to staff writer June Rich. She can be reached at 564-5258, or by fax at 966-6258, or by e-mail at jrich@newspress.com

Spending hours within the confines of a classroom was not going to cut it for Steven Van Hook, who had been interested for years in getting his master's degree.

The Santa Barbara man's busy work schedule wouldn't allow for time spent attending lectures, late-night study sessions on campus and taking regular exams. So in 1999, Van Hook turned onto the information superhighway and found a road leading to his educational success.

Van Hook, 42, received his master of arts degree in business communication last Tuesday from Jones International University, the first fully accredited online university. He and his online classmates took part in a cyber-graduation ceremony — via a live webcast. The keynote speaker was environmental advocate Erin Brockovich.

While participating in the cyber-studies, Van Hook worked in Kiev, Ukraine, as a project manager for the Ukraine Market Reform Education Program, sponsored by U.S. AID. He said the online program was



RAFAEL MALDONADO / NEWS-PRESS

Steven Van Hook earned a master's degree online.

perfect for his work schedule considering the time zone difference.

"In my opinion, I think that it's more challenging than your traditional school," he said. "I was writing two to three papers for two to three classes every week. It's the only way to prove your presence in the program. Because there's no classroom where teachers can see you, or take attendance, the only way to demonstrate that you are enrolled in a class is by writing papers. At this school,

See **EDUCATION** on B2

Online university degrees ge

EDUCATION

Continued from Page B1

you're writing all the time."

Jones' entire offerings — classes, degree programs and exams — are conducted over the Internet. It's the first one to offer selected bachelor's and master's degrees that are comparable to those offered by "brick-and-mortar" schools.

The university has more than 40 executive and professional education programs, ranging from e-commerce and information technology management to business

communications and entrepreneurship. A master of business administration degree is also offered. Many of the courses are available in both English and Spanish.

Founded in 1993, with classes first offered in 1995, the university exists completely in cyberspace except for its administrative headquarters near Denver. The professors, students and administration communicate with each other via online chat rooms and e-mail. The faculty is comprised of educators from more than 40 countries, some from such well-known institutions as UC Berke-

ley, Purdue University, Columbia University and the London School of Economics.

Several faculty members serve as the school's content experts, designing the courses and setting evaluation standards for student performance. Others are teachers who work more closely with students and act as faculty advisors. Students access their assignments, take exams and write papers via the Internet.

Dr. Pamela Pease, president, said the educational program costs about \$12,000 a year for a full load of classes, or about \$500 per three-credit course. The average course load is two classes, Pease said.

"The program is geared to those working adults that are in pursuit of a higher education degree and need a more flexible school schedule," Pease said. "Our program offers 12 terms a year, so a student can start a course every month. Instead of paying by semester, you're paying by the course. It makes it more convenient for those who are looking to go to school at their own pace."

Van Hook's Ukraine work was also an Internet project. He said that the school's accessibility made it possible for him to earn while he learned.

"It was perfect for me. As long as I had my laptop, I was in school," he said. "When I was working and had some time to myself, or even while on an airplane, I could just work on my studies. Because it's online, anyone can have access to a degree and I would strongly suggest it. For anyone in a competitive work force, the higher-paying job is going to go to one who has the advanced degree."

— Kerri Webb

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A Taste for Carpinteria Garden party & Auction

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2:00-5:00 in the afternoon

Girls Incorporated of Carpinteria

5315 Foothill Road, Carpinteria, California

For information and reservations call Suzanne Allen 684-3804.

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THE BIG PICTURE

Los Angeles — The National Center for Early Development and

ared toward working adults



RAFAEL MALDONADO / NEWS-PRESS

"At this school, you're writing all the time," says Steven Van Hook, who received his master of arts degree in business communication last Tuesday from Jones International University.

Learning and the state Department of Education have announced that California schools will participate in a national study on publicly funded prekindergarten programs.

The program will trace 160 children in 40 prekindergarten classrooms for two years beginning this fall. Officials will collect information about the children's literacy, language, math and social skills. They will also observe the quality of prekindergarten practices. The results

are intended to help public policy-making at state and local levels. Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, New York and Ohio are also slated to participate. The U.S. Department of Education will fund the study.

— Kerri Webb

THE LOOK AHEAD

Santa Barbara — A forum to found new elementary schools in the downtown area will be held at 7:30 p.m., Wednesday, at the Louise

Lowry Davis Recreation Center, 1232 De la Vina St.

The forum will feature community leaders including Gil Garcia, from the Santa Barbara City Council; Robert Pohl, former president of the Santa Barbara Elementary School District's board; and Alice Post, president of the group that is trying to get new schools established. The event is free and open to the public. For information, call 682-2204.

— June Rich

VOICES

SANTA BARBARA NEWS-PRESS ♦ MONDAY, AUGUST 20, 2001

LETTERS, E-MAIL & FAXES

Many thanks for caring rescue

Our backyard has been blessed the last six months by a pair of beautiful red-headed woodpeckers. They take turns at our feeder, one grabbing a quick bite while the other keeps watch.

This week their wariness failed a moment near dusk, and one of them ended up in the teeth of a neighbor cat, while its mate shrieked from a plum tree. Other birds flew in and joined the ruckus scolding the cat, until we looked outside to see what was up. Fortunately, we rescued the frightened woodpecker before too much damage had been done, but it was unable to fly high enough for a safe retreat. We wrapped it snug in a towel and phoned for help.

The helpful operator at 9-1-1 connected us with the Wildlife Care Network. We left a message at their number and their machine recommended late night services of the Pacific Emergency Pet Hospital.

Heather at Pacific suggested we bring the bird in for an examination, and they would care for it until someone from Wildlife came to pick it up. She gently took the bird and commented on its alertness, assuring my teary wife that if it survived the night, it should be OK. Late in the evening Maggie called us from Wildlife saying she had spoken with Pacific about the bird, and that it would be cared for.

A day later, the good Wildlife Care people, a room of birds chirping in the background, informed us the woodpecker was doing well, and after some antibiotics and a stitch, the recovered bird should soon be released back in our neighborhood.

That's good news also for the lonely woodpecker outside, who still visits our plum tree calling out for its missing mate.

Well, the fate of a woodpecker may not seem like such a remarkable issue. But given recent headlines on human cruelty, these acts of kindness to a wounded creature seem to us a redeeming comfort.

Thank you, 9-1-1, Pacific Emergency Pet Hospital and Wildlife Care Network — for giving us that.

Steven and Tanya Van Hook
Santa Barbara

CHOICE WORDS

'The fate of a woodpecker may not seem like such a remarkable issue. But given recent headlines on human cruelty, these acts of kindness ... seem to us a redeeming comfort.'

Steven and Tanya
Van Hook



RAFAEL MALDONADO / NEWS-PRESS

Traditional western fare, including homemade popovers and warm honey butter, is offered at Anton's in Old Town Goleta. Dan Gates is the owner.

1971. The library at 329 S. Salinas St. in Santa Barbara is open to the public Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

...

Steven R. Van Hook, owner of Worldwide Media Relations, has launched About Public Relations at www.publicrelations.about.com on the About.com Web site.

About.com says that every month, more than 27 million visitors log on to its site, seeking access to its more than 700 links to news, entertainment and reference information. Van Hook's site assists newcomers, job seekers and experienced public relations professionals with a collection of links and articles that focus on the public relations industry.

Van Hook recently returned to Santa Barbara from a four-year assignment managing a public education project in Ukraine. He was a television news bureau chief in Russia in 1990-91.

...

Scrapbook Heaven, featuring specialty papers, stickers, writing implements and other materials for creating custom scrapbooks, has opened at 325 E. Betteravia Ave. in Santa Maria.

We welcome information about new, expanded or relocated Santa Barbara County businesses for New Enterprise, which appears every Wednesday. Mark your submission "New Enterprise" and e-mail it to businessnews@newspress.com; mail it to Business Editor, Santa Barbara News-Press, P.O. Box 1359, Santa Barbara 93102-1359; or fax it to 966-6258.

French baguette or croissant.

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Pacific Western Aerial Surveys has announced new aerial photography of the Santa Barbara, Montecito, Carpinteria, Goleta and Painted Cave areas. Available in print and digital formats, the photography is at a scale of one inch to 1,000 feet.

Pacific Western maintains a film library of the tricity area dating to



BARBARA PETERS SMITH

VOICE FROM SANTA BARBARA/STEVEN R. VAN HOOK

Antidote to snootiness in Santa Barbara

I've had my fill. I can't take it anymore. Please heed my plea:

If I hear one more local denizen grouse about what a snooty town Santa Barbara is, I think I might pop the offender in the snoot (which is nothing against the word "snoot" itself — it has a rather charming sonance about it).

Having grown up in Santa Barbara over the mellow (and briefly turbulent) '60s and '70s, I may testify that this pervasive snootiness was not always so.

Friendly, homey, magical, paradise. Those were the words you heard attached to the town.

I didn't even know what a snoot was. I remember weekly folkdancing at the beach. You'd practice the new steps on the outskirts of the circle, until welcoming hands pulled you in. We learned the world's dances. It was certainly a celebration of multi-ethnicity, though no one ever called it such.

We just danced, young and old. I remember the Fourth of July beach party, where hundreds upon hundreds of craters and cubbies were carved in the sand for a prime fireworks view, amid warm feelings for your neighboring excavators. The only cross currents were good-natured rivalries over who's hole was the better.

I remember front-line workers and clerks who actually seemed to like their jobs and the customers they served.

Too many of them now seem much too preoccupied with how they will possibly survive another month in this town on their inadequate wages.

Santa Barbara was a quiet town, with the stress level just one notch above snooze. Then came The Change.

I'd say it started with the Reagan presidency, when he moved the White House westward to good ol' S.B. On slow news days, national reporters dug up glowing sidebar stories touting all the beauty about us. It helped justify their high expense accounts to anxious comptrollers as the newshounds took a taste of the high life.

Then came the infamous soap opera, so named as our fair city. The show is currently running nightly on prime-time Russian televi-



The exploitive media and manipulative doomsayers casting their pall of despair can indeed be countered. ☞

sion with top ratings, spreading yet further the other-world mythology surrounding our town.

Santa Barbara-ho advanced the glamour-seeking hordes, up went the snoots and property values, out moved the mellow.

What a shock it was after an extended stay away, for me to return and hear so many people bashing my beloved hometown as a haven for nothing but snooty snobs.

Not my town! Though I can appreciate the impression we must make, I have certainly seen my share of

snootier cities — San Francisco, District of Columbia, and, of course, Paris (snoot personified). We have a ways yet to go to pass those extremes.

To those who have had a proboscis full of Santa Barbara attitude, let me advise you to just say "nuts" to the snoots (note how "nuts" is a near anagram with "snoot").

Disarm the attitude with a toothy smile and a shrug.

You might even try a little sympathy. I suspect the snootiest among us are the newest arrivals, using their aloofness to mask their unsurety.

In my graduate counseling psychology courses, I learned about "emotional contagions" — those communicable mental disorders as virulent and deadly as any other noxious invader.

Hate gives way to yet more hate, fear begets fear, bigotry breeds bigotry, snootiness begets snoots; pernicious toxins all, infecting the body public.

We can, however, turn this principle to a better advantage.

We of a different mind can become infectious, contagiously congenial.

We can cop a new attitude and pass it on.

The exploitive media and manipulative doomsayers casting their pall of despair can indeed be countered. We may be inoculated against negativity and snoots with just a small prescription of perspective.

We are, each of us, much better than that. The germs of kindness, goodwill and good cheer reside within us all.

Extend your hand and spread them around.

Steven R. Van Hook is a media relations consultant living in Santa Barbara.

Letters

Thou Shalt Not Lie

Your Angry Poodle—while taking aim at local PR flack John Davies—has piddled a bit all over the public-relations profession [Aug. 10].

Let's say your cranky pooch has indeed dug up the straight poop in Davies's alleged dastardly tactics in promoting "oil companies and land grabbers" (though a little removed from the source: The poodle references a syndicated columnist who in turn excerpts an anti-public-relations watchdog reporter who—surreptitiously?—taped Davies's comments to a *Campaign and Elections* magazine audience).

Davies, according to your string of sources, advocates such practices as writing letters on behalf of quasi-concerned citizens, penning pro-client sentiments on "little kitty cat stationery" (I bet that tweaks your poodle's whiskers), or whatever else it takes to "make a strategically planned program look like a spontaneous explosion of community support." All supposedly justified under the credo, "If you don't do it, somebody else will."

Having worked in media and public relations for close to a decade, I can avow that such shady shenanigans are certainly exceptional to the rules. Let's look at just a few tenets of professional members who agree to abide by the ethical standards of the Public Relations Society of America:

A member shall not disseminate false or misleading information; a member shall adhere to the highest standards of accuracy and truth; a member shall conduct professional life in accord with the public interest; a member shall not engage in any practice which corrupts the integrity of communications or the processes of government.

We PR people are, on the whole, a moral and civically minded breed of animal, frequently graduated from the ranks of print and broadcast newshounds ourselves. Have I ever been asked to lie by a client? Yes. Will I? No.

As I explain it: If the public cannot believe everything you say, the public will not believe anything you say. Chew on that, dear poodle.

Steven R. Van Hook
Worldwide Media Relations

What most of your readers probably don't know is how much time and talent John and his firm plow back into many Santa Barbara nonprofit organizations with little or no recognition. It's not easy for reporters to find out that part of the story. They have to dig. Ask questions. Interview people.

I know *The Independent* has deadlines. We all do. I'm waiting for the "other half of the story."

Jim Ludwick

Death Be Not Probed

After reading Simon Oswitch's letter [Aug. 10] about the horrendous death of a horse at the Fiesta Rodeo, I turned immediately to the News of the Week for details. I was very surprised to find no story—was my copy defective? Since the annual rodeo is so controversial in Santa Barbara, it seems such an incident would certainly merit mention—if not a feature.

I realize *The Independent* has close ties with Old Spanish Days, but since you have reported honestly on other cross-marketed events (such as the Film Festival), doing the same with Fiesta would be welcome. I'm not putting down Fiesta in general—it's a fun party—but there's no place in this town or any other for animal cruelty. Why do we allow it year after year—and why does *The Independent* remain silent on the issue?

Joyce Wiswell

Restore the Santa Barbara Quilt

Between 1987 and 1990 more than 30 individual triangle-shaped quilts naming Santa Barbara residents who died of AIDS were sewn into a 17-foot-long panel. This AIDS Quilt is a dramatic and artful memorial for our community members affected by the AIDS epidemic. Each of the triangular quilts is unique with personal items and designs.

As a Santa Barbara resident and a person who is living with AIDS, I have a personal interest in this community panel. I attended its showing many years ago. Late last year I asked our community lead-

THE INDEPENDENT AUGUST 8, 1996

Score One for the Press

Much of Bruce Rittenhouse's letter [July 25] is worth serious consideration, especially when he enumerates several examples of our judicial system gone astray and innocent victims who have

suffered for it through horrific imprisoned years.

Let me take exception with one point.

He writes about the four individuals in Illinois who "were freed after 11 years in prison, one on death row for eight years, for crimes they did not commit. A law professor and his students not only proved they did not do it, but proved who did it."

Mr. Rittenhouse's error is referring to the "law professor," who, as was reported on a recent TV news magazine, is in fact a *journalism* professor. Truth and justice were sought in this case by fledgling reporters, not law students. This, I submit, is an important distinction, in that the ultimate arbitrator of justice is not our judicial system but the judicious public, abetted by a free and independent press.

The informed public's sense of justice and fair play will win out through the ballot-box selection of our judges, our district attorneys, and the politicians who make court appointments. In less democratic societies, the public's oppressed cry for justice will eventually erupt in revolution.

Finally and inevitably, the court of public opinion will prevail even in the face of those who would pervert the integrity of public office and the judiciary for scandalous ends.

Steven R. Van Hook

COMMENTARY

VOICE FROM LOMPOC/STEVEN R. VAN HOOK

Give men a break; we're products of our environment

Members of all manhood, unite! (Before your manhood members need to be reunited.)

Let's face it: Women are slicing off men's anatomy, refusing anti-quieted roles, demanding better treatment. The women's tired liberation movement of the 60s, 70s and 80s has become the women's armed insurrection of the 90s.

We've come a long way, brothers — from sister suffragettes to men simply suffering. All right, already. Let's do something about it.

As men, we need to respond with more than just a wince. Let's define our terms. Let's go hunting for a peace, as it were. Men are understandably confused. We are being driven away from our brains to other critical organs, we become a little addled. Women know how to use this to their advantage.

You find it throughout nature. Take the example of the male black rhinoceros. This two-ton behemoth must often pass a rigorous test by the female of the species before any handy-punky begins. The love interest will lower her head

and charge him — repeatedly. If the bewildered male is still interested after being battered about, the lady rhino might accept him as her mate. Ring a bell? In psychological warfare, women are P.D.s to our correspondence school certificates. Our shortcoming here is women think with their heads; we know all too well what men think with.

We turn to women to tell us what to do, where to go, when to go and which to wear as we go. We decide if, not in our own best interests, at least in their own best interests which somehow involve us.

Our fount of confusion these days is that, from our source of behavior guidance, are themselves unsure of what they want.

Take a look at the singles page and count the number of women seeking to be "recreated like a lady." Now what does that mean? Like a weaker sex needing a strong, paternalistic arm opening doors? (Women, beware the hand attached to that arm.)

I propose the problem is not with men. Women — as "keepers of the sex" — have always called the shots. Come on, do you deny it? Men, doomed by nature and by

our natures, are ever eager to spread our genes around whenever, wherever we might.

Women, more limited in their reproductive activity, are choosier. They select carefully, and they set the criteria by which



Men are understandably confused. We admit it in the locker rooms, let's admit it here.



men have no choice but to abide. So we men now sit, battered and bewildered like our black rhino brother, while women try to define the new criteria within their gender, and within their individual psyches.

Women must decide. What is it to be equality, subservience or superiority? But they can't have it all ways, without it leading to a nation of neurotic men scrambling between poles of behavior. Women (to paraphrase Freud): What the hell do you want? Women will oblige. Sociobiologists, gender experts and practical experience testify that if women suddenly took a hammering to upside-down men, half the race would soon be walking on its hind ends. You want a walking on its hind ends sweat just don't dump in for those cliché-testing Neanderthals. You want to walk together as equals. You have my vote.

But don't expect our poor, blood-drained brains to play multiple roles depicting upon hope-durable and poorly defined womanly whims.

We are the products of our environment. Though we may be on the path to becoming angels, our fates sink deep into the primordial muck.

We have an evolutionary heritage of brutality, might-makes-right morality, testosterone-dominated males running about their crusades, and subservient women waiting for their men to return home full of rest and lust. Men to return. Our patterns of behavior are well set

and quite likely genetically encoded. We have millennia of inherited mentality to assess and retest. As a changing species, we can certainly deal with this. At some point, we have to stop blaming our behavior on our upbringing — onto genetic predisposition.

Let's lay down our arms, be they hairy ones or stainless steel, and decide a course for our progeny to follow.

Actually, I suspect that our difference are more situational than they are gender-based. There are certain conflicts sure to arouse in any amorous relationship, whether it be between man and woman, woman and woman, man and man, or any other possible combination.

This will likely be substantiated as homosexuals become more mainstream and the tabloid talk shows focus on their inherent relationship problems.

In the meantime, ladies, I'm sitting by my phone. Where are you going to take me? What are you going to bring me? And don't forget to open the door!

Steven R. Van Hook is a Lompoc freelance writer and media relations consultant. He's in the book.

INDEPENDENT VOICES

STEVEN R. VAN HOOK

Betting Bug Invades County

Steven R. Van Hook, born and raised in Santa Barbara, has been a journalist for fifteen years in newspapers and in broadcasting. He is a media consultant living in Lompoc.

Want to make a bet? I'd be willing to wager the majority of readers are going to skip right by this piece without a passing glance on their way to the horoscope or the personal ads. I'd also gamble that if anything captures their eye it will be the above first sentence.

The betting bug bores deep into us, like a gold fever infection. The prospect of high gain for little investment is a difficult bewitchment to ignore.

The gambling industry knows and banks on this. Betting is big business. How big? In 1992, Americans spent more on gambling than was spent on books, movies, recorded music, and amusement parks (Disney take note) combined.

Tally receipts from Las Vegas, church bingo, Indian tribe gaming, riverboat casinos, state lotteries, sports bets, dog and horse racing, and other legal wagering in '92, and Americans pony up some \$330 billion in gambling stakes (that's a gain of 1,800 percent since 1976).

Last year, for the first time, more Americans made trips to casinos than they did to major league ballparks. Casino gambling is now allowed in 23 states, and 37 states operate their own

lotteries.

How do the media cover this megaphenomenon? It's a question that must certainly be on the minds of local editors allocating ink to a \$50-million Lotto winner in Lompoc and the flashy new Chumash casino in Santa Ynez.

It's also on the minds of editors at the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which recently ran a piece on how reporters should cover the betting boom—which they call "one of the biggest local stories of the decade." Among some of the problems facing reporters on this story, as explained by the *Reviewer*:

- Reporters are showered with attention by gambling promoters, while informed critics of the industry are very hard to find. Many gambling "experts" are on the gambling industry payroll. "Gambling interests suck up everybody," says one analyst.
- There are few sources to take a moral counter-position, especially given the sizable church and state gambling proceeds from bingo and lotteries.

- Gambling stories don't easily fit within the established beats of most newspapers. The baffling figures and promoter hypebole are enough to confuse even the most seasoned of business reporters.

It's understandably hard to be editorially critical of an industry that promises so much development, so many jobs, so much profit.

Media everywhere run stories of huge Vegas jackpots as straight

news. Television news often treats the state lottery as a breaking story, even announcing lottery results within a newscast (something I refused to do as news director and anchor for an NBC affiliate).

Okay. So words like "morality" and "ethics" and "social awareness" have been coopted by elitist reactionaries. If the ethical and moral questions surrounding gambling are too mushy to address, how about checking out the economic and community toll?

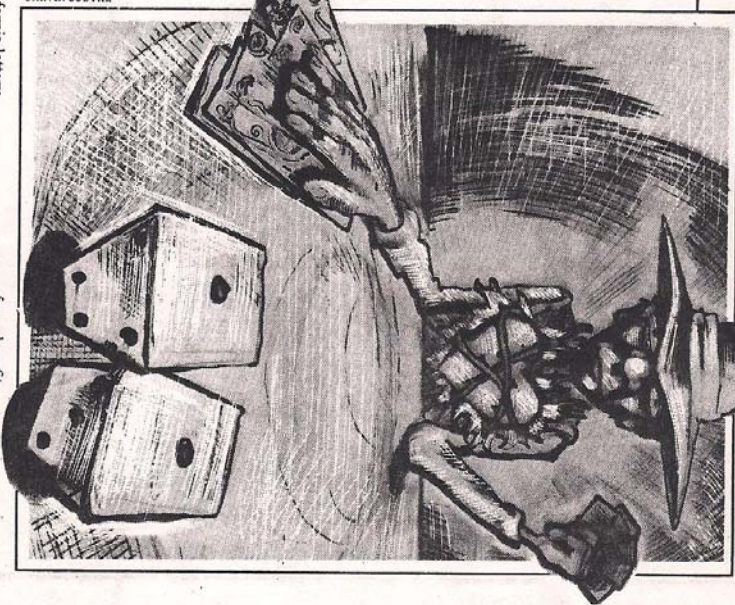
It's well documented that gambling is economically regressive, with poorer people gambling a disproportionate share of their income. The poor grab at a long-shot opportunity to break out of their ensnaring poverty and pay a higher price for it.

Americans will suffer a record \$35 billion in gambling losses projected for 1995. A Harvard University study shows up to five percent of adults exposed to gambling will likely develop into pathological gamblers (more than eight percent for college and high school students).

In its June issue, *Reader's Digest* chronicles how the town of Deadwood, South Dakota, has suffered from skyrocketing crime and bankrupted families since the town turned to gambling as an economic cure-all. *U.S. News & World Report* devoted its March 14 cover story, "How Casinos Empty Your Wallet," to the devastations of America's "gambling fever."

My files hold many stories on the abuses and shortcomings of the Cal-

GARVIN SOUTAR



ifornia lottery.

This waning century began in the shadow of the fearsome Marxist motto, "From each according to their ability, to each according to their need" (an ideal apparently incompatible with the human heart). It seems we may begin the millennium's new century under the credo: "The very

few benefit.

ing at the expense of the many, and the many acquiescing in hopes of becoming one of the few" (an ideal repugnant to this human's heart).

Are our aspiring hearts to be doomed by our grabbing hands? It's a bet I'd be happy to lose.

COMMENTARY

VOICE FROM LOMPOC/STEVEN R. VAN HOOK

Dignity, life fit in death

The cremated ashes spilt from our plane swirled in the misted sky, then dispersed over the white-capped sea into a puff of nothingness.

Our dipped wing righted itself, and we flew homeward.

My father spent his final weeks, months and years in agony, fighting for each tortured breath. He had lived decades smoking Camel no-filters, and toiled more than a quarter-century breathing in the dust of a diatomaceous earth mine. He had every lung disease diagnosed and imaginable.

Respiration — the word shares a common root with "spirit." I watched his spirit slowly strangle with his diminishing breath.

He wanted to die. He asked to die. He begged to die. By his own hand or another's, he sought to have his body forcibly made to relinquish its agonizing grip. I looked hard at the questions surrounding physician-family-assisted suicide.

I followed the reports on Dr. Jack Kevorkian, the aberrant advocate for death. He began his medical career exercising his fascination with those about to die. He would peer into the eyes of the near dead to pinpoint the irreversible advance of death. In 1958, he was asked to leave a hospital appointment after he sought to persuade condemned murderers to volunteer for medical experiments preceding their execution. He is the inventor of the infamous "suicide machine" and has proposed opening a "suicide clinic." Kevorkian seems to relish death. I felt no kinship here.

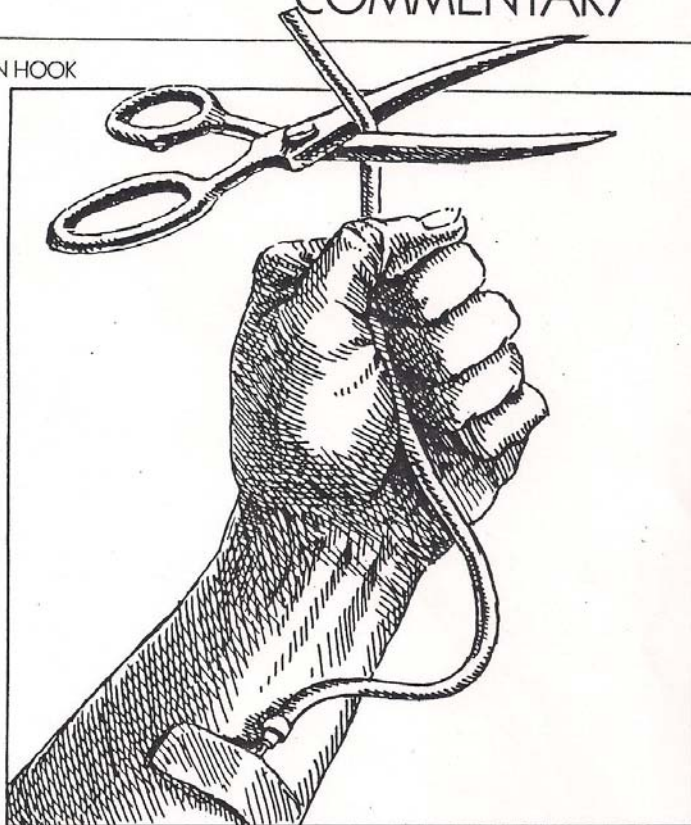
I read *Final Exit*, the suicide how-to book by Derek Humphrey, founder of the National Hemlock Society. The book teaches how a gentle death is as accessible as a few pills and a plastic garbage bag. I learned in excruciating detail how many ways there are to effectively slip life out of our weak yet still embracing bodies.

It felt all too hollow and comfortless.

I pondered California Ballot Proposition 161 supporting physician-assisted death. How, it asked, can we usurp others of the ultimate self-determination: the right to die in peace? Medical marvels can prolong life way beyond benefit, at however great a financial and emotional toll. Public debate focused on issues of God's will, economics, choice, familial love, and potentially familiar avarice.

There was, I reluctantly concluded, too close of an unprotected connection between the choice to die and the obligation to die. I voted against the measure, though I was somewhat sorry to see it fail.

Over my two years as a crisis counselor I abhorred suicide, that insidious assassin lurking within desperate telephone calls from suicides seeking always a reason for life. Our hearts will continue to beat outside



BARBARA CUMMINGS/LATS


the body; individual heart cells will continue to beat separated from the heart itself. Life wants to go on living.

I avoid the word suicide. The very sound is an emotional contagion spreading the viral concept that suicide is a valid means to cope with pain.

We all have our pain.

I watched as the near-angelic nurses cared



How could I turn my back on his desperate desire to die, to be rid of the pain? Yet how could I deny life? 

for him. Changing his soiled clothes and bedding, treating his failing skin, gently working around his suffering. Lesions, diapers, humiliation... how could I not wish him death?

I'd often — and sometimes lamely — enumerate for him the benefits of his living: he was able to visit with his newborn grandson;

he watched his granddaughter grow into a lovely teen-ager over the course of her regular visits; he would proudly tune in my radio talk show and follow my journalistic reports out of Russia. And he was an incorrigible flirt with the nurses ("How are you doing today, Van?" they'd sweetly inquire. "Doing without, but I'm open to offers," he'd ribaldly respond).

There were moments of pleasure and connection even amidst the suffering. This is what life is, I'd tell him. I could see it register behind the pain in his eyes.

How could I turn my back on his desperate desire to die, to be rid of the pain? Yet how could I deny life?

Abiding by his wishes, we took no "heroic measures" to prolong his living. He was long tired of the needles, the poking, the medical fumbling. The morphine dulled his pain, while also and alas dulling his irrepressible spirit.

As I struggled to find a reason, a purpose for this, his doctor said it best: If there's no meaning here, there's no meaning for any of us.

I visited my father on what became his last earthbound day. There was a peaceful pall on his face as death grew near. I prayed for God to accept and protect his soul. And I wished him peace. Moments later his stalwart spirit was gone.

Steven R. Van Hook is a media relations consultant. His father died May 8.

Dishing Up Web Delicacies

M A Y 1 9 9 6

When you're hungry for a hardy meal, you pile on the toppings, carve up the beef, spoon the

legumes, chomp the whole grain bread. You'll pass, thank you, on that fluffy Jell-O mold. You want meat and potatoes, not puff.

So it is with serious Web surfers. They yearn for more than just eye candy. They want texture, taste, substance. Something chewy with a rich sauce. Web page choices now tally in the tens-of-millions. No longer can a fledgling webmaster expect to attract much interest with a few photos of the kids, some odd text and a resume.

If you want to see your homepage hit-counter click into the thousands, then offer something tasty to your visitors. Some valuable information, some inspiration, a few laughs. If the best you can offer is a handful of links to other interesting sites, why should anyone visit yours? (That's like the old joke about a boring hometown: the only fun thing to do there is to go somewhere else.)

Large companies spend big bucks profiling who is on the Web and what it is they're looking for. Take a free ride on their research. The L.L. Bean homepage provides useful travel information on national parks. Black & Decker proffers handy home-improvement tips. The Tampax site shares secrets on looking good and music reviews.

Take a look at what works around our tri-county region. The

San Luis Obispo Paragliding page features breathtaking panoramic paraglider photos from local launch points, and site-specific tips for riding the wind in SLO, Santa Barbara and Ventura counties.

Surfing the Ventura Coast provides links to current surf reports for Ventura and Santa Barbara beaches, real-time air & water conditions, a history of surfing, and the awesome surfer pic-of-the-week.

The Santa Barbara County Grand Jury Web page posts breaking reports and media announcements the very morning they are released.

The most enticing Web pages are timely and useful. Even the best content becomes stale after a few servings. Keep your offerings fresh and toss in a few surprises. That'll keep 'em coming back, even if for a quick nibble.

It's worth taking the extra time to word it just right, or paying a professional for well-crafted copy. Michael Kinsley, the Washington pundit now creating an online 'zine for Microsoft, says, "When I go to a restaurant, I want the chef to prepare my meal, not the guy at the table next to me."

People are bombarded daily by a thousand attempts to snag their attention. Information has to be presented in appealing bite-sized bits if you want them to swallow.

I've found the writing voice best suited for the Web is a short, snappy broadcast style; fewer words per sentence, fewer thoughts per subject.

Sure, this is easier said than done. Writing is hard work; writing well is fine art. Even the best is just so much Spam if it's without something worthwhile to say.

By Steven R. Van Hook

Serve it with a flourish, ring the dinner bell, and they'll come running. ▲

Steven R. Van Hook is a Santa Barbara communications consultant. His own culinary struggle for palatable homepage content may be savored at

<http://www.west.net/~wwmr>

WEB SITE SUGGESTIONS

San Luis Obispo Paragliding
<http://www.housing.calpoly.edu/html/paragliding.html>

Surfing the Ventura Coast
<http://www.vonet.com/surfeng/todddpage.htm>

Santa Barbara County Grand Jury - <http://www.rain.org/~sbcoj>

L.L. Bean - <http://www.llbean.com>

Black & Decker - <http://www.bdhome.com>

Tampax - <http://tampax.com>

TriMix

Telecommunications
Computers
Hi-Tech

December 1, 1994
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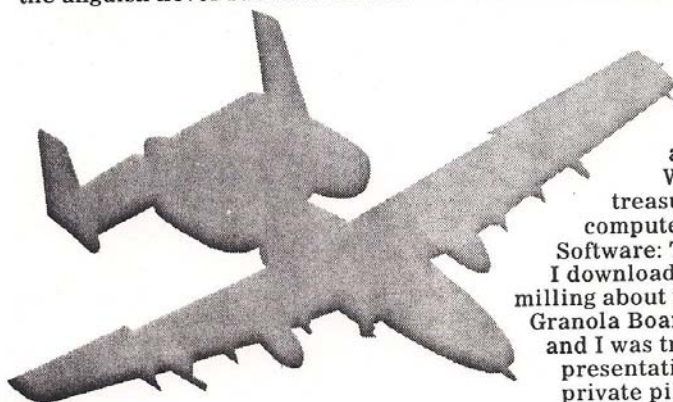
paragon

Hours "Fly By" with Paper Airplanes Software

by Steven R. Van Hook

Sure, I've got a speedy laser printer for my professional writing work. It gives a nice, clean edge to my often otherwise mangled prose. But for down-and-dirty jobs, I use my ever-faithful Star NX-1000 dot matrix printer.

For writers such as me who regularly spit out ream-after-ream on this track feed printer, the anguish never subsides on what to do with the mounds of waste paper that accumulate from the extra page feed between print jobs. My environment-friendly conscience will not allow me to toss them, so there the pages pile up in one drawer after another.



Well now I count this trash paper as treasure, thanks to the ingenious computerized creation of KittyHawk Software: The Greatest Paper Airplanes. I downloaded the sample program while milling about the libraries on Lompoc's own Granola Board BBS. A simple installation later, and I was treated to an authentic animated presentation on aerodynamic theory (as a private pilot, I can testify the principles are

sound), and an entertaining history of paper.

But best of all, the program takes me step-by-step through 3-D paper airplane folding animations so clear, that even fumble-fingers like mine are crafting airworthy projectiles within minutes. Simple written instructions help move the folding along, but are hardly necessary thanks to the precise graphics.

The shareware version gives you instructions for five high-flying gliders. The complete purchased version offers 25 planes from basic darts to starship fliers sure to please the ever-young aviator in every heart.

This little software gem requires two megs of RAM, and two megs of free hard drive. Granted, the perky animations make some of the more advanced folds appear far simpler than they frustratingly are, but the user-friendly program allows for simple replay-after-replay of the trickier steps.

On my scale of two-bits to 24-K, this program is pure gold. It's a great Christmas gift idea for wanna-be pilots of any age.

For more information, call KittyHawk at (800) 777-5745. \$

Paragon

Arts & Entertainment

Vol 1 Number 8
August 1, 1994

PARAGON LOMPOC'S HIPPEST CHARMS

BY STEVEN R. VAN HOOK

Lompoc — one hip city?!!

"NOT!" shriek the cynics.

"Is so," I say.

Of course I see the ol' town through eyes actually born here. And though my newborn hiney was quickly scuttled out of town to Buellton and on to other parts, I have lived here mostly uninterrupted for the last three years.

I also perceive Lompoc through peepers that have beheld some of the worlds hippest cities — San Francisco, Paris, Moscow, Washington, Santa Barbara (yeah, I'll grant them that) — and I can say Lompoc has its own bona fide hipness to be proud of. That said, here is my own personal list of the top 20 hip happenings to be found around the town (some are animate, some are not, some might think they are)

1. **Coffee Beans and Such.** The coffee den where some of the hippest hang out. Great selection of java, teas and tasties. Offers a haven and stage for cafe-style musicians, community forums, and — for better and worse — local poets.

2. **Lompoc Mural Project.** The brainchild of pretty-hip-guy-himself Gene Stevens. Quality building-size murals could well fill the gap left by diminishing flower fields. Pretty good fund-raising gimmick too have your city utility bills rounded up to the nearest buck — the pennies plunk in the project's piggy bank. Call City Hall for details.

3. **Printed Matter.** Fresh-visioned ownership of the old South H Street bookstore is stretching, expanding, moving the trashy romance novels away from center aisle. Great selection of magazines, and one of very few local options for snagging the Santa Barbara Independent or New Times (two hip papers in their own right).

4. **The Paragon.** Speaking of hip printed matter, this is it. Just look at this sample of fine journalism, the objective analysis. Well, maybe next page anyway. Patronize Paragon advertisers.

5. **The Lompoc Record.** Yep. Given its limits, the Record delivers commendable coverage of local news, astute selection of wire copy and articulate (dare I say hip!) local columnists.

6. **Those Commercial-Space Guys.** You've seen 'em around, I'm sure. Don Smith and Earl Severo. Yeah, they talk like the old Air Force officers they are, but they're also visionaries pointing out one possible star-bound future for the Lompoc Valley. And they dress cool too.

7. **Bob Hatch.** Another local "somebody" heading up the Lompoc Chamber of Commerce. He's worked hard for Lompoc, a one-man band jazzing up the town.

8. **The Hilltop Lighted Cross.** Sure, maybe a neon ankh or yin-yang might be hipper, but it does remind us that there's more to us than us.

9. **The Federal Pen.** Lompoc's prison has brought our name to fame even in the nation's capitol, forevermore associating us with incarcerated Watergate

conspirators. We've done our bit for cleaning up dirty government.

10. **Bodger's Lookout.** Great view. Cool city.

11. **Tom's Burgers.** One worldly-wit said anyone who doesn't think some local hamburger is the world's best is a wimp. This is it.

12. **Farmer's Market.** Fridays. Ain't unique, but it's ours.

13. **Surf Beach.** Missile pads add ambiance. Watch out for the plover eggs and nestlings, or face big-buck fines.

14. **La Purisima Mission.** Nice digs, but consider the atrocities suffered by the Chumash indigenous. Hike the trails and wish peace to the spirits.

15. **Flower Fields.** Put some in your hair and flashback to the 60s.

16. **The Odd Bods.** Lompoc swarms with far-out exotics milling about main streets. Fellini would love it. W.C. Fields did.

17. **Victoria Sazani / Victori Street Salon.** Longtime local, make-up artist to Hollywood. Uses Lompoc as her launchpad to the world. Stylin' cut, artist's eye, light hit on the wallet. Soooo coool it hurts.

18. **Granola BBS.** Fruits, flakes and nuts mix on this happenin' Lompoc computer BBS. Lots of mindless patter, but periodic episodes of illumination and quantum transformation. Like hipness itself.

19. **Lompoc Weather.** Cool. Really.

20. **Lompoc Attitude.** Or, rather, no attitude. City motto "We're Lompoc ... so what?"

What? Your fave hippest not on the list? Drop a line care of Paragon, and perhaps an augmented list will follow.

Van Hook is a media relations and communications consultant living in Lompoc.

Racism's not OK

R-7-89

As we begin this season of good will and cheer, let's consider the story of a young local girl, the sad victim of racial slurs inflicted by a few of her classmates.

I'm sure we all remember the painful cut of a playmate's cruel words, even if they weren't meant with evil intent. Perhaps we even remember a time when we caused such pain. To a victimized child with limited perspective, the world can become a joyless place full of fear and self-doubt.

To the unfortunate young girl and other children wounded by such heartless words, I would say:

■ Please believe that nothing anyone can say or do to you makes you any less than the special person you are, it only makes them the lesser.

■ Along with your parents, let your teacher, your principal or your counselor know what has happened. They are specially trained to deal with such situations without making them worse.

■ Consider that as bad as these unkind kids have made you feel, they're making other children feel the same way, too. Someone has to stop it.

We're not born as racists -- unfortunately someone along the way has taught some misguided children that racism is OK. It's up to people of good will to teach them that it is not.

Steve Van Hook
Box 394

Steve Van Hook
P.O. Box 394
Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601
884-2824

December 5, 1989

7601

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We're not born as racists -- unfortunately someone along the way has taught
some misguided children that racism is OK. It's up to people of goodwill to
teach them that it is not.

Sincerely,

Steve —

Van Hook

2-14-85

Grieves me

The Emerald's front-page story about the Self Health Conference grieves me on a scale that goes far beyond the mere irresponsibility of the reporter.

Charging fees for workshops and other courses beyond the tuition rate is not an uncommon event. It seems the crime here was that the conference organizers made an unintentional mistake and didn't get the fees "promulgated through the provost."

The organizers of the conference were students themselves in a learning experience, and such students tend to make mistakes (the Emerald should be especially sympathetic to this, judging by the number of corrections it runs).

So the Emerald took one student's complaint about a procedural mistake and blew it way out of proportion, but didn't print one word about the 200-plus students who came away from the conference feeling better about their lives with some solid tools to improve themselves.

That the media put sensational tripe ahead of responsible news sickens me. That our hope for a change lies in young "talent" such as that behind this story grieves me beyond expression.

Are you proud of this style of journalism? May someone there, dear editor, speak up for the future and say "no!"

Steve Van Hook
Journalism

Grants Pass
Daily

Courier

TUESDAY, SEPT. 9, 1980

Letters



Work for Quality, Nor Quantity

Dear Sir,

A recent Courier article reported the findings of a three-year governmental study entitled, "Global 2000 Report to the President."

The study, headed by the President's Council on Environmental Quality and the State Department, forewarns of mass poverty; malnutrition; overcrowding; food shortages; steady loss of croplands, forest, plant and animal species, and the further deterioration of the planet's water and atmosphere resources. The report concludes that civilization has perhaps 20 years to counteract such a worldwide disaster, and, if anything, that this is too optimistic of an estimate.

Clearly, we are doing something wrong.

Present day approaches to social development are not leading us up a road of enlightenment, but down a path of destruction. If one is to look over the horizon, one will see that certain miscon-

ceptions widely accepted are not only false, but deadly.

One popular miscarriage of truth is the familiar illusion of a pool of water stagnating without growth. We all know that without flow and change water will spoil, but if the inflow should exceed the limits nature intended, well, how long can you tread water?

A balloon will only hold so much weight before it will pressurize and pop. Growth must inevitably stop, the only question is when.

Will we suffer insufficient energy production (witness current woes)? Will hungry hordes grow even thinner without satisfactory food supplies (the numbers of starving around the world are increasing and the situation in poorer countries is bound to worsen as grain is transferred to distilleries to power autos)?

Will reserves of clean water dry up? Nature has many ways of limiting the excessive proliferation of any species, and man is no exception.

So, in light of the obviously over-extended civilization we've become, why is there still the idea that a solution

will stem from an insatiable desire for more growth?

Logic shows that as one gains, another must lose. For one country to expand, another must lose its independence.

For those who cling to the top, the base must grow stronger to push the top even higher.

Alas, what keeps us from realizing that a base can only support so much before everything crumbles? Is it the unspoken hope that we, ourselves, might someday reach that top in our struggle for greater gleaming glory?

New frontiers are far and few between. Limitless growth and greed are now antiquated relics we are no longer at liberty to relish. This is the heritage of the new generation.

Throughout all time, the human race has had the purpose (the need for "purpose" is a common denominator in all generations) of expansion. A new purpose must be found when growth (an

inevitability) is no longer possible. Instead of quantity, quality should become the new aim in life.

If we want world peace, we needn't subdue the masses, only feed them (and that only takes giving them the means to feed themselves). A curtailed war budget within all borders would supply the resources for much more than food for hungry bodies: it would give nourishment to thoughtful minds.

STEVE VAN HOOK
P. O. Box 1673

LETTERS



NEW GOALS NEEDED

EDITOR:

A recent news release reported the findings of a three-year governmental study entitled "Global Report to the President".

The study, headed by the President's Council on Environmental Quality and the State Department, forewarns of mass poverty, malnutrition, overcrowding, food shortages, steady loss of croplands, forests, plant and animal species, and the further deterioration of the planet's water and atmosphere resources. The report concludes that civilization has perhaps 20 years to counteract such a worldwide disaster and, if anything, that this is too optimistic an estimate.

Clearly, we are doing something wrong.

Continued on page 6

Letters. . . Continued from page 5

Present day approaches to social development are not leading us up a road of enlightenment, but down a path of destruction.

A balloon will only hold so much weight before it will pressurize and pop. Growth must inevitably stop; the only question is when.

Will we suffer insufficient energy production (witness current woes)? Will hungry hordes grow even thinner without satisfactory food supplies (the numbers of starving around the world are increasing, and the situation in poorer countries is bound to worsen as grain is transferred to distilleries to power the richers' autos)? Will reserves of clean water dry up? Nature has many ways of limiting the excessive proliferation of any species, and man is no exception.

So, in light of the obviously over-extended civilization we've become, why is there still the idea that a solution will stem from an insatiable desire for more growth? Logic shows that as one gains, another must lose. For those who cling to the top, the base must grow stronger to push the top ever higher.

Alas, what keeps us from realizing that a base can only support so much fat before everything crumbles? Is it the unspoken hope that we,

ourselves, might someday reach that top in our struggle for greater gleaming glory?

Not that greed is an unequivocally bad thing. Wars fought over nationalist greed gave us great technological advances. Greed in the marketplace gave us varied industries. It seems, as I recently read, the road to heaven is paved with bad intentions.

Greed has fulfilled its purpose well. But if the growth concept is limited, so must be the greed that seeks growth, or we shall become a psychotic breed of frustrated fruitcakes.

Perhaps a reason why young people are at an all-time high in the use of drugs, alcohol, suicide and other forms of escape, is that the inherited ideals and goals of greed so obviously (to the uncluttered clarity of youthful eyes) no longer apply to present day living.

New frontiers are few and far between. Limitless growth and greed are not antiquated relics we are no longer at liberty to relish. This is the heritage of the new generation.

Throughout all time, the human race has had the purpose (the need for "purpose" is a common denominator in all generations) of expansion. A new purpose must be found when growth (an inevitability) is no longer possible. Instead of quantity, quality should become the new aim in life.

New leaders must give direction; but only once giving, not greed, is the motivation of leaders. World leaders have fought and clawed to reach their positions of power; of course they want more. . . it's in their nature. If we want leaders serving the people instead of their own interests, the solution is simple: drastically lower their pay and limit their outside sources of income (a motion consistently voted down).

If we want world peace, we needn't subdue the masses, only feed them (and that only takes giving them the means to feed themselves). A curtailed war budget within all borders would supply the resources for much more than food for hungry bodies, it would give nourishment to thoughtful minds.

Cooperativism — interest in the well-being of the whole of humanity, as opposed to the self-interest system in current practice — would be its own reward. This can be accomplished by changes in economic priorities: long-term benefits must take precedence over transient profits.

These are ideas coming to light all across the world. And this — to those so fast to point an accusing finger — is not socialism, but salvation.

Steve Van Hook
Grants Pass

RECESSION STORY

EDITOR

Asking merchants how they view the current recession (last week's Review) is like asking politicians how they feel their campaigns are progressing or asking real estate brokers how they picture the fluctuating future of the housing market. You're bound to get a rosy reply.

If you want to present a true scenario of the economy, along with the perspective of merchants, you should also describe scenes of lines wrapping the employment office.

You should contact the social service agencies daily dealing with increasing numbers of desperate and frightened people. Interview a man or woman trying to clothe and feed a family of six on a workingman's wage.

If all else fails, ask an economist.

Every possible angle in presenting the truth should be scaped, as is the duty of any journalist deserving of the public's trust.

Steve Van Hook
Grants Pass

P.S. I don't consider this critique a thrown stone, but rather an admittance that you have a possibility for redemption.

(Editor's note: Stephen, we really MUST stop meeting like this. Your letter, while thoughtful and sincere, is predictably misguided. The point of the story is not what we think or project but what is thought and projected by the dozens of people we talked to for information. Certainly there is a business slowdown, felt most seriously by timber industry and construction workers. However, what are we to do when a merchant shows his sales are up over the same period last year? Or when a real estate broker acknowledges that lowered interest rates are causing a spurt of land buying? Concerning the lines of unemployed, that angle has been milked to death by the media, which is basically addicted to a herd mentality, i.e., if one story of economic bad news is desirable, then eight are eight times more desirable. The media is as much responsible for aggravating the psychological portion of the recession as the Democrats are for aggravating the economic side. When interest rates zoomed to 20% and higher, it was front page news, complete with grisly details of weeping mothers. Why then was it not front page news, complete with pictures of grinning real estate brokers, when the interest rate showed signs of dropping to more realistic levels? As for asking economists other than Milton Friedman, please bear in mind that they have attributed inflation to everything from greedy businesses, pudgy Arabs, and labor unions to the full moon and Ms. Lillian's lumbago. When I find one who says the current inflation-recession syndrome is caused by government desecration of the dollar, I might ask him.

P.S. I don't seek redemption.)

LETTERS

to the editor

WEEKLY SNOOZE

EDITOR:

I remember after reading the first issue of the *Rogue Review*, writing you a letter stressing the important social contribution of your providing a much-needed alternative to the media coverage of our area. During the near two years of publication, we readers have watched your paper grow strong and become a firmly seated, recognizable part of Southern Oregon.

Yet, as I suppose is typical of journalists striving for financial security, it seems you are selling your hard-hitting-get-the-news style for the less trying — more complaisant — certainly less controversial tone of a "see no evil" editor.

The only thing worse than a *Daily Ho-Hum* is a *Weekly Snooze Paper*.

While brown-nosing (a disgusting but appropriate phrase) advertisers and local VIPs may be financially rewarding, sooner or later a publication centered around pleasing these special interest groups is bound to grow dull, even to your elite financial supporters who are inevitably going

to realize that they are their only readers.

Please, Mr. Longo, give us a paper that we can count on for reporting the truth behind obscure scenes. Your job is to cover locals, not display them.

Steve Van Hook
Grants Pass

P.S. I've been accused of exchanging my ideals for a weekly column.

P.P.S. Besides, some people seem to enjoy our occasional clashes... I do.

(Editor's note: Actually, what youthful Steve is upset about is a recent editorial comment favorable to the notion of tearing down the Grants Pass Hotel, but he is not saying so in print. I feel the paper is far from dull, and make no apologies about "displaying locals" or giving them credit when it is due. If the idea of soliciting business is repulsive to you, that's too bad. When it gets too disgusting, just sit yourself down and try to figure out where the money for your marvelous social schemes comes from, if not from the business people beating their heads against the wall trying to make a go of it and to provide jobs. It is not

Review—May 26, 1980—Page 9

really important that you like them, but when do you at least stop throwing rocks at the people who make the economy function? When do you stop picturing the producers as criminals? If you ever had any doubts about our view of business types and other productive people, just check out the John Galt symbolic logo on the cover of our paper. It has been there from our first person you despise. It has been there from our first issue and will remain there.

P.S. Anyone who would accuse you of that is a moron.

P.P.S. I do not consider these to be clashes. Rather, they are part of your continuing free education.

Let's Get Together

Cooper 11
7/3/79

Dear Sir,

I'd like to use your editorial page to share a few thoughts.

First of all, I've noticed lately many news stories pointing out the lack of communication and cooperation among different boards and agencies. Our county needs a little unification. We need to help each other accomplish defined goals by cooperative rein-

forcement. But first our goals need definition.

The citizens need to be informed on what county government and other agencies are doing. The media should be encouraged to publicize in plain English any information and laws affecting or possibly benefiting our everyday lives. Funds should be allocated to time and space for coverage if necessary. Tough scrutiny also gives way to honesty.

Though the true democratic

ideal has not been achieved, we do have a foundation to work with. There are a lot of good people around us. These good people need to take some of their own, grab them by the scruff of their necks, and put their ideals into force with the sheer power of their numbers. Wonders can be accomplished with votes. We need to elect leaders free of private self interest in community affairs. Responsibility must be enforced constantly.

Finally, I heard of a precedent setting case on the news where a private farmer is trading wheat to Ethiopia for oil. When people can assess their worth and assets, there are no limits or downfalls that cannot be overcome. Ignoring financial implications, the wealth of resources here in Josephine County is a blessing beyond appreciation! Our land gives us timber, grain, minerals, water, milk, and honey.

As director of a barter referral, I've seen the resources of our unemployed, seniors, and people working jobs outside of their fields of expertise go completely untapped. People are going without the plumbing they can't afford, when the man up the block is an

unemployed plumber who could trade at a cost within means.

All of the resources within our grasp need to be used for the social benefit of all, instead of the financial benefits of a few.

Only we can see it done.

STEVE VAN HOOK
Grants Pass

Editor, News-Press: I say we owe President Nixon a lot more than the people give him credit for. I believe he has done our country a great service for which we will long be in debt to him.

We owe him thanks for letting us see how corrupt our government can get with the wrong people in office. We owe him thanks for showing us that not even the President is above wrongdoing. Thanks to President Nixon, I believe that our country will be in a more secure state for quite a long time. He has shown youth what can happen with wrong people in office, and he has shown that our elders should be more observant before they go in and cast their votes.

I say we all owe a big thank-you to Mr. Nixon.

Steve Van Hook
1224 W. Valerio

Editor, News-Press: Regarding impeachment of President
687-3777



SCRIPT WINNERS

Student winners in the Veterans of Foreign Wars' Voice of Democracy scriptwriting contest were honored last night by the Pvt. John Thomas Hall Post 1649 and Ladies Auxiliary. Receiving their awards from Mrs. Joseph Ahearn, are, from left, Kory Morgan, Santa Barbara High School, first place; Colleen Gaffy, Bishop Garcia Diego High School, second place; and Steven Van Hook, Santa Barbara High School, third place. Morgan also placed third in the tricounties competition.

—News-Press photo

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Steven Van Hook Feted on Birthday

The laughter of rollicking youngsters in clown hats echoed through the Buellton home of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Van Hook last Friday afternoon. Nineteen young kindergarten friends of the Van Hook's son, Steven, descended on the house to celebrate Steven's sixth birthday.

Circus posters adorned the walls, multi-colored crepe paper ribbons criss-crossed the ceiling, and the children played pin-the-tail-on-the-lion. A clown centerpiece for the birthday table added to the merriment, which was crowned by a circus birthday cake served with ice cream.

Among those enjoying the celebration were Timmy Roberts, Jimmy Pool, Jane Gruen-

stein, Kurt Smythe, Shirley Olsen, Sharyn Warner, Mike Isbell, Trudy Marshall, Kerry Stubblefield, Billy Jorgensen, Susan Robinson, Judy Willemssen, Roberta Choat, Bruce MacIntosh, Sheryl Jurgena, Deborah Petersen, and Steven's brother Joey.

* * *

Board to Meet

Board members of the Santa Ynez Valley Hospital Auxiliary will meet at 9:45 Tuesday morning at the home of Mrs. Ray Hopman. Officers and committee chairmen have been urged to be present. Members of the Auxiliary are welcome to attend.

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Schools Stress Performing Arts for '70-'71

A full calendar of cultural events is awaiting residents of Goleta through the Performing Arts Department in Santa Barbara Secondary Schools. Largest producing organization in Santa Barbara, the department offers a wide spectrum of theatrical and musical events which will appeal to all ages and tastes.

SNOW WHITE

Upcoming on the calendar is a weekend of performances by La Cumbre Junior High

School. They have chosen to concentrate on children's theatre and in keeping with this choice will present Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs November 13 at 7:30 p.m., with matinee performances at 1:30 p.m. on November 14 and 21.

Daily rehearsals are underway for this all-student production with the theater arts members building the sets, making the costumes and aiding in the direction. Wun He Bellingger will portray the Princess Snow White. The Chamber Maids are Ellen Decker as Ermintrude, Karina Cayat as Emily, and Tracy Franklin as Ernestine. Gretchen will be played by Rose Anna Vitetta.

"We want to build a good program and we are concentrating on children's theater for the Santa Barbara area," states Larry Jorgensen, Theater Arts teacher. Fellow teacher Dave McEachen is assisting Mr. Jorgensen in this first fall school production. Tickets for the three performances are being sold by the Theater Arts classes as well as by other students. The fifty cent tickets are good for

any performance and may be purchased at the door on each performance date.

THE DESK SET

In store for theater goes November 18-21 is "The Desk Set", a three-act comedy which will be presented by the Dos Pueblos High School Performing Arts Department.

"The Desk Set", written by William Marchant, takes a look into the workings of a big television network in New York. The play centers specifically around the research department, where the girl researchers - or the "desk set" as they are called - have begun to worry that their jobs will be taken over by a computer. Bunny Watson, the head of research, soon finds herself engaged in a battle of wits with Richard Sumner, the company president's nephew who is leading the bandwagon for the computer "Emmarac."

Climaxing the comedy is a chaotic Christmas office party, where the girls' last hopes are destroyed when they discover Richard has recommended that Emmarac be installed immediately. But

Monday morning Bun meets Emmarac head-on, a finally proves that computers are no match for the human element.

Donna Reardon, a veteran of last year's "Blithe Spirit" has been cast as Bun Watson, and her co-work in the Research Department are Meredith Bryan, Lisa Silveira, and Pat Attig. A Cutter, Bunny's boss (and man she hopes to rent from bachelorhood) will be played by Tony Plaza, and Randy Hard will take the role of Richard Sumner.

Lisa Stark will portray Miss Warriner, harried operator of computer. Donna Freen will take the role of Elsa, Lance Strauss, her fiancé. Also appearing in the show are Cristal Sullivan, Scott Bovitz, Ron Gonder, Ka Guerra, Scott Bois, Ran Berger, and Scott Barrick.

Mr. Tallant Smith, theater arts instructor at Dos Pueblos, will direct the show. Sue Kramer is the product manager, and the sets being designed by Eric Mi



SURROUNDED BY DWARFS DURING A DRESS REHEARSAL is Snow White. La Cumbre Junior High School student Wun He Bellingger. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," La Cumbre's all-student production opens Friday night, November 13.