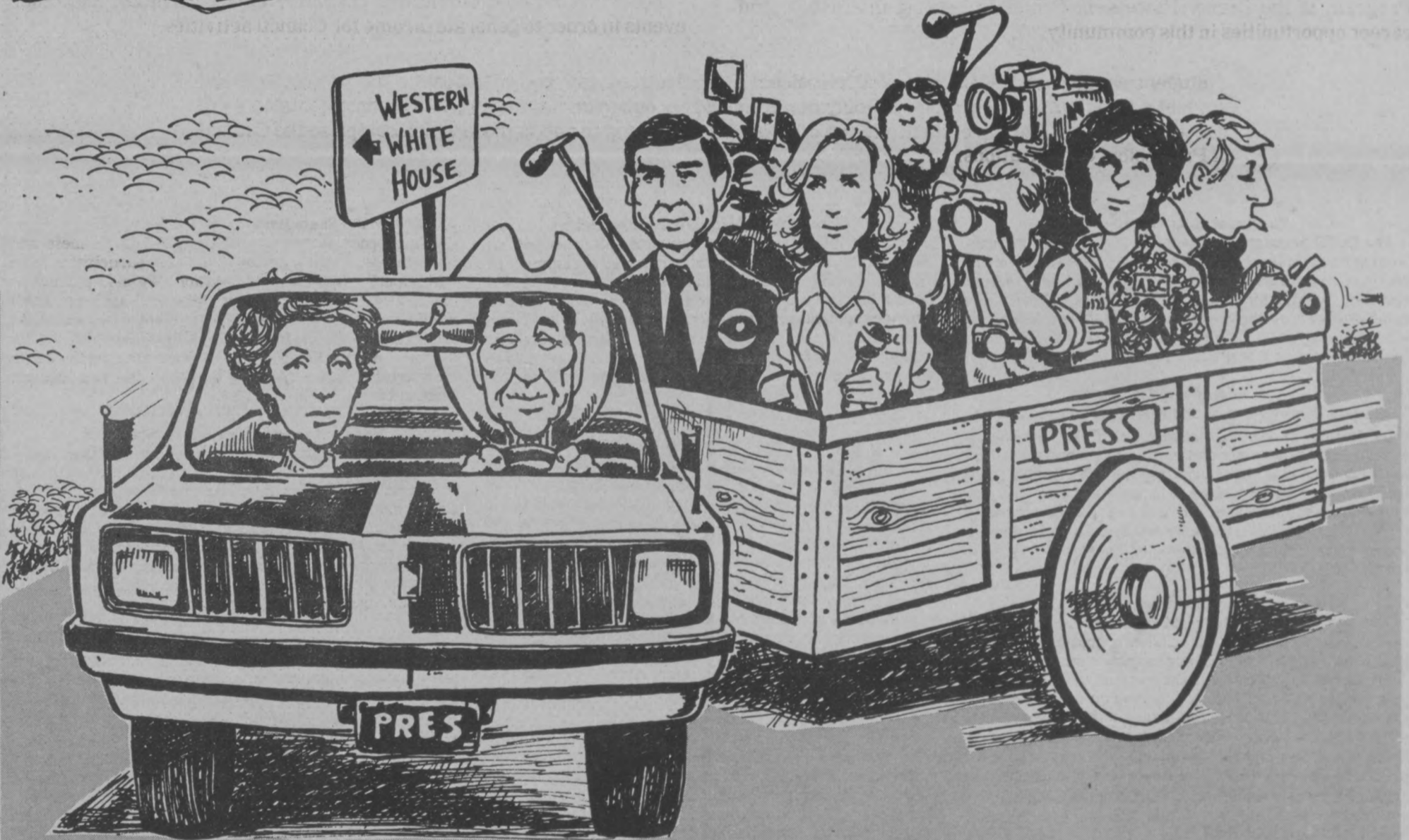


# FOCUS

## Magazine





**Focus Editor  
Eve Dutton**

**Asst. Focus Editor  
Greg Harris**

- Press Corps ..... 3 A**
- Chocolate Chips ..... 4 A**
- Palm Reading ..... 4 A**
- Transfer ..... 7 A**
- Visions ..... 8 A**

**Cover Illustration  
Rob Gray**



**1982  
WINTER SPORTS  
ISSUE**

**Traditional & Unique  
Winter Sports....**

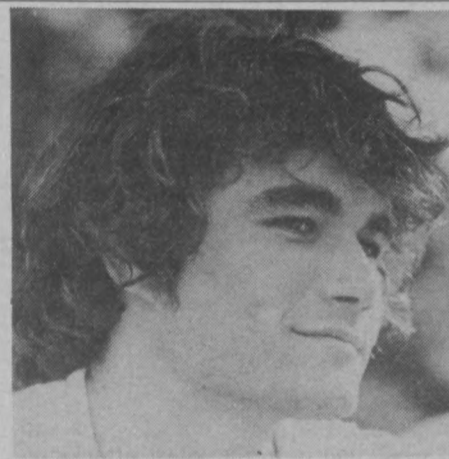
**WEDNESDAY,  
NOV. 17**

**IN MY OPINION...**

**What are you saving up for?**

**Diane Herbert, Religious Studies, Grad. Student**

That's easy. I'm saving my money for a Jaguar XJ6, silver. That is my total dream. It is a symbol of bourgeois society which I hope to be a part of when I have money, when I am rich and famous. It is just a perverse dream I have. My friends tell me I should forget it if I want to be a student. Besides a Jaguar, survival is very important. I hope to survive through the next two years.



**Robert Degara, Aquatic Biology, Senior**

Actually, I'm not really saving up for anything. I don't have the money to save, I am just spending. But if I did have the money I would save up for a trip to New Zealand or the Fiji Islands. I love to travel and have always wanted to go there. Once there I would find a secluded beach and talk to the natives.

**Dan Robinson, Business Economics, Sophomore**

Let me think. Well, I have a home already so it wouldn't be that. I guess it is security, the ability to get involve in some investment opportunities. That way if something comes up fast I will have the money to spend. Opportunities go right out the window if you don't have the money to spend right away.



**Brenda Reheem, receptionist in Activities Planning**

Where do I begin? In the near future I am saving up to buy Christmas presents for my daughter and family. Farther off, however, I am saving for flights to Europe. I used to live in England and I want to get back there eventually. It will probably take about a year until I have enough.

**Sloan Cattern, Speech and Hearing, Sophomore**

Mainly just future living conditions, finishing school and supporting myself as soon as I get out of college. I would also like to go to Europe someday. It probably won't be soon but it is a dream which I hope will come true. I think it will some day.



**John Herziger, Chemistry, Junior**

I am saving to buy a house in Santa Barbara. It is a nice place to live but very expensive. I'm not sure if it will come true because even for people very well off it is very expensive and difficult to find a nice place. Real estate is where it's happening. It will be a while before I buy anything but I am always saving. Paying rent is like throwing money out the window.

Cover Story

# Presidential Vacations Aren't All Just Fun and Games

By EVE DUTTON

The bases are loaded as Larry Speakes winds up on the mound. "Get him big guy," shout his teammates as the ball flies past the batter. Strike three — out!! It's the first victory for Speakes and his gang since they began traveling to Santa Barbara, two years ago. But celebration over the afternoon's softball game is soon forgotten when the team, better known as the Washington Press Corps, begins discussing last night's "off the record" barbeque at Rancho del Cielo, the Reagan's California retreat.

Covering the president, in Washington or on vacation, is a task for only the most talented journalist and requires a rare dedication. With all the hard work, though, comes benefits of glamour and worldwide travel, which few other employees receive.

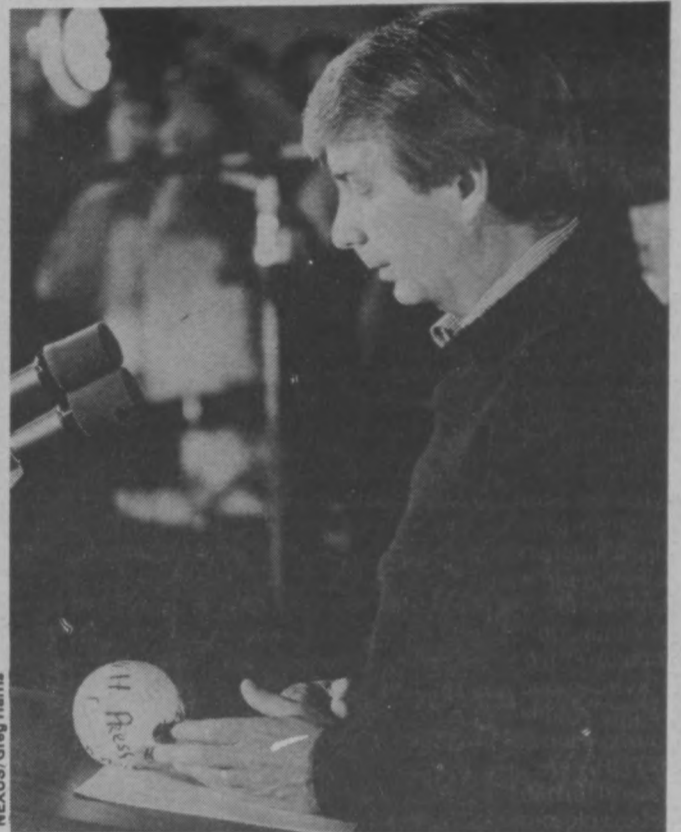
Correspondents enjoyed the slopes of Vail with Gerald Ford and with Jimmy Carter they ate peanuts in Plains. With Ronald Reagan, however, the corps escapes the competitive hustle of Washington, D.C. for slow-paced, sunny Santa Barbara. For most they could not have requested a better place to "vacation" with the president.

As ABC Correspondent Ann Compton said, "It's a wonderful break in the routine, to get out to the casual atmosphere. I suppose it is almost like a paid vacation." She noted, however, that Santa Barbara trips are not all fun and games. "They aren't exactly killer trips but we are still working."

Beginning their day with coffee and the *Los Angeles Times*, Compton and the other 40 or so reporters bring themselves up to date with events around the world. Perhaps today one can find an angle to the crisis in Lebanon on which Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes will be willing to respond. After scanning the newspaper, television correspondents check in with New York and Washington bureaus to hear the newspaper headlines back east. Neither the *New York Times* nor the *Washington Post* arrive in Santa Barbara until mid-afternoon.

Next in the morning's events is the news briefing by Speakes, a 10 a.m. daily ritual at the press room in the Sheraton Hotel. Before the briefing begins, cameramen rush around the room covering up large signs advertising the hotel. Several staff grumble that Sheraton owner, Buddy Taub, is getting free publicity from the press as well as raising rates for the news organizations during the president's stay in Santa Barbara.

Discontented journalists soon settle down though, and Speakes takes the floor. Wearing a casual cowboy shirt and jeans today, the deputy press secretary runs through the president's plans on the ranch and announces appointment of four trustees to the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Fund. His audience, even more informal in cut-offs, T-shirts and tennis shoes, begins drilling Speakes on Reagan's reaction to the latest attacks on Beirut. But attempts to extract a drop of real news — such as it is — are futile as Speakes



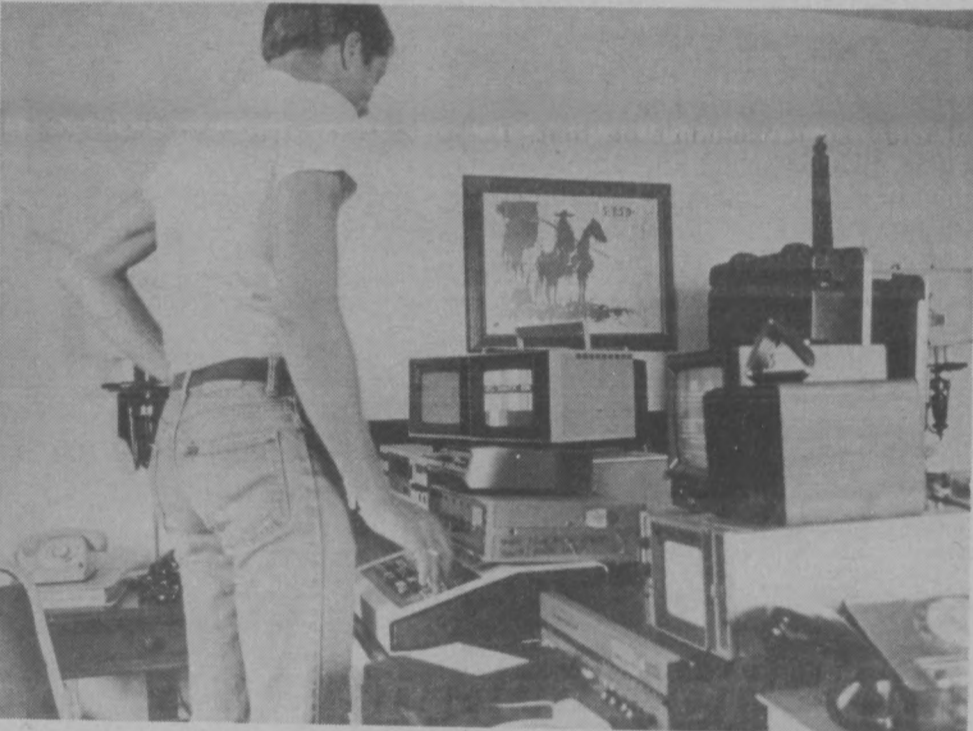
Santa Barbara trips encompass softball victories, with official announcements by Larry Speakes himself, and a new look for old faces.

brushes them off and ends the briefing. The rest of the day is spent digging up news for the evening's broadcast or newspapers. But for these men and women, work usually ends at 2 p.m. when Speakes announces, "As of this time, there is a lid for the day." This means that unless there are unexpected developments, no more an-

nouncements are forthcoming. So, it is time to hit the sun.

While their peers, and competition, sit around the hotel pool drinking margaritas, some reporters continue working on interviews with top White House aides staying

(Please turn to pg.6A, col.1)



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# Chocolate Chips: The Sweetest Treats in Santa Barbara

By CATHERINE BOWMAN

First, there is a sticky mass of shiny black chips nestled in a pillow of dough, the color of brown sugar. From the oven, there emanates a distinctive aroma — a provocative, enticing blend of chocolate, vanilla, and butter sending warm fantasies to the nose and taste buds. The cookie sheet is removed, each cookie perfectly imperfect — the roundness thrown askew with the presence of chocolate chips and nuts. And as the warm, brown cookie tumbles into the hands and crumbles in the mouth, there is a sensation of peace, the familiarity of home, and the security of a successful creation. This is the phenomenon of the chocolate chip cookie.

One of America's finer traditions, chocolate chip cookies have claimed a nation of addicts for more than 50 years. Originally known as tollhouse cookies, named after a toll house in Massachusetts where early settlers often stopped to rest while waiting for a change of horses, the ancestors of today's chocolate chip cookies can be traced back to colonial times, to a butter-cookie recipe. In 1930, while experimenting with the recipe, a woman named Mrs. Wakefield had a bright and very lucrative idea: the addition of broken pieces of chocolate. Nestle Co. eventually purchased her recipe and began printing it on the back of chocolate bar wrappers, eventually developing the semi-sweet chocolate morsels.

Today's chocolate chip cookies, though still an American institution, have come a long way since the tollhouse days — appearing in all sorts of shapes ranging from bite size to, as one local cookie master puts it, "the size of dinner plates." Chocolate chip cookie connoisseurs are quick to describe what constitutes the perfect chocolate chip cookie and condemn its competitors. In the last 10 years, the number of "homemade" chocolate chip cookies sold commercially has soared, selling everywhere from the all-night gas station mini-markets to major department stores. With Famous Amos, Unknown Jeromes, Bite A Delight, Mrs. Fields, and even the Pillsbury Doughboy, you may be miles away from home, but you are never very far away from a chocolate chip cookie.

Unfortunately, quantity does not always reproduce quality. Inundated with so many choices, searching for the perfect cookie must be a religiously careful process. The quality of chocolate chip cookies, like most products, can

vary greatly, so find a brand you can trust and stick with it. Do the cookies contain a high-grade, sweet chocolate, or a cheap cocoa-colored substitute? Did the baker use real butter or the white, unidentifiable substance called "vegetable fat"? Is price a factor when it comes to quality? Is a cookie only a cookie when baked to a crispy brown or must it be steamy hot and slightly raw through the middle?

Santa Barbarans will be relieved to know that hot, fresh homemade cookies (but made by somebody else) are part of the indigenous population here in town. For those chocolate chip cookie lovers who have failed to discover a faithful or better duplicate of anything they can produce at home, the following list should provide some suitable substitutes.

Like fine wines, classic chocolate chip cookies are ultimately a preference of the palate. After sampling a few of these creations, it is hoped that no one will ever resort to the horror of horrors — the sterile, cardboard imitation chocolate chip cookie mix or the frozen "just roll me out" dough. Those "chips" probably aren't real chocolate, so don't be fooled. So test and compare, and test some more...for a good chocolate chip cookie is always worth waiting for.

**Santa Barbara Cookie Co.**  
6 E. De la Guerra Plaza

Celebrating its third anniversary this year, The Santa Barbara Cookie Co. is the home of the traditional, tollhouse type of cookie, a faithful reproduction of the familiar warm cookies your mother used to make. Owner Laurie Dalton, carrying on the tradition of family bakers, started the business with the help of her father after the government cancelled her job as a teacher. A one-of-a-kind store, Dalton feels her product is unique because she uses fresh ingredients and a personal touch. "It's a simple thing, a simple product, but it has to be made religiously," she said. Her bakers begin baking every morning at 4 a.m.

The Santa Barbara Cookie Co. sells two varieties of the chocolate chip cookie: the standard chocolate chip cookie without nuts, and a version with pecans. Dalton estimates that she sells more than 500 cookies per day, primarily to regular customers who seem to prefer the standard, unadulterated, no-nonsense chocolate chip cookie: a basic white butter dough with an even sprinkle of pure chocolate chips. Because this is a small town, Dalton said, she feels it



# Mysteries of Palm Reading Survive Today's Skepticism

By ANDREA WOODWARD

The sight of a huge hand and a sign for "Madame Esmerelda's Palm Reading" is one to brighten your drive through Gilroy, but it is not likely that, as an average skeptic of the 1980's, you will feel compelled to hit the brakes, run in, and find out the meaning of the latest crinkle in your hand. Furthermore, if you tell someone you're going to visit a palm reader, it may raise more eyebrows than telling him you're going to a psychiatrist.

But, historically, palm reading was a quite well-respected discipline. The art of palmistry dates back as far as the ancient Chaldeans in Greece who were also astrologers, which explains the association between palm reading and other occult sciences. Actually, palmistry broke into two separate studies; one a physiological study

of types of hands and their relation to personality, chiromancy, and the other more involved in prediction of the future, chiromancy.

The Greeks including Plato, Aristotle and later in the third century B.C., Vergil, Juvenal, and Plautus, were fascinated by the hands and the tale they could tell and wrote learned discourses on the subject. The Catholic Church at first tried to suppress palmistry, viewing it as a pagan science like astrology, but was later impressed by the art of deciphering hand marks and offered protection to those who were persecuted for their predictions. The art flourished again during the Renaissance period after the Templars returned from the Crusades in the East.

European philosophers continued to study chiromancy seriously and it gained such respectability that it was taught in many German universities as part of the humanities department in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Interest in palm reading remains to this day, and hard to believe as it may seem, there is enough interest in Santa Barbara to support the three palm reading shops of Madame Rosinka, who has been reading palms in the area for the last 30 years.

Her daughter Julia, who has been reading palms since she was 16, consented to give an interview. Madame Rosinka does not give interviews or care to be photographed. She does not advertise either. In fact, it is even difficult to reach the Rosinkas by phone. Julia said her mother believes that "if someone wants to get a reading badly enough, they will find her."

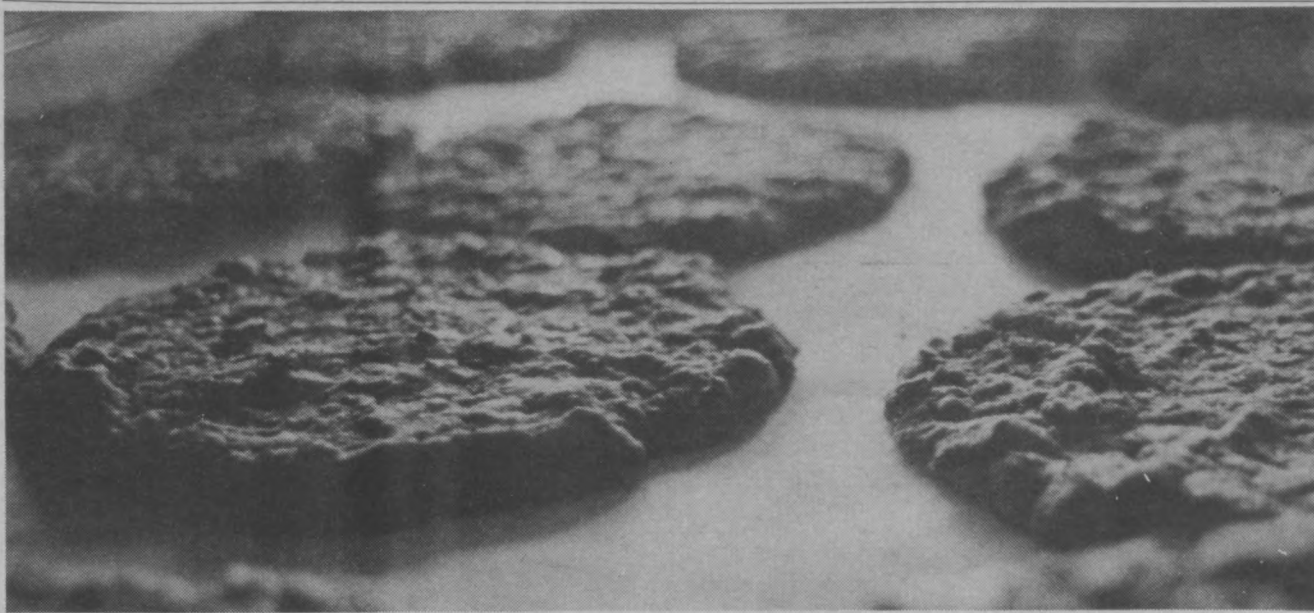
Rosinka called her mother a "very mysterious woman" when Madame Rosinka would not allow the results of this reporter's palm reading to be printed.

However, Madame Rosinka would allow it to be known that I have "good hands," although what makes good hands is not clear, because when Julia starts reading palms, her voice takes on the sort of accent that one would expect of the descendent of hundreds of years of Yugoslavian palm

**MADAME ROSINKA**

**PALM READER**

readers with the my fine shape provide her cust Enoug and her and Tan to keep corner Canon K Julia sa sisters, three p reading dependi Rosin has som has a fe palms. inherite the art, Rosin your lif head a formati not com the han crow's s person's "For person. themsel lot about soul," R She ad the mos expressi good job the num



NEXUS/Greg Harris

is important that her customers get to know her and the cookies. "I like making something that people like a lot," she said, noting that her favorite time to bake cookies is when it rains. "People are like little kids coming out of the rain...the smell drives them crazy."

The Santa Barbara Cookie Co. is unique in that fresh cookies emerge from the oven every 10 minutes throughout the day. "When you pull them out of the oven and they're just warm, that's when they're pretty special," Dalton explained.

The cookies are approximately four inches in diameter and sell for 55 cents. Hours: 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Mon. through Fri., and 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Sat.

**Bite A Delight World Cookie Co.**  
708 State Street

Weary of eating poorly made chocolate chip cookies, World Cookie Co. owners Louigi Maietta, his brother, and partner Michael Shore started their own company two years ago. Since that time, the business has erupted into a nationwide and international market.

According to Shore, the use of the freshest and finest ingredients — Pennsylvania chocolate, Georgia pecans, vanilla imported from Madagascar, and a margarine and butter base gives the cookies a distinctive flavor unlike any other. It is a lighter dough base, soft and chewy with every bite. Quite frankly, these delectable creations taste like Christmas.

Although World Cookie Co. sells as far away as Guam (to the United States army, no less), Shore is quick to point out that unlike many chain chocolate chip cookie manufacturers, the World Cookie Co. maintains a close relationship with its product. "We like to eat what we bake," he said, emphasizing that the chocolate chip cookie is just a part of the family.

Cookies are baked every hour, quality controlled and personally supervised, although only one person knows the recipe. Shore estimates that 2,000 cookies are sold nationwide on a daily basis. Currently featuring a chocolate chip with pecans, and chocolate chip with peanut butter in two sizes, the World Cookie Co. is planning to release a

Grand Marnier-macadamia nut chocolate chip cookie for the holiday season.

Shore explains that when it comes to quality, cookie lovers can expect to pay a little more. The 2 oz. cookie costs 65 cents, or \$4.25 per pound. He notes, however, that it's worth it when one considers the number of cheaply produced, poor quality cookies "the size of dinner plates" which have flooded the market. Shore claims that purchasers are lucky to find even 6 chips in some of the cheaper brands. "Like autos," Shore explained, "you have to assess the quality of the chocolate."

The environment of the cookie's origin is also important, Shore said, noting that chocolate chip cookies weren't

meant to be baked in sterile, stainless steel kitchens. The cookie company is housed in a tiny shop on State street amidst an array of American antiques and teddy bears.

Bite A Delight World Cookie Co. is open from 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. Mon. through Sat. and 12 - 5 p.m. on Sundays.

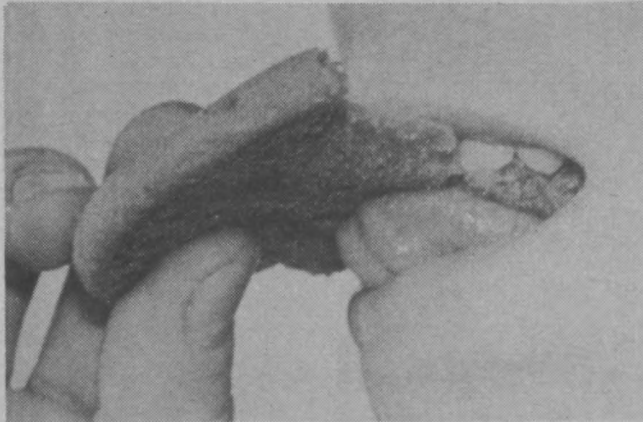
**Mrs. Fields**  
La Cumbre Plaza

Begun five years ago in Palo Alto, California, Mrs. Fields cookies has grown into a profitable cookie

empire with almost 50 stores in four states, and has plans to expand overseas. According to Santa Barbara store manager Karen Chin, Mrs. Fields actually began her business in her own home, baking cookies for Mr. Fields.

Chin says the cookies are unique because they contain "a lot of chocolate," averaging 36 chips per cookie. With a continuous baking process to ensure that cookies are warm and fresh when sold, store policy prohibits the sale of any cookie more than 2 hours old. Although the recipe is carefully guarded and the type of chocolate used kept a secret, Chin said the cookies contain 100 percent pure chocolate, an all butter base, and no additives or preservatives.

Carefully monitored and made by hand, Chin claims the cookies are "the closest to homemade you can get". Attributing the chocolate chip cookie attraction to the fact that "people were raised on them," she estimates that the (Please turn to pg.7A, col1)



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eaders. I believe it has something to do with the fact that I have strong ridges where my fingers connect with my palm. The shape of the hand as well as the lines provide the palmist with information about her customer.

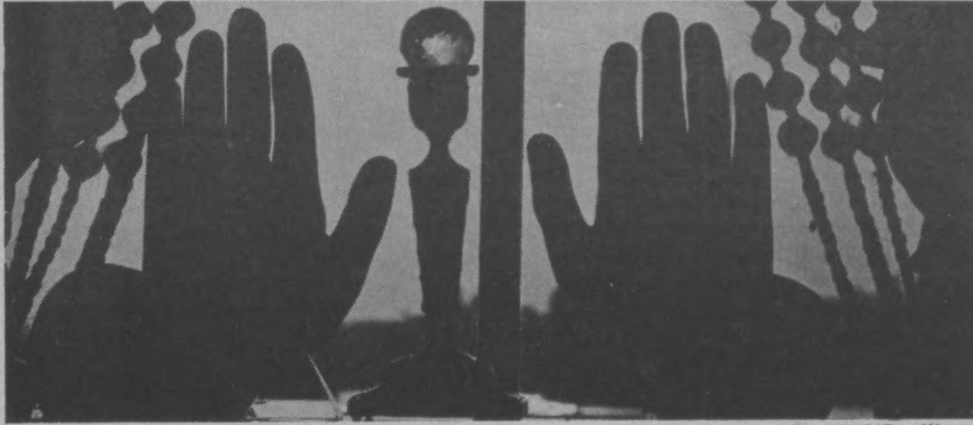
Enough people seek out Madame Rosinka and her three daughters who read palms and Tarot cards and give psychic readings to keep three "offices" going, one on the corner of Hollister and Fairview, one on Canon Perdido and one on Stearn's Wharf. Julia said she and her mother and her sisters, Sonia and Donna, each see two or three people per day for palm or psychic readings that range from \$10 to \$80 depending on how complete they are.

Rosinka said that she believes everyone has some amount of psychic ability, but she has a fourth sister who is not able to read palms. Rosinka attributes her ability to an inherited gift, having been "raised around" the art, and working to develop it.

Rosinka explained that "there is a map of our life in your hands," in the heart, life, head and destiny lines, but all the information that a reader is able to give does not come from just those lines or even just the hands. "You can read a person from the crown's feet around their eyes. They tell the person's character."

"For the psychic reading, I read the person. If people are willing to open themselves up, I can read a lot. Eyes tell a lot about a person. They are a mirror of the soul," Rosinka said.

She added that the psychic reading is also the most exhausting. What is so tiring is expressing what she sees. In order to do a good job on all her readings, she must limit the number or completely exhaust herself.



NEXUS/Greg Wong

Rosinka said that seven in 10 customers leave satisfied with their reading. Some leave unhappy because she did not tell them what they wanted to hear, "but I can not make up what is not there."

Rosinka added that she will tell her customers what she sees regardless of whether it is good or bad. Fortunately, she said, she has not yet been in the position of telling some one that he or she was about to die.

Reading the tarot cards is another kind of skill, which Rosinka says she has mastered since she began reading. "At first, I didn't like them (the cards), because they were so negative. Now I've learned to handle them better."

The skill in reading the cards lies in the interpretation of the way the cards, (each signifying a different event in life, for example, death, birth or marriage) fall next to one another.

Rosinka said that sometimes the cards and palms can tell exactly the same story, while at others, they can be in opposition. Then it is up to her to interpret the discrepancy.



# Press...

(Continued from pg.3A)

down the road at the Biltmore, or on whipping up cute feature stories on the the Reagan ranch.

George Skelton of the *Los Angeles Times*, is one of these hard-working journalists who is constantly scooping everyone else with his tales of animal life — stories about stallion gelding, Nancy's fear of mice and the president's unusual pastime of wading into his pond to catch water snakes with his bare hands.

Competition is high among the networks, newspapers and magazines but covering a presidential vacation varies considerably according to one's news organization. The



NEXUS/Greg Harris

mandate for Mark Knoller of Associated Press radio, is typical of a radio reporter.

"Whether there's hard news or not, we are obligated to give something. Newspaper people can call and say there's nothing happening but we are constantly working," he said.

Compton agreed that newspapers have the easiest job in Santa Barbara and explained that for her and the other television correspondents, work goes far beyond putting together a 90-second spot for the evening news.

"There are two correspondents here for ABC and we are responsible for presidential coverage on the evening news, late night news, *Good Morning America* and the afternoon news breaks," she explained, noting that often spots that are taped and ready for broadcast, are pulled from the story lineup at the last minute, making the whole day's work simply "for the fun of it."

When in California, a full day's work ends at 3 p.m. in order to make the six o'clock news broadcast on the east coast. But Compton stated, "I'm working just as hard as I do in Washington. The sun just goes down earlier." Because of the time difference, Compton and the rest of her crew keep their watches set on Eastern Standard Time so as to avoid any confusion.

"Can you imagine the problems we'd have constantly counting three hours ahead?" she chuckled.

Although the hours of daylight work are short, Compton and the other journalists spend evenings dining with White House staff, hoping to get a bit of exclusive information or help them better analyze the president's actions. And once sound asleep it is never too late, or early, for the bureau back home to call with an assignment.

Compton said she doesn't mind though, "it comes with

ABC correspondents, Ann Compton (left) and Mike Von Fremd (above) in Santa Barbara.

the job." Besides, no matter how tired I am, it is always exciting to be the one given that fast breaking story, she smiled, recalling past phone calls at four in the morning.

News reporters are only one segment of the Washington Press Corps traveling to Santa Barbara. In fact, with every television station comes camera crews, sound technicians, editors, producers and usually at least one or two of the network-affiliated children.

During Reagan's summer retreat last year, at least ten wives and 21 children accompanied the usual staff of six newspapers, four wire services, three

newsmagazines, three radio networks and four television networks. Every member of the press corps is obligated to his job first, but with so

much afternoon and evening time left free, most enjoy bringing the family along at least once a year. Under a long-standing policy for presidential press travel, any empty seats on the press charter — which is paid for by the news organizations — are made available to press dependents at a bargain rate. Accommodations at the Sheraton Hotel are paid for in full by the individual.

Bringing home-life to Santa Barbara is important for many of the correspondents and according to Compton, she is more relaxed when her two young boys are with her.

"I always feel guilty when I'm not with them but I admit I don't work as hard when the kids are here," she said.

Several families with the corps rent private homes in Santa Barbara to escape the ever-present pandemonium at the Sheraton.

But whether alone or with families, writing or filming, sailing on the Pacific or digging up a story, the entire Washington Press Corps is a dedicated group with unending energy, both in Washington and in Santa Barbara.

As a local ABC employee remarked, "they are an incredible persevering group of people with a dedication beyond anything I've ever seen. I could never maintain their busy lifestyle."

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## Headaches of a Transfer

By JIM HODGKINS

I used to attend a small commuter college in the state university system. That was about six months ago. Now I attend a medium sized school in the U.C. system. Am I happier? Usually, yes. I'm just one of about 1,600 new transfer students at UCSB.

Contrary to what some people think, it is not always easy to transfer schools. What if you weren't eligible to attend a U.C. right out of high school? One has to fulfill certain requirements. In my case I had all the required courses, but my SAT scores and high school GPA weren't high enough to get into a U.C. I spent a few sleepless nights worrying about that.

Getting an application together is not an easy process if one is transferring. Do you know I had to send my transcripts to UCSB five times? Why they needed them five times is beyond me, but I sure sent them every time they asked. I had to fill out forms that I'd never heard of. Everytime I had a question about my eligibility, UCSB answered me with a form.

Trying to fill out my preferred program card and get my registration packet in order was, "fun." If you're a transfer student, you receive the packet in June and are told to mail your packet in by mid-August. This presents a few problems, first of which is what classes to take? Transfer students don't find

out how their previous work fits into UCSB's requirements until September. This is long after program cards have been

*"Everytime I had a question about my eligibility, UCSB answered me with a form."*

mailed in. Also, I found out from some friends that I should mail my card in early to be sure my classes weren't filled. Talk about hit-and-miss scheduling! Little did I know that when I went to orientaton, I would be given preference over the other people in my class and the people below me.

At my former college, we

registered over a three-day period at the school. Class cards were given out at registration and one knew immediately what classes he had gotten. The process at UCSB was a mystery to me. The farther I went through

registration, the more I couldn't be sure if it was a dream come true, or something the administration dreamed up to keep the students on their feet during registration week. Probably the latter!

Unlike a lot of transfer students, I went to orientation. I strongly recommend it for anyone who is

transferring. All the staff members were there to help, and were able to answer just about all my questions. I found out a lot about UCSB at orientaion; for instance, where the housing office is.

Through the housing office, I was able to find the apartment I'm now living in.

To me registration week seemed like a whirl of events. I can't even remember everything I went to. The meetings were endless, and in between meetings and social functions, I was supposed to attend open registration. Open registration did prove to be the "ton of fun" everyone told me it would be. No one warned me, though, about the way Robertson Gym smells after a few thousand people have

been through the doors.

Classes started on Sept. 23. Going from a campus with 10 buildings to a campus with approximately 50, is an experience I hope eveyone else can avoid. While all my classes are in about the same general area, I'm not used to having buildings hidden behind other buildings and endless corridors with numbers that stretch out to infinity. To this day, I still have trouble finding one of my discussion sections hidden in Ellison Hall.

All-in-all, I'm glad I chose UCSB. The people, so far, are great and it's easy to get involved here. Where else could someone be writing for the Daily Nexus after only being in the area for two months?

## Cookies...

(Continued from pg.5A)

La Cumbre store sells between 1,000 and 3,000 cookies per day. Mrs. Fields offers five varieties of the standard chocolate chip cookie, the most unusual of which contains semi-sweet chocolate and macademia nuts, a must for the adventurous palate. As one Mrs. Fields fan put it, "it's like eating a candy bar." A thick, compact, chocolate-studded nougat makes this cookie popular, not to mention the aroma that engulfs a good part of the shopping mall.

Although the shopping mall atmosphere may deter some who seek a personalized environment when purchasing their cookies, Chin feels that the mall situation is actually an advantage, providing a constant flow of traffic. "We're selling something that people want," she added, and "its a good product."

Mrs. Fields is open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Mon., Thurs., and Fri.; 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tues., Wed., and Sat., and on Sundays, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

### University Center, UCSB

Since its creation almost a year ago, the university chocolate chip cookie has become a booming business. Food Production Manager Mike Conaway estimates that the "average UCSB person eats 52 cookies per year" of the UCen chocolate chip cookies, adding that 2,000-3,000 chocolate chip cookies are sold daily.

The UCen cookie is a heavier cookie — a dense, textured blend of mini chocolate chips, nuts and dough. The cookies are made with Ghirardelli chocolate, walnuts, and a base of primex, a mixture of shortening and margarine.

"It's an extraordinary good deal," Conaway emphasized, noting that the cookies cost between \$1.50 to \$2 per pound (or approximately 25 cents per cookie), much less than most other cookies on the market. Although the cookies are a "quantity type product," Conaway said that each

cookie is hand scooped from the dough bowl to the cookie sheet via student labor, baked on a daily basis, Monday through Friday, to ensure freshness.

Special Projects Coordinator Francie White, who supervised the creation of the cookie, claimed it's the "amount of chocolate" that

makes the UCen cookies unique, adding that she gained an extra 5 pounds from her professional taste-tasting of the UCen creation.

UCen cookies are sold in the UCen and various locations on campus during regular operating hours.

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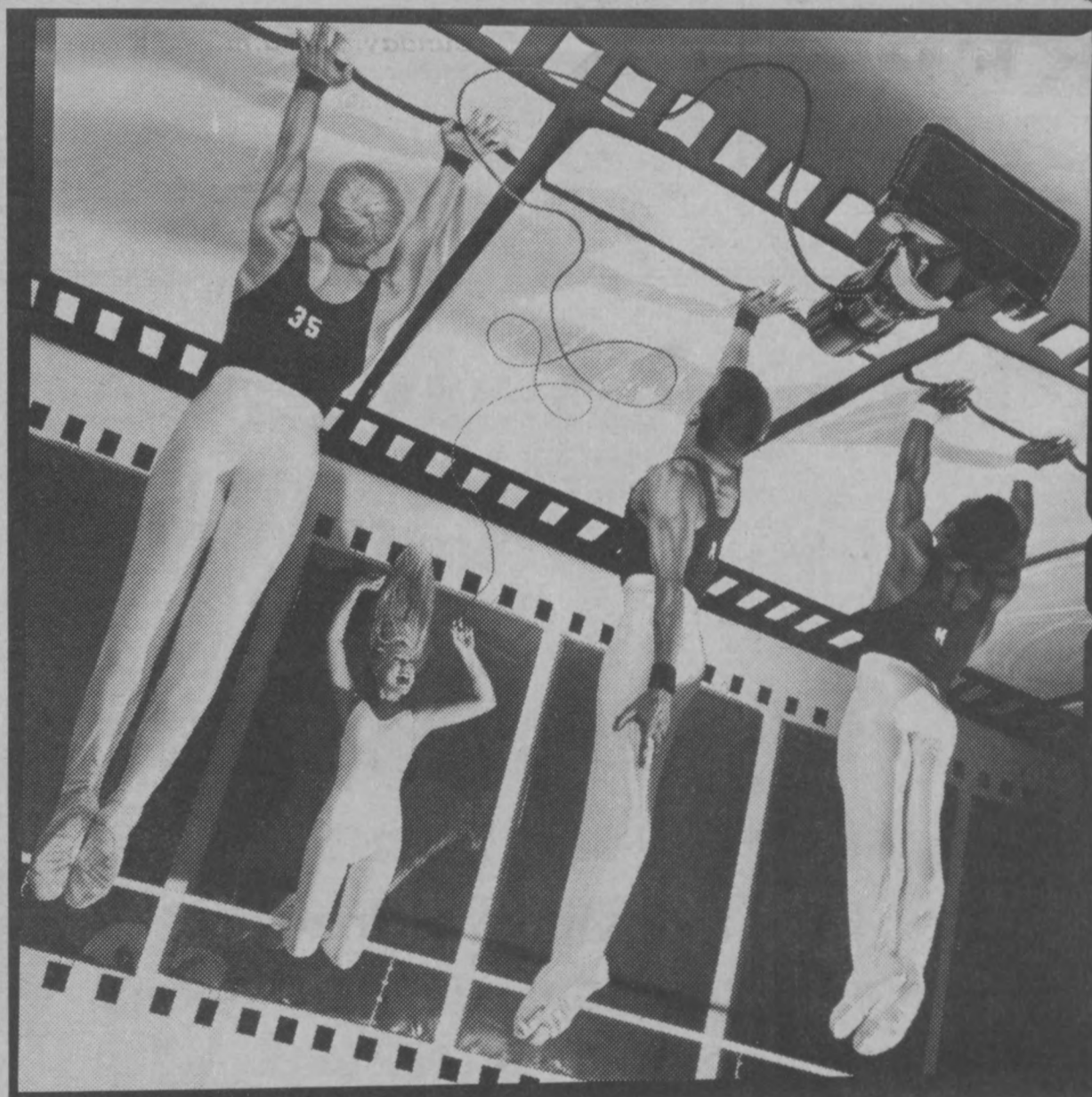
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# VISIONS

## The Last Time

Why am I doing this? she asks herself as she climbs the three flights of stairs. He opens the door and greets her coldly. She has come, hating herself for it, hating him.

"Want a beer?" he asks. "Yes," but I'm already drunk and making a fool of myself and it'll only get worse. They drink and listen to the stereo and both get belligerent, flinging insults at each other like the dregs of a cup of bitter coffee, the bitter remains of an empty relationship.

She wants to leave, to quit, but can't, held like a smoker for whom the joy of smoking is gone and only the addiction — hateful and persistent — remains. The gratification, when it comes, is ecstatic but bitterly short.

I can stop this, stop myself, get out. He doesn't care one way or the other, she thinks as he shuts himself in the bathroom. Leave now, throw open the door and run like mad. Instead, she walks down the hallway and waits,

leaning against the door, until he opens it. She falls into him, clutching at his waist. "Let's go into your room," she says.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asks.

"Yes," she answers, curving her hands around his buttocks.

Off go the lights, darkness, unbuttoning, unzipping, fumbling, hot hands and breath on hot skin, swelling and sliding. She claws and arches, he jars her relentlessly, they fight bitterly, angrily making loveless love.

On her side, facing the wall, she says, "I should leave, shouldn't I? You want me to leave, don't you?"

"I don't care, he says indifferently. "Sure, stay if you want. He dozes lightly for a time and she watches him, thinking of nothing, numb, blank. Absentmindedly she touches him, bringing him back. He stirs, runs his hand along her hip and thigh. "Let's do it again, just one more time," she pleads.

"For the road, right," he laughs in her ear. I hate him, hate him. He is stronger than she and slower, this time, keeps on till she wants to cry, "Stop! You're hurting me, stop!" He does, finally. I hope he's satisfied, hope he's

happy hope...

When she awakes he's gone. She hears several voices through the wall, saying, "She got a little drunk and crashed out." They know better than that, whoever they are, they know better, they know me. They're laughing because they know better, and he's laughing too.

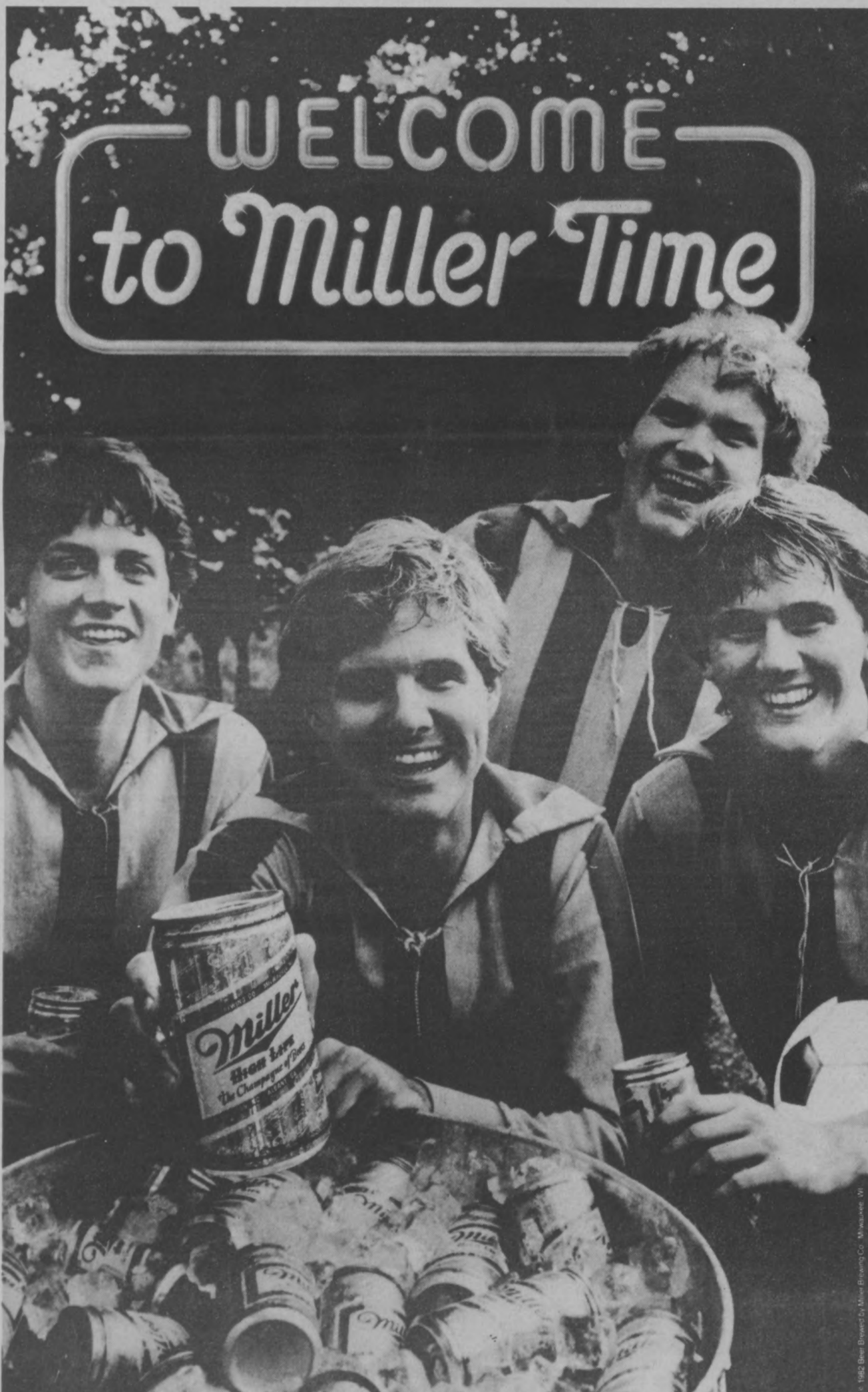
She is tired, but not too tired to leave. Putting on her clothes, she wonders how she'll face the assholes in the living room, their undressing glances, their leering grins.

She runs a brush through her hair and walks into a room of uplifted staring faces, all accusing, all snickering and lewd because he got his piece of ass. "Hi," she says to all and no one, unable to focus until she finds his face. "I have to go now," she tells him nervously, confusedly. "I really have to go."

The night air surprises her, but she dives into it as into a cool pool on an August afternoon, leaving behind his hot skin and breath, the scalding gaze of his friends, the suffocation of their mutual hatred.

She looks back and he is standing in the window, holding a can of beer, smiling. Now he is telling them what really happened, the bastard. That's the last time. I hate him, how can I do that to myself, why do I do it? She sits down on a park bench and there, under stars burning through the midnight cold, she cries.

—Dean de la Motte



## A Refuge of Time

The wind moves dead leaves  
Through the Ancient Forest  
Where, caught by some chance breeze  
They float into twisted roots  
or darkened hollow  
Their ranks breaking,  
and reforming  
As they tumble  
through the tree  
In a land called  
Memory

Ric Parker

## Longer Distance

I feel fine  
I feel good  
I feel better than you think I should

I hope your new boy  
Makes you feel like a star  
Since you aren't happy where you are.

I like having a phone  
when you're not on the line  
I feel fine

don't mind  
What you said  
I just found someone else instead.

And now you're gone  
with all your toys  
One things for sure, there's a lot less noise.

If you want a call from me  
mail me a dime.  
I feel fine.

Peter Lefevre

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