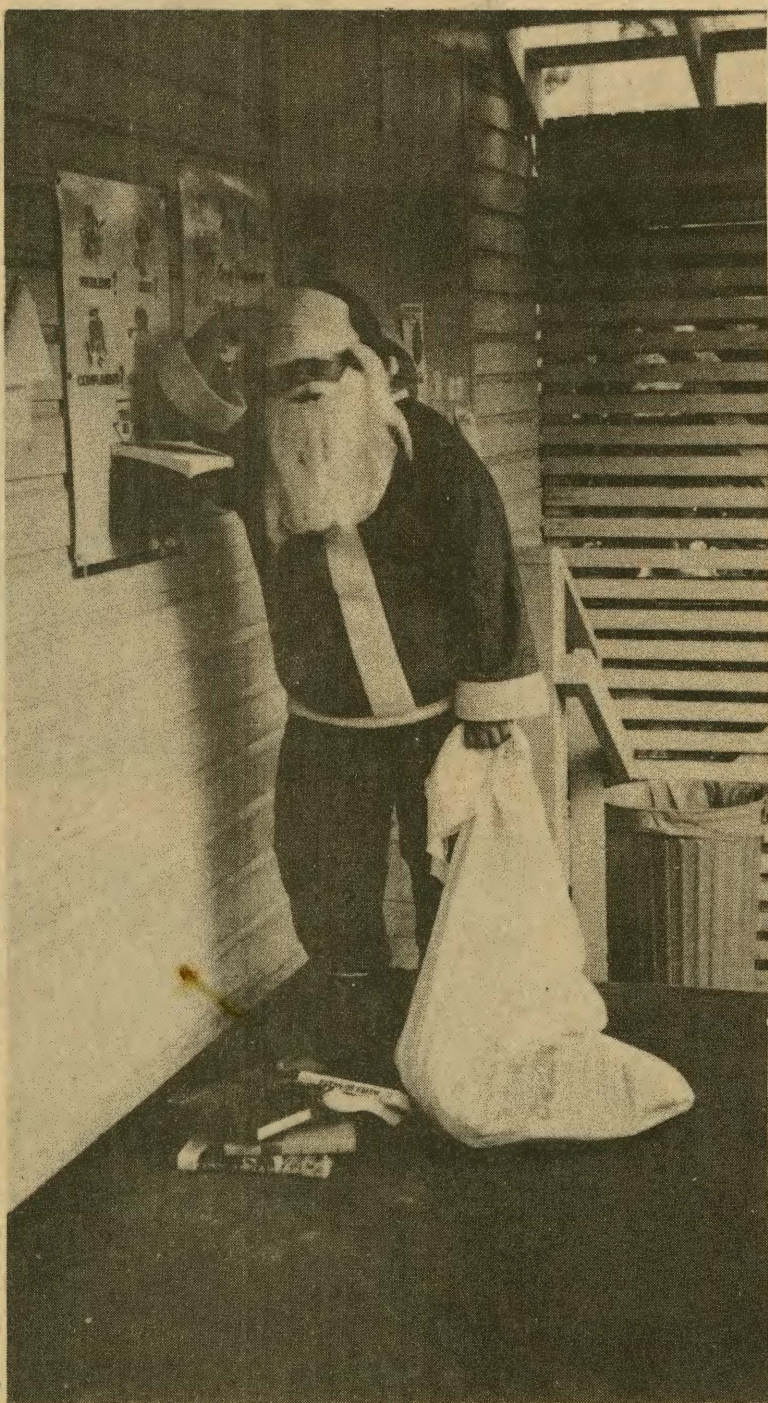


**Twas the week before...**



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Vol. 14 No. 5

Kapiolani Community College

December 9, 1982



# Memories of Christmas, good and bad

By Judi Woodbury  
and Pat Correia

Christmas 1982 is almost here. We, at Kapi, hope you can relate to the best and worst Christmases experiences of some of our students. If we missed you this year, perhaps we'll catch you next Christmas.

My best Christmas was spend at home in Sweden with all 40 of my relatives. We went swimming, to the sauna and rolled in the snow afterwards. We drank glögg and opened our presents after a sumptuous dinner of Swedish meatballs, fish and potatoes and Johnson's Temptation (anchovies, potatoes and spices.)

Kristina Daniels

My worst Christmas was when the Easter Bunny told me there was no Santa Claus. What made it even worse, was when an artesian told me that there was no Easter Bunny!

James Johnson

My best will be this year because I'll be celebrating at home and I haven't been there in over a year.

Judi Woodbury

My worst Christmas was in 1966, the first year we were without our grandparents. They were both Scottish and celebrated to the hilt with traditional turkey dinner and homemade gifts. They even were stand-ins for Mr. & Mrs. Santa Claus.

Maryanne Martin

1971 was my worst Christmas. My dad usually made a ceremony of gift giving on Christmas Day—he would call a name and have the person open the gift while we all watched with anticipation of our turn. That Christmas, my dad was shot down on an Air Force mission in Vietnam and we didn't know where, when, or whether he would ever be with us again. I remember so vividly our unhappiness at gift-giving time; I was ten years old.

Jane White

My worst was when I was a little girl and I thought the fire in the fire place would not be put out on time and Santa Claus would get burned.

Mary Kay Clark

Christmas 1980 in Hawaii was my worst Christmas. No snow and no spirit of Christmas, more like the 4th of July. No sledding, ice-skating, hot-toddies, family get-togethers and worst of all, no tree chopping.

John Boone

Christmas 1961 was my best Christmas. When the family went shopping and looked at all the beautiful decorations and lights, my dad announced that we were not having a Christmas tree that year. On returning home, there in our living room, was the most beautiful ceiling high flocked tree with pink and gold balls and an angel on the top.

Regina Pfeiffer

The worst Christmas was when I came to Hawaii and had no snow on Christmas. The best was my first Christmas in America.

Dr. Mia, Geography Instructor

My worst Christmas was in 1981. My divorced parents each wanted me to spend Christmas at their house. I spent Christmas at both places unhappily thinking I should be here when I was there and there when I was here.

Kristina Daniels

My most beautiful Christmas was in Guyana, 1950. Six members of our family, ranging in ages from 16 to 9, donned our old socks and slid merrily on our freshly waxed floor, pretending to be ice-skating and having a jolly time. Christmas carols were playing, we were laughing and singing and my dad was enjoying our merriment, as tears ran down his cheeks. My dad died the following year.

Pat Correia

## The joke's on us

Riddle: What takes a long time to complete, requires a sense of humor and suggests a need for improvement?

Answer: Early registration.

Students benefited from standing in line for hours since this ordeal helped to build up leg muscles, good for kicking through crowds and running to get desired classes.

Laughter rang out when it was discovered registration was now on computer, designed to speed up the process. So what if it resulted in hundreds of students waiting in the dark in a single line going into the Student Lanai. This provided ample time to fill out the new yellow forms needed for the unfortunate computer, which was abandoned.

Why does registration remain such a bother? If students could pick up their packets a week in advance, one line could be eliminated. Also, it would help to have more than one line going into the Lanai.

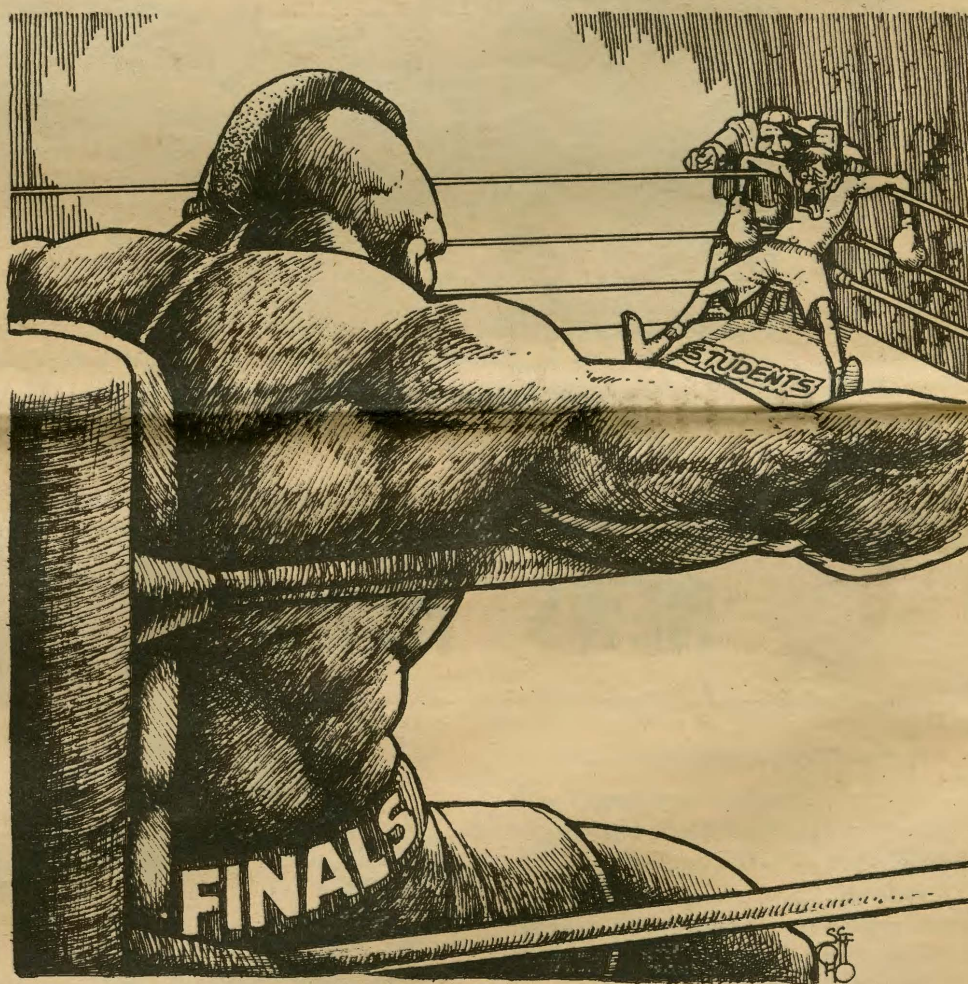
Why not increase the number of days to process arts and science majors, which is the bulk of registration?

The yellow form for schedule of classes was incomplete and needed a place for time and location of classes, to help with deciding alternate schedules.

If things must remain the same in this procedure, why not provide benches, tables and refreshments for those condemned to wait in line? Perhaps the non-existent sports program funds could pay for these benefits.

Maybe by next fall, the registration riddle will be solved.

—Jay McWilliams



## It boddahs me

This is a response to "What, Boddah You?" in the Nov. 10 issue, Vol. No. 4 of Kapi.

It does bother me to find that students expect to be led through their courses, and feel intimidated by instructors. This may be true in many cases; however, I think the individual student is also at fault by not being prepared for these courses. Maybe, some students are not yet ready for college.

It bothers me because I have seen both sides of the problem, and I find instructors are often asked to repeat answers that have just been explained. I see that usually the students who are not prepared for the class period ask these questions. I think that students should show more responsibility toward their schooling, remembering that this education is not free and that it costs some money

and time.

It bothers me because I have seen both sides of the problem and I find that there are many cures. I think the biggest cure is to make sure that the student qualifies for each course through some kind of placement test or tests. Students are students and are here to learn. Instructors should put all their efforts into those students, try to make them better people and help them work for a better future.

This college is a section or segment of the beginning of higher education and classes should be taught accordingly. Students should expect the work to be hard and they also should expect the teachers to guide them along the way, but not in the sense of doing almost everything for them.

Enough already.

—Charles Kupa

Kapi staff extends its sincerest mahalo to all contributing sources for the news tips sent to us.

Next semester we hope to continue the promising efforts shown thus far and cordially invite dormant talent to awaken in newswriting, Journalism 205, and news production, Journalism 285.

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is seeking  
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reporters, typists  
and cartoonists. Call  
735-3132 MWF a.m.  
or 373-3815.

Student  
government is  
seeking secretary  
and senators for next  
semester. See Ralph Ohara  
at Student Services if  
interested.

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# Tuition increase responses

By Regina Pfeiffer

A randomly circulated survey of student response to some proposals for tuition increases revealed that most of the students responding would continue to come to KCC despite the proposed increase, but that most students did not feel that upper level or graduate education should be charged a higher tuition.

The survey is being carried out on both campuses by Kapio staffers. The following are some comments by students. The responses received thus far are tabulated in the table below.

"Although I will probably continue to go to school at the \$40-75 level, \$190 per semester is too high for me to continue. And I don't think it would be fair to my smaller brothers and future siblings to have such a high tuition to consider when pursuing a

higher education."

"Financially, it is hard on the students already. Of course, no matter what the cost, it won't stop people from wanting a higher education."

"I agree with the tuition increase if the money goes to improve our educational system."

"Education is very expensive as it is. I'm a single parent supporting myself. I try to get a good education and save by going to a community college so I can afford an advanced college."

"Considering the cost of instruction to maintain the medical and law schools, students in the graduate division should pay more."

"I feel it will discourage low income students to go to school. Education is our best tool for a better future. It should be kept accessible to everyone, including poor students."

Age Group	Total Responses	Live at Home			Continue at KCC if Tuition Increased			Higher Tuition for graduate			Reason for Attending School
		Yes	No	Blank	Yes	No	Blank	Yes	No	Blank	
17-20	164	119	17	7	116	40	8	62	90	12	pursuing degree
21-25	22	137	20	7	48	22	2	24	471		pursuing degree
26-30	18	2	15	1	11	6	1	4	13	1	pursuing degree self improvement
31-39	16	4	12	0	12	3	1	9	7		pursuing degree self improvement
40 & over	14	3	1		2	2		1	3		pursuing degree self improvement
no age	36	4	0	11	3	1	2	2	44	0	self improvement

# A healing touch

By Jan Zane

Is healing by a touch of hand power from the person or power from the Lord?

Evangelist William Hartley from England spoke about healing through Jesus Christ at Pensacola Campus on Nov. 16, to the Campus Youth Christians and interested students.

Hartley has traveled intensively for 26 years around the world with his wife. He is known for his miraculous healing power worldwide.

"I've seen great miracles happen," says Hartley. "The cripple who walked, the deaf heard, and the blind regained their sight."

One of Hartley's experiences took place in New Zealand where a six-year-old girl was born without an

optic nerve. The little girl was brought to Hartley and he placed his hand on the child's head and prayed. Two days later, Hartley picked up a New Zealand newspaper and read the headline where a child re-gained her sight through a miracle. It was, in fact, the same little girl for whom he had prayed. Was this a miracle?

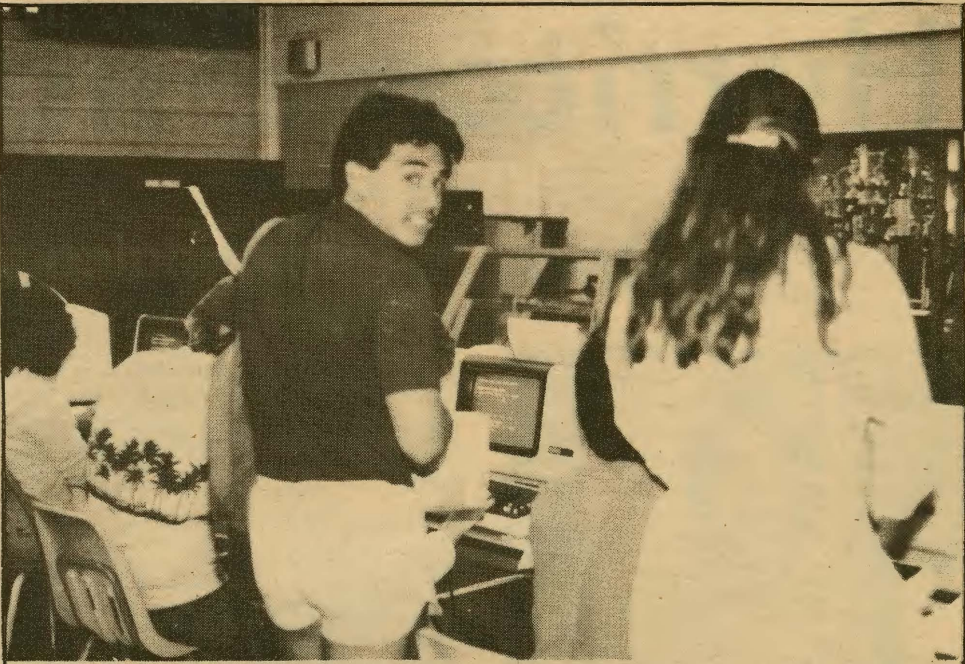
During one of Hartley's services, an elderly lady came to him and asked him to heal her because she was deaf due to broken eardrums. Placing his hands over her head, he prayed. Today the elderly lady is able to hear.

"I don't claim the power to heal, it's Jesus Christ. He gives me the strength to heal," says Hartley.

When asked what religious group he belongs to, he laughs, "I'm a believer in Jesus Christ."



Food service and Hoper students tour Maunakea Beach Hotel with Marjorie Spencer, director of social activities. Photo by F.L. Ascencio



Students are victimized by computer experiment during early registration. Photo by Grant Yorita

# KCC tests spirometer

By Kelly Omonaka

Last spring, Ron Sanderson, respiratory therapy instructor, received the Leahi Trust Research Grant from Leahi Hospital to test the accuracy of hand held ventilation spirometers.

The ventilation spirometer is a device used to measure the amount a person is breathing. It is used specifically in intensive care units in hospitals where the patients are hooked up to artificial mechanical ventilators that aid in breathing.

The spirometer monitors the patient's breathing so respiratory technicians can tell how much air to provide for him on the artificial

mechanical ventilators.

Older model spirometers are large machines that have to be wheeled in and just take up too much room.

The hand held spirometer is obviously smaller and therefore easily brought in and out when needed. The only problem is that some are accurate and some are not. This is why it needs to be tested.

Sanderson is testing the spirometer by comparing measurements of older, accurate spirometers with the new ones. The results will be published nationwide to inform respiratory technicians, who are currently using the device, of the percentage of accuracy of the hand-held spirometers.

# Hoper class makes A gourmet fieldtrip

By Adrialina Baraoidan

Eighteen Hotel Operations students and Dr. Henry Kalani were given the royal treatment at the Westin's 5 star rated Mauna Kea Beach Hotel on the Big Island Nov. 19 to 21. It was a pleasure-filled educational field trip.

After arriving in Kona, the troupe stopped at the Kona Surf Hotel for a guided tour of the hotel's facilities before heading for the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, where they were met by activities director Marg Spencer and given a hotel briefing.

Their first meal was a sumptuous one in the hotel's Garden Pavillion Restaurant. The group was later joined by the hotel's Food and Be-

verage manager, John Gilbert, who answered questions about his department.

A tour of the hotel and its grounds and departments preceded a buffet lunch outdoors overlooking tropical greenery and a pounding surf.

After lunch, while half the group relaxed pool side, the other half visited the Sheraton Royal Waikoloa Resort Hotel.

In the evening, the group was again treated to the Mauna Kea's prize-winning cuisine in the Batik Room, where Adri Kohler, general manager, welcomed the group.

To show their appreciation, Dr. Kalani, on behalf of the KCC group, presented the hotel with a koa wood tray.



# Hurricane havoc - KCC staff and students recount

## Family business flooded



Greg Carrier's family store was severely damaged.

By Regina Pfeiffer

Hurricane Iwa's smashing force became a reality for KCC student Greg Carrier and his family. The turbulent waves and wind severely damaged their snack stand located in the main Outrigger Hotel's basement area.

Carrier described the scene on the afternoon of the storm. "Our stand was the only one open in the area. The waves were rough. The trees were swaying and the sand was blowing everywhere. There was no doubt about it that a storm was coming."

Early the next morning, Carrier's father went to check out the situation. Carrier said, "He called us, 'Come down, the shop's been demolished.'"

"I almost fell down when I saw the shop," Carrier said. Three to four feet of sand lay in the shop. A foot-thick cement wall was demolished leaving only a portion of the original 10 feet. The steel door hung sideways, barely held on by its hinges.

"The machines in the front were tossed into the back room about five feet away. He said that the heavy machines usually take two men to carry them."

Carrier explained, "You could see the water level. The dirty rings showed that the shop was almost completely underwater."

At first, they almost decided not to bother with the shop. But instead, the clean-up began.

"We worked all day shoveling and shoveling sand. We made a trench to take the water out," Carrier said. He added that they were shoveling until Saturday.

"We lost machines and supplies. All our motors have to be overhauled. It will be two or three more weeks before we're fully in operation," Carrier said.

## Poipu survivor

By Jay McWilliams

In a Kauai three-story condominium called Poipu Sands, Karen Fox, a recent UH graduate, found herself looking out of the livingroom, not really believing what was happening. Entire roofs were blowing down the street and she was sure, any minute, her brand new car would become another casualty of Hurricane Iwa.

A few hours before, Fox had been driving from Lihue and was still in a hurricane party mood, no one thought it would really hit Hawaii. Even helping to move trees off the road failed to bring the seriousness of the situation into focus.

Turning down the road towards Poipu Beach, Fox saw waves and churning water from a spot where normally you could not even see the beach, which was usually calm like Hanalei Bay. When the warning sirens went off reality urged Fox and her companions away from the water and towards the safety of their condo, one mile away.

Arriving home at 1 p.m. Fox began to tape up windows and made tuna salad. At this point she and her friends were taking pictures, making jokes and thinking the hurricane would go and never really bother anything.

By around 3 p.m. Fox said she felt the pressure in the house was dropping, like in a vacuum. Her ears started to pop and she could hear the nails coming out of the roof.

The electricity had already gone out and Fox was thinking maybe it was just her apartment, not knowing 90 percent of the utility poles were down on the island.



Cars submerged in a pond, created by Hurricane Iwa, outside of the Sheraton Hotel. Photo by Karen Fox.

Between 3:30 and 7:30 it was the spookiest time of all. Listening to the only radio station, KGU from Oahu, Fox said she felt isolated, realizing no one, including herself, could possibly know what was really happening on Kauai.

At 7 p.m. one of her friends opened the lanai door and the wind knocked the huge glass door off its runner. He started screaming for help which added to the already tense situation.

By 8 p.m. the winds were slowing down and by 10 p.m. it was over. Fox remembers thinking how, since she was alright, then everyone else must be in the same condition.

The next day blue skies gave the impression things were fine and Fox

By Monica Toyama

While most people were hurrying home before the hurricane hit last Tuesday, at Woolworths in Waikiki, where I work, tourists were still intent on finishing their shopping.

The big plate glass windows in the front of the store were moving in and out with each gust of wind. I thought they would shatter. Oblivious to the danger, a female customer with thighs the size of my waist was asking her husband, "What size muumuu should I get for Aunt Bessie and what color aloha shirt should I get for Bobby-Joe?"

A male customer complained, "You should really do something about your light situation—it's beginning to bug me."

The lights had been going on and

## Customers undaunted

off since noon.

People were hurrying and knocking down everything in their path to the two cash registers left operational. (They were running on batteries.) Two women argued over who was there first.

They bought out armfuls of macadamia nuts, aloha wear, our entire meager stock of candles and batteries. The liquor department sold out its supply of vodka, scotch, whiskey and beer.

When the doors were closed at 5 p.m., customers were still trying to get in. One man who was turned away said, "Hell, it's just a little storm, nothing to be scared of."

Two blocks down the street, the electric transformer, as if in disagreement, crackled, sparked and strained like a giant foghorn.

## Lure of seductive storm

By Barbara Meyer

The agitated and immense energy of Hurricane Iwa held the beach of Waikiki in its grasp. Its gray thickness surrounded a few remaining camera-slung tourists and locals who balanced for footing like a tightrope walker.

People searched one another's eyes—should we be afraid? Could disaster really strike paradise? Click—a man in white shorts, which

were flapping madly, tried to photograph a palm tree branch slicing through the air like a nuclear-powered arrow.

A chubby-legged woman with short, tight curls smiled nervously as she and her husband stumbled out from the lathered, beating sea. Hand in hand, they parade in front of the crowd.

An hour before the full force of the storm was to hit, people still gathered at the shore as if enticed by a seductive and dangerous lover.

## Storm surfing

By Susan Kahakalau

We reached Queen's Beach about 6:30 a.m. The sun was up, but had disappeared behind greyish clouds. A strong wind was chopping up the 3-4 foot waves that were breaking at Publics. Two surfers were sitting outside.

"I'll get my board from the locker and check it out," said my friend.

I continued my morning cruise before school to observe the surf at Diamond Head. Nobody was out that morning, probably because the wind was too strong. When I returned to Queen's my friend was already out of the water. The white water had given him too much trouble.

After work, around 4:30 p.m., I was back at the beach to see if the waves were surfable. After a relatively calm and sunny afternoon, they were breaking at about 3-5 feet, but the wind was rapidly picking up.

Happy to catch at least a few waves, I borrowed my friends' trusty and paddled out. The wind was stronger than I expected and the white water breaking in my face caused me to spit and cough. My arms soon felt the strain of fighting against a determined swell. Suddenly a strong gust of wind blew a surfer from his board.

"Forget it," I yelled to a friend and caught the first rideable wave in. White spray was hitting my body and the chilly wind nearly made me lose control. The wave started to break again right in front of me, and I ended up riding the white water in.

Soon the other surfers were also paddling in, as the waves were breaking violently now. The wind was ripping at the concessions and the empty surfboard tracks.

We decided to head home. Hopefully tomorrow would be a nice day to surf.



Nature delivers sand to homestead. Nanakuli residents must dig out after recent storm.

# Hurricane blamed for deaths

By Mary Ann Akamine

On the second floor of the University Square Building at Cameo Beauty Salon, I peered through the window overlooking the King and University intersection with a morbid fascination. Cars were aggressively competing, each wanting to reach the other side first.

Finally disgusted with myself, I walked away from the window, remembering I still was at work. Suddenly two distinct thunderous crashes could be heard. With a horrible realization I knew the accident I was expecting had occurred.

The electrical pole was shorn in half; the upper part was swinging precariously in the air—suspended by its lines. The bottom half was splintered

like giant matchsticks on the road and sidewalk. To the left, a pale colored Datsun lay across the sidewalk, back wheels in the gutter, the car crushed like an accordion. The massive refuse truck was stopped by the now contorted traffic control box.

A man ran to see how the Datsun's victim fared. He yelled, "Someone call the ambulance."

The truck driver and passenger climbed down unscathed. A fire engine siren was screaming. Two firetrucks and a police car arrived. The lone policeman shouted to the growing crowd of spectators, "Move, the car can explode."

The firemen worked feverishly to free the victim. It was soon apparent the victim was pinned in the car.

Suddenly an electrical line

dangling in mid-air from the suspended electric pole broke loose. The line crackled on the refuse truck, icy blue sparks danced everywhere. People scattered in all directions; even the policeman dove for cover.

As everyone slowly recovered from the shock, a furious policeman shouted to the crowd to stay away; the crowd did not need a second warning.

The driver was pulled out after 20 minutes of sawing the wreckage. To my astonishment the firemen pulled out a second victim 10 minutes later. It was later reported the two women died at the hospital.

Ironically the women survived Hurricane Iwa, only to become accident fatalities from the usually minor inconvenience of mal-functioning traffic lights.

## Iwa's warning

The following account was told by Ruth Lucas, an instructor at KCC. Lucas lives on the Windward Coast on the water.

By Kim Glasgow

The Iwa birds circled the house. There were 30 or more of them coming inland at Kaaawa. It was Hurricane Tuesday before the storm.

Later, the ocean turned into a mill pond. The wind kept changing direction on the wind coast. The animals, dogs and cats were frightened all night, more frightened than they are on New Year's.

The next day the destruction from the high winds was tremendous. Our fence had blown down, and a neighbor had lost his roof. One house near ours was totally demolished. Many trees were uprooted and all the power lines were down. The debris from a rowboat kept washing in from the ocean.

Our power was out until Sunday. Our telephone and cable TV is still not operating.

We were lucky. Unfortunately others were not.

## Family prays

By Constante Domingo

It was about three in the afternoon Tuesday when I began to fear Hurricane Iwa.

The wind became stronger. Walking around to the back of the house to inspect the rafters of the open patio I am building, I envisioned the worst. Those lumbers would surely be blown away, hitting all the picture windows of the houses nearby.

My wife and I stared at the rafters. She did not utter any words. We just stared at each other. But the feelings and emotions were there.

Then came calls from our parents on Maui and our brothers and sisters on the mainland. They were crying, fearing that something terrible would befall us.

It was already six in the evening. Suddenly the electric power went off, causing an intense feeling in the family. My youngest cried in fear. We went to our study, lit some candles and, in front of St. Jude Thaddeus, the family prayed together.

Our prayers were answered.

## Fearful night

By Patricia Correia

Unmitigated fear clearly describes the thoughts and emotions Nelda Quensell experienced as 10 foot high waves reached up and over the beachfront roads on her drive home to Maile the day of Hurricane Iwa.

Josephine, her four-year old daughter, sat beside her. Quensell, KCC science instructor, just picked her up from pre-school.

As she journeyed on down Farrington Highway, Kiawe trees were swaying wildly and branches of these wind-ravaged trees were swept along by the frenzied force of 30 mile-an-hour winds.

Quensell, who grew up in Luzon, in the Philippines, was no novice to hurricanes. However most had occurred inland versus near the sea. Her fear was real.

On reaching Maile Sands Subdivision, Quensell was greeted by her husband who was ill with the flu. Their power had been off since 11:30 that morning. Together they taped windows, removed fire logs stored in their car port, tied Josephine's bicycle to their picnic table, and trimmed branches on all the trees surrounding their home, which could be torn off by the high winds. Wind gusts had increased to 50 miles an hour with intermittent periods of stillness.

Their dinner that evening consisted of left-overs and later, a snack of crackers and cheese, as Quensell was afraid to light their propane stove.

Then they waited listening to the howling wind and the sound of rain falling on sheets of fiberglass which roofed their car port.

Needless to say, sleep was hard to come by for the Quensell family.

On awakening, the devastation of Hurricane Iwa was unmasked. Two carports of homes near the Quensells were lifted up from their foundations and transported into the back yards of neighbors one block away. Forlorn looks and blank expressions were evident. Later that Wednesday, Quensell witnessed people sitting in front of homes which were totally demolished.

"I felt so sorry, so sorry," Quensell kept repeating, a strained and sad expression on her face.

When asked what her greatest fear was through it all, she said, "I was so afraid I'd have no place to go. If our home was destroyed, what then?"

The Quensells estimated their damage minimal compared to their neighbors.



Nelda Quensell. Photo by Pat Correia.



# Trading parties for paychecks



Army Suzuki frolics with dolphins Phoenix and Ake.

## Babysitting dolphins

By Mary Ann Akamine

Two dolphins leap in a graceful arch into the tank as Amy Suzuki raises her arm with her hand curled in a fist, reminiscent of the 60's black power symbol. After being sprayed from the dolphins' dive, Suzuki feeds them fish for reward.

Suzuki will be spending Christmas Eve running the dolphins through training sessions at the UH Kewalo Basin Marine Mammal Lab. It's a project to teach dolphins a language using sounds or hand gestures.

A UH student, Suzuki has been a volunteer at the lab for over three years. She enjoys training the dolphins, Phoenix and Ake Akamai because each have a distinctive per-

sonality. In general Phoenix is sweet and Ake is sly, says Suzuki. When asked which dolphin she enjoys most, Suzuki says she enjoys both but Ake is more challenging in outwitting her. In working with the dolphins, it's almost like "who's training whom?" said Suzuki.

The dolphins have been taught to hug, kiss, and spit at a person using hand signals. Sometimes the dolphins spit or splash water at a person without a command, indicating either they're in a playful mood or that they don't like that person.

Even with a deep love for animals, having an unusual job like training dolphins has a drawback. There are no holidays for the dolphins or their trainers. The research and the feeding of the dolphins is a daily effort.

## Phantom fishwashing

By Robert Trotter

The Fish Phantom works when everyone else sleeps. His task is to defrost, wash, bucket, weigh and deliver about 900 pounds of dead, smelly smelt, herring and squid a night.

The Phantom works for Sea Life Park which is open 365 days a year. Some poor soul is always working there, completing his tasks to benefit one of Hawaii's most popular tourist attractions.

The Phantom is really the fish washer who prepares food for the animals and fish in the shows at Sea Life Park.

His hours are from 1 a.m. to 9 a.m. He is called the Phantom because when everyone is coming to work, he is on his way home.

He works in the notorious fish-room. To find it, follow the smell of death and the loud music. At that time of night, no one is around anyway.

I was the Fish Phantom last New Year's Eve.

I was working for Sea Life Park, all shifts, part-time-on-call during the holiday season last year. It was a marathon workout. On Dec. 31, I worked 10 hours as a whaler in the Whaler's Cove Show.

I had planned to celebrate a short New Year's Eve knowing that I had to work in the show Jan. 1. At home by 2 a.m., I stumbled to bed in a drunken state. But as I drifted off, the Sea Life Hot Line rang violently. My boss told



Robert Trotter  
Photo by Kevin Willet

me the regular night phantom was fired for stealing buckets of lobsters. My job was to get out there and fill his position.

I did.

That morning after work, the fish scales were in my hair and stuck to my face, legs and arms. I smelt like a herring.

After working straight New Year's day from 2:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m., I was worthless. I was so tired of the new year that I had to be driven home. I had worked a total of 26 hours straight without sleep.

Now I celebrate holidays everyday because every day is a holiday since I no longer work for Sea Life Park. I can say I am one of the very few retired Phantom whalers alive.

## Musical monkey business

By Jay McWilliams

The Christmas party is so ordinary that ideas of leaving begin to circulate. Suddenly the doors open and in bounces an unexpected guest.

In a red tuxedo, with an onion on the back, and wearing a top hat, Jennifer Hartl, an ex-KCC student, bursts into song and delivers a Christmas gram that jolts everyone right into a festive spirit.

Hassles of shopping and other drudgeries that cloud the season are poked fun at in her musical message and laughter replaces boredom as an unmistakable party mood starts taking over.

A mechanical monkey assists in her performance and his cymbals bang merrily along to the tempo of the tune.

Usually Hartl is not so willing to work during holidays. In fact she admits quitting jobs when her "plead and beg method" to get the day off failed. But working for Eastern Onion is different. Delivering a Christmas gram is so much fun that even this veteran of celebrating holidays will make an exception.

When asked what her favorite gram is she immediately laughs and says, "The gorilla gram. Once I went into a hotel banquet room for a wedding reception and I sure surprised a lot of people."

The gorilla mask, unruly hairpiece, oversize hands and feet and red

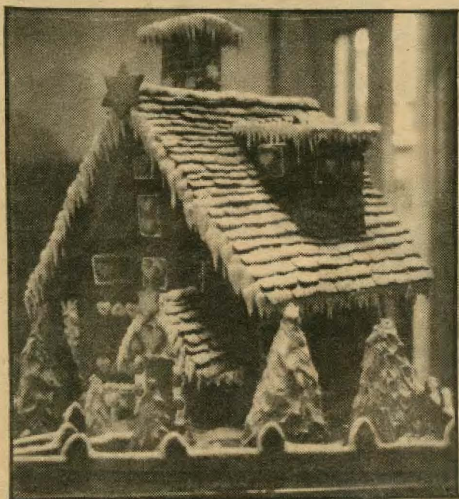
tuxedo must be seen to be appreciated.

Although not presently working for Eastern Onion, Hartl continues to soar into new adventures, with bartending in Waikiki at night and taking voice and flying lessons during the day.

Who knows, someday she may be delivering air-o-grams in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.



Singing red tuxedoed gorilla  
Photo by Eastern Onion



Gingerbread house on display in KCC dining room. Photo by Nita Batista.

## A gingerbread house emerges

By Adrialina Baraoidan

Walls made of gingerbread covered with sugar cookies shaped like hearts, flowers and stars, shingles made of spiced almond bread, a chimney covered with red almond paste, and snow made of royal icing. Put these all together and a gingerbread house emerges.

Every year the KCC Food Service Department holds Christmas workshops for its students. The six students in the gingerbread house workshop had to put in about five hours every

Saturday for the past four to five weeks to finish the 60 pound house to the very last detail. This is all part of a learning experience for the students.

Ernest Hiltbrand, advisor for this workshop, said that making the gingerbread house took a lot of patience and planning.

The gingerbread dough had to rest a week or so to let it age. The design was made and patterns were cut out of cardboard. When the dough was rested, it was rolled out half an inch thick and shaped and cut.

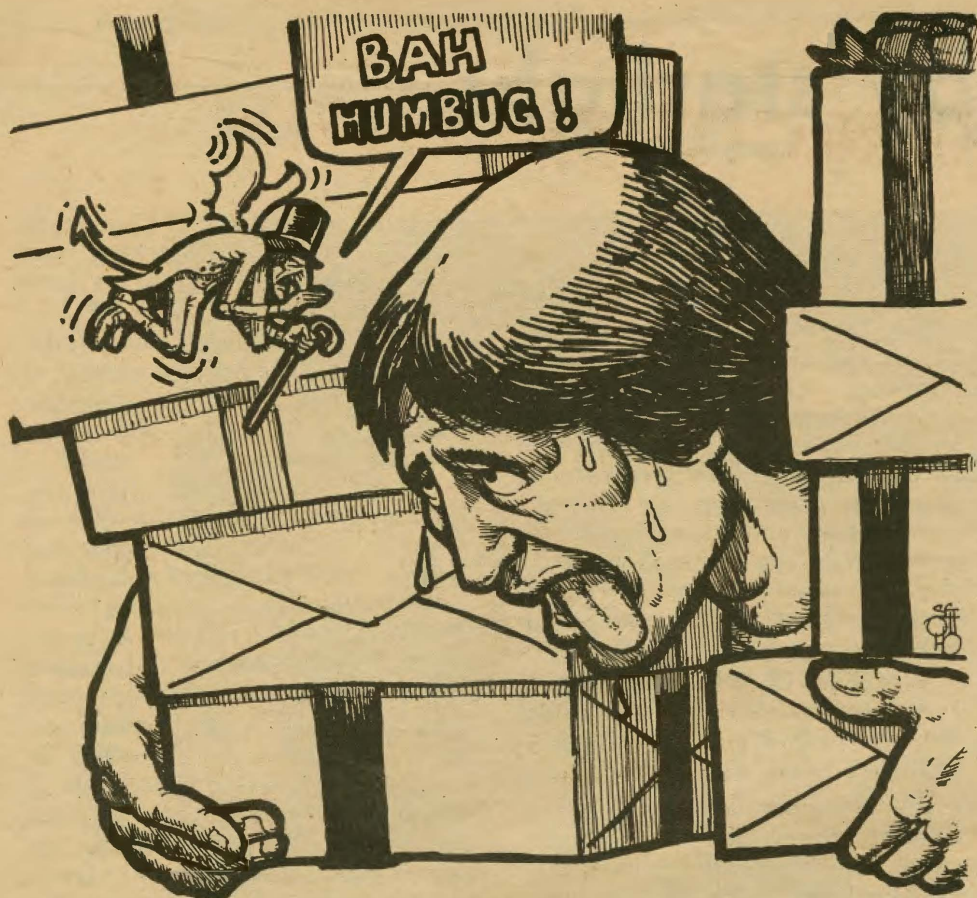
When all of this was done, they

joined it all together with royal icing. The shingles on the roof were put firmly in place, windows and doors had to be cut out. They tried to make the gingerbread house look plain and avoided using too much color, Hiltbrand said.

"It's fun. It's almost like some kind of jigsaw puzzle", said one student who worked on the house.

The gingerbread house is presently being displayed in the KCC dining room. It is a European tradition to display it. It will later be donated to a hospital or nonprofit group.





It's gonna get you

## "Procrastiphobia"

By Cyrus Robinson

If, by the time you read this paper, you still have your Christmas shopping to do, you have fallen into the trap of "PROCRASTIPHOBIA", the last minute shopper.

Shopping centers and malls are bulging at the seams with late shoppers mostly looking for that "one and only" gift to give to someone who probably won't even use it. What do you give to the person who has everything? The thing to remember is not to know what to look for, that way you find it much faster. Be aware, merchants can sense your urgency and you may end up buying something nice but at an astronomical price. The best time I have found to go shopping is the day after Christmas. Let me explain...

You will be surprised to know that the highest dollar amount volume per month in retail sales is January. That is when stores clear out their Christmas stocks on items you will probably be wanting by the end of the year. Mundane items such as ties, sox, earrings

and perfume are dead giveaways for last minute shopping and you can avoid that situation by gradually picking up meaningful things earlier in the year. Why don't you get that aunt of yours a beautiful leaking ant farm?

Of course, on the other hand, all this preparation has its pitfalls. For example, one January after buying my aunt a beautiful pair of sale priced earrings for the following Christmas, I carefully hid them away. Along came December and I was making frantic searches to uncover what I had hidden from myself so well. So much for planning. I ended up taking part in what I had been trying to avoid all year, the rush. I found the earrings, of course, in January when I couldn't get my hiking boots on.

With a little bit of thought and preparation you may relax and enjoy the significance of the holiday season and not wake up Christmas morning with the Sword of Damocles hanging over your head muttering, "BAH, HUMBUG!!!"

## Shawnie Boy's Christmas

By Shawn Balmoja

When I heard someone say that he had outgrown Christmas, I just looked at him sideways and scratched my head. Right off I thought, "My gawd, nobody outgrows Christmas. Maybe asthma, but not Christmas."

I myself had asthma (according to Mom) and outgrew the thing. I also outgrew hitting girls and sure as heck outgrew size 12 underwear.

I outgrew GI Joe, Tonka tractors and plastic soldiers, bedtime stories, goodbye kisses and birthday wishes. Side-combed hair, marble playing and Superman lunch pails. I outgrew corduroy pants, silky shirts and big black combs. But, Christmas?

I'll never outgrow Christmas. I enjoy the season too much. The Christmas festivities are a family affair. We, my family and myself, pin up on the door a life-size Santa Claus, hang

the mistletoe and decorate the tree, bringing its bare, green branches to sparkling brilliancy. And we don't forget what this all means — the celebration of the birth of Christ.

As Christmas day nears I begin to feel the anticipated frustration. I knew I should have started shopping earlier. As a result, I literally start pulling my hair trying to find that last-minute special gift.

Last Christmas when I had a gift wrapped for my mother, I nearly forgot it. I thought, I can't forget a gift for Mom; the person who fed me, put me to bed and gave me an extra nickel for hot chocolate during grade school.

Noticing my watch I rushed over to the store to find it closed. I had missed my pick-up by only fifteen minutes. Suddenly a cold and withdrawn feeling overcame me, almost nauseating.

Then, I envisioned a whole congregation led by preacher Ernest Angley who said unto me (in preacher fashion), "Y-a-a-y, you have sinned. You have abandoned on the shelves of darkness a most precious gift for a precious person. The person who bore you into this world and guided you through the path of righteousness..."

At that instance I saw an employee apparently closing shop. Frantically, I pounded the glass door that separated me and that gift. When she opened the door I immediately began an elaborate explanation, sad tears and sniffles in an attempt to persuade her to allow me to redeem my ticket stub. She smiled and gave me the gift.

This is the only grand scare of my past 19 years. I got through it and then my festive mood began to grow.

I guess I enjoy the frustration of looking for that special gift, I also enjoy the Santa Claus and mistletoe and don't see myself outgrowing this.

I enjoy seeing Mom opening her gift. She tears at the wrapping and when she holds her gift up to look at it, she begins to cry. She always cries for that matter.

With her mascara running she says, "Oh thank you (sniffle) Shawnie boy" (my nickname used only by her, mind you) She then tries to kiss me, but I outgrew that, remember?

Now I decided not to confront this six-foot-some odd inches, 250 pound cigarette chomping fellow and question why he outgrew Christmas. Instead, I kept to myself and reconciled myself to the thought that there are people, hopefully very few, who outgrow Christmas. But ask me if I'll outgrow Christmas — Never!

## Visions of an Arctic Christmas

By Kim Glasgow

A pristine freshness greeted me as dawn broke at 9 a.m. By 9:30 a.m. the sun had risen, but the clarity remained. Alaska on Christmas morning. It looked like a Christmas card. Fields and rooftops covered with snow, white puffs of smoke rising from chimneys into a cloudless sky. The moment hung suspended in time.

My experience with snow had been limited, only brief visits until I moved to Alaska.

I knew this would be my worst Christmas: no family, or friends, thousands of miles from home in the arctic. Here I was on my first assignment in the Air Force, Anchorage, Alaska.

I had arrived by car, shortly before Christmas. The drive from California across Canada in mid-December had been a challenge. Each day grew colder and the snow deeper. I had no idea of what to expect, igloos possibly.

It was Christmas morning and never had I seen a more awe-inspiring sight. Put the "Christ" back

in Christmas everyone cries. Here I found it.

It was cold, about 12 degrees. The sun shone brightly, crystal clear. The dog with me, Jake, a black lab, had been abandoned on the highway. I had found him and picked him up. He loved me for it.

Excitedly, in doggy fashion, Jake indicated he wanted to go outside.

We set out for a walk, first thing this beautiful morning.

I was feeling lonely. Christmas morning, no Santa Claus, no presents. Yet, after I walked for a while, boots crunching in the frozen snow, I began to feel elated.

The air was so cold it hurt to breathe. With each painful breath, the smell of pine trees and freshness was invigorating.

I decided to make a snowball to see if my new-found friend could catch. Unfortunately, snowballs are hard to form when the snow is too cold. The snow was ice crystals and turned to dust in my gloved hand. Jake watched my every effort and chased the dust as it left my hand.

Seeing I was unsuccessful he decided to chase the black ravens that were squawking around us, jet black

birds chased by a black dog on a white landscape.

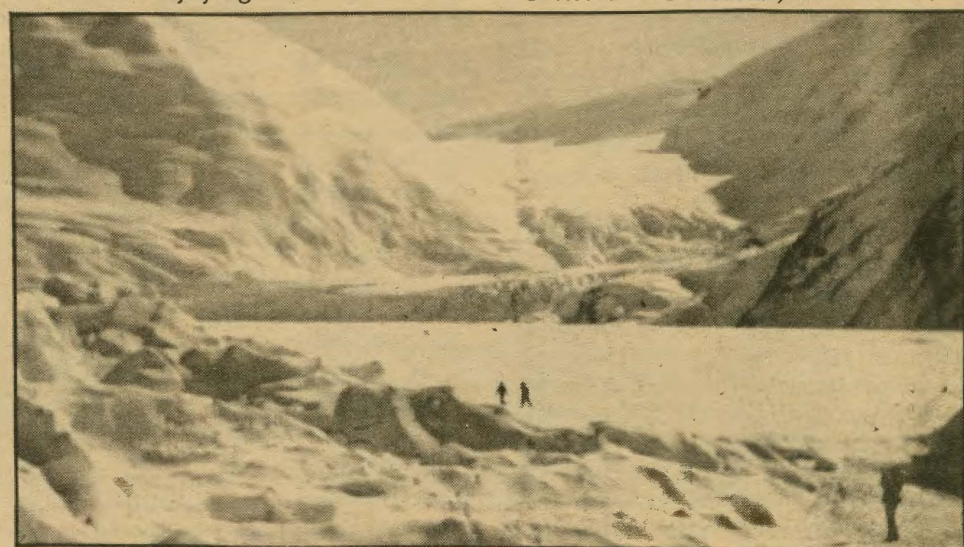
The wind came up a little, catching the snow as it blew by. The white snow filled the sky and bright sunshine reflected upon it. It looked like millions of diamonds shimmering and glittering. The effect was magical. A fairy tale land in real life.

Here I was thousands of miles from home and enjoying it.

Jake swam through the stream we had come to, in pursuit of the noisy ravens. His weight broke the ice around the water and it made a tinkling sound, like broken glass.

Ice crystals hung heavily from trees and bushes. The sun shone through them and they acted like prisms, reflecting rainbows everywhere.

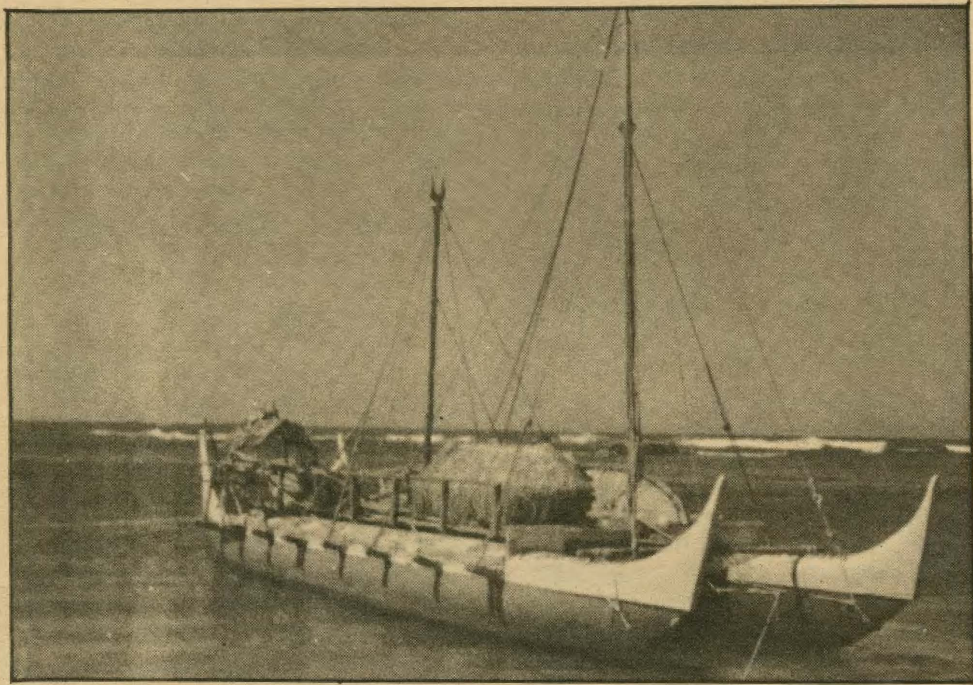
It was a beautiful, heavenly day. Christ is in Christmas, indeed.



Portage Glacier, Alaska



# Navigating by starlight



Hokule'a rests at Haleiwa. Photo by Jay McWilliams

By Calvin Beralas

Morning darkness covers us like a thick blanket as we stand at a scenic lookout facing the ocean. The familiar scent of ocean spray fills the air as a stiff breeze sweeps our faces. Nearby, sea swells go pounding into a rocky shoreline. As we strain to see across the channel, a faint light, marking the distant shores of Molokai, catches our attention. Nainoa then points to a star hovering over in the direction of the island.

"See that star over there?" he says, "That's called Spica."

For Nainoa Thompson, the crewman that navigated the Hokule'a on its second trip to Tahiti and back, navigating by the stars is a very personal experience. Whenever time allows, Nainoa comes here to the lookout to watch routines and progressions that occur in the natural sphere. Although he's not using navigation at the present time, he likes to stay in touch with the elements.

"It's something I reflect on," he says. "Natural events have always been a part of my life."

For a number of years, Nainoa

spent a great deal of time and energy learning the stars on his own. Later, his interest in the stars resulted in a three-year study at the Bishop Museum Planetarium. It was a field he enjoyed exploring.

"I had the urge to learn," he says. "It's like you feel your way into knowledge."

Nainoa calls my attention to a glow on the eastern horizon, which signals a rising sun close at hand. Without hesitating, he looks for a star formation and points out three stars by name. With arm in casual extension, he draws an imaginary line through their alignment and extends it down to the watery horizon. There are more ways than one to find a southern direction using the stars, he explains. This time Nainoa selects other star positions and draws two straight-line sectors which intersect at the horizon. Finally, he points over the water to where the sectors meet.

"Tahiti is over there," he says.

Nainoa begins talking about natural navigation, where a sailing vessel establishes its direction using the stars by night and ocean swells, sun

and moon by day.

Nainoa explains the difference between Western and natural navigation. He says that Western navigation uses instruments whereas the other doesn't. But the major difference between these two forms of navigation is that they're two worlds apart from each other.

To define natural navigation in terms of Western terminology would only mean a reduction of the art itself. For the realm of it is far too deep to be contained or expressed in words.

"Our Western world is understood by technology. The instruments tell you where you are," says Nainoa.

On the contrary natural navigating by the elements at sea employs a constant observance of natural events, combined with a knowledge of the heavenly bodies, he explains.

Once you leave the land, you go by memory, he says.

Natural navigation stems from one's own intuition, he continues.

It's internal. It's intuitive, he says.

It's an art of understanding the nature of events. The criteria for natural navigation is theoretically based, he explains, yet it is practical and intuitive. With this, Nainoa brings Mau Piailug into the picture, a Master Navigator from the Carolines who navigated the Hokule'a on its voyage to Tahiti in 1976. Piailug once tutored him in the techniques of natural navigation.

"The difference between Mau and myself is the differences in culture," says Nainoa. He looks at Mau's concept of navigation as separate from the Western world.

"He (Mau) sees oceans, islands and stars," says Nainoa. "He perceives his world through his senses. It's a different way of looking at your world."

Nainoa reflects on Mau as the one who has survived storms at sea in a canoe, and sailed over great distances in the Pacific without any instruments. He explains that where the West would track a hurricane by

modern technology, Mau would track a typhoon by watching birds and clouds and internalizes such information.

"Mau's got his world mastered," says Nainoa. "His world is unique to him. He has a very good understanding of his realm. His understanding is internal."

In spite of the cultural differences, Mau and Nainoa were able to work together, with Mau as teacher and Nainoa as the student of navigation.

When Nainoa was preparing for the 1980 voyage of the Hokule'a by studying at Bishop Museum and reading texts on navigation, he felt he needed someone with ocean experience. Nainoa explains he "needed to bridge the theoretical knowledge so that it made sense in the physical ocean world. Mau was the bridge. He knows practical navigation. Mau is someone who can take me out on a canoe and show me exactly what navigation is. He just knows."

"To me, he's a magician," says Nainoa. "He can do things that I cannot comprehend. But that's the way he lives in his world. He's a navigator in his own culture."

Although Nainoa reflects a great deal on Mau, he makes no attempt to compare himself with the man.

"I'm not a navigator. To compare me with Mau would be an injustice to Mau. Much of being a navigator is woven into his life. It is a part of his culture but not mine. Navigator is a rank of accomplishment that I have not reached."

"Mau told me that I'll never learn everything there is to know (about navigation)." Nainoa accepts that statement and says, "I'm too Western in my thinking. I'm just a student, I'm still learning."

"There's too much to learn," he says. "There's not a day when I don't think about navigation. Navigation is always on my mind. Navigation is going to be a part of me for the rest of my life."

## Developing Hawaiian awareness

By Marlene Baptista

Within the building a small group of students warm up to the steady beats from the ipu of Puanani Patria-Thoene.

Deep brown hair reaches her knees and sways with every movement as Puanani instructs her students in the art of Ancient Hawaiian Dance.

Desks are pushed against the walls to create a make-shift studio for the two-hour lesson.

Anyone can enjoy this beginner's class. The only requirement is an interest to learn.

Michael Huang, from China, when asked why he took the class, says "It's interesting and I wanted to learn about Hawaiian Dance."

Brigitte Junku, from Germany, says she "wanted to learn Hula."

Puanani begins her semester by teaching her students the seven basic steps, proceeding eventually to some of the simpler hulas. Each class learns to dance, chant, play the ipu (gourd), and kalaau (stick).

"I hope that they develop an awareness of Hawaiian culture, not just Hawaiian dance," said Puanani of her goals for the students.

"I stress going slow for beginners and I'm very patient."

She attended Sacred Hearts Academy and received her Bachelor of Arts in Hawaiian Studies, from the University of Hawaii in 1976. With some training in modern hula as a child, she began ancient Hawaiian dance nine years ago under the direction of Hoakalei Kamaau, and has been teaching for the past five years at Hoakalei Kamaau Hula Halau.

She also teaches at Mid Pacific Institute, The Children's House in Pearl City, and adult education students at Kamehameha School. She also performs occasionally with Hoakalei Kamaau Hula Halau, the Artists in Schools program, and UH Lamaku program.

Puanani enjoys teaching, but like most artists she admits, "I like performing more."

At 29, Puanani has firmly established herself as a teacher of Hawaiian dance, of which she says, "I love what I'm doing."

Expertise and love for one's career are rare ingredients, but in Puanani, they are overflowing.



Puanani leads her class in dance. Photo by Nita Baptista

### Donations for the Needy

Donations are needed from the public for Oahu's needy and immigrants. The Community Clearinghouse distributes the material and food donations to over 40 social service agencies. Also needed are volunteers for clerical work and collection of donations. If you can help, call 536-7234.

### English Grammar Review Offered

Embarrassed because you still don't know where commas belong or because your instructor keeps circling all those pronouns? Sign up for Grammar Review, English 197. The course will be offered Tuesdays and Thursdays from noon to 1:15 starting Jan. 14 and ending Feb. 16. This class is highly recommended for all English 100 and journalism students.

### Thanks

Thanks to Nathan Nitta for photographing the Japanese club's visit to the battleship Katori for the previous issue.

### Need Money?

Sell your books, records and tapes on consignment at the Puck's Alley Swap Mart. Open daily, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m. Room 2A 1019 University Ave. Phone 734-3648.