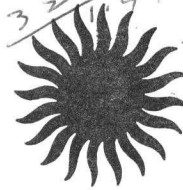


# City Slicker



$$\begin{array}{r} 24.3 \\ 8 \overline{) 193.9} \\ \underline{16} \phantom{0} \\ 33 \phantom{0} \\ \underline{32} \phantom{0} \\ 1 \phantom{0} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 99.3 \\ 794.5 \\ \underline{72} \\ 74 \\ \underline{72} \\ 2.5 \end{array}$$

## PRESIDENT

Stan Kloth

## VICE-PRESIDENT

Randy Bullock

## PAST-PRESIDENT

Fred Bettencourt

## SECRETARY

Mavis Mikus



## TREASURER

Carol Limandri

## BOARD MEMBERS

Diji Christian

Marvin Evans

Richard Fairhurst

Carol Limandri

Mavis Mikus

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JANUARY 1975

## FROM THE GARAGE

The Garage turned out en-masse, eleven of them, for the Employees' Association Christmas party. Led by Jeffé (Spanish slang for "big bossman") alias Shay Gilmore. The Garage crew represented themselves well in eating, dancing and bending their elbows. Joe Horton canceled an early departure for Visalia, but his wife, Marion, didn't mind a bit; she was ready for a party. Del and Jeamme Prior, though expecting in February, jumped in and did their thing. Jim Hasty and Joe Previtale, transplanted from the school district, made their debut with their lovely wives, Patti and Silia. Ed Nisperos dazzled all with his new suit (No, fans, he won't wear it to Visalia, ref: Deliverance Revisited). When Stan Mendoza invited his date to go out on the floor, she took him literally, but Stan insisted on staying on his feet.

In all, everyone had a good time. If every department demonstrated the camaraderie the Garage did that night, it would be much more pleasant to work for the City.

## BART—MECHANICAL MONSTER

By Signe Alford

The feeling of a mechanical something replacing the human was felt in my first experience with BART.

Long lines of humanity waiting in "Change" and "Ticket" Lines produced a friendly, warm feeling amongst those waiting—all eager to share their knowledge with one another.

The young man sitting up front in the Conductor's seat grinned broadly as he threw his hands in the air as the train pulled out and called gleefully "See, no hands!"

One has an eerie sort of feeling while the train rushes through the tunnel knowing we are crossing the Bay underground, eventually to emerge into the heart of metropolitan San Francisco.

Mechanical or not—what a boon to the suburban housewife, businessman or student and, if you can remember to perform as the machine would have you perform, all is well.