In summer, San Luis Obispo is a California town straight from the pages of *Sunset* magazine: a porcelain blue bowl of a sky arches over neighborhood parks ringed with refurbished Victorians, children run after ducks along the mission creek, and beyond the city's perimeter rise a loop of green hills and the salty promise of the wide Pacific.

But even here exist the social ills that plague even the most idyllic communities: homeless families, the lonely elderly, those struggling with mental illness and unemployment. And the agencies that confront these problems do so daily, juggling chronic understaffing and tight budgets. They are open to involvement by community members and grateful for support, whether in terms of dollars or hours.

In this issue of *Cal Poly Magazine*, we focus on students who are taking what they study in their classes off campus into San Luis Obispo, the surrounding areas, and the wider world. Many of them are doing nonprofit volunteer work for the satisfaction it brings, while others are applying coursework principles to deepen their understanding of class texts and discussions. For some their work in the community will provide valuable experience leading to internships or their first career jobs. For others it will be the first step in a lifelong commitment of service to fellow citizens.

We may enjoy a glass of wine on the patio of a pleasant outdoor cafe, stand in line for an early matinee, line up for an evening concert. We may turn our faces away. But the basic question remains: Are we our brothers' (and sisters') keepers or not?

Traditionally, this has been posed as a social issue, or a religious one, or a governmental one. It has also been at the core of a truly humane public education.

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**EDITORS NOTES**

**FROM OUR READERS**

Enclosed is a subscription check to *Cal Poly Magazine*. I enjoyed [the spring '99 issue] very much.

I am surprised that there still is a Heron Hall. It was old when I was there from 1938 till 1941. The only thing I remember about Heron Hall was that two doctors who were brothers came out from San Luis Obispo every weekday from 5 till 6 p.m. to treat sore throats and other minor ailments. This was [covered] by our student body card fee, [which] was $5 and paid for admission to all local games, school dances, etc. Quite a bargain, don't you think?

**Don Carranza** [EE '47] was a good friend of mine who passed away in December 1998. **John Swirl**, **Vernon Clayes**, Don, and I were employed at the old Power House (Cal Poly generated its own electrical power in those days). We received 30 cents an hour. We were not poorly paid for that time. We studied on the job.

Don and I both graduated with a three-year certificate in 1941. He came back after World War II [to earn his bachelor's degree . . . We both] worked for the Air Force as civilian employees before Don was drafted. Some say the war could not have been won without us . . . probably an exaggeration.

Cordially yours,

—**Russell C. Friend** (EL '41)

The following letter was sent first to President Baker and then forwarded to *Cal Poly Magazine*:

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on your 20 years at Cal Poly. The same issue of the *Cal Poly Magazine* [spring '99] reports on your trip to McMurdo Sound in 1991. Two Cal Poly aero graduates — [retired Pan American Airways pilots Capt. Roy Moungovan (AERO '41) and Capt. Earl "Bud" Lemon] — made the first commercial airline trip to

*From Our Readers* continued on page 2

*ON THE COVER*  

Ag business senior Sara Otto (left), mechanical engineering sophomore Ivan Molina, and first-year electrical engineering student Thanh Lu work with seedlings at the Growing Grounds, a San Luis Obispo agency that provides a fresh outlook for mental health patients. They are just a few of the many Cal Poly students whose community service efforts are deepening their educational experiences (see stories on pages 4 and 7). (Photo by Doug Allen)
McMurdo Sound in 1957. [This Antarctic flight] gave [the airline] the right to claim that Pan Am [flew] to “all the continents.” It carried 39 passengers, including the two stewardesses who were the first women in the world to ever set foot on the continent.

— Richard P. Toulson (AERO ’42), retired Pan Am flight engineer

Earl Lemon at McMurdo Sound in 1957. “I’m sorry I don’t have any more pictures,” Lemon wrote in an accompanying note. “My camera lens froze after I took the first picture (-44F).” (Photo courtesy of Earl Lemon)

Five of the six living crew members out of the original ten, shown here at their 40th reunion in October 1997. (The print held by stewardess Pat Hepinstall is from a painting by aviation artist John T. McCoy of the Boeing 377 that flew them to McMurdo Sound.) Roy Moungovan stands at the far left, and Earl Lemon is at the far right. Lemon’s grandson, Eric, is a freshman this fall in the Cal Poly Aeronautical Engineering Department. (Photo courtesy of Roy Moungovan)

I was saddened to read in the spring ‘99 [Cal Poly Magazine] of the death of Richard Bucich [former Cal Poly electrical engineering professor]. I was employed by Mr. Bucich when I was a junior in the EL Dept. I graded papers and prepared tests for some of his freshman classes. I remember him not only for his technical competence, but for his [unique] outlook on life.

— Jim Wolfe (EL ’66)