Bishop's Peak

Soon, a time came when it was necessary for both of us to make a horizontal shift across the face from one ledge to another. The maneuver looked simple enough. It entailed edging out around a jutting mass of rock in order to reach the opposite ledge. The problem stemmed from the rock's scarcity of footholds, its vertical nature, and the fact that it hung out over an expanse of rock and bushes a couple of hundred feet below.

With the safety line attached securely to our waists, Brian crossed first. He made the trip look easy. Now, with him perched safely on the other side, it was my turn to traverse the ledges.

I chose the exact spot on the rock where I would place my hands and feet and then pushed myself away from the ledge. The first few steps came easily for a new hold. Surprisingly, I found one enough, I found the whole incident pretty an assumption.

Brian gave a few instructions and then took me under his wing. A cool wind was blowing but my hands were sweating all the way down to my toes.

I let go of the rock and reached grasping for a new hold. Surprisingly, I found one and my feet came clambering in behind me. One more step to go.

I reached out once again, this time to Brian's outstretched hand. He was bracing himself at the end of the rope. He pulled me onto the ledge. I sat down and breathed a huge sigh of relief. Oddly enough, I found the whole incident pretty amusing, in fact, I couldn't wait to do it again.

The maneuver is achieved by means of a double rope passed under one thigh, diagonally across the body, and over the opposite shoulder. I learned that serious rappelling was for the experienced only, Brian, who had climbed many times before, knew just what he was doing.

As I approached the summit, Brian decided to brush up on his rappelling skills. The rappel consists of pushing off of a vertical face and dropping down along a safety line anchored from above. The maneuver is achieved by means of a double rope passed under one thigh, diagonally across the body, and over the opposite shoulder. I learned that serious rappelling was for the experienced only. Brian, who had climbed many times before, knew just what he was doing.

As I watched him slide gracefully down the ropes, my mind wandered. Here was a great stop Bishop's Peak but how much did I really know about this mountain? I had seen it so often from Cal Poly that it had become merely a common sight. It was just one of the nine volcanic plugs located along the Los Osos Valley from San Luis Obispo to Morro Bay. But now, it held a different meaning. It was 1,300 feet of challenge and excitement.

I chose the exact spots on the rock where I would place my hands and feet and then got myself away from the ledge. The first few steps came easily for a new hold. Surprisingly, I found enough, I found the whole incident pretty amusing, in fact, I couldn't wait to do it again.

Unfortunately, trouble has taken feeling a feeling of a number of times on the cliffs of Bishop's Peak. There was the account of how adventurous fraternity men had painted the huge white "P" on the eastern slope some 60 years ago. And there was the peak has enjoyed a renewed popularity. The fever still drives pairs and teams of climbers toward the peak and invites them to slide back down. It entices them to do what they think they shouldn't and then wonder what they will do next.

The correct approach comes only from knowledge. A beginner can get his account of how adventurous fraternity men had painted the huge white "P" on the eastern slope some 60 years ago. And there was the peak has enjoyed a renewed popularity. The fever still drives pairs and teams of climbers toward the peak and invites them to slide back down. It entices them to do what they think they shouldn't and then wonder what they will do next.

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A slice of life from that guy on the screen.

Let's draw a picture of the Cecil Turner that left the Savannah High School, Washington D.C. to know. "It was a ghetto—a real rough neighborhood—the kind you had to fight just to get to school and come home again. I remember the last clock-down—we used to fight all the time."

He says it was all a big peer group game—if you weren't in the group you were the one who got messed up walking home from school. He learned quickly. At age 14 he knew algebra... don't mean book-learning, either. Kids on the block were drinking wine for kicks and street games got a little rougher than football.

The home life. Marcelle and Gladys Turner had 13 other children. Father worked two jobs with the federal government. Mother had to take care of the household. No intimate father-son relationship; no real close mother-son thing, either. There was always food on the table, clothing on their backs, an occasional trip to the beach on the breadwinner's one day off.

Life from about age 10 was centered on athletics. Cecil Turner... always quicker than the other boys... always a bit more agile... coordinated... and quicker than the other boys, always a gifted. There was no real effort needed. It was all there.

Pro ball is nice, but it's the system that really gets you down.

Attitude was something else. His goal in life was to take four years of school at 18... he played hockey with a friend, got cut, and was never expected to make the team. Major whooping with a big stick from the track and football coach of Spingaran High School to set his wheels straight... Rober McNair. McNair's influence on Turner's life was in the D.C. area. Very significant... says "McNair was the one who motivated me to get through high school."

At a school where athletic machines with the names Dave Bing, Ollie Johnson and Elgin Baylor were produced. Cecil was chosen as the outstanding athlete of his class. McNair always remembers that great experience. "When Cecil was here there but but two black girls at Cal Poly, he remembers... could do it all on the field. But off another game altogether. Today he seems to want to shrug off the things he went through six years ago. But it's not always that easy and some old memories—not too sweet—have stuck around and he shares them:"

"As far as socializing, I've always hated it here. I had gone to an all-black school there would have been no trouble with the social life and I could have had a good time like all the other kids. All the white kids have all their extracurricular things and I've always liked that kind of stuff. I've always resented the social life here."

"After the game—after playing the game—the few blacks on the team—we would just go back to the shack—the dormitories—Medow—we called it the shack—and just sit around. There was nothing to do. The white guys though... they'd be out with their girls at parties. That's something I've never liked about there, out! I guess the point of going to school is just to graduate. But everyone needs some type of social outlet."

When Cecil was here there but but two black girls at Cal Poly, he remembers... Sheila and Enrie. There were twenty to thirty guys. It was pretty lonely, he admits, and when he wanted to do something it was always out-of-town, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Richmond.

Has the situation changed any since you've been gone? No. I don't think the same, he says. Are the people prejudiced in this town? Abish, I guess they are, but I've always gotten along with everyone. I've never had race problems. It's someone's prejudiced, I stay away.

Nothing really bitter on the outside. But nothing sweet about social life either. He does remember one person who reached out to him and tremendously influenced his life-truck driver Dick Purcell who left Cal Poly in 1970 to coach at University of the Pacific at Stockton, then moved last September to Arizona State University to be an assistant track coach.

"I liked Purcell because he had a lot of drive. He'd come down to the dorms and visit me, encourage me to go to classes. He was a pretty good person... a pretty good person. He kept me on my toes. I liked Purcell."

It was during his senior year year he became interested in playing pro ball. Leitara came from almost every pro club. The Dallas Cowboys and the Los Angeles Rams sent letters every week. He thought he'd be drafted by them. Being picked by the Bears came as a shock, as well as a delight.

The money they offered was only fair. $18,000. A $40,000 bonus (half went to Mom, remember) plus gifts plus some freebies-in the contract.

Today it's not a whole lot more. Somewhere between $50,000 and $55,000 and of course, the life-ends.

Was there any fear in getting cut? No. He was the smallest guy in the camp but the coaches were amazed at his ability. They told him he would play a lot. There was also a taste of pressure from back home. "When I left the house in D.C. to go camp, the whole block in the phones knew I was going and they were pulling (Continued on page 4)

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Cecil Turner...
for me. I thought I owed it to them to make the team—besides to my mother and father."

And you know the story—he made it and made it moderately big. (Remember, this is a semi-riches story.) He played with the Dick Butkus, the Brian Piccolo, and the Gale Sayers. He led the league in kick-off return (26 yards), was selected to the All-Pro team that year.

I don’t think I should qualify this for a semi-riches story. If I waited a few more years to write this story it might turn into a genuine rags to riches story.

The only real security that pro football can offer is a great bundle of money. Bears owner George Halas is not giving. After two more years with the Bears, Cecil will probably not be playing. He claims he has at least five more good years, but he’s tired of the system. His wife Margie echoes that feeling: Pro ball is nine but it’s the system that really gets you down. The travelling, the it-and-ands in the contracts, the clawing for more money. It hasn’t been worth it.

What will he do? maybe be a coach. That’s part of the reason why he’s here completing his degree requirements in physical education. Or maybe a social worker, that’s what he does now in the off-season in D.C. Right now a lot is up in the air. In fact, right know, a lot is riding on the condition of his knee. No security in the bears.

At the end of the story, I’m glad I’ve met this man inside. I can almost say I really know him now. And you: you happen to see a Bears game on TV next Fall. Hopefully, you can stop a minute, even just a moment is fine, and say, “I just saw a guy running back the kick-off.”

And that would really make me happy.

**Tenure Game:**

**The academic ace-in-the-hole**

by Jeanne Wiles

Of the score of teachers that play the Hires-Fire Game, nobody’s guess as to how many of them fall into dangerous or even pointed-to-retirement. Teachers come and teachers go, some saying it’s all controlled by some recipe called “The Administration.” But the Administration says, “It’s not controlled by us at all.” What does control the evaluation-retention process? Is it the budget? Is it the Chancellor? Or, is it something more personal and personality conflict?

One certainty exists: the people who are most influenced by coming-and-going instructors—the students themselves—receive little input into the whole picture. Are students just silences voices silenced, or do they even have any idea of what the whole thing is about?

Witness the already-infamous case of the Three Math Professors, who were eliminated from the game this year. Dr. Jay Featherstone wears clothes unconventional to Cal Poly instructors and unshaven hair. Featherstone met the stipulation of the math department requirement—he has his doctorate, and, as some student sources, he also has good rapport with his students. Or, in his second year of teaching here. Out of the evaluation given the 22 tenured math department members last Fall, Featherstone received eleven votes urging his reappointment. Eleven members voted the other way, while department head Dr. Whitson strongly recommended that Featherstone be reappointed.

Dean of the School of Science and Mathematics Clyde Pfeffer when Featherstone a negative recommendation, offering two reasons: first, he “had found it to be undesirable to recommend retention of a professor in a department where there is a significant number of faculty members who were opposed to his remaining in the department.” Second, he cited the need for trimming the size of the department faculty due to shifting student enrollment and curricula.

However, some tenured math department members, noting some of the Personnel Review Committee (PRC) of the Academic Senate, the ASI president, and students spoke up in protest of these reasons. Fisher then reversed himself and recommended that Featherstone and another math take, Dr. Dennis Zill. When Featherstone appeared before the PRC with the recommendation unanimously for reappointment, and was recommended for another year. In summing up his case, Featherstone flatly, “If I hadn’t made noise I would have been fired.” At the Winter Quarter Featherstone threw a quick trip to the whole general announcement his resignation.

Dr. Dennis Zill was a similar case for concerns in the math department this year. Like Featherstone, Zill received negative votes from tenured faculty members in the department. He was considered a “problem” by the Personnel Review Committee (PRC). Frankly, he wore clothes unconventional to Cal Poly professors and unshaven hair. Zill was recommended for reappointment and was recommended for another year. Zill chose the same path as Featherstone at the end of the Winter Quarter, he quit.

A third player in the department ended up at the same plan, but got there by a different route. Dr. O.C. Ramsey had negative votes from tenured colleagues and the need for staff reduction was against him, as well as at least two additional factors. Ramsey has the present math department head, Dr. Whitson, has an outstanding personality disagreement, and Ramsey has said that he is other Cal Poly wants to leave eventually. Based largely on statement and the disagreeable relationship the department to say he has with Ramsey, Whitson recommended that Ramsey retire for 75-76. However, since that time Whitson has received negative recommendation by the Personnel Review Committee (PRC) of the Academic Senate.

In the next issue of OUTPOST:

An 18-year-old girl talks about her abortion and later social media.

Several of San Luis Obispo’s younger homosexuals relate some sights to their lives at home, now and in the future.
bribers made their negative recommendations. The College Ad-
mission moved for an appearance before the PRC. He claimed that
Vart Ramsey's clear sailing. The first time around Kennedy sent
letters with either tenured colleagues or the department head,
Lee, contributions to the Institution, and possession of ap-
IC members gave a unanimous suggestion of reappointment for the
[game In Ramsey's case, and that someone was not Ramsey. The
PRC decided that someone indeed had not followed the rules of
procedure. . .shall develop . . .Its own written statement of
laws Ramsey's terminal year. Putting It bluntly, he has been flrodi
y. The two had the "Informal discussion on Doc. 27,1971, after which
Instructors, administrators can never receive tenure. Year
in the question of her reappointment comes up again next year some
other reason will be found to prevent her from receiving tenure. Miss
Irvin is optimistic about her risk In the game, though. She reasons that
on her record.

Barbara Sevier. This Is Dr. Sevier's third year, and although she has
been reappointed for her fourth year, she may be notified on June 1
that her fourth year is to be her last.

The two had the "informal discussion on Doc. 27, 1971, after which
Kennedy notified Ramsey that he had been reappointed for 71-72.

In a meeting with leaders of the ASSIST (Associated Students
Survey of Instructor's Teaching) committee on May 4, Kennedy
assured the students that he has instructed all seven instructional
schools here to have some system of student evaluation of instructors
in advising non-tenured for Ramsey.

Rules of the Game

Any number up to six can play the Tenure Game. If there are three of you, one is a teacher and
the others are TDFs (Tenured Department Faculty). With four to six, two are teachers, the
rest are TDFs.

In the Women's PE department this year at least two instructors are on the side of the
Hire-Fire Game. One is Malia Irvin. Now in her third year as a
probationary employee, Miss Irvin was considered for tenure earlier this
year, and was turned down because she did not meet the depart-
ment criteria of holding or currently working toward a doctoral
degree. However, In a re-evaluation of her situation, it was deter-
mined that Miss Irvin had not been teaching as a probationary em-
ployee long enough to be eligible for tenure. (An instructor must
complete four years o. probationary employee status before he may
receive tenure.)

Miss Irvin was reappointed for the 78-79 academic year, but a
stipulation of her return the following year is that she must show
evidence of progressing toward a doctorate. However, when the
question of her reappointment comes up again next year some
other reason will be found to prevent her from receiving tenure. Miss
Irvin is optimistic about her risk in the game, though. She reasons that
getting a job elsewhere will be easier with a dismissal from Cal Poly
Pomona.

Another instructor in the same department, and the same host is Dr.
Barbara Sevier. This is Dr. Sevier's third year, and although she has
been reappointed for her fourth year, she may be notified next year
that her fourth year is to be her last.

Dr. Sevier received negative recommendations concerning her
retention this year from her tenured committee members, depart-
ment head and the school dean. However, one of the three tenured
committee members is the department head, and it Is Involved by
students that there Is a personality conflict between Dr. Sevier and the
department head.

Dr. Sevier is one of the instructors who decided it would be more
dangerous to talk than to fight out the case on her own. Others keeping
her company include a score of temporary employees, hired under the
title of Lecturer. When a department Is cut, the first employees to go
are the lecturers, who are originaly hired on a temporary basis
without the option of becoming probationary employees if an opening occurs.

In the English department, three such instructors started in the face
the ugly possibility of losing their jobs if faculty seats in the English
department were cut, as was hinted earlier in the year. That possibility
does not now appear likely, according to department head Jack
Peterson, but he gave Drs. E.L. Jenkins, Michael Orth, and Mona
Roseman some uncomfortable moments earlier this year. Ac-
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