From the Editor

Take that pocket calendar out for a minute and study it to see what day this is. That's right, now you've got it. It's Thursday, Feb. 22nd. And yes, it's George Washington's birthday (national three-day weekend ahead). Before the loyal Americans at Chico, we're used to offering you some of the impecable spirit that should thrill the heart of every citizen on this day to remember the Father of Our Country. We, who cannot tell a lie, proudly present a spoof to G.W.

Along more serious lines, that time of the year is rapidly coming upon us. You know the one we mean—spring. It’s only a month away, and along with the arrival of the daffodil and daisy, blue skies and lazy picnic lunches on the library lawn, come Love that bubbly, gushy, sheer and always mushy variety. Love, and its life becomes tantalizing sublimal with meaning because you’re wanted by another human being. If you’re in love, or if you’ve ever been in love, Cathy Carriere’s story on pages 4 and 5 will take you back to all the nervous fascination you knew in that first Love.

But everyone knows you can’t live by love alone. There must be bread, too. And that’s what Vicki Bylessey’s story on Student-Owned Business is all about—making bread in a role characterized by anything but being Somebody-Else’s-boy. It’s on page 6.

One of our regular contributors, Eric Noland, has contributed again. This time he’s done a little surveying of what’s coming over the waves the radio waves, that is—in San Luis Obispo. If you’re a persistent knick-knack-seeker, as I am, always looking for a comfortable chair to sit in, you’ll be interested in what Eric’s found out from the people who grace the airwaves with their golden voices. If you’re on the programming end of the shaft you’ll be interested to find out what some of the vibes coming back the other way are saying. Check pages 6 and 7.

The next, and last, Outpost for this quarter will be out three weeks from today, during finals. (Three weeks—finals?) By that time you’ll need us. We’re going to tell you how to stay alive and healthy in body and mind that week.

With only one sensation coming out during finals, so if you’re an advertiser you might give Kay Hamilton a call (same phone as Outpost). Published every third month by the Associated Students Inc., of the California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo, California. Copyright 1979 Associated Students Inc.

The Incredible Campus: A Salute to G.W.

About 9:30 p.m. the entrance to the old Clock Tower building are always shrouded in shadow...so it was that night. The wind blew over the area on the trees, never anywhere, and you could hear the faint clink-clank of a flag rope being hit against the tower. In spite of the breeze, the night was unusually quiet. There were no cars passing. Perhaps that’s why my ears picked up what sounded like dim chanting, coming up from the direction of the radio waves, that is— in San Luis Obispo.

I sprinted across the front lawn, crossed the road, jumped the white guard fence, and sloved to a steady walk. It would not do to burst into somebody’s party like a serious late-night jogger. Anyway, the chants would be much of a party...it was more like something very strange that occurs maybe only once in a dream somewhere.

But this was no dream. The wind was blowing harder through the trees around the barbeque pits. Something coming toward me, toward the group...may it be the wind or maybe it was a charisma emitted by the orange glow itself? It was not something I could feel distinctly. I could not imagine what was going on. I had made up my mind, too...I had to see what was going on.

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I could see the people—yes, they were people, but such tiny, weird people they were—and they were passing a pipe. As the clock tower waded from hand to hand each participant lookedsearching up into the sky, closed her eyes, and took a loud breath. Perhaps a fifteen second pause, she would sigh out the smoke into the air, close her eyes on her right, and pass the pipe on with a low mumur of words.

The smoke was lit by a fire roaring ominously at the base of the huge pipe. Around the pit the tiny enchanted figures began to move in graceful circle. Now and then one of them would swirl upward with dynamic momentum. As I moved closer next to the Cyclone fence which enclosed the area, I could see clearly what it was I had done since then to wish such a horrifying reality.

My eyes bulged in disbelief, my legs lost all control of the person they foundationed, my heart hit the center of the sternum that protected it, and I fell to the cold, muddy ground.

These figures which were moving and dancing from place to place were girls. They appeared to be clad in delicate silk aprons, after rubbing the lids of my eyes I could see some were actually flying. With missing features, the peculiar wings which some had attached to the center of their square, light-compartmented backs, took them where they wanted to go.

The sounds, now coming softly their pink passionate lips, were murmured in.FromArgbed salltation. I could not make out what was being said but noticed a definite change in the look of one of the girls. It read “Home-EE Club.”

I turned to find a strange made of wood which was shaped like a fork inside a wine bottle. Where its base joined the ground, from among the tall, green grass, a moan appeared.

It was unmistakable Ed Suliva; his arms were folded, his head still down, the top of his chest as he turned to us was one of the bare-nee-pee pits.

It happened. The wind ceased in action, the chants dropped to stay alive, the girls moved to the pit in tears.

The glowing flames inside the pit were fed. First, there appeared a set, then the shining silvery silhouette of someone's white hair, blue coat, ruffled sleeves and long black pants. What was it? Who was it? I could see only the back of the seemingly human figure. The girls had their arms around me, and we were beginning to whisper to each other.

It was a man dressed in eighteenth century attire. My mind raced, I remembered today was Washington's Birthday. He turned and walked, with his back to Ed's face as he received a tip of the hat from George. Ed kissed Martha's gloved hand and vanished into the smoke barbeque pit. It was gone.

The fire began to burn once again, the wind blew across the area, the girls were filled with delight at the appearance of their wings and met on the platform.

Washington's wearing very hard.

What was going to happen next! I couldn't imagine what I was going on. I went to church last Sunday and couldn't decide what it was I had done to be for the Lord to wish such a horrifying experience on me.

Then I began to put things together. Was this a common occurrence on Washington's birthday? The year before I had been high classed, or even the consciousness to witness such an unordered display of reality.

The university a year ago a college was supposedly conservative. One night with George and Martha, these...these...“druids” was too much for me to handle. I jumped, saying to one would believe this unless I had positive proof. I had to run to my car, I turned now far, and got a cab.

The time had passed quickly. It was almost midnight, a mutt mist enveloped Poly Grove, the drums and the Washingtons were very hard to see near.

The clock in the tower began striking twelve and the mist was moving slowly away. I was surrounded, a swift wind swept my books and knocked them out of my hand, the wind ceased in the area, the mist was relative quiet, the foggy atmosphere moving hadn't. I turned to the last clock tower bell and went toward current campus, and there was nothing; George, no Martha, and no druids.

But I had really seen them, it was true. Two and a half hours had gone by now it was over and the memories embedded in my mind. No longer was it Washington's birthday, I realized almost there would be great that I had seen really had happened.

What was BDD tell my roommates they asked which all said,

What about my friends who might witness this same enchanted evening out st Poly, and there was nothing: George, no Martha, and no druids.

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(Continued on page 8)
"Sometimes I think I've just imagined this whole set up. This place I call my business is so much more than that. It's become an extension of me...it's my creation, my pride." 

Pressure is the name of the game, and it's the stomach student who can study and run a prosperous business at the same time. A few enterprising Cal Poly students have taken the plunge and entered into the world of finance and free enterprise. San Luis Obispo is ripe territory for a pipe dream. Consider yours...it may have its possibilities.

An antique clock bongs the hour, the rough wood walls lend a glowing patina to the collection of sturdy pipes and the pungent odor of fine tobacco fills the air. The owner surveys his customers, fills up the canisters, and settles back for a relaxing chew on an empty pipe.

Doug McClure, full time Architectural student.

How does he juggle his double life? Doug laughter, takes another long chew, and admits that the last year hasn't been an easy one.

Obviously, he had to earn a living. But Doug decided the conventional route wasn't his bag. Doug, his wife, and a partner hit on the idea of a specialty tobacco shop and scouted California for ideas, merchandise, and money. "We had to beg, borrow and steal to pull together our original investment of $8,000."

Doug slides off his chair and measures out "all sorts of Cherry Blend, please" for one of his steady customers. At this rate, the take home pay isn't that great, and Doug admits things have gotten lean during summer as proprietor, bookkeeper, advertising manager and janitor. Much of the profit has been reinvested for new merchandise to fill the intriguing, rustic shop. Then, there's the rent for his small niche at the Network Mall. But on paper—they're doing great. Doug estimates the market value of the shop to be around the $6,000 mark.

"Puff a stuff!" stocks everything from big giant, wooden pipes to ruffled old Havana cigar. Occasionally, Doug has requests for the only weed not sold at "Puff." When, and if, marijuana is legalized, will it be "just like" over the counter? It would be a major decision, one which would definitely be affected by customer reaction.

The Saturday morning rush dies down, and Doug contemplates the problems of combining such demanding work with the grueling hours of an Architecture major. "I tend to migrate towards the shop instead of school," he concedes, "but there is no substitute for this kind of job...nothing at all!"

"Brother do we have some hairy experiences here. A few days after we first opened, a conservative looking guy drops in the shop and offers me $40 to make him a custom fit, leopard skin, athletic supporter...I wasn't at all sure what I'd gotten myself into."

"The Hang Up" was open for business. Senior Clothing Construction major, Ann Shuman, and a partner, opened the first hand-made clothing store in the area over I years ago. Since then, Ann has switched partners. But the demand for their stickery has increased. Shawls, dresses, custom made bikinis, jewelry, and fine pottery are constructed by the co-owners; or one of the
The "Hang Up" goes on the market after graduation, but plans are in the works for a larger, more extensive shop in the Santa Barbara or San Diego area. As the first lingering customers file out and the doors are locked, Ann lets go with a tired smile. "I guess the whole business has got me hooked.

Christmas shoppers sped by: pushing, shoving, buying. Hurrying past the small table filled with stainless steel and wooden spatulas. Not taking the time to find out what one hooks. Not taking the time to find out what the "Hooker" is... one of the "hodge-podge." One of his pipe dreams is to open a new place... with a special atmosphere. Designed, built and executed with the special brand of Ruff and Co magic.

San Luis Obispo is virgin ground for an entrepreneur with a good eye and a fast hammer. Rick Reinhardt, business major, has turned a hobby into a thriving business.

"Every since I was a kid, I've been building things. I've always enjoyed it, working with my hands, getting satisfaction." Rick isn't exactly in the building business. His interest is more like the grade school hobo who makes a sled. Still, the idea of being responsible for the success of the restaurant. But speaking as an architect, he thinks the whole place is a design "hodge-podge." One of his pipe dreams is to open a new place... with a special atmosphere. Designed, built and executed with the special brand of Ruff and Co magic.

Ann gets an education from her customers. "It's entertaining in here, sometimes I like to sit back and just watch. I like to see what makes people work, and what they like.

"Competition is lesser now than when the "Hang Up" first opened its door. Ann feels an obligation to keep the racks filled with new merchandise. "We have a steady stream of customers. We have a steady stream of customers.""I find I want to discover how things work. I'm itching to make things a little better than the next guy."

From her desk in the University Union, Laura remembers Randy. In fifth grade Randy came into her life. She was shy, and Jake Thorp's business began to get rolling.

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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH MY HAND TO SHOW ME YOU UNDERSTAND AND SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME. THAT SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL, ANYTIME MY LITTLE WORLD IS BLUE I JUST HAVE TO LOOK AT YOU AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL.

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NO ONE IN THE WORLD EVER HAD A LOVE AS SWEET AS MY LOVE. FOR WHEREVER I GO, ALL YOUR LOVE YOU GIVE GLADLY TO ME.

---

WHERE I LOVE I LIVE.

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WHEN I SEE BEAUTIFUL THINGS, LIKE A FIELD OF LONG, GREEN GRASS WITH LOTS OF YELLOW MUSTARD FLOWERS AND TREES IN BLOSSOM, I THINK OF YOU AND WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU. I WANT TO SHARE ALL THINGS WITH YOU.

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He played guitar sentimentally; he'd play for me. "I loved him." One time she was flying back to Reno and he played "Leaving on a Jet Plane" for her at the airport. "He gave me a guitar and tried to teach me how to play... I'm still trying to learn. He loved me too."

FOLLOW ME WHERE I GO. WHAT I DO, AND WHO I KNOW. MAKE IT PART OF ME... YOU SEE I'D LIKE TO SHARE MY LIFE WITH YOU AND SHOW YOU THINGS I'VE SEEN, PLACES WHERE I'M GOING TO. PLACES WHERE I'VE BEEN. TO HAVE YOU THERE Beside me and never feel alone, and all the time you're near me."

---

SHE TOLD ME THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL LOVE YOU EVER REALLY GET IN YOUR LIFE AND MOST OF THE TIME YOU NEVER GET TO FULFILL IT FOR IT SELDOM STAYS, AND YOU FIND SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEONE WHO IS SECOND AND LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN RELATIVE HAPINESS AND WONDERING AND WISHING FOR THAT ONE LOVE YOU WANTED SO VERY MUCH.
It happens every September. Headed back to school for yet another year at Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, after a summer in Los Angeles or the Bay Area. As you wind along the freeway toward the Mission City, you realize that once again it is time to undertake that important, annual task, the repackaging of the buttons on your ear's AM radio.

That station in Pasadena or Oakland faded out many miles ago and, besides, you knew you couldn't hold out forever.

KELVY 1600. With the current trend returning music to the rock period of the fifties, many spots are done on the radio stations that delivered the sound of those times. Some groups even incorporate the Top-10 disc jockey oratory into their act, just before embarking on a nostalgic jaunt into a bygone era.

That radio style, you may be assured (or dismayed), never left us. It is alive and well in San Luis Obispo. Alan Stone rushes into the control room at Famous Fourteen on a week night and mounts the Good-Guy throne behind two pillars of recorded cartridges, everything from pain commercials to Wayne Shaw wrestling reports.

As the sound of Seals and Crofts fades in the background the headphones are donned and the throat is cleared. Now again. One more time... (cough). The music all but disappears as the voices come up in exuberant times... "It's going down Palm Street on K-S-L-Y at 8-17 with Alan Stone..." Enter commercial number one, now two, three, four, public service announcement, five, and then one of those lovely things, a jingle. First music slides up a scale and a chorus of female voices tell you that this is Famous Fourteen, KELVY, San Luis Obispo, and then introduces your host again... The Instrumental Introduction briefly escapes with its life as Mr. Stone rides it with a well-timed joke about the next song's title, and away goes one of the top hits from the K-S-L-Y Sound Survey.

Both is life in the world of so-called Top-40 radio. It consists of an infinite supply of "catchy" jingles, "clever" commercial spoofs, a cash-call jocktalk, what's cooking, who's talking?, hitUna requests and the throat is cleared. Now again... The Instrumental Introduction briefly escapes with its life as Mr. Stone rides it with a well-timed joke about the next song's title, and away goes one of the top hits from the K-S-L-Y Sound Survey.

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Although he is aware of the current AM radio styles, Alan Stone adores to the Top-40 style. "Other methods of pleasing people are always being tried," he pointed out, "and this (Top-40) is one that has been proven, you can't argue with success." Those who do care to argue with success must look elsewhere in the sizable San Luis Obispo market if they want to hear a current sound without imposing rhetoric tossed in.

Enter KYVC 980. Alan Ross comes out of the morning newscast playing Roberta Flack for "someone doing the breakfast dishes." When the music finishes and the song finishes he talks about the artist he has featured and the success of that particular record. He then jokes a bit with his listeners, as someone sharing a morning cup of coffee with them, and then continues with something from Hall & Oates, or Elton John, or Carol King.

The style of music goes by many names, from up-tempo to easy listening to progressive pop. By any name, it was a rapid transition for KYVC 980 back in fall of 1971. One day the music people at the station said, "Here's our new music style," and that was that. The success has been encouraging to the staff. Evan Hunting, the music director who also handles an afternoon show, is happy with the response. "We've gotten many
calls from people who appreciated the change and enjoyed the music we were playing. Now we're considering ourselves with the different kinds of things we can do with the music, blending songs together to create shows that are not only enjoyable to listen to, but also say something, as well."

Because songs the approach of the announcers and the style of the commercials is low-key, easy and smooth. Adhering to a "personality approach" in announcing, the belief is that a wider segment of the listening population is reached. As Haning noted, "I don't think many people like to have a song and with somebody screaming over it and screaming them into the next record." 

KVEC, however, remains primarily a "news, sports, and the weather" station, an image that often overshadows any advancements or progressions in music and its delivery. As one student remarked, "everytime I turn it (KVEC) on I hear either a newscast, a panel discussion or a sports broadcast."

The people at AM 680 provide that chief news and sports output for the area. When listeners want more of a pure music source, they often go to KATY 104. But KATY is different than the other two San Luis Obispo AM stations. None of the music heard on KLSY is played at KATY. None of the music heard on KVEC is played at KATY. And some of the music heard on KATY isn't played anywhere KATY's music can be termed "background stuff." All of the "good life sound of 1940 Music Place" comes from large pre-recorded tapes purchased through a distributor, International Good Music (IGM). The songs you hear come across the airways back to back, and the station's announcers are heard only at news time. It's a little like having a suitcase in your car or home, only it's broken and you never know what it's going to play next.

Rick Williams, one of KATY's announcers, explained his job, "There's a button that says 'START' which starts the music, and one that says 'STOP' that stops it... It gets pretty exciting sometimes."

KATY's function is not to present it's audience with "personality conversation," but rather to provide it with music-background music. In other words, it's more or less an AM station with an FM format.

KEDY 103 FM (Stereo) is somewhat the opposite—an FM station with a touch of the AM format. Many people like to listen to quiet, easy music without continually having someone bill them what they're listening to and how cold it is outside. They play music that will help them company, but not direct their attention from the newspaper or a book. KEDY's AM touch comes in its frequent commercials, dropping between the movie theme songs and orchestrated Beethoven music.

As one Cal Poly person put it blithely, "I'd probably listen to it more if it weren't for all the yak."

Another remarked about what she called "stagnant programming," "I've listened to that station on and off for four years, and I swear they're playing the same record, exactly, that they played in 1970. Shirley Baeasy's rendition of 'Somewhere' must be pretty popular over there."

"Shirley Baeasy's, and everybody else's version," someone else added. KUNA 96.1 FM (Stereo) may well satisfy the listeners who want a more music, less-talks station. KUNA is expected to sign on February 17 and, at the present time, discussion about its planned format is being hushed up. Owned and operated by the same person who owns and operates KLKY, Homer Odom, the new station is expected to provide easy listening in stereo.

For the rock purists, it used to be that the only way to keep up with new artists was to drive your car to the top of a hill and you never know what it's going to play. But KATY is different. The evening hours move back to the popular stuff and by the late night hours the music peels the paint, giving "underground FM" Its only resting place in San Luis Obispo.

KCFR also offers many surprises, as well, including taped public enlightenment sequence such as 'The Space Story' (featuring William Scott), Men and Molecules, 'Stars and Stripes,' and other profound thought-producers.

The campus station is not without technical drawbacks, little incidents that are expected at any such educational medium.

A person who just recently joined the student ranks at Cal Poly admitted being amused, and sometimes annoyed, at the frequent miscues that have become KCFR trademarks. "When I get tired of hearing records cued up in the middle or started at the wrong speed, I just switch over to KLKY or... or I start leading through my album collection."
Student Businesses...

Ernie Gaffney keeps him smiling all the way to the bank. It's a dirty, hard labor, but Ernie looks at his horse shoeing business as a hobby. Trucking around the county with $5,000 worth of equipment earns Ernie his daily bread.

Ernie went into the horse maintenance business after an initial tussle at the rigorous Poly training classes. "The experience gave me confidence," he drawled with a slight smile, "and for the first time I felt it was feasible for me to consider starting out on my own."

The possibilities for business are booming, but he prefers to shoe the horses of friends and students in need of a reasonable, reliable job. Horseshoeing is a time consuming task. With hours out for classes and study, Ernie only manages to get face to face with one of his customers on the average of five times a week.

"I'm not going to get rich, and I wouldn't want it full time, but working for myself gives me a certain satisfaction."