Going back...
From the Editor

Today is the beginning of a third life for Outpost.
The magazine began its first life two years ago when it replaced the
traditional college yearbook. Outpost published in a slick form like
modern trade publications and the issue is called the "slick magazine"
by today's staff. Two thousand magazines were printed. The staff
apparently hadn't planned a system of circulation, and only
eight-hundred copies sold. Student Affairs Council (SAC) consequently
rejected any Outpost requests for a chance to print another slick.

Outpost's second life began last year. Mustang Daily wrapped itself
around the magazine, and Outpost published every other Thursday as a
supplement on the newspaper's budget. The Outpost editors set up their
own editorial policy, and they and the Outpost staff produced the
magazine. Consumer-type features, self help articles, and entertainment
stories related to the campus helped Outpost achieve a highly successful
second life.

The magazine made money and friends. SAC, recognizing Outpost's
financial success, handed the editors a budget for this year.

This year Outpost is its own boss. Although the magazine will no longer
be buried in the Mustang Daily, it will distribute near it. New distribution
boxes are being designed and Outpost will share them with Mustang
Daily when completed. Look for Outpost in these boxes "every other
Thursday" until time and a larger staff make it feasible to publish once a
week.

We will continue serving the student-as-consumer this year with campus
related features and articles that will help you help yourself.

In this issue, you'll find a variety of stories ranging from bicycle care to
tips on redecorating your house or apartment. Our lead story adds a bit
of nostalgia to the issue. It's one many of us can relate to. Turn to page 4.

Future issues of Outpost will contain articles about all kinds of
shortages that affect students and faculty alike: gasoline, food,
classroom, and parking. The majority of features appearing in Outpost
are the products of students signed up for Jour 251-01.

However, we do welcome free lance work from writers and
photographers. If you have an article, photo story, or an idea that
relates to the campus, you can contact us by asking for Associate Editor
Kay Ready, Managing Editor Ellen Pensky or me in Graphic Arts 226, or
leave a note in the Outpost Box in the same room.

William Mattos, Editor

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS
The Cover: Illustrated by Pat O'Connell
Mark Cooley Page 3
Pat O'Connell Page 4
Tom Jordan Pages 6 and 7

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Dorothy Ann Crass
There are original ways to redecorate your living quarters.

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A personal story about a high school, its memories and its changes.

What's In That Brown Bag
Bob Cosentino
Some safety measures to observe when preparing a bag lunch.

Operation Bicycle
Vicki Byllesby
You can keep your wheels turning with basic bicycle care.
Students have come back to Poly this fall in droves, occupying dorms, apartments, farm houses, beach houses, an increasing number of trailers and mobile homes, and just about any place they can find. One of the first ideas of many students is to turn these residences into homes.

Local merchants in town, of course, realize this tendency and sales are offered during the first weeks on bricks, boards, paint, plants, curtains, bedspreads, wall plaques, posters, baskets, lamps, and various other things to catch the students' eyes. Students, who as a rule are usually low on money, are always looking for bargains and sometimes find them at stores catering to that immediate need to improve their living quarters. More often than not the student, because of lack of time or knowledge, ends up spending more money than he originally intended to. He also finds that his own personality really isn't evident in his new home. Very often it looks like a hundred other dorms or apartments, featuring an Indian print bedspread, curtains that were on sale at the local department store, posters galore, a paper Tiffany hanging shade or a crescent moonlight strike and win, a few small potted plants purchased at the local nursery or corner grocery store.

Needs in a home vary with each person and dozens of books have been written on do-it-yourself ideas. Although students have tons of reading, a few of these books might be helpful. Sunset Home & Garden books, the Handyman Encyclopedias, or the Home Economist's books from the University of California. Books written by Home Economists, and McCall's Home & Garden are full of thrifty do-it-yourself ideas, some big comfortable soft pillows to go on the floor. Ready made curtains often cost more than those made at home. Sometimes bedspreads that are on sale or bright print sheets can be cut and sewn into original creations for your windows. For those who don't sew, there is another handy short cut. Window shades now come in many colors—besides the standard white. Add a bottle of glue and colorful trim and you can liven up your windows. cheaply. Also many decorative vine prints with adhesive backs can be applied to a cheap white window shade.

The bookcase is needed in just about every student's home, but the standard brick and board set-up isn't the only answer. This is especially true in a mobile home or trailer where floor space is small. Shelves built on the walls in interesting designs can save space and your back. No more stooping down to get the book on the bottom shelf.

A barefoot can often be depressing and a rug for that floor can be expensive. However, if you can obtain carpet samples or carpet scraps, you can blend them together, adhering them to the floor with carpet tape, and have instant wall to wall carpeting that you laid yourself.

Students at Poly have a year of studying, finals, parties, and just plain living ahead. To have a place to come and personalize the walls.

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Students at Poly have a year of studying, finals, parties, and just plain living ahead. To have a place to come and personalize the walls.
by David Albertson

I attended an unusual high school. We went to football games, and basketball games, senior proms, spring plays, after-game dances, choral concerts and club car washes. Everyone knew the words to the alma mater, got excited about student elections, and bought yearbooks. Girls would do anything to become one of the elite who waved pom-poms in front of cheering sections, and if you were a campus male with out a letterman’s jacket, people really didn’t care to hear much from you.

When was this?” you ask. “1963? No. 1967-70.

When students on other campuses were discovering acid and protesting the killing in Vietnam and at Kent State, we were drinking six packs and painting our rival’s victory bell blue.

The school had what everyone lovingly called Spirit, a close-knitness probably attributable to the age of the school (it had been opened when the 60’s decade was only about a year old). Few scoffed at the traditions; most fought desperately to keep them from slipping away. Ridiculous,” most will mutter, but it was not to those of us who lived it. With three years of this behind me I approached my graduation from high school.

People were talking a lot about thresholds. “One of the most important moments in your life,” and all of that. My friends and I would have nothing to do with it. For most of those upon the threshold, it all merely provided something to joke about. In caps and gowns, seated neatly in rows, we were more concerned with the important issues at hand:

“If Perry’s drunk?”

“Powell’s going to get chew stains all over that girl’s back if he doesn’t watch where he’s spitting.”

“Old Kenagy and Helms really succeeded in getting that phony Diville Benevild diploma into the stack.”

“Somebody fall asleep to put his pants back on.”

All the talk about the exciting new journeys we were embarking on was sailing cleanly over the top. We were too busy checking out the chics in the audience and anticipating the Disneyland trip just moments away.

A week or so prior to the ceremonies, I received a letter from a well-wishing relative in which he received another high school graduation from another year. He wrote: “When your uncle Dick graduated from high school (in the 1940’s, I believe), I told him that some of the people he was with that day he would never see again. He later admitted I had been right.”
There was no way I could see this happening to me. My friends and I had heard that the day of graduation usually marks the end of one period of life, and the beginning of another. But we were pretty close, and nobody ever said the latter had to be any different than the first.

Summar jobs took over in a hurry for those who would need something to live on when college began in the fall. Somehow, the great number of parties that had been planned never quite got off the ground and no one knew what anyone else was doing. Time had already begun to scatter us. So much for staying together during the difficulties.

When September rolled around, I think we had the first three-month reunion in recorded history. It threatened to fall as flat as the other summer get-togethers, but about 100 finally gathered at the house of how's this for symbolism? a former director of school spirit. The watchwords for the night were, where are you going to school? But even more common were, keep in touch! Yeah, for sure, we'll get together soon, don't worry, you have my address.

A "temporarily" home

I took off for Cal Poly the following morning. On my way to a new town, a new school and new people, wondered how long it would be before I would return to the security of familiar people and places. After all, that was it wasn't? security? Now I have to start all over again, and replace friendships with six-year bases. When my friends and I had done things during that final year, we seldom needed to worry about stepping on anyone's toes, simply because we all knew each other so well. Now that comfort of familiarity was of the past.

I am sure there were many from that class who had little trouble saying farewell to their high school years. For them, it was a time in life they could have done without. Taking me, however, they had gotten far enough away to look back, I learned that the three years of high school had left bad memories. It didn't get interesting until I ran into an old friend. Good. Well, take it easy.

Returning

Returning to the things I had once known produced the predicted result—nothing turned out as I thought it would. I felt like a stranger returning to an old neighborhood. Around me were people doing the same things I had done and saying the same things I had said. There were still people deeply concerned about who was going to buy the Ripple for the night. The only difference was that I could only recognize five or six of these individuals. On one occasion, I set opposite my alma mater (tor space reasons) at a basketball game with a topped score, and for an instant felt as if I were watching a movie rerun—MCMXX. Only the characters had changed; the script was the same.

Encounters with the new people were out of the question. I didn't get interested until I ran into an old friend. Good. Well, take it easy. I was later to learn that this approach was the standard for a college routine. Study life in high school is a time of innocence—before you learn to get as much as you can out of something, with very little input.

There were a lot of innocent times back then, I have often thought; if I only knew what I know now. Oh, to return to a bygone time of life with the knowledge experience has given you. To get another chance at it, this time with the benefit of knowing what the mistakes yield.

"Memories"

An evening. Oh another return to my homeland. I learned that a girl I had known had pretty much insulated herself from ties with her pre-college friends. Nobody had seen her since that three-month reunion. Following her graduation in June, her reaction to what had been left behind was one of good riddance. I presume. After college days began in the fall it was as if she had passed into another world, with no intention of returning to ours. She became one of the many who reminded me of my relative's graduation message: some of these people you will never see again.

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What's In That Brown Bag?

by Bob Consentino

When certain foods remain at room temperature for several hours—like from the time you fix your lunch in the morning to the time you eat it at noon—bacteria in the food can multiply, making the food unsafe to eat.

Food poisoning bacteria—namely, Staphylococci, salmonellae and Clostridium perfringens—grow to enormous numbers, often with no effect on the odor, flavor or appearance of the food. Consuming large numbers of these bacteria can cause illness, even death.

Unfortunately, many people suffering from food poisoning often mistake their illness for the flu, never knowing the real cause of their sickness and how it could have been avoided.

Eating food contaminated with Staphylococci can produce cramps, nausea, headaches, vomiting, prostration, severe diarrhea and dehydration within 12-38 hours. These symptoms will last 2-7 days. Staphylococci are less dangerous than salmonellae, but more common. "Staph" bacteria can produce a toxin which causes symptoms similar to salmonellosis within 5-8 hours and lasting 1-2 days.

Clostridium perfringens grows without air and is resistant to heat. Consuming large numbers of these bacteria will result in nausea within 8-20 hours and may persist for a day. Clostridium perfringens will grow in soup, gravy and stew when they're kept only lukewarm and in deep containers.

The best way to avoid food contamination is to observe sanitary practices and keep hot foods hot and cold foods cold. When packing a lunch, follow these guidelines:

—Wash hands and fingernails thoroughly before handling food. Don't sneeze or cough near food, and don't handle food if you have open sores, cuts or boils on your hands.

—Use clean utensils and plates. Don't let silverware or plates that touched raw meat or poultry come in contact with cooked meat or poultry.

—if you use a vacuum jug for soup, make sure the jug is clean before putting the soup in. The soup must be hot, not lukewarm, when it goes into the vacuum jug.

—Take along as many non-perishable items as possible. Low moisture items are good, such as dry sausages, along with canned foods and well scrubbed fruits and vegetables.

—items containing meat, poultry and milk products should be kept cool. An insulated lunch box, with an ice pack inside, can keep foods cold until lunchtime.

You can also freeze these perishable items beforehand. They will remain cold for several hours and be nicely thawed by lunchtime. Mayonnaise, mustard, cheese, ketchup, onions and relish can be frozen with a sandwich, but lettuce and tomatoes will lose quality if frozen.

—Keep lunch in a cool, dry place until lunchtime. Again, a lunch box is more effective than a paper bag in keeping foods cold and dry.

Observe these common sense practices, and enjoy a personalized "brown-bag delight."
The Bicycle: practical, economical, good for body and ecology. But alas, a machine subject to break downs, blow-outs and twisted rims.

A subject dear to the heart of avid cyclists is how to keep a bicycle in racing form without spending a fortune in the process.

Bicycle assemblage is not complicated. With a check list for proper maintenance and a good do-it-yourself manual on bicycle repairs, the novice should be able to complete most repairs without the help of the experts.

For those "rim-in-the-rain-gutter" and "smashed-from-behind" repairs, San Luis Obispo abounds in reputable and competent dealers who will gladly service everything from a J.C. Penny 3 speed to a Motobecane Le Champion—for a slight charge.

"Anybody's Bike Book: An Original Manual of Bicycle Repairs" lends a few laughs as you gnash your teeth on the brake cables.

"Deraillieur Bicycle Repair" is more cut and dry, but is recommended by several local distributors as a good basic repair manual.

Keeping a bicycle in top repair insures safety, comfort and longevity. To avoid costly repairs from neglect, check your cycle for wear periodically against a basic maintenance checklist.

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Charts courtesy of MUELLERS POWER PLANT
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