Living Together
From the Editor

Although it doesn't snow in San Luis Obispo, we have some of the most avid skiers in the state. With more and more snow falling on the mountains now, the slopes soon should be crowded with downhill spenders from Cal Poly.

Traveling to the snowgrounds on Fridays and returning on Sundays is usually the plan of most ski buffs. But unless you're going to strap your skis to the handlebars of a bicycle and pump your way to and from the slopes you may soon find that your present mode of transportation, the car, obsolete.

When this issue of Outpost went to press President Nixon and his energy action crisis committee were planning to limit gasoline sales nationwide. More specifically, no gas on Sundays.

How do we return from the mountains?

We have two choices. We can remain in San Luis Obispo and play twiddlytwinks, or we can depart from the city with a full gas tank, gassing up again (preparing for the trip home Sunday) after arriving at the slopes.

Speaking of choices, if you're a writer, photographer, or interested in selling ads you should consider Outpost for one of your classes next quarter. It's listed as Journalism 241-02 in the catalog. Ad salesmen receive 16% commission for every ad they sell.

This is the final issue of Outpost this quarter. Next quarter we will run articles on alcoholism on campus, karate, dieting, and many more. If you have ideas for feature articles or photo essays drop a note in the Outpost box in Graphic Arts 226 or write us a letter.

William Mattos, Editor
It's the real thing
by Cathy Carrier

No that's not the call of the tidy green giant, but of that man we all know, and somehow wish we still believed in, of course, Santa Claus.

Yup, it's that time of year again; silver bells, carols, holly, sleighs, snowmen, candy canes, Christmas trees, mangos, presents, holiday goodies, confusion, family, and of course Santa Claus.

In the printing department, Jeff Swanson, general manager of the production team and Chairman of Publishers Board, dons his outfit every year and brightens the holidays for children and adults by playing Santa Claus at all kinds of parties.

We sat in Jeff's office to talk. Leaning back in his chair, he explained how and why he got involved in being a professional Santa. When twinkling, he said it began one Christmas when he was in Junior College down south. He was working in the toy department of a J.J. Newberry store. The store ran an ad announcing that Santa was coming, but the paper made a mistake and had the dates a week too early. So Jeff got a call one Saturday morning and was asked to play the role. Jeff said, 'Sure, what the heck,' and off he went.

Photos by Robin Cleary
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Laughing, he remembers, the suit they had was too tight. It fit like a pair of leotards. I had to dress in the block room right off the toy department. After I dressed, I peeked out the door and waited for all the people to clear away, so I could sneak out. Someone yelled, get out there and pushed me out. There I went, HO! HO! HO!

From there on it snowballed for Jeff. He started doing parties. I've been Santa for just one child and I've also played for hundreds of people, everywhere from store cafeterias to the Statler Hilton banquet room. The 22 year old student has happy memories of his past Christmases. In my house Christmas is it. Jeff declares with a grin, I'll make Christmas as meaningful, happy and joyful to children and adults as I remember. I've accomplished my purpose whether I get paid or not.
Since Christmas is such a big part of Jeff’s family life, his mom takes an avid interest in his profession. “She washes, sets, and combs my beard, and wigs. She really digs it. Christmas means a lot to her,” Jeff says.

Jeff has six different outfits for his 6-foot 3-frame, ranging from corduroy to velvet. He wears them according to the type of party he is going to. The velvet with rabbit fur trim is for big important parties and the corduroy with plush trim for department stores and fraternity parties where he might get dirty.

He has a couple of beard and hair sets that fill over his brown hair and round freckled face. Some are made of nylon, some of yac hair and some of both. A complete yac hair wig is $55 and a beard is also $55. Since his suits are custom made by a costume company, a good one may cost $500 or more.

Jeff is proud of his outfits. He recently bought an elaborate Santa suit that was worn in the 1972 Barnum and Bailey Circus. It is made with ostrich feathers and sequins circled around the front. “I’d never wear that for kids because it isn’t real. They don’t expect Santa to be elaborate. This outfit is like a storybook Santa.”

Along with his outfits, Jeff has bags for gifts and belts. “There’s a Mrs. Santa Claus too. She works with him at a lot of parties, especially big company functions and fraternity parties where he might get dumb. I just play dumb. I never let them have an inch.”

“Jeff is sensitive to every situation that arises. He says, ‘You have to talk to kids spontaneously. Kids always ask if I got their letter or if they ask me to tell them what I gave them last year.’ Usually I say that I have so many boys girls to give gifts to that I just don’t remember who got what. That works pretty well.”

Kids really look up to Santa Claus. Jeff explains, “I used to throw pins and candy canes on the roof before I’d go into a house. Parents started getting upset when July rolled around and they were still there. The candy canes all sticky and... yuk. The kids just wanted them to prove that Santa really did come.”

Jeff believes Santa should never supersede the real meaning of Christmas... Most of the kids at parties believe in Santa. I try to make Santa a real part of Christmas, never looking sight, however, of the real meaning. I try to show that Santa is something fun but he is not to be worshipped. I try to discourage equal billing with God.

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Jeff enjoys company parties. The only Santa who doesn’t need a pillow, Jeff says. “I try to show that Santa is something fun but he is not to be worshipped. I try to discourage equal billing with God.”

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When asked about kids that don’t believe in Santa, he smiles, winks, and says, “I make kids that don’t believe... believers.”

An eight year-old girl came and told him that her friend said there was no Santa. “I got sort of stern and said, ‘Who told you that?’ Wait till after Christmas and ask her what she got from Santa and you’ll see if Santa isn’t real.”

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Robin tossed her long blonde hair over her shoulder and tried, once again, to concentrate on her history book. Unfortunately, right now the events leading to World War II were not as important as what she was going to tell Tom.

Yes, Tom. He was the man in her life. Their last six months together had been packed with experiences of happy times. Their relationship had finally gotten to the point where Tom had wanted something different. He wanted to spend more time with Robin—he wanted to live with her.

**Why in a world of instant carefree sex and liberalized moral codes get married at all?**

And he had made everything sound so simple. "Why in a world of instant carefree sex and liberalized moral codes get married at all?" he asked. "Why not just live together?"

But it just wasn't that simple. She didn't know she was ready for it. She wasn't sure what she wanted in their relationship. What would living together mean for her and Tom?

Many of her friends believed living together was economical and fun. Others thought of it as a step before marriage. And some said it was a cop-out in making any final commitment.

Leaning back comfortably and sipping her cup of coffee, Sociology professor Dr. Frank Lindenfold confessed that living together is a generalized idea. It is an accepted practice among college students. He teaches a Family Life class in which he deals with many students relating their beliefs on living together.

"And I think that it is just great," he admits. "It's part of the courtship process and enables you to make just as intense a commitment as in marriage, only on shorter terms."

The modestly-dressed professor took another sip of coffee and remarked, "I would definitely live with someone. It's very desirable and can be a neat thing."
When things came down, to the day-to-day hassles of dirty socks they were ready for them

They felt it worked for them because they were older, didn’t want to be apart and the timing was right.

With the pressures of living together gone they were finally able to relax. They were ready to plan a future and their life together because they were going to stay together for good.

Living together is a worthwhile learning experience that may not work out for all of us. Lynn and Steve, young and ready for good times, began living together so they could be together all the time. They weren’t quite ready to make a final and ever-lasting commitment. When they realized that living experiences were also a type of commitment, they broke up.

"When they said, why don’t you live with me I couldn’t say no"

At the time, both were unsure of the future and agreed that it was a natural sequence of events. Christine explained that Gary’s response to all her uncertainties was just being at the right place at the right time.

When he said, why don’t you live with me? I couldn’t say no. We weren’t ready for marriage right then, Christine admitted. It took eight months of living together before they even talked about marriage. At that time they decided they were ready to give up their freedom in exchange for security and fidelity. Financial matters, however, were still a problem and it wasn’t until a year later that they were able to be the knot.

We wanted to make our situation more permanent. There was always some element of doubt that one of us could just split," Christine said. "And there were just a lot of hassles about not being married," insisted Gary. "It was a drag because we couldn’t tell Chris’ parents and we were never sure about the neighbors. We didn’t advertise the fact that we weren’t married, but we didn’t hide it either."

They had waited such a long time that by their wedding day both were emotionally and physically ready for that trip to the altar. Chris was pleased that she could conveniently wash down the aisle without the typical pre-marital hesitations. She knew exactly what she was getting into.

And both agreed that the ceremony was worth it because it made everyone so happy and they wanted it to be a definite day in her life. Seeing everyone so contented at the reception made it all worthwhile.

For Gary and Christine’s living together was a step before marriage. "We knew our marriage would last because the roughest part, which they say is the first year, was already over by the time we said I do," said Gary. "If you’re thinking about living with someone, don’t take it lightly. Be ready for a commitment because it is serious and it doesn’t work for everybody.

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The ups and downs of skiing

by Sandy Whitcomb

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Looking back, I could never tell what Whit was going to do next. Once she decided to go, she went off on a comer snowplow turn. Picking up momentum, she tried to turn again before running into the rope. After that, she lifted me up and lost control. When we faced down the path, the man going up the low came with Whit.

Another great move came when one of Whit’s friends was bragging about the progress Whit was making.

She’s doing great turns in complete control all the way.

Whit, at the top of the hill, hadn’t heard the comments, but saw them watching and immediately tensed up. She tried to edge left, lost control, tried to edge me, was still out of control, heads straight down, and slams into the people in line at the bottom of the hill.

“Good control,” her friend said. I was surprised she still had any. That afternoon Whit took us up the chair lift. I saw her knees vibrating and knew she was in more action. She side-stepped up the incline only crossing once. When it was her turn for the chair, she moved nervously into position. As the chair swept her up from behind, she almost fell off, dragging our tip in the snow. The incline looked like the wrong end of a ski jump and Whit wasn’t prepared for it. When the incline swept her up, she moved nervously into position. As the chair swept her up from behind, she almost fell off, dragging our tips in the snow.

On the way down the mountain, Whit used some interesting techniques. To slow down, she tried to side swipe a snow bank, which left and I didn’t appreciate. She’d dragged her poles behind her. She was extremely slow, going from side to side, creating a challenge for those who tried to pass. When someone would yell right, instead of moving to the left to let him pass, our friend would turn around to see what they were yelling about. By that time, it was too late. She finally had enough control over left and me to do complete snowplow turns, but she overused us. Instead of going reasonably straight on easy slopes, Whit turned sharply back and forth. She was the cause of major collisions. Whit caught left’s made a move on ridges occasionally, spinning us around and snapping the bindings, another cause of pile-ups.

Slowly, fall-by-fall, we made it down the mountain. We were returned to the shop and scrapped off as hot messes. With visibly unbroken.

“Is it going to be good?” I asked. I still didn’t want to believe we’d hit Whit in worse shape. Do you think she’ll be back?”

Juggling from the continuous grin and her rubbery legs, I was perusing for a pick in her hair again this season. Probably a year or two after,” I thought. “You could be right.” I answered with a grin. It was.

The excitement of a Christmas Wedding begins with an Engagement Diamond in the Fall.
Volleyball is coming to life on campus. If you don’t believe it, just walk into the gymnasium any Tuesday or Thursday evening. For every second the clock ticks away a volleyball can be seen flying through the air.

Volleyball is a sport that can be played with just two people, or more than twelve. It can be a fiercely competitive sport, or a couples’ leisurely game. It is a dazzling, quick, active sport that requires teamwork and precise timing. Unlike most sports, the little man and the big man can play side by side.

Five years ago there was no real volleyball team on this campus. Four years ago practice took place, but the team really wasn’t a competitive one. Three years ago the team had no coach, and had to use their own money to keep things going. Two years ago there was one home match with Stanford. This year there are six home matches, six away matches, and at least six tournaments scheduled to be played by our NCAA recognized volleyball team.

For Cal Poly a brand new NCAA volleyball team, it all starts on January 18th. A national contender, University of California at Santa Barbara, comes to town. They will have three returning All Americans on their team. So our team will be seeing the best first.

Coach for this year’s team will be Ken Preston, a graduate student, who has played here on the volleyball team the last two years.
Preston is well qualified in the sport. This summer he attended the United States Volleyball Association Camp, an Olympic development camp forajaches. Here, Preston learned of the up-to-date techniques used to strengthen legs and increase vertical jumping movements.

"Playing the sport of competitive volleyball requires strong knees. The knees take the most stress and must be strengthened to their fullest to prevent injury," he says.

Some of the players do yoga exercises to give themselves the flexibility required. If that ball is some twenty feet away from a player, he'd better be flexible, or the ball will beat him to the floor.

Last year's team was given a budget by A.S.I. This year, $1,000 is being donated by the physical education department. This money is used for gas mileage, food, posters to advertise games, and some equipment.

Preston feels the team will need support from the students to keep from falling into financial trouble. Preston said, "We will be working hard to put together a good team that will spread our school name throughout the area."

As of right now, the volleyball team is not in a league. Things are still in the planning stages. They will be playing Pepperdine University, and depending on the schedule that is worked out they may play Long Beach State, Chico, Humbolt, San Jose, and Northridge universities.

Preston is looking for good volleyball players who are willing to give a total commitment to the sport. Playing the game of volleyball correctly is an art all by itself. The setting up of the volleyball above the net is such a matter as to give a player a clear shot at a spike requires skill. When that ball comes at a player at varying speeds and angles, he must hit and control it in the direction that best suits the position of his teammates, who in turn must be in position themselves to set up for the return shot. Only five out of ten players from last year's squad will be returning this year. A lot of training will be required to put this years team into playing shape.

Last year's team was led by Mike Fitzsimmons. The team then was not part of the NCAA, but it had an outstanding match record. When the regionals begin next year, coach Preston hopes to have a tight unit that will be well represented. Volleyball, a game, a competitive sport, or whatever you make it, has come to life again.

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