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, gasing 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 percent 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 328 or write us a letter.

William Mattos, Editor

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It's the real thing
by Cathy Carrier

Hot Hot Hot  No that's not the call of the golly giant, but of that man we all know, and somehow wish we still believed in, of Ben Nicks.

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

In the printing department, Jeff Swanison, 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. Brown eyes 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.
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Laughing, he remembers the suit they had was too tight. It felt like a pair of turtards. 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 push 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 can 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 comba his 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 complete beard and hair set that flips over his brown hair and round freckled face. Some are made of nylon, some of red hair, and some of both. A complete red 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 Barneyum and Bailey Circus. It is made with ostrich feathers and sequins circling around his face. "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 bells. There's a Mrs. Santa Claus too. She works with him at important parties and the corduroy round track lace Some are made ot velvet with rabbit fur trim (Vn la tor big velvet, He weaia them according to his family life, his mom takas an avid interest. Jeff exclaims, Daisy If a girl really looks up to Santa, she works with him at important parties and the corduroy round track lace Some are made of ostrich leather and sequins circling around his face. "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."

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 they ask me to tell them what I gave them last year. Usually I say that I have so many boys and 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 exclaims. "I used to throw bubbles 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 supercede 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. After he graduates in June, Jeff doesn't plan on playing Santa as much. "I might if a friend wanted me to or for a benefit or something, but I can't see it as a profession."

Jeff is just what you'd expect Santa to be... a real good, comfortable to be around, and funny. Just his presence brings the gift of happiness.
by Ellen Pensky

Robin tossed her long blonde hair over her face 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 if she was ready for it. She just 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 stepping before marriage. And some said it was a cop-out to 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 view. It's an accepted practice among college students. He teaches a Family Life class in which he meets 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 cup of coffee and remarked, "It would definitely fit with someone. It's very desirable and can be a neat thing."
Living together may sound like a neat thing for a white-ego sociologist professor already set in his ways, but it is so great for college students who are all unsure of their wants and needs. We all know friends and acquaintances who have experienced it, and we know it works and sometimes it doesn't. For many college students Lynn and Steve, it didn't work.

I guess it started out kinds fast.

Billed in her small apartment off campus, Lynn lived the fears forming in her eyes as she realized her three-month experiences with Steve, which she cherishes. It just wasn't the way she had always pitched up to her toothbrush and jeans and leaving Steve's house.

"I guess it started out kinds fast," remembers Lynn. "We had been going out for about two weeks, then we had a break and the thought of going back home scared awful. Steve suggested that I move in with him. I jumped at the chance."

They were daring for about three months until they just developed a desire to start seeing others. They decided they weren't in love, but wanted to stay together because they still liked each other and didn't want to stay alone.

Both Lynn and Steve felt that they could still handle sleeping with each other and messing around on the side. They quickly found out that they could.

"So we went to a party one Saturday night and didn't make it back to Steve's house until the morning. We didn't like that at all," she said.

In fact, it turned out that he was upset because he realized that he didn't have the freedom that Steve had! He couldn't keep anyone else because I would always be at his house. Based on a mutual decision, I took my stuff and left."

However, Lynn had no regrets about living with Steve. She considers it a worthwhile learning experience.

"I found out how hard it is to get used to being around the same person all the time. After awhile, you run out of things to say and do. You get tired of hearing about the same things all the time," she said.

One of the biggest problems facing the couple was their sexual relationship. Lynn found out that her sex drive, based on previous experiences, was much stronger than Steve's.

"When he didn't want me all the time, I thought it was because he didn't like me. Eventually I found out that he liked sleeping with me sometimes just to be with him," she admitted.

"It was kinda hard adjusting to casual sex instead of the usual two three times a night. I finally realized that he liked me for myself, and not just my body, it was great."
The ups and downs of skiing

by Sandy Whitcomb

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cal photo
People don't look at things from my point of view. They brush me off casually if I'm not interesting at all. Take one of my more trying days. It began early in the morning.

Bulging reflected from the snow was shining into the ski rental shop. I was anxious to be outside—

My joy began to diminish as I slid downhill, Led and I were facing each other, lost in a sea of people. Someone tried to go up the tow, and we were returned to the shop chipped and scratched although we were embarrassed.

As we approached the top of the lift, Whit caught Lad's inside edge on ridges occasionally, spinning collisions, Led and I didn't attempt snowplow, but she didn't control us. She pushed us out of control, headed straight down, and smashed us into the people in line at the bottom of the hill.

"Good control," her friend said.

"She actually made it," she replied.

"I'm expecting to run into the snow as she was getting off. She had a stick there, between her legs, for 30 seconds before she pulled it out and slid on down. Led and I were embarrassed.

On the way down the mountain, Whit used some interesting techniques. To slow down, she tried to side-swing a snowbank, 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 them 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 Led and me to do complete snowplow turns but she overshot us. Instead of going reasonably straight on easy slopes, Whit turned sharply back and forth. She was the cause of many collisions. Whit caught Led's inside edge 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 chipped and scratched although miraculously unbroken.

"It's good to be home," I said.

"Yes," led answered, "but as battered as we are, I'll bet Whit is in worse shape. Do you think she'll be back?"

Judging from her continuous grin and her rubbery legs, I'm expecting to run into her again this season. Probably up the hill after all, too.

"You should be right," Leif answered with a grin. He 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 competitive. 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 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 in such a matter as to give a player a clear shot at a kill 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 year's 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.

Preston is well qualified in the sport. This summer he attended the United States Volleyball Association Camp, an Olympic development camp for players. Here, Preston learned of new 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 feet away from a player he'd better be flexible, or the ball will beat him to the floor.

Last year the 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 troubles. 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, Humboldt, San Jose, and Northridge Universities.

Joanne Miller

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