From the Editor

Daylight Saving Time hit this campus at the wrong time. No one can seem to agree on what time it really is. On a Sunday early this month, most students and faculty moved the big hand on their clocks one hour ahead. Monday morning we got up and turned on the lights to dress for class.

After walking into our classrooms, we quickly found that the clocks were either 12 hours, or 6, or 5 hours fast, or not fast enough. Few department clocks agreed about the time. It was noon in the Erhart Ag Building and dinnertime at Journalism.

What's incredible about this whole mess is that most of the clocks on campus give the wrong time yet. Almost four weeks later.

One thing's for sure, jewelry stores have gotten rich off wristwatch sales. Ralph Nader will hear about this.

Notice anything different about Outpost? We've gone to a smaller size and believe this will help us improve our magazine format. It also makes it easier for our readers to carry the magazine with their books. We'd like to hear from you if you have any comments about our new size. Drop a note in the Outpost box in Graphic Arts 226.

We added a new "Future Issues" section to Outpost this week that will continue as part of our new look. Some revealing articles are coming up. Do Health Center personnel know what they're doing? Is alcoholism a problem on this campus? These and more articles publish before the quarter ends.

Our new distribution boxes are here. How about that? Thanks to archie John Pryor, who designed the boxes and our Managing Editor Ellen Pensky, who pushed and screamed until they were finally built, they're out for the first issue of Outpost this quarter. Hey, that's today.

William Mattos, Editor
A hat is strictly a head covering that has a crown and a brim. But to the observant eye it is more than that—it is a glimpse into a man's character.

A hat can tell you about a man's culture, his religion, his profession, and where he comes from. It may tell you what sport he plays or likes, and whether he rides a motorcycle.

The westerner wears a cowboy hat, the Muslim wears a turban, the baseball player wears a cap. A hat is worn as protection, like the fireman's helmet. It wards off the elements, as in our recent rains and chilly waves.

There are those who wear hats for the sake of fashion, or their mood...or just for fun.

On this campus a variety of hats can be seen. They are as different as the people who wear them.
photos and story by John Calderon
In next issue:

Alcoholism on Campus
What you need to know
The train is one way to go
Health Center—is it ok?
All kinds of Horses

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I attended several meetings of the Gay Student Union last quarter. They seemed more open, there was less playing than in most male-female groups...we may form a loose alliance to help one another...The speaker is Missy Green, president and perhaps driving force behind Cal Poly's feminist movement, Sisters United.

The room we sit in, Missy's bedroom, reflects the personality of the slim, active young woman before me. One wall is a collage of photographs; most of them are her own work. Missy casually points to several pictures, and tells me she didn't do these.

I am suitably impressed. The remaining walls are covered with posters, most in the form of silk-screen. I don't see but I'm sure she has them.

A desk in one corner is buried beneath a somewhat odd pile of papers, books, a Draftall Visible Index File, and a huge, long-haired black cat. The cat stretched out, propped on one leg. I've been watching me with its unblinking yellow eyes. The Draftall Visible Index File has produced an unending parade of documents—everything from old Outpost issues and xerox prints of Mustang articles—into a copy of Junior Schoolastic.

When I comment on the file, Missy tells me about a Sisters project she is particularly fond of. A library-lounge for women on campus. She calls it women's center. A place to go for information, or just to sit quietly. We've been saving every article about the feminist movement since we first organized Sisters. I've taped several speakers. We have the beginnings of the library section of the center now.

Listening to Missy, watching her rifle through the file, I remember our first encounter a few nights before, at the weekly Sisters meeting in the University Union. I was the first arrival with my photographer, Rondi Wald. We sat...
I assigned the meeting. Waiting for others to show up
meant the meeting. A blonde girl in pig tails came in
ably shy, and sat near me. Rondi started talking to her,
discovered she worked at a local gas station. Rondi's
interest slightly diminished when she learned the girl was
not a pump jockey, meaning there would be
delay in finding a woman doing a man's job. At least not this

meanwhile the room had filled, watched curiously as
eighteen entered the room. Mostly, they were
eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, but a few were
twenty-five. It is hard to tell about a woman
who looks too young to buy cigarettes but talks like she a

and heard the owl.

boy arrived, with her Kraftall Visible Index File under on
and a feminist magazine, a sort of Whole Earth Catalog
under the other. The meeting was launched,
not strictly according to parliamentary procedure.
boy was the first item on the agenda, right behind the
and just ahead of self-defense workshop. A pretty
haired girl wearing oval glasses told us the club is
possession of $33.47. Missy added that she had
inform no school-sponsored club could maintain a
account, so the money was in a shoe box, under her
This seemed a reasonable arrangement, so we moved
to the self-defense workshop.

boy was obviously Missy's project. A high school
local education teacher had agreed to teach the class,
said she had approached Sheriff Larry Mansfield
auto instructors, and he was willing to help. He
the assistance of two black belt holders on the force
female. Missy asked if he couldn't send women instead,
the sheriff gallantly volunteered two women officers on
the black belts could demonstrate their art.

thereafter, negotiations with the physical ed
began.

ial matters of lesser importance were discussed.
in either tabled or assigned to someone to look
and then the last item on the agenda, the one
boy had been waiting for—conversation.
alk ranged, in the next hour and a half, from birth
so I had to get pregnant before I could get help."
to planning plans to embarrass the administration by staging
at President Kennedy's office during Poly Royal this
ill we all refuse to have sex with our men until they
do Kennedy give us our center..." Laughter;
to a
discussion concerning which euphemism is most
honorable, broad or chick, the vote going finally to
though there were a few holdouts for chick
and deal with a man who refers to me as a broad. I tell
get screwed. I mean, broad is a clearly derogatory
and can be met head on, but chick is more subtle; it
as less than human, but often the man doesn't
understand that, at least not consciously. Just say
I don't call me a chick. I'm not a fuzzy little yellow
leaving the man bewildered, and me frustrated at my

inability to explain it to him.

It was getting late. We had been sitting more than two
hours, though it seemed not nearly that long. Missy asked
the time and another girl glanced at her watch. "It's after
nine," she answered, "time for us bitch-wizards to get
home. There was a general laugh amid the shuffle and
scrapes of chairs and scrambling to retrieve and sort shoes.
Even I, new as I am, have heard of the clash in the letters
section of the Mustang last year between different factions
over women's liberation; bitch-wizards was only one of
many names hurled around during the encounter. For some
reason it is regarded with affection. Broad and chick are
definitely out, but bitch-wizard is ok.

Now, as I sit in Missy's bedroom contemplating a
silk-screen done in shades of blue of three female heads
with the words Sisters United across the top, I wonder if
United is the right word. Perhaps confederated, no matter
how un-musical, would be better. United hints at solidarity,
while confederated conveys only a sense of co-operation.
Maybe solidarity is what's wrong with the world. Without a
solid German people behind him, Hitler could never have
plunged us into a second world war, and it was the lack of
solidarity in this country that eventually got us out of Viet
Nan.

An alarm goes off, and we both jump. Missy tells me the
bell means it's time for her to leave for a Women-in-Prison
meeting. She asks me to go, but I decline. I have a lot of
writing ahead of me, I better get to it.

We walk to our cars together, talking about black cats and
bitch-wizards. Then the last thing she says is "See you
Thursday." "For a second I don't know what she means.
Then I remember. The next Sisters meeting, "Yes," I
commit myself slowly. I'll see you Thursday.
It was still raining as the spelunkers from Cal Poly's Outings Committee struggled along the soggy, snow-covered trail in Sequoia National Park. The early morning light glistened off the snow that I would not see again until the following day. The warmth of the sun disappeared as the trail lead deep into the dark, wet, evergreen woods. As Ken, our group leader, approached a moss-covered tree, he yelled back to us, "Here is the slash mark." This would be the turning point and destination of our outing.

Nervous, but anxious, I asked Bill, "Is this the entrance to the cave?" He replied, hesitantly, "I think so." This small iron gate, embedded in a granite wall was no larger than an oven door and could not possibly be the opening to Lost Soldier's Cave. Ken boldly reassured us that this was the place and we should check our equipment. The steam rose from my mouth as I watched the other members check their gear.

Photos by Ken Perry
The equipment for cave exploration must be checked many times; safety and efficiency are mandatory. I checked my helmet and adjusted the rubber chin straps, clipped on the carbide headlamp, inspected the additional watertight tins of carbide, and carefully placed them into my rucksack. The rucksack also contained a small hand light with an extra bulb and batteries and several containers with matches in water tight containers.

The spelunkers continued to mill about, making some final checks. The sun had risen ever so slightly, sending rays of sunlight down to the forest floor. The damp cold had moved into my feet and shills ran up my back and arms. The coldness was forgotten though as Ken moved toward the iron gate.

The gate was a barrier closing inside from outside, darkness from sunlight, and clocks from timelessness. Ken held the padlock which had been secured with rope and coconuts with little effort telling us of its regular use. We could feel a musty breeze blowing through the bars as the gate slowly opened.

We entered the cave, one at a time, holding onto a smooth granite lip. We had been lifted and lowered our feet into and through the mouth of Lost Soldier’s Cave. I half knelt, turned back, and pulled the gate closed with a solid rumble which reverberated against the cold walls. Bill’s lamp sent first flickers of light ahead as I waited for my eyes to adjust to the dark.

Darkness moved in around me as I blundered the small wheel against the flint. Sparking the acetylene flame. A soft yellow glow emanated from the inch reflector illuminating the dark walls ahead.

While gazing at the formations of rock and limestone, I could see Bill, ahead of me, starting his descent down a steep slope. I followed, moving hands and feet from one hold to the next.

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Students in columns stand fixed, awaiting an order. In front, alone, clad in white except for a black cotton belt wrapped around his waist, he stands. He blasts a staccato from amidst. And then an explosion of bodies, all in unison—happening within the instant of a split—second—changes their stances into attack positions—fixed and still again where the echo of their yells travel from within the room and on outside, causing passersby to pause.

As the karate club in Cal Poly bellows more de cadent roars of physical and mental defiance to perhaps learn the frugal aspects of a martial art, karate in its most traditional form continues with Ronald Edward Lok.

Lok, a 22 year old Chinese-American from San Francisco and an Engineering major at Cal Poly, leads a karate workshop every Monday and Wednesday nights in the Crandall gym dance studio at 7 p.m. Cal Poly students learn, in each practice, the ritual of exercises, basics, techniques, kata, sparring, meditation, and then on some days, the history and philosophy of karate-do.
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Lok charges no fee from his students. In order to participate, students must have deep respect for the art, the dojo (karate studio), their superiors, and above all, themselves. "If no one can follow at least these simple rules, then sit down or leave," Lok demands.

Karate, literally meaning, "way of the empty hand," is a Japanese form of martial arts. Though such fighting techniques have vague information dealing with their origin, most practitioners will agree that it came from deep within the Orient. China's Shaolin monks in 380 AD devised fighting techniques from animal movements in order to protect themselves from feudal landlords of the times. When protection became less necessary, the techniques survived as exercises. Afterwards, the exercises became an integral part of their philosophy.

Lok considers his teaching an obligation to the art, as he treats karate with the same thoughts of the old Orient. He would like to erase all misconceptions and spread the true aspects of karate. Perhaps before the TV series "Kung Fu," there were the many superficial outlooks on karate.

"The sensational effects of breaking boards with the bare hand is only a minute part of karate. Breaking boards is not karate. I can pick anyone from the streets and teach him how to break several boards at one time. But you are a human being with a mind and..."
The only qualifications are that the student attends Cal Poly and that he or she is insured. But, he states that he would like to see only those students who can go through the strict regimen of serious learning.

"When you reach my level," Lok said, "the ultimate aim is self-defense. Karate, like yoga, is a form of meditation. It is a dynamic form of meditation. The true concept of karate is to develop the mental character of self through the integration of mind, body and spiritual being."

Furthermore, he stated, "If you want to protect yourself, buy a gun."

And so, Lok, not quite five feet two inches tall, walks within campus unnoticed carrying his books in a worn-out bike bag. As he continues his shy existence, he actually stands taller than the ones endowed with physical stature, fame or fortune. Not because he can break several boards with one single chop, or that he can disable a person twice his size. But because Ronald Edward Lok has tapped the actual resources of life through the discipline he calls karate.
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