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Daylight Saving's 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 under the old time, were four or five hours fast, or not fast enough. Few department clocks agree 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 Eller Pensey, who pushed and squeezed 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 wave.

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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RUDOLPH A. SILVA, G.S.
MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY
I attended several meetings of the Gay Student Union last quarter. They seemed more open, there was less name calling and 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 are political and silk screens. I don't see but I'm sure she did them.

A desk in one corner is buried beneath a somehow orderly pile of papers, books, a Drafted Invisible Index File, and a huge, long hair in a black cat. The cat stretched out, propped on one paw. It's been watching me with unblinking yellow eyes. The Invisible Index File has been since my arrival twenty minutes ago, produced an unending parade of documents, everything from old Outpost issues, to a copy of Junior Schoolastic.

When I comment on the file, Missy tells me about a library-lounge 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, 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 had the assignment, waiting for others to show up for a meeting. A blonde girl in pig tails came in, shyly, and sat near me. Rondi started talking to her. She discovered she worked at a local gas station. Rondi's view slightly diminished when she learned the girl was a cashier, not a pump jockey, meaning there would be a woman doing a man's job. At least not this time.

The room filled with curiosity as the librarian entered the room. Mostly, they were in their late teens, nineteen and twenty, but a few were already past twenty-five. It was hard to tell about a woman who looks too young to buy cigarettes but talks like she is twenty. She entered the room. Mostly, they were not there to discuss matters of importance. At least not according to parliamentary procedure. The club was the first item on the agenda, right behind the money and just ahead of self-defense workshop. A pretty, braided girl wearing oval glasses told the club is proud possessor of $33.47. Missy added that she had informed no school-sponsored club could maintain an account. The money was in a shoe box, under her mattress. This seemed a reasonable arrangement, so we moved to the self-defense workshop.

Missy was obviously Missy's project. A high school social education teacher had agreed to teach the class. He had approached Sheriff Larry Mansfield, auto instructors, and he was willing to help. He said he would supply the assistance of two black belt holders on the force. Missy asked if he could send women instead. The sheriff gallantly volunteered two women officers on the force. The black belts could demonstrate their art. Missy said it was to begin.

Several matters of lesser importance were discussed, and either tabbed or assigned to someone to look into. The last item on the agenda, the one Missy had been waiting for, was to talk about the new 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 cooperation. 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 Nam.

An alarm goes off, and we both jump. Missy tells me that means it is 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. The last thing she says is "See you Thursday." I don't know what she means. Then I remember. The next Sisters meeting, "Yes," I commit myself slowly. I'll see you Thursday.
Below the Surface

by Jim Kelly

It was raining as the spelunkers from Cal Poly's Outings Committee straggled 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 coldly 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 strap. clipped on the carbide headlamp, inspected the additional watertight tons 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 tins of 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 light 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 welded with ease and opened it with little effort telling us of its regular use. We could feel a musty breeze blowing between the bars as the gate slowly opened.

We entered the cave, one at a time, holding onto a smooth granite lip. We were 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 tiny flares of light ahead as I waited for my eyes to adjust to the dark.

Darkness moved in around me as I flicked the small wheel against the faint, sparking the acetylene flame. A soft yellow glow emanated from the 1-inch reflector illuminating the dark walls ahead.

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

Determined where we would explore next, I found this to be a good opportunity to have something to eat-a piece of chocolate, raisins and a ham full of peanuts. It was also time to recharge my carbide lamp. The lamp requires special care. As the carbide and water within the lamp produce an obnoxious smell of acetylene gas when exposed to air. The used carbide must be carried out of the cave by placing the waste carbide in a tightly sealed plastic bag. With a fresh supply of carbide in my lamp, we moved on into a new section of the cave that we wanted to explore.

The section of cave we were headed for took us through a corridor resembling a rail-way tunnel. It had a level floor with walls about 8-feet apart and 15-feet high that were covered with white mineral deposits. Their consistency was that of sandpaper and would abrasive one's hand quite easily. Our lamps filled the passageway with light and we could sense eerie shadows before us which seemed to be alive and moving. I felt uneasy as if I were walking along a moonlit pathway with blurred, shadowy figures lurking about. The ghostly shapes, cast by my lamp, took control of my mind and frightful thoughts possessed me; without light there would be nothing but silence and blackness. These perils raced through my mind. I was 160 feet below the surface and felt as a miner would, trapped deep within the earth.

My thoughts suddenly changed as Bill called my attention to an unusual formation. It was curved in the shape of a huge funnel and the colors of the rocks changed from white to orange to bronze. The corridors and passageways were numerous. Each had its own beauty and texture. In the quiet we could hear water dripping somewhere unnoticed.

Soon we had followed our route and were back within the Cathedral room. In short order the other small groups rejoined us and in high spirits we told each other how unusual our explorations were. My heart was beating slower now and my knees were a little more stable as Ken took a head count to insure that everyone had returned from the many passageways.

Bill handed me the cave register and I signed my name, along with the other members from Cal Poly, to verify that we had exited the cave safely.
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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 decadent 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 danse 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.

by Domi Tomate
Photos by Steve Derr
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
Lok comments.

Though Lok is looked upon in class as a strict, hard-to-please instructor, he enjoys teaching and would like to see his beginners develop into disciplined practitioners. What are the requirements for enrollment?

"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 not 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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