Prize Winning Hamburgers

SCRUBBY & LLOYD'S

Best Burgers in Town
Under a Buck

*1972 Outpost Survey

1136 Carmel  543-9718

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
at WHOLESALE PRICES

TV-RADIO-STEREO-HIFI PARTS
Picture Tubes-Television & Radio Tubes & Parts
Phono Needles-Recording Tape-Test Equipment
Tools-Citizen's Band Equipment-Antennas-Masts
Ritors-Speakers-Enclosures
Sam's Photo Facts & Technical Books

SONY TAPE RECORDERS

MID STATE
Electronic Supply Inc.

OPEN TUE-THU  CLOSED MON
OUR BUSINESS IS PARTS
1441 Monterey  543-2770

Disclaimer: Advertising material is printed herein solely for informational purposes. Such printing is not to be construed as an express or implied endorsement or verification of any commercial enterprises or ventures by the staff or producers of Outpost. Published every other week by the Associated Students, Inc. of the California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo, California. Copyright 1973: Associated Students Inc.
Meeting My Girlfriend's Boyfriend
by Dean Opperman
A true story by a guy who had a girlfriend who had a boyfriend.

Fly Like a Bird
by Jerry Tamaller
photos and poem by Mark Katayama
Sky gliding is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sports and hobbies in the air and in the area.

So You Wanna Buy a Bike?
by Rick DeBruhl
photos by Dana Thomas
If you're looking for a 10-speed bicycle, this article tells you what to look for and how to go about it.

Horning Around
by Michael Ruskovich
photos by Dana Thomas
Talking and reading "horse" just isn't enough for some people.

If we had known that photographer Mark Katayama would meet wet weather at the U. L. Toro Hang Gliding competition we would have sent him a raincoat and a hat. No one in his (or her) right mind would get out of the car with camera in hand, a T-shirt, and jeans in immensely wet, foggy weather. Mark was the exception.

He shot the pictures for our cover story drenched from head to toe. His hair appeared pasted to the sides of his cheeks. Occasionally he found shelter under a fifty pound hang glider that would normally weigh a light thirty pounds without the water deposited on the wing spread. As the rain would cease he'd scramble up a five hundred foot hill, get a few pictures and find his way back in the fog.

That day he managed to drop his camera in the mud, destroy a pair of pants, and wear his legs out from hiking. Gliders were everywhere. Unfortunately they couldn't see Mark until they flashed out of the fog for a landing. So he spent half the day "hootin'" it desperately trying to find flyers to shoot.

I asked Mark how effective he thought a story and pictures would be on the plane gliders. He told me to go fly a kite.

Speaking of flying, Cupid's out in full force today and his arrows are striking hearts everywhere. I hope none of our readers experience what our writer Dean Opperman did during Christmas. His article is in this issue too, and every bit of it is true. Cupid's arrow almost destroyed his heart. He tells about it in a rather humorous way after meeting his girlfriend's boyfriend.

Happy Valentine's Day.

William Matteo, Editor
“Men show their character in nothing more clearly than what they think laughable” Johann Goethe
With this passage in mind, and a forced smile on my face, I hereby present:

“Meeting my girlfriend’s boyfriend”
inspired from real life by Dean Opperman
For some reason, I've never had a steady girlfriend on the two dates during the year when I should have had a girlfriend—Valentine's Day and Christmas.

Until the onslaught of Christmas cards hit my home in early December, last year was no exception.

As always, the cheap cards ($1.29 for 18 dozen) were sent by the rich friends and relatives implying that they don't even give a damn about impressing anybody, and the expensive ones were sent by the people who are trying to appear financially successful even though their car was repossessed in late November.

In short, the cards were par for the course—a new five dollar bill from my Great Grandma in Oregon, a Biblical inscription from someone on my Dad's side of the family, and a free calendar from a local gas station that let me wondering how they had gotten away.

But, it was the small envelope on the bottom of the stack, that little did I know, was to affect my way of life for the coming month.

"Dear Dean,

You haven't seen you in a long time. Why don't you ever call anymore? I'd really like to hear from you again—have a happy holiday!

Love,
You Know Who"

The start of a beautiful relationship? That's what I thought. This was the first thing I'd heard from her since we stopped dating in October and to sum up the extent of our relationship, we had dated maybe a total of ten times.

The managed to evade the goodnight kiss on each date. The whole situation was vaguely reminiscent of my early high school days. The guy meets a girl he thinks is an absolute fox and asks her out, and it's that first date that is an indication of what's to come.

You find a party, she wants to go bowling. You can barely afford to eat at Shady's, she craves abalone. You buy a six-pack of beer and she wants to get "juiced on Mateus". So you march back into the store, buy a bottle of Mateus and a 19 cent plastic wine glass. She takes one sip and says, "I think I must have been thinking of something else!"

With this girl it was the same thing of most of our dates and it wasn't long before I began to feel like a Cal Poly recreation director with a pair of grey sweats and a whistle around my neck! Something had to happen—and couldn't keep spending like I owned Standard Oil, so we stopped dating.

I had all but forgotten about her when the Christmas card came in the mail. Being the idiot I am, I asked her out again (stupid move 1-A). To this day, I don't know why I found her so attractive, but blinded by her beauty, I went to the bank and withdrew every penny in my Christmas Club account—$115.00. We embarked on another series of high-class dates.

Things were looking affirmative. We were eating at a romantic restaurant when out of the clear blue, she asked me if I wanted to meet her boyfriend! Choking on the baked potato, I managed to say, "Yes, I guess so." (stupid move 2-B).

If I had any sense at all, I would have told her where to go, and let her walk home. And from Trader Nick's in Pismo Beach it would have been one hell of a hike!

Regaining my composure, I decided to be gentlemanly about the whole affair (stupid move 3-C). I drove her home, walked her to the door, and received a polite 99.50 Prime Rib and Polynesian Shrimp goodnight smile.

"Now what?" I asked myself as I drove home.

Suicide? No way. Homicide? Maybe. I settled for giving my car an angered kick, putting a beautiful dent in the side. I proceed to punish myself by listening to a copy of "My Boyfriend's Back" while polishing off the old bottle of Mateus.

The next morning I realized three things:

1. I had one hell of a hangover;
2. I left the stereo running all night and the amplifier had one hell of a hangover and;
3. I had agreed to meet "her boyfriend" that night.

Now how was I going to manage this situation? I couldn't very well turn them down, but at the same time, I didn't want to go either!

Fade out.

Fade in. You find me walking into the bar wearing my beat outfit, a tower of Jello. "I've got nothing to lose," I kept telling myself, "besides I've already made a complete ass of myself. Meeting my girlfriend's boyfriend will only put the frosting on the cake." I planted myself at a quiet table with three chairs and waited for their arrival.

I had already downed two bourbon and sevens when in they came, Mr. and Mrs. America, Ozzy and Harriet, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. And there I was, Mr. Charlotte, a drunken combination of Allan Ludden and Fred Mertz. I felt strangely out of place—like I was wearing a Nehru jacket.

Across from me they sat, bubbling examples of self-confidence. He was the conservative, good-looking, "Joe College" type, it was as if his forehead was stamped with "Remember the Maine, Plymouth Rock, and the Golden Rule!"

She was as beautiful as ever. Seated next to her Prince Valiant they looked like two models from a cigarette advertisement.

I was the complete nerd...drunker than I want to remember. My speech was slurred. The effects of the previous night's hangover were still with me, and my contact lenses felt like a couple of sunflower seeds. I must have looked like something off of "Help Thy Neighbor."

"I've gotta get away from her," I thought, as I choked out a dumb question:

"Well, what's your major?"

"Business, what's yours?"

"Broadcast Journalism?" To this day, I have not been able to look at Wall Street rookies in the same way!

"Broadcast Journalism? Well, my father owns several stations up north, let me know when you're looking for work."

"Yeah (cough) I might do that."

This guy had me beat on every count and to make matters worse, she stared at him like he was the second coming. Here I was, playing the Dating Game chaperone, while they were already debating what name to name the children.

I searched for the cocktail waitress in order to pay the tab and leave. She finally arrived, and as I fumbled for my wallet he said:

"Put it on my bill."

"No, let me get it."

This one's on me and you can pick it up the next time. Listen we gotta go; got things to accomplish (he-ha). It's been a lot of fun. Next time, bring a date and we'll have an even better time."

And so it went. Next to the enema I had in the third grade, it was the most uncomfortable fifteen minutes of my entire life.

Am I through with women? The expensive ones—yes, at least for the time being. Any Wall Street rookie can tell you it's not a profitable investment.

"Always date a girl who likes to go Dutch," my Grandfather once told me, "after all, isn't love 50-50?"

Right on, Grandpa, and that's the reason I'm running the following ad:

WANTED: Female Companion who enjoys the simple life (A hamburger, a movie, and a six pack of Bud, absolutely not necessary — no responsibles after midnight). First month free and I'm close to Poly.
In next weeks issue:
Alcoholism on Campus
By as far and as long as you can,
stop only when the need fills your heart,
and see all that your senses will allow,
touch those things you find beautiful,
touch those things you find distasteful,
and always care.
smell the air,
taste the sunshine,
and hear the life of all.
let your eyes roam to seek what they are,
looking, studying, teaching where they stray,
and let not your sight be limited by them.
as you fly know of these things,
of the earth below with its fields of green,
and the colors that blend from your space.
know of the sky above,
for there will always be a higher place to fly,
and for you to explore, and it, you;
be aware of all that passes you,
be aware of knowledge,
and in this way, you can more fully understand you.
in the finiality of life,
in the obscurity of time,
this is the only importance of existence.
Fly like a bird

by Jerry Tamellar

To fly like a bird. The thought makes one want to hold his breath and imagine what the sensation would be like...

In the vicinity of Laguna Lake, look up in the hills, or better yet, up in the sky, and you may see people coming the closest man has come to flying like a bird.

It won't be an Aeronautical Engineering major risking his life on his senior project. The sport of Hang Gliding has arrived and it is growing in popularity everyday.

The sport basically consists of one man flying, in an ultra-light glider, which resembles a giant kite with a suspended trapeze bar, at altitudes relatively close to the earth's surface. The "hang" refers to the pilot's position in a harness, below the wings. He must use his legs to launch, as well as land himself and his glider.

"Hang Gliding" can be done in no wind conditions. It consists of a slow descent to a lower altitude, while "hang soaring" requires wind and allows the experienced flyer to remain aloft for quite some time. The sport is bringing a new age of flight to the public.

The hang gliders are not daredevil types attempting to get themselves on television programs like "Thrillseekers" or "You Asked For It". They can best be described as pioneers in a new sport, which could some day be as popular as skiing or surfing. With the proper instruction, good equipment, and a certain amount of patience on the learner's part, the sport is safe.

The hang glider, or sky sail, as it is sometimes called, usually weighs in the range of only 80 to 40 lbs. and can be easily transported by ear top methods. The wing span of the kite varies from 20 to 88 ft., depending on the weight of the flyer. The sail itself is made of 100 per cent dacron, and the metal frame is constructed of flex-aluminum tubing.

Surprisingly, the sport is relatively inexpensive, when you consider that it allows you to actually fly. Sails are approximately $900. Five lessons will cost interested persons $80. However, it's a known fact that prices suddenly rise when something becomes a fad in the mainstream of society.

San Luis Obispo and the immediate area is an ideal location for practicing the sport. The surrounding pines and hills are perfect for launching and landing, while the presence of ocean breezes allows excellent soaring conditions. The sail is foot launched from any elevation such as the top of a hill, mountain, or sand dune. The other requirements is that there be a suitable slope preferably around twelve degrees, and that there be terrain for a foot landing.

The sky sail has a glide ratio of 4:1. This means every four feet the machine glides forward, it will lose a foot in elevation.

The most popular model of hang glider seen on the roads today is credited to Francis M. Rogallo. During the early 1940's, Rogallo and his wife began to experiment with Powered hang gliders and filed for some twenty patents by 1953. He presented one of his ideas, the limp para wing, now known as the "Rogallo Wing", to NACA as a re-entry vehicle. Millions of dollars were spent on research and testing it's performance. From the research, it was realized that
The first hang glider meet took place in 1971. Sponsored by Lembke, the meet brought together a small handful of enthusiasts for an afternoon of flying.

In 1974, and hang gliding meets are coming every few years all over the country. The competition usually takes place at spot landing, flying for distance or duration, and other events. There are also awards for best workmanship, best embroidered kite, and oldest and youngest flyers.

The first hang gliding meet in California took place instead of January 18-20 at the Sespe Country in Ojai. Despite a low flying ceiling due to fog, around 100 people attended. Supposedly, Ojai has the only open hang gliding facilities in the state at the present time. The meet, which attracted about 250 cats and 800 people, celebrated the 80th birthday of Francis Regello. The youngest flyer was seven years old, while the oldest was 88.

After the hang gliding records are concerned, the most amazing accomplishment by a hang glider to date is the longest flight record held by Bob Willis. Willis, sometime ago, remained airborne for 8 and a half hours. No one has come close to challenging it as yet.

Naturally hang gliding will attract free-spirited people. However, when flyers gather together to exchange experiences, like the meet at Ojai, they find there are other laws, besides that of gravity, affecting their activity. These range from park rangers to local ordinances. The hang glider does not require certification as in aircraft flying at the present time, yet if negligent people abuse the sport or if poor quality hang gliders are sold and people are injured, the FAA may suddenly require hang gliders to be licensed "to protect the public." If this happens the young and growing sport will die at an early age.

The only real problem that confronts the hang glider presently is locating a site to fly. It is an activity which can attract a crowd very quickly and before long, the activity is stopped by a property owner, forest ranger, or representative of the park department. Hang gliders are not allowed on park land, government property or private property. It would be very discouraging to climb to the top of a mountain and then have to carry the sail down, instead of flying. Perhaps as the sport grows, there will be designated areas where flying is allowed. Only time will tell.

"If the good Lord had wanted men to stay on the ground, he would have given us roots."
BRASIL'S
Jewelers

Please let us give you an estimate and a sketch. You will be pleasantly surprised to discover how inexpensive this kind of gifting can be.

POSTOFFICE BOX 546
720 Higuera Street
San Luis Obispo, CA, 93406
TELEPHONE (605) 543-5833
RUDOLPH A. SILVA, C.B.
MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

WHITE ELEPHANT SALE BEGINS FEB. 19 EL CORRAL

Bananas have something for every body.

Steiner
San Francisco
Bicycles are the big thing in America today. With the energy crisis causing gas prices to soar and the current fitness craze, bicycling is the only way to go. If you have ever been trying to buy a bike, you know how confusing it can be. There are hundreds of brands and models to choose from, everything from the $29.99 supermarket special to the $600 road racing bike.

What separates these bikes? If you ask the manufacturer, you are only partially correct. Generally, if you buy a bicycle for over $100 you are assured of a reputable manufacturer (Raleigh, Peugeot, Nishiki, etc.). What regulates the price and quality of a bike is the equipment that the manufacturer puts on the bike. Manufacturers rarely do much more than formulate the basic design of the bike and put the equipment together. They have to get the different parts from companies whose only business is making bicycle parts. The quality of these companies varies greatly. The best and most well known company is Campagnolo. They have a reputation of making the finest equipment available for bicycles. Two Japanese companies, Shimano and Suntour, are moving up in the bicycle world coming close to Campagnolo’s level of quality. There are others but these three are the most prominent today. When out buying a bike look at all the parts of the bike separately. Just because it says Raleigh or Peugeot it may not be a high quality bike.

I’ll start by going over the frame. The frame is the body of the bike. It gets the pretty paint job and it has to take the majority of the abuse. When out shopping the first thing to look for on a frame are lugs. Lugs are small little ears of tubing that have been placed over the places where the tubing meets to reinforce the joints. Needless to say a lugged frame is much stronger than a frame where the tubing was simply welded together. The lugs are usually cut in ornate designs and are plainly visible (some manufacturers even go so far as to paint or chrome their lugs.)

The next point of interest is the type of tubing used in making the frame. Obviously this is the most important factor in the strength or lightness of a frame. The heaviest material used is plain old steel tubing. The Schwinn line of bicycles suffers from a chronic case of steel. The next one up from steel is high carbon steel, just as heavy but stronger. Chrome alloy steel, or chrome moly, is a true step up from steel as it is both stronger and lighter.

There are two types of tubing which share the distinction of being the finest tubing made. These are Columbus and Reynolds 831. Both are made of special alloys which combine both extreme lightness and strength. Reynolds 831 and Columbus’ best tubing are also double butted. Double butting is a process where the tubing is extremely thin in the center length and has twice the thickness at the ends. This increases the strength at the joints (along with the lugs) and allows for extreme lightness due to the thin metal in the center.

If the frame is the body of the bike and the derailleur is the heart. A ten-speed gets its variety of gear ratios through the use of two different sized chainwheels up front and five assorted gears or sprockets on the rear wheel. The derailleur’s job is to shift the chain from one gear to another. The ability of a derailleur to shift the gears smoothly is what makes the difference between an enjoyable ride and a junky one.

The lower quality derailleurs are made of steel. They tend to be less precise in their shifts and have a tendency to fail under stress (like going up a hill). The better derailleurs are made of an aluminum alloy. When adjusted right they won’t fail, even under a great stress. Some bicycles have larger rear sprockets, called mountain gears. They enable the bike to attain amazingly low gear ratios. The lower gear ratio helps the rider to climb steep grades with less effort.

Bicycling tourists tend to favor this...
Another item used by bike tourers is the triple chainwheel. Adding one more chainwheel gives the rider five more gear ratios to choose from.

The following is a list (best to worst) of some of the most popular derailleur on the market: Campagnolo Nuovo Record (you can't do any better); Shimano Crank (the best wide range derailleur); SunTour GT (it will take a wide range too); Campagnolo Record (same as the Nuovo Record except it's steel); Simplex Prestige (made of plastic so it's slightly heavier); SunTour GT (same as the GT alloy except it's steel; great buy for the price, around $6); Kyen (all cars are the same, and don't let the Breakin Assuage feel you... deep down inside it's really a Kyen); Shimano Eagle (It does the job); Shimano Gante (barely does the job).

The next part to watch for is the type of crank the bike has. The crank consists of the chainwheel up front, the two arms which support the pedals, and the spindle between the two arms. There are three types: one-piece, cotterless, and cotterless. One piece are the cheapest. They are found on most supermarket specials, and Shimano. They simply incorporate all three parts into one steel unit. Cotterless cranks are a good average crank. They keep each part separate. The arms are attached to the spindle by a large steel pin. It is always made of steel and is always too soft to hold a cotterpin. That is why the next type of crank is called cotterless. These are the alloy cranks. They use a nut inside the end of the arm to connect it to the spindle. Since they are alloy, and therefore very light, they are most desirable. Once again the best type of crank is a Campagnolo. Stronger, lighter, and T/A also make excellent cotterless cranks.

Brakes are an important part of the bicycle. I don't know if there is a way to improve the best type of brake. It's called a centerpull. These are brakes which have a cable connecting the two sides of the brake each having a rubber pad to rub against the side of the wheel. The cable from the brake handle connects the center of the cable between the two sides. When the handle is squeezed it pulls the cable up causing the brake pads to squeeze the rim of the wheel. Sidepulls were the worst form of brake because there was a large extra to brake improperly. These are very good. Campagnolo and SunTour are the two best. They said that basically a sidetpull should be better because it uses only one cable, the one coming from the handle, to activate the brake pads. Eliminate the extra cable and you have a more positive action. So they designed a sidetpull that is now the best brake in the world. Two companies, Dura-Ace and SunTour; the two companies take centerstage, Universal, Mafac, Dia-compe, and Weinmann all make very good centerpull brakes.

A word of warning. Safety-levers, those little extensions that come inward from the brake handle to enable you to stop or slow down with slow down with your hands on the handlebars are not always the wisest choice. They are only extensions and are not as positive as the brake handle itself. It's like the centerpull brake and the sidetpull. The sidetpull is more efficient because there is no middle cable. The same goes for safety-levers, they are fine for slowing down but their stopping ability, especially when the brakes are out of adjustment, is minimal. My advice is don't bother with them. If you do get them, don't depend on them.

And now the tires. They are the feet of the bicycle. There are two types of tires (b beyond solid rubber, but then you won't find man ten speeds with solid tires), clincher and tubular. Clincher is the conventional type of tire used on most ten-speeds. These use tubes. They have metal beads inside and Universal, have adopted a tubeless type of tire. Clincher tire are the only way to go.
HURLEY'S PHARMACY

The closest drugstore to campus.
Quality Color Processing
24 hour service
with Jumbo prints
at 19c each
in silk, glossy
and borderless finishes

HURLEY'S
Pharmacy
Phone 545-4950
596 Foothill Blvd.
San Luis Obispo, CA 93405

P4 Student checks welcome

Guitars
Gibson-Ovation-Fender
Ovation-Yamaha
Hernandez
Complete sales
and service
Authorized Warranty
Repairs
Full Line of Accessories
Premier Music
846 Monterey

We have
* Terrarium Supplies
* Hand Thrown Pots
* House Plants
* Plants for Gifts
* Instant Color

Rustic Gardens

U.U. Games Area
for rest and relaxation
Bowling,
Pocket Billiards,
Foosball, Thought Games

Specials:
- Every Saturday Night
  Moonlight Strike and Win
  (chance for free games)
  10 p.m. to 1 a.m.
- Sundays
  12 noon to 6:30 p.m.
  Bowl 3 games for $1
The horse.

Since the first pages of the written history of man were scratched into some form of communication, one beast has prevailed and appears throughout that history almost as frequently as man himself, Equus caballus, the horse.

The horse has been a symbol of courage, companionship, strength, stamina and virility far as long as man can remember.

Cave-men painted him on the walls of their primitive homes. According to Virgil, the Greeks had a giant wooden horse and conquered the city of Troy. They gave wings to horses and had Pegasus for their mythology.

The horse has galloped across centuries and is a dominant figure even in today’s folklore and literature. Thousands of songs, stories and poems have been written about the virtues of the steed. Everything from movies to western stories depend upon the horse almost as if they are sent upon his back. And, indeed, time and time again the horse has carried the down the long road to success.

What does all this mean? Why has the horse found its such variety of place in our culture?

There are the obvious reasons, of course; his history of usefulness to man as a domesticated animal, for example. But it must go deeper than that. Why has the horse, unlike any other animal, undergone such an anthropomorphic elevation?

Scientists, scholars, philosophers and psychologists have written volumes upon volumes of theories about man’s admiration and affection for horses. Some say it has social roots. Be that as it may, the horse has glorified the mass in many ways, we naturally grow to the same. Others such as Darwin and Morris in “The Naked Ape,” suggest there may be a deeper psychological...
I trot and oantar."

According to Hadley, most of the present students are women. "Girls seem to enjoy riding more than men. It's something they can participate in while the men are involved in other kinds of athletics. Besides, many men have ridden before. You're not supposed to know how to ride when you take this class. There are more girls than guys in this category."

The "beginners" in Gilford's class meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for about two hours per session. Hadley's class meets for the same amount of time on the other days of the week.

Once the basics have been learned, confidence must be reinforced between a horse and rider. This is done by taking frequent riding tours over the 8,000 available acres of campus property.

"Some of the students who have taken the course in the past have gone on to get jobs in the field of horse training," Hadley says. He has been teaching the course here for the past seven years and has had a chance to watch his students move up through the ranks. He uses the case of Vicki Tribble as an example.

"Vicki came here like the rest of the students, with very little knowledge of horses. She took the Equitation course and was interested enough to continue in the field," says Hadley. After that, she worked with horses for four years, taking the different horse-related courses offered here. Now she works part-time as a trainer and caretaker of yearling colts for a thoroughbred stallion company.

Sign-ups for the course are taken on Nov. 1 each year, three months before regular class registration. "We do this to allow for preparation and because of the limited amount of student facilities."

A $33 lab fee is charged to each student. This is used to pay for the feed. It has gone up $8 from last year and may increase again if the cost of feed continues to rise. The student must also supply his own saddle and blankets. The rest of the task and equipment is supplied by the school.

Students don't mind the cost of the class, however. Most of them are just thankful they could get into it. Bev Thompson, one of the Equitation students says she thinks the idea of "learning by doing" is not only an interesting idea, it's also "a whole lot of fun."

In an age of hustle and bustle, where learning is lumped with so much modernization and mechanization, it's nice to know the horse hasn't lost his place with man. It's nice to know there is still some time left for a little horse riding around.
LARGEST INVENTORY
ON THE CENTRAL COAST

PUEGOT BICYCLES
The world standard of excellence from France

- A08
- U08
- U016
- PA10
- PR10
- PY10E

RALEIGH BICYCLES from England

10 speeds now in stock at 1973 prices
- Gramprix
- Supersprint
- Grampost
- International
- Professional MkIV

Plus the largest service and parts dept in town

Copeland's SPORTS
905 MONTEREY ST., SAN LUIS OBISPO