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Tracks are Back
by Jeanne Wilco and John Burns
photos by Jeanne Wilco and Steve Dorr
Trains are replacing the car as an economical, efficient way to travel.

Old Music, New Love
by Dennis Metallian
A woman student on campus plays an unusual instrument and loves it.

Full Sails Ahead
Photo Essay by Randi Wald
The Corinthian sailing club takes to the seas.

Whispersings
by Jeanette Onn
photos by Steve Dorr
A look at some religious organizations on campus and how the Lord changed the lives of many members.

Old Friends
photo essay by Dana Thomas
with a little help from Paul Simon
What is youth without old age?

May
by Michael Rusakovich
Illustrations by Paul Mono
As graduation nears, a student decides to leave his mark on the university.

It's that time of the year again. I'm talking about finals. This quarter they're here before most of us are ready for them. Winter Quarter traditionally has been one of headaches and frustration for students trying to fit what seems like a semester's worth of work into less than one full quarter.

But somehow we usually manage to leaf through the pages of our subject matter in time for final exams. And today some of us must face the first day of those loathed tests. As we are ready to embark on four days (and for some of us, nights) of intensified study, we can look back on what's happened this quarter.

Fortunately, there is much success to look back on, especially in sports. Our wrestling team once again dominated the NCAA College Division Championships and came out on top. Poly's basketball team placed first in the COAA league. At this issue's Outpost goes to press, the basketball team is vying for top honors at the Far Western Conference Tournament here at Cal Poly. Women's basketball also had a successful season.

Poly's livestock judging team brought the championship award home from the National Western Livestock Show in Denver, Colorado.

This month is an extremely busy time for student government, particularly finance committees. If you've been wondering how much money your favorite organization or team will have to work with next year, you should find out early next quarter. Finance committees are presently listening to budget requests and will be giving their approval or disapproval of the various budgets to Student Affairs Council soon.

All this and more will be history in six more days when the quarter ends. We at Outpost see that time as a beginning to a new quarter. We have some interesting articles coming up next quarter including a revealing story about the Health Center, a look at the past, and an article on communal living.

If you think you'd be interested in working for Outpost as a writer, photographer, or advertising salesperson, pull a card at registration. We're listed in the catalogue as Jeur, 241-01, and the class is open to all majors.

In the meantime, good luck with finals.

William Mattoe, editor.
There's no place like home—it's still true—but how to get there? Ah, that's a horse with two lame feet in these days of odd-even rationing, gasless weekends, and slower speed limits. Public transportation? Shades of ten hours on a Greyhound bus, singlehead packages of stale cheese and peanut butter crackers, recycled smoke-filtered air...

There is another way to go, Amtrak's Coast Daylights, the same trains that have served the coast route for the Southern Pacific name for decades are still operating daily, leaving San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles, San Diego and points between. In addition, there are connecting trains for students living north of the Bay Area. Connections exist for out of state cities throughout the U.S.

Under the Amtrak logo, the government-owned railroad's new motto is "We're making the trains worth traveling again." It seems to be working. Passenger traffic is picking up and things are looking better than they did when Amtrak first took over. It wasn't an easy chore. Two out of every three passenger cars were junked and new ones ordered. Tracks needed repairs, and an overall facelift was needed desperately. Amtrak also needed to come up with new and special ideas to get people to try the new service.

What has been added that is so new or special? A recent trip to Los Angeles and back revealed these new assets.

Amtrak now offers train "hostesses," counterparts to the airline stewardesses. They assist passengers with any questions or problems that might arise and provide for their comfort during the entire trip. The hostess on a recent trip was pretty, 24-year-old Sharon Hawes from San Mateo. How did she come about applying for this sort of job?

"I've always loved traveling by train," she said. "It's fun and the scenery is great!"

Scenery is one of the major factors contributing to the train's popularity. The panoramic scenery from Arroyo Grande to Santa Barbara, passing through the heart of Vandenberg AFB, is never seen by the highway motorist. The Amtrak passenger sees it all.

South to Ventura, the view is equally magnificent. In some places the crashing surf is only yards from the beach, in others there are spectacular bridges and tunnels.

And there is a nude beach just above Santa Barbara. Many of the passengers who spend the entire journey sleeping seem to mysteriously wake...just in time to leap for the beach side of the train.

Aside from the scenery...For the

Tracks are Back
by Jeannine Wiles and John Burns
money-obsessed, train travel run only

Dining in the elegance of 19th-
century railroad-car luxury while
magnificent scenery speeds by your
window sounds romantic. Don't count
on it if you're hungry. These starchy,
white-clothed tablecloths accented by a
bud in a bottle are occupied from the
time the chef begins cooking until the
last home is put away—usually by 7
p.m. Weekends are worse than week-
days, but on our Friday afternoon trip,
the lounge car and the bar car, which
preceded the dining car, were con-
tinuously filled with people sitting out
the customary 45-minute wait for a
table. At 8 p.m. the dining car stopped
serving.

A much better idea, for the time
being, is the European custom of
wielding along a large hamper full of
salami, french bread, cheese, fruits,
even a good bottle of wine.

Another thing to consider before
rushing to the phone to reserve a seat
in that train, almost by definition,
are always late. Amtrak is no different.
The 1:46 p.m. southbound train may
arrive in San Luis at 1:48. Then again,
it may arrive at 2:18, 3:00, even 3:46
p.m. It all depends on weather con-
ditions and other determining factors
up the line that originates in Seattle. It
seems the new continuous-rail tracks
(no more characteristic clackity-clack)
are more subject to the highs and lows
of temperature, and in hot weather
they expand and warp, causing traffic
to be delayed. Likewise the tracks are
susceptible to the special problems
associated with extremely cold
weather.

This is all fine if you're not in a hurry
to get somewhere or if the friends,
waiting at the home station are
patient.

Chances are if you're traveling home
for the quarter break, your plans for
the first evening back aren't too
definite. If the train is held up, you'll
gain a few extra hours to relax, catch
up on sleep or whatever. When you do
got home you can forget the books
and be ready to hit the town with old
friends.}
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Old Music, New Love
Martha Carlton is in love. It’s evident the way she talks and in her easy-to-like face. This is not an unusual predicament for a college girl, but the fact of her life is not the school football star or even the boy next door. Martha is in love with lute music.

The 21-year-old graphic communication major is one of approximately 800 serious students of the lute in the United States.

The lute is an ancient stringed instrument dating back to Biblical times, and Martha’s lute is an example of the rare instrument in its classical form, developed during the Renaissance. Its graceful wood body is in the shape of a halved pear. It has fretted neck and a pegbox that bends at a 90 degree angle to the neck. Its hand-crafted instrument produces a delicate and lilting sound.

Martha’s lute’s lilting sound that turned Martha for the first time four years ago, and its music has reassured her ever since.

“I love lute music,” Martha says with a smile that reveals more than her words. “I can’t think of anything I love more than lute music.”

This confession may sound odd from a girl brought up in the era of electric guitar and the Beatles, but Martha, who has played guitar since she was 8, has been on both sides of the sound spectrum and she prefers the delicate sound of the lute.

“Four years ago I was playing in a rock band in Portland,” she recalls. “One day a friend of mine was playing recording of a lute. I was very attracted to it and couldn’t get it out of my mind. It haunted me.”

Then she struck upon an idea. She was studying on a form of music that many people considered old-fashioned and dated.

Martha was now quickly bored with rock music. Occasionally she will pick up her guitar and play a rock tune, but within five minutes she finds herself putting down the guitar and picking up her lute. “I made a very dramatic change from rock music,” she confesses. “I will never do rock songs again. I can’t have any feeling for them.”

It’s obvious she does have feeling for lute music. Her enthusiasm for the lute rubs off on anyone who listens to her talk about her favorite subject. She usually spends about five hours a day working with the lute. If she’s not practicing, she’s doing research. She knows the subject well.

The European lute was a refinement of a Near Eastern model which reached Europe during the Middle Ages. The name is derived from the Arabic “al ud” which means “the wood.”

The lute enjoyed its greatest popularity during the Renaissance and was perfect accompaniment for the voice in that time.

Around 1750 the lute began declining in popularity. Martha found two reasons for this decline. One is the difficulty in keeping the lute tuned and the other is that the lute has an obscure system of music, known as tablature, which is not played on any other instrument. Tablature involves “reading” letters instead of notes. Rhythm is indicated by symbols above the letters.

“It normally takes a lute player up to six weeks to learn a song at concert level,” Martha says. “But you never quit learning. My teacher claims she doesn’t know how to play yet.”

Although Martha says it is easy to find an ordinary lute on the market, it is difficult to find a good one. Prices range from $200 up to $8,000. Martha searched for two years before she finally found a 10-year-old lute that was on its way to being donated to Stanford University. It was hand-crafted in Switzerland and was two years in the making. She was able to buy it for $500.

Considering Martha’s talent and knowledge of music, it’s surprising that she is not a music major. Instead she has chosen to major in graphic communications. “The glamorous jobs are hard to get into and there is a lot of competition,” she says. “I must be very practical about a job.”

A very practical attitude indeed. But one might overlook Martha’s plan to someday travel to Switzerland herself and search for an even better lute. That could prove to be quite expensive. But, as in such matters as love, practicality is often overlooked.
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Sunshine and spring breezes have lured the Poly Corinthian out for afternoons of sailing Laguna Lake and Morro Bay. With only the wind filling the sails and the slap of the water upon the hull to break the silence, there's a peace one finds in sailing that's hard to equal. And when the wind kicks up and the spray flies, the excitement of speeding across the water and getting the wind out to steady the boat is contagious.

Every month members of this friendly, well-organized club have several local outings. There are the intercollegiate races for those who wish to test their skill. Newcomers to the group are taught the basic rules of sailing while soaking in the sun and sharing a congenial atmosphere. Club president (Commodore) Jerry White says anyone interested in sailing is welcome to join in on the next outing.
Top: Wind shifts on Laguna Lake concern Commodore Corinthian's Commodores Jerry White and his crew Erik Knudsen, Bob Miller and Larry Bell.

Left: "This thig-a-ma-jig goes in this doo-hickey..." Architecture instructor Gary Dwyer rigs his boat for sailing.

Top: How many advisors cruise like this? Colonel William Black—Corinthian's faculty advisor.

Top Right: After a week of classes and projects, Jeff Qurley finds peace on his Flying Junior.

Right: Windswept and with the wind on his face, Jeff Lind relaxes.
Anyone who listens for the Lord might be surprised at what he heard in the Old Testament, the story of Elijah. Elijah once found himself fleeing his life, taking refuge in a cave, waiting for the Lord. A strong and heavy wind rent the mountain—
the Lord was not in the wind. After wind there was an earthquake—
the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake there was fire—
but the Lord was not in the fire. After the fire there was a whispering sound—
and Elijah hid his face (1 Kings 19:1-13).

There are whispering sounds on campus and all speak of the Lord. The Christian community in particular seems to be making itself heard, such a Christin is Mike Parrot, president of the Campus Crusade for Christ.

Mike comes from a family with a religious background. As he explained, "For a while I thought I was doing all right. Then I began to think there might be something more to religion." This "something more" evidently what makes a difference for Mike and for so many other Christians on campus. Strangely enough, this added dimension in Jesus' Misional is not the buildings, the clerical hierarchy, or the religious services themselves. If a definition of a Christian must be presented it would be as Mike explained, "Being a Christian means receiving Jesus as Savior and Lord, and yielding life to Him."

Before my interview with Mike I had spoken with a student who had been turned off by religion because of the hypocrisy in the lives of some people who are church-goers. I used this opportunity to question Mike about the oft mentioned complaint.

Mike pointed out that church attendance is not the sole mark of a Christian, but rather the decision to allow oneself to enter into a personal relationship with Christ. "Perhaps there are too many people calling themselves Christians when they aren't.

Mike is eager to share Christ with others. As he put it, "I want to offer something to talk about it."
I attended a service at Cal Poly last Wednesday afternoon, and I found a group of Christians not only to talk to but also to sing about. The service was led by a group of students from the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. I was impressed by the quality of the singing and the devotion of the participants.

InterVarsity Christian Fellowship is a national organization that focuses on helping students develop a deep and committed faith in Jesus Christ. They provide opportunities for students to connect with other believers, share their faith, and grow in their relationship with God. The organization has a strong emphasis on involving students in ministry, both on campus and in the community.

I was also impressed by the way the service was organized. The service began with a time of worship, followed by a brief testimony from a student. The testimony was very impactful and I was moved by the students' commitment to their faith. The service concluded with a time of prayer, and I left feeling uplifted and encouraged.

I would definitely encourage students to check out InterVarsity Christian Fellowship and get involved. It is a great way to connect with other believers, grow in your faith, and make a difference in the community.
I was to attend an inter-Varsity meeting, arrived an hour too late in the lobby of the University Union idly whittling, when I saw a woman with her Bible. I decided to approach her and from her I heard a testimony which shed light on Christian growth during difficult times.

I asked Darlana, the woman, if her change to Christianity had come at a particular moment or if it had been gradual. Her circumstances had been rather unusual. She explained that when she was about nine-years-old her mother developed multiple sclerosis. Two years later her mother was no longer able to care for her or her siblings. It was then when her uncle came and suddenly removed Darlana from her father and had her placed in a foster home. She didn't understand why this had happened nor why she couldn't see her father.

Darlana continued, "You can imagine how frightening this experience was, was scared, and the only person I could turn to was Jesus. He was my only friend at that time. My foster parents were good and more than willing to help but I had to adjust before I could accept their help. By turning daily to Jesus, He became more real in my life. When I realized I could rely on Him everyday then my real conversion came." It was obvious that Darlana had matured because of her experience. Her trust in Jesus had been solidly based on hard reality.

At the inter-Varsity meeting there were only 3 rows of chairs pushed against the wall of room 220 in the University Union. All available floor space was used as a sit-down space and the room was crowded.

The singing began and it reminded me of those at Campus Crusade who had shared their efforts at affirming their faith. There was a guy who suggested religion in sports as a possible discussion topic for class, and the girl in the home-studies class who was diametrically opposed to marriage stated that a Christ centered family was what she considered most important.

When I remember students affirming faith, speaking with the conviction of Mike, willing to serve like Cathy, and maturing like Darlana, I can't help but believe that the tiny whisperings will soon turn to a mighty roar.
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Old friends,
Old friends
Bent on their park bench
Like Bookends.

A newspaper blown through the grass
Palls on the round toes
On the high shoes
Of the old friends.

Old friends,
Winter companions,
The old men
Lost in their overcoats,
Waiting for the sunset.

The sounds of the city,
sitting through the trees,
Settle like dust
On the shoulders
Of the old friends.

Can you imagine us
Years from today,
Sharing a park bench quietly?
How terribly strange
To be seventy.
Memory brushes the same years,
Silently sharing the same fear:
...Time it was.
And what a time it was.
It was...
A time of innocence,
A time of solidity.
Long ago...it must be...
I have a photograph.
Preserve your memories;
They're all that's left you.
-Paul Simon
You may ask why a photo essay about old age in a college publication. What is youth without old age? A beginning without an end. Do you see a smile in any of these pictures? Two men pass away their lives on a park bench. The man at the right was proud to be the "last of the hobos."

Millie (below) posed on a bench and asked me to drop in for coffee. She made the paper flower in the new senior citizen center. Why a senior citizen center at all? Why not an all-age center? Ask yourself!
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Anson's hands were doing two things at once. His left hand flipped through the pages of his bacteriology book and his right hand lifted a cup of coffee to his lips. He sipped the coffee and raised his eyes from his reading. He did not intend to read, especially about bacteria.

It was the middle of May and the sun broke through the bedroom window and played in the half of two giant sheets,chatting near them.

These were his last days here. He would graduate soon. And Cal Tech would be in his past. He was glad he would be leaving, but in a way he wasn't.

Anson was still unsure about his future, even though he had already offered a job as a soil analyst in a borax factory somewhere out in the Mojave Desert. His father was a man...
As the cafeteria tables began to fill with people, all kinds of people going in all kinds of directions, Anson had a question. He decided to leave his seat at Cal Poly before he left. He was just beginning to make a wave on what he first sat in a kindergarten and had been tormentedly tranquil since.

He wasn't sure what it was he was going to do, but he only had a few short weeks in which to do it. He decided to just sit around the room, to read his bacteriology text with a woman on a poster of one of his literature magazines, to talk to him. "Hello, Anson," she said, "How does it feel to be graduated, you, Anson. How do you feel about the time you hung out here from the first party because you were so drunk you passed out."

"Big deal," Anson said. "You care about these things if you graduated."

"Oh. What about the time you hung the lower half of a picture of a nude woman on a poster of one of the homecoming queen candidates last year. Now that was funny. And it drew quite a crowd until some idiot tore it down."

Anson shrugged his shoulders again. "Carol, you don't get it. Those things were trivial. They were fun but shallow."

Anson was persistent. "Okay, dummy, you did a few serious things, too, and you know it. Remember when you had published in the literary magazine a couple of years ago? That was pretty good for a sophomore major. All the rest of the contributors were juniors, but you were a sophomore."

Anson was not responding. "Yeah, but that still is not anything really unique. Just once before I leave this place I'd like to do something really wild. Just once I'd like to do something that Cal Poly will remember me by."

Carol was perplexed. Anson was in one of those moods again. She'd just have to humor him as she'd always done when he got like this.

"Ok, hot-shot," she said, patronizingly, "you can still do it."

She forced down another sip of coffee and waited for his reply. But he just hung his head in his hands.

"You can still have your filing," she continued, feeling that she was finally getting through to him. "But if I was you, I'd just be glad to..."

Anson stopped her. "Yes, Carol, but you aren't me. Sometimes it bothered him that Carol was graduating. He liked to be liberal about it, but he still could not overcome that born feeling that girls were not supposed to be smart. Carol was competition for him. Sometimes he liked it. Sometimes he didn't. At any rate, he didn't want her to be smart today. He had too much to think about for her to be getting smart on him.

They both sat quietly for a moment. Anson finally broke the silence when he started speaking aloud. "I know what I could do," he said. "I could take off all my clothes and go running through the last S.A.C. meeting of the year silly stark naked."

Carol laughed. "Sure, Anson, sure."

"I don't care if you believe me," he retorted. "You don't know me as well as you think you know."

Anson raised her eyebrows. "Yes, Mr. DIVI101."

Anson anaried at her and continued with his plans. "I know. I'll stand up on the University Union balcony shouting obscenities across the plaza. While I burn all the traffic tickets I've collected this quarter."

Carol shook her head, but Anson kept it up. "I've got a better idea!" he was getting excited now. "I'll sneak down to the swine unit in my buddy Bill's pick-up and borrow one of the hogs. We can let it go in one of the dorms, I can just see it. Wait. I've got it. A cow. A cow would be even better.

We'll get one that's been on a nice green pasture and let it go in Yosemite Hall."

Anson swallowed some more coffee, and avoided looking into her eyes. "You heard me right. Sometimes when I had another year to go, if I'd known a year ago the way I'd feel now, I'd sure have done things differently."

Anson threw his hands into the air, nearly spilling what little coffee was left in his cup. "But in four years I never did anything except earn a degree."

"Wall, that's quite an accomplishment," Carol argued.

"Besides, you did something." "Like what?"

"Well, about the time you had to be carried home from the first party because you were so drunk you passed out."

"Big deal," Anson said. "Real big deal."

"Ok. What about the time you hung the lower half of a picture of a nude woman on a poster of one of the homecoming queen candidates last year. Now that was funny. And it drew quite a crowd until some idiot tore it down."

"Anson shrugged his shoulders again. "Carol, you don't get it. Those things were trivial. They were fun but shallow."

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Carol was perplexed. Anson was in one of those moods again. She'd just have to humor him as she'd always done when he got like this.
Carol looked at me with her blue eyes. "You know, I think it's time for us to talk about something serious.

Tom, I've been thinking..."

I raised my eyebrows, "What's up, Carol?"

She sighed, "Well, I've been thinking about our future together and..."

"What's that?" I asked, feeling a bit nervous.

"I think it's time for us to consider our options. You know, maybe we should take a trip or..."

"Just give me a minute, Carol. I need to think about this."

She nodded, "I understand. I just wanted to talk to you about this."

I continued to think about what she said, the thought of a future with Carol was quite exciting.

"Okay, let's talk about it. But first, let's have dinner."

She smiled, "That sounds good."
Anson carried on for about ten minutes. Carol listened. She listened
as if she expected about how his in-
related fases were going to look
then. He told the story of how some of
his more studious friends would react.
"Now might even make the
successful," he chortled.

Finally after he'd laughed over every
table outcome of his plan, he
added, "Boy, what a great job.
"I don't know, either," she said.

Then, she looked at her and, as if a
memory was needed, her eyes darted
to him. "I'm actually going to quit
school. I'm really going to do it. Look
us. Look out, Carl Fark. Look out
said." He was quite pleased with
himself. "Take your Bachelor of
Sciences degree and shove it up your
nose, cabinet." He shook his head
with satisfaction at this, and looked at
him as to say, "Boy, did I show
that fool!"

She started staring at Anson again.
She picked up the stop. It made him feel
uncomfortable when she looked at
him like that. It felt like she could see
through him.

The silence was beginning to get to
him. He fidgeted with his books and
nervously, up at the clock,
said, "He moaned. "That clock isn't
right is it?"

Carol looked at her wristwatch. "Yes,
looks like it's right."

"Oh, great," Anson grunted, grab-
ing his books.
"What's the matter?" Carol asked, as

She picked them up from the table and
placed down the coffee that had
stayed stone cold.

"I've got to get over to my economics
class. We're having a quiz today and if
I get an "A" on this one, I've got at
least a "B" seed for the quarter."

Anson started for the door. "See you
Carol," he said, without turning back.

"Bye, Anson," she replied with a
smiling smile. She watched him as
he hurried out the door and into the
golden sunshine of May.

The sunshine made her smile stay for
a long time.
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