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Corona del Mar - 846 El Camino Real - Corona del Mar, California
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We've heard so much about demons lately that we are beginning to believe it. Almost every magazine today carries an article about demons, devils, spirits and other kind of possession. Outpost has followed suit, and for a very good reason.

Some women students at Cal Poly are experiencing forms of demon possession. Their bodies apparently begin to shake and after about an hour their souls (in the form of their bodies) leave them. It is a terrifying experience which local physicians cannot explain. And in SLO it has only occurred in women.

Unfortunately for you ladies, eighty percent of the people experiencing demon possession and requiring exorcisms are women, according to an article in this month's TRUE magazine. It seems that demons are finding life much easier in women than men.

Nevertheless, today the most interesting creatures are those demon relatives of the often times loathed Satan. Why? "The Exorcist", a box office record breaker, is credited with this worldwide phenomenon. It will open in San Luis Obispo at the Fremont Theatre on May 8.

The movie is exceptionally realistic, but if you have a weak stomach or virgin ears it's wise to keep away. Certain scenes are very grotesque and the devil has an extremely nasty tongue.

However, once you see the movie it will be difficult to forget. Nightmares are not uncommon following a visit to "The Exorcist". One Outpost editor viewed (only partly) the movie in Oakland last month with her college roommate. Listening to many of the scenes was like experiencing a nightmare at the show, and she did that night.

Whether you watch or only listen to the movie, it should keep you wondering if this will ever happen to you. The story was based on a factual exorcism, except that originally it was a boy who was possessed in the 1940's.

So there's still a chance for one of us men to become the victims of an enraged spirit, but I hope I didn't say the wrong thing. William Mattos, editor
survival
in the
land
of id

by Rhonda
deArizcorreta

note: my last article dealt with where
our personal finances go—this time I
am concerned with where our ASI fees
go, and how they in turn help us
"survive" our college experience.

Money. The value of money is
reflected in what it is used to pur-
chase. When the United States
taxpayer doles out money to the
government, he truthfully expects that
it will be used to his advantage, for his
welfare, and serve as representative of
his values.

But unfortunately, some examples
of government spending are so
dubious, that if the sums were not
to huge we might feel a little more
comfortable with our laughter. The
following examples are found in the
Congressional Record and have been
quoted to be "... second only to the
National Lampoon as a source of
comic material."

The State Department allocated
$70,000 to study the smell of
persecution given off by the
Australian aborigines. Part of this cost
goes to purchase a $38,381 odor
measuring machine. But we aren't so
stingy as to purchase only one type of
machine for just the Australian
government.

For the Moroccan government the
U.S. taxpayer also purchased a
$37,314 potato chip machine. We did,
however, overlook one small detail—
the Moroccans don't have a single
potato in the country.

Not wanting to discriminate, we
then spent $20,000 for investigation of
the German cockroach.

This list of tax money "projects" is a
sad waste of money and a
misrepresentation of many values of
the people who support them. And
sadly enough we also find this
situation at Cal Poly. The following
break-down is found in the 1973-74
Programming and Administrative
Budget.

At each registration, Cal Poly
students dutifully pay out money for
ASI fees: $10 the Fall quarter and $5
each succeeding quarter including
summer. This money goes into the
ASI budget, which is drawn up by the
Finance Committee and is used as
support for all auxiliary organizations
on campus.

It is then sent to the campus
president for approval as required by
Title 5 of the California Administrative
Code which states "...the president of
each campus is responsible for the
educational effectiveness, academic
excellence and general welfare of the
campus over which he presides."

The allocation of Student Body
funds is based on other con-
siderations including: the value and
satisfaction of large numbers of the
student body and recognition of an
activity which helps promote the
learning philosophy of the University.

Again, our values as a student body
will be represented by the use of our
money. Moreover, we also hope as
stated in the California Administrative
Code, that it will not only be used to
our advantage, but will also promote,
our learning, improve our education,
and further academic excellence. With
these points in mind, here is the
breakdown of our ASI budget for 1973-74:

Athletics top off the list; not only
because they begin with A, but
because they also receive the biggest
chunk—$160,900. Among the teams
sharing these funds are football at
$41,500 and basketball at $13,300.
These funds are used to purchase and
support some of the following:
$180 for portable toilets
$7,000 is spent for preseason meals,
Sports Information Services cost us
$18,989 along with $3,700 for the Goal
Point.
Homestanding and the Rally Committee together have a total of $16,350. Some of the Rally Committee's functions are maintaining the "P" and poster painting.

Legal Aid Committee, Communicative Arts and Humanities, and the International Student Center provide $1,000.

Tuition fees were $9,900. Parade Float $3,000. Student and Administrative Office raises a large amount of money.

Listed among their expenses are

Telephone community service phones $1,000.

$1,000, Administrative legal services of $1,000. And a few more are found in various sections in $300 given to the Engineering Council to race a car.

$75 to the Interfraternity Council for the Philharmonic Society and $75 to the Royal and $75 to the Uni-student who miss the receptacles.

Spent for containers for the University to put in the receptacles as a fee for the Clean-up Committee.

Money. The taxpayers and students. Supporting aboriginal participation in cockroaches. Paying and purchase portable toilets for cars in Baja. Even the mobiles, taxpay and students. To find out where the goes. Few bother to find out. It helps you to understand the amount of the process your money goes through. It may also cause the question, if it is going toward

"Helping the learning... at a University." I wonder.
If I could touch your sorrow
If I could feel your pain
If I could see your sunshine
And walk out in your rain...

— Pete Seeger
"If I Could Touch Your Sorrow"

by Janine Tartaglia

It really didn't matter whether the music or the words came first on that hot summer afternoon. All that mattered to Pete Adams was that the chords of his guitar and ad lib poetic phrases were fitting together like jigsaw puzzle pieces.

And even though the first few hits and miss refrains were heard only by a few bees and nearby birds, more than intuition convinced Pete that eight months later he would sing, record and wax his tune for San Luis Obispo listeners.

"The lyrics, just like the music, came right out of the blue," said the 22 year-old Cal Poly student who spends most of his time jamming with his friends on the piano and mandolin, and occasionally attending an animal science class...in that order.

At first glance, Pete looks as if he had just stepped off the long, hard dusty trail. The faded leather stuffed under his high heeled boots, jacket collared shirt and tan gallon hat suggest this cowboy, like the old Ag & Ed building, has weathered many a season.

Only after hearing Pete belt out an Emerson Lake and Palmer rock hit and openly express his disapproval of this country's foreign policies does one realize he's a far cry from his Matog counterrpart.

Pete starts his old trusted heels onto a small marble-topped table, leans against the back of a wooden living room chair and settles into a cheerful riff of bluegrass on the mandolin.

"I never learned how to read music. I just play by ear and take it as comes," Pete chuckles, sweeping his fingers up and down the neck in a syncopated blur.

It's all so soothingly simple, one hardly notices the set of leather tools next to the couch, the spurs and bridle atop a thousand dollar amplifier and 80 pound bag of "Gravy Train" stashed in the closet.

The young musician is first to admit his occupational interests are split into two distinct categories: 1) work for money, 2) his heart has established roots to be happy.

Pete, who clearly favors the second category, can remember roping cattle almost as long as his Dad has tried to steer his ambitions toward the more profitable veterinary profession.

"At 13, I slapped on the chaps and gave the western fair circuit rodeo a whirl," he laughs, pausing a moment to pop a pinch of snuff under his lip.

After several bruises and torn tendons, Pete convinced himself to uproot his athletic career and settle for summer cowhand work on big western ranches. Today the purse of the richest rodeo cowboy couldn't buy the pleasure and personal satisfaction Pete gets from joining working crews each June to rope steers.

At the expense of sounding like a horse kicking cowboy movie hero, Pete says he sometimes prefers dealing with his horses rather than people. "They understand me and accept me for who I am," he exclaims, "I don't have to put on a front for them."

Pulling down his stance in a philosophical slant, Pete recalls how important acceptance was when he approached the Poly campus four years ago. He shakes his head and recollects how people used to stop and analyze his western attire, trying "like the dikesens" to pinpoint who that guy was.

Perhaps that's why Pete enjoys entertaining a few close friends instead of hanging around with the social crowd. True friends are people that don't have to be shown proof of his musical talents before they extend friendship.

An honest down-to-earth human that won the young performer's admiration was Will Rogers. "If Will had something to say, he'd muster up courage and wit, then let 'em have it," Pete exclaims, pulling out his new banjo to pluck the first three measures of the Deliverance theme.

The same kind of guts and gall Rogers used to win crowds with during the Depression is what Pete uses in the seventies to maneuver a rowdy bar audience. Whether it is clowning around with a bull in the rodeo arena or stomping out the chorus of "Dead Skunk" on the Pogo Saloon stage, Pete carefully calls the punches in every performance.

One minute he's lost all patience with humanity and the next he's traveling some forty miles to the boonies to sing and play music for them.

Pete isn't alone. He is accompanied by four other local musicians who, as Pete admits, have just as much talent and desire to keep their audiences boozing and cruising back for more.

Que Thomasson, lead guitarist in the group, says "We're not all musicians, we're performers sensitive to the moods of our listeners...we're not up there swapping endless lists of songs or a set until brain's busily putting everything together...arrangement to keep the crowd involved and satisfied."

To Pete, and the remainder of the Black Mountain Boys, the idea of an audience can easily be set in tempo of their music...They can select and build the set's climax by starting out with a symphony like ballad, then swing rock into a fast boogie checkin' out the dancers.

The group also tries to intersect country music, their specialties, with enough rock and jazz to keep the audience happy. "We have to kinda prove to ourselves to get the sign of acceptance from a crowd," Pete elaborates. And in this saloon's case, the crowd shows their approval flinging each other through the air, and by dancing out back. Pete.addRown's still dry, and the band's go dry.

Pete's three month old acquaintance with the Black Mountain Boys began when Brian, the lead guitarist, heard Pete's record and called him at the phone. Before that, Pete was performing solo gigs and frequently appearing with another local rock group called "Farm Out."

"Farm Out" provided the background bass, drums and organ for Pete's first release, "If I Could Touch Your Borrow" and the forty-five's country flip side, "Pamela." Pete set the group worked for 18 hours in a Los Angeles recording studio before it came up with an acceptable six minutes of saleable material.

Why do recording sessions take so long? Pete explains with the vernacular of a veteran recording star, that it takes...
two men crew a couple of hours to set up the mikes, a few more hours to practice and the rest to make several takes, all of which hopefully when tracked together, will comprise a hit.

"Time doesn't matter except, in this business, equipment rented by the hour and crews paid by the hour could add up to an exorbitant cost," sighs Pete, whose eyes pop up like the dollar sign on a cash register.

Luckily, the studio manager took a liking to Pete, charged him a thin slice of the recording costs and recommended a good engineer to handle the waxing of the songs.

This good engineer, in Pete's words turned out to be a lemon and did a fair but scratchy reproduction of his supposedly crisp, clear recording.

We tried the record out on one turntable after another and with sad regrets accepted the fact that the quality of our studio performance would never be duplicated, at least not by that same engineer."

Nevertheless, Pete's first try at the recording business paid off as seven local stations have placed his single in their new release play lists. Through their help and the backing from the local record stores who are selling his record, Pete is at least getting valuable exposure.

The rest of California, however, will have to wait for an Adams musical sample until Pete hires an agent to help promote his record. "Promoting yourself and your record alone is a merry-go-round of ups and downs, Pete groans. "Big city radio stations won't play your music unless it's being sold on the market, and record stores won't sell the material unless you're well known on the radio."

Publicity politics are exactly what turns Pete, and a mass of other aspiring musicians off about the singing profession. It frustrates Pete enough to explain "If the break comes I'll take it, but I'm not about to lose my soul and sanity in the process."

Despite his skepticism of the business, Pete is taking another crack at recording another song.

This time he'll be accompanied by a good agent, a good engineer and the assurance of knowing there "seldom was heard a discouraging word" about his musical ability.

Pete Adams can hardly be pegged as the typical singing cowboy. He may look, chew and at times feel like one, but the mellow sounds of his piano, tempered by level headed wit will most likely keep him off the lone prairie and in the limelight for quite some time.
Common Cures For The Beer Belly, Pizza-Paunch and Other Related Illnesses

by Kay Ready

Illustration by Janine Tartaglia

"Now, if you can lick a stamp, you can lick your weight problem."

"See weight and still enjoy delicious satisfying meals."

"Drink waterline without sad diets, weight appeasing pills or atenuous drams."

It's easy to seal your weight gains into an envelope along with neatly slip-out coupon and, of course, money. Why give up the things we so dearly love, if miracles of miracle products make effortless disappearance of fat.

The list of diet seekers looking for miracles is endless. Unfortunately, for many of us, a slowdown in our metabolic (life-ticking) rate goes hand in hand with the coming of age. So, we are willing to admit that we continue longer-established habits and still retain lilithe figures, too.

Many have a tendency to blame cafeteria food, drinking and other tension (not necessarily in order) for taking a toll on body shape. Freshman year pounds can be blamed away as adjustments to adult life. And subsequent weight gain became the "cooking-forself-and-eating-all-the-wrong-things" syndrome. Increased tensions and supercaloric pressures are often convenient excuses for pounding that unwanted weight.

Eating, as in most everything you can talk your way around the problem—laziness and a lack of willpower—and the solution—willpower. Willpower is easy to come by, but the explanation of this basic truth is the only way to beat the weighty load.

Willpower can be explained in a number of ways. It means pushing yourself away from the table after one helping of everything instead of two; it means eating only half of the chocolate chip cookie dough when you could eat "the whole thing"; it means staying away from the refrigerator when the munchies strike, remembering that frequent refrigerator door openings cause higher electric bills.

Willpower is not always a sometimes thing. It must be adhered to regularly. If you really want to keep those pounds away permanently, doctors continually stress the importance of finding a good weight for your particular body structure. They recommend staying within a pound or two of the ideal always. The yo-yo syndrome does nothing but put excess stress on your physical condition, and more specifically, your heart. Developing the ability to control your eating habits will not only stop those crazy weight fluctuations; it will promote better health.

Shifting from the grapefruit diet to the high-protein variety to the drinking man's salvation to the whipped cream diet will only result in a series of temporary water losses, at best. Each will undoubtedly be followed by the lightening-fast reappearance of that dreaded fat you thought you'd licked at last. It's no wonder that "overweight" individuals continually complain that "they've tried them all, and look, they just don't work."

That person (not one of us) who all much smarter than that and understand why a couple of weeks of fancy fasting, the basic component of revolutionary new diets, doesn't produce the miracle it should. A beautiful, shapely body just doesn't emerge from within from the nation, and many a well-meaning diet seems faith in the whole business.

Those before and after pictures can't always lie, the overweight person laments, "so why couldn't it just be me."

In a recent dietary discussion (don't we all have them) a male friend made an interesting, and most likely accurate, point in relation to those illustrated testimonials produced by leading dietary "supplements" companies.

"If a person weighed as much as some of those individuals in the before pictures, and he is determined to lose that fat, chances are that he could do it himself by merely cutting down on what must be enormous quantities of food intake."

Even if the thoughts of this naturally thin friend do seem a bit passe and harsh, he does make a good point. Often, with the extremely overweight individual, the diet product merely acts as a catalyst and provides a psychological cushion, while he, or she, establishes a diet regime to suit the needs of a thinner person.

The power packed combination of determination—to lose that ugly fat—and willpower—to actually control eating habits—is unbeatable. No food, no matter how gooey and non-tempting, stands a chance when an individual is in control of his weight and proud of a healthy body.
The question of the ideal diet has been skirted up to this point, intentionally. What a person eats depends on his upbringing, tastes, activity, metabolism and numerous other variables. That cottage cheese and fruit breakfast is fuel food to some, and entirely unpleasant to others.

Right now, when concern over lumpy winter figures is a high priority item, diets are a favorite conversational topic. Everyone professes to have found the ideal diet and whether it actually works or not, is a minor point.

Sure the male readership will readily agree that nothing is worse than listening to a group of women arguing about the finer points of grapefruit and cottage cheese as opposed to say, beans. But, men are guilty of this very fault they find so annoying in others. The subjects of dieting may rarely appear in the context of their daily day-to-day conversations, but the importance of physical fitness is there, instead.

"Hey, getting a bit of a beer belly there, huh Joe. Tried any weight lifting classes lately?" Now, that's the exact approach, right guys?

The best approach to dieting is the well-informed, slow, and often, long route. It's advisable to begin a diet library with a copy of the basic four group components and an accurate calorie counter.

The calorie counter is more or less for your own information and surprise. Take a little time to leaf through your copy, noting the calorie value of foods you regularly consume. More often than not, you've been underestimating the value of that oury pie-o of fudge—approximately 100 per inch—or the 200-plus calorie Tom Collins (not counting happy hours when double drinks mean...)

Keep track of all the foods you consume each day for about a week and compare them to the ideal diet components, as listed on the basic four charts. It will give you a chance to find out where your trouble spots lie, and an opportunity to practice a bit of amateur calorie guesstimation.

Using both the list of foods and the calorie counter, select your favorite "diet" foods. Healthy eating is great whether your problem lies in the I pound "can't-get-into-last-year's swimsuit bracket" or if it one of considerably larger proportions.

You'll soon find that it is possible to "lose weight and still enjoy eating delicious meals," without the guilt special foods, and inflatable plastic spot-reducing contraptions.

As the saying goes, "You have nothing to lose, but that unwanted weight."
The American Gem Society of United States and Canada takes pleasure in announcing the re-appointment for 1974 of Brasil's as Certified Gemologist American Gem Society

This professional title is awarded to those select jewelers who can rightfully be called experts in their industry. The title is given when they have completed a formal gemological education and when they have proven their business ethics above reproach. An AGS Certified Gemologist is reappointed annually after he has completed an examination given by the Society.
Demons, Devils and Druids

by Michael Ruskovich
photos by Mark Katayama

The wind howled across the Salisbury Plain and black clouds gathered like ghosts in the evil sky.

An ancient, monkishly-dressed druid sat silently beneath the giant slabs of stone, shivering and rubbing his dry hands together to ward off the cold. Small bits of chopped fleshy skin flaked off in the friction and fell on the icy ground. His breath expired quickly in the atmosphere in tiny puffs of steam. He was afraid.

He raised his glassy eyes to the sky and, spreading his arms, he began to chant mysterious incantations with a shaky, glottal voice. He watched the clouds collect into a huge image as he chanted. The clouds formed an ominous gargoyles with hungry, outstretched arms. His Celtic tribe had sent him to this place to drive away demons who lurked in the storm. Usually the druids came to this place to worship the sun. But when storms ripped across the English countryside, they came here to practice sorcery which would rid the land of the awful wind, the breath of demons. That was why the old druid was here in this stone monument to the Sun, to exorcise the land of the Satan of Storms.

That chilly scene took place more than 3800 years ago at a place called Stonehedge. The people who built the monument have long since become part of the soil of Britain, but Stonehedge is still standing and do the belief in demons.
Many a horror story has sent grown men to their beds with nightmares of imps and devils, and to an increasing number of people they seem to be reality. Sociology and demonology are practiced by various cults and organizations. And, perhaps, it is this belief and preoccupation with demons and psychic phenomena by such a large number of people that scares the devil out of non-believers. The slight possibility that it "could be" true makes stories of demons and devils and supernatural occurrences scarier than hell. Even the widely celebrated holiday of Halloween originated ages ago with the idea that candy and other goodies on the Eve of All Saints would serve as a pacification of the spirits that were out on that hallowed eve. For this reason any subject dealing with the supernatural has become a hot item reporters, writers and filmmakers.

And with the success of the movie, "The Exorcist", based on the bestselling novel by William Peter Blatty, the subject of demons and demonic possession has surged upward to become of major interest nationwide and worldwide.

The film, which has already made over $12 million and been viewed to the horrified delight and dismay of moviegoers, by more than five million people, deals with the exorcism, or removal, of a demon which inhabits a young girl, causing her to do all sorts of gory things from vomiting on priests, to turning her head around 180 degrees and ouring in a bloodcurdling voice, to masturbating with a crucifix.

By now, most observers are aware of the rumors and reports of the effects the movie has had on its viewers. Most have heard or read about the number of people fainting and vomiting in the theaters and of those who commit themselves to mental institutions after seeing the movie.

"Newsweek" magazine in its February 11, issue, carried an extensive article in the religion section on the movie and exorcism in general. The article cited some cases of "possession" similar to the one in Blatty's novel, which also contained an interview with Blatty himself about the book and movie.

The numerous other articles about the movie have shown it to be a "social and religious phenomenon", as one clergyman in the "Newsweek" article described it.

But why? Why is a film about a girl being inhabited by a demon so interesting that millions of viewers would flock to see it? Is it just to get the daylights scared out of them or is it because of insane curiosity, perhaps a carry-over from our gothic ancestors?

Senior Ken Nair, a Biological Sciences major, completed an extensive study as a project in a Humanities class on the subject...
Another Cal Poly student, would be more apt to attribute the popularity of occultism and demonology to its similarities a and associations with psychic phenomena people experience without finding a scientific explanation.

Laura Ray, 22, currently a graduate student in education, has undergone what she calls "astral projection." The symptoms of this are much like those described in cases of "possession." It's not a possession, though," she emphasizes. "It's a movement of the soul out of the body.

Ms. Ray describes it as "a time lapse of about 30 minutes to an hour in which an attack of intense vibrations, starting at my feet, covering my whole body and making me shake until the lighter parts of my body float out of the heavier parts." This has happened to her "many times" since it first happened when she was 16. "And it is scary," she says.

Ms. Ray belongs to a group known as the Movement for Spiritual Inner-awareness, composed, as she describes it, "of people with many different backgrounds and religious affiliations who have had, and are interested in, psychic experiences." She claims there are about five or six other people in the group who have experienced the same intense "vibrations" she goes through in astral projection.

Ms. Ray has not formed a solid opinion about possession, but she does not believe that the people who become "possessed" are really inhabited by demons. She thinks it is possible that beings "who are grotesque and ugly" which exist on another "astral plane" are "teasing or punishing victims for deeds they might have done in another previous life."

Ms. Ray says her own symptoms are not caused by any medical problem. "I've had several complete physical examinations," she explains, "and they have found no medical reason for the phenomena.

Since the "exorcism frenzy" has swept the country, almost no case of possession on record has gone untouched by some publication or writer.
The case has been drawn from a book called "Padre Pio", about a Catholic priest by that name, written by Rev. Charles Mortimer Carty.

The case is especially interesting since both the exorcist (Padre Pio) and the exorcized (a 15 year old girl named Maria Paola Carboni) had some sort of possession. Padre Pio, aside from Teresa Neumann, was the only living person to have been afflicted with the stigmata (open sores in the palms of the hands where Jesus Christ was wounded when he was nailed to the cross) and the girl was, of course, possessed by what was reportedly "a demon".

According to Rev. Carty, the girl became possessed in a hamlet outside Bologna, Italy. She was possessed for 17 days until her brother took her to see Padre Pio, who was a famous clerical figure in Italy. Rev. Carty writes that "she was imitating the barking of a pack of dogs, or the mooing of cows, and was scratching the glass of the windows while she waited for the arrival of Padre Pio."

"The young girl, in one attack that was more violent than the preceding ones, hurled herself onto the bed, laughing satanically, reciting or singing verses without success." He reports that in moments of quiet "she would call out to Padre Pio for help."

To make a long story short, the exorcism worked. The inflicted priest with constant blessings, sent the girl to bed, and told the others she would be cured in the morning. She was.

There was no medical reason given for the possession, let alone the stigmata. Padre Pio carried with him, unhealing, for 20 years.

In this case and others like it, possibilities are unlimited. The records show several cases of demonic possession and other supernatural occurrences which have no scientific explanation. The records have also shown that demonology, occultism, and exorcism are great subjects for writers and movie-makers. And finally, they show that the same things which frightened the druids and other early peoples, can still scare the "devil" out of people today.
"I think I can, I think I can," chugged the little engine as it huffed and puffed its way through to a shiny, sparkling finish.

The "little engine who could" is a product of student Lynette Baird, who—over a year—planned, fitted, hammered, heated, and finally placed together the shiny bits of metal to come up with her antique pufferbelly.

Other students in John Rea's metalsmithing class choose to create jewelry, small figures, or hollowware. Most students huffing and puffing their way through the 10-week course discover, to their joy, that they really can make it, really can, really can...
The train Lynette built is constructed completely out of silver. To give tonal variety, some pieces, like this tiny shovel, are dipped in a hot acid bath to make them black.

Lynette works as her instructor John "J. B." Rea helps another student, Peggy Johnson. The crafts classroom accommodates many people and their projects.
Small parts must be marked for later identification. A felt pen and a steady hand are all that's needed.

It takes time, patience, and skill to cut and form metal in miniature. Parts of Lynette's train are compared in size to a penny. A tribute to Polv's craft classes and instructor Rea.
The text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a mix of text and advertisements, possibly related to a barber shop and a clothing store. However, the text cannot be accurately transcribed or read.
All the time Lynette works, her faithful friend R.T. (fanny tin) Tin sleeps and waits for that moment when she is finished for the day and he can get a big hug.
Windy (Pam Brown) grimaces as
Captain Hook describes the plank she
might be walking off of pretty soon.

The long, tunnel-like hallway of the
Music, Speech and Drama Building
was as bare as the late hour in the day
and said it should be. But the sound of
singing coming from the far end of the
hall revealed that not everyone had
gone home. For two cast members of
the musical production of "Peter Pan", the
day had just begun.

A row of chairs line one wall of the
sparsely furnished rehearsal room. At
one end, a round table littered with
coffees cups, notebooks and an opened
script sits director Robin Lake. Lake
looks thoughtfully at the two actors
standing in the center of the room.

"Let's concentrate on blocking and
speak it through before you sing it," he
tells Nevada Rae Barr (Peter Pan) and Pat Chew (Captain Hook).
They begin. Lake, watching closely,
suddenly gets up and walks over to
the two actors. He suggests a piece of
business for Captain Hook. The
suggestion works and is added to the
scene.

"All right let's try it again with a
little music," Lake says and they begin
again. The sound of the upright piano
lures drama instructor and set
designer Murray Smith away from his
workshop across the hall. With paint
splattered coveralls and styrofoam
coffee cup in hand, Smith sits down
and quietly smiles at the proceedings.

The magic that has lured millions of
readers and thousands of theatregoers to "Peter Pan" continues:

"I have a place where dreams are
born and time is never planned — It's
not on any chart — You must find it
with your heart — Never never land.

Nevada — wearing blue jeans and a
purple top — and bearded Pat, in blue
bibbed overalls, are not in costume and
the rehearsal room is a long way from
Neverland. Nevertheless, once they
begin a scene, a transformation takes
place: suddenly Pat takes on the
villainous mannerisms of the loopy
Captain Hook and Nevada becomes
the impish little boy who never grew
up.
For 22-year-old Nevada, the play’s opening May 9 in the Cal Poly Theatre will be a four-year dream-come-true. It has taken the Speech Communication Dept. that long to obtain the rights to the popular play based on the J.M. Barrie classic.

“I’ve been planning on playing Peter Pan for four years,” she says during a break in rehearsal. “I had never sang before, so I took voice lessons for two months.”

But singing is only one aspect of the role which calls for Nevada to do a little bit of everything, including dancing, singing, acting and pantomime. The most unique aspect of “Peter Pan” is the opportunity to fulfill every child’s dream: to fly. The prospect of soaring across the stage doesn’t worry Nevada a bit. After all, she’ll be in good hands. Peter Pan, who has “flown” over a hundred other Peter Pans, including the most famous of all—Mary Martin—will be in town to stage the flying sequences.

“You have to take off and land gracefully and strike a pose and he does the rest,” she says and then laughs. “I hope I’m right.”

Although Nevada was involved in theater in high school, she came to Poly as an architecture major. Quickly discovering that her interest wasn’t in architecture, she switched to speech communication. She’s in her fifth year now and plans to be a teacher. She says theater at this university has enabled her to do everything from building sets to playing leads. With “Peter Pan” she definitely has reached a pinnacle in her Poly career.
He looks at Captain Hook as a chance to expand his acting range. "It's letting me do things I never have done before," he says. He points out that Captain Hook is a villain, but with certain qualifications. "Hook is really not a villain; he's just in a spot where he really doesn't want to be. He's a clothes horse yet he's surrounded by a band of rogues. He's not really mean and cruel; he faints at the sound of the crocodile."

Nevada and Pat, and the more than 100 members of the "Peter Pan" cast and crew have spent countless hours in preparation and rehearsals. And opening night, that will all be behind them. On May 9-11 the Cal Poly Theatre will transport both the young and the young at heart beyond the reality of the stage; pass the second star to the right and straight ahead till morning.

The villainous Captain Hook (Pat Chew) wonders why nobody loves him.
The 6 foot, 3 inch brown haired actress emphasizes that she wants Peter Pan to come across as a little boy. "Peter Pan is actually a horrible little boy, but you like him anyway. He's really not conceited, but he does know for a fact he's positively wonderful."

“I gotta crow—I'm the cleverest fellow 'twas my fortune to know—I taught a trick to my shadow to stick to the tip of my toe—I gotta crow."

Pat Chew, like Nevada, also landed in the Speech Communication Dept. by accident. The 21-year-old speech major came to Poly three years ago solely for wrestling. "But I hurt my shoulder and there was nothing else to do," he recalls. With no previous acting experience he went into drama, liked it and now says he’ll probably stay with it the rest of his life.
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AND PINATAS in the
Network Mall
Bread.... Cheese.... and Parsnip Wine??

by Janet Herring

Illustrations by Paul Mono

I've always said that parsnips aren't good for anything. And that's exactly what I was thinking as I raised the glass of parsnip wine to my lips.

How was I going to keep my face from puckering in front of my host and friend (turning wine maker), when the bitter parsnip flavor doused my taste buds? I crossed by fingers and slipped.

Not bad, not bad at all. The wine didn't taste like parsnips, or smell like I expected from a homemade wine. It tasted like a good wine should: light and smooth.

We've all done our share of wine tasting, but what about wine making? It was a hobby with the ancients; some even worshiped wine gods.

Evidence exists that wine may have been one of the catalysts thatiggered Homo sapiens' mental activity, starting him off on his way to world domination.

In days of old the process of fermentation wasn't understood and wine making was a hit and miss job. Brewing secrets were often no more than lucky guesses.

Now wine making is well-understood. It is science and an art and with a little time and patience, easily mastered by all.

"It's probably the biggest home-brewing craze since Prohibition days," said Richard Thralkeld, owner of the Nut Barrel shop in the Network in downtown San Luis Obispo—one of the few retail outlets for wine making supplies.

"Everyone wants to make their own wine. Little old ladies decide they want to make their own, mostly because they remember their fathers making their own wine in the old days. Young people, I think, do it because of the money they save and because it tastes so good," he said.

Wine making enthusiast and Cal Poly student, Doug Callahan, said, "I picked up wine making from my brother and his friends. They quit after the first year, but I kept it up. I've been making about 10 gallons of pomegranate wine every year since then."

That was in 1969. Now the few bottles left from that first year are nearing their prime aging time which Callahan considers to be six to seven years, though two is reasonable. And he is still interested in this craft.

"It's a hobby of mine, but I'm also interested in the art of wine making—getting the feel of it year by year and finding out what goes into it scientifically, as well," he continued.

You don't need to work in a winery to make wine. You don't even need a cellar or some dark, out-of-the-way place to hide your brewing equipment; home wine making isn't moonshining. It's perfectly legal. Up to 200 gallons of wine a year can be made for home-use tax-free if a permit is obtained from the Internal Revenue Service. The authorities say you can give away as much of your homemade pride and joy as you want, just don't sell a sip.

The only catch to home wine making is that the only one who can legally make wine under federal law is the male head of the household.

"Petitions to include women as legal home wine makers are currently in circulation," said Thralkeld.

He said he feels people can get more for their money if they don't pay for the packaging that goes into wine making kits. If people buy the equipment and ingredients separately they get just what they want and they can make more wine for less, explained Thralkeld.

There are many benefits to winemaking and patience is one of them. Remember you must wait at least three months before you sip and swirl your liquid creation. "Alcohol just isn't made overnight," said Thralkeld.

Patience pays off, though, in dollars, in taste and in enjoyment. "You can make a fifth of wine for 34 cents. You'd pay $3 a bottle for the same quality wine at a market," emphasized Thralkeld.

And wine making isn't an expensive hobby. The equipment costs under $6 and most of it is reusable. Another plus is that the same equipment can be used in making beer.

You can make any wine you heart and taste desire; Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Burgundy, White Rieslings, fruit wines, Rosè, rice wine (sake anyone?), tea wine or dandelion—yes, dandelion wine, to name a few.

If the season is right, fresh fruit can be used. Concentrates are available all year. In case you get the urge to make apricot wine in mid-winter.

"My dad grows pomegranates, so I get them right off the trees. I leave them on the trees until they crack. That way I get all the natural sugar I can. The juice is almost black when I squeeze it," explained Callahan.

I like a deaper burgundy, not so much the sweet, fresh fruit taste you get in the store wines. You don't find much pomegranate wine around and this way I have my own individual product."

So, what is the magic of this liquid alchemy that turns fruit, grapes and even parsnips into wine? Sugar and yeast are the real magicians. Yeast reacts with fruit sugar to turn it into alcohol.

"I think wine brings out the aesthetics of life. You can't get a wine taste without alcohol," commented Callahan.

"I allow the wine to age for many months before I open it. I leave the wine in the bottle and let it mature until it's right. That takes many, many months," he said.

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The wine-making process begins with selecting the fruit or other ingredients being used and pitting. Clean fruit is placed in a "must" or unfermented tank, with water and sugar added, according to the recipe being used. Campden tablets are added to sterilize the fruit.

The "must" or unfermented liquid is then allowed to sit for 24 hours, and in 10 days or so the fermentation will stop and no more "must" will rise. The liquid is then siphoned into a large transparent water bottle in 30 days the wine is clear, it is siphoned into bottles. These are corked and laid on their sides. Then—wait three more days and drink.

For the wine-making process, Mike Ruskovitch adds, "I put the grapes into a tub and wait at how much yeast to add. Then I let it up and let it boil. I taste it a few times and when it tastes right, I stop the fermentation.

"I use vodka because it's tasteless, colorless, and odorless and makes the wine stronger. Next I bottle it and drink it throughout the year."

It's a good way to entertain your friends and please them, as well.

"I take advantage of the abundance of fruit and of the fresh fruit soon to be here. Start fermenting now and you can celebrate the Fourth of July with your own homemade wine—peach, pomegranate or maybe even watermelon.

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