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Serving Patrons' Appetites To Satisfaction
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Money. The value of money is related in what it is used to purchase. So, when the United States taxpayer doles out money to the government, he trustfully 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 ridiculous that if the sums were not so huge we might feel a little more comfortable with our laughter. The following examples are found in the Congressional Record and have been quoted as being "...second only to the National Lampoon as a source of comic material."

The State Department allocated $70,000 to study the smell of perspiration given off by the Australian aborigines. Part of this cost went to purchase a $38,361 odor measuring machine. But we aren't 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 $80,000 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 breakdown 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 considerations 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 tops off the list, not only because they begin with A, but because they also receive the biggest chunk—$180,300. Among the teams sharing these funds are football at $41,800 and basketball at $19,800.

These funds are used to purchase and support some of the following: $180 for portable toilets $7,000 is spent on prequestion meals. Sports Information Services cost us $18,969 along with $3,700 for the Goal Post.

By Rhonda deArizcorreta

Note: My last article dealt with where our personal finances go—this time I am concerned with where our ASI fees end up, and how they in turn help us "survive" our college experience.
Homeroom and the Rally Committee together have a total of $919,390. Some of the Rally Committee's functions include:

- Legal Aid Committee
- Student Parliament

A large amount of money, around $1,200, is set aside for the Rally Committee to put in the regular account for the Clean-up Committee, Monty Takananaya and students. Supporting "our" aboriginal population takes $1,000. When you put money through the Accountant, it may also be used for what it is going toward...helping the meaning of "our" University...
If I could touch your sorrow
If I could feel your pain
If I could see your sunshine
And walk out in your rain...

— Bob Adams
"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 jeans stuffed under his high heeled boots, jacket collared shirt and tan gallon hat suggest this cowboy, like the late 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 Maitog counterpart.

Pete kicks his old weathered 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 tool next to the couch, the spurs and bridle atop a thousand dollar amplifier and 80 pound bag of "Granny Train" stashed in the closet.

The young musician is first to admit his occupational interests are split into two distinct categories: 1) work is 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 ambition 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 two-toned his limbs black and blue, Pete convinced himself to uproot his athletic career and settle for summer cowhand work on big western ranches. Today the purses 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 stature 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 dickens" 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 their friendship.

An honest down-to-earth human that won the young performer's admiration was Will Rogers. "If Will had somethin' to say, he'd muster up courage and wit, and then '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 Paso Saloon stage, Pete carefully calls the punches in every performance.

One minute he's lost all patience with humans 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, Pete admits, have just as much talent and desire to keep their audiences boozing and crusing back for more.

Que Thomasson, lead guitarist in the group, says "We're not all musicians, we're performers ... to the mood of our listeners, not up there shouting through listed songs or a set until they're too busy putting everything into an arrangement to keep the crowd involved and satisfied."

To Pete, and the remainder of the Black Mountain Boys, the image of an audience can easily be set in the tempo of their music. They can still build the set's climax by starting off with a hym like ballad, then switching rock into a fast boogie checking out the dancers.

And by dancing out from Pete's first release, "If I Could Touch Your Sorrow" and the forty-five's "Papa's Prayer," the group worked for 18 hours in a Los Angeles recording studio before it came up with an acceptable six minutes of sellable material.

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

Why do recording sessions take so long?

Pete explains with the vernacular of a veteran recording star, that it takes a
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 exclaim: "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 around here 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."

"think waistline without fat diets, instead appealing pills or atreuous inner lives."

It's so easy to see your weight decrease into an envelope along with the slip-out coupon and, of course, money. Why give up the eating habits we so dearly love, if a Stack of miracle products makes effortless disappearance of our figure.

The list of diet seekers looking for miracles is endless. Unfortunately, for many of us, a slowdown in our metabolic (life-seeking) rate goes hand in hand with the coming of age. Many of us are willing to admit that we are long-established eaters and still retain lithes.

The fact that we have a tendency to blame cafeteria food, drinking and snacking, and all tension (not necessarily in order) for taking a toll on body weight. Freshman year pounds can be blamed away as adjustments to real life. And subsequent weight gain became the "cooking-for-two-and-eating-all-the-wrong-things" syndrome. Increased tensions provoked pressures are the other convenient excuses for that pound of unwanted weight.

But willpower is as easy to come by, but the answer to this basic truth is the same way to beat the weighty

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 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" individulas continually complain that "they've tried them all, and look, they just don't work."

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 amounts of food intake.

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-satisfying, 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 argue 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 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 weightlifting classes lately?" Now, that's the right 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 tiny piece of fudge—approximately 100 per inch—or the 300-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'll 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 one-pound "can't-get-into-last-year's swimsuit bracket" or if it is 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 BRAND'S as Certified Gemologist American Gem Society

RUDOLPH A. SILVA, C.G.

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.
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 fingernails 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 enchantments with a shaky, glottal voice. He watched the clouds collect into a huge image as he chanted. The clouds formed an ominous gargoyle with hungry, outstretched arms.

His Celtic tribe had sent him to the place of the stone pedestals to chase 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 3600 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 does the belief in demons.
Many a horror story has sent grown men to their beds with nightmares of imp and devils, and to an increasing number of people they seem to be reality. Sorcery 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 placation of the spirits that were out on that hallowed eve. For this reason any subject dealing with the supernatural has become a hot item with 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 cursing 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 theatres 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 daylight 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 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 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 phenomenon."

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 examined 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 exorcised (a 16 year old girl named Maria Palma Carboni) had some sort of possession. Padre Pio, aside from Teresa Neumann, was the only living person to be 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 afflicted 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...
An artist's sketchbook is something used to preserve the ideas that come spontaneously. Lynetta's sketchbook with the parts of her train.

The train Lynetta 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.

Lynetta 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 Poly's craft classes and instructor Raa.
Purveyor of Pants and Tops
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They have a big Selection
Lee, Lee, Wrangler
Kennedy, Ston - Al - Hang Ten

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After waiting in line patiently, Lynette asks "J.B." some questions about cleaning her silver train. She listens intensely to the man who has taught her all she knows about metalmithing.
All the time Lynette works, her faithful friend R.T. (rinny 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 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, at a round table littered with coffee 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 overalls 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 thespians 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 toppish 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.

Peter Pan (Nevada Rae Barr) and Liza (Ninou Lake) run through a song.

As the scene progresses, choreographer Keri Ferrigan concentrates on the actor's footwork.
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; past 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 doesn't 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 Chap, 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.
COMING SOON
WILLIAM PETER BLATTY'S
THE EXORCIST
Directed by WILLIAM FRIEDKIN

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KATHY WINN * JACK MacGOWAN * JASON MILLER
LINDA BLAIR in the title role

Executive Producers: WILLIAM PETER BLATTY
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Scenario by WILLIAM PETER BLATTY based on his novel

Opened March 12
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Bread.... Cheese.... and Parsnip Wine??
by Janet Herring
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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 ever going to keep my face from puckering in front of my host and friend (turned wine maker), when the bitter parsnip flavor doused my taste buds? I crossed by fingers and sipped.

Not bad, not bad at all. The wine didn't taste like parsnips, or oil; but it was 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 earliest domestic activities, starting him off on his way to world domination.

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

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

"It's probably the biggest homebrewing craze since Prohibition days," said Richard Thralkield, 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 developing 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 every 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 Thralkield.

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 Thralkield.

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 Thralkield.

"Patience pays off though, in dollars, in taste and in enjoyment. "You can make a fifth of wine for 34 cents. You'd pay 83 a bottle for the same quality wine at a market," emphasized Thralkield.

And wine making isn't an expensive hobby. The equipment costs under 96 and most of it is reusable. Another plus is that the same equipment can be used in making beer.

You can make any wine your heart and taste desire; Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Burgundy, White Rieslings, fruit wines, Rosed, rice wine (saki 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 deeper 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.
The wine-making process begins by washing the fruit or other
ingredients being used and pitting,
pulp or fruit is placed in a
evaporated garlic can and water
sugar is added, according to the
recipe being used. Campden
is added to sterilize the
mixture.

The mixture "must" or unfermented
in 24 hours active yeast is added
must. In 10 days or so the
fermentation will stop and no more
yeast will rise. The liquid is then
bottled and will rise. The liquid is then
bottles. The mixture is corked and laid
in a "Must" or unfermented
in 24 hours in a
wine-making
bottles. These are corked and laid
in a "Must" or unfermented
in 24 hours in a
wine-making
technique.

If the wine-making process
isn't always have to be done that
"My methods are kind of
perfectionist because I stop the fer-
mixing with vodka," explains
Michele Rezovich.

"And I'm kind of disorganized when
wine," he added with a grin. "I
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