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from the editor

Summer in San Luis Obispo usually means fewer students, warmer weather, prospective fertilizer buyers, conventions of muscular Women's P.E. teachers and now...outpost.

This first summer outpost was the brainchild of advisor Don Holt. His feature writing class gathered the story ideas and information. And with a little help from two dedicated advertising go-getters, a few concerned teachers, the entire summer Graphics Department staff, a voluptuous hitchhiker and a hungry bear, we were able to hit the stands today.

It wasn't easy. In their first outpost assignments, Phil Bromund nearly lost his lunch to a bear and newly hired designer Ted Williams was forced to give up his lunches (among other things), too.

Also a number of writers in the Feature Writing class had some disappointments because their articles weren't printed. But like almost everything these days, outpost also had to face some shortages — this time it was space.

We plan to feature their works in future issues. Watch for the next issue which comes out the first day of Fall Quarter, September 23.

Ellen Ponsky, editor
Editor's note:
Last Spring quarter outpost ran a tribute to a dying way of life...called hitchhiking. In that article, an experienced hitchhiker who had traveled across country, observed that hitching isn't as easy as it was because of "too many super highways, state laws, crimes, fast cars and bad reputations."

On the other hand, after a recent stint from Morro Bay to San Luis and a lot of extensive research, a fellow writer offered her views that hitchhiking is still thriving as a mode of travel around the San Luis area. We decided her view should be printed as well.

Yes, hitchhiking is indeed an art. I know this to be fact because of my own ill-fated attempt to hitch from Morro Bay to San Luis. Upon returning from a great, but wet, swim in the ocean, we discovered that we'd locked ourselves out of our VW. After exhausting all the possibilities, we decided that the best way to get home was to travel by way of thumb. Oh, did we ever misjudge! It took us an hour and a half to cover twelve miles! So I know that hitchhiking is a form of art: you are either a brilliant success or a miserable failure. Since I most definitely belonged to the latter group, I became intrigued and curious about hitchhiking. I wanted to find out what makes a successful hitchhiker. (Or why did I go wrong?) I began looking for a way out of our VW. After an hour and a half to cover twelve miles, I found myself standing alongside Highway 1.

Frustrated and ridiculous, that's exactly how I felt. The sun was up, the sun was down, I was standing alongside Highway 1 as the sun began to set. Shivering in the cold Morro Bay winds, shivering in the cold Morro Bay winds, I could actually hear my knees knocking and teeth chattering. Standing in the bushes behind me, my boyfriend kept urging me on, "Go ahead, you can do it, just give it a try." But you never know what you'll be if you try, but you had to try it. Everyday, you see people doing it for one reason or another. Some people swear by it, saying that it's the best way to beat inflation and to meet new people. Others loathe it—claiming that it's time consuming and dangerous. You've heard it labeled everythign from "national pastime" to "national hazard."

What exactly is it? It's the art of hitchhiking. No, hitchhiking is not to be confused with a dying way of life...called hitchhiking. In that article, an experienced hitchhiker who had traveled across country, observed that hitching isn't as easy as it was because of "too many super highways, state laws, crimes, fast cars and bad reputations."

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Weekends of excitement and adventure are available to those students who are willing to give up some time and a little cash. A number of clubs on campus are dedicated to helping the student relax on weekends. Recently I signed up with 13 other students to go with the Outing Club on a backpacking trip to Yosemite.

Planning for a trip like this is just as much fun as going on it. For a beginner like me, equipment can be rented from the Escape Route on campus for a small fee. The only thing they don’t have are sleeping bags, but I was lucky in finding a friend who was willing to loan me his. Now, armed with the pack, I began to fill it up with supplies, dehydrated food, salami, granola, candy, and socks. On top of that I loaded one camera, two lenses, one large electric flash, and seven rolls of film. For personal comfort, I put in extra clothing, soap, washcloth and towel. For safety, I threw in some Band-aids, a nylon parachute cord, and one Q.I. canteen I had left over from Viet-Nam. Now I was ready.

Five o’clock Friday finally came around and we were off to Yosemite. We arrived at Tuolomne Meadows at 2:30 a.m. and I was fast asleep by 3:00. We got up with the sun and after a good breakfast, were on our way by 9:00 a.m. By 9:05, I felt like abandoning all the food, camera equipment and all the excess junk I thought I would need. My biggest mistake was to take along too much equipment. I packed as though I was going on a two-week safari instead of a two-day hike. More experienced members of the group kept their loads on the lighter side. One carried only a pack of hot dogs and a bag of marshmallows, and a number of others carried the ingredients of oriental cooked chicken, which still weighed less than my four water-tied food packages.

From Tuolomne Meadows at a peaceful 8,000 feet we started to ascend the mountain. The topography map showed only three small passes and the rest was downhill. Well, after a mile of the up-hill climbing, I saw myself as a four-legged pack-mule just looking for a quiet green pasture. Three miles and two sore legs later, I found my green pasture. It took the form of three of the prettiest small lakes in the world. Eight of my fellow packers and I decided to stop and have a break while the rest pushed on. Cathedral Lake was the result of the scooping effect of the glaciers that were in the area during the last ice age. As the glaciers retreated, they left three scooped out basins which are now being filled by the melting snow from the base of Cathedral Peaks. The lakes have good fishing, camping along the shore line and swimming. Everyone went to the nearest wilderness dressing room, a tree or granite bolder, to change into swimming togs. It, too, had been lugging my swimming trunks and felt I should at least take one dip. The Indians who swim in these lakes reportedly ran and jumped in without delay, well knowing that he who hesitates is lost. I had to feel the water first. My big toe came out blue from the cold, about 2 degrees above the freezing water. I was afraid of the big splash knowing I might turn into one giant gooselimp. The cold water and the thin air did make for a refreshing swim and the sun-warmed rocks felt good afterwars. The eight of us were talking about revolt and staying at the lakes but we pushed on.

We passed many small streams and beautiful areas. The down hill runs were not too bad as long as we used a good walking stick to help balance our gait. The walking stick should be as long as shoulder height and should be stout enough to hold the weight of your body. Before we knew it, we were at the High Sierra Camp.

We joined our group and mingled and exchanged stories with other groups. One group told us how they were wiped out the previous night. Bears had climbed the trees, chewed the ropes and managed to swipe their food. To avoid this, we planned to string the food between two trees, high enough to keep the grub away from the bears. We made camp at

Travel expenses furnished by READER'S DIGEST TRAVEL RESEARCH FUND
sundown and after supper carried out the plan to outsmart the bears.

About 6:00 a.m. my neighbor heard scratching and breaking branches and yelled, "Hey, get out of there." This awoke the hiker beside me, who let out a yell. I got upright in a hurry. My legs wouldn't move, (they were stiff) and my heart was in my mouth. By the time I was able to get up, everyone else was looking for the bear. We restarted the fire and tried to get back to sleep. Later in the morning, I went to the tree and saw where the bear had scratched the tree, and was thankful our food was safe.

After breakfast, we had a short five-mile walk to Nevada Falls and it was smooth hiking down the hill to the valley floor. We had a memorable trip. My only regret was that I used black and white instead of color film. I would recommend a backpacking trip to anyone. If a person gets out of shape as I am can complete a 27-mile trip, anyone can.

Top Left: It may not have been the yellow brick road, but this trail led us through a magnificent wonderland.

Bottom Left: There was no longer any need to guard our food when we took this stuffed bear home from Yosemite.

Top Right: Fellow Outing member Sheila Herron looks for a dry towel and clothes after taking a dip in Cathedral Lake.

Bottom Right: Chuck Marks and Glen Yamashita prepare a hearty trail meal over a campfire.
As I snuggled down into my warm sleeping bag, a soft, small voice drifted down from the bunk above me. "Dottie, Dottie, I have to barf," it said at 12:30 a.m. and I was experiencing my first night as a camp counselor. Many Poly students sift through the summer job cards stack at the placement center during spring quarter looking for interesting summer jobs. Many camps advertise for fresh young recruits for camp counselors. I was one of those who put in my name when I learned of a camp that was in desperate need of counselors. I unknowingly volunteered for a week I would not soon forget.

My camping experience was small, but I figured I could hack anything. When I arrived, I found I was totally unprepared. I had expected cabins with bathrooms close by and a dining hall. As I hauled my luggage up the hill to the camp (it was too far in the wilderness for roads), I was equipped with my electric shaver, hair dryer, curlers and blankets—all the necessities of life.

Finally I saw tents through the trees and a small shack farther down the path. As I got farther into the clearing, I spied a man sitting on a bench in front of some plywood tables. He came toward me in leaps and bounds with a broad smile spread across his face. "Welcome to our camp. I am sure we are all going to have just a wonderful time. I'm the camp director. How do you like our little camp?"

Being very slow sometimes, I asked, "Where is everything?"

"Why, this is it. We eat here at the tables after they pack in the food before every meal. Those tents over there are our sleeping quarters and that small building down the path is our little outhouse."

I couldn't believe it. There was no water, no washing facilities (bath), no cooking facilities, and no electricity. I couldn't use half of the stuff I brought. I felt foolish, almost like a city slicker in some of those old western movies.

As I dragged my luggage into my assigned tent, I watched a giant bull snake slither across my path on its way to the tents. Being deathly afraid of snakes I just managed to suppress a scream as I imagined finding one in my sleeping bag that night.

A few hours later, just when I began to think I might enjoy my return to nature, 156 nine, ten, and eleven-year-old campers invaded every inch of the little camp. I was assigned ten of these bundles of energy. We got through the first hours fine, but as I

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by DOROTHY ANN CRASS

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10 Kids and an Outdoor Toilet

an began to go down and bedtime approached, my troubles began.

Three of the charges decided they needed aspirin for their headaches and sniffles (it was their first night without parents). The medicine kit was in the bedroom a fourth of a mile down the path. Mastering my courage and slipping my trusty flashlight, I led the wide-eyed girls down the path and then back again, wondering where that bull snake had gone.

The girls were restless that night and after four trips to the teak room, my patience was beginning to wear a little thin. The little campers seemed to enjoy this and tried something new. Secretly we paddlers hit them all and they all requested a trip to the bathroom. Out we tramped in a little line to the outhouse, teeth chattering in the cold night air.

The girls seemed to settle down and was relieved, because it was now 2 a.m. and I had to be up at 6 in the morning for a counselors' meeting. It was then that I heard the little voice which couldn't be ignored, informing me that she was going to "barf."

This called for quick action. We made a swift trip to the outhouse, and by then, I was ready to tape the mouths of a few kids if I didn't get some sleep! As the week went on, the kids got used to being without their mothers at night, but never was my sleep uninterrupted by small voices in the wee hours.

We would wake up to a hearty breakfast of luke-warm, lumpy oatmeal that had been brought up the hill. It had been a long time since I'd had a treat like that!

During the day we would gradually progress to activity time. We all played kickball and softball and rooted for our teams. There were two teams, the McDonalds and the Taco Bellas—we were the McDonalds. We all had our yells and I heard them so often I began to hear them in my sleep.

We went to the pool every afternoon which was located two miles down the hill—straight down. Going down wasn't bad, so long as you could stop when you got to the bottom. However, the trek back was agonizing. As the little kids scammed up the hill, I slowly labored up with my calves hurting so bad I felt like curling up and dying right there. I never felt so old in all my life as I did at that camp.

That last night, after I cleaned up a sleeping bag that had housed a girl with an upset stomach, and after retrieving medicine for another small camper, I walked around the tents at about three in the morning.

The entire camp seemed to be floating in a mist much like movie makers portray scenes in a dream. I had never seen anything like it. I couldn't see the sky and I almost felt like I was on a movie sound stage. It was beautiful. From somewhere came beautiful diffused light and I had no need of a flashlight. All I could hear was the rhythmic breathing of all my sleeping girls, and I realized that I had come to love them in a way, and I felt good that they were all tucked in safe and warm...

The next day my little charges left, and suddenly I felt empty for awhile.

Illustrations by ALISON STONE.

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