for Sunday Brunch
Eggs Benedict
with Champagne

for Dinner
Spaghetti
Prime Rib
Shrimp
Filet Mignon
... and more

for Lunch
Monte Cristo
Patty Melt
French Patty
Giant Salads
... and more
You've probably got a lot on your mind right now. Getting the right classes or getting any classes at all. Moving into your new place or even finding a new place to move into. Checking up on old friends or trying to make new ones.

Whatever your troubles, outpost would like to help. We want to make ourselves available to you whenever and however we can. That's what this issue (and hopefully others to follow) is all about. We found a few students with a few helpful thoughts that we'd like to pass on to you.

Today's issue features a woman who has an interesting approach to the often asked question about senior project topics, a little advice about plant care from an expert and an article from a guy who solved a lot of his head problems with mind control lessons.

And if none of these articles tickle your fancy, you'll enjoy the research of our adventurous reporter, on special assignment for outpost, who investigated the happy hours around town. You're welcome to test the results for yourself and be on special assignment for outpost, too.

Also on special assignment this week were assistant editors Andy Tanner and John Shaw. Both guys were responsible for all the finishing touches that go into outpost... and they did a great job. You'll be hearing more from them in later issues.

Latter issues will also be filled with other interesting, helpful, and even entertaining ways to cope with campus life. Our staff has a few tricks up their sleeve, but we're always on the prowl for new ideas.

If you're interested, contact me or put a note in the outpost box in Graphic Arts 226 or join the staff by pulling a card for Jour. 241-01.

Ellen Panovsky, editor

Editor: Ellen Panovsky
Assistant Editors: Andrew Tanner, John Shaw
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When I called up one of the bars in San Luis Obispo and asked if they offered a "Happy Hour," the bartender chuckled and said, "Why, we're happy all day! We don't need any special hour to be happy!"

Another bartender informed me that they didn't offer "anything of that nature, but I've seen some of my customers leave the bar pretty happy." After calling every bar in town, I discovered that nine have Happy Hours. Actually, the name Happy Hour is a misnomer, since it is a period of several hours when a bar will either out its drink prices or serve double shots. Happy Hours are normally held in the late afternoon on a Friday, although some bars feature them five days a week, usually Monday through Friday.

Our first stop was the Plaza Gourmet, a small sidewalk cafe which doubles as a delicatessen and gift shop. We entered the cafe above and sat down at one of the wooden tables. We felt relaxed in this Parisian-type setting, with the delightful smells of cheeses and wine surrounding us. I ordered a glass of burgundy, while my friends indulged in the delicious Kosher dill pickles. The Plaza Gourmet, which serves only beer and wine, has its Happy Hour Monday through Saturday from 3 to 5 p.m. It's not the typical Happy Hour, since the beverages are no cheaper than at any other time of the day. But, it is unique for its peaceful and quiet atmosphere.

Our next stop, Sebastian's, wasn't as peaceful or as quiet. Their "Attitude Adjustment Hour" attracts a more socializing crowd, and we found ourselves in the midst of business executives, local disc jockeys and television announcers. Locating a place to sit was not as easy as it had been at the Plaza Gourmet, but we eventually managed to find a table. We also managed to find the hors d'oeuvre table. Slices of Monterey Jack cheese and hot Vienna sausages, simmering in a chafing dish, were being eyed and eaten by almost everyone.

We were enjoying ourselves in this dimly lit atmosphere, when I noticed that people were walking outside with their drinks. Being curious, I followed one man to find out where he was going. He joined several other people outside on the patio which faces the mission. The atmosphere was more relaxed here, with people sitting on wooden benches and tables. Most of the people looked as if they had been there since 3 p.m. when "Attitude Adjustment Hour" begins, and planned to remain there until it and its double shots ended at 7 p.m. This festive "hour" is offered on Mondays through Fridays.

It was time to saunter over to the Spindle, an indoor-outdoor cafe just down the creek in the Network. We sat at one of the tables with checkered tablecloths, and ordered a Michelob beer, the only one reduced in price for Happy Hour. The atmosphere was mellow and Bohemian-like. The crowd was mostly families and college students. Instead of ties and suits, as we had seen at Sebastian's, only sweat shirts and jeans, with an occasional halter top, were featured here. The Spindle, known for its great sandwiches, serves only beer, and has its Happy Hour on Friday from 4 to 6:30 p.m.

Next on our list was the Marsh Street Annex. We walked in and were greeted by the strains of a guitar and a James Taylor-like voice. The Annex's "Secretary Hour" seemed to attract more college students than it does secretaries. The delectables being served included free pretzels, dry roasted peanuts and corn chips. People were quenching their thirst on this hot day by ordering cool drinks, specially priced for Happy Hour. Although the decor of the Annex is less casual, with its stained glass windows and rose-colored carpeting, we felt just as relaxed here as we had at the other places.

We were munching on some pretzels when an older man dressed in a T-shirt and shorts came running in. He grabbed a drink which had been sitting on the counter, drank it in five seconds, and ran out. I couldn't resist asking the bartender what that little scene was all about. He laughed and said, "Oh, that's a man who lives down the street. Every Friday he tells his wife he's out watering the lawn and sneaks down here for a drink. I have his double shot of 100-proof vodka and 7-Up waiting for him about the same time every Friday. His wife never suspects a thing."

continued
By now, it was getting late, so we decided to move on to the Dark Room. The atmosphere in this intimate little bar was similar to that of the Spindle, with its mellow people and delicious sandwiches. One difference was that pitchers, not just classes of beer, were served here at reduced prices. Those who chose to eat had to pay to appease their appetites, but the price was well worth it for the scrumptious sandwiches, salads, and pretzels. The Dark Room's Happy Hour is from 3 to 6 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

Our next stop was farther up the street at the Little Chef's Restaurant's Fiesta Room. The small bar seated fewer people than any of the other places we had been, which made the atmosphere cozy. Disregarding the few tables, we chose instead to sit in the bar. We conversed with the friendly bartender, who informed us that not only were the drinks cheaper at Happy Hour, but they were made with double shots as well. Those who were hungry were forced to suffer since no goodies were offered. The Fiesta Room's Happy Hour is Fridays from 3 to 8 p.m.

Howard Johnson's "Double Bubble Hour" was beckoning, so off we went. The atmosphere was cozy, like the Fiesta Room, and the crowd was larger than at most of the other places we had been. People were enjoying the cocktails with double shots and helping themselves to the juicy, hot meatballs. The bartender told us hors d'oeuvres are offered only on Fridays since business is best then. "Double Bubble Hour" is Monday through Saturday from 4 to 8 p.m., except Wednesday, when it is from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Our last stop was Mr. Z's, where beer is served at reduced prices in a country-western atmosphere. Pizza and other goodies are sold to those with good appetites. Mr. Z's Happy Hour is offered from 4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

We didn't quite make it to the ninth Happy Hour, at Dan's bar, because it's
for the early birds. The little bar opens the day with a Happy Hour at 6 to 8 a.m., Monday through Friday. A friend of mine, a bartender there, said this unusual time of day is very popular with some of the older men in town. One time when he went down to the bar at 6 a.m. to open up, there were ten "little old men" waiting outside for Happy Hour. They followed him in and helped sweep the floors. When the work was done, my friend bought them all a round of drinks.

If you enjoy drinking in bars, but don't like the prices, a Happy Hour could be the solution to your problem. It's a good opportunity to meet people and get a bargain on drinks. And it's a great way to spend the afternoon!

[Image of the Network Mall]

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It was hot under the tropical sun. I stood on deck watching the wave splash against the ship and then back into a sparkling sea. Actually, it was too bright to stand there and watch for long. After awhile, the horizon would melt away and everywhere the ocean and sky would flow together and become one.

Behind me a noisy volleyball was being played, and one deck lower there were screams and splashing from the pool. My bare feet were burning from the hot wooden deck. I quickly settled myself in a shady deck chair where I could unobtrusively shoot some candid pictures.

Sailing through the Caribbean on a 18,000 ton ocean liner as ship photographer — this was my senior project. Sixteen incredibly-paced days of shooting, developing and printing aboard the S.S. Universe Campus on Chapman College’s Panama Mini Cruise.

Having had the opportunity to work with Chapman previously, I was aware of the senior project potential of this cruise. After arranging with Chapman to be the ship photographer and with the help of the Reader’s Digest Fund, the project became financially feasible.

The first couple days at sea were sunny and humid. The gentle rock of the ship created waves in the shallow pool which contrasted with the deep blue serenity of the ocean.

For a while we were sailing along the mysterious hilly coast of Cuba and occasionally in the hazy distance islands would pop up, self-contained and whole in an eternity of water space. They made a good back drop for portraits taken out on deck. 5x7 cost $1.50 for an 8x10 once they were printed.

JAMAICA

On parts of the Island, Jamaica is a tropical paradise — swaying palm trees, blue skies, the whole bit. Kingston though, the capital, is a rapidly changing city, becoming modern and yet still very poor.

Passengers scattered for a hot morning of shopping in the local markets and touring the countryside. It was easy to get around since...
thing was in English, although
ice in awhile a sign would be hard
understand, such as: CAUTION:
KEEPING POLICEMAN AHEAD. As
soon found out the hard way,
"keeping policemen" are speed
umps in the road.
As we slowly pulled out of the still
arm harbor at midnight, several
passengers were playing their guitars
on deck and the lights reflected
the water along the coast became
colour and dimmer.
The next day out at sea was cloudy
d windy — the ocean had good
foot swells with white caps for
far as you could see. I went out
deck to shoot some pictures but
was hard trying to keep my balance,
uch less keep my hands steady on
camera. Besides, watching
anyone away made me dizzy too.
crew hung plastic sacking
on the railings and stairs for
anyone — just in case. A veteran
knew I wasn’t going to
sick, so I ventured down to the
town to catch up on some
thing.
Everything was fine until I put the
ods into the chemical trays and they
agitated themselves because of
the motion of the ship. They swished
and forth... back and forth... It
my stomach and one more
enger in bed for the day.
ARTAGENA
This intriguing walled city of
omibia gave people a chance to try
their "Donde estás" and "Por
mena" gleaned from the Spanish
ship. Standing in the
iddle of the hot, cobbledstone
ts, with a heavy Nikon slung
neck, I tried to be as
spicious as possible while
ographing some of the colonial
ish architecture. There's a
ble embarassment about being a
tourist with a camera in your
nd. Especially in the middle of
street.
ANAMA CANAL
The evening passage through the
locks of the Panama Canal
like a Disneyland ride, minus
continued

Top Right: Volleyball games on a
rolling ship sometimes become an
professional riot.
Bottom Right: Leaving Port
verglades, Florida wasn't too
iting for some.
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the submerged hippos. Dark green
hills lit up along the water's edge
and bordered the waterway from
Cristobal, on the Caribbean shore,
across the isthmus of Panama,
balboa on the Pacific Ocean. As we
made our way through this fifty-mile
long wonder, a guest lecturer was on
board to explain the intricacies of
the canal, and the operation of the
locomotive "mules" which towed the
ship from rails lining the banks.

There was a full moon that evening
as passengers lined the decks. As
usual, I was wandering around with
my camera in my hands, momentarily
blinding people with my flash. Later
that evening I went downstairs,
developed several rolls of film and
hung them to dry in the clothesline
strung across the darkroom.

The next several days at sea were
clear and beautiful. According to
the noon position bulletins, the air
temperature was in the 90's and sea
temperature was in the 80's.

By now I had four large boards
covered with pictures in the hall on
Promenade Deck. There was a
list next to them on the wall where
people could order the prints they
wanted. This called for an intricate
filing system which surprised me at
first, but because it worked out. At the
trip nears its end, more and more
orders were placed and I spent
increasingly longer hours in the
darkroom. By the time we docked
in Los Angeles, I had made a thou-
hand dollars which paid for the
total cost of the trip not covered by
the Reader's Digest Travel Fund.

The sea was rough that evening
as we dropped anchor off the coast of
Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. The gangplank
was lowered to meet the small tenders
ready to transport passengers back
to the warm cobble-stoned
city. Because the waves would rise
and lower the gangplank and jostle
the passengers around, it took a lot of
timing and some strong arms to
get everyone off the ship.

Try to buy more chemicals for
the darkroom on ship was
since my Spanish is limited to the
basic necessities.

Overall, I shot approximately 1100
frames of color and black and
white. The majority of the pictures
were candid shots. I found however,
that posed portraits also sold well.
Then there was the half and half.
This happened late one afternoon.
row of people lay out on the deck chairs reading their books. I walked by with my camera and when I walked by again several minutes later, nearly half of the people had taken off their glasses and yet were still "reading" their books. Surreptitious vanity captured in a "candid."

The agony of mini-failures in a concentrated effort, such as this, was intense. Rewinding roll(s) of film and finding it had never gone through the camera in the first place; destroying several hours of prints because I forgot to put the hardener in the hypo and they all turned yellow; having the flash die in the middle of a show; so many little things . . . I can't decide now whether to laugh or cry about them. Yesterday I cried, tomorrow I'll laugh, today I'm still chalkling them up as experience.

The entire voyage was an experience, and a beautiful one at that. Out there, surrounded only by the vast magnifcence of the ocean and the sky, there's no escaping yourself or anyone around you. An unforgettable senior project at sea.
No, these students are not bored members of a freshman English class. They are participants in the Silva Mind Control lectures in which "sleeping" is a part of the lesson plan.
RE-PROGRAMMING THE HUMAN COMPUTER

by MICHAEL LAFFERTY

The week had started out with a growing nervousness on my part. The classes I wanted to take were in conflict with my job. But I was determined to go through with them even if I lost the job.

I found that if I could actually control my mind's development, I had to use it. If I could improve my memory, control my weight, eliminate headaches and acquire a degree of self-esteem, I would be better able to concentrate on my job.

Fortunately, both for my employer and myself, an agreement was reached as to how to maintain my job and still attend classes. For the Silva Mind Control (SMC) program.

The central concept of all SMC literature, and the service itself, is to teach participants how to utilize their brain power to a far greater degree than previously known.

The product of a self-educated Mexican American named Jose Silva, claims man's brain power is a virtually untapped resource. Today, the term mind control is often used to describe Silva's mental training program.

This appeal to curiosity has led to a million-dollar organization with over 300,000 graduates. The motives for attending such a course vary with the individual.

Some came to relieve tension or to gain self-confidence, while another came to become more fully human. I, for one, accepted the premise that mind power is a "muscle" that had never really been developed by man.

It was because of this same belief that I pursued transcendental meditation. I enjoyed it and I believe I made some progress. But time went on, my interest waned. It seemed too passive. I wanted a process that called on more activity by the participant.

The class members turned out to be a grab-bag collection of people. Ages ranged from senior citizens to grade schoolers. Occupations included college instructors and public school teachers, social workers, housewives, students and even two vacationers from Oregon.

We were told how the brain emits certain electrical impulses. These impulses have been classified into four basic types.

Delta, which runs from 0 to 4 cycles per second, is the deep sleep or unconscious level.

Theta, concerns the brain operating at 4 to 7 cycles per second. These waves are on the borderline of deep sleep.

Beta, which runs 14 to 40 cycles per second, is the highest frequency brainwave. This frequency typifies the routine activities of the waking state, such as you are in now, involves Beta frequency.

Alpha, runs 7 to 14 cycles per second. This range is associated with the meditative state, daydreaming, ESP and that very relaxed state, both in body and mind.

Theta, concerns the brain operating at 4 to 7 cycles per second. These waves are on the borderline of deep sleep.

Delta, which runs from 0 to 4 cycles per second, is the deep sleep or unconscious level.

The main thrust of SMC is to teach people how to get to the alpha level (and hopefully theta too) and develop certain innate capacities. These include memory, sleep, dream control, and extrasensory perception.

Through this method it is believed people will, in effect, consciously learn how to utilize the subconscious.

The first and second evenings were spent in learning how to reach the alpha level effortlessly. This involved a simple mental countdown system.

At this level, or any level, the mind is regarded as a computer. It records all stimuli. So, in effect, we program ourselves daily with the stimuli taken in. If repeated often enough, our behavior will respond accordingly.

Because of this, SMC discourages the use of such negative terms as "can't," "will," "hate." Phrases such as, "He's a pain in the neck," or "I'm dying to do that," are equally frowned upon. All negative programming, whether it be from yourself or outsiders, is to be cancelled out mentally.

On the third and fourth evenings we were introduced to more mental problem-solving techniques. These techniques involve the use of the imagination. Visualization also becomes an integral part of the SMC program.

We are told that we can use a trigger mechanism to mentally record lectures, read a lesson or take a test, all on this more receptive alpha level.

Even bad habits, like over-eating and smoking can be controlled in this mental manner.

The fifth and sixth sessions were spent in developing our "intuitive potentials." This was done by projecting ourselves into such items as metals, or plant and animal life.

In the sixth and final session, students project themselves mentally into human life. Given the name, age, location and sex of an individual, the student projects an image on his mental screen of that person.

By scanning the entire image, however unclear, the student begins to "read" his subject. Physical description, as well as physical and emotional health can be detected from impressions on this screen.

My impressions of those suggested to me while at Alpha level were no worse than facts. My physical description of one subject was totally wrong. Yet the hits I did make startled me. I was able to tell that one woman wore glasses, suffered from numerous headaches, liked to knit, and had lung trouble.

I barely a week has passed since "graduating" from the SMC program. The total effect of this positive programming has not yet begun to register.

But from my vantage point as a former TM practitioner, I can see some wide-ranging results coming about because of SMC.

The mental activity alone can benefit a person. Our own computer, the mind, has been side-tracked for the easier push-button, dial type we can find in stores, whether they be TV'S, calculators or tape recorders.

As was stated throughout the course, "Don't accept these ideas or techniques, challenge them, use them and see for yourself."

I plan to do just that.
No, these students are not bored members of a freshman English class. They are participants in the Silva Mind Control lectures in which "sleeping" is a part of the lesson plan.
The week had started out with a growing nervousness on my part. The classes I wanted to take were in conflict with my job. But I was determined to go through with them even if I lost the job.

I wanted to find out if I could actually control my mind's development. I had to see if I could improve my memory, control my weight, eliminate headaches and acquire a degree of self-confidence. Fortunately, both for my employer and myself, an agreement was reached as to how to maintain my job and still attend classes, for the Silva Mind Control (SMC) program.

The overtone of the text by its literature, and need to teach participants how to utilize their brain power to a far greater degree than previously known. Mind control, the product of a self-educated Mexican-American named Jose Silva, claims man's brain power is a virtually untapped resource today. The team, mind control, when first heard gives rise to a multitude of bad connotations. Immediately, visions of 1984 come into being. Those on a religious bent start wondering how the whole thing could be a tool of the evil forces on the earth.

But, as pointed out by the instructor, that is the one title that draws the most people. Various banners, including subjective communication, have been used. Only mind control has proven effective in triggering public curiosity.

Barely one week has passed since the appeal to curiosity has led to a million-dollar organization with over 300,000 graduates. The motives for attending such a course vary with the individual. Some came to relieve tension or to gain self-confidence, while another came to become more fully human. I, for one, already accepted the premise that mind was a "machine" that had never really been developed by man.

It was because of this same belief that I pursued transcendental meditation. I enjoyed it and I believe I learned something from it. But as time went on, my interest waned. It seemed too passive. I wanted a process that called on more activity by the participant.

The class members turned out to be a grab-bag collection of people. Ages ranged from senior citizen to grade schooler. Occupations included college instructors and public school teachers, social workers, housewives, students and even two vacationers from Oregon.

We were told how the brain emits certain electrical impulses. These impulses have been classified into four basic types. Beta, which runs 14 to 40 cycles per second, is the highest frequency brainwave. This is the type typified by the beta state, both in body and mind. Theta, which runs 7 to 14 cycles per second, is the deep sleep or unconscious level.

The main thrust of SMC is to teach people how to get to the alpha level (and hopefully theta too) and develop certain innate capacities. These include memory, sleep, dream control, and extrasensory perception.

Through this method it is believed people will, in effect, consciously learn how to utilize the subconscious. The first and second evenings were spent in learning how to reach the alpha level effortlessly. This involved a simple mental countdown system.

At this level, or any level, the mind is regarded as a computer. It records all stimuli. So, in effect, we program ourselves daily with the stimuli taken in. If repeated often enough, our behavior will respond accordingly.

The mental activity alone can benefit the participant. For one, TM practitioners have said that the use of such negative terms as "can't," "kill," "hate," phrases such as "He's a pain in the neck," or "I'm dying to do that," are equally frowned upon. All negative programming, whether it be from yourself or outsiders, is to be cancelled out mentally. We are taught through such programming we can come out of, or go into, sleep automatically without the use of drugs. This was verified the next night when the class compared notes on their first programming exercise.

The fifth and sixth sessions are spent in developing our "intuitive potential." This was done by projecting ourselves into such items as metals, or plant and animal life.

In the tenth and final session, students project themselves mentally into human life. Given the name, age, location and sex of an individual, the student begins to "read" his subject. Physical description, as well as physical and emotional ill-health can be detected from impressions on this screen.

My impressions of those suggested to me while at Alpha level were in no way far fetched. In fact, my physical description of one subject was totally wrong. Yet the hits I did make startled me even myself. I was able to tell that one woman wore glasses, suffered from numerous headaches, liked to knit, and had lung trouble.

My impressions of people I don't see and have never heard of are equally revealing. Just recently, a friend of mine, a 14-year-old boy, was shipwrecked in the Pacific. After reading his story in a newspaper, I went to the library and found a test of mine that I heard him say. It was exactly the same. I wonder if I could ever do that again.

I plan to do just that.
by MARGARET AKINS

Illustrations by PHIL STEREO

Joe, a Cal Poly student, is planning to go backpacking for two weeks at the end of summer quarter. His problem is what to do with his prized photosynthetic pals while he is gone. Obviously he cannot simply put his pampered plants in his backpack and take off.

Joe is facing one of the prime problems of plant enthusiasts: what to do with house plants while you are on vacation. With the aid of a few plastic bags, wire coat hangers, and masking tape, the problem can be solved.

Combining these materials with a little construction time, mini environments can be created to maintain plant life when no one is home to provide the TLC (tender loving care) your leafy friends thrive on.

The process is relatively simple:

1. **Water plants thoroughly and allow all excess water to drain.**

2. **Straighten out several metal coat hangers.**

3. **Bend the metal over the top of the plants—forming crisscrossed arches. They should form a north, south, east, west pattern.**

4. **Secure the arch tips in the soil. If the arch is not high enough to clear the top of the plant, other hangers may be added. Tape rough joints to prevent snagging or tearing of the plastic.**

5. **Cover with plastic wrap and seal with tape, or by knotting under the bottom of the pot.**

6. **Be sure that no part of the arches or plastic are resting on the plant leaves. This will cause bruising or tearing of the leaves. (Some readjusting may be necessary.)**

There are various adaptations to this method of absentee plant care. For instance, if you are the proud owner of a fleet of six-inch potted plants in a menagerie of various sizes, you can place your well drained pots in a dry sink, bathtub, or shower and apply the same principle. Construct a plastic dome over the top. Do not leave your wrapped plants in direct sun. They will scorch. The ideal spot is a room that gets good light, but not direct sun. If you wrap your plants up in the tub and the room does not get much sunlight, investing in a heat lamp and a timer would be advisable. The timer should be set for about 14 hours of light a day.

Upon returning home from your vacation, introduce the plants back into the land of normal living gradually. Open the plastic but leave the plants inside for a couple of days. This will help prevent environmental shock. It will take your plants, just as it takes you, a few days to get back into the swing of things.

When you come home your plant family may seem a little tired and droopy. However, they will have survived your absence. By taking a little extra time to build your plants their own little summer camp, you can vacation-worry-free, for up to about two and a half weeks.
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