If I was keeping tabs, I would say that the upcoming date of outpost is the question I'm most often asked with each day. It seems that at least ten or fifteen times a day, some concerned soul wants to know. I really appreciate the interest, but sometimes I'm at a loss because I can't give a definite answer.

You see, we don't have a rigid publishing date. We have tentative dates set every two weeks, barring any unforeseen advertising or story problems. And often times problems do come up.

Thus, I can hardly ever give a definite publishing date to those concerned readers. I will only confidently say that it's here today.

I know that it's the fourth week of school and Mustang has already stirred up its quota of controversy, midterms are almost over and freshmen are adjusted to their schedules, but don't think we've been taking it easy this past month.

We've spent the last four weeks organizing and producing what we think is an informative and helpful magazine. This issue features assistant editor Lynette Bayless' personal account of the Nixon resignation. She lived next door to the White House this summer and humorously relates her experiences for outpost fans.

Another item of interest for outpost fans is the writing and photography contest the staff is sponsoring. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest. All you have to do is write a prize-winning article or develop an original photo essay suitable for outpost publication.

The winning entries will be published and prizes will be awarded. Here's the chance to put your idea into outpost. Watch posters and notices for further information or contact us in QA 226.

And while you're working on your story, keep picking us up and reading us. We'll be around about Halloween time with a survey on banking facilities, a guide to Hearst Castle, information on the legal rights of students and a lot more.

Just don't ask me the exact date it comes out.

Ellen Pensky, editor
The Future at Your Fingertips
by Mollie Stewart
photos by John Gordon
The future in the palm of your hand.

Resignation Right Next Door
by Lynette Bayliss
Illustration by Scott Simpkin
Nixon resigns, and our reporter was there.

Your Next Gift—Make It Stained Glass
by Joyce Thompson
Making stained glass gifts for your friends.

Cover photo by John Gordon
Palmistry is prohibited in most counties but this House of Palmistry has been established in Pismo Beach for 25 years.

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Mollie Stewart (right) listens intently as Madame Joanne (left) describes future events in the author's life.
The Future at Your Fingertips

by Belle Stewart

You can't miss the large, mysterious sign of the palm of a hand as you drive south on Highway 101 past Plamo Beach. No doubt we've all had a few curious thoughts about that palm as we passed—laughed at it, ignored it, wondered about it, criticized it, or even considered finding out what's below the beckoning sign.

I've always been skeptical of fortune tellers and the like. I drove by Plamo Beach many times without ever venturing to leave the freeway and have my palm read. Then I decided to brave it and take advantage of having a palmist so near at hand; they're few and far between these days. Once there I was amazed at the truth told me by Madame Joanne, proprietor of the palmistry business in Plamo Beach advertised by that mysterious palm billboard that reaches up towards the freeway.

Madame Joanne, a licensed palmist, commented with a look of seriousness, "I think true psychic ability is a God-given gift. It's not supernatural, but if misused it causes bad things."

Madame Joanne is of Yugoslavian descent and has been reading palms since the age of nine. When she was a child, friends and relatives were amused by her fortune telling—until her predictions turned into realities. Then they realized it wasn't all play; it was serious business.

Diana Lee by her real name, Madame Joanne received her palmist license at the age of 16. Madame Joanne's Plamo Beach business has been in her family for 26 years. Both her mother and grandmother were palmists.

"Palmistry is prohibited in most counties," explained Madame Joanne proudly. "It is one of the biggest con games in the world. You need excellent references to get a license issued by a city today."

Many people, like myself, are hesitant to believe the events seen by fortune tellers because of all the phonies in the business. Though inclined to doubt much of what I might be told, I went ahead and asked Madame Joanne to read my palm and to tell me the good, as well as the bad. When she did tell me both sides, it made me believe her more than if she had only told me I would have a fabulous life full of handsome men, money and fame.

"People are very skeptical," she explained as she finished with my palm. "There are several girls who come in here quite often, about three or four times a year. I told one of the girls she was sick, but she denied it. I told her though she wasn't aware of it, it was very serious. She didn't believe me. Two months later she became seriously ill and died from cancer. Even if she had listened to me, I couldn't have saved her, but she might still be alive today."
Are you aware that

- Economy Drug has moved from Higuera & Chorro to Higuera & Santa Rosa?
- Economy Drug now has their own big parking lot?
- Economy Drug has added many new departments, such as magazines, pocket novels, and musical albums?
- Economy Drug honors your student discount card?
- Economy Drug has one of the nicest greeting card departments in town?
- Economy Drug carries a complete line of stationery and school supplies?

Now that you know, why not stop in and take a look? We're convinced you will like the new Economy Drug.

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You can learn about past, present, and future events in your life at this House of Palmistry in Plano Beach.

Madame Joanne warned another client, a young, male scuba diver, not to be alone in deep water for the next three months. Luckily he heeded her words, for during that predicted time he became tangled in some kelp while diving underwater and couldn't free himself. His diving buddy rescued him from what could have been a deadly trap.

Many people return to Madame Joanne to have their palms read. Her clients come in from San Francisco, Los Angeles, and even the East Coast. She is sometimes asked to read palms at parties in Beverly Hills. She has read for such stars as William Conrad, Rosalind Russell, James Stewart and Loretta Young.

Foreseeing the future is quite time-consuming. Reading one palm may take anywhere from 20-30 minutes; both palms could take up to two hours.
"It depends on how much the person wants to know. I ask them whether they want to hear only the good news, or the bad news, too. I try to guide or advise them, but I don't lecture on what actions are best under their circumstances," emphasized Madame Joanna.

Readings don't come cheaply anymore either. They were a dime a dozen in the good ole carnival days when they were mass produced by anyone and everyone in all the carnivals and sideshows. Today one-hand readings at Madame Joanne's palmistry house cost $7, while both palms cost $10. She also does psychic readings for $10. A combination psychic reading and two-palm reading costs $15.

She also does crystal ball readings. "These are very draining and I only do them if clients really want them. They're very hard to do and take a great deal of concentration."

When Madame Joanne finished reading my palm, I was amazed at what she saw in my future, but I was even more astounded by her ability to pinpoint many of my past experiences. She was quite accurate and didn't make vague statements and guesses. As for my future, I can only repeat what I told her as I left the house of palms, "I certainly hope it turns out as you predicted." If it does, the future will hold many good things for me."These things will all come true," smiled Madame Joanne as she nodded good-bye. All I can do is wait and see.
Resignation Right Next Door

by Lynette Bayless
Illustration by Scott Simpkin

Resignation Right Next Door

The FARTEN YOUR SEAT BELT sign flashed above my head as I sipped the last few drops of my third cup of coffee. I heard the familiar click of the seat belts all around me and the slim blonde stewardess announced:

"American Airlines flight 358, nonstop from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C., will be arriving at Dulles International Airport in approximately 20 minutes. Please fasten your seat belts and return your seats to the upright position."

She paused a moment before continuing, "On behalf of your entire flight crew and myself, it has been our pleasure to serve you. We hope you have an enjoyable stay in Washington, and thank you for flying American Airlines."

The silver planes with red and blue interior was slowly descending over the lush green woods of the steaming, hot Eastern Seaboard, on its way to the nation's capital. I was on my way to Washington for a summer internship with the United States Department of Agriculture. I was to work as a journalist in the Information Division of the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service. I had filled out endless Civil Service job application forms last spring that asked everything imaginable, except what I had eaten for breakfast that morning. The next thing I knew, I received a call from Washington, and the male voice at the other end said, "We'd love to have you aboard." I immediately went out and bought a bottle of champagne to celebrate.

After the plane taxied to a stop, I was quickly whisked away from the airport by my tall, red-haired aunt, who lives just 10 miles from Washington, D.C. I was soon moved into my seventh story dormitory room at the George Washington University. The dorms were located just three blocks from the White House, so I thought it a pretty respectable neighborhood. My idea of a nice neighborhood quickly vanished that evening.

It was about dinnertime, so two other interns, Jay and Sandy, and I headed toward Pennsylvania Avenue to get some fried chicken. We strolled past the glistening White House, admiring its immaculate, manicured grounds and waved at the President's Security Police.

As we walked, a thin young man with a wild look on his face sprinted toward us, dodging and darting among surprised pedestrians on the crowded sidewalk. He had something in his right hand. As he came nearer I could see it was a woman's pocketbook. Two policemen were after him, and a police car quickly followed. I had been formally introduced to a city that does not boast about having the nation's highest crime rate. Every large city has its share of wines, waifs, and disoriented individuals, and I found Washington to be well endowed with its share. It was not uncommon to walk down Pennsylvania or New York Avenue and see a man incoherently dressed, standing on the sidewalk screaming in an emotional pitch into the receiver of a pay telephone. These individuals rambled incoherently about something—I never did figure out what it was. I often wondered if anyone was listening on the other end.

Washington had its share of excitement last summer with the Nixon resignation. Rumors about Mr. Nixon's possible impeachment or resignation flew around Washington all summer, but they intensified after he released the tapes that finally led to his demise as President.

On Tuesday night, two days before the resignation, I boarded a Metrorail to visit my aunt in Alexandria, Virginia, just 10 miles from D.C. I sat next to a black-haired woman with dark features who immediately looked at me inquisitively and asked:

"Have you heard the news?"

"No, I answered as I turned toward her.

"Well," she began in a matter-of-fact tone, "I work at the Postal Service and have the rumors been flying around there today. Something is going on at the White House. The Presidential family has been summoned, and we heard they are saying their last good-byes to old friends."

"Oh, really," I answered in astonishment. I suggested we all go home and stay glued to our television sets.

The next day at work, the Information Division was frantically trying to locate information about what was going on at the White House:

"Why don't we call Mrs. Ford's favorite dress shop in Alexandria and see if she has ordered a new dress?" suggested Bob King, a middle-aged information officer who was usually concerned only with the ecology events around Washington.

"I know," piped up Howard Obench, a gray-haired information specialist who used to be a.
Thursday, the day of the resignation, was much the same. There was news that Ford's son had gotten a haircut. Ron Ziegler had been seen with tears in his eyes. Hugh Scott and Barry Goldwater looked very grim after their Wednesday meeting with the President.

Kitty, a slim brunette from Scranton, Pennsylvania who worked on Capitol Hill for her congressman, said the phones had been ringing non-stop on the Hill, and there was a lot of speculation about what the President would say that night on television.

That evening I headed over to the White House. About 1,000 people were milling around, but by the end of the evening the crowd had increased to a menagerie of people numbering over 3,000. I saw Kitty, darting and dodging through the crowd in her familiar running-walk gait:

"Hey, Lynette, come on, let's go see if we can get on national TV," Kitty yelled as she headed for the black iron fence that stands formidably around the White House.

We climbed up on the cement foundation of the fence and surveyed the crowd. There was a prayer group in front of us standing in a circle, each member involved in private, concentrated, silent prayer. There were posters and banners with brightly painted slogans that read:

HAIL TO THE CHIEF or JAIL TO THE CHIEF—the same slogans just yelled when Mr. Nixon had walked from the White House to the office building where he would make his speech.

People milled around, some chatting with the President's Security Police, others watching with interest as members of the news media flashed their press passes, and entered through the formidable iron gates, on their way to the White House press room.

Kitty caught my attention by pointing toward the gate, and yelling, "Hey, there goes Nancy Dickerson. She's all dressed in black."
She must know something we don't."

A black limousine pulled out of the entrance and sped away. Kitty and I strained to see through the dark windows. Hugh Scott was sitting in the back seat, with a very grim look on his face.

We made our way through the interested onlookers and crossed Pennsylvania Avenue to Lafayette Park, where the television stations had their mobile units parked. There were television sets placed on the grass so the crowds could watch the events.

All the outside lights were turned on across the street at the White House. The President's home looked as it did when happy events were being celebrated.

Large crowds sat cross-legged on the grass, jammed around the television sets as the President made his speech. When he announced that he was resigning, a huge cheer went up from the crowd. Some people danced and hugged each other.

Others cried. Many looked surprised and shocked. One group ill-humored white candles and marched around, while another small group of men dressed in Army fatigues protested Vietnam. A little girl with red hair and a track meet face carried a sign that read: WE LOVE YOU, RICHARD NIXON.

Cars and buses on Pennsylvania Avenue honked madly as they passed the White House, and often stopped for pedestrians running across the wide avenue. One drunk woman in a bright yellow coat spoke to the President's Security Police, insisting she had to talk to Richard Nixon. The press came and went, interviewing onlookers and taking an endless number of pictures.

Around 2 a.m. Kitty and I wearily trudged back to the dorms.

"Oh, what a summer to be an intern in Washington," Kitty exclaimed as we turned the corner, leaving the bright lights of the White House for the dim yellow lights of the dorm, now looming ahead of us in the night.

Yeah, I thought to myself. It had been a day that history would remember, and a summer that I would never forget.
What do you do when someone's birthday is coming up, all the worthwhile gifts are expensive and your budget is limited? Make a small stained glass window. I did, so it can be done and it's easy. Make it small and simple and it will be a unique, yet inexpensive gift.

First of all choose the design you will want for your window and make a full size drawing of it. You will use this as a guide for cutting out the pieces of glass. Lead framing will separate each piece of glass and hold them in place. Take this into account when you do your drawing; draw in the lines with a felt pen whose width corresponds to the width of the lead strips you will be using.

Next purchase glass and lead you will need (there are several places in town where individuals make windows and you can get your materials there). There are several types of glass to choose from. The first type
The first thing you will need is a large table to work on. For cutting the glass you need a glass cutter, a pair of pliers to trim the rough edges and a box of band aids (these are a must, I know). Now you are ready to begin work.

Place your drawing on the table and secure it with tape. Practice cutting some of the more intricate pieces of your design on old window pane glass. (If you are a weakling like me you will have to use two hands in order to make a breakable scratch.) After these practice cuts you are ready to cut the shapes out of the colored glass. Make sure you are very exact and cut on the inside of your felt pen lines so that the glass will fit in between the lead.

The next step is cutting the lead and putting it in between the pieces of cut glass. For this you need a putty knife to cut the lead, some pieces of wood to use as a temporary frame, a hammer and some small nails. Two types of lead are needed; “U” shaped for the finished outside edges and “H” shaped to put between the pieces of cut glass.

Place a “U” shaped piece of lead on the top border of your drawing, line up a piece of wood above it and nail the wood into place. Do this for one of the sides also. When you put the top and side pieces of glass into place you must push them into the...
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hollow of the "H" lead. Continue putting the pieces of glass in their appropriate places, cutting the lead to fit along the sides, top and bottom of each piece. After pushing each piece of glass into the lead, hammer a nail in at an angle so that the pieces of glass and the lead will stay in place.

To solder the joints of the lead together you need a soldering iron, solder and flux. It's a big help if there is a temperature gage on the iron. Then you can set the temperature to melt the solder, but not the lead. After you have soldered every joint on one face of the window, carefully turn the window over and solder every joint on the other side.

For the last step you will need window cement, a stiff brush and some sawdust. Liberally coat both sides of the window with the cement.

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on one face of the window, carefully turn the window over and solder every joint on the other side.

For the last step you will need window cement, a stiff brush and some sawdust. Liberally coat both sides of the window with the cement.
brushing it into all the joints and between the glass and lead. The cement will fill in any openings between the glass and lead caused by inaccurate cutting. You may have a great deal of these in your first window like I did, but don't despair because the cement should take care of most of the openings. (This is a messy, but necessary step because)

the cement waterproofs and strengthens the window.)

When the cement has partially dried, wipe off the excess with a rag and use the sawdust to soak up the rest so you can brush it off easily. Then wipe off the window with a wet cloth to remove the last traces. Frame the window if you want and your gift is finished.

You have not only solved your problem of what gift to get, you have made it yourself, inexpensively, and it is a one-of-a-kind present. Your next gift might be a stained glass mobile hanging from a large piece of driftwood or a stained glass terrarium.

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