by Corinne Bayless
photo by Richard Hess

Bob, an architecture student, was an excellent artist. Allen, an electronics major, was a whiz in math. These two Cal Poly students played the cheating game by trading classes.

Bob's math grades were usually in the D range so he was glad to have Allen take his calculus class for him. Allen figured Bob could get a better grade than he could himself in two of his electronics classes that required artistic drawing.

The first quarter they traded classes, Bob got an A for Allan in a three unit electronics class, which required drawing. Allan got a B in a four unit calculus class for Bob. Then Bob attended a one unit electronics class for Allen, and they almost got caught.

"The first four projects were okay, but the fifth one the teacher returned to me because I had failed the project," said blond haired Bob. "I re-submitted it but it still wasn't right," Bob recalled. It was the last week of the quarter.

Bob went to discuss his grade with the teacher. "The professor said I was going to fail the class. Allen sat outside saying, "Oh no!" "Oh no!" explained Bob.

"We finally got a friend to draw the final project and I turned it in again," said Bob. "But we went through some hell for that one unit class!"

Allen explained, "I finally took Bob's calculus tests in the teacher's office and I almost forgot to sign his name. "Bob had had the same calculus teacher when he first entered Cal Poly."

To trade classes each student pulls his own class card at registration, then another person attends the class and takes the tests. Trading classes is one way of cheating, but there are also other ways.

In the athletic training and massage class last Spring Quarter, a coed wrote the test information on her underslip. She merely turned up her hem to gather her thoughts. The teacher usually sits in the front of the class and do not notice if the students cheat.

"The hardest part was making a large-enough 'cheat sheet' for the final," said Karen.

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"Some students are offered deals they can't refuse by comrades. David, a senior in food industries, was paid $100 per class by a failing Chemistry 121 student to sit in on his chemistry and biochemistry classes."

"It was a hassle to take all those classes but I really needed the money," said David. He had taken the chemistry series before but under different teachers.

In the cheater's realm, clothing should not be overlooked. Men's shirt pockets are a great place to hide a cribbing card with notes and formulas. A fellow takes a small stiff piece of cardboard and sticks it sideways in his pocket while he takes the test. If a teacher happens to walk by he just sticks a pen or pencil in his pocket; out of sight.
The Cal Poly catalog states that students can be suspended, expelled, or placed on probation for "cheating or plagiarism." But this does not deter most students because they do not get caught cheating.

George is an example of a student who took outrageous chances because he was failing his accounting class. George had an F going into the final. When the professor passed out the final exam the classroom was unsettled with students sharpening pencils and talking. George handed the test to his friend outside the door. George kept a stack of scratch paper on his desk and pretended to be working on the final. About an hour later George's friend walked past the door with the completed test. George went in the hall to get a drink of water. He got a drink of water, his final, and a C in the class.

It has been a tradition for fraternities to keep test files in their houses. The files are supposed to be limited to use in the fraternity house by members only. One way to preview a test is to go on a friendly fraternity member.

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Tucked away amid the hills of Santa Margarita, halfway between the town and the lake, sleeps the ghost town of Rinconada. It is a relic of bygone days, when the post was a stop for the Wells Fargo wagons.

The ghost town was erected by transplanting an 80-year-old schoolhouse, an old Wells Fargo wagon, a 1928 vintage fire truck, and a few simulated establishments such as the gold assay office, jail and the Silver Slipper Dance Hall.

Jack Goddard and his wife tend row of shops displaying saleable items, their personal bottle collection, a pair of live ravens, assorted wagon wheels and even an old safe.

The spry couple steps out from behind the counter on Saturday nights and join their band to crank out "the old standards" for all the Santa Margarita locals at the Silver Slipper, the little ghost town's hot spot.
In the late evenings, when shadows fall across her doorstep and her two small sons sleep peacefully and restfully in the security of their mother's presence, Naomi's working hours have just begun. Widowed by the cruel and violent Middle East war, she has found only one way to make ends meet and carry out her duties as a mother at the same time. Naomi is a prostitute.

The 37-year-old San Luis Obispo mother had trouble finding a job after her husband's sudden death, but she didn't even consider prostitution as a means of supporting her sons until she fell into it "accidentally." It started out as a casual date, then another and another until the next thing she knew...

"I wanted to bring my boys up myself," explains Naomi (not her real name). "They weren't getting proper care at day care centers. I couldn't afford a babysitter while I worked, and I wanted to stay home with my children and raise them myself. It seemed a job she could fill at home would solve everything for Naomi, and prostitution fit that requirement better than anything else."

Naomi has a regular clientele of 16 students, professors and businessmen. She insists upon "references" and won't offer her services to just any man. Naomi says she isn't "that type of a woman."

Some of her clients show up while her boys are still awake, and the little ones know her male friends as Uncle Bob, Uncle John, and Uncle So—and—So on down the line. Her neighbors praise her as being a good mother for wanting to stay home with her children. They wonder how she manages to support them, but they never seem to question the steady stream of after-dark visitors she attracts.

Naomi is one of the estimated 260,000 prostitutes in the United States alone. The millions of clients that she, and others like her attract, contribute an incredible nine billion tax-free dollars (estimated) to the support of underworld prostitution each year. The entire annual budget allotted to the United States Department of Justice is only one-tenth of this staggering income figure.
And yet, despite these phenomenal statistics, prostitution in San Luis Obispo and many similar areas seems to be on the decline. A grown-up America, sexuality revolutionized and swinging to the point of near-exhaustion, appears to be choking out one of the oldest professions in many urban areas. Single bars, dead domes and willing divorces who boast sexual water beds, offer a new sexual morality that is phasing out the $20 lady of the evening.

A San Luis Obispo detective points out that prostitution here is a very minor problem, although it does exist in minute form. The last arrest made for illegal soliciting was nearly two years ago. The Morro Bay Police and the Police Department at Pismo Beach confirm the near-extinction of prostitution in this area. Neither has encountered the problem in any magnitude for extended periods of time.

"There's too much free stuff running around," proposes a San Luis Obispo patrolman. "There isn't too much demand for an illegal service as such." With the rise of promiscuity and changing sexual morality, he surmises, a prostitute here wouldn't be able to put herself through school on that service alone. She simply is not needed. And yet, Naomi has her hands full.

While the illegal soliciting of sex appears unpopular in this area, New York has noticed a marked increase in the business. Early in 1971, prostitutes started making headlines. Four basic areas in New York are well-known and popular streetwalker hangouts. Times Square (especially along 42nd between Seventh and Ninth Avenues), Harlem, Conay Island and Chinatown harbor hundreds of hard-working and prosperous hookers, many of them working for pimps; a few of them out on their own.

Although their femininity and bare shoulders may be enticing, these ladies are not to be toyed with. During the last four years, New York prostitution has begun making a habit of violence. Petty crimes always have been associated with prostitution, but the number of major crimes connected with the business is reaching high marks. As well, 1972 statistics show that women are becoming major criminals at a much faster rate than are men. Former male crimes such as robbery, assault, larceny, and embezzlement are being committed by more and more woman. Much of this increase is attributed to prostitution.

It is sickening to note that statistics compiled for the under 18 age group show a 250 per cent increase in major crimes committed over a period of one year. The 18 and under age group is the average age at which many prostitutes begin their practices.

Dr. Margaret Mead, in a lecture at Columbia University, warned, "When women disengage themselves completely from their traditional roles, they can be more ruthless and savage than men." This is clearly shown through the statistics quoted above.

It would seem that many prostitutes, particularly those who depend entirely upon their clients as their only means of support, actually despise men. A 28-year-old New York hooker, due to deliver her firstborn by Judge John Murttagh as saying:

"They're dogs, those men, dirty rotten dogs. But I should worry, I'm not married to them, thank God, and I don't want nothing they got to give except money. I see them one time or maybe a couple, so why should I care what I do with them?"

It's a sad existence, prostitution. The stakes are high, and secrecy is stringent. Young girls are disillusioned when enticed to big cities to "make a minimum of $200 a night doing what comes naturally." It sounds unbelievably glamorous. "Work six nights a week while you're young and pretty. It's the fastest way to make money in the shortest time. How else can a girl earn $70,000 a year?"

But prostitution is a physically punishing business. A girl begins to worry about her age right from the start. Prostitution is one profession where seniority isn't rewarded. And it's risky.

"You keep thinking you're not going to be in it all your life," explains an older New York prostitute in Murttagh's book. "When you start out you don't think that you're going to do it all your life. The years just seem to slide by — and before you know it, your time is almost up. And actually, you didn't do any living at all. Because this isn't living: really, it's just existing from day to day. It's no kind of life for anybody."

No kind of life for anybody...and yet, Naomi and her two sons are contented, living comfortably and happily in their San Luis Obispo home. Whether police can see it or not, whether you and I can find it, prostitution is present, though in a lesser degree than in years gone by. We are lucky. There are no big organizations here, as in New York. The misery and pain, violence and often death that accompany full-fledged prostitution does not meet itself present in San Luis Obispo. There are bound to be a few small, independent operators, but these are quiet, quiet, and not publicly obvious.

"Why is it," wonders Naomi, smoothing rumpled sheets and pulling a leopard skin bedspread across her "business office" in preparation for another client, "that the world's number one sport is illegal?"
Jerry Garcia recently announced that Phil Lesh and Keith Godchaux both have solo albums in the works. Garcia is now mixing Robert Hunter's second solo LP.

Garcia also said that the Dead should be back on the road before the end of this year, although no definite concert plans have been announced.

Bob Weir has a new group together along with ex-New Riders Dave Tolbert. The group, Kingfish, has been playing Bay Area clubs and the reviews have been excellent.

Kingfish is Weir's project during the much misunderstood vacation the Dead has been taking of late.

After four years of courtroom dealings, the Beatles have finally split up legally. Although the group has not played together since 1969, final legal settlements were resolved two weeks ago after almost three years of trials.

Most of the legal complications arose due to Paul McCartney's dispute over the appointment of Allen Klein as the group's manager.

UPCOMING LP'S

Albums due out within the next few months include: The Rolling Stones, Boz Scaggs, Led Zeppelin, BTO, Journey, and Steely Dan.

UPCOMING TOURS

Led Zeppelin, The Eagles, Robin Trower, Jesse Colin Young, Jackson Browne, and Faces with Rod Stewart.

KCPR fm, public service radio from the university as they say, now has a complete program guide available that describes all of the station's diversified programs.

KCPR offers one of the finest arrays of complete radio programming on the central coast, including programs dealing with health, A.B.I., student government, and a show with Dr. Robert Kennedy.

Musical programming includes progressive rock as the main component, oldies, jazz, Sunday-by-request and classical music during the weekday afternoons.

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