Riding into a new school year
On the cover

The Mustang. It is a hardy, yet graceful creature which rules the Western plains with its fiery spirit. That spirit was captured in the Mustang statue which proudly rears up on its hind legs. The statue, erected last year as a symbol of this university, is flanked by 20-year-old business major Sandra Clary who serves as the symbol for Cal Poly students as she begins her reign as president of the Associated Students, Inc.

Photo by Vern Ahrendes
Retirement won't slow Hazel Jones

BY CAROL A. JOHNSON

After eight years of serving as Cal Poly's vice president of academic affairs, Dr. Hazel J. Jones is retiring. That is, she is retiring from her position, not from work.

"I don't know how to stop working," said Jones with a smile. "I've been working since I was a teenager."

A brief glimpse at Jones' four-page professional resume gives one an idea of just how much this hard-working woman has accomplished. She is listed in Who's Who, Who's Who in American Women, and the Directory of American Scholars. She has held countless offices and has received many honors. Her work has been published, and she was a consultant to the publisher of an eight-volume series entitled Area Studies in Economic Progress. She served as dean of the School of Humanities and Social Sciences, and associate dean of the School of Letters, Arts and Science at Cal State Fullerton. Besides being a professor of English, Jones also taught at several high schools. She was vice president, and president of the Southern California Conference of Academic Deans from 1972-1974.

Jones said she has already accepted a position on the Senior Commission West Accrediting Association for the fall. As a member of the team, Jones said she will develop policies, and help make decisions about accrediting universities.

Making a change

Yet Jones said she is ready for a change.

"I've been in the education business many years. Now I'm tired of alarm clocks. I'm looking forward to working my own hours and having my own priorities."

Her priorities include getting re-acquainted with her relatives, reading, taking a few river trips in the Pacific Northwest and spending time in her garden which is full of "weeds."

Jones said although she will be working for the Accrediting Association, she will remain in San Luis Obispo since her new position requires her to do only minimum traveling. In the spring, Jones plans to teach English composition courses here at Poly.

Jones, who was the second woman appointed to Vice President in the California State University system, said she is frequently the only woman in policy groups.

"I've learned to have a sense of humor," said Jones. "There are still a few men who don't understand. They're api nusted and uneasy in this type of working situation, but an increasing number of men are becoming more comfortable with this. You do get used to men's reactions after awhile."

Jones said she believes that learning from one another is a "great resource."

She also believes that students and professors of all majors should be "rubbing elbows."

"We must learn from each other," she said. "And not just from books. We must learn our individual heritages and languages, as well as others."

Jones said she enjoys working with students. She said that just as certain teachers can be special to students, so can students be special to teachers. She remembers many students and said she hopes she has made an impact on their lives.

"I hope people remember my openness to ideas, my good listening abilities, and that I am easy to talk to," said Jones. "I hope people also remember that I've helped things happen at Cal Poly; that I was an energizer, not a dictator of ideas. I feel people are more open to each other now than when I first came. I think there is a healthy give and take on campus now."

"One of the most interesting things to me about this campus and its emphasis on career education," Jones went on, "is the change in student discontent. Students here at Cal Poly are in contact with a wide variety of academic programs, which is very stimulating. Cal Poly stands for competent functioning as well as individuality."

Jones said that she thinks there is a need for more campuses like this one. "I feel very good about my work here at Poly," she said. "It has been a wonderful capstone in my career."
Professor offers tips on how to cope with stress

**TRACY JACKSON**

Stress is the melody of the 1980's according to many leading psychologists, and college students are not exempt from its effects.

According to Dr. Charles Slem, Cal Poly psychology professor who has been studying the effects of stress in a clinical setting, student suicide attempts throughout California have increased 40 percent over the last year due to stress producing factors.

Slem took sabbatical leave during the 1981-82 academic year to study stress factors affecting students and college students are not exempt from sickness. According to many leading psychologists, stress is an education as much as it is a system that you must learn to deal with and get through. It is a microcosm of what you get out in the real world. Slem says, "Freshmen become sick trying to cope with all the new adjustments of the new environment, their new freedom and social and school expectations," he added. Slem views the increase in student suicide attempts and freshmen dropout levels as due to increasing stress factors.

The students don't know where to seek help. They assume they are not good students and aren't smart enough to get through college and so they drop out. They are probably competent, but they just don't know how to cope with stress and where to turn for help," Slem said.

Converting stress

The art of coping with stress is to convert psychological stress into physical stress, according to Slem.

"Students have to get back into a predictable lifestyle after they go away to school to gain back some control over their lifestyles, and eventually the stress," says Slem. "They have to switch to find a 'better fit' than the way they are presently living— at such a speed pace," according to Slem.

To gain that control and best stress, Slem suggested students exercise, eat balanced diets, get enough sleep and rest.

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Mustang Daily - September 21 & 22, 1982
Electronic bell tower fools Poly students

Story by Anne French
Photos by Vern Ahrendes

(Right) For the last 30 years the campus's most prominent landmark has faithfully marked each hour's passing with the familiar toll of the Westminster Strike. (Above) Though few have passed through this campus without gazing the clock tower's face, far fewer have taken a look at the ceiling from inside the tower.

When the Business Administration Building was erected in 1941 there were no bells. Not until 1952 could students and faculty rely (with some accuracy) on the familiar peal of bells to tell them the time. Until then, people had to trust their own timepieces.

"Possibilities for a carillon bell system were investigated by then Dean of Engineering, C. E. Knox. "Poesibilities for a carillonic bell system were investigated by then Dean of Engineering, C. E. Knox, said former Poly President Robert E. Kennedy.

The Schulmerich Carillonic system, which was given by the graduating class of 1950, does not employ piano player tape punched rolls which signal forks to the Audiovisual Department. He explained that the system is programmed by a student pianoist and an octave-and-one-half keyboard which was performed on by a student during last Poly Royal.

Some of the infrequently requested, but available, piano rolls include hymns, patriotic songs and Christmas music. "They were probably part of a packaged deal," said Johnson.

The Campus Administrative Manual states that it is the responsibility of Audio Visual Director John Heinz to secure permission from Activities Planning Director Ketti Bartley before the system can be used. On the other hand, permission to broadcast announcements must be cleared through the Activities Planning Center and then approved by Heinz.

Announcements can be broadcasted but are made irregularly because the campus center has shifted toward the U.U.

The cost of the Schulmerich chimes is between $5 thousand and $10 thousand, according to Johnson. The system is currently housed in the basement of the Business Administration building.
Dear Friends:

Greetings to all California Central Coast dwellers from somewhere around the world. Liberia to be exact. This is a small country of about two million people with a tropical climate located on the west coast of Africa. Now some of you in your quest for a career might not feel like reading on, but I hope that others will be interested in learning about my impressions and experiences in this very different place.

The so-called Third World countries have been gaining a lot of attention in recent years because of the gross disparity between wealth of their human and natural resources and the poverty of their life styles. Affluent Western countries are becoming more aware of conditions in the Third World, but learn about them mostly through the gross examples of starvation, drought, social upheaval and war. I probably won't be able to know all about how my experience here as a Peace Corps volunteer has affected me until I separate myself from my environment. Being involved in a foreign land has a flavor all its own. I want to talk about how it feels: The wine is fermenting in the vat now; when I come home, it will be bottled and put on the shelf to mellow and age. Then I'll have to get a new batch going.

The gap between the words need and want is sometimes large, sometimes small, but most of the time we don't know its size. Living in Liberia has helped me to separate and define those two words better than I could before I came here, while at the same time showing me that for any given level of human development, certain needs must be met. An old friend of mine and I used to chew the fat on that one late into many nights, but we never could iron it out. Sorry, English teachers, for the cliche. It is a dilemma that faces all of us in our individual lives, and the world as a whole. What you might want for today may not be what you need for your life.

Take a bike ride out to Avila Beach, and on the way back stop into the Dark Room and have a pitcher of dark beer for me. If you want to write me at my address is: Pat Bengford, PO Box 707 Monrovia, Liberia.

Sincerely,
Pat Bengford
Campus police: job not limited to ticket writing

JENNIFER JOSEPH

The university police do not just write parking tickets but offer many crime prevention programs and services designed to increase the awareness of potential victims.

Theft is the most frequent crime on the Cal Poly campus and people should know how to discourage and prevent it, agreed campus police investigators Wayne Hall and Wayne Carmack.

One program, Operation Identification, is aimed to encourage students and campus personnel to mark everything of value with identification. Marked valuables discourage theft because they are difficult to resell. When stolen articles with I.D. are recovered they are much easier to return to the owner, said Hall.

“We still have humps of recovered property from last year that we can’t return,” he said, “because they weren’t identified.”

Most property theft involves cars, bicycles, backpacks, calculators and data equipment, from university offices. From July 1 to March 1, 1982 the department set total property loss at $48,903 including $19,095 of university equipment.

Low report rate

Hall said that one out of every three crimes is reported, not as high as the department would like.

“You never know,” he said, “we may find additional evidence or find someone who admits to it (the crime).” Sometimes the police have to wait for a break, said Hall, and that may take awhile.

Assault is another problem on campus. The investigators recommend women use the ASI’s Escort Services to cross campus during evening hours. The service is offered from the University Union and Kennedy Library from dusk to midnight.

The university police, in cooperation with ASI and the Intrafratemity Council, act as a liaison for the escort program. The department runs a basic check on the escort to make sure none have a criminal background and keep track of who is on duty each night. Two students work part-time out of the department office to coordinate the service.

“The escorts are trained on how to be good eyes,” said Hall. They are taught how to obtain and remember details of a crime or suspect’s description.

A joint project between the police and housing formed Students for Personal Safety. The group created a communications network to report potential crime and safety hazards around campus. Some members assigned to patrol cars, parking lots look for potential burglars. They may also report overgrown trees or brush that block road signs.

Each fall the department receives requests from the residence halls to give presentations on crime prevention and information on ways to prevent crime.

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The department is very progressive, said Carmack. Plans are to purchase a microcomputer to streamline record keeping. The computer will retain information on all property stolen and recovered, criminal records, details of a crime and suspects. It will raise statistics instantly.

“The use of this computer will be endless,” said Hall.

Normally public safety officer Larry Bateson views Cal Poly through a windscreen when he is on patrol. But occasionally Bateson is on foot collecting evidence. Here he carefully dusts a motorcyle in search of fingerprints.

Off-campus residents must obtain a bike license at City Hall. Licensing is required by the City of San Luis Obispo.

Campus police have a mutual aid agreement with the Sheriff’s Department to provide additional manpower if necessary. The department also has an expert on evidence collection, said Hall.

“We are more than equipped to handle problems on campus,” he said.

Officers patrol 24 hours a day. The university police jurisdiction not only covers the 5,000 acre campus but extends one mile beyond the perimeter. Most arrests off campus involve drunk drivers.

During peak weekday evenings, three officers are on duty and during the day usually two work, said Carmack. The patrol officers maintain information on frequent violators and patrol high theft areas. The officers often make suggestions to students and campus personnel on ways to prevent crime.

The police also coordinate a bike patrol program. Three to six students will work part time to patrol the campus to look for or report theft and tag unlocked or unlicensed bicycles. Free bike control will be provided by patrol members on Thursdays during University Hour in the U. U. Plaza.

OFF-CAMPUS RESIDENTS MUST OBTAIN A BIKE LICENSE AT CITY HALL. LICENSING IS REQUIRED BY THE CITY OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.
Stress whipped by ‘preventive maintenance’

From page 4

by support groups, Slem mentioned Christian groups, fraternal and sorority, dorm and roommate friendships and romantic relationships.

According to Robert S. Elliott of the University of Nebraska Medical Center, preventive maintenance is the best prescription for good health and stress avoidance. A combination of exercise, good diet, enough sleep and control of emotions and lifestyle management will prevent or delay stress.

But how can you control all of these factors effectively? Elliott says awareness.

"The first step is awareness. You need to be aware that you can control your body by using your mind," says Elliott.

Guidelines

Elliott listed guidelines which may help you more effectively cope with stress.

First, identify the causes of stress in your life. Divide those stressors into two columns: those which you can gain control over and those which are uncontrollable. Work on those stress factors for which you feel you have control over.

According to Elliott, "Individuals feel the greatest stress when they feel they have no control."

Secondly, review your coping skills and be aware of habitual reactions to the stressors. Either confront the problem or decrease the frequency of contact with that particular stressor, ad-

vise Elliott. If you can't change the problem or amount of contact with the problem, then change your reaction to it. Consciously change your reaction, or put the experience behind you and plan how to avoid it in the future, he added.

Thirdly, identify your alternative and develop a plan of action. Elliott said you do have choices, such as planning time for exercise and leisure activities after you have dealt with the stressor in the best possible method.

By applying some of these coping skills, students eventually learn to cope with stress, get an education and get "through the system."

Slem claimed as students progress through college they often gain stress-management skills.

"Freshmen will come in and cram for a test the night before or hours before test time, and the stress will hit such a high level right before the exam that they can't think clearly and do very well, as compared to seniors whose stress levels will rise two or three days before an ex-

am which will give them time to prepare.

When they get down to the test, their anxiety level has already peaked and they are now ready for the test."

Elliott said stress cannot be eliminated entirely from one's life. But managing the stress will improve people's health and make life more comfortable.
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El Corral Bookstore
SLO beach variety gives relief from heat

BY CAROLINE SMITH

It’s September in San Luis Obispo, and if this September is anything like September’s of the past, it’s going to be a hot one. And when it’s hot in San Luis, your answer to cool refreshment is right outside your front door—well, almost, anyway. No, it’s not your nearest yogurt shop or a cold slushie; though when in doubt these are always good alternatives. The answer to your problems of swirling heat is the beach. What better way to spend a day than on a layer of sand, surrounded by cool water and plenty of scenery and not the type that breathes carbon dioxide?

Now that you have figured out how to combat the heat the next step is choosing where to go. The San Luis area provides plenty of options.

If the idea of a deserted beach is the furthest thing from your mind, then you will most likely want to go to Avila Beach. At Avila it sometimes seems that there are more people than sand. Located about 12 miles south of Highway 101, Avila is the place to go if you want to see and meet people. The beach is a myriad of college students, dogs, frisbees and an occasional, assorted assortment of people from various walks of life. While the beach on the left side of the pier divides Avila into two sections, the two sides of the pier, you will find mostly families spending a day on the beach, while the beach on the left side of the pier could be considered, a new peoples’ beach. Unless you enjoy screaming, obnoxious children covered with sand and equally screaming and frustrated parents, make sure you veer to the left at the Avila pier. No relief!

Port San Luis is a beach located a ways further down from Avila. Port San Luis is usually less crowded than Avila, but be forewarned, if you are planning on spending the day here, don’t drink heavily as there are no restrooms located on this beach.

For those of you who don’t appreciate tan lines and prefer the “en natural” look, Pirate’s Cove is located a few miles up the road from Avila. Here, the most popular type of suit worn is the birthday one, though some bathing suits are worn by the more timid during the first few times out.

Turning in another direction, there are also some nice beaches located out toward Los Osos Valley Road. If sunbathing and beautiful sunsets are a desirable combination, Hazards Canyon provides both of these. By following a foot path located off the road, you will find yourself surrounded by two walls of rock once inside the canyon. All that the sunbather has to do is crossing a sparkling stream, you will emerge upon the beach area.

All the way to the end of Los Osos Valley Road lies Montana De Oro State Park and within Spooner’s Cove. For those who prefer more than being motionless on the sand, there is a nearby rock on which to climb and work off those lunchtime calories.

And for those of you unfortunate enough not to have transportation to these beach spots, Sinsheimer Park has a pool, but you must supply you own sand.

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Memories flow from visit to Poly Canyon

BY SHERRY HEATH

Staff Writer

I took a walk the other day down Memory Lane, better known as Poly Canyon. The dirt road snaking off from the North Mountain Residence Halls into the Santa Lucia foothills is one of the best escape routes, outside laboratories and showcases of student work on the Cal Poly campus.

Countless juntas down this winding driveway over four years at this university make this particular trip a nostalgic journey through my Cal Poly experience.

Around the first bend lies a view of most of the agricultural acres on campus. Those rolling mountain pastures, the mooing cattle and that fragrant farmland aroma (get used to it) captivate the senses. I picture my first-year natural history class tromping through the fields as they enter the flower-filled canyon closely examining flora and fauna. Sounds like a couple of twin sisters, doesn’t it?

Tarantula memories

Then around the next curve in the road of both my travels through canyon and through my memories I recall the places where, one Fall Quarter, I finally captured a cute little tarantula that wandered ineptly into the clutch of my Bio 127 lab. Sigh—such fond memories I recall the canyon closely examining me out of the Poly dump site where my four years at this Poly experience.

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A stone arch welcomes visitors to the campus’s own memory lane, Poly Canyon. The arch is one of many examples of student projects built in the friendly canyon, which is steps away from Cal Poly.

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The Flats, a lively dance spot. Tortilla Flats is a Mexican restaurant, but after 9 it starts at 9 every night. A $1 cover charge is required nightly.

Yancy's, located high above Highway 1 at 1772 Calle Joaquín in San Luis Obispo, has only existed a year. But it has made quite a reputation for itself with its hill-top view of the city. Most Wednesdays, a romantic evening of dancing. Yancy's offers recorded music on Tuesday nights. Wednesday nights are Ladies Night, complete with a fashion show where various clothing stores from around the city get a chance to show off the latest fashions. Pina coladas, margaritas and wine sell for $1.25 and some blues music as well as rock and roll and new wave. After dancing all night, you might want to relax in a mineral hot tub under the stars. Yosemite Mineral Springs, located on Avila Road in Avila Beach, have hot tubs that fit anywhere from two to eight people and one that holds 50 people. The tubs are rented on an hourly basis and are open 24 hours. Until 6 p.m. you can relax for an hour and a half for $6 a person and from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. the cost is $6.50 an hour per person! During the twilight hours of the evening—2 to 7 a.m.—the cost is $5 per person for an hour-and-a-half.

Shenandoah also offers live music nightly and can be found at 967 Osos Street. A $1 cover charge nightly with a $1 cover charge Sunday through Thursday and a $3 charge on Friday and Saturdays. A camouflage featuring beer, wine and well drinks is offered daily.

The World Famous Dark Room located at 1025 Monterey in San Luis Obispo features live entertainment Monday through Saturday nights starting at 9. Band and special acts are found throughout the nation are featured and Monday night is Emater night, where anyone can get up on the stage and entertain the crowd. The Dark Room features bluesgrass, folk jazz and some blue music as well as rock and roll and new wave.

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For those who like to get into the act, The Great American Melodrama Theatre is the place for you. You can enjoy a box of popcorn in your seat and from 9:30 to 10 p.m. every Saturday night the cast brings to life the town of San Luis Obispo, a place once named after a Spanish hero. You can become familiar with the actors, as they take your tines, show you to your seats and serve popcorn, hotdogs and beer before the show and during the intermission. Located at 1837 Pacific Blvd. in Oceano, the Melodrama is featuring H.M.S. Pinafore Fridays through Sundays and Saturdays.

You can sit back and watch the nation Lines No. 1 movies at any one of the many theaters located throughout the city. You can enjoy a box of popcorn in the city's oldest movie house, the Fremont Theater. Located at 1035 Monterey, the Fremont Theater is very spacious inside with its one viewing screen. The theater has authentic deco artwork, which is something you can relax before the show.

Madonna Plaza Theater has three viewing screens and is located at 2435 Madonna Road in San Luis Obispo. The Rainbow theater, also in San Luis Obispo, has one viewing screen and can be found at 907 Osos Street. This movie house features foreign films as well as American films not shown at the towns other theaters.
BY SHERRY HEATH
Staff Writer

Where can you find off-the-wall irreverence, trivia quizzes, an apology service for guys on the sly— and music from a bathtub-clogged island band?

Where else but on the 6 to 10 a.m. show of KSLY radio station's self-proclaimed "turcoo", Captain Buffoon. Captain Buffoon, who prefers to be called just that, is more than just an off-color, zany disc jockey. There's a real person behind that whiny voice that tries to startle listeners at Avila Beach find the fattest, whitest woman who swore she met a group of midget aliens in the Arizona desert with goatees and "things on theirs heads." And on the serious side, Buffoon is a track announcer for the Special Olympics in San Luis Obispo every year.

Hall of Shame
For those interested in seeing C.B.'s own museum, "The Hall of Shame," which is a collection of memorabilia which has "made the show such a giant," Buffoon also leads tours of KSLY's office every Wednesday morning. Ticket price for the "exciting" tour is 50 cents, he says.

Poly students find the tour and Captain Buffoon's show to be very appealing, he notes. "Most Poly students listen to me because of my irreverence, and for the features," one of his features, "Moon Buffoon for an Album," constantly brings students running to the studio, he says.

C.B. says he always looks forward to the return of activity at Poly every fall for this very reason. He directs much of his program to new students at the beginning of the quarter to get business going again after a slow summer, he says.

When he's not playing around on the air, Buffoon uses his radio personality to make at least three commercials a day—which is merely an extension of himself, he says—He's also the program director of KSLY, a job that makes him a "waltzing contradiction because I break all the rules on the air and then enforce them on the air," he says.

Captain Buffoon, who lives in Atascadero after moving from Los Osos because he "couldn't find his car in all the fog," says he never planned on going into the radio business but stumbled into it when he was attending college as an art student. He got hired at the college radio station and discovered he enjoyed "being a star," so he transferred to Cal State Northridge and earned a B.A. in mass communications.

Anonymous man
Now, although he gets "burned out" working early mornings five days a week, he likes the idea of being his radio audience's "friend in the background." Very seldom, however, does anyone ever recognize him for his voice when he's off the air, he says.

"People hesitate when they talk to me. They know my voice but they don't know where it's from or who I am," says Buffoon. "I love it though when I meet an endearing fan," he adds.

He says that when he's on the air, he envisions one person listening to him and just talks to them. Depending on his mood, he pictures someone different every day.

"If I'm hung over, I see someone horrible, but always someone I know to give it a more intimate sound," he explains. "I like the idea of the average person driving to work in the morning and me sitting in the middle of his dashboard."

Please see page 14
KCPR profits traveling the middle of the road

BY PHEBE FLETCHER

If KCKZ is San Luis Obispo's rock station and KSLY plays Top 40, why is the campus radio station, KCPR, also traveling the middle of the road?

Music director Mike Dawson said KCPR plays middle of the road music because it is a public radio station designed to satisfy the general needs. Most Cal Poly students prefer contemporary music, so that is what the station plays, he said.

Dawson added the station offers special programming, such as Yahweh music which features Christian songs, because the station's listening audience has varied musical tastes and values. However, he admitted that even with special programming, the station can't satisfy everyone's tastes.

"The new waves complain about the Top 40, the Christians complain if there's too much acid rock...

Contemporary style

The station's format is chosen by its annual program director, so conceivably it could change yearly. Summer Program Director Don Hughen characterized the current format as "contemporary."

"We play contemporary rock," said Hughen. "We keep it in the early morning so we don't blow people out of bed. Later in the evening we play upbeat so we don't put them to sleep."

KCPR located at 91.3 on the FM dial, might be middle of the road, but Dawson says, "We're fairly successful at it. If you go downtown, a lot of businesses play KCPR."

KCPR can't compete with specialty stations because it serves as a laboratory for students.

"We can't compete—intention advisor Ed Cervantes said on the condition that we're working around student schedules. They are here to learn, and the DJ's take a three-hour shift a week. There's a corps of five to six jocks at a pro station; we have 65 to 80 and they change every quarter."

The station's contemporary music format results because it's able to play. Twenty percent of what the disc jockeys play is a combination of old and contemporary hits. The pool is kept up by the music director and is essentially Top 40. In addition, the jocks must play a certain number of oldies and recurrent hits.

KCPR's contemporary music format may keep some songs off the air, but it doesn't stop disc jockey Christine Hart from pulling a favorite James Taylor album. Hart won't mess up—and people will whenever you let them—which is why we have to take a razor blade to 'Precious' by The Pretenders. The program director has to go around circling cuts they can't play," Dawson said.

The station is awaiting final approval from the Federal Communications Commission to move its transmitter from a small hill beside Highway 1 to the top of Cuesta Ridge. The move will allow the station to be heard from Santa Maria to Paso Robles, according to Don Ready, chief engineer.

The station's music will not change, but its news format will be expanded to include more reporting of county activities because KCPR will have a larger audience.

KCPR's news audience has perhaps already grown, but not because of potential transmitter move.

The FCC stopped requiring commercial stations to broadcast public service announcements which includes news broadcasts, Hughen said. Some local stations have dropped their student news staff, so listeners may now be tuning to KCPR for their news.

A second FCC ruling might put more money in the KCPR treasury. Station identification may now include a slogan and a description of the program in addition to the business' name and location. The slogan cannot promote the product however.

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12" small $12.09
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12" Vegi Deluxe $7.50
16" Vegi Deluxe $11.53

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Mushrooms
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Onions
Green Peppers
Olives
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Ground Beef
Jalapenos
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Double Cheese
Extra Thick Crust
12" small $1.80
16" large $1.15

12" 16"
Cheese $4.40 $6.93
Any 1 item $5.20 $8.08
Any 1½+ $5.20 $8.08
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One coupon per pizza.
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1015 COURT ST.
Time to hit the books again
Incredible as it may seem, there is San Luis Obispo after Cal Poly. In fact, there was San Luis Obispo before Cal Poly. Even more astounding is that there was the Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa before any of it — and the mission is still there.

But, truthfully, the bears are responsible for starting the area’s settlement in the first place.

In the year 1771, food was scarce for the Spanish settlers up in Monterey. The Los Osos Valley (about eight miles south-west of Cal Poly) was renowned for an extreme abundance of bears — an edible commodity. So, to feed the settlers, a troop of Spanish soldiers came bear hunting.

While they were here, they saw a flat and fertile plain drained by several streams and cradled by mountains of gray and green. The place was an excellent site, they thought, for one of the Franciscan missions, to convert the heathen Chumash Indians and to maintain the Spanish foothold in the land.

Mission founded

Priest Junipero Serra agreed. So, in September 1772, he founded the fifth in a chain of 21 missions, which stretch along the California coast from San Diego to north of San Francisco. This mission was called “San Luis Obispo de Tolosa,” after a young and sainted 18th century bishop of Toulouse, France, by the name of St. Louis.

Please see page 10

Story by Jan Munro
Photos by Leslie Winkel

Bears deserve credit
BY PETER HASS
Staff Writer

"...and a little child shall lead them."
— Isiah 11:6

Well, about two children?

Although they're not kids, the two 20-year-old ASI executive officers are probably the youngest team ever. ASI President Sandra Clary and Vice President Kevin Moses both have plans for what they'd like to accomplish in the coming year.

Clary, a business major from Imperial, said her top goal is to publish a book of student-teacher evaluations "to benefit both instructors and students." The evaluations would detail what types of tests teachers give, whether or not they give finals, the amount of reading they assign, and so on. Clary hopes to begin questioning students in this fall quarter.

The booklet would probably be sold at a nominal fee, and would list alphabetically those teachers who agreed to the process. Similar programs are operating at the Fullerton and Sacramento State campuses, Clary said. She hopes to have the booklet published by the end of the school year.

Clary would also like to see a copying center in the University Union to reduce the congestion caused by having only one copier which is located at the information desk in the U.U. The center would also provide services such as resume writing.

"Right now, we are looking for room space," Clary said. One possible location is the pinball room across from the bookstore, which the games room is planning to vacate.

Another of Clary's projects is to provide compact car spaces in Cal Poly's parking lots. After receiving encouragement from President Warren Baker, Clary said Douglas Gerard, executive dean of facilities planning, assured her compact spaces will be provided in any new lots built by the university.

Clary also looks forward to putting out an informational pamphlet about ASI and to the installation of two bank tellers on campus they should be in by the time you read this.

Moses hopes to see that students are more informed about ASI "hopefully with the help of the Mustang Daily leadership." The economics major from Vallejo wants to write a weekly article for the student newspaper relaying important ASI goings-on to readers.

As vice president, Moses will serve as the chairman of the Student Senate, which he said will have many issues to deal with as soon as their session begins.

The most important of these, Moses said, will be the topic of an Instructionally Related Activities fee increase. He said of the IRA, which funds programs such as athletics, agriculture judging, the debate team and the model UN, "If students really want those programs, it should be supported in some kind of referendum, otherwise ASI shouldn't have to support them. An $3 increase would cover a normal sticker but which could be passed among members of a car pool, encouraging ride sharing. The cost of the sticker would be shared, making it less than a single regular sticker, and preferential parking spaces on campus would be set aside for carpoolers if Moses' plan were followed.

Finally, Moses hopes for input from his constituents.

"I encourage students to get involved in what's going on; all issues need student input."

Moses also plans to try to create Academic and Administrative committees, merging the two councils of students from various university committees in those areas with the Senate's committees.

"Senators would be better informed if they could meet directly with these representatives," Moses said of the proposed merger. "I don't think they're being fully utilized because they don't have contact with the student legislative body."

Car pool stickers are another idea Moses proposes. He would like to see a sticker that could be sold for a higher price than a normal sticker but which could be passed among members of a car pool, encouraging ride sharing. The cost of the sticker would be shared, making it less than a single regular sticker, and preferential parking spaces on campus would be set aside for carpoolers if Moses' plan were followed.

The school year has just begun, but already ASI President Sandra Clary and Vice President Kevin Moses have to contend with a pile of paperwork.
Mnatai^Day 2142t 1W 2 >

The board has 15 voting members, 10 of which are students including chair David Haynes. The other five are faculty, staff and one alumnus. The board also has seven non-voting members including administrative, faculty and student members, and Roy Gersten, director of ASI and the University Union. They provide information to the board on their specific areas.

By a two-thirds vote of the members, policies concerning building the union may be amended, adopted or repealed. Proposals are then approved by university president Warren Baker.

The board discusses issues such as the possibility of building a satellite union on the west side of campus. Building the union facility may become responsible for operations and management of student activities, said Landreth. A committee from Associated Students endorsed a proposal, approved by then-president Robert E. Kennedy, to build a union facility. Before the federal government would agree to loan money for the building's construction, students had to vote whether to pay a fee to cover union debts and operational costs.

"Programs have been unified in terms of physical education and recreation," said Landreth. "It won't be easy, but the students will have it!"
SLO nature spots can breathe life into tired brains

BY SHERRY HEATH
Staff Writer

When your books refuse to open and your calculator is broken and you want to compete simple math, it may be time to leave behind the sights of Cal Poly and get back to nature for awhile. And here in San Luis Obispo County, the outdoor opportunities are as good as anywhere in the state and cheap enough for even the most limited student budget.

I’m talking about taking a hike, jumping in a lake, flying a kite all those refreshing recreating activities that can breathe life back into tired brains. There’s enough to do and see in this area to keep you busy for a couple of years, or at least long enough to get you back on your mental feet again.

Rod Neubert, director of the Travel Center, craft Center and ASI Outings, suggests that students creatively learn to take mini-vacations as they trip through school. And ASI Outings and the Escape Route located in Room 118 in the University Union are there to guide and facilitate these outdoor adventures.

If you are interested in packing, Outings takes two to five trips every weekend to various places in and out of the state. The costs are held to a minimum for these canoe and raft trips, bicycle tours, etc.

For the dayhiker, Neubert points out that there are enough varieties of trails in San Luis Obispo County to write a whole book on.

The most prominent feature in the city perhaps is the string of volcanic plugs leading out to Morro Bay. Two of these “Seven Sisters,” Bishop’s Peak and San Luis Mountain, are easily accessible and provide excellent views of the southern portion of the county.

To get there, drive out Foothill Blvd. to the saddle between the mountains and park at the Old House Restaurant. Trails lead straight up the sides of both mountains, but hikers are warned to watch out for poison oak along the way. Both trails climb about 3 miles.

There’s also Cuesta Ridge for mountain biking. The ridge, at the top of the Highway 101 summit of Cuesta Grade, offers a spectacular view of the county from Morro Bay to Pismo Beach. Hikers should turn left at the U.S. Forest Service road at the top of the grade and wind up and around to the vista point just below KSBY-TV’s transmission tower and beyond to the many hiking paths that line the Santa Lucia Mountain range.

A little closer to home is the hike to the “P” behind campus. For this short haunt which leads to a view of Cal Poly and most of San Luis Obispo, follow the trail behind the red brick dorms. This is an excellent hike for early mornings and late evenings and the more ambitious climbers can continue to the ridge top for a view of the surrounding county.

For those who prefer oceanside hiking, Montana de Oro State Park’s nearly 100 miles include rugged cliffs, secluded beaches, year-round streams and in the spring, wildflower-covered hills from which the park gets its name—Mountains of Gold. Coon Creek and Hazard Creek head through the wooded areas of the park, while the more adventurous hikers can use Bob and Hayes Peak trails that take you to the tops of mountains and ridges.

For those who like to bike between the Blue Butterfly Beach (32 miles round trip south of Pismo), Morro Rock (25 miles R.T. along Highway 1), and Lopez Lake (46 miles R.T. down Highway 1) there are some great mountain biking trails and instruction is also offered for beginners.

If you like water sports, you’re in the right place. The area abounds in beaches and lakes. There’s sailing at Laguna Lake off Madonna Road, at Lopez Lake, Morro Bay, Port San Luis, Pismo Beach and Santa Margarita Lake. The Cal Poly Sailing club has four or five boats and members check them out when the club isn’t using them.

Canoeing is available at Lopez Lake for a small rental charge. Local rivers also offer excursion routes for this early form of transportation. The Escape Route and Outings here again can assist you in trip planning and equipment rentals.

Fishermen and women can choose from four freshwater lakes—Lopez, Santa Margarita, Nacimiento, and San Antonio, stocked with trout, bass, bluegill, crappie and catfish. Boat rentals are available at all lakes.

For those who desire to make new friends, there are great opportunities to do so and see what others are all about. It could change you for the better.

For students who desire to make new friends and do some spiritual growth, there are an abundance of religious organizations here and now.

Most of the clubs have weekly meetings and many also participate in Poly Royal, held fund raisers and organize field trips, activities, prayer meetings, and bible studies. Below is a list of the various clubs on campus.

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JCPenney
The great pizza hunt: a student survival guide

BY JAN MUNRO

Finding the delicious pizza is an important skill for the survival of the typical college student. I say delicious only because good pizzas are, figuratively speaking, as dime a dozen. But the delicious pizza—those rare and hidden are in this city.

San Luis Obispo has nine full-fledged pizza dealers. In my visits to each and every one of them I have come upon my own particular rule of thumb—in this case, rule of nose.

The rule is as follows: If the pizza dealer in question has a restaurant that has the pungent, sinus-clearing odor of roman and provolone cheese—an unmistakable smell which quells the desire of the pizza—the dealer, even the most expensive restaurants—you are in for a good pizza.

If you walk into a place that smells somewhat like a stinky restaurant, chances are you’ve found a better pizza.

Now knows.

But when you walk into a pizzeria that smells like a real Italian restaurant—the air so rich it makes your nose turn to jello—you know you’ve stumbled upon the delicious pizza.

Of the 9 pizzerias I visited, three of them offered free delivery; the other six had take-out or eat-in. Only two—the two that were hardest to find—had that nose jello, delicious pizza promise.

Good pizza is, of course, available at the usual chain restaurants. The Straw Hat Pizza Parlor, in the Madonna Plaza Shopping Center, is conveniently located near the theater and the mall. Flower Power even has a large screen on which old movies and cartoons are shown. Prices range in price from $3.90 to $13.99.

The Pizza Hut, at 2138 Broad St., has a juke box along with the usual video games. It also has a beer tap and new thicker and tastier crust on pizzas ranging from $4.85 to $11.85.

Shaksey’s has both thick and thin crust pizzas, from $2.26 to $11.57, and pizza-lovers can watch television on the big TV screen in the restaurant. All three chain restaurants have various all-you-can-eat deals to lure the money-conscious hungry student.

New kid in town

Domino, Pizza, the latest chain to join San Luis Obispo’s pizza row, has no restaurant, but offers pizza for pick-up or free delivery. In fact, Domino Pizza guarantees 30-minute delivery, delivery even if there is a snow load. Prices range in price from $4.40 to $11.35, to almost anywhere within San Luis Obispo.

Another delivery-only pizzeria is Armadillo Pizza, and Armadillo is a San Luis Obispo original. Not only do they also guarantee 30-minute delivery, but Armadillo, unlike its chain-bound competitors, has the kind of hip advertising campaign to make any pizza taste good.

To compete with all the other pizzerias, Armadillo also offers a special “Dillo Donut” deal: a hot box of pizzas, which ranges from $3.92 to $12.77, there’s a special proof, oven-baked thicker. Customers who save up a dozen of the stickers are entitled to their choice of pizza, free.

The pizza is made with hand-span dough. “Vinnie Style,” tossed in the air so it rises better, made fresh every day.

Better pizza

Among the better pizza places is Crest Pizza, close to the Cal Poly campus, at 179 N. Santa Rosa St. It also has, without a doubt the most inexpensive pizza, starting at $2.15 for a mini-pizza. Prizes range up to $11.86 for the largest.

Crest Pizza also has a large TV screen—good for watching football games or a special episode of Star Trek. There also an array of video games and big pitchers of beer for $3.25.

Students who “flip” over pizza will find San Luis Obispo loaded with dealers of these delicious discs. From national chains to home-spun flavor, local pizza places help students survive the munchies.

A lure to the budget-conscious college student is the 35 cent coupon in some issues of Mustang Daily and the local San Luis Obispo paper, Telegram Tribune, the coupon prices as low as $3.70 to $22.80 for the party-size pizza. The restaurant, now in its fourth year, doesn’t advertise.

Aside from delicious pizza, Beckel’s also has a large restaurant, with a row of video games, a long salad bar and a very confident owner.

Hank Läty, owner of the family-run restaurant, said he doesn’t mind the other pizzerias opening up in San Luis Obispo.

“I like it in a way,” he says. “They remind people about pizza, and when they think of good pizza, they come here.”

Läty said he caters to the local people. “We don’t shoot for the tourists. We put that extra money we don’t use for advertising into our product.”

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Welcome Back

Come in & register for the calculator giveaway and the DISCOUNT coupon.
ASI Program Board: let it entertain you

By Peter Hass

Staff Writer

Students new to Cal Poly have to learn the meanings of many exotic new terms, like ASI, U.U. and Program Board.

The new chairman of the ASI Program Board, which coordinates the activities of 10 programming committees, was just as bewildered when he first arrived as a transfer student from Cuesta College two years ago.

That didn't stop Art Sandford from getting involved.

"I didn't know what ASI was when I first came here," the senior political science major said, but he wanted to involve himself in some extracurricular activity.

Soon, he found himself the treasurer of the five-person executive board. And last May, he was selected to chair the board.

Largest budget

The Program Board has the largest budget of any ASI organization ($455,816). This money goes into 10 committees which provide a wide variety of entertainment and recreation activities for Cal Poly students.

The biggest moneymaker of the 10 last year was the Films Committee, which Sandford said brought in over $4,500 in profit for ASI. Films was only budgeted to bring in $511 last year, but with their fine showing, Program Board expects them to net $3,361 next year, Sandford said.

The traditional profit powerhouse, the Concerts Committee, actually lost money for the 1981-82 school year, said Sandford.

Sandford could not provide figures, but he said the loss was due largely to last Spring Quarter's Cheap Trick show, which was poorly attended.

For 1982-83, the Concerts Committee expects to net $2,875, Sandford said.

This year, the Concerts Committee has scheduled a show in Mustang Stadium during Spring Quarter. No artist has been signed by the committee as yet, Sandford noted.

Other committees under the Program Board are: Fine Arts, which presents classical concerts and art exhibits in the University Union Gallery in the Craft Center, which offers classes as diversified as jewelry making and bicycle repairing; Outings, which rents equipment for the great outdoors from the "Escape Route" in the U.U. and sponsors trips for river rafters, mountain climbers and cyclers.

The recreation and tournaments committee puts on competitive sports like frisbee and beach volleyball, said Sandford, as well as offering "mini-classes" in massage, dance, sign language and other subjects, and sponsoring a College Bowl contest in January.

Assembly debate

Speakers Forum offers debates and speeches (such as the debate between Kupper and Eric Seastrand, candidates for State Assembly, set for September 21) that the Program Board. Sandford atated the newly formed Assembly committee is a link between Cal Poly's ethnic community and the Program Board. Sandford stated the newly formed group does some programming in association with the U.U.'s Cultural Center.

Finally, the music board of control coordinates the activities of the many groups within Poly's Music Department to reduce conflicts in scheduling.

The five-person executive board, publishes a quarterly calendar of events, sends members to a regional conference of the Association of College Unions International, of which it is a member with the University Union Board of Governors, and holds workshops for new officers in all committees each May.

Besides trying to resolve conflicts between committees as far as scheduling is concerned, Sandford said another of the board's responsibilities is to approve major, high-cost programs.

Among new happenings in Poly programming, Sandford was excited about being one of 125 trial colleges to use the new Campus Entertainment Network, which will beam live television programs via satellite to schools across the country. The network will furnish the receiving dish and giant screen used to televise the proposed concerts and Broadway shows—and, Sandford added, will claim 95 percent of the take. TV programming, a subcommittee of Films, will likely be handling this new enterprise, he said.

Just as he got involved in Program Board two years ago, Sandford encourages all students to participate in one or more of the committees.

"Whether you like it or not, you are a member of ASI, and your money is going to be spent. Unless you get involved, you will have no say in what it's spent on," he said.

The recreation and tournaments committee puts on competitive sports like frisbee and beach volleyball, said Sandford, as well as offering "mini-classes" in massage, dance, sign language and other subjects, and sponsoring a College Bowl contest in January.
Checkmate

The giant chessboard on Morro Bay's Embarcadero has been the site for many larger-than-life chess games but the game came alive this summer in the first "Chess Live."

The theatrical production of an actual chess game featuring human pawns, bishops, kings and queens, was the brainchild of Nancy Castle.

Black king Garry Cedar (above left) stayed in his throne and observed his subjects with a goblet full of ale. Providing accompaniment was flutist Grady House (above right) who doubled as a pawn. Black queen and co-producer of the game Donal Duck scoffs at an attempted queen check right.

Photos by Vern Ahrendes
Mission museum allows peek at life before Poly

From page 2

The mission in San Luis Obispo is one of the few of the 21 which is still on the original site. True, it has undergone some changes, such as a Victorian-style steeple to house the bells — most decidedly not in the Spanish mission tradition — and once, shortly before California joined the Union, the entire mission grounds were sold for about $500 to a Yankee sea captain.

But that was when California was under the new Mexican government, which had enough problems of its own to worry about financing the Franciscan missions. In 1843 secularization of the missions lost much of the mission lands.

After California became part of the United States, President James Buchanan gave the San Luis Obispo mission and its buildings back to the Catholic Church.

The mission has been restored to such an extent that it’s difficult to get the feeling of its age. An aeronaut has been added to the main building on the east side, and the front of the church has been revamped so much it’s almost impossible to imagine its original setting.

A trip into the free museum, however, brings back the ghosts of San Luis Obispo — the dusty streets and long-dead settlers, with hard faces under felt-rimmed hats. The Chumash are there, too, downy people who lived in a friendly fashion on a staple diet of acorns.

Aside from the collection of church artifacts, the museum has a tremendous array of arrowheads, beads, stone working tools and other treasures of the Chumash Indians. There is also an extensive display of old photographs, allowing the people and streets of San Luis Obispo as they were when the town was as wild as the bears which still roam the coast.

The bears — the ones who started it all, remember — were so numerous that townspeople put bars on their windows to keep them out.

The display of a ceramic prenatal, complete with coarse sprinklings, gives an insight into the character of the town. A tiny cork at one end shows it to be, in truth, a camouflaged whiskey flask, “used to hide a drinking habit from the womenfolk.”

The Mission Plaza outside the mission is a beautiful area, serving as a gathering place for various social events.

The Mission is located on Chorro street, right at the intersection of Monterey. It’s easy to find — the only mission in town — and it’s well worth a free visit to take a peek at San Luis Obispo, before Cal Poly.
Cash registers ring as students return to school

BY ANNE FRENCH
Staff Writer

The ringing in of another academic year at Cal Poly will be accompanied by the ringing of cash registers throughout the San Luis Obispo area. Executive Manager of the SLO Chamber of Commerce, Dave Garth estimates that with the return of Poly students this fall there will be an approximate 20-25 percent increase in business activity.

"But it depends on the enterprise. For businesses that cater to students there will be a significant increase. For the ones that don't, the difference may be negligible," said Garth.

Garth said that not only will the student influx make a difference, but also the returning Cal Poly faculty and staff. "And there will now be the influence of Cal Poly's being able to purchase at the local level," said Garth.

He said he felt the returning students have an overall positive affect on the community. "They bring young, fresh ideas along with their economic participation," said Garth. "Their environmental consciousness is another plus."

Garth said students provide a community service by working as interns. He said that local businesses are usually more than willing to work with students while in the various internship programs. "It seems to work," said Garth.

College town

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Sports

Volleyball, water polo regroup after getting axed

BY VALERIE BRICKMAN

After several months of careful consideration, a 14-member commission comprised of administrators, faculty and students decided to drop two sports from the university’s 1982-83 intercollegiate athletic program. President Warren Baker announced last February that men’s volleyball and water polo were being dropped from this year’s program.

Both teams have since pieced themselves back together after receiving the ax earlier this year, and will become sports under ASI.

As an official club under ASI, the water polo team will be completely self-supporting. It will raise money through club fees and alumni donations.

“We already have number of tournaments lined up for the fall,” said Paul Cutino, former assistant water polo coach.

The volleyball team hopes to receive funding from the ASI.

“ASI likes our sport and I think they would like to help us,” Volleyball Coach Craig Cummings said.

Cummings explained that the team will be playing competitors such as Pepperdine and Stanford, but would be considered a Division II team as opposed to their Division I level standing last year.

The water polo team also will be competing against topnotched rivals but unless they are acknowledged by the administration as an NCAA club, they will not be able to compete in the Division II nationals.

President Baker explained in a memo that the need to drop men’s water polo and volleyball was a combination of insufficient funding as well as a facility scheduling problem.

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President Baker explained in a memo that the need to drop men’s water polo and volleyball was a combination of insufficient funding as well as a facility scheduling problem.

“The needs of the instructional program of the Physical Education Department, combined with the scheduling of men’s and women’s basketball and men’s wrestling, and the increasing facility demands of the intramural recreation program, make it impossible for us to continue men’s volleyball,” Baker said in the memo.

Men’s tennis, swimming, soccer, baseball and women’s tennis and swimming were also on the list of sports the commission considered dropping.

With the elimination of water polo and volleyball, Cal Poly will now compete in nine men’s intercollegiate sports: football, basketball, soccer, swimming, cross country, tennis, track, wrestling, and baseball.

The women’s intercollegiate sports will remain at eight with basketball, swimming, gymnastics, cross country, softball, tennis, track and volleyball.

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The women's volleyball team begins the 1982 season with several questions unanswered. But towering middle blocker Wendy Hooper has the answer to the question: Who will block opponent's shots?

**Qualified applicants**

And now that Taylor has moved over to one side, who will play the right side? Wilton has a number of very qualified applicants to choose from. Among those on list are 5-11 sophomores Stacy Stowell, 5-10 junior Chris Collett, 5-7 freshman Lynn Rusler, and 6-0 freshman Ellen Bugalski. "The right-side player gets between 15 and 20 sets in a long match," Wilton said. "The person has to block and pop in and set. Tina did a very fine job the last three years."

The next question comes from the middle. "What are our middle blockers going to do?" Wilton said. "That's a big one. In the past we have gone just about as far as our middle blockers have taken us."

The big (6-2) force in the middle last year was Wendy Hooper. But another question on Wilton's list was how well Hooper would be prepared for early season workouts. And the prognosis, as of August 16, was quite promising. This girl is most definitely ready to play. Adding her in the middle are 6-1 sophomore Terri Purling, and two freshmen — 6-1 Carol Tschasar and 5-11 Tammy Schroeder. Another possibility in the middle is Stowell.

So with all these questions, and a few more the coach has on the clipboard, the 1982 season is a little too uncertain for Wilton after excellent back-to-back seasons. "Most college volleyball aficionados say we're not near as good as we were last year, Wilton said. "They say we lost something."

**Potential**

"You have to know we did lose some good people. So we definitely have some questions to be answered. We have the potential to be very good. I'm not too worried about what other teams do during the year. All I know is if we play as we like to be playing of each match, everything else will take care of itself."

The Mustangs just returned from a weekend trip to San Diego where they competed in the San Diego State Invitational. Wilton's women will take on Wyoming Tuesday night and then face the People's Republic of China's Junior National Team in an exhibition match Wednesday eve. Both games in the Main Gym begin at 7:30.

Leading the Mustangs is 5-11 junior hitter Sandy Aughinbaugh, a.k.a., Sandy Awesomenough, she is a legitimate Division I All-American candidate. "Sandy is one of the premier left-side hitters in the country in Division I volleyball," Wilton said. "It's been one continual improvement after another for Sandy. I don't know if I've ever seen an athlete improve as fast. She's a real nice person."

Wilton has had his starting rotation set since August. But it's not chipped in stone. "You have to open up for changes and won't hesitate to make them. Opposite Aughinbaugh is a left-side hitter in 5-11 senior Jolene Huffman. She is a transfer from Orange Coast Junior College. A ughinbaugh, where she was named MVP of the Junior College State Volleyball Tournament her sophomore season.

Middle blockers

Then there's Hooper and Purling, who can be two of the best middle blockers around. Hooper, like Huffman, also transferred to the Mustang program from Orange Coast. "Potentially, she is as good as any middle blocker in college volleyball," Wilton said. "And I really believe that. She could very well be a big factor in our success this year. She has a lot of ability."

"There is going to be some experimentation with Terri this year," Wilton remarked. "We expect to see a program from Orange Coast Junior College. Potentially, she is as good as any middle blocker in college volleyball." Wilton Jean. "And I really believe that. She could very well be a big factor in our success this year. She has a lot of ability."

Another player who didn't see a lot of action last year was 5-11 junior Jolene Huffman. "She is improving a lot. Her ability on the court has begun to manifest itself," Wilton said. "And with the increased physical and emotional maturity, Terri's going to help us a lot."
Recruits revive depleted women's running corps

By Valerie Brickman
Staff Writer

to say Cal Poly women's cross country coach Lance Harter lost some good talent would be like saying Alberto Salazar is a pretty good distance runner.

Last from last year's team which placed second in the inaugural Division II National Championships hosted by the NCCA, are Eileen Kramer and Irene Crowley.

Kramer is one of the best female distance runners this campus will ever have. She won the NCAA title with a course record of 17:41 at Southeast Missouri State last November.

Crowley finished 16th (18:40) in last year's nationals to give her All-American status. She placed fifth in the 1980 Southern California Athletic Association Championships, and also ran in the 1980 Southern California Athletic Association Championships, and also ran in the 1980 AIAW Division I National meet. But even with the losses, Harter is very optimistic about the ability and experience of the 1982 team.

Young team

"This will be a young team," the fourth-year coach said. "They are all underclassmen and we will return them all next year. They are young, but at the same time, they have a lot of national experience."

"Heading the list of returnees is sophomore Jennifer Dunn. She placed fourth (18:04) in last year's nationals. Right behind her is junior Amy Harper (15k. 18:23), sophmore Carol Glessen (20th, 18:57) and senior Jennifer Jameson (25th, 19:06)."

Along with this group is another, this group one much larger, of runners who redshirted last year and will vie for the top seven slots. These six athletes are Kris Allison, Heidi Baker, Shari Ewing, Shari McCarron, Aiji Iriem and Lisa Strango.

"The squad will also have three talented recruits coming in. "We had one of the finest recruiting years of any team in the U.S.," Harter said. "We have brought in three super freshmen who have great credentials."

The three are Kris Katterhagen from Tacoma, Wash., Lori Lopez from Sacred Heart High School in Los Angeles, and Inga Thompson from Senior, Nev. Katterhagen placed fourth in the 1981 Washington state meet two-mile with a 10:57 time. She also finished seventh in the Kinney National Cross Country Championships held in Orlando, Fla. Lopez was recruited by many Division I programs. She placed second in the 1981 state meet two-mile and has an overall best of 10:22. She won the 3,000-meters at the Martin Luther King Games in 4:53.

Thompson would be the best of the bunch. She has a best in the two-mile of 10:00-flat. Thompson won the 3,000-meters at the Brum Jemison Classic and took second in the Kinney Western Cross Country Championships.

The team will once again have a very competitive schedule, competing primarily against Division I teams. "The team should adapt to the big time very quickly," Harter said. "They'll compete against Division I teams until we compete in the Division II Nationals."

"There will be no packing-order (established line-up) like in the past with Maggie Keegan and Ellis. Anyone could be No. 1. This is a very competitive group. There will be a revolving, interchanging finish among the team."

X country coach predicts super year

By Valerie Brickman
Staff Writer

Cal Poly men's cross country team brings back seven returners from last year's fourth place Division II team and Coach Tom Henderson sums up the preseason outlook as "a super season."

"Top returners for the Mustangs will be Carmello Rios, Steve Strawgno, Phil Bellen, Kevin Broady, Mike Lansdon, Steve Cubillas and John Rambas."

"Some of these athletes were injured during some part of last year's season and had to sit out. They have a year to overcome their injuries and train and are extremely motivated to compete now," Henderson said.

Chris Emmons, distance ace from Righetti High School in Santa Maria will be one of Henderson's top freshman recruits. Emmons was league champion in the 3,000-meter, 10:45.2. He also ran 10:00 in the 880 meters.

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Poly football squad sports new look

BY MIKE MATHISON

Staff Writer

It's a new era for Cal Poly football. But then again, everything about the 1982 Mustang football season is new.

For starters, Poly has a new head coach—Jim Sanderson. He isn't new to the program though, as the 49-year-old Sanderson was an assistant for 15 years.

Along with his new reign, Sanderson has brought in two new assistant coaches, Vic Recklund and Chris Smelrod. And with the new assistance, the coaching staff has installed new offensive and defensive philosophies.

The Mustangs also have new uniforms, new helmets, new stadium lights, a new painted stadium and a new conference, the Western Football Conference (WFC).

New recruits Sanderson and his staff also have some new recruits. Heading the list are two junior college transfers. Both are running backs. Versail BrotherrJ is a JC. He gained 1,100 yards and was chosen first-team all-state. The second one is 6-0, 200-pound Brian Gutierrez from Citrus JC. He gained 1,400 yards and was selected second-team all-state. The sophomore from Porterville JC, where he rushed for 1,400 yards for Pierce, the Western Football Conference (WFC).

Sanderson has also taken two returners and put them in the backfield. Who will be the starting fullback? As of mid-June, 6-0, 205-pound sophomore Damone Johnson looks to have the edge, but Sanderson has some good choices to throw to when he drops back in the pocket. Leading the receiving corps is Nelson, a 5-11, 175-pound senior from Newbury Park. Heading the list at the other receiving slot, known as "X", is 6-0, 175-pound senior Steve Mitchell from Paso Robles. Backing him up looks to be Noel Lederman, a 6-4, 195-pound senior from Clovis. At the tight-end ranks, the "Y" slot, 6-4, 210-pound sophomore Damone Johnson looks to have the starting berth. O'Connor will likely be his back-up.

Question mark The Mustangs have a big question mark in the backfield. Why will be the starting fullback? As of mid-August, the coaches weren't sure of the status of returning senior Dan Craig (5-11, 205, San Jose). He had a foot problem in spring football and did not participate because of the injury.

In the defensive backfield, there is a heated battle going on between Nick Frost and Mike Stewart for the starting free safety position. Frost is a 5-9, 170-pound sophomore from La Jolla who was the starter in the latter part of last season. Stewart is a 6-3, 190-pound sophomore from Maricopa who picked off two passes at the Green vs. Gold intrasquad football game in May. The strong safety position will be shouldered by local product Dale Barthel. The 6-3, 195-pound junior is from Lompoc.

The cornerbacks should be Sherman Tumtine (left-side) and Gene Underwood. Tumtine is a 5-11, 180-pound senior from Long Beach. He, like Frost, Barthel and Stewart had one interception last year. Underwood, a 5-11, 175-pound junior from Merced, tied the team-high with three thefts in '81.

The defensive line is anchored by 6-2, 245-pound senior tackle Tom Gilmartin; 6-4, 255-pound senior nose guard Steve Gibson and 6-4, 230-pound sophomore Paul Sverchek, who is from San Luis Obispo. The outside left linebacker is 6-3, 255-pound senior from Paso Robles Jerry Schmidt, with 6-2, 210-pound senior Sean Williamson on the right side.

The Mustang football team is banking on its new look to solve some old problems. They have suffered last year. Linebacker Steve Booker and defensive back Mike Laidl had no problems stacking up this runner in a game played last season.

Joe Harper who is now at Northern Arizona. Last season the ball was put in the air a mere 183 times. Biller, a 6-0, 185-pound junior from Paso Robles, will have some good choices to throw to when he drops back in the pocket. Leading the receiving corps is Nelson, a 5-11, 175-pound senior. Backing up Nelson at the "Z" slot will probably be 5-9, 170-pound freshman Dru Utter from Newbury Park. Heading the list at the other receiving slot, known as "X", is 6-0, 175-pound senior Steve Mitchell from Paso Robles. Backing him up looks to be Noel Lederman, a 6-4, 195-pound senior from Clovis. At the tight-end ranks, the "Y" slot, 6-4, 210-pound sophomore Damone Johnson looks to have the starting berth. O'Connor will likely be his back-up.

The Mustangs have a big question mark in the backfield. Why will be the starting fullback? As of mid-August, the coaches weren't sure of the status of returning senior Dan Craig (5-11, 205, San Jose). He had a foot problem in spring football and did not participate because of the injury.

In the defensive backfield, there is a heated battle going on between Nick Frost and Mike Stewart for the starting free safety position. Frost is a 5-9, 170-pound sophomore from La Jolla who was the starter in the latter part of last season. Stewart is a 6-3, 190-pound sophomore from Maricopa who picked off two passes at the Green vs. Gold intrasquad football game in May. The strong safety position will be shouldered by local product Dale Barthel. The 6-3, 195-pound junior is from Lompoc.

The cornerbacks should be Sherman Tumtine (left-side) and Gene Underwood. Tumtine is a 5-11, 180-pound senior from Long Beach. He, like Frost, Barthel and Stewart had one interception last year. Underwood, a 5-11, 175-pound junior from Merced, tied the team-high with three thefts in '81.

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With a hot pad in hand, Roger opened the oven and pulled out another steaming loaf of bread. It was the fifth loaf he had made since early that morning, and he was feeling better. He was not as tense or nervous as he was when he woke up that morning, but baking did that for him. Roger was still a little nervous but anyone would be if he were going to interview for a research manager opening at Hewlett Packard. But when he got into one of those baking binges of his he knew he was nervous. Maybe he was a little different but baking helped to relax him. Some people would do something physical like jogging or playing a few sets of tennis or mowing the lawn or others just would get into the car and drive. Roger liked to bake. Usually four loaves would settle him down but the fact that he had to bake five loaves this morning to relax said a lot. Maybe it was the physical part that he needed as kneading the bread dough did loosen up the tenseness in his shoulders and chest.

A light fog of flour filled the kitchen as Roger continued to knead the dough. Ladies, spoons, dirty pans, rolled out pizza and bowls covered the entire counter as Roger bent over the cutting board. Roger Reynolds had a face that people could easily forget. Flour particles clung to his clean-shaven face like metal to magnet.

Roger was that boy in the back row all through school that you would see every day and still not know his name. He was the kind of person who permanently registered at the police station for line-up duty, "...he had average height, slight build, maybe a crooked nose but I really didn't get a good look at him, officer..."

This baking binge was the first one that Roger had been on in about eight months. He kneaded dough on that day for almost three hours. He had never made so much bread in one day. He baked eight—no it was nine—loaves that day eight months ago.

The knife in Roger's hand easily sliced through the soft, warm dough on the cutting board. The steam from the fresh bread slowly drifted up and carried him back to the Saturday mornings of his youth with his father and sister, Rachel. The smell of freshly baked bread was like no other smell in the world, he thought. Rachel and Roger both looked forward to Saturdays because that would be the day that their dad would buy the both of them to the bakery to buy enough bread for the rest of the week. Roger loved that smell and he loved Rachel. In a lot of ways, the day-old bread that their dad would buy on Saturday mornings and Rachel were a lot alike. They had both been on the shelf a little too long and no one would risk the effort to take them home. But, there was always someone like Roger's dad who did not mind that the bread had been left out a little too long, or had not quite risen enough, or was overcooked. His dad always said that it did not matter what was wrong with the crust but it was what inside the crust that mattered.

That was true for Rachel too. She had always had problems. If it was not one thing it was another. She had been waging a battle with overweight since she had been a teenager, But, Roger was just going by what his mom said because Rachel was ten years older than he, and to him, she had always been overweight. From what he had heard from his parents, she had a tough childhood. His dad worked for the Air Force and they moved frequently. As soon as Rachel moved to the Air Force and they moved frequently. As soon as Rachel moved to a new town, she would establish new friends, the

By Vern Ahrendes

The hardest move for her came during her junior year in high school. It was a critical move as her close friendships were rooted deeply on the emotional level. Those friendships were taken away from her. The move was not hard for Roger, of course, because he was in the second grade at the time and it was just an adventure for him. He could always find new friends to play hide-and-seek with. For Rachel it was different. She had a few romances and flings for the next six or seven years after that move but there were not any solid, lasting relationships until Dan Hayworth came along.

By the time Rachel had met Dan, Roger was in high school and he was at that stage in life when he started to notice the opposite sex and it was then that Roger first saw Rachel's real beauty. It was not her shoulder-length sandy blonde hair, her emerald-green eyes or her smile but it was more than that. It was what was inside her just like his father had said. Her heart. Her soul. It was the child trapped inside her that had been caged by so many moves to new surroundings, schools, towns and friendships. The child inside her never had the chance to come out and play, or at least not until Dan came along.

The bread in Roger's hand was half eaten as he could feel the lumpy mass traveling down his throat toward his stomach. The sun was shining brightly through the kitchen window and was spilling across the sink, through the flour fog and onto the cutting board below him but Roger did not want to go out into the sun until he had to. Instead, he turned and walked towards the back door and went out into the dark and cluttered garage. There on blocks was his baby.

Like most other cars, it had four wheels, a hood, two doors, an engine, and a steering wheel. The only clean part of the garage was filled with trophies and plaques that all read "(so and so's) Annual Car Show's First Place Winner in Classic Automobile Division." He looked into that one corner before lifting the light brown tarpaulin cover with his left hand to look at the polished paint that still glittered in the filtered light. It had been on blocks now for almost a year and a half. It was "garaged" about a month after the divorce proceedings had started between Rachel and Dan.

The car meant a lot to him. He had purchased it during his last week of high school and Dan had spent almost nine months, three or four nights a week, with him rebuilding.

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Please see page 2
Ovenbaked Thunderbird...

From page 1 painting, restoring and polishing that car. As it was now, the car was worth five or six times what he had originally paid for it and if he sold it now he could easily make five or six thousand dollars but he could not. A special piece of Dan was in that car, despite what he had done to his sister, and it was all that Roger had to remember him by.

Dan had been a smooth talker, a salesman by trade. He was a shrewd businessman and he did not mind stepping on toes to get ahead, including Rachel's. But, Roger could never accept that. Roger, however, had only known one side of Dan. Dan always seemed so warm, considerate and helpful to him. There had always been talk of another woman but it had been Dan that had asked Rachel to pack her things and move out. Dan could never do that to my sister, Roger thought, not the man who had done so much for him. He loved Dan—constant love that was never reassigned.

For almost five years, Dan had always been there when Roger needed someone to talk to, to laugh with and to cry with. Roger never imagined that the man that he loved could ever cheat on his sister. It was just too big a pill to swallow but Dan's death, two months after the divorce, convinced most of the family that Dan's candle had been burning at both ends. The newspapers said that he had taken a number of sedatives and had gone for midnight swim. The fact that he was found face down in his boss' pool, while the boss was away on a business trip, never made it into ink, however.

It was about a month and a half after the funeral that Roger had gone on his nine-loaf baking binge. He tore off another hunk of the bread in his hand and replaced the front of the car cover over the bumper and the 57 T-Bird license plate. Roger remembered the phone conversation eight months ago with Rachel. She asked him, he thought, if he could help her move back into "her" home. Her voice had sounded shallow and broken. "Roger?" she had asked in between snifflies. "Roger? Is that you?" "I...wanted to ask a...big favor of you. I...am moving back into our—I mean my house," she sighed and went on. "There are some things, some heavy things, I need help with. I...would ask dad but with his bad heart and back and all..."

"Sure, Rach. I'd love to," he replied. "I'll take the day off and drive up tomorrow."

"Thank you so much, really." There was a click and the dial tone sounded. Shortly after the dial tone sounded, Roger had started his nine-loaf binge. He was nervous not only because it would be the first time he had been back in that house since that divorce proceedings had started but also because it would be the first time he had been alone with Rachel in almost four years. He had been alone with Dan often while working on the car but not with Rachel. He tore off another chunk of the bread in his hand as he tried to refocus his mind on the interview and what he might be asked. Experience, he asked himself, five years of college, internship—six months at the co-op, two months at the stereo store and five years in Hewlett's research department. They knew all of his credentials, he reassured himself as he walked around to the side of the car. He lifted up the tarp again but from the side this time exposing the driver's door and then he

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by Tom Johnson

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"Fuck!"

The paperback copy of Look Homeward, Angel sailed across the room. It smacked against the far wall then fell to the cement floor with a dull thud. The injured book lay motionless in a cover badly torn and folded.

The prisoner glared at the book momentarily from the dark corner of his cell, then bowed his head. His elbows—heavily bandaged after he had slashed them in an attempted suicide the day before—rested on his knees. His long, boney arms dangled loosely between his legs.

The Prisoner closed his eyes and reared his head back as if to try to blot out his momentary display of anger. He gulped a mouthful of air and released it slowly with an audible sigh. His head dropped toward his chest.

On that day he was desperate for money. He had been through the small crevice between his legs.

The Chaplain had given The Prisoner the copy of Look Homeward, Angel in hopes it would give him strength to face death. The Chaplain prayed that through vicariously experiencing how protagonist Eugene Gant closely to his chest. His eyes became glazed; they stared blindly at the book through the small crevice between his legs.

It was ironic. The Chaplain had given The Prisoner the copy of Look Homeward, Angel in hopes it would give him strength to face death. The Chaplain prayed that through vicariously experiencing how protagonist Eugene Gant had matured after he conquered the fear and isolation of death, The Prisoner could gain solace. But for months the book had remained buried under a mound of empty Marlboro packs and half-written petitions to the court.

Even though the Prisoner’s days were fully occupied with doing nothing. He had waited until this night to tap the inner strength of Gant. But it was too late. The Prisoner had precious little time left. For the next morning he would walk the 10 yards necessary to keep a date the courts had made for him four years earlier. At 10 a.m., the Prisoner would be executed.

The Prisoner diverted his attention from the book. He struggled to his feet, letting out a primal grunt. His eyes began to slowly pan the cell. They focused on the dingy white toilet that covered in one corner of the cell and on the two urine-stained mattresses which were pressed against a side wall. The remainder of the holing cell was empty—just barren walls.

Though the Prisoner saw everything in the cell, his mind comprehended nothing. His mind was a blur of disconnected thoughts; it became unbound by time. His thoughts lurched from one event in his life to another. But the mental time traveling screeched to a halt when the Prisoner dredged up the one event which had banished disconnected thoughts; it became unbound by time. His thoughts lurched from one event in his life to another. But the mental time traveling screeched to a halt when the Prisoner dredged up the one event which had banished him to his purgatory.

On that day he was desperate for money. He had been cleared of a robbery a few days earlier, but he still had to pay bail. Money was scarce in his neighborhood, so he robbed a Sacramento bar of just over $300. As he escaped, the Prisoner stumbled upon a young, blond policeman who had been alerted about the burglary. The Prisoner caught the officer by surprise and took him hostage. But as the Prisoner fled the bar, he fell into an ambush. A policeman fired two times at The Prisoner from short range. The bullets only wounded him. The Prisoner unloaded four bullets into the officer. He died instantly.

The Prisoner walked slowly around his cell. As the events of that day unfolded in his mind, he walked faster and more similarly—like a steel ball rebounding off the bumpers in a giant pinball game.

His mind was racing. He pondered the uniqueness of his sentence. Though he felt genuine remorse for his act, he had, after all, only killed one man—and in self-defense. Yet he had been singled out to receive justice’s ultimate penalty. Why? The Prisoner continued to quench his pace. Faster, faster he walked until he was almost at full gallop. The faster he walked, the faster his mind raced. Suddenly it dawned on him: He was a black man who had killed a white cop in the capital city—no one would be sympathetic. His death was to be a symbolic warning to other potential cop killers. The government was using him as a scapegoat.

The Prisoner abruptly stopped careening about the cell. The dull glance that hung over his eyes like a veil was lifted and replaced by the terrorized look of a hunted animal. For four years he had suffered through the uncertainty of knowing he was to die but not knowing when. Uncertainty bred fear. Each day a new layer of fear was added to his psyche—a fear so enveloping that it isolated him from the rest of humanity. The Prisoner dealt with this fear by convincing himself that death was something that happened to the old or to unfortunate who died in auto accidents. But reflecting upon the day he murdered the policeman and on his impending execution made death become more immediate. He felt terrified. He felt terribly alone.
Forever a stranger....

From page 3

The Prisoner threw back his head and his eyes pierced the ceiling of the holding cell. A thought exploded beside his head: "Prisoner's door."

The Prisoner's door opened. In walked the Chaplain. Forever a stranger....

The Chaplain fervently opposed capital punishment, taking the official view of the whole world! The Chaplain broke down and cried hysterically.

The steel door-to Death Row opened and closed with a metallic clang. Two pairs of footsteps echoed down the hall. The echoing stopped in front of the cell. A thought exploded beside his head: "Prisoner's door."

The Chaplain's body bulged with muscles; his forearms were as massive as farm irrigation pipes. He had a dark tan that gave him a hard, weatherbeaten look and subtracted 10 years from his age of 55. The tough appearance was belied by a broad smile that rarely left his lips.

But that smile vanished as he entered the holding cell. The Prisoner was standing naked in the center of the cell. His eyes were glassy and his feet were crossed. His arms were spread out in the crucifix position and his hands dangled limply. He had ripped off his bandages and blood gushed from his elbows.

The Chaplain stood momentarily dumbfounded, then asked timidly, "Aaron, do you know me?"

"You are not Jesus Christ," the Prisoner asked hollowly.

"No, I am not Jesus Christ." The Prisoner wiped the blood from his elbows. He stretched out his bloody hand to the Chaplain and said mechanically, "This is the blood of Jesus Christ. I am the second coming, to save the world from sin."

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Untitled
by Sandra Heineman

The gift—of being here,
Of this—not some otherwhere,
The gift of
this pen, this page,
this wall, this soiled and torny chair,
The gift of
seeing these people,
hearing these voices, this music,
this clatter
of dishes and trays

This here—and not some other.

Solid, solid, close
The world presses on my senses,
Cocooned, ensnared,
Protected, held,
Here, where infinity sits in the chair
next to me.

Gazing at the night sky,
The galaxies press against my eye,
My mind unfolds them,
Riders them and puts them away,
Faster than the speed of light.

(The speed of life vastly transcends
the speed of light.)

You are not there,
I touch, enfold you too,
You are my body, as I am yours;
You are my body, as the world is my body;
Clothed, I am, with rocks and trees and crumpled gum wrappers and faded blue jeans,
I am attached, continuous, all.

I smile at your antics and at mine;
Together we set the universe a jiggle,
Together we against the cosmic jelly
And touch the farthest quasars,
Somehere in the right hemisphere
just above our eye.

Salmon Creek Poems
by Pam Ann Wests

I start to forget what I am—
And the simple growth
on an ancient water-cooked bug
reminds me of my Taco Bell mentality.

One moment: confident, above the surface.
the next: ashamed below the surface.

There is no way back
to long-lost unions.
But there is a way forward
to new-found bonds.

Becoming so aware
of shades of green
and how shade
affects all colors—

I am aware of
shades of you
but not always how shade affects
your colors.

A leaf falls
or so I believe
until I notice its orange hue
and it takes flight in wild-fall.

A leaf falls
and keeps falling
striking the earth a delicate blow
and sinks into the depths of tomorrow.

I think I’ll follow
the butterfly
for now at least.
I’m not ready to be a leaf.

TIME
by Pam Hudock

Time flies from me like sand in the wind
as only an appearance in motion.
The beginning never starting,
and the end in oblivion.

Salmon Creek Poem #6
by Pam Ann Wests

O Earth Mother
I feel
sadness slowly crumbling
in great huckers lining
rumbling creek.
Sadness to pebbles
and sand.
Movement—
now a moment frozen
in this my mind.

Haikus
by Pam Hudock

Soft forest sunlight
Glistening through open shadow—
of an unknown path.

Heavy with summer
A white cloud drowsing in the lake
Hangs motionless.

Autumn leaves falling
Through the hands of tenderness...
Washed with colors.

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SALAD BAR EVERY NIGHT

The Assembly Line
FEATUREING
ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT

Fall, 1982
Cross Currents
crumpled copy of Look Homeward, Angel shamed in th' corner. He strained to get
up and plodded over to where the book
lay. The Prisoner read the foreword as he
limbered back to the mattresses. He then
painstakingly retore the foreword three
times more than flipped the book onto the
bed. The Prisoner pulld down pen and
paper from his shelf and scribbled a note.
He turned to one of the guards station-
ated outside and asked for the time. 9:45.
Death was only 15 minutes away.
He asked for a cigarette. The guard
obliged.

The Prisoner sank back into a crouch
on the mattresses. He sucked on the
-cigarette thoughtfully and purposely.
Before he took another hit, he focused his
attention on the glowing cherry of the
cigarette. As his eyes glared intently at
the burning ashes, his pursed lips opened
closed slightly as if he was carrying
that question that he had pondered all night:
What was the government's

The Warden's countenance was grim as
he watched the wrestling match between
the guards and The Prisoner. As warden,
the state declares him the legal execu-
tioner. This title bore heavily on this

The Warden walked to the execution room to

The Prisoner's lawyer. The Warden's thick
gray eyebrows arched as the lawyer told
him in a quavering voice that an eleventh-
hour appeal had failed. The Warden

Just as the guards finished, The
Prisoner unleashed an eardrum-bursting
scream. He crumpled to the mattresses
like a marionette whose strings had been

Though the Prisoner's scream was not
heard by any of the other condemned, it
did not escape the ear of one man: the

The Warden's thick gray eyebrows were arched as the lawyer told
him in a quavering voice that an eleventh-
hour appeal had failed. The Warden

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Getting Lost in the Shuffle?

Hope that the convinienced were being
justly punished and that he was only
following the state's orders. But no mat-
ter how hard he scrubbed in the river, his

The guards wrestled him to the floor.
They managed to wipe up the blood and
to dress him.

As soon as the guards finished, The
Prisoner unleashed an eardrum-bursting
scream. He crumpled to the mattresses
like a marionette whose strings had been cut.

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he watched the wrestling match between
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he watched the wrestling match between
the guards and The Prisoner. As warden,
the state declares him the legal execu-
tioner. This title bore heavily on this

The Warden turned away. As the
Warden walked to the execution room to
watch final preparations. The fat, balding
man was diverted by the ring of a
telephone. The call came from the
Prisoner's lawyer. The Warden's thick
gray eyebrows were arched as the lawyer told
him in a quavering voice that an eleventh-
hour appeal had failed. The Warden

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Getting Lost in the Shuffle?
plodded to the holding cell to tell the
Prisoner. The Prisoner listened but he
did not comprehend. He merely stared
wide-eyed at the Warden and said
that all his sins had been forgiven.

Guards were swinging open the door to
the gas chamber and closed to test the
hermetic seal. In the Preparation Room,
another guard was mixing potassium
cyanide eggs into canvas bags. The
bag contained a mixture of sulfuric acid
and distilled water which would be piped
into a bucket beneath the gas chamber.
The guard then counted the potassium
cyanide eggs which would be placed
beneath the Feet. The eggs were stuffed
into a cheesecloth sack for another guard to take away.

As The Warden watched these proce-
dings, he grew morose. The burden of
being held responsible bore down heavily
upon his shoulders, and seemed to grow
heavier with each passing minute.

The Warden's predecessor always
took a two-week vacation to the ocean to
purge himself of guilt after an execution.
The Warden made no such plans; no matter
how far he went, he knew his hands would
still drip blood. Like many, he was
laughed at those who claimed capital
punishment was moral. He continued to
mourn pitifully. As the moment of
death neared, the urgency of his pleas increased.

His hands were tied to a crescent. His
whole body seemed to explode with
energy as he unlocked a unearthly screen.
UNTITLED
by Sandra Heineman
Pretense now no longer
Of avail in hiding
What I thought was well known,
Selfness, hardness, stone-fleshed
Soul inside this body
So resiliently whole.
Melting sun warmth—God's touch.
Joy Infused thought's sinew
Felt as if to the core.
Now the shade of your touch
Closes His veined eye and
Joy is frozen, cracks, falls
New revealed as but slime
Thin and rotten clinging
False undesired upon
Death's granite face,
Body of my soul.

by Sandra Heineman
Walk in the night
to possess the memory
of you without shame,
the touching of bodies
embrace the one earth.
Surface and substance
texture and flesh are here,
are here in the streets
where footsteps
(motion the mystery)
remind that time
turns all to memory.
Renunciation of holding,
brief touching, all,
(hands so hard to let loose)
for the one and final
possession.

POETRY

Scared
by Sandra Hedstrom
It's 5:30 pm
Your heart beats fast
Heads shakey
Perspiration, slowly dripping
Down the sides of your face
You don't know what awaits you
Or the outcome
You're just waiting,
Waiting,
And you are scared.

But what to do?
What can you do?
There's no one to talk to
No where to go
You can run
Or hide
But that's no good
You're still scared
You don't like this
Why are you here?
It's 3:00 pm
And you are scared.

SOMEONE
by Pam Hudock
I want someone
I can laugh with,
Someone I can cry to.
Someone to run on the beach with
Who'll lift me up and swing me
in circles.
Until we both fall, dizzy and laughing
like children
in the warm, cream-colored sand.
I want someone to read my poetry,
to share a milkshake with
on a lazy summer day,
Someone to splash in the ocean with,
Someone to buy things for
And kick through the dry autumn leaves
with,
Someone to run through the puddles with,
after the rain.
I want someone
whose birthday I can memorize,
Someone who'll never say good-bye, and
Someone to brush back the lock of
hair
that constantly falls in my eyes.
I want someone
I can lie in the cool green grass with,
Someone to share the holidays with,
Someone who can see the same colors
Ido
when he looks at a sunset.
I want someone to surprise me
with a smile when mine is tired.
Someone to hug me
when I'm feeling down,
And most of all
I want someone to love me
as I am here and now.
Thunderbird...

From page 16

thought you would understand." A trace of moisture streamed down her right cheek but the mascara did not run.

She turned back towards the desk and pounced a clinched fist on the lid. "I thought you would understand...! I hoped, I prayed...Danny loved me and I still love him, in spite of what he was or did.

He was cruel and I spent a lot of nights alone but he still loved me, I know it, and no one can take that away from me."

Her knees finally gave way as she slowly slid down along the desk to the floor, like a cake slowly falling in the after someone had slammed a door.

"And you," she said pointing a finger at Roger, "you of all people. You and that...that damned car of yours...! was jealous of you. Do you realize that? You...my baby brother, for God's sake. Damn it if Dan didn't spend more time with you and the junk heap of yours. Me, I just got stuck back onlim. He turned his on me," he said while pointing a finger at his chest for emphasis. "You told me yourself that it was all just an act. He was a salesman with smooth style and it was that smooth style that Dan had lived and eventually died for but Dan did not need that style around Roger and he had bet his whole commission on that.

Roger pushed himself away from the garage door and ran back into the house and called the newspaper to cancel the ad. He lied, saying the car had been sold and then he hurriedly dialed the florist.

"I'd like to order and have two dozen flowers delivered to a Dan and a Rachel Hayworth in Sonora."

"Any messages to go with the flowers, sir?" some high-pitched voice asked.

"Yes, just write me. I finally do understand."

Roger opened the newspaper and turned to the classified section. He read down the For Sale column listings until he read, "1957 T'Bird, or hawk or whatever it was. To hell with it..." She took two deep breaths and slowly and quietly said, "God, Roger, do you realize that you probably know him better than I did?...And now you are just turning your back on him. Please Roger don't, for me at least...please!"

Roger was breathing faster and he felt a pounding sensation in his temple.

"What the hell do you mean? I didn't turn my back on him. He turned his on me," he said while pointing a finger at his chest for emphasis. "You told me yourself that it was all just an act. He was a God damned loser Rachef and I was stupid enough not to take it."

"I'm sorry the car is not for sale," Roger said as he hastily pulled the tarp back down over the front door. He ushered the slick-looking Michaels out of the garage and to the gold Mercedes that was parked by the curb. He ran back up the driveway and closed the garage door. Once inside, he leaned against the door and sighed a long, deep exhalation of relief.

Roger took a look at the tarpaulined car and thought about Dan. It was through this classic limo on four wheels, Roger thought, that Dan had shown the only real love he was capable of. Dan had been a salesman with smooth style and it was that smooth style that Dan had lived and eventually died for but Dan did not need that style around Roger and he had bet his whole commission on that.

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...and Alone

his beard. His big, round eyes drooped and displayed hopelessness.

The Warden then signaled the Executioner. The Executioner was a phantom. The press never saw the Executioner who was seated behind the gas chamber. Nor was the condemned allowed to face his executioner as the Venetian blinds that covered the plate glass windows were tilted so the Executioner's hooded face was shielded. No one knew who performed the execution except the warden and he was not about to remove the black hood of secrecy.

The Executioner hesitated. A twinge of remorse shot through his body as he observed The Prisoner through the two slits cut in his black hood. He closed his eyes and swallowed hard. He slowly lowered the lever. Plink! The eggs fell in the liquid and sent up a billow of lethal hydrocyanic gas. As the gas reached The Prisoner's nose, he shuddered. His head arched back and his chest heaved. The Prisoner's hands curled into tight fists. He would fight off the gas as long as possible.

After two minutes it was clear the gas was winning the battle. The Prisoner's head dropped until his chin rested on his chest. His rigid body now sagged the leather straps like a towel draped over a shower rod. His body went completely limp, supported only by the straps. His shoulder muscles quivered. Saliva trickled out of the corner of his mouth and dribbled down his chin. A sticky stream of urine squirted onto his thigh and ran down his leg.

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The Medical Officer listened to the Prisoner's heartbeat through the grotesque telephone cord attached to his chest. At first the Prisoner's heart thumped wildly—like the sound of a rubber ball bouncing off the walls of a closet. But the heartbeat slowed and grew fainter and fainter. The Medical Officer had to strain to hear it. Finally the beating stopped. The Medical Officer removed the stethoscope from his ears. He dutifully recorded the time: 10:16. The Medical Officer turned to the Warden and nodded. The Prisoner was dead.

The Warden and the 10 witnesses filed out of the room slowly. They said nothing and avoided looking at anyone else. Their senses were stunned from watching a man die before their eyes. The guards lifted The Prisoner's limp, lifeless body out of the gas chamber to prepare it for the funeral. As one guard grabbed The Prisoner around the chest, a small slip of paper fell to the ground. The Executioner noticed the note the Prisoner had written just before he was taken away from the guards and put it into his back pocket.

The Executioner walked slowly out of the gas chamber area, his head hung low. He leaned against the wall which separates the hall from the chamber. He ran his freckled fingers through his blood hair and his out a large sigh. He fished out the slip of paper and read its contents:

Which of us has known his brother? Which of us has looked into his father's heart? Which of us has not remained forever prison-pent? Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?

—Thomas Wolfe

Look Homeward, Angel

The Executioner stared at the paper for a moment. He read it a second time then gave a perplexed shrug. He crumbled the slip of paper and tossed it into the air. It smacked off the wall and landed on the cold, concrete floor. He turned and walked away.

When a good friend borrows your car, the tank may not come back full. But the trunk does.

When you get paid back with interest like this, it sort of makes you wish he'd borrow things more often.

Open up a few cold ones and toast a guy who really knows how to return a favor.

Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.

Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.
It was that feeling Rob wanted; yeah, that feeling of exciting despair when he could hammer his knuckles into a wall and not hurt. Or being chased by someone he knew was faster, like Larry used to. When Rob found it.

And that feeling began again as Rob got closer; the tingling in his arms rose a little as he drove. He rubbed his messy light brown hair with his palm whenever he felt it, dragging his hand over a sweating face, three-day-old beard and tired eyes. He was afraid of this shaking, the weird heat in his face. But his skinny body felt so alive.

And he could stop and go back any time he wanted to, he could go in the store and not even pull it out. Maybe he should have quit before, the time he got caught. But then he wouldn't have done any time; he wouldn't have learned anything.

Quick and smooth, not like at the station. Take what you can, a few hundred bucks, whatever's there. Don't wait around for more, don't argue. If the guy's a moron and wants to be a hero, shoot him and leave, or just leave.

No chances. Get out. Got to remember to get out.

Rob remembered the first time he pulled one off, a kid without even a plan. But that candle looked so out of place on the gift store shelf. Wrong color, maybe. The one that one: that one was a calm grayish-brown, a field gray, a color, he could risk so much, alone, he would go down into the ditch and look for it. "Hey!" she yelled when the candle hit. He turned, knelt to pick up his prize, squinting his eyes as they met hers.

She waddled at him, panting, as if unsure of her next action. Like Dad would have.

Rob bounced up and ran out the door. He ran for the grass field past the chain link fence, through the rigid buildings and people walking in lines from store to store, up to the field he rode his bike on. Though a hundred yards from the mall, a few minutes seemed to go by before he heard her scream, "Come back here, you little son of a bitch!"

He grabbed the top of the fence and pulled himself over with a lurch, just like on TV, and kept running. She wouldn't be able to see him now, but he kept on running as if she were right behind, until he reached his bike.

He stepped into the ditch to catch his breath and thought of questions Mom would ask. Yeah, better to hide it somewhere in the ditch; he could always come back for it later.

Simple, real simple. The fat, black haired lady with weird green pants kept reading her book behind the counter. Rob noticed her glancing up at the two older kids, then Larry's older brother would say whenever he caught him.: "You never learn," his plump, dark haired older brother would say whenever he caught him spying on him and his girl-friend, then give him a couple of charley horses in his leg and say, "That was the wrong thing to do."

Except for that one time. Not even that bad, Rob had just suddenly stopped. "Shut up," when Larry was giving him orders to follow; it just came out. He ran into the house knowing Larry would follow, not letting him slip in without knowing who had the power this time. Rob's lead was just enough to reach the cabinet, the one with the fancy labelled bottles, Dad's hiding place. He clamped up the counter quickly, reached in and felt around. His bony hand grasped the thick wooden handle. It was heavy and hard to handle and thin; he had more trouble with it than anyone on TV would.

"What've you doing up there?" Larry's voice boomed from across the room. "Get down! Now!" He pulled back a fist and stepped toward the cabinet, faster with each step. Rob's weapon, hearing the cartridge jiggle, letting it show for the first time, making Larry know he had it and how to use it. His free hand clamped its vice, pointing silently. "Where'd you get that?" he coarsely whispered, "It's real."

Then Larry didn't move. He didn't move at all, not even to try to run away. "I was just joking, Robert," saying "Robert" like Dad did, "Come on." The corner of Rob's mouth smiled, like whenever he remembered later.

"Now, come on, please," Larry said. "I didn't mean, you know, what I said. No one's in charge, okay? just like Dad said.

The shiny black metal glittered like a heavy torch. Larry tried taking a step back only to see Rob shake his weapon, hearing the cartridge jiggle. "Be careful!" No, Larry wouldn't run: he'd do whatever Rob told him to. He knew how to use it. His free hand clamped its vice, pointing silently. "Where'd you get that, so Rob's weapon, for now, was useless. There were no bullets.

The power over Larry, lasting 'til Dad came home, felt good, and Rob remembered. He knew now how to get people to do what he wanted. He had only used it once more, at the station, but he always knew how. And he liked it.

Please see page 13
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705 Higuera M-F, 9am-5pm Sat. 10am-4pm thru 9/25

This is the second edition of Cross Currents. As our advisor, Jim Hayes, once said, it you do something once at Cal Poly, it's new, the second time it's a miracle and the third time it's a tradition. This edition is the miracle, we're shooting for the tradition.

active the next edition of Cross Currents will hopefully appear in either December of this year or March of next. It is our intention to create a quarterly literary/creative arts magazine of quality that will support itself financially and in content.

We urge all Poly students to watch for the next Cross Currents flyer announcing the acceptance of submissions for the next issue. Then we invite your work to be considered for that edition. It is for you Cross Currents is published, and it is you whose support it needs.

You're reading the miracle, help make Cross Currents a tradition.

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PUNISHMENT

From page 11
ed that feeling. Why couldn't Cindy accept it?

She was always the same when she came to see him at
the prison, to punish him some more. She would shrug
her shoulders self-servingly say, "How are you?" pull
back the chair and sit down. Rob could see a false fear in
her blue eyes, a fascination she couldn't hide. She'd shake
her short, tangled blonde head and mumble, "I hate this place.

"Rob's fat tightened.
"I'm sorry, she'd go on, "I never know what to say. I
guess I'm sorry I walked off like that last time."

But she always returned, always the same, and neither
of them said much. She'd say, "Are you mad?" or maybe
murmur "Right across the street." A sob or two. "How
could you think you could get away with hold—taking
their money, when the station was right?" And her voice
would sound so genuinely curious. "I can't
understand any of this."

"That's a lie," he'd hiss at deaf ears. She understood;
she knew what it was like. They talked about adventures
growing up, promises never to tell the other what to do,
like Larry did. But she didn't, controlling it but never ac­
cepting it. She didn't have the guts. But Rob did. And he
showed her. But she had to visit to see what it was like.

"You just love being punished, don't you, Rob? That
gives you an excuse to do whatever you please."

Rob could only think to shake his head He never
wanted to hear the how's, the why's, the boring
preaching. He'd look into her eyes and wonder why she
shook so much. Rob would crouch his teeth and squeeze his
eyes. "You didn't see! You didn't want to hear. He
knew it was wrong. Of course it was wrong. It was suppos­
ted to be."

"If only she could feel, the power, controlling
somebody. She never saw the look on that service station's
kid's face. But Rob knew kid would've understood, see­
ing that black barrel at his eyes edge. Rob told him to
move slow, so he had to move slow. Life must have been
very precious in that passing moment. And Rob knew
that kid would have done anything, anything, to get out and
escape somehow. Rob knew about that feeling: he felt it
before. But maybe that kid would've under­stand, see­
ning kid's face. But maybe that kid would've imderstood, see­
ning that blank, blurry stare seemed to recoil from Rob's face.

"All right," he burst from his mouth as he stood sud­
denly, and mechanical, the man got closer to the
 darkness of

After all day
in my back­
pack my lunch is squishy.
You should
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4-lunch
plan! The
food is fresh
and so
convenient!!

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just as illegal as using it. And even if he just took twenty
bucks, at least he could feel his heart beat again. He had
learned to like the power of his heartbeat.

Rob pulled his light blue Dodge Dart into the small,
isolated liquor store's parking lot. The clerk, an older guy
with sandy hair and big, dark eyes, had turned off all of
the lights, except for the one over the counter. He looked
easy. Like dear, old Dad. And he hadn't locked the door
yet, as usual.

Rob pushed the door and walked easily over to the
register. "Yes, sir?" the clerk smiled from across the
counter. Casually, Rob slid the weapon from his coat, let­
ing it show, aiming from the hip, like rm TV . The man
looked in the mirror and let his shoulders relax. He was
always the same when he came to see him at
the Foundation Cashier
in U.U. Bldg.

When he went the
idea, sitting by his kitchen window, wat­
ching the cop pull away and the kid closing up.

The man, suddenly alert, turned and ran into the back.

The sudden force had thrown Rob's arm back too hard,
and he rubbed his elbow as he quickly slammed back into
his car. His heartbeat was too hard, now; it wasn't suppos­
ded to be like this. He threw the metal thing in the
backseat; it was useless now.

Rob pushed the door and walked easily over to the
register. "Yes, sir?" the clerk smiled from across the
counter. Casually, Rob slid the weapon from his coat, let­
ing it show, aiming from the hip, like rm TV . The man
looked in the mirror and let his shoulders relax. He was
always the same when he came to see him at
the Foundation Cashier
in U.U. Bldg.
Ovenbaked Thunderbird...

From page 2 weighted the tarp down on the convertible top with a small piece of wood. For an instant, when he lifted the tarp, he saw Dan's face in the open casket. He reached out and opened the door and, as he stood there staring again in the clear corner of the garage, he could almost see Dan standing next to him on that first night when he brought the car home. He could see Dan's roundish face, one much like a squirrel with a mouthful of nuts, bobbing and ducking behind the open hood as he tinkered with the carburetor, the cylinders, and the distributor.

Roger stepped into the car and sat down in the driver's seat. He ran his fingers through a slight layer of dust on the dashboard and then he clutched the steering wheel tightly with both hands as if he was waiting for some sort of encouragement. One hairpin turn left. One right. Each turn became sharper and longer and he could feel the car going faster and he could hear the tires screeching with each turn. His left foot shifted from the clutch pedal to the brake. His foot jammed down in the driver's seat. He ran his cylinders, and the distributor. He tinker with the carburetor, the rel with a mouthful of nuts, bobbing ovenbaked Thunderbird...

Roger knocked twice and walked in. Boxes in all shapes and sizes were scattered in groups on the bare floor. He stepped over a few boxes and around two more until he noticed the lone figure standing motionless in the kitchen. Her hair was tied back in a spotted scarf and she was wearing a faded, torn and stained pair of jeans and a workshirt. Streaks of mascara ran down her face. They stood in silence a few moments more until he sputtered out, "This is a bigger mess than the one in my garage. How can someone as small as you make such a big mess?"

"It wasn't easy," she said, half-smiling. She lowered her head, sniffed, and rubbed her fists across her cheeks to wipe the moisture from her face. Each rub, however, further smeared the dark smudges. He pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket and walked over to her and started dabbing at the dark spots on her pale cheeks.

"It's a little early for Halloween, don't you think?"

She looked up and this time a full smile shone back at him. "You didn't have to come, with your work and all," she said.

"Hey, none of that. What are brothers for, anyway?" he asked as he wiped at the last of the smear.

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Please see page 15

176 FACES

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"Brothers make great pack mules for moving pianos and house pets. Every home should have at least one brother for her very own."

"I just needed someone to talk to, to be with," she remembered her saying. They went on talking and unpacking and it seemed like she had no where else to go and no one else to turn to, she thought. She was 35 and she was no better off than when she was in high school but the worst thing was that the string of hard luck was still intact. She had a beautiful but empty three-bedroom home, a hot tub built for two and two-car garage but she had to share it all with just her four-year-old Irish setter.

They had just finished moving the piano into place when he could wait no longer. His heart was beating faster and his palms felt wet and that tingling sensation was back in his left palm. He...liked to own things...he said with a shrug. "It was just an act...especially around you. You were the only one in our family that he gave a damn about. He loved you Roger and he would go out of his way to help you in any way possible. I think that he saw a little bit of himself in you and he didn't want to lose that or you." She looked back down at the button hole of his white shirt and wondered why he was going back. "He forced me to wear a thick layer of eye shadow and mascara that night," she said. "He came in and there was the car right at him. "He beat me badly and for all the world...he said to himself as he stopped at the front door, "I've got an interview to get to," he said to himself. That is damn, he said to himself. And what difference does it make that he was not married anyway? Or why should they want to know the capacitance of some point...he told himself. And what difference is there that he was not married anyway...he was an absolute saint," she said with a shrug. "It was just an act...especially around you. You were the only one in our family that he gave a damn about. He loved you Roger and he would go out of his way to help you in any way possible. I think that he saw a little bit of himself in you and he didn't want to lose that or you." She looked back down at the keyboard cover and wiped a bit of dust off as she said. "Remember the night your car was in the show?"

He responded with an affirmative as all of the glittering metal, paint and shiny "best of show" plaque in his corner came back into his mind. He forced himself to wear a thick layer of eye shadow and mascara that night, she paused and then looked right at him. "He beat me badly and raped me the night before in one of his rages. He wouldn't let me stay home because he said that it wouldn't be right if I wasn't there. I almost needed stitches, Rog."

Roger choked on a lump that was sticking in his throat as he thought about what she had said that day eight months ago. The bit about Dan seeing himself in him grewed at the back of his neck. He looked around the cluttered garage and then at the empty passenger's seat. "That son of a bitch!" he thought. It had all been a facade, an act. He stepped out of the car and shut the car door. He picked up the from wood the car top and dragged the tarp back over the door.

"I've got an interview to get to," he said to himself as he stopped at the back door of the house and looked at the smashed piece of bread that was still in his hand. He dropped it into the nearby garbage can and continued on into the house. Who needs a piece of old bread anyway when there are four fresh, uncut loaves inside, he thought.

Damn, he said to himself, that is just what Dan would have said.

If the interview only would have gone as smoothly as he had tied his tie then the day would have been a lot better, but it did not and the day was not. Roger was simply amazed as it usually took him nine or ten tries before the ends of the tie even came out right. Tying ties was not one of his forties but for some reason he got the bigger right on the first try. The ends of the baby-blue tie matched up perfectly and the knot was not crooked or off-center and the ends did not go off at different angles. They just equalized at the proper length, an inch above the waistline of his dark blue slacks and in proper line with the button line of his white shirt and the snap at the top of his slacks.

Little things always seemed so important to him when he was driving a lonely stretch of road. Roger always had a keen awareness for how many county lines he crossed and the distance to the next county that was posted on the small white road markers on the side of the road. Scenery had never intrigued him when driving but the speedometer checks had always fascinated him. His odometer was always off and he had never stopped to figure out how fast he was really going. The only time he considered fixing it was when he passed a speedometer check zone. He made a mental note of the error and assured himself that the first time he touched a calculator that that was the end of it. He had been telling himself that line for six years now and the calculation still had not been done.

Why he decided to fill the car with gas and travel to Rachel's after the interview was something he could not answer. He just talked himself into believing that she needed someone to talk to and that he needed to get away from Hewlett Packard—with his bread.

But that damn interview, he thought. His experience spoke for itself. It should have, at least. What business was it of theirs to know the intricate workings of his senior project. Christ, that was some 12 years ago. Who cares? Obviously they did, but why? They probably wanted some inexperienced kid right out of college, he told himself. And what difference does it make that he was not married anyway? He would be the first generation so why should they want to know the capacitance of some unrealistic circuit? Or the turn-around differential of the Z-934700 computer? Through all of this, he kept wondering why he was going back. His preoccupied mind made the trip seem several hours shorter than usual. He found himself walking up Rachel's driveway, with a loaf of bread in one hand and another bouquet of flowers in the other, past a flourishing lawn, a lush row of hanging spider plants, trimmed juniper bushes, decorative bark, a hammock, a mailbox with the name Rachel Hayworth on it and a brand new welcome mat in front of the door. Before he could ask her again why she hadn't changed her last name on the mailbox, the door was open and...
Thunderbird...

From page 15
Rachel stood there with a beaming smile and open arms.

"What a surprise! I thought you were interviewing today. I thought that sounded like your beat up old Volkswagen. You can hear that sewing machine a block away. Well, how did the interview go anyway?"

"Bad subject. Pick a new one," he replied as she stepped back to let him enter. Even the inside of the house seemed to have undergone some kind of a metamorphosis since the last time he had been there. Murals and paintings covered the once barren walls and a thick, soft shag carpet lined the floor from one wall to the other. It was so soft underfoot that he had the temptation to shuck his sneakers and run barefoot from one end of the house to the other.

"The interview couldn't have been that bad," she said as she motioned him towards the couch. "Well, believe me it was," he said as he began to cross the room. "Wow, this place looks great. You have been busy lately. It just isn't the same place."

He started to sit down when he remembered the flowers and bread in his hands.

"Oh, these are for you," he stammered as he held them out to her.

"That is nice to know. I thought you were going to hang onto them and tease me with them. You know how much I like flowers and your homemade bread."

She took them from him and started to head for the kitchen. He really did not hear all that she said because a photograph on the far wall had captured his attention. It was an 11 x 14 color glossy of Dan and Rachel set in a beautiful gold frame and hung over the piano. The photo had a soft fuzzy cast to it as if it had been shot through a piece of glass with a thin film of gelatin over it. He had seen photos like it before and they all created a type of dreamy or surrealistic effect. The photo had not taken shortly after their marriage because Dan still had his mustache. A dull pain turned in the bottom of his jibs as he asked himself why he would leave a photo of him around after what he had done to her.

Her head bobbed out from behind the kitchen door. "These flowers are beautiful...you don't mind if I put these on Danny's grave tomorrow do you? I was going to go there tomorrow on my way to the store."

Roger did no answer.

"I said, you don't mind do you?"

Roger still sat quietly staring at the photo on the far wall.

She crossed the room towards him, stopping long enough to set the flowers down next to a typewriter on the stained redwood roll top desk. She sat down next to him. He was still staring at the photo when she asked if he wanted some water or something.

She followed his gaze toward the wall behind the piano. As she followed Roger's gaze she heard him mumbling, mumbling about some act. A hand reached out and touched his chin and pulled. His face turned to the right until he was looking right into her yes. Her brows lifted and dropped until ridges formed above eyes. Her eye lids tightened and then slowly opened wide. She looked back at the photograph and then looked back into Roger's eyes. A stinging pain ripped through his left cheek. as her right palm smacked his face and whizzed by. His head snapped to the right and before the sting left his skin she snapped out, "You were the last one I thought would feel that way!"

She stood up and walked briskly to the desk. She picked up the flowers, whirled and threw the bunch at him. The bunch landed harmlessly in his lap.

"He is still my husband, the one I love, and your brother by law!" she cried out. "You can't run away from that or ignore it...you? Why you too? He might be dead but I will never turn my back on him...you were the last one I thought would feel that way."

She reached out an arm and clutched the edge of the desk firmly. Her knees started buckling, like birch's in a brisk wind as her whole body seemed to melt against the desk, like butter on hot bread. She sniffled a few times and coughed once as she slowly turned.

She started to say something but stopped and then in a monotone whisper said, "I went all through this with mom and dad before. I just one I thought would feel that way!"
English classes threatened

by Peter Hans

The first day of school brought an unwelcome surprise to many Poly students — six new English classes. They were greeted by a letter telling them the course might be canceled.

The reason? "There are no resources to staff the courses scheduled," said English Department Head Dr. Thomas Van, adding, "Why, I can't tell.

Van said one more full-time teacher could solve the problems facing students in the six courses—namely, cancellation. One additional teacher would be enough to staff the department are enough to pay a total of 33.57 position salaries, and a new position had been granted recently by the Vice President for Academic Affairs Tomlinson Fort, Jr.

According to Van, the situation would be a major headache by Tuesday afternoon, after all the sections had met for the first time.

The letter given to the students, written by Director of Writing Programs David Kann, states the decision to cancel should be made at the second meeting of the courses today. It also tells students that instructors of one of the classes would be allowed to add any students until the status of the entire class is realized, thus giving these students priority.

Shuffling possible

Van said the schedule of classes is made on an assumption of what the budget would be, but it seems the department overestimated its allocation.

He noted that some shuffling of teachers to different classes might be possible based on enrollment, but he added, "We would probably be surprised if we actually did.

"Students from one of six English class sections which may be cancelled hear the news.

"I know the English department's hands are tied," she added, saying the wonderer is responsible.

InCOA (Industrial Arts major) who was planning to graduate in June, also wanted to add her voice. "I told them I was going to keep the room and told everyone who wanted to add to hear. Desensitized didn't.

Outaged students

"He handed everyones the letter, and explained what it was about. I began to get outraged," Desaut sls said. "The class (advanced composition) is required for virtually everyone in the school.

Why not cut something more

Please see page 4

Police struggle to keep peace despite hassles

By Mike Matholson

Black school is new in session, it's time for a pop quiz.

Who got hassled more than a pro-quarterback on Sunday afternoon? Hint: "I gave a talk at Poly one day, and when I came out somebody had just spit all over my motorcyle. And another time, someone tried to rip off my motorcyle. And time for a pop quiz.

our job. Every morning we tell you the forevar-hassls d people, Garry Namith, a sense of humor. No one else catches heat hardened at times. You have to keep a what you will, but it's true, officers say.

During WOW week we wore looking garbage ahifts, complete notebook. "I gave a talk at Poly one day, letters. We sit at 8:45 a.m. in the S. J. Pepper room every morning in plain sight. And we'll still sit in the areas which have high accident rates. We want people to get the idea to slow down. We only catch the ones who are in the back of the truck. 'They want us to keep the road safe,'" he added.

And now that school has fired back up again, so does the old cut-cut-course game between students and the police. "What can I get away with?" the student asks himself. "I see a cop around, let's do it? It's because they want to hassle you. They don't want to make it like the Prohibition Age, but they do want to keep drivers off the road and innocent bystanders alive. Why are they doing it?

It's because they want to keep you alive as much as you want to keep you alive, officers say.

"During WOW week we were looking mainly for minor drinking and drunk drivers," Nemith said. "We handed out about 200 tickets, arrested seven drunk drivers, and caught 12 instances of possession. It happens every year. People have the understanding that the law is for them.

When I stop someone, I get the old line, 'Why not you catch some real criminals?' Well, technically, anyone breaks the law is a criminal. The WOW counsadors would say, 'Come, give us a break'— as they had 30 people in the back of their truck. They want us to be fair and impartial. And that's what we are doing.

Please see page 6

Tougher rules reduce rates

by Becky Marr

"The analysis is predicated on a sliding scale and is in relation to the number of family members and the number of family members in college," Wolf said.

After the needs analysis, three-fourths of the applicants are still eligible, he added.

The needs analysis applies to both the National Direct Student Loan and California Student Loan, formerly the Guaranteed Student Loan. Wolf explained the name is the only change.

Prior to the changes, the default rate for the NSLDS was 6.8 percent and 5.1 percent for the GSL.

Wolf said he doesn't foresee any changes for a while. "Congress is pretty much on our side at this time," he said.

"We are relatively safe for a year."

[Image]
GRADUATING ENGINEERS

REACH FOR TOMORROW WITH MARTIN MARIETTA AEROSPACE

MARTIN MARIETTA AT VANDENBERG

October 13, 14
Newsline

El Salvador death toll climbs

SAN SALVADOR, El Salvador (AP) — The death toll from Good Friday violence slide set off by torrential rains climbed to 490 Tuesday in El Salvador's worst natural disaster in 17 years.

Government authorities estimated the toll there were at least 100 weather-related deaths. They said more than 20 flood-swollen rivers had cut off large stretches of highways, leaving many parts of the country isolated.

Cross Country Director Roberto Cruz said his rescue teams had recovered 250 bodies from the Montebello section of northeast San Salvador, where flood waters from the slopes of the San Salvador volcano crashed through a retaining wall before dawn Sunday, burying hundreds of houses under 10 feet of mud.

Cruz said he believed 1,000 to 1,500 people died in Montebello, the hardest-hit area. A Defense Ministry spokesman described the estimate as "a little exaggerated."

Red Cross spokesman Jorge Rivera said Monday night his agency had recovered 37 bodies from Montebello, in addition to the 250 reported by the Green Cross. Another 202 bodies were reported found at other sites near the capital and around the country.

The heavy rains began Thursday, and stopped Monday.

More than 1,000 rescue workers were digging through piles of rubble at Montebello. Officials said entire families were lost and that it will take 15 days to dig out the area.

Survivors told of one woman who was buried up to her neck in mud. Two of her children were killed by the mudslide.

The government declared a state of national emergency Sunday after four days of heavy rains brought tons of mud from hillslides and volcanoes. Cotton and sugar crops have been wiped out for many.

The government said set aside $250,000 to provide food, shelter, and medical aid to an estimated 30,000 people left homeless by the disaster.

But Interior Ministry spokesman Orrego Candrey said that an estimated 1,000 people are stranded at the capital's hospitals, which are plagued by a shortage of medicine and blood for transfusions because of the civil war that has claimed an estimated 38,000 lives.

Leftist guerrillas have been fighting the U.S.-supported government here for nearly three years.

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Leftist guerrillas have been fighting the U.S.-supported government here for nearly three years.
Poly seismograph records shakes and quakes

By Caroline Smith

Staff Writer

You say you've felt earthquakes before. Big deal. But have you ever seen an earthquake? No, this doesn't mean going to a movie theatre and watching Charlton Heston play the hero in the creatively entitled film Earthquake. Rather, for anyone who wishes to take advantage of the opportunity, earthquakes can be seen right on the Cal Poly campus.

And, you ask, how does one see an earthquake? The answer: with a seismograph.

Located in the outside corridor of the science building, the seismograph is contained in a glass display case. The person in charge of maintaining the machine is Marvin Clause, an equipment technician.

"The seismograph was set up mainly for people who are interested in earthquakes," stated Clause. "It's not used for research."

Basically, the seismograph measures the up and down movements of the earth. In a simplified explanation, the seismograph consists of a coil suspended in a magnetic field, and when the earth moves, a spring decouples from the mass.

The outside frame with the magnetic field does the actual moving while the mass with the coil remains stationary. In a nutshell, mechanical energy is turned into electrical energy. According to Clause, the Cal Poly seismograph is a very simple instrument when compared to most seismographs. While the seismograph does record by means of vertical lines the amplitude of the earthquakes, there is no way to establish where the earthquake came from. In order to discover the source of the quakes, times are compared from the recordings on the seismograph with those times of earthquakes reported in the newspaper.

According to Clause, an earthquake location must be within one-tenth of a second to insure accuracy. Earthquakes and atomic blastsfrom as far away as Nevada have been com-mon.

"When people have experienced an earthquake, they like to come and see it," Clause stated. "It's enjoyable to see if we have picked up the earthquake."

In the future, Clause has hopes of Cal Poly getting its own seismograph, though this is no small hope it costs $3,500 for a simple system.

In the meantime, anyone interested in seeing a real live earthquake should stop by and take a look at the seismograph. It may even be better than the movie.

Proposed cancellation upsets students

From page 1

"Bravado?" He needs the class to graduate, and as a prerequisite for a student teaching position.

Professors sympathize

Van sympathized with the students affected, saying, "Some students probably can wait until another quarter, but some really can't."

The six courses that could be on the chopping block are: English 114-01, 115-02, 115-03, 218-06, 300-01.

Groups begin second week of class. Sign up in Counseling Center

For information call Counseling Center, ext. 2511.
Reagan approves legislation

President Reagan has signed into law a bill introduced by Representative Leon E. Panetta (D-Montarey, CA) to provide Medicare reimbursement for hospice services for terminally ill patients and their families.

Under the new law, only those eligible for Part A of Medicare—those who have gained eligibility through payment of the FICA payroll tax—will be reimbursed for hospice services. Those who retain eligibility for Part B of Medicare through monthly premiums will not be covered for hospice care.

Hospice care is designed to meet the medical, psychological, and spiritual needs of terminally ill patients and their families. It focuses on helping them cope with the special problems faced by the terminally ill, and is considerably less expensive than conventional care.

Hospice services covered by the Panetta bill will include nursing care, medical social services, physical and occupational therapy, speech therapy, home health services, homemaker services, and drugs for relief of pain.

The academic vice president said he was familiar with the applied science and engineering programs at Cal Poly before coming to San Luis Obispo. The engineering program at Poly, according to Fort, is "good." But, like "everywhere else across the United States, everything that needs equipment is underfunded," he said.

The academic vice president also said adding that participation in professional meetings is also beneficial. As an example, Dr. Fort spent last week at a chemist's convention in Kansas City.

"Attitudes, I feel, are important...I want to foster a feeling of professionalism at Cal Poly," he said.

Jailed climber set free

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) - A natty, energetic Ron Broyles set out to climb the angular 863-foot Transamerica Pyramid, but he was weary, scraped and bruised when he got out of jail Tuesday. And he apparently won't make it to the top.

"He said he's tired - tired of being in jail," said Joe Landl, Broyles publicity agent and friend. "I'm going to take him somewhere and get him cleaned up." The 29-year-old self-described "urban mountaineer" was released on $3,500 bail after being booked Monday for investigation of felony malicious mischief and resisting or obstructing arrest.

Broyles gave up the climb at the 36th floor after a 14-hour effort to get to the top, having told reporters before he began the ascent that the 48-story structure was the "Mount Everest of buildings." Later he had to be done.

"I'm interested in this university being near real needs," he said, adding he would "do my best to meet the needs of these programs." "Technology changes rapidly. For instance, the computer is now omnipresent. We're trying to integrate that into the system now," he said. "We need to keep up with technology, and to educate students for leadership positions in tomorrow's world."
Police say tickets are given to help curb accidents

From page 1
"And the ones who are out on their own for the first time have no supervision and are totally responsible for their actions. If you're 18, get arrested and go to jail, it's a wide-awakening experience. But, it should never happen. The people who are running the parties are just irresponsible. They don't care who comes to the party or what condition he or she leaves in. Sometimes we make appearances in bars, that way, people figure that we are out looking for them, and they had better be cool when they leave. It's hard to get our point across. The only other way is through tickets.

"I'd much rather give a ticket to someone walking on the street drinking, than scrape them off a window after an accident," Goodwin said.

"We have more officers in this department with college degrees than any other department in the county," said officer John Viegas, who also doubles as a student. "I'm in the same age group as the kids in the parties. I try to relate to them and try to be cool when I'm talking to them, and they give me such a hard time. One night I asked a girl if she had some identification on her. She said "no," but she insisted she was 21. I told her to either show me some ID or to pour the beer out. It was no biggie to me if she went to jail. I didn't want a hassle. Finally, she poured the beer out and there was no hassle. Then when we got back to the car, someone had kicked out one of the windows," Viegas said.

The police department has a simple solution to reduce the amount of hassling which goes on between cops and students. "Be honest with us," Nemith said. "If you're honest, you'll get more of a break. If you lie to us and we catch you, we will cut you no slack.

Nemith gave an example. "I stopped a guy on a bike one night," he said. "I asked to see some ID. He said he hadn't any on him. I asked him what was in his wallet. He said nothing, and that he kept his money in his front pocket. He gave me the name of Swanison. I asked him to spell it and he couldn't. It was just going to be a fix-a-ticket, no money involved. But he lied to me, so I checked it out and ended up arresting him on a misdemeanor -- according to Nemith. "The place you bought the alcohol will be fined $500. The DMV will revoke your license right now, you'll go to jail, and start off with a minimum $100 fine," he added.

Centers open house
Cal Poly's Placement Center and Career Development Center will host a joint open house today from 1 to 4:30 p.m. for seniors. Joe Diaz, coordinator of the Career Development Center, said the open house gives seniors a chance to preview the resources of the two centers. Included in the open house will be lists of companies looking for recruits, and tips on how to do an interview or compile a resume.

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"I'm a Famous Lite Beer Drinker" T-Shirt ($6.00 each)

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No purchase necessary. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Void in Ohio, Kentucky and where prohibited by law. Void to residents paid $6 or more. Offer expires June 30, 1982.

Show Your Lite Beer Spirit!
Order these T-Shirts for only $5.00.
The first and most immediate impact of the National Football League Players Association strike was felt in the television industry Tuesday, with all three networks planning alternate programming.

ABC returned the time slot scheduled for Thursday night's Atlantic-Rhodes City game to its entertainment division and will be filled by a Peter Falk movie, "The Cheap Detective," and an abbreviated edition of the news show "20-20" dealing with the final days of Pinocchio Grant of Monaco.

Monday night, when ABC would have shown the Cincinnati at Cleveland NFL game, the network will beam a Clint Eastwood movie, "The Outlaw Josey Wales."

Those movies will command considerably less in advertising revenue than the approximate $150,000 per 30-second commercial commanded by the network's Monday night NFL package.

NBC has scheduled a Canadian Football League doubleheader for Sunday, beginning with the British Columbia Lions at the Toronto Argonauts at 1:30 p.m., followed by the Calgary Stampeders at the Edmonton Eskimos at 4 p.m.

The NBC contract with the CFL, reached last July, is essentially a week-to-week agreement and includes a clause requiring the network to blackout a number of markets close to Canada. Among those cities who will not see the CFL games are Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, Seattle, Spokane and Toledo with network affiliates in those cities substituting local programming.

NBC said it could still cover NFL games this weekend if a quick settlement were reached in the strike. But a firm decision on coverage would have to be made by Friday when the network dispatches its mobile units and crews to prepare for the Sunday telecasts. The network's deal with the CFL, worth approximately $100,000 per game, provides payment only if games are shown.

CBS will stick with NFL coverage, presenting an expanded version of its regular NFL. Today show dealing with the strike issues starting at 12:30 p.m., followed by an edited version of Super Bowl XVI between the San Francisco 49ers and Cincinnati Bengals.

Robert Wender, president of Turner Broadcasting System, said the cable company has an agreement with the striking players to televise games of a fifth All-Star League to provide viewers with "an alternative form of professional football."

The first game would be played Oct. 3 at RFK Stadium in Washington, with subsequent games scheduled for Sunday and Monday nights at various sites.

There had been some speculation that the networks might present college football games to replace the NFL telecasts but there were no immediate plans to do so. Donn Bernstein, a spokesman for ABC, said there had been some "internal dialogue" about the potential of Sunday NCAA games. "But it hasn't surfaced since then. It is on the back burner," he said.

The key provision of the consent decree is essentially a week-to-week agreement and includes a clause requiring the network to black out a number of markets close to Canada. Among those cities who will not see the CFL games are Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, Seattle, Spokane and Toledo with network affiliates in those cities substituting local programming.

The agreement also provides for the appointment of an independent special counsel, to be selected by the court, who will supervise compliance with the consent decree. To that end, he will have complete access to pension fund files and meetings.

Whether you realize it or not, you're probably wearing a type of "uniform" right now. But an Army ROTC uniform can make you stand out from the crowd.

And it's more than just a uniform. Because it helps you develop into a leader of people and a manager of money and equipment. 

The authorities, meanwhile, can't find him.

"There's 40,000 acres of national forest, all heavily timbered, up there and it's 60 miles away from here," said Dolores County Sheriff Robert Bryan.

"It's hard to get in there and look for that guy," Bryan said in a telephone interview from his office in Dove Creek. "There was snow up there last weekend."

Bryan and other local authorities believe the man who robbed several campers of their food is Leo Lylykak, 51. Lylykak, a former farmer and logger, is known to favor the "Navajo Sam" nickname.

The key provision of the consent decree is essentially a week-to-week agreement and includes a clause requiring the network to black out a number of markets close to Canada. Among those cities who will not see the CFL games are Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Rochester, Seattle, Spokane and Toledo with network affiliates in those cities substituting local programming.


**UPDATE FROM ASI PRESIDENT SANDRA CLARY**

Summer has been a busy time for past as well as current projects. The Bank of AmericaTransform system is nearing reality, as are current revisions to student government and union. The copy center is also nearing reality and will be located on the first floor of the Union in a space ec the front of the craft center.

A teacher evaluation program is being looked into, as is a review of academic advising. I welcome your input and invite you to come and see me in my office at UU 217A. Let me know your interests and I will be happy to keep you informed as they develop.

In order to be successful, your student government needs continued support and constant input. I am looking forward to the year and am optimistic that together we can make Cal Poly a better place for all.

There is no time like the present to get involved! The Associated Students, Inc. invites you to become active in your student government and your union. There are positions open in virtually all areas of interest, and the year promises to be dynamic and fulfilling. What are your interests? Let us know. For more information call the ASI Office at 486-1291, or drop in at UU 217A. We want you to get involved!

---

**ASI VICE PRESIDENT KEVIN MOSES**

As Vice President and Chair of the Student Senate, I intend to expand the visibility of, and student participation in, the Senate. All too often the students of this campus have been excluded from the decision-making process. I plan to institute the following changes:

1) Write a regular article in the Mustang Daily letting the students know what the Senate is working on before the Senate takes action.
2) Improve communication between the Senate and its committee. Committee Chairs will be required to submit a written fact sheet to the Senate at each meeting detailing the status of each agenda item.
3) I will meet regularly with the ASI Controller to enhance the awareness of the ASI’s financial position with respect to budget requests.

I believe that in addition to representing the students, the purpose and function of the ASI is to return the tax paid by every Cal Poly student in the way of services (i.e., intramural, programming, account services, tutorial support, etc.). I have seen all of the programs the ASI supports and will work to see that these services are provided in the most efficient manner possible. In short, I am looking forward to the coming year and improving your ASI!

---

**STUDENT GOVERNMENT OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE STAFF:**

- **ASI President—Sandra Clary**
- **ASI Vice President—Kevin Moses**
- **ASI Secretary—Cheri Daigle**
- **ASI Treasurer—Pam Goss**
- **Finance Committee Chair—Charles Dickey**
- **Committee Chair—Joe Lafferty**
- **Administrative—Robert Ruff**
- **Special Projects Coordinator—John DeAlmeida**
- **Student Federation Board Chair—Catherine Vaz**
- **ASI Controllable—David Hoy**
- **Program Approval Chair—Art Sanford**

---

**STUDENT SENATE REPRESENTATIVES:**

- **Ag & Natural Resources:**
  - Karl Fenziger
  - Harold Omnes
- **Comm. Arts & Humanities:**
  - Brian Reynolds
  - David Bernt
- **Engg. & Technology:**
  - John Chisholm
  - Thomas Mann
- **Business:**
  - Tim Budnitz
  - Timothy Jones
- **International Council:**
  - To Be Announced

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**1982 ASI STUDENT LEADERSHIP RETREAT**

Carroll's 1st Annual Leadership Retreat will be held at the San Marino Retreat Center on October 8th. The program will be held from 9:00 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. regardless of the weather. The fee is $10.00. Nonmembers of the ASI may also attend for a fee of $20.00. Contact Sue Wootery for more information at UU 217A.

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**THE TUBES**

Venerable rock group the Tubes will be performing live October 6th at the first weekly Off the Wall concert. Come early to catch the pre-party which begins at 8 p.m. Paul O'neill from the Tubes will open the show at 10 p.m.

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**ASI HAS A NEW LOOK!**

A new logo has been selected for the ASI. This has been chosen by a committee of ASI elected representatives and the new design is not only a charming addition to the ASI’s official stationery, but also a new and creative means of enhancing the ASI’s identity.
Housing need seen by city councilman

By Carla Simi

A Cal Poly political science professor, concerned about the housing shortage in San Luis Obispo, is making an effort to establish some ideas for on-campus housing.

Allen K. Settle, also a city council member, said he feels married students, sorority and fraternity members should have "more options available to them," concerning housing.

A lease arrangement involving university property for housing facilities is part of Settle's idea.

"Housing at reduced prices and the elimination of many transportation problems are the primary advantages additional on-campus housing would provide," said Settle.

"If alternatives are available to students, particularly Greek groups and married couples, rents are more negotiable," he added.

Several locations on campus have been suggested for a "fraternity row." Settle mentioned the university-owned property near Highway 1 or the property adjacent to the Black Street-Grand Avenue intersection are both possibilities, although the latter choice may be less suitable due to its noise factor and the neighborhood mix.

Regarding off-campus sites, the political scientist said there is "simply no available land" near campus for housing development.

The housing base in San Luis Obispo is "considerably limited," Settle said, in contrast to the sprawling expansion of San Jose and Los Angeles.

Any remaining open land near campus is generally not suitable for building housing facilities, Settle said, due either to topography or zoning limitations.

Locating the row farther from campus would defeat one of the proposal's main purposes, as transportation problems would still have to be addressed.

Economically, an off-campus row is less desirable because the price of land combined with terms of financing would add up to an unaffordable cost for many students, Settle said.

The most promising advantage of establishing more housing on campus lies in the leasing of university-owned property. Access to such land could be obtained through a long-term lease agreement, which would alleviate some of the financial burden, according to Settle.

He said it is a "must that we try to control housing costs because housing is not going to get any cheaper."

Noting the need for individuals involved to work as a unit to accelerate housing development in San Luis Obispo, Settle said the "final determining factor" in his proposal is the university trustees.

He feels his ideas on student housing have the support of President Obriens, as well as the City Housing Authority and the Human Relations Commission.

Even though the proposed site is on campus, city officials can still exert influence on the final decision, Settle said. He sees their role as that of facilitator, by offering their help and time in the university's effort to promote his proposal to the trustees.

Previous attempts to deal with the housing situation have "not been very far along."

Settle said he believes the general student opinion toward on-campus fraternity/sorority housing indicates a general sentiment that until more information is made available.

He noted the proposal has its drawbacks in that an on-campus location is somewhat restrictive. Being on campus means there are only a "certain amount of options for two sorority members."

The financial aspects of moving on campus are not realistically possible, according to Barbara Forde, corresponding secretary Carol Stang said the idea is "not practical" for her sorority.

Stang also cited financial limitations as part of the reason for her opinion, but added that Alpha Phi's presence isn't seen as a problem by Cal Poly.

NRM prof joins academic staff

Dr. Walter J. Mark of Los Osos, a member of Cal Poly's natural resources management faculty for the past 10 years, has begun new duties as a member of the university's academic affairs staff.

Dr. Mark, who began his new assignment as academic specialist on Sept. 1 after having filled the position part-time on an acting basis since March of this year, will report to Dr. Malcolm W. Wilson, the university's associate vice president for academic programs.

In addition to teaching courses in forest science and related topics for the Natural Resources Management Department, Dr. Mark, 36, has played an important role in that department's curriculum development and budget planning.

Before joining Cal Poly, Dr. Mark spent four years as a graduate research and teaching assistant at Colorado State and two years with the U.S. Forest Service as a forest technician at the Teton National Forest, Wyo.
"Operation Safeguard," a crime prevention program developed by Cal Poly's Public Safety Department, is one of 35 such programs from throughout the state commended by the California Crime Resistance Task Force.

Richard C. Brug, the university's director of public safety, said the programs recognized by the task force were selected after an on-site evaluation by consultants and members representing the state task force.

They were identified as "exemplary community crime prevention programs" and will serve as models for other California communities interested in similar projects.

The Cal Poly program was the only one of the 35 recognized by the task force that has its basis on a college or university campus. Other programs on the list of those "evidencing superior achievement and program development and operation" are from police departments in such cities as Buena Park, Concord, Los Angeles, Orange, Pasadena, San Diego, and Whittier, and sheriff's departments in the counties of Sonoma and Ventura.

Brug said selection of "Operation Safeguard" is an honor and tribute for members of the Cal Poly department's University Police Section who invested considerable effort in developing and implementing the program.

"It is also a tribute to the students, employees, and others in the campus community who have cooperated in the success our crime prevention program has enjoyed," he added.

"Operation Safeguard" became operational in 1978. It includes prevention, property identification, rape awareness and prevention, student escort, safety awareness, and security survey activities, as well as walking patrols in residence halls, bicycle patrols of the campus, and prevention investigations by University Police investigators.

Yearly evaluations since its implementation indicate the program has been successful in reducing crime and related incidents on campus, according to Brug.

The California Crime Resistance Task Force was created by executive order of Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. in 1977 and placed in statute by the legislature. Administered by the Governor's Office of Criminal Justice Planning, it helps local authorities work with private citizens and business and civic groups to organize neighborhood and merchant watch programs, property identification projects, volunteer escort services, and crime prevention awareness forums.

Employees evacuated due to false bomb alarm

MODESTO (AP) - Three toolbox scenes caused a scare for law enforcement agencies Tuesday when a bomb exploded in one of them.

Modesto area ranch two days before, killing a woman and injuring her daughter. About 600 employees were evacuated from the Stanislaus County administration building and courthouse when a toolbox was found outside an employee's entrance.

A bomb squad detonated the container, and later found it had been taken from a pickup owned by KTRD-KHOP radio station engineer Las Land, the night before.

Two toolboxes also were found at the ranch where the bomb exploded, but they were used by workers, said sheriff's Sgt. Richard McFarland. None of the three boxes contained explosives.

However, Jennifer Kaler, 21, was killed and her 18-month-old daughter, Robin, who was critically injured when a bomb burst as the woman pulled a padlock off a toolbox in their mobile home.

Kaler's nephew had found the box earlier in the day by an open gate about 10 paces off the nearest road, McFarland said. "It had to have been placed there," he said.

Police investigators did not know whether or not the bomb was left intentionally.

Public safety program praised

The Memories.
The Madness.
The Music...
The Movie.

OPENS IN SEPTEMBER AT SPECIALLY SELECTED THEATRES. Check newspapers for theatres.
Sunny, Cal Poly is King of the Conference

By Valerie Brickman

Along with a new head coach and new uniforms, the Mustang football team has a new league to play in -- the team is now the most popular charter member of the new Western Football Conference.

Dr. Vic Buccola, a Cal Poly physical education instructor and the former athletic director, has been selected as commissioner of the new conference.

The other four charter members are Cal Poly Pomona, Cal State Northridge, Portland State and University of California at Santa Clara.

"All these teams have mutual philosophies," Buccola said.

"All five universities have a mutual emphasis on academics, and all these schools think alike; they emphasised the traditions. Three of the teams have participated in bowl games -- two of them victorious -- and most of the teams have been in NCAA tourney play.

"All five teams are quite evenly matched. The championship is open," Buccola said.

The five conference coaches voted the Mustangs as the favorite to capture the first championship in the WFC.

"I think this was a nice compliment, considering the fact that both Northridge and Portland beat us last year," Head Coach Jim Sanderson said.

Negotiations and planning for the conference had been going on for the past six years.

Meetings, with Dr. Buccola as the chairman of the Western Football Conference committee, were held in March 1979. But it was not until the original agreement was signed by all five schools into the football league, that the formal announcement of the founding of the Western Football Conference was made (September 22, 1979).

Buccola said he has been involved in the conference since the beginning, but he claims he was not elected to the positions as a result of the conference's founder's recommendations.

"The conference was the idea of the Athletic Directors of the five schools," Buccola said.

Buccola would not say what additional teams may join the WFC.

"This conference is an alternative for other universities who want to change from the division they are presently planning," Buccola said.

Buccola is beginning his eighth year in the NCAA Division II football playoff selection process. He served three years (1972-75) as a member of the West Region Committee then served two years (1978-79) as the chairman of that committee. Buccola was appointed to the position of chairman of the Division II national selection committee for the first time in 1980.

Buccola was Cal Poly athletic director from May 1973 until his resignation in September 1981.

"I had been working for many years with athletic directors from other colleges in getting the conference going and had been in on the original planning," Buccola said, explaining why he took the post of commissioner. "And it's fun to be involved in athletics," he added.

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TUESDAY BEER-N-CHILI NIGHT Mexican super salad & chili 5.25 OR Chili and beans & salad All beer-90¢
WEDNESDAY POLYNESIAN NIGHT Teryaki Chicken Cocoanut Chicken Polynesian fish kabobs Pineapple Coconut Wine Coolers-75¢

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Poly Volleyball team will try to stop perfect China team

by Shawn Turner
Sports Editor

"You have heard about the People's Republic of China coming here, haven't you?" Associate Athletic Director Evelyn Pellaton asked last week.

She let out a gasp, loud and sincere. I hadn't heard. Forget that. Evelyn Pellaton retires at the end of the month. She would be the first to tell you she hasn't given it much thought lately, that there is too much work to do. Meaning, the Chinese are coming today.

That is, the national volleyball team from the People's Republic of China, finishing a sweep through the western United States, to play some of the top-ranked college teams in the nation.

Tonight the national team faces Cal Poly at 7:30 in the Cal Poly gym. Admission price is $2.50 for students and $3.50 for the general public.

It has been a brutal sweep. For the home teams at least.

China has beaten every team on its nine-game tour, including NCAA fourth-ranked USC (16-6, 16-11) and fifth-ranked San Diego State University (16-10, 15-10, 15-11). Only one team, Northwestern University, has managed a win, 19-15, but that was only the first game. China blew Northwesterners out in the next three games—with its second string.

Okh, sounds like tough times for Cal Poly, 7th-ranked in the NCAA. You almost want to call the Mustangs "victims" instead of opponents. But, volleyball Coach Mike Wilton said he doesn't think so.

"We never play for second place," said Wilton, but he admitted a tough matchup. "They're an awesome team, and I'm sure that if we could get an all-American team from the same college, one that trained seven hours a day like China does, we could do as well as they have done. China is a highly skilled team of highly skilled athletes.

But, not any bigger than Cal Poly. The tallest on the PRC team is just a little over 6'1" and weighs 165 pounds. China just has close to around-the-clock experience.

And, before the team plays Fresno State and leaves for home, it will have had around-the-clock traveling.

Pellaton has been trying to ease the pain of jet lag. Once she learned that China was on its way—the United States Collegiate Sports Council arranged for the western United States tour—Pellaton secured San Luis Obispo for souvenirs to present the visiting team.

She came away with bags and bags—El Corral Bookstore bags—full pens and combs and matchbooks and balloons—first-aid kits from businesses in town. And, before course, a business card from the office of Evelyn Pellaton. She is not retired yet.

"In the time that I've been here, I've never known of an event as big as this. This is something," said Pellaton. She has been here for 17 years.

Wilton, of course, will try to upset China, against China, including Cal Poly. Pellaton said she brought up the idea of the competition, Wendy, Hooper, Peterson, Prevette, Stewart, and she probably make that back home.

Wilton agreed. "I anticipate a large crowd, because there is a growing number of people who are interested in volleyball and who love it and know how it plays."

No word, though, that he thinks Cal Poly will win exactly, but. "I think it's a coach's duty to try and schedule as tough a team as you can schedule for your team. You could schedule your team to play the Sisters of the Poor or Greenpoint Tech, but that wouldn't help your team any."

China didn't just come to play through. After a scheduled arrival this morning, the team visited Vista Grande, be welcomed by Pellaton, sit through a press conference, have a pre-match meal, go through the elaborate game ceremonies expected in the setting of national teams, attend a reception of President Baker at the Alumni House, sleep, breakfast with the Cal Poly Chinese Faculty, and head for Fresno.

All in a day's work. For Pellaton. For Wilton. For China.

NFL strikers make networks seek TV subs

NBC said it will broadcast two Canadian Football League games instead of six NFL games on Sunday, and ABC said it will air movies — "The Cheap Detective," starring Steve McQueen and "The Outlaw Josey Wales" on Monday night.

Around the league, various players were striking for a fair share of the profits instead of blemishing their careers by going to work while they earn an average of nearly $90,000 a year.

No national public opinion polls on the labor dispute had been released by the time the walkout began. But an Associated Press-WNBC-TV poll of 1,696 New York state residents two weeks ago found that 44 percent of the public said they would take a break from the NFL for the strike, with neither the players or owners, while 33 percent said they were sympathetic with the players and 23 percent said they are more sympathetic with the owners.

"Jim Grua, a Madison, Wis., lawyer and a rabid Packers backer, said it just isn't fair. But football is a million dollar sport, and the NFL strike is more than a million dollar sport, and the MWL strike is more than a million dollar sport, and the MWL strike is more than a million dollar sport, and the MWL strike is more than a million dollar sport.

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And Newsweek On Campus adds a unique dimension, especially for you. Written by Newsweek editors, with reporting by staff reporters and college correspondents.

Newsweek On Campus is in your copy of Newsweek and as a supplement to your campus newspaper.
Moans and groans loud as players walk out

The players walked out, the owners sat tight, the networks scrambled, the harmes moaned and the fans — most of them, anyway — groaned Tuesday as the National Football League players went on strike.

But Toni Arenda, a 23-year-old Denver housewife and mother of two, is not put out by the walkout. "I think it's great," she said.

Her husband Steve, a Broncos fan and construction worker, in that order, insists that she watch games on TV with him, she explained. "But I always end up taking a nap," Mrs. Arenda said, "and it makes him mad that I can sleep through a football game."

Elsewhere around the NFL things were not so restful on the first day of pro football's first regular-season strike.

"My impression is that we are very unified," Minnesota Vikings offensive guard Wes Hamilton said. "I don't think you'll see any of our players cross the picket line."

Players in Philadelphia and Dallas could not have reported for workouts even if they wanted to because police in those cities locked their stadium gates.

Union wants half

At issue is how to carve up the NFL's billion-dollar profits over the next five years. The union originally wanted more than half of all revenues, and then half of the television revenues.

The owners rejected both demands, and on Tuesday issued a terse statement that said no players — including those who are injured — will be paid during the hostilities.

The first game to be canceled because of the strike will be Thursday night's Atlanta-Kansas City matchup. Every regular-season weekend without football will cost the NFL teams an estimated $42 million, and the players will lose about a half-million dollars in salary each week.

In Cleveland alone, the economy will lose about $6 million for every home Browns game that is lost to the strike. One suburban bar owner said he will lose up to $3,000 just on Monday nights, when ABC normally televises a game.

Charities are bewildered

In Dallas, various charities were wondering what they would do without the tens of thousands of dollars they earn on weekends running food and drink concessions at the city-owned Texas Stadium.

On the other hand, the strike could mean that a lot of money stays in fans' pockets. That includes tens of millions of dollars — $15 million in Las Vegas alone before pro football each weekend.

In three skyscrapers in midtown Manhattan, there was another type of gambling going on. Network sports officials were suraving to plug the scheduling holes.

After trying with and then apparently dropping the idea of moving top college football games from Saturday to Sunday, CBS said it will have a program on the strike this Sunday and then show highlights of the last Super Bowl.

High stepping it past a would-be tackler Saturday, Cal Poly's Brian Gutierrez trumps down the sidelines. Cal Poly lost to Cal State Fullerton, 14-10.

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Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.
Governor Brown bans sale of drug paraphernalia

LOUISIANA (AP) — The sale of drug paraphernalia, or so-called "lookalike" drugs, was banned in California by legislation Gov. Edmund Brown Jr. signed into law Tuesday.

Saying he was sending "a message from the lawmakers and law enforcement of the state that there is no excuse for drug abuse," Brown also signed laws that toughened penalties for possessing small amounts of marijuana on school grounds and added 18 drugs to the list of controlled substances.

Said at a table where a colorful array of pills and drug paraphernalia were displayed, Brown was joined at his morning news conference by Carla Lowe, who has spearheaded a statewide push to outlaw devices sold to enhance drug usage.

"We really do claim this as a great victory — a people's victory over a manipulative process," Ms. Lowe said, adding it had been difficult to get the ban through the Legislature. She said some legislators sought sizable contributions from business interests who opposed the measure.

\[\text{Bill SB341 by state Sen. Newton Russell, R-}
\text{Glendale, prohibits the sale of drug paraphernalia and}
\text{allows revocation of the business and liquor licenses of}
\text{retailers who sell such materials. Ms. Lowe showed}
\text{some of the items that would be covered by the ban —}
\text{ceramic and glass "bongs" for smoking marijuana,}
\text{coke snorting devices, a plastic "power hitter" gun,}
\text{cocaine cutting kits, and a Pepsi can and $30 tennis}
\text{can with a false bottom for storing marijuana.}

\text{To enforce the law, officials have to prove the items}
\text{are intended for drug use, but Ms. Lowe said with}
\text{passage of paraphernalia bans in Sacramento and}
\text{other counties, proof was not a big issue because most}
\text{of the "head shops" simply closed down.}

\text{"Our record stores went back to being record stores,}
\text{our boutiques went back to being boutiques," she said.}

\text{The bill's enactment ended a long fight. "To put an end to}
\text{the message the drug paraphernalia industry was}
\text{sending out that it's OK to break the law," Russell}
\text{said Monday.}

\text{Assemblyman Richard Katz, D-Los Angeles, at-
\text{tended the news conference to witness the signing of}
\text{his AB3243 which bans the manufacture or distribu-
\text{tion of "lookalike" drugs, products designed to resem-
\text{ble controlled substances.}

\text{Katz said the pills often contain a combination of}
\text{legal ingredients which are sold to young people as}
\text{"safe legal ways to get high." He said 10 people nationwide}
\text{have died from using such pills.}

\text{"They are killers," Katz said of the pills.
\text{Brown also signed SB1136 by State Sen. Robert}
\text{Presley, D-Riverside, which makes possessing mari-
\text{juana on school grounds during school hours}
\text{punishable by a maximum 10 days in jail and a $500}
\text{fine.}

\text{The other measure Brown signed was SB1286 by}
\text{state Sen. Edward M. Davis, R-Los Angeles, the}
\text{former police chief, adding 18 drugs — including Dar-
\text{von, Valium and Librium — to the current list of con-
\text{trolled substances. A three-year prison sentence would}
\text{result from illegal sale of these drugs.}

BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

A fellowship of college students seeking to know God and make Him

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Meetings: Tues. & Thurs. 11am AG220
Opinion

Welcome back

We could hit you with an editorial on the crisis in Lebanon, but this is bad enough: welcome back to school. Whether it’s your first quarter at Cal Poly, or your tenth, you’re still coming back to school.

The Mustang Daily is changing this year. We are moving to put out a better, more consistent school newspaper for Poly students. The largest change begins next Monday when the Daily lives up to its name and begins publishing all five school days of the week. The Monday Mustang will include a cover story, columns by ASI and intramural sports and television listing for the next week. Also the Monday edition will carry coverage of the previous Saturday’s Mustang football game.

The Daily editors are aware of criticisms by students of the newspaper, and we welcome them. We are responding to the major criticism we have heard, that the Daily should be a school newspaper and leave the local and national reporting to other papers. We plan to focus more intensely on Cal Poly instead of both it and San Luis Obispo. There will still be outside coverage, but the ratio will be much higher toward Cal Poly.

In order to do this we will need the help of the students and faculty of Cal Poly. It is much harder to put out a school newspaper than a school-town newspaper. While we cannot become a mouth piece, we do invite students and faculty with ideas for coverage to bring them to the Daily.

We are stressing quality in reporting and editing, hoping to cut down on spelling, grammatical, and typographical errors that have earned us our nickname. We don’t promise perfection, only a strong attempt at it. It will also take some time, but maybe soon it will be the “Mistake Weekly.”

Later this year we will introduce the Mustang Daily Poll which will appear periodically in the Daily, with the results released afterward. This will provide Poly students with a look at the views and opinions of their fellow students and Poly, local and national issues.

Still, as always, we welcome letters to the editor at the Daily. They are the main line of contact with the rest of the student body, ours as well as our reader’s. Hopefully, with the poll and story suggestions from students and faculty, it will become one of three.

But, anyway, it’s great to be back in school, and it will be. For about a week.

Daily Policy

Letters and press releases may be submitted to the Mustang Daily by bringing them to the Daily office in Room 226 of the Young Arts Building, or by sending them to Editor, Mustang Daily, GCC 228, Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, CA 93407. Letters must be double-space typed and include the writer's signature and phone numbers and names of the people involved. All unsigned editorials reflect the majority view of the Mustang Daily Editorial Board. The board consists of Editor Robin Lewis, Managing Editor RoseAnna Wenzl and last but not least, Managing Editor Twyla Thomas and Nancy Lewis.

Letters and press releases must include the writer's signature and phone numbers and names of the people or organizations involved. In case further information is required. All unsigned editorials reflect the majority view of the Mustang Daily Editorial Board. The board consists of Editor Robin Lewis, Managing Editor RoseAnna Wenzl and last but not least, Managing Editor Twyla Thomas and Nancy Lewis.

Letters

Welcome back. Sharon Seremet is a senior Journalism major and a Mustang Daily staff writer.

The Last Word:

Snow White syndrome

Snow White never had it so good. The poor thing was abruptly awakened, star ing into the starry eyes of perfect Prince Charming, and then carted off on a white steed to live happily ever after. Place your hand on your heart and sigh — this is love at first sight, they say. But let’s look at the twisty-twinging people ten years down the road. Mrs. Charming is now the mother of three squalling brats and slaves all day long cleaning and cooking, while the prince spends more time frisking through the forest than he spends wooing his wife. She sighs and is not a perfectly-shaped tear-drop trickle down her wrinkled cheek. Where have all the little birds gone?

The romance has ridden off into the sunset. Now what? Is there no hope for our damsel in distress? Is it all a farce, this storybook love? Probably.

Then what is love? It’s obviously got to be something other than what Snow White expected. Do you ever not quite believe when someone says, “I love you?” Do you ever wonder what is meant by those words? A lot of times it’s “Thank you for making me feel good about myself.” That’s what the dasching prince said.

But doesn’t it really mean something much more? There’s an element of pain and self-sacrifice involved in loving someone. It’s “I’ll still be here no matter what you do or say because I’m committed to wanting the very best for you.” The perfect Prince Charming would lay down his life for his loved one.

Letters

And we all fall far short of that. Yes, nobody’s perfect, but love rises above that. Let’s get tangible for a minute here.

Love is being patient when dinner is on the table and your roommate is discovering how to play Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony on the push-button phone. It is being kind enough to listen to a friend tell you how after waking up on his car broke down on the way to school and, when he got there, he was so upbeat that he bombarded the psychology test (that everybody else probably breezed through because psychology’s just common sense anyway).

Love is laying aside your “rights” to sleep when someone needs to talk; it is handing over your favorite dress when your roommate wants to look extra nice; it is loaning your car when a friend needs to get away to the beach; it is celebrating with the friend who finally passed calculus and it is crying with the one who doesn’t.

It is what covers all the faults we so easily find in another, it is what fans the hope and the courage to work those things out, and it is what sustains us while we struggle through them together. When the “Snow White Syndrome” hits, put on love; it never fails.

Sherry Heath is a senior Journalism major and a Mustang Daily staff writer.