Mike Mendes elected 1985-86 ASI president

By KEVIN H. FOX
Managing Editor

Newly elected Agriculture Management major Mike Mendes was elected yesterday to serve as Associated Students Inc. president for the 1985-86 school year.

Mendes defeated Electrical Engineering senior Steve Dunton in a runoff election that had a turnout of 2,108 students, or approximately 13 percent of the student body.

Mendes received 1,207 votes to Dunton's 591 in the election that was held because neither of the two presidential candidates were able to garner enough votes to

Mendes said that one of his highest priorities for next year will be to increase student involvement in the election process. "I would like to work toward having more voting locations on campus and by trying to find some way in which we can recognize those who vote," he said. "I think we need to learn something from our national elections. Maybe giving out buttons to those who vote can increase the total number.

The first thing Mendes wants to do when he takes office the first day of Summer Quarter is to begin preparing himself for the myriad duties of the office. The ASI president acts as the presiding officer of the Associated Students Inc.

"I will really try to become prepared for the position," Mendes said. "I want to become knowledgeable on all the details of the job so that when the student senators and the various committees report, I can help to crystallize the parameters of the positions. Maybe we can all start the year with a greater understanding of what our positions are able to do.

Mendes will join John Swany, who was elected to serve as ASI vice president. "I really feel good about working with John next year. We are friends and I think we will work well together," Mendes.

More than 200 students gather in the University Union Plaza Wednesday for the Apartheid Awareness Rally.

Super Poly Royal man finishes job

By SALLY KRISSELL

Every year over 100,000 people come to Cal Poly as part of the phenomenon popularly called Poly Royal. Most of us just come for two days but there is one man who lives and breathes Poly Royal for an entire year.

He is Ray Reed, this year's superintendent of Poly Royal. Reed is a 21-year-old agriculture management student and he is responsible for a large extent of the activities offered during Poly Royal. His job includes presiding over the executive and general boards of Poly Royal and acting as a go betw een for the administrative, the students, the superintendent of Poly Royal and the university administration.

Despite the hard work and the tremendous amount of time required for this job, Reed says he is really happy he's so involved. "It's a thrill," he said, "because it's a big responsibility and you know if something goes wrong they don't look to the person who messed up, they look to you because you're in charge of that person.

Reed said he has learned a lot during his time as superintendent of Poly Royal.

Student takes charge over 100,000...
Weekend festivities: Poly's showtime

Now's the time to really show them stuff. Poly Royal, for many, is a welcome time of the school year. Spring has finally decided to stick around, and the weekend's festivities are a refreshing change from term papers, midterm projects, and projects.

But what really is Poly Royal?

Everyone is familiar with the term "Cal Poly's open house" as a definition, but that term is trite. What are we looking for? What are we leaving open? Perhaps it's larger than it seems. Students are taking off to the beach, worrying about how much money their clubs are going to make, selling hot dogs and leaving town to escape the crowding.

In an interview from Provost Tomlinson Fort to faculty and staff two weeks ago, Fort reminded them that classes would not be held after noon today and all day tomorrow. "Remember," the memo read, "this is an academic holiday."

The attitudes held by everyone would interpret that comment as a joke. After all, isn't Poly Royal just for having fun and not having to go to school?

But there is another interpretation, the one that gets missed too often. The memo also said that all students, faculty, and staff should be using the "free" time to prepare for Poly Royal. Thousands of parents, friends, alumni and strangers will be descending on campus to see what we're doing and what we've accomplished, showcasing the spirit of Cal Poly.

And in the spirit of Poly Royal, let's go out there and show what we've really got.
For the 54th year the Cal Poly campus will be turned over to the students for the annual Poly Royal open house.

An estimated 100,000 visitors will converge on the campus for two days of fun and games in this year’s “country fair on a college campus.”

This year’s theme, “Minds in Motion,” will be illustrated by various department and school displays from the University’s seven Academic schools on campus. Awards will be given to the best and most creative displays.

To kick off this year’s event, the Poly Royal Executive Board will hold its opening ceremonies Friday at 10 a.m. in the University Union Plaza. This year’s honored guest will be retired Executive Vice President of Cal Poly, Dr. Dale Andrews. He is being honored for his many years of service to the students of Cal Poly.

There are a whole variety of special events planned for the weekend that should provide something for everybody.

Hotel rooms in the area have been booked for months and those with visitors on the way may need to make some room on the living room floor.

The campus becomes the domain of the Poly Royal Executive Board as outlined in the Campus Administrative Manual. The board is responsible for all activities for the two day festival, including parking control and security and transportation around the campus.

The cost of all the support services are completely paid for by more than 150 student clubs and organizations that will have various concessions throughout the university. Sellers will be expected to turn in a financial statement at the end of the weekend and the Executive Board will take a percentage of the profits to pay for everything.

Booths are allowed to be set up beginning at noon today and they must all be taken down and removed by Sunday at noon. A fine will be imposed on any group that does not have its booth completely removed, said Poly Royal treasurer Pat McNerney.

A group from the Poly Royal Executive Board will also be patrolling throughout the weekend looking for violations in health and fire regulations. They will also be making sure that bonfires are open until the 5 p.m. closing time both nights.

McNerney said this is important so that spectators at the rodeo will have something to come back to after the show.

McNerney hopes that this years event will go off without any major disaster or problem.

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APARTHEID
From page 1

Bath said Wells Fargo bank has agreed to remove their interests in that nation and she suggests people place their accounts with Wells Fargo.

Michael Williams of the Afro-American Student Union said most students have heard of the word apartheid, but most do not know it means legal racial segregation in South Africa.

"Don't let this information sit in your ear drums. But digest it... tell people about it. We're not going to change apartheid overnight, but before we can change, people have to know what it is," said Williams.

Quintard Taylor

Alumnus donates mural to Cal Poly

A tribute to the founders and annual organizers of Poly Royal has been presented in the form of a mural, created and donated by a Cal Poly alumnus.

Nancy J. Graham donated the seven-foot mural titled "Poly Royal 1967." It depicts Western themes and people that were part of the Poly Royal silver anniversary.

In addition to the mural, Graham has produced a series of paintings recollecting her student days at Cal Poly. Her colleague and cousin, Duane Graham, has produced a photographic essay of Western themes for the celebration this weekend.

"I remember Cal Poly days fondly and was very impressed with your school while I was there," wrote Graham in her correspondence with Jeann Lallarbera, director of the University Union Galerie. Graham attended Cal Poly in 1957.

Graham will be an honored guest at the Poly Royal opening ceremonies April 26 at 10 a.m.
The mural, paintings, and photographs will be on display throughout the lobby of the University Union through Poly Royal weekend.

Win a Porsche!

Play the Domino's Pizza "No Problem" Game and you might win a brand new Porsche 944 Sports Car from Domino's Pizza and Coke. Just rub off the Problem section of the game card. Then rub off the Solution section to see if you won a prize such as a FREE serving of Coke toppings, pizzas or one of five Porsche 944's! Hurry! Game ends May 19.

Game cards are available at participating Domino's Pizza locations. Game Rules are on the back of the cards. No purchase necessary. Play the "No Problem" Game and Win!

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DON'T MISS PHILL KEAGGY IN CONCERT SATURDAY NIGHT... WE HAVE TICKETS
Mike Zohns
By SALLY KINSELL
Staff Writer

He loves people, plants and Poly Royal.

Who is he? He's Mike Zohns, an associate professor in the Ornamental Horticulture Department and faculty adviser for this year's Poly Royal.

Zohns has been the faculty adviser for Poly Royal for six years, but this year is a little bit different because it's his last.

"I'm moving on to something different," he said, "so easy to become removed from everything else when you are involved in Poly Royal. I haven't been active in the OH club for six years, I guess it's a trade-off," he said.

Zohns said his duties as faculty adviser are "to help the Poly Royal board make quality decisions." When an issue comes up for debate during the meetings, he makes sure that the board is properly debating both sides and makes a good decision. If everything is running smoothly he doesn't interfere, he said, but if something important is left out then he brings it up.

Zohns said the most what he has enjoyed most about his position is "making new friends and working with the students. I've worked with some very talented students," he said. For each Poly Royal, a supervisor is elected from among the students, said Zohns. "It's neat to sit in my position as adviser and watch them grow," he said.

Zohns said that he has a few ideas about how Poly Royal could be improved, and he hopes he can implement them before he leaves.

"Basically Poly Royal is a traditional thing," he said. A lot of the problems that come up are because not everything is written down. One of the biggest problems is with commercialism, he said. "I want to get the commercialism policy in writing... get more of the rules of the game written down." 

Zohns said that he would also like to get more local residents involved in Poly Royal this year. One of the ways he is trying to do this is with a new series of events called the Poly Games. These games will be held on Saturday of Poly Royal at 11 a.m. on the baseball field. They will include a number of events he hopes will "involve more of the local residents, the students and at the same time represent agriculture." Some of the events will be a truck show, a hay stacking contest, a transfer dump exhibition, a straw bucking contest and a tractor slalom. The tractor pull has also been a pet project for Zohns. He has been working on getting it back in Poly Royal this year.

He said he hoped to use this event to get the local residents more involved. "The plan is to have a lot of the local farmers helping their tractors in so we can get more local participation," Zohns said. Zohns said that being involved in Poly Royal is a year round job and takes a lot of work. By the time spring quarter rolls around "it can take maybe ten hours a week as we approach Poly Royal, just ironing out problems," he said.

The time has come for him to move on to other things, especially to become more involved in the ornamental horticulture department, said Zohns.

"But working with Poly Royal has been neat... I'm going to miss it."
Comedy Shoppe II set for Friday night performance

By KEVIN CANNON

Comedy has returned to Cal Poly. Comedy Shoppe II is scheduled for Friday night due to the success of Comedy Shoppe I. There will be two shows, at 8 and 10 p.m. in the Chumash Auditorium. The event is sponsored by ASI speakers forum.

"The first comedy show we had was sold out and we had to turn away over 200 people at the door," said Mary Bird, chairperson of the ASI speakers forum.

"We added another show this time to accommodate everyone we can," said Bird.

Scheduled to appear are Tom McGillin, Kevin Nealon, and Cary Odio. All three have performed stand-up comedy in Southern California at such prestigious comedy clubs as the Comedy Store, The Improv, and The Ice House.

Advanced tickets are available at Boo Boo Records, Cheap Thrills, and at the University Union ticket office. Prices are $4 for students and senior citizens and $5 for the public. Tickets will be 50c more at the door.

Bird suggests that people should buy their tickets in advance and is sure that Comedy Shoppe II will sell out.

"We sold very few advanced tickets last time, most of the people waited until the last minute," said Bird.

Fach comedian will perform an individual routine with improvisation. McGillin specializes in impressions such as Poot'ev, Kichar4--Nixon, and Uedd Foxx. and vocal groups including the Police. Nealon has a background in theater and has appeared in commercials and on The Tonight Show," Late Night with David Letterman," The Mike Douglas Show, and cable TV "Laff-a-Thon" and "Bigg LaffOff."

Christian rock comes to Cal Poly with Phil Keaggy

Phil Keaggy, one of the top names in contemporary Christian music, will perform at 7 p.m. Saturday night in Chumash Auditorium.

A vocalist and accomplished guitarist, Keaggy played lead guitar for the band Glass Harp during the late '60s and early '70s, touring with rock groups such as Chicago, Iron Butterfly and Yes. During that time he recorded three albums with the group.

Since moving to the Christian music industry, Keaggy has recorded nine albums and performed close to 200 concerts a year. His concerts often include both acoustic and amplified electric sets.

Tickets are $6 in advance and $7.50 at the door. They are available at Christian bookstores on the central coast and the University Union ticket office.

Keaggy's performance is a presentation of the Coalition of American Pro-Life University Students (C.A.M.P.U.S.), a chartered organization of the Cal Poly ASI.
Chick Corea performs tonight

To kick off the Poly Royal weekend, jazz musician Chick Corea will perform with his Electric Band in the Cal Poly Main Gymnasium at 8:00 p.m. There will be no opening act.

The ASI Concerts Committee, responsible for the concert, is sponsoring the award winning jazz pianist and composer. Advance ticket prices are $9.75 for students, and $11.75 for the public.

Corea, who has played with such jazz greats as Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, and Stan Getz, has won over 50 awards from his peers, his listeners, and the music industry. He received a Grammy for Best Jazz Instrumental Group in 1978 and in 1980 he was awarded both the GRAMMY and the Top Electric Pianist award. He has won a total of five Grammy awards.

Corea doesn’t like to label himself as performing a particular type of music, nonetheless, he is known as a proponent of what is called “fusion” music—a blend of jazz and rock.

Though Corea has been influenced by the jazz greats, he also is exploring another stream—classical music. His compositions and performances show a wide breadth of influence from Beethoven, Bartok and Stravinsky.

He was commissioned in 1982 by the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Chamber Society to compose a work for an arts festival put on by the City of Miami. The result was his Septet for Winds, Strings and Piano. It was the opening presentation for the televised "Live from Lincoln Center" series in 1983.

Influenced by his trumpeter and bassist father, Corea began playing the piano when he was four in Chelsea, Massachusetts. He studied music at Columbia University and Juilliard School of Music for short periods of time. He left them both because, as one critic wrote, "The music he wanted to play couldn’t be taught in school.”

After refining his piano technique and performing with traditional jazz orchestras, he began composing. Upon the advice of one of the jazz greats, he switched to the electric piano. A few years later, he started his own experimental group.

Tickets for the concert can be purchased at all locations of Cheap Thrills and Boo Boo Records, and the the University Union Ticket Office on campus. Ticket prices will be $1 more at the door.

Great American Journey’s musical tribute to U.S.

By CATHARINE AARON

Listeners can take a musical trip across America during Poly Royal as the 85 voices of the combined Cal Poly choirs present "The Great American Journey." Singers and dancers will salute America by paying tribute to her cities at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday in the Cal Poly Theatre.

Directed by Dr. Thomas Davies, the musical journey begins in Washington, D.C. and includes "New York, New York," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "The Yellow Rose of Texas" and other selections from Broadway, Hollywood and today’s pop charts.

Student choreographer Stanford Smith said the group is excited about the show after six weeks of preparing the costumes, sets and routines.

"This show is particularly fun for the group to do since it shows the lighter side of the variety of music we do," Smith said.

Robert Colvin, who conceived the idea for the production, is the costume designer. Susan Azarct, Davies will play piano with them.

The Mustang Daily is held accountable for the mistake. Domino’s will not honor the “30 minute or Free” ad.

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AD CORRECTION IN POLY ROYAL PAPER

The Ad Should Have Read

30 minutes or Free! If your order does not arrive within 30 minutes, please contact the driver for $2.00 off your next order. Express $1/5/85 One coupon per pizza.
Students can study issues through political center

by SUSAN A. ELLIOTT

A new enterprise at Cal Poly, the Center for Practical Politics, is proving to be a valuable resource on campus and in the community for the study of important public issues and for service to organizations.

The Center, a nonprofit entity affiliated with the political science department, provides services on a contract basis as research assistance to organizations.

"With the world as our laboratory," Center director Dianne Long said, "the Center fills a need in the university and the community by combining applied research with a teaching institution."

The Center recently received a $2,000 grant from San Luis Obispo County to study the effect of the loss of possible federal funding to Central Coast counties. Ten students have been working on the Counties Project under the direction of political science professor John Culver.

They have been compiling county revenue data and plan to issue a series of analytical reports. The first report, titled "Business and Employment Trends" will be issued May 1.

"I know of no other university that offers students this kind of research experience on an undergraduate level," said Counties Project student director Jeff Hunt. "It's ideal hands-on learning experience which characterizes Cal Poly's learn-by-doing philosophy."

Although the Center is housed in the political science department, students and faculty from all disciplines can take part in Center activities. Each project is directed by a faculty member and supported by a project team.

When special consultants are needed, they are contracted to particular projects as funding allows.

Other projects underway include a Practical Politics Lecture Series planned for next academic year and a California Specialized Training Institute study to analyze emergency training centers. The Center plans to offer a summer institute and essay contest to Central Coast school districts.

A 17-member board of government, business and industry leaders guides the Center activities. The board includes Congressmen Leon Panetta and William Thomas, Assemblymen Eric Seastead and State Senator Ken Maddy.

The board assists faculty members in starting projects and attracting funding. Both the board and Center's associates work to make the public more aware of policy issues affecting them and of the Center's role in the political process.

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The dinner was sensational. So was the check. The problem is, the theater tickets that you insisted on buying broke your whole budget. Enough to declare bankruptcy by the time the coffee arrived.

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**Sports Women, men at home on Saturday**

Trackstords hold Poly Royal meet

**BY KIM MILLER**

Poly Royal is more than food and entertainment, it is sports too.

Again this year, the track team will sponsor the men's and women's Poly Royal Invitational on Saturday.

The hammer throw, the first event, is scheduled for 11 a.m. with the running events beginning at noon.

This will be the last chance to see both teams before conference and consequently national competition.

San Jose State University, Cal Lutheran College, Westmont College, UC Santa Barbara, Cal State Bakersfield, Fresno State and the Converse Aggies have already committed partial teams.

The United States Marines and the Army will also send teams.

Only half of the Poly women will race at home, the other half will travel to the prestigious Mt. San Antonio College relays.

Both teams have excellent athletes competing, most of which have already qualified for national competition.

The Mustangs women already have 20 individuals qualified in 43 different events and the men are stacked in most events.

One man alone, Brent Griffiths, has already set national qualifying marks in the 1,500, 1,600, 3,000 and 5,000-meter runs.

"I'll only run the 3,000 in national," he said, "it takes too much out of you.

Griffiths started running his freshmen year of high school and is racing toward a conference championship and All-American status at the national meet.

"I want the All-American because I missed it so narrowly in the cross country season," he said.

Teammates Jim McCarthy was fifth on the Poly Royal list in the 1,500 until last week when Griffiths ran the course in 3:50.31.

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**Sports Women hope to win fifth straight Poly Royal meet**

**BY KELLY MOORE**

Even though the women's track team is splitting its forces, it's still attempting to win the Poly Royal Invitational for the fifth year in a row.

The Mustangs will send half the team Saturday to the Mt. San Antonio Invitational in Walnut, while the other half stays here at the Poly Royal Invitational the same day.

Teams expected to compete in this invitational are Army, Cal Lutheran, Chico State, College of Notre Dame, Fresno State, UC Riverside and UC Santa Barbara.

The invitational will take place on the upper track with the first field event for the women beginning at 11 a.m. The last running event, the men's mile relay, is scheduled to begin at 3:20 p.m.

The invitational is free to the public.

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**Sports Disneyland round up planned for alumni**

**By SUSAN EDMONDSON**

Disneyland, home of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, will be home to Cal Poly students, alumni, faculty, staff and friends Saturday, June 22.

The Cal Poly Alumni Association is sponsoring a "round up" at Disneyland with discounted prices and special events planned just for people associated with Cal Poly.

A special group rate of $11 per person includes admission to Disneyland from 9 a.m. to midnight on June 22, unlimited use of all adventures and attractions except arcade, live entertainment and free parking.

The reduced rate for admission is available only through pre-sale of tickets before May 15.

There will be a Roundup Dinner at the Disneyland Hotel on June 22 for $25 per person. Honored guests at the dinner include President Warren Baker and his wife Carly.

The Alumni Association has designed "Cal Poly Roundup - Disneyland" T-shirts and buttons.

The event coincides with Disneyland's 30th anniversary celebration. The park will be giving away door prizes to every 500th, 3000th, and 30000th person entering Disneyland. The 30000th person to enter the park will win a new car.
San Diego Chicken to perform
Will entertain crowds during baseball game

BY JANET HASEROT
Staff Writer

Why would a chicken drive north on Highway 101?
To entertain the crowds of the Cal Poly baseball team.
The San Diego Chicken, better known as "the chicken," is coming to San Luis Obispo this weekend to perform in San Luis Stadium.

What began as a promotional gimmick for radio station KGB in San Diego, has turned into a professional career for the 5-11-inch tall, 30-pound chicken. Giannoulas, the shortest of his classmates, was picked to fill the position as Easter chicken at the zoo for one week.

Once dressed in his second skin, the chicken mimicks players, umpires, and fans between innings and during the game.

Giannoulas says he plans to perform as the chicken for five more years before he "hangs up his wings." He will then go into a more conventional form of comedy acting, like Peter Sellers, Giannoulas.

The chicken will perform Friday, 7:30 p.m. at San Luis Stadium.

Men's water polo team holding its alumni game this Saturday

By KIM FOSTER
Staff Writer

Cal Poly's men's water polo club, will hold an alumni game this Saturday, May 10-12, at Cal Poly May 10-12.

"Many of the players have had bad years of high school, college and U.S. polo experience and know the game well," said Frappia.

The next tournament for the club will be May 3-5 at UC Santa Barbara.

The club, which was reinstated in 1974, Giannoulas, the shortest of his classmates, was picked to fill the position as Easter chicken at the zoo for one week.

Once dressed in his second skin, the chicken mimicks players, umpires, and fans between innings and during the game.

Giannoulas says he plans to perform as the chicken for five more years before he "hangs up his wings." He will then go into a more conventional form of comedy acting, like Peter Sellers, Giannoulas.

The chicken will perform Friday, 7:30 p.m. at San Luis Stadium.

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ELECTRIC BAND
WATERSKI CLUB
CHICK COREA

TWO SHOWS
THIS FRIDAY
Dann, Dad, Enough.

...france and slammed the door, waltzed* to the other side of the room and stuffed the jacket into the bushes. In her mind, she framed the sunset over the ocean behind Morro Rock, foreground, background, deep field. If she were actually going to take the picture, she'd have to climb the hills behind the house and scramble up to the promontory.

"God damn," she said, walking toward the barn, eyeing her car. Why had she even come home? She heard the door open behind her and, from the stairs, she realized she was Lorraine.

"Peg?"

Peg sat at the cotton fields, feeling the grain and texture of the weathered wood. Lorraine came up, gripping the wood as well.

"I hate his goddamn isn't ranching good enough for you?" Peg said.

"I know, I've been getting them, too," Lorraine paused. "I guess he's given up on Tom. Calls him 'shiftless.'"

"Okay, open your eyes, " she said, pointing to the T.V. dinner on his lap. There were tiny green peas around the carpet and on the pile of magazines by the side of his Lazy-Boy, and Rita fell sick at the sight of it all. Since his retirement he had become nothing more than a channel-flipper. She thought, it was about as hard to pry his bottom from that chair as it was to slip in inspection. The whole thing made her ill.

"How are you doing, Harold?" Rita opened her eyes again. Harold was watching a spouse show and listing over to pay no attention to where his mouth was as he lifted another forkful of peas from the T.V. dinner on his lap. There were tiny green peas around the carpet and on the pile of magazines by the side of his Lazy-Boy, and Rita felt sick at the sight of it all. Since his retirement he had become nothing more than a channel-flipper. She thought, it was about as hard to pry his bottom from that chair as it was to slip in inspection. The whole thing made her ill.

"Harold, what are you doing?"

"Okay, Harold," she continued, wistfully watching a young man in his hip-waders coming down the driveway. "Okay, Harold, till you actually think she had of seeing Harold. Whatever, she decided they were still a gaudy, hand-made crocheted bikini. Rita sat bolt upright in her chair, then she pulled out her attention from the T.V. by bor- ing into him with her stare. "You're not supposed to be eating up the T.V. dinner, " she scolded. "We're supposed to go out tonight, remember, Harold? There's no way I was going to forget that! You'd think for on iota that after a day of shopping around that I'd forget tonight was our night for going out and then you're off your rocker, Harold! I don't care, " but she caught on some phlegm in her throat and began to cough.

"Huh?" Harold said.

Rita pushed herself up, coughing and patted in her pyjamas in the kitchen. Coughing, she rummaged through the upperware and lunch-meals in the refrigerator, pulling out a soda. After a few gulps she felt better. She had been up all night, and the only thing that had kept her spirits up was the thought of dinner tonight at the smorgasbord in the mall. She turned to examine herself in the mirror, then decided she had caught a glimpse of her husband. Harold, who was she talking to?

"What are you doing?"

"I hear you, Rita. " The sound of his voice startled her, "The new people called while you were out, the Fergusons, or something like that, " he mumbled.

"The Fergusons?" Rita yelled back. The Fergusons were new on the block. Rita had noticed them, but that they were always coming and going, each in their own car. She had watched the furniture truck from the downtown McMahon's roll up the street delivering everything from bedroom sets to din - ney room cabinets. It seemed odd to her that they moved in without furniture, but she figured they came in a quick fortune. Her interest in the Fergusons had been piqued when she met Mrs. Ferguson in the Safeway last week.

They chatted briefly about how the Fergusons were settled in now and how she was looking for a like-minded, friendly people here could be. She and Harold had lived here all long themselves and although they joined a bridge club and a bingo group they had to make any personal friends. No one seemed to live up to their expec - tations. Rita had even been thinking about telling Harold it was time to move.

Then the Fergusons had moved in. Rita thought this could be it. They were a childless couple like her and Harold, and by the looks of things, they were the kind of people she ad- mired already. She remembered that Mrs. Ferguson had been a childless couple like her and Harold, and by the looks of things, they were the kind of people she ad- mired already. She remembered that Mrs. Ferguson had been living in a single-story cottage in the section of the Safeway, Mrs. Ferguson, in a pastel blue suit and looking for all the world like a dainty, kind - hearted beauty parlor with her bleached hair and her mirror and adjust the straps of her black shoes and pants, and a freshly - starched white shirt. The women pull - ed money out of little coin purses in their dress pockets. He graciously took out his own, " My own, " he said, pointing to the handle of the car. "Here, " she said, thrusting a handful of crumpled bills into the woman's hand. "Phew! " she uttered, her mouth part - ed in surprise. "My own, " he said, pointing to the driver of the car. "Okay, okay, " he said proudly, grinning down on her as he took the driver's license back to Harold. "They all wore black, baggy dresses, black scarves, black stockings and shoes, and thirtied enormous baskets on their hands. They huddled together near the doors of the bus and maneuvered for boarding position by subtly jabbing elbows and swinging baskets. Those nearest the doors would be seated, the others would stand. Patrice stayed behind.

The driver first tried to open the doors with a hard lever, but the doors were jammed, and he motioned to the passengers inside to move back to make the first step. Patrice was last, and the driver shifted nervously as she fumbled in her bag for money.

"My own, " he said, pointing to the bus. "Only 15 drachma for you. Very nice! "

"Yes, very, " she said, glancing at the small square face painted, pink and green, rattle-trap car. "Okay, " he said, giving her a quick smile. "Epharkos para polla, " and with a slight bow from the waist, he waved her onto the bus.

February 1985 Poly Royal
The Fergusons were asking them over! Dinner in the toaster-oven for herself in the store today. "On the sunny side win­ning into the kitchen and stuck a T.V. nails and noticed flecks of red face for a moment. "They're inviting us think you'd want to miss out on seeing the Fergusons called and wanted us to num tray under his chair. never thought to say it is that they're inviting us over, is? Didn't you think to ask what on the table sauce from the meat­al section and stuck the alumi­num tray under his chair. "I said, he drawled slowly, "I said the Fergusons called and wanted us to come over tonight for a surprise. That's all.

But didn't they say what the surprise? Didn't you think to ask what or why it is that they're inviting us over, Harold?" You big ninny, she thought to herself. Her blood felt like it was going to boil over at Harold's stupidity and she sat on her most penetrating glare. This was just the sort of thing that really ticked her off about Harold. "Well I assume, dear, that it's no more than a neighborly gesture on their part." He picked up that morn­ing's paper and gave it a snap. "I didn't think you'd want to miss out on seeing the inside of that house after looking at it for, you know, from the kitchen win­ dow. So I said we'd be pleased.

Rita let in a big sigh that soften her face for a moment. "They're inviting us over, huh?" She must have made some kind of an impression on Sue Ferguson. Rita was always kind of a snob. Her mind raced on to what she would wear. It was either the yellow slacks or her black pullover with the gold lame. And her nails! She glanced quickly at her fingernails and noticed flecks of red blood. "Now Har-old!" Sue waved her hand."I'm gonna get the coffee. You just take care of our friends here, take care of the living room, warm 'em up by the fire there. 'Em relax and take a load off," he called, disappearing down the hall.

Well that's something, thought Rita. "You got a fireplace in this house?"

"Oh, go on!" Rita sniffed and touched them gently. She had got­ten the ears! "It's something that's fun! I see a picture of something similar in the Spiegel and then I saw these. And I thought, welll Rita, a woman's got a right to buy herself something fun once in awhile.

Sue laughed and Rita looked at her. Sue giggled, leading them into a room decorated with gold crushed velvet chairs and a table with tiny pink flowers all over it. There was a large knob on the door that hit the living room with a hankie. Bill took his glasses with a hankie. "My dog has Fleas!" and remined her of the day she spied the new piano be­ fore the house. She had heard Sue Ferguson had once played profes­sionally and there was a rumor that she might replace old lady Hennessey dasch through church. The door opened and in a frame of yellow light Mr. Ferguson greeted them with his warm, debonair style. He was at least six feet tall with black hair and a mustache that grew in a short, narrow fringe tracing his upper lip. He was always dressed like a cowboy, with a string-tie held by a large piece of turquoise, a snap shirt and polyester slacks that flared a bit at the bottom to accommodate his cowboy boots.

"Greeting, greetings, y'all," he called out to them, extending his hand. "I'd like to introduce you to our house. You'll see it!" The stars were there, all right, but Rita was

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Rita had the time of her life saying it. "I didn't think you'd want to miss out on seeing the inside of that house after looking at it for, you know, from the kitchen win­ dow. So I said we'd be pleased.

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A Misconceived Notion

From page 2

"Surprise, surprise folks," said Bill, setting up the easel, "cause when Sue and I jumped up and smoothed her duct with! > And we just couldn't think of a couple who know the true folks! said Bill, setting up the cake? What the hell is going on here about an All-American story to share? What started out in the tool cooperation. "We have an idea," said Bill, clasping her hands the way an elementary school teacher does when wanting class attention. "We have an idea of this American pie." Bill said on here, she thought. "We have an American product." Rita felt a tight area in her belly where her ulcer was. She shot a glance at Harold, her earrings hung still as icicles. Where was the piano recital? Where was the cake? What the hell is going on here, she thought?

It was Sue's turn now. "This is the story of how an ordinary person became a millionaire selling American products. What started out in the tool shop of his daddy's chicken ranch grew into an empire, and you, too, can have a slice of this American pie." Bill was, in fact, drawing a pie on the board, Rita noticed, dividing it up into different-sized wedges. Why, all they wanted to do was sucker them into one of those pyramid-selling schemes!

Rita felt a tight area in her belly where her ulcer was. She couldn't quite believe that this was her husband. To be suckered in here like a couple of Okies who just fell off the turnip truck. Why, to think she had actually thought, to think she had imagined that... Rita felt a hot feeling spread over her, burning her face. She dropped her arms and stuffing his hands into his pockets. Rita felt a deep sense of loss overcome her and felt very near the edge of tears. For the first time in a long time, she wished Harold would put his arm around her and give her some comfort. She looked at the back of his head, at the thinness of hair and the way his shoulders were hunched against the cold. She heard herself say "Harold?", and her stride quickened to catch up. As she caught him, first one drop, then another, hit her face. Harold, who was whisking a jangle from a T.V. commercial, surged forward, faster, as the drops from the staring sky overhead fell faster and faster.

Sunday Blood and Jamaica Rum

by Dian Newell

I spike the Sunday blood with Jamaica rum intensifying the mystery which magnifies the poems carved in the callouses of a garbage man.

I spike the Sunday blood with Jamaica rum and find Mary Magdalene drying dishes with her hair.

Dolores Ming shooting pool with one hand, and the women next door stuffing children from her cunt for welfare.

Seven little profits baptized divine in the blood, and washed human in Jamaica rum.

Dolores Ming and Mary Magdalene, and the garbage man and me, the profits and the women in line sing calypso in the Sunday choir:

Rum run through us

to keep us human

The blood pour out
to bleed us devine.
Donna
by Michael Churchman

We never quite connect. We are forever missing things, and the right things remained unsaid between those two great granite shapes.

Earlier, driving up the mountain road from Fresno you told me that I reminded you of your ex-husband, brilliant, drunk and discarded. You shared jack cheese and hard pepercorn salami. You told me that I reminded you of your ex-husband, and was full of Descartes, co-op housing politics and thoroughly restrained affection.

The good sisters at St. Mary’s and St. Joseph schools would have been proud. Two hundred and sixty-three miles allowed you to say just that much. I played it close and waited two weeks to reply, hoping that silence would speak where I could not.

When you moved away, I was almost relieved. Deadwood and windfall would no longer smoulder between those two great granite shapes.

The letter from Berkeley began, “Dearest Michael:”

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Peggy squinted at it, then at the blue sky, and turned around. She scanned the farm hand arena, the sun low behind her. Tires spun on the red-rock gravel near the corrals. The Santa Rosa Valley fell from Highway 41 and stopped near her. The driver's door swung open, and a young man shot out.

"Hey, sis," he said, "you're home." Peg's heart raced. "What? Are you doing?"

He smiled the smile that worked Friday afternoons. She could almost complain. Next to Corvette engine in the Jeep. He ran his hand along the hood. "Racing some smart ass from town this afternoon at the dunes in Pismo. Want to come?"

Peg turned her head away and grinned. "No, that's okay. Have to do some work for school. Thought I'd shoot some pictures out here." She looked back at the chickens. If she ever did take over this place, the birds would be gone the next day.

"Still hate them things?" Tom asked, hands on hips. Peg laughed. "Yep. Never minded eating one of these damn birds after that.

Tossing his head with a grin, white straw cowboy hat lifting, Peggy remembered the day six years earlier when the other birds had stabbed at the pecking chicken, the tips of their beaks red. Peg had discovered the wounded chicken, the sun low, the back of its neck gone clear down to the skull and vertebrae. Peggy grabbed her Nikon from her car. There was a 135 telephoto millimeter lens and picked up an extra roll of film and the wide-angle lens. Branding day made good photos. Peg's father healed his brands in a foot-high red barbecue, a practice she thought paradoxical to his adherence to the past; that paradox would make her photos.

Peg was skilled at the dual arts of photography: realism and contrived reality. But she took the contrived work only so far; no color filters, double exposures or sandwiched prints. Only a polarizing filter to bring out contrast.

The contrivance went on behind the lens, in what she chose to include in the picture, rather than in front of it. She could photograph her father and his barbecue for realism, then take a shot of just him branding the calf for contrived reality. There would be no funny barbecue in the picture, just an image that reflected an Old West of the sun and she shot three frames, changing apertures. The whir of the motor-drive made him grimace the same way he did when Tom tried to talk him into using plastic ear tags as well as brands to identify the cattle.

"Bill don't", he said, as the brand sizzled and the calf tried to leap up. "These for city folks?" he asked of the photos. Peg smiled, remembering the duality.

"Some of them," she said. "I leave out the barbecue. Too real.

Her father nodded and helped grab the next calf, rolling it on its side. "All-American cowboy," he said, and puffed his chest. Peg laughed and kept shooting. "You could be, too," he said, turning toward her and the barbecue, lowering his voice so the other two could not hear. "You and Mark." He lifted the film. "Better than taking pictures of sunsets.

Peg drilled her eye into the viewfinder and fired off another shot. "Dad." Her father hesitated after the shot, then let the calf go. "I got you without looking at him, put on the 135 telephoto lens again and stood back to shoot.

Peggy's mother died when her daughter was three. Peggy could barely remember her mother's face and knew nothing of her character. In a way, Peggy's life had been more affected by another accident. Peggy's father knew much about her father's mother until high school, only that she had been a nurse by a locomotive in the railroad yard where she worked during World War II.

A week after branding day, Peg stepped in the photo lab at the Brooks-Andrew in Santa Barbara where she studied. She was examining two pictures by her friend Rob. Both were of the same ocean sunset, taken only seconds apart from widely different angles along the bluff. Rock spires and large outcroppings sat black in the ocean against the brilliant blue sky. The shutter had been left open for several seconds, and the waves were blurring into pink-gauze that nestled the rocks.

"What'd you do," Peggy asked him of the shot. "Did you just mount the tripod and run like hell along the cliffs?"

Rob laughed. "You do a lot of scrambling through the magic light." He looked at the enlargements and then at Peggy. "That's got to be one of the magic-light photos by you. Do you have any?"

"Sunsets?" she asked. "Not a chance, kid."

"Why not?"

Peg turned her head till the left as she looked at his photos. "Well..." she said, trying to grasp the reason for herself as well as for him. Rob's eyebrows went up, inviting her to talk.

When Peg was eighteen, she explained to Rob, who gave her father a color enlargement of a sunset, matted and framed, for Christmas. From the start, the picture had been meant for him. It had been taken well up the hill behind the house and showed the house, barn, and other ranch buildings, pens and grazing cattle all in the orange of the setting sun, in the far background, the three stacks of the Pacific Gas and Electric power plant and Moro Rock, standing like a mete…
From page 5

Mack drove the engines, and Peg's grandmother switched the tracks. maybe. He asked her if he could watch the sunsets fill up the sky. She gestured to the back. One evening, she sat on the track, a convoy of fire. He grabbed the handle bars of his bike and climbed. "Where are you going?"

"Remember what he said?" Peg's father asked. "He said, I just plastered her. Just like this, he showed me."

Peggy shook her head, remembering the ceremony the front of a locomotive. He smacked her face, clear and sharp, filled several frames. Her father's bronze, lined face, contemptuous, sharp. It snapped back. He said, "I know. But I presume again into the presumption."

"It's great." Peggy whispered, looking back at her. "Like a fall breeze."

"Great." Peggy said. "That's okay, though. And Tom wants to make it easier for me." She put her fingers back on the camera's shutter lock, watching the rain trap Santa Barbara against the mountains. Gray sky, gray ocean, cutting the tops of the Santa Ynez peaks behind town. Gusts of wind pushed in the sliding glass door with a whoosh and whine. She could barely see the beach in the distance. "How about some wine?" Rob asked, grinning, standing with him. "Sure."

While he was in the kitchen, Peg looked over to the side table. "Is it ready?" She asked. "Yes. Peggy watched Angelou in front of her grandmother's store, and Rob set the wine on the table. "It's raining up there, too," she asked. "God, yes, the damn flood is mingled again. I've got to get the drainage system cleared. All that shit eats my boots," Peg laughed. "Get some rubber ones.

"HA! Rubber boots are for dairy farmers," her father chucked. "Don't tell Ms. Paulsen I said that!"

She smiled, still fooling with the camera. "I just plastered her. Just like this, he showed me."

When he could speak out. "It's hard to deal with things sometimes." Feeling secure in his identity, he was looking at the black mark, seemingly contemplating his own identity.

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For the fourth year, winners of the Annual Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest are having their work published in a supplement to the Poly Royal Mustang Dai­ly. It is fitting that these twenty student writers receive this recognition and that the Cal Poly community be given an opportu­nity to read their poems and stories.

The English Department began the Annual Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest in the spring of 1981 in an effort to en­courge creative writing across the campus. Entries are open to all Cal Poly students. Entries have come from as many as forty different majors, and winners have come from a variety of fields. There are two divisions in the contest: Short Story and a Poetry division. Each division has cash prizes of $50.00 for first place, $30.00 for second place, and $20.00 for third place. In addition, honorable mentions are given. Students use a pseudonym when entering the contest, and it is not until the judges have reached their final decisions that the true names of the winning writers are revealed. Approximately one month after the deadline for submitting entries, the winners are announced, and soon afterwards there is an Awards Reception for the win­ners, judges, and contest of­ficials.

There are three judges for each division of the contest. Each judge ranks all the manuscripts and then all three judges meet to reach their final decision. The judges are faculty members who have volunteered their time, and there is indeed a con­siderable amount of time and work involved.

The contest would not be possible without the support of a number of people. The first ex­pression of gratitude must go to the anonymous donor whose generous contribution in memory of Michael Gamber makes the cash awards possible. Thanks must be given to the support of Brent Keetch, Head of the English Department, and to Jon Ericson, Dean of the School of Communicative Arts and Humanities. And thanks are also extended to the editorial staff of the English Department, especially to Connie Davis, head secretary.
From page 1

She mounted the steps. As she entered the bus the smell of suntan lotion and cologne followed her. She saw the black-covered heads look up quickly down and heard an old, dried widow mumbling, "Po po po" as she made her way down the aisle. The seats were filled and many were standing. Patrice gave a disgusted sigh at the thought of being pushed against them on the long, winding road. She raised her arm to clench the strap from the ceiling for support. Just above her head a man stood and offered her seat, his eyes to the floor. His face was brown and wrinkled. He wore a stained shirt and pants. His hands were large and calloused, and his nails were filled with dirt. He gripped the strap form the ceiling and stood next to her, facing the windows on her side.

Patrice sat down. The woman next to her stared fiercely out the window, muttering in Greek while pulling her basket from between her knees onto her lap. The old woman clutched the basket tightly as Patrice put her own bag down between them on the seat.

Patrice looked up to see the driver smiling and as in his mirror and, in an attempt to ignore him, began brushing grime of sand and dirt filled with salt from her face. Her hand brushed shoulders and between her breasts, and she finished by studying the chip-pedd polish on her nails.

The engine started. The bus jerked forward. The Greek man in the aisle sneered at her, his shoulders against his bare shoulder. The stained pants, his stained shirt; just another dusty peasant. She looked up. He crossed himself three times. Just another dusty peasant, but she felt foreign, exposed and angry.

We rounded the curve toward the beach, and as Tolli sounded the horn, Mrs. Papadakis stiffened. She nudged me as she gave a snort of disgust. She could see the tourists sprawled over the black sand and she resented them bathing in her Greek Sea. The summer was hot. The heat had driven the tourists to the beaches in swarms, just as the least had ripened the tomatoes so early that they already hung, small and red, on the brown withered vines.

"If you ask me," she said, "no amount of money would make me let them into my rooms. They don't belong."

"My brother has rooms and the summers are good for him. This year he'll have enough for his oldest daughter's wedding," I said.

The tourists filled the streets and we all noticed them more than in the winter when there weren't so many of them. But still, the summers were good. Look at Tolli with his own bus. And he's so proud to put all his daughter's pictures on the dashboard for eligible bachelors. Tolli needs the tourists and their money and he is willing to accept. Anyway, I like the ride home in the summer with the beach and the tourists. I watch Tolli show off for them, struttin in his new pants and shirt, even new shoes. He helps the girls with their fares, and treats the old women as he should. It's a change, but I don't mind. Winter comes soon enough.

Tolli put on the brake and the women of the village came across the road to the bus. They carried baskets filled with food for their trips and visits. Coming up from the beach was a tourist girl. She was thin and browned, wearing nothing but a purple swimsuit made of yarn. Mrs. Papadakis gasped when she saw her coming without a dress.

"Oh, my God, one of them comes naked," she groaned as she hunched forward toward the woman in front of her. "Tolli won't let her on."

But I knew Tolli would. I saw him look out the window as he tried to open the door with his hand lever that has never worked and then made such a show of opening the doors. With great gusto, he kicked the door and then, showing all his strength, he opened it with his hands. But the girl was too busy checking her face to notice. Tolli is proud. He wanted the women and the girl to know that the bus was his, he never saw him so long in taking fares.

The girl came on. She smelled sweet and strong, and her smear filled the bus, making us all look up. The women looked down and waited for the men to do the same. I saw that she wouldn't have a seat and, as she neared, I stood to give her mine. Mrs. Papadakis would faint, but I stood before I thought of her.

The girl stepped by. Her skin shone with oil and little drops stood on her lower lip and between her breasts. She sat straight as a rod and pulled away from the seat even as Mrs. Papadakis began her prayers out the window.

I felt the dirt beneath my fingernails. The girl was browned. She saw Tolli smiling in his mirror. Tolli with his daughters to marry and his icons danging from the windows. She should have dressed, if only for the sake of the women. And then I saw that Tolli had jerked the bus forward and was smiling all the while as he lurched and pushed against the girl. Browned and bare with little drops of sweat. She should have dressed, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In the name of the Father, and of..."

From page 5

of the department, and to Hope Myers and Gregg Parras, who accepted all the manuscripts from students, answered questions, typed announcements, and typed letters of congratulations and appreciation. And of course thanks must be extended to those dedicated teachers who judged the contest this year. David Kann, Peggy Lant, Nancy London, David Robichaud, Roseman, and Jim Simmons, all of whom are members of the English department.

CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST WINNERS 1985

FICTION

First-Jan Sprague-Chaffin "A Misconceived Notion"
Second-Robin Lewis "Frames"
Third-Eldra Avery "Tolli's Bus"

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Betti Johnson "Roads"
Eldra Avery "To the Rhythm of the Rumble"
Mark Roberts "At Seventy"

POETRY

First-Erika Swanson
Second-Michael Churchman
Third-Dian Newell

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Loni Cummings
Pam Cawston
Eldra Avery
Pam Cobb
Cheryl Brownson
Grace Dixon

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