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---

Mustang Daily, April 25-26, 1986 3
Got them low-down Poly Royal blues

Poly Royal, Poly Royal, Poly Royal.

There. Now that we’ve got that out of our system, let’s get on to more important things, such as what’s going to happen when it’s all over.

This event (we refuse to call it by its given name any more) is the highlight of the year for Cal Poly. From September to April, hundreds of students sacrifice their grades and their social lives in order that this event may be a success.

And for what? It’s just a bunch of booths and displays. So what happens when this event has ended?

Well, we’ll probably wake up around noon on Sunday, take a few aspirin and realize that there are still six weeks left in the quarter. We’ll look at our class syllabi for the first time and read half of the first chapter of “The Dynamics of Linking and Loading: An Overview.” The highlighter pen will dry up so we’ll call a few friends to come over, have a few beers and fall asleep while watching professional wrestling on television.

On Monday, this event is a mere memory, club treasurers will count their profits from the weekend. They’ll plan a huge party and squander club funds on condiments and libations.

A year-end club picnic will be planned to get rid of four gallons of ketchup some committee member thought were necessary to sell sushi on a stick. For a short while club spirit will be renewed. Somebody will suggest buying olive green T-shirts. It will take five years before all of them are sold.

That’s what will happen to students. But parents will be affected by this event too. On Sunday Mom and Dad will drive home to Turlock, La Jolla, Arvin or wherever.

Mom will say, “Let’s not stay in that motel again. It was musty.”

Dad will agree, and say, “We could stay at Johnny’s apartment next year. I’m sure his roommates wouldn’t mind. And we could bring Aunt Fanny and Uncle Stu with us. Stu sure would get a kick out of that rat on a stick.”

That’s what it’s all about. When it’s all over and done with, who’s going to remember what happened? After the painter’s caps, T-shirts and Frisbees are gone, what’s left as a reminder of this event?

The Mustang Daily Editorial Board hopes this special issue will serve as a momento of Poly Royal (there — we did it.) Parents will probably take this paper home and file it in a drawer next to old high school report cards and graduation programs.

Students will keep this issue for a while and then use it for packing dishes when they move out of their apartments in June.

But maybe a few people, we hope, will keep this Poly Royal issue of Mustang Daily. They’ll pack it in a cupboard or steamer trunk and bring it out every few years to remember this weekend.

A hot dog lasts just a few minutes. A T-shirt may last a year or two. But the Mustang Daily Poly Royal issue can last a lifetime.

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When job interviewing, show the boss who’s boss

ANDY FRÖKJER

MAYBE IT'S MY imagination, but it seems like people at this school get too worked up about job interviews. Guys who have never worn anything besides sweats to class for five years are suddenly wearing three-piece suits and carrying briefcases around campus. What's the deal? You can't he hear horror stories all the time about recruiters who try to intimidate students by asking them incredibly tough and embarrassing questions. So when I went to an interview last week, I decided to turn the tables on those ruthless interviewers.

Not wanting to appear overenthusiastic for the interview, I decided to be fashionably late. I figured 30 minutes was about right.

"Did you have trouble finding our building?" the interviewer asked as he showed me into his office.

"Not real serious. I was in the right place when my car ran into your sign out front. Geez, I almost nailed that kid on the bike back there. Someone's got to teach these kids not to ride on the sidewalk."

He offered me a seat in front of his desk, but I told him I liked his chair better and insisted that I sit there.

"Why are you interviewing with our organization?" he asked.

"I was either this or watch “Leave It to Beaver.” And I've already seen every episode five times."

"I see. What other companies are you considering?"

"I've been thinking about applying at the gas station on Monterey and Santa Rosa. That's where all the cute girls go to fill up their cars. By the way, how much does this job pay? I have car payments to make."

"We'll get to that later. What makes you think you're qualified to work for this company?"

"They hired you, didn't they? Just kidding. Hey, your painting's crooked. Here, let me fix it. It's a shame you didn't buy an original. These prints are a dime a dozen."

"Can you delegate responsibility?"

"Yes, and while we're on the subject get me a shot of brandy. I haven't had anything to drink since breakfast. Oh, and have your secretary run out and put some money in the parking meter. I didn't bring any change."

"What qualifications do you have that you feel will make you successful in this position?"

"I'm intelligent, articulate, practical and, let's see ... trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent."

"Wow, that's rather impressive. So, what would you say is your greatest weakness then?"

"I'm too modest sometimes."

At this point, I thought it might be a good idea to light up a cigarette. Looking around, I didn't see any ashtrays so I flicked the ashes on the carpet. I figured I didn't want to work for a company that couldn't afford a new carpet.

My interrogator handed me an ashtray from his desk and continued, "How far do you think you can go in this company?"

"I'm sure I can rise to my level of incompetence just like everyone else here."

"Okay. What type of position would you like to hold five years from now?"

"Hmmm, five years from now? In five years I'd like to be your boss."

He seemed to be at a loss for words so I decided to make small talk. "Is that your wife and kids or did that picture come with the frame?"

"That's my wife and kids."

"Oh. That's too bad. Say, who made that lopsided plant holder? Is that supposed to be macramé? It looks like it was made by a rabid Boy Scout in a knot-tying class."

"My wife made that."

"Oops, sorry."

"Let's get started again. Your resume indicates you've been unemployed for awhile. Why did you leave your last job?"

"I decided it was time for me to move on."

"What did your supervisor think about this?"

"It was her suggestion."

"I see. So what are you doing with all your spare time now that you're not working?"

"I sing in the church choir."

"Good."

"I help out at the Boys' Club twice a week."

"Excellent."

"I make cabinets and shelves for my neighbors and relatives."

"Terrific! Go on."

"And every Saturday my friends and I get together, drink a case of beer and go shooting."

"You mean hunting."

"No, shooting. Cats, dogs, squirrels, commies; it depends on the mood."

"You're joking again, of course."

"Maybe."

I looked at my watch. "Can we hurry this thing up? I'm going to miss 'Gidget.'"

"Sorry."

"What do you feel is your greatest achievement so far?"

"Getting this tie on right. Geez, it took me an hour. I should have bought a clip-on."

Well, besides that, what was your greatest achievement?"

"Let's see... I once ate seven Big Macs in one sitting. Does it count if you throw up?"

"Please, let's go on. Why do you think I should hire you?"

"If you don't, I'm going to go work for your competition and help drive you out of business."

I looked at my watch. "Can we hurry this thing up? I'm going to miss 'Gidget.'"

"We're just about done. Do you have any questions?"

"Yes. How long have you been sleeping with the boss's daughter?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Is this the first time you've embezzled from the company?"

"No."

"So you've embezzled before?"

"I mean yes."

"So this is the first time you've embezzled from the company."

"No."

"So this is the first time you've embezzled from the company."

"No, I mean yes. Wait a minute, you're putting words in my mouth."

"No, I don't think there's enough room in there for anything besides your foot."

"OK, hold on. Where were we? Oh yes, do you have any questions about our company?"

"Yes. So, like what does your company do? I mean besides overcharging your customers and dumping toxic waste in the river."

"Never mind. I think that's enough for now."

So I stood up, gave him a cold, slinky handshake and said, "Don't call me, I'll call you."
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COUPON COUPON COUPON
Of Porphers and abortion
Conservative students go liberal on social issues

Julia Prodis

We college students have been so aptly referred to as part of the "me" generation of materialism. We want a "Dynasty" life: money, success, a yacht, a Porsche and a cabin in the mountains. (Sans only the venom of Joan Collins.) And logically so, our political attitudes reflect this. We are capitalists and darl proud of it. Although for some, capitalism represents greed and selfishness, to conservatives it is simply the good of American free enterprise system at work that brings us John Locke's professed life, liberty and property.

But it is the Lockian pillar of liberty that seems to have confused young Republicans, resulting in a shift to liberal attitudes on social issues, while maintaining staunchly conservative on economic issues.

In the 1984 presidential election we voted overwhelmingly for a man as conservative with economics as social issues. Nationwide, 60 percent of college students voted for Reagan, 29 percent for Walter Mondale. It seemed apparent that youth was in unison with the president and the Republican party platform which touted supply-side economics, prayer in school and opposition to abortion.

But according to recent polls, Ronald Reagan's supposed legacy of young supporters is not in sync with the president. A 1986 survey of California Republicans conducted for Sen. Pete Wilson by New York pollster Dick Drexler found that although young Republicans remain conservative on economic issues, they are becoming increasingly liberal on social issues.

A Newsweek on Campus magazine national poll concurred with the Drexler poll, finding that college students tend to label themselves Republican but express liberal viewpoints on major social issues, including foreign policy issues as well. The study compared student views to those of the general population and found that although the number of college students identifying themselves as Republican more than doubled in the past decade, students tend to be more liberal than the general population on issues such as federal spending for social programs, the need for cutbacks in defense spending and approval of legalized abortion.

Young Republicans liberal attitudes on social issues, or perhaps more accurately defined as a deviation from the conservative hard line of the party's social agenda was apparent at the Republican party state convention held in Santa Clara in March. Party delegates turned down a resolution backed by anti-abortion forces that dominate the Republican party nationally. They rejected a proposal to cut state family planning funds up to $5 million to prohibit state aid for abortions.

Rejection of the anti-abortion proposal is surprising as it contradicts the stance taken on the issue by President Reagan, Gov. Deukmejian and most of the party's state legislators.

Pollster Drexler says, "It was the first time I've seen a pro-choice vote at the convention." He also noticed an increase in minority faces at the convention.

He says, "The state is becoming more and more Republican, but on things like abortion, the state may have moved to the left."

And indeed, the trend seemed apparent even in 1980 as a University of Michigan poll found 45 percent of conservatives between the ages of 18 and 26 labeled themselves as pro-choice on the abortion issue.

So why is it that conservative youths are going liberal on social issues? After all, Ronald Reagan, celebrated for "bringing America back" to the days of pride, glory and strength, doesn't hide his opinions on the immorality of abortion, the need for school prayer and the caps on freedom of information. It is no secret that Reagan concurs with Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell.

Perhaps one reason may be that capitalists have a guilty conscience. Granted, capitalism has seemed to work fairly well for our young country, but inevitably the capitalist system breeds both wealth and poverty. Could it be that these young capitalists are bothered by economist John Kenneth Galbraith's allegory of the trickle down theory? Galbraith writes of the horse and sparrow. When the horse eats bountifully, the sparrow eats its excrement. Could this perspective cause capitalists to want to morally repay the victims of the system? A little bird tells me no.

More likely, young people's liberal stand on social issues is simply an extension of "me-ism."

"The Republican party has seen a tremendous influx of white males who are mostly concerned about taxes and the money they earn," Drexler says. "They don't want their lifestyles messed with."

To support social conservatism is to mess with American lifestyles. Doing so leans toward violating values on which our country was based: individual liberties, separation of church and state, freedom of expression, equality.

It's easy to make a good argument for being liberal on social issues. Issues of abortion, school prayer and civil rights are all "freedoms" that are not only stated in our Constitution, but pose no restrictions on our lifestyles.

So why do these young, economically conservative, socially liberal people support President Reagan so strongly? It's the old bank and bite cliche. Reagan talks staunchly but carries no big stick on social issue legislation. He's got friends in the religious business, but he's frustrating them with his lack of action as he pacifies the moderates. But if Reagan's bones were as rabid as his yipes, we may have seen legislation passed requiring prayer in school and the overturning of Roe vs. Wade, which legalized abortion. Either Reagan is ineffectual or he's a smart strategist trying to please most of the people most of the time.

On the surface, a tendency toward liberalism on social issues seems an unselfish, altruistic trend. But being socially liberal may simply follow necessarily from a me-oriented mentality.

Nonetheless, if this trend continues Moral Majority types of social conservatives who attempt to control the Republican party could alienate potential new voters. The Republican party should realize that fundamentalists are the least educated and least politically informed of any political group (according to a 1980 University of Michigan study) and recognize, through alterations of the party's social platform, the potential force of its youthful constituency.

MUSTANG DAILY, April 25-26, 1986 9
Prior to World War II Cal Poly had very little effect on San Luis Obispo. But since the late 1940s a rapid increase in students has helped the university make its presence known in the city.

A town
Cal Poly
built

New money. It's money that isn't earned in the place where it's spent. It's money that is brought by Cal Poly students to San Luis Obispo. And for a city of 36,000 people surrounding a campus that serves 16,000 students and 2,300 faculty and staff, new money means the very economic survival of an area that prides itself on its small-town image. Because without Cal Poly, the City of San Luis Obispo would be like Nipomo, or Paso Robles, or Atascadero — or any small agricultural community that doesn't have the luxury of having a university in its backyard. In 1980 it was estimated that Cal Poly students spent $64.1 million in San Luis Obispo, making them the single most important source of income for businesses in the city. In comparison, manufacturing
added only $53.1 million to the San Luis Obispo economy in 1980.

Government agencies, which include Cal Poly and the California Mens Colony, account for approximately 30 percent of the city’s economic base, and in 1980 one out of every four people employed in the city held a government job.

Cal Poly has had such a drastic affect on the economic development of the city that former Cal Poly President Robert E. Kennedy says the city would experience severe hardship should the university fail to exist.

"I think it would make San Luis Obispo definitely a depressed economic area," he says.

A 10-page booklet published by the San Luis Obispo Chamber of Commerce in cooperation with the Private Industry Council states that with 2,300 employees and an annual budget of $86 million, Cal Poly is the largest single economic force in the community.

San Luis Obispo Mayor Ron Dunin agrees that the university has a direct impact on the economic well-being of the town. He said students bring a "new dollar" to the community, one which is not earned in the city but spent in the city.

According to the Strategic Planning Program manual compiled by the city in September 1983, the "new money" coming into the community is spent on locally produced goods and services and is the driving force that determines the total level and quality of all city economic activity.

The manual states that the "new money" does not originate in the city but is spent in the city, a multiplier effect is created. This means that the money has more economic impact than if it originated within the city.

Although today the university has a significant impact on the community, it was long ago that its effects were minimal. In 1940 the university was made up of 750 students and 40 faculty members in a city of 8,000. Because this was the period following the Great Depression, there weren’t many students who owned automobiles or who had very much money to spend.

"It (Cal Poly) definitely was not making an impact on the community," Kennedy says. "I would say the community knew the school existed and the school knew the community, which was the period following the Great Depression, there weren’t many students who owned automobiles or who had very much money to spend.

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continued
with Cal Poly," says Dunin. "I would
like our young people who graduate to
be employed in that type of industry."
Dunin says that because many stu-
dents wish to stay in the area after
graduation but are unable to find jobs
for which they are trained they are
forced to take more menial jobs.
"It is really unfair to the students
and the community to have them
(students) work at something they
weren't trained in," he says.
By building up industry in San Luis
Obispo, the city can take advantage of
the educated workforce coming out of
Cal Poly, while cutting back on its
reliance on the university for a
significant part of its economic base.
Dunin says Cal Poly has such a
significant impact on the city that if
the university didn't exist it would
have a disastrous effect on the city.
He stresses that San Luis Obispo
must continue to work commercially
and industrially to go out on its own.
Between 1975 and 1981 jobs in
manufacturing, and primarily elec-
tronics, increased 230 percent.
The Chamber of Commerce along
with the Private Industry Council is
also working to bring more high-tech
industry into San Luis Obispo Coun-
ty.
In its information booklet sent to
businesses throughout the country,
the Chamber of Commerce points out
that "an employer in San Luis Obispo
County can tap a tremendous labor
force of local college graduates
schooled in business, engineering, ar-
chitecture and other fields."
The booklet also points out that
wages in San Luis Obispo County are
lower than in other areas. For exam-
ple, a shipping and receiving clerk in
San Luis Obispo makes $4.60 an hour,
while a clerk in Los Angeles makes
$8.03 an hour.
According to the booklet, many of
the low-paying jobs in retail and
tourism employment are held by
highly educated people who desire to
live in the community, but are unable
to find employment utilizing their
special skills.
The Strategic Planning Program
manual compiled in 1980 also took in-
to account the possibility of
establishing clean industry in San
Luis Obispo with ties to Cal Poly.
The industry expansion alternative
calls for increasing industry's share of
the economic base from six percent,
which it was in 1980, to 16 percent.
This would create 900 new jobs over
cu r years.
Expansion would include high-tech
manufacturing built in industrially
zoned areas with a strong relationship
developed between Cal Poly and
private industry.
Success for this alternative is
dependent on the ability of the city to
attract basic industry or for Cal Poly
to induce industry to establish
research projects in the city and use
the university as a labor resource.
Listed as San Luis Obispo's advan-
tages over other cities of attracting
industry are a desirable living en-
vironment and proximity to Cal Poly.
The report stated that this alternative
would be more likely to succeed if an
industrial development program was
sponsored by the city and Cal Poly.
As the size of Cal Poly has increas-
ed over the years the city has become
more aware of the benefits a universi-
ty can bring. The city realizes that Cal
Poly not only provides a significant
part of the economic base in the
short-run, but also provides incentives
for industry to locate in the area.
MARYANNE TALBOTT

“"There's a sense of a job to be done, to get the thing going, squared away," Walker says. "I want to get some things done here. I want to provide an environment in which coaches can coach, kids can participate and fans can come — so everyone can do the job they do best."

That may not be as simple as it sounds."

When Walker took over as interim director of athletics in January 1985, the program was on the verge of dissolving.

Over the years, athletics had suffered from mismanagement and the rising costs of running a broad-based, 17-sport program. Budgeting is tight throughout the California State University system, but operating costs for Cal Poly's athletics program are higher than at other schools because of its isolated location. Teams travel long distances for games and tournaments, requiring a good deal of money for transportation, lodging and phone calls.

But the scholarship program has been the hardest hit by financial troubles. Because of the Title IX requirement of fair and equal treatment of men's and women's teams, the university had to increase scholarship money for women athletes. In addition, the dormitories for recipients of Mustang Athletic Team (SUMAT) scholarships were converted to office space last year, resulting in an additional cost of about $1,700 per student. General fee increases at Cal Poly over the past five years have also put a strain on the scholarship budget.

Money from Mustang Boosters and Supporters of Mustang Athletic Teams (SUMAT) has helped support the scholarship program, but last year SUMAT was only able to raise $150,000 of the $230,000 it had guaranteed. Several members of the group had promised to pay the difference in the form of $5,000 promissory notes, and earlier this year the notes were called in to fund the program.

In an effort to save the program, the Student Senate passed a resolution asking the Cal Poly Foundation to support intercollegiate athletics. The resolution asked for $250,000 a year for the next three years, with an additional $50,000 a year for anything more than $100,000 raised by SUMAT.

While President Warren J. Baker told the senate its request was "reasonable," the Foundation Board of Directors later voted to loan athletics $250,000 for one year, to be paid back by Jan. 1, 1987.

Currently, a task force appointed by Baker is looking into funding options for the program. The program will likely be supported by private fundraising, a student fee increase, the Foundation or some combination of these. Because year-to-year funding remains unstable, so does the fate of the program. The worry and uncertainty of whether more money will come from permeates all talk of the program now and plans for the future.

For Walker, the uncertainty is worse than the budgetary constraints. "We have a big brawling program that we have to fit into very rigid constraints — not only budgetary ones but facility constraints and staffing constraints. And it's tough to run a program on very frugal resources," he says.

"So my point about the program to the university is, we need a broader funding base. But if you want to keep the funding base where it is, we're going to have to restrict the program."

So far, Walker has managed to come close to balancing his budget without actually cutting the program. However, because of the uncertainty in funding, coaches have been unable to give firm scholarship commitments.

"We've not going to do better next year," he says. "We've had a really tough recruiting year because our money's frozen. I've got a letter here about who has signed with what schools — National Letter of Intent — and we're dead."

TOM ANDERSON/Mustang Daily

Socrates & sports

The head of Cal Poly's intercollegiate athletic program isn't just worried about team scores. The former philosophy department chair respects the minds of his athletes as well. But when Kendrick Walker took over as head of athletics, he inherited a program riddled with financial problems. Now he's just trying to keep the program from becoming a memory at Cal Poly.

KENDRICK WALKER is no dumb jock.

As head of Cal Poly's intercollegiate athletic program, he is as concerned about a player's grade point average as he is about a player's batting average. As the former chair of Cal Poly's philosophy department, he is as likely to tell you about the place of athletics in the hearts and minds of Americans as he is to tell you about the basketball team's winning season.

And as the person who inherited an athletics program operating at a deficit, with no additional consistent funding in sight, he is as weary over the program's failures as he is elated over the program's successes.
Walker isn’t ready to give up on the future of athletics at Cal Poly, however.

“Poly has been a very successful sports program, in spite of lack of stability,” he says. He points to the consistent professional records of the volleyball, track, tennis and basketball teams. “I think that if we get the kind of money we need — wherever it comes from — and that becomes a stable part of our funding base, then I think there are certain sports here that will be competitive nationally. That is year in, year out — which is a great thing to be able to say. I think there’s no question. It’s just so clear that if Poly had a certain level of funding, it could be a national power at seven or eight sports, every year — in addition to providing academic credibility and fiscal responsibility.”

Academic credibility in athletics has been a concern of Walker’s since he was a scholarship athlete at the University of Southern California. He graduated in 1965, then played professional baseball with the Dodgers and an injury cut short his athletic career. He went back to school, earning his master’s degree at USC in 1969 and his doctorate in 1974.

About three years ago — while he was chair of the philosophy department — Walker was appointed Faculty Athletic Representative. In that position he was responsible for maintaining the academic credibility of the athletic program, making sure that athletes were eligible to play and that NCAA academic requirements were met.

Walker has had to fight the negative image associated with college athletics for as long as he’s been involved with it.

“Dumb jock. I’ve been around it a long time,” he says. “In general, what many people confuse about athletes is, they tend to value things differently. But we can’t mistake valuing different things for mental aptitude. Some of them are very bright — but you know, they don’t value Mozart. And I think that is at the heart of the non-athlete’s stereotypical reaction. Because an athlete can be somebody who’s naturally intelligent, but doesn’t care much for art. He’s just never been sparked behind the desk banging away and working, and then I walked out past the tennis teams, and out to the track, and watched both track programs, and spring football, and on the way back I watched the softball girls. “Took me about half an hour, 40 minutes. But it was fabulous, because it allowed me to see it all. I’d been

‘There are a lot of bright athletes — lots. But many don’t employ that intellect around topics that are in the university.’

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Careers in non-technical fields

Liberal arts majors do have some job options, although they have to work hard to find them.

DONALD MUNRO

G

ENE ROSS, the director of recruiting for Bullock's department stores, is looking for a few good liberal arts majors.

Actually, Ross is looking for more than just a few — his company hires about 100 trainees a year in the merchandising division of Bullock's. While some are business majors, many have a traditional broad-based background in such disciplines as English, history and social sciences.

"I put a lot of stock in liberal arts graduates," says Ross. "We look for a lot of self-confidence and communication skills."

That's welcome news to liberal arts majors about to enter the work force. If there's a message that could be deciphered among the complex and ever-changing world of finding a job, it's that liberal arts majors do have some options — although they might have to work a little harder and use some ingenuity to find them. While many companies in banking, insurance and retail are looking for students majoring in the popular disciplines of business and economics, opportunities exist for the liberal arts major who's willing to take a job not directly related to his or her field of study.

And Cal Poly students are doing just that. A report by the Cal Poly Placement Center shows that 1984 liberal arts graduates are employed in a variety of different jobs. Some stuck to traditional jobs and started as reporters, artists and teachers. Others, however, entered other fields to become everything from sales representatives and assistant buyers to claims adjusters and management trainees. It's competitive, but liberal arts majors are pounding the streets and getting jobs.

"The job market is competitive for the liberal arts discipline," says Richard Equinoa, director of the Cal Poly Placement Center. "It has always been competitive for the liberal arts major."

Jobs in such fields as art, English and political science are there, but competition can be fierce. "(Our graduates) are succeeding, but the initial beginning is difficult," says Equinoa. "Statistically, Cal Poly graduates in those disciplines do well in the job market."

The options for liberal arts graduates center on using the human relations and communication skills developed in school and applying them toward a field such as banking, insurance and retail. Once hired, businesses take on the task of training their employees for specific jobs within the company. Specific training can usually be mastered in a short time; such skills as the ability to deal with people or write a coherent research proposal aren't the type that can be taught in a crash course.

It's that ability to communicate and lead others that makes liberal arts graduates attractive to some employers. And even with those skills, liberal arts graduates face a lot of competition for more business-oriented, less traditional jobs.

Jane Chamberlain, a career adviser in the Cal Poly Placement Center who deals with students from the School of Communicative Arts and Humanities, says it's hard for liberal arts majors to get their foot in the door for that first job, but once employed they possess the communication and leadership skills necessary to advance. Equinoa adds that basic skills such as getting along with other people, working in a team environment, and good oral and writing communication skills are important to success on the job, and employers know it.

One company looking for such leadership and communication skills is Traveler's Insurance, where claims adjusters and other service personnel often have liberal arts backgrounds.

"We have jobs where liberal arts majors are excellent," says Bob Fitch, college relations officer for Traveler's. "Many fields of college study have been found to provide good backgrounds for successful claims continued
Dickerson is a hearing representative for Traveler's and spends a lot of her time attending trials and hearings and making depositions. "My main goal is to settle our claims," she says. "The job I'm doing here is doing a lot of public speaking."

Dickerson was an English major at Cal Poly and is glad she chose that course of study. "I think having a liberal arts degree helped me in a lot of ways. For example, in literature you study people's lives, values and ethics. You do learn about people that way."

When going for her job, Dickerson was able to show something many employers value highly: meaningful part-time work experience. Says Dickerson: "I've always been in a public type of job." She worked at Spike's Place, a San Luis Obispo restaurant, for two years and was involved with the English Club and Alpha Phi sorority on campus. To many employers, such experience means exposure to the crucial practice of dealing with people.

"What I really look for in a claim rep is the kind of part-time work they've done," says Fitch. In particular, he looks for work experience in jobs where the applicant had to deal with a number of different people in a variety of different situations.

"Liberal arts majors are just great for careers, preferably with a concentration in social science courses," Fitch says, who was a liberal arts major himself, says an important personal qualification of a claims adjuster is the ability to deal with people. "In claims, you're going to be negotiating all the time," he says. In insurance work claims adjusters often have to deal with people who have just had a car accident or gone through a disaster and aren't in the best of moods. It takes good negotiating skills to get through these situations. "Liberal arts majors are just great for this," Fitch says.

One Cal Poly student Fitch hired was Debra Dickerson, formerly Debra Hagen. She was hired in 1984 in a place relatively few liberal arts majors go for job interviews — the Cal Poly Placement Center.

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Housing: a renters’ market

ITH THE increasing costs of tuition and books, both students and parents will be pleased to find the housing market in San Luis Obispo is now a market for house and apartment hunting. "Not many years ago it was an owner's market," says Hook.

According to Hook, in the last two years more than 400 housing units have been built in the city and more projects are scheduled to be finished by fall 1987. "Based on the number of units completed in 1985-1986 it is a good market for house and apartment hunting," Hook says.

Managers of existing complexes have conflicting opinions as to the impact the new developments will have on their clientele. Jerry Furman, general manager of the newly expanded and reconditioned Mustang Village, says he is confident that the complex's "new look" will draw enough students to fill the now 70 percent-occupied rooms.

Chris Becker, general manager of Stenner Glen, has a different opinion: "For the last 10 years we (the management) have had the pick of renters. All of a sudden it is time for the students to get satisfaction." Becker adds he is glad for the opportunity to strengthen the program Stenner Glen provides.

Whether managers are worried or not, apartment complex owners have been sprucing up their decor and adding new facilities and programs for the coming fall renters.

"With the flood on the market, in order to stay in competition, we are decreasing prices and adding benefits," says Doug Wisman, director of student affairs at Centrepointe, which was previously called Tropicana.

Centrepointe is under new management which is stressing a new "academic atmosphere," says Wisman.

The complex will be offering new computer rooms with IBM and Macintosh computers which will be compatible with the Cal Poly system.

In order to help new students adjust to college life, Wisman says Centrepointe will sponsor educational seminars and student counseling in the fall.

Although enrollment at Cal Poly is not expected to increase, Hook says he anticipates the new developments to be filled by students who now live in outlying areas.

Prices should remain comparable to last year, with smaller complexes slightly dropping their rent for students sharing a room. Few developments provide bedrooms for only one person, but those that do are continuing to demand top dollar.

Hook says the San Luis Obispo City Council has been in strong support of the rental housing increase. "Currently, students are forced to live in unincorporated and residential neighborhoods, due to high prices in complexes close to campus."

Mixing students and their lifestyles with other city residents can create problems that could be relieved by removing some students from residential areas, Hook says.

The City Council has changed city zoning standards and the general plan in an effort to accommodate R-4 zoning in walking distance to Cal Poly in order to relieve the overcrowding, says Hook.

People working with the city and in the private housing sector agree that the healthy economy is another reason for the local building boom.

Apartment and condominium living are not the only facets of housing that are easing up in San Luis Obispo. "Normally three or four kids come in looking for housing together. About 75 percent want to move into studio apartments," Flatos says. "Students are most concerned about the reputation and location of the apartment complexes."

"New students will gain a lot being closer to campus and taking part in activities available at night," says Bostrom. "The further away you go, the cheaper the rent, but students must analyze what their time is worth and figure in the cost of transportation."

The housing office, located below Trinity Hall, provides lists of vacancies in houses, apartments and condominiums along with rent prices and brochures of complexes. It also has forms of month-to-month rentals.

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**Housing**

continued

- Are the carpets new? Are they clean and do they have a fresh smell?
- What do the tenants say about the management?
- Are there costs beyond the rent? Will the landlord charge for wear and tear on the apartment?
- Does the landlord generally give back the security deposits?
- Is there a charge for parking? How many spaces are available and what sort of security is provided?
- Is there adequate fire equipment in and around the complex?
- "Do not be anxious about finding a place this year. Most other years I advise finding housing by March or April, but this year there will be plenty of spaces," says Bostrom.

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The building of bombs

When their jobs are on the line, can engineering students afford to say 'no'?

RON NIELSEN

Mechanical Engineering
Senior Harvey Moriyama wanted to work in the medical field when he graduated from Cal Poly. But because opportunities weren't available, he'll go to work at Northrop Corp. instead. Employment at Northrop means the advanced technology of defense projects such as the MX missile and the stealth bomber. Moriyama will be devising new ways to fit soldered micro-chips into the electronic packaging of advanced guidance systems.

Why did Moriyama decide to work at Northrop even though he preferred a non-defense position?

"If it comes down to getting a job or not working," he says, "I felt I should get the experience." At $29,000 a year to start, he believes the offer was too good to pass up.

For engineering graduates such as Moriyama, there's more to think about when leaving Cal Poly than simply which job offer to accept. The ethical questions loom large — as do the financial considerations — of whether or not to work in the defense industry.

Defense industries in California received $28 billion in Pentagon contracts in 1984 and accounted for a high percentage of the available engineering jobs. The total revenue for agriculture, the state's largest industry, was $16 billion the same year.

A study of the nationwide demand for engineers, compiled by a professional employment service based on the percentage of recruitment advertisements for each discipline, reports that the military leads the engineering field with 21 percent of classified ads in newspapers. It's a situation that means a lot of engineers are going to end up building weapons.

"Lately there has been more money in defense so more graduates have been pulled in," says Dean Duane Bruley of the School of Engineering. The Reagan Administration's increased military spending has pushed salaries up and increased the number of job opportunities in both direct defense contracting and for smaller sub-contractors.

Bruley is quick to point out, though, that there are many opportunities for engineers who don't want to work in defense. California's population boom and the accompanying problems of pollution, water quality and energy consumption have also boosted the number of non-defense careers. Computer design and manufacturing, consumer electronics and the burgeoning biomedical field also offer careers to graduates, many of whom are philosophically opposed to military and government work. "There are tremendous opportunities in non-defense oriented industries," Bruley says.

One company that so far has stayed out of the lucrative defense business is the Enercomp Corp. of Davis, a small firm of four engineers that designs micro-computer applications for energy-saving devices. They put up a poster at Cal Poly to recruit the one engineer a year that is hired at a starting salary of $21,000. The five-year-old firm recently turned down the first defense contract it was offered. "The staff was evenly divided," personnel director Martha Townsend says. The company didn't need the business at that time, but a later opportunity might mean a different response as pragmatism could overrule idealism. "All of us want the continued
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ENGINEERS

continued

business to survive," she says. For Cal Poly engineers entering the job market, opportunities for non-defense related work extend beyond small, young companies.

Environmental engineering senior Steve McCullough is glad he chose a discipline that was not dominated by military contacts. He will be earning $32,000 a year designing and installing pollution control equipment for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power.

"I feel pretty strongly about most of the aerospace industries," McCullough says.

Electrical engineering major Susan Trunnelle is another graduate who will work for a large company that isn't a defense contractor. She'll start work in June with Chevron Oil in Ventura. Trunnelle, who is president of the campus chapter of the Society of Women Engineers, says she's looking forward to designing machinery to facilitate the pumping of oil from off-shore drilling rigs to the mainland. She's also looking forward to making $30,000 a year. Trunnelle adds that she's happy about not having to choose between the defense industry and other engineering companies.

But for many students, working in the defense industry isn't an issue that could keep them from accepting a specific job offer. And for many, a conservative ideological outlook means an acceptance and approval of defense work.

At Gould Electronics in El Monte, Personnel Director Jim Conchelos says he doesn't have a problem finding engineers to design and build the radar and navigation equipment it provides for the military. The firm hired its first Cal Poly graduate last June. Conchelos says the combination of technological advancement and personal excellence make Cal Poly graduates a valuable commodity. "The outlook for our company looks good," he says.

Conchelos adds that less than one percent of the students he interviews have reservations about working for the defense industry.
E D D Y

Space shuttle voyages < Cal Poly students design Star struck

SOME CAL POLY students have taken this year's Poly Royal theme, "We Envision" to heart.

They envision a future with orbiting space labs and genetic engineering, and will be testing their ideas by conducting experiments on upcoming space shuttle flights.

Aeronautical engineering major Blake Welcher heads a team of about 15 students, who will be performing a space welding experiment. In an unrelated experiment, biochemistry major Dave Love and engineering technology major Joe Mizrahi will be attempting to separate different types of LDH, a metabolic enzyme found in mammals.

Welcher says the space welding project got off the ground a little more than two years ago when the Vandenberg chapter of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics informed area schools, both high schools and colleges, of the Getaway Special program. This NASA program encourages students to take advantage of the shuttle flight with research experiments.

The project ran into one big road block right away — finding the necessary funding, all $50,000 worth. Welcher contacted a friend at Rockwell International, and the company offered $300. He started to get a little nervous at the importance of the project when Rockwell officials called back and said they would finance the entire bill.

Welcher says Rockwell, in addition to many other large aerospace firms, is looking at ways to put together space labs so there is an obvious interest in space welding. There is particular interest in this project because of the type of weld to be done. Other welds have been done in space, but not a tungsten gas inert weld. A tungsten gas inert weld, TIG, involves a type of laser or electron beam which is often used in aviation and pharmaceutical production. It is highly regarded because the welds are perfectly clean. "If we're successful with this type of welding, we'll open a lot of doors," says Welcher.

There are 15 students working on the project full time with about 25 part-time workers. They come from a variety of disciplines: electronic and electrical engineering, aeronautical engineering, mechanical engineering and welding technology.

The project was originally scheduled to go up on a shuttle flight in July, but that mission has been postponed because of the Challenger tragedy. Welcher talked with people at NASA and they don't have a firm idea of when the next shuttle will launch, but their best guess is one year from now.

Welcher's project involves welding stainless steel pipe inside a canister which is about three feet high and 18 inches in diameter. The weld will analyze the weld pool formation, the crystal structure of the welded metal, and the tensile strength of the weld. Most of this post-flight testing will be done at Cal Poly, though some will be done at Rockwell.

One major problem the students have faced on the project is providing enough power for the welder, which normally uses household current. They will be using special batteries to supply the power, which creates another problem. "When NASA looks at a bunch of batteries with a welder that produces temperatures of 5,000 to 7,000 degrees Fahr-

The project ran into a big road block right away — finding the necessary $50,000 funds. Rockwell International initially offered $300. But then they called back...
**FRIDAY**

- **9 a.m. - 4 p.m.**
  - Over-the-Line Tournament
  - Cal Poly Recreational Sports Soccer Outdoor Field and Track

- **9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Math Contest "Crash Talks"
  - Mathematics Department
  - English Building 318-120 and 311-115

- **10 a.m.**
  - Opening Ceremonies
  - University Union Plaza

- **10 a.m.**
  - Motorcycle Trials Exhibition
  - Cal Poly Penguin
  - Ag. Engineering parking lot, H-4

- **10 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.**
  - Math Contest "Written Exams"
  - Mathematics Department
  - Math and Home Economics Bldg. 201, 204, 218-222, 225-227

- **10 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.**
  - Math Contest "Audience Participation"
  - Mathematics Department
  - Cal Poly Theatre

- **10 a.m. - 1:30 p.m.**
  - Poly Royal Historical Display
  - Robert E. Kennedy Library

- **10 a.m. - 3 p.m.**
  - SAM Stage
  - Society for Advancement of Management
  - Dexter Library Lawn

  - Demonstration of Rappelling Techniques, Recreational Club
  - Fisher Science Hall

  - Peace Corps Movie and Slide Show
  - Agricultural Science Bldg. 224

  - Motorcycle Trials Exhibition
  - Ag. Engineering parking lot, H-4

  - Ice Skating Exhibition
  - Air Conditioning Club, ASHRAE

  - Gymnastics Exhibition
  - Main Gym

  - Aquaculture Outdoor Pool

  - Motorcycle Trials Exhibition
  - Ag. Engineering parking lot, H-4

  - Ice Skating Exhibition
  - Engineering 11 parking lot

- **3 p.m.**
  - Peace Corps Movie and Slide Show
  - Agricultural Science Bldg. 224

- **3 p.m.**
  - Demonstration of Rappelling Techniques
  - Fisher Science Hall

- **3 p.m.**
  - Ice Skating Exhibition
  - Engineering 11 parking lot

- **3 p.m.**
  - "Kick It Out" Pull
  - College Friends of America
  - Ag. Engineering parking lot, H-4

- **3 p.m.**
  - Peace Corps Movie and Slide Show
  - Agricultural Science Bldg. 224

- **3 p.m.**
  - Exhibition Soccer Game
  - Cal Poly Men's Soccer Team

- **4 p.m.**
  - Celebrations of the Season - A Musical Parade
  - Cal Poly Combined Choirs

- **5 p.m.**
  - Comedy Show
  - Chemeket Auditorium

**SATURDAY**

- **8:11 a.m. - 11 a.m.**
  - Pancake Breakfast
  - Call Park Circle E

  - Amphitheater Lawn behind Cal Poly Theater

- **10 a.m. - 11 a.m.**
  - Peace Corps Parade
  - Percussion Road

  - Motorcycle Trials Exhibition
  - Cal Poly Penguin

  - Poly Royal Historical Display
  - Robert E. Kennedy Library

- **10 a.m. - 11 a.m.**
  - Society for Advancement of Management
  - Dexter Library Lawn

- **10 a.m. - 11 a.m.**
  - Poly Royal Board, School of Agriculture

- **10 a.m. - 11 a.m.**
  - Peace Corps Movie and Slide Show
  - Agricultural Science Bldg. 224

- **11 a.m.**
  - Demonstration of Rappelling Techniques
  - Recreational Club

  - Interfraternity Softball Game
  - Women's Softball Team

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Fourth Annual Track and Field Competition
  - Men's and Women's Track and Field Teams

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - All You Can Eat Breakfast
  - Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Motorcycle Trials Exhibition
  - Cal Poly Penguin

  - Ag. Engineering parking lot, H-4

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Lumberjack Competition, Society of American Foresters

  - NRM Greenhouse above C.E. U.S.A.

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Sanctioned Tract Pull
  - Agricultural Engineering Society

  - Air Conditioning Club, ASHRAE

- **11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.**
  - Rugby Exhibition Game
  - Cal Poly Rugby Club

  - Mountain Stadium

- **1 p.m.**
  - Populated Stick Bridge Building Contest
  - Society of Civil Engineers Engineering 11 quad

- **1 p.m.**
  - Peace Corps Movie and Slide Show
  - Agricultural Science Bldg. 224

- **1 p.m.**
  - Ice Skating Exhibition
  - Air Conditioning Club, ASHRAE

  - Engineering 11 parking lot
CORPORAL JOHN BARLOW stood quietly at the curb, looking up at the white, two-story house. He clenched his fingers tightly around the handle of the duffel bag he carried and took a deep breath.

He looked up the street and watched the tail lights of the taxi disappear around the corner. He wished he’d told the driver to go around the block once more before dropping him off. Barlow swore softly and looked back up at the house.

There was only one light on upstairs — the lamp which stood next to his and Jane’s bed. Barlow wondered if she’d slept with the bedside lamp on since he’d left. He knew she didn’t like to be alone, and she’d told him more than once in her letters that she couldn’t wait until he was back home. Maybe that’s why it had happened, Barlow thought. Nobodys likes to be alone.

The red ribbon tied to the front porch light fixture blew gently in the soft summer breeze. Barlow guessed it was up there for him, and for every other guy serving in Vietnam. And it was probably up there for her father, who hadn’t survived Korea. And, more than likely, there was some hope tied up in that ribbon for his best friend, Pete, though Barlow didn’t really give a damn what happened to Pete, now that he was
The front door seemed miles away and Barlow suddenly remembered he had to carry over the duffel bag and set it down behind her, pulling him through the doorway gently. The sound of her hand was their first physical contact in two years.

He stood in the hallway of his own home, unsure of what to do. It had been so long, so much had come between them. Slowly, he leaned down and kissed her mouth softly. The hesitancy and shyness reminded him of their wedding night. It seemed hundreds of years since he'd slipped the band on her finger.

And he'd noticed when he took hold of her hand that the band was still there, but he couldn't help wondering if she'd taken it off for Pete.

Fuller-Brush man, or someone like that.

Barlow noticed how young and lonely it had been since he was home on leave. He wondered if she'd been so long, so much had come between them.

He drew his close in a tight hug. As he looked over her head, he could see her reflection in the hall mirror. He moved his hands down her body to encircle her waist.

"It's okay," he whispered. "I'm here. I'm home, babe." He stroked her back gently and took a good long sniff of her hair. It smelled like baby shampoo.

She pulled away to look up at him. "I've got some dinner keeping warm." She turned back to the sink. "Time dulls colors, he thought. Her eyes were greener, her hair so light and shiny. For the past two years, he had barely heard her voice. He hadn't heard in a long time. He needed to hear her. He wanted to surprise you and he knew it needed doing." She turned back to the dishes.

Barlow picked up the letter. He'd received it in Da Nang. The return address was from a house two blocks from where he now sat. A house where he'd spent a great deal of his childhood eating cookies in Pete's kitchen. Now, Pete played at his house, it seemed.

He took a deep breath. "I got a letter from Pete." He watched her closely. Her hands paused as they checked the water temperature.

"Oh really?" she asked, looking out the window. "What did he have to say?"

Barlow hesitated. "Just that he'd been by when he was home on leave."

She nodded but didn't turn around, only looked back down at the sudsy water filling the sink.

Tell me, Janey, he pleaded silently. Please, you be the one to tell me. And I'll tell you.

"That's right, he did come by." Barlow shut his eyes at the casualness in her voice. When he opened them again, he was surprised to find her looking straight at him.

She'd turned off the water and Barlow noticed how young and lovely she did look back up against the sink. One sleeve of her sweatshirt had slid back down to her wrist from when she'd pushed it up.

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"I love you," Barlow whispered.

She turned from the sink. "Yeah, I know. But you know your dad. He wanted to surprise you and he knew it needed doing." She turned back to the dishes.

She nodded once. "Okay, then."

"Hi," Barlow whispered. "I'm sorry, too." At that, her eyes flew open. He could see the moment of rage fade away, then understanding. He knew exactly what she was feeling.

"Hi," Barlow whispered.

Nothing gave her away. Not her movement, or her smile, or her light chatter as she began setting food in front of him. Nothing alluded to the fact that she'd been unfaithful to him. She appeared to be the same quiet, but-happy girl he'd fallen in love with and married. He wondered if she'd noticed any difference in him, or if he gave anything away.

"I missed your cooking," he smiled and looked around the kitchen. Janey moved from cabinet to stove, back to cabinet to get him a glass. She could cook dinner blindfolded, Barlow mus­

Once again, maybe Pete would have happened anyway.

Barlow quietly laid the letter on the kitchen table where she watched her.

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SECOND PLACE FICTION

PERSEPHONE LOST

By Mark Roberts

Nathan knew without having been there that he had just crushed his knuckles or hit his finger with a wrench. He picked up the water pump that was lying on the work bench, then hunted in his tool box for a ratchet. Taylor cursed again, louder this time, and slammed a drawer on the lower half of his chest. Nathan looked over to see him slowly extending the fingers of his left hand. Not twice, he thought, and held the pump to the front of the engine block where he could start each of the bolts by hand. It was not long, though, before his thinking had left him once again; and when it returned, it was with the realization that tomorrow she would be gone. He tightened each bolt, placing his weight on the end of the wrench, then began gathering up the parts for the fan. Not a life measured in coffee spoons, he thought, but in spring visits by girls you've never met. At this point he laughed, though it was less a laugh than a sharp exhalation, and reminded himself ironically that she was no longer a girl. Then Taylor was standing over him, watching.

"It's noon, Nat. You ready for lunch?"

A dislike for the nickname "Nat" had always been a point impossible for him to convey, along with many others. It was especially difficult with Taylor, whom he liked. Nonetheless, he cleaned all parts from the fenders and the engine block, and the man behind the counter looked up.

"Hello, Nat."

A man behind the counter looked up.

"Hello, Bill."

The man moved a quick hand across the counter, showing off a point that he found impossible for him to convey, along with many other things. It was especially difficult with Taylor, whom he liked. Nonetheless, he cleaned all parts from the fenders and the engine block, and the man behind the counter looked up.

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Continued

Table by the window. "Right away," the owner said, smiling.

Taylor went to sit down at the table with his friends. Nathan turned from the window, and began listening to Taylor as he continued the story that he had been discussing with other customers involved in a bus that he had seen at a large distance that day. He looked around with his hands clenched tightly in front of his face. His hands lifted the cigarette from his fingers and the electronic device that hung from his neck as he spoke, "I was patting his future son-in-law on the back. No one could tell him that the young man, who possessed so many of the qualities that were there, he was handsome and had a good figure. He had his hands on the front of his shirt, asked if he could help him with his problem, and sat silently as it turned to blood in his veins. His face was tense, his mouth was pursed, and his eyes were wide. She had started to cry. She said, "I was there."

"What’s the word?" she asked him. His sheepish reply was "Please." Outside, the horn of a car honked, and the owner lowered the small brown bag down to the counter and slammed shut. Although he had not known her eyes, "Have you seen her since she got here, Nathan?"

"No answer? Not even a nod? How about a nod, Nathan, or are you deaf today, also?"

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"No answer? Not even a nod? How about a nod, Nathan, or are you deaf today, also?"

He hated her. For the first time he realized with this word, hate, and sat silently as it turned to blood within his face. His hands lifted the cigarette from his fingers and the electronic device that hung from his neck as he spoke, "I was patting his future son-in-law on the back. No one could tell him that the young man, who possessed so many of the qualities that were there, he was handsome and had a good figure. He had his hands on the front of his shirt, asked if he could help him with his problem, and sat silently as it turned to blood in his veins. His face was tense, his mouth was pursed, and his eyes were wide. She had started to cry. She said, "I was there."

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From behind screen doors they would tumble, running, the doors banging rhythmically shut behind them, with hardwood steps leading down to the sand resonant beneath small feet. It would then take only a moment before their mother’s reason for keeping them in this long would make itself apparent. Cries and screams that found their audience along the length of the beach would emanate from the owners of cold, sun-baked land. Legs chewed-equal in the ritual testing of an ocean that never warmed they pushed on. Past wet knees to the depth of waists, their bodies arched. Each foot, one by one, dove into the waves with the ease of Neptune’s own, returning to their father’s house after the moon had spent away. It was then that her children would be called in and sit in the sun to eat lunch, each afternoon as well. But it was not on the beach that Sarah met him.

When finally she looked up, he was there. Standing just the other side of the mound, he appeared buried to the waist in sand and moved to her to come from the earth itself. She had clutched the bottle turned dark blue with its plastic cover which she had used for what was actually the object of his attention. He stopped short, unable to recognize her, however, for within seconds of his arrival he had already turned his back, his eyes refusing to stand before her. Voices of her friends met her ears, their screams of excitement over imagined historical objects coming from another part of the landfill. She had wandered away from them; and now with him standing before her, they seemed far off, as in a dream. A freckled arm reached out for her, held her still after her instantaneous pull away. She did not move again. She nodded in reply but he was gone, his body sinking away as it disappeared.

That night, no air passed through her screen. Lying in her underclothes atop piles of displaced sheets, she felt the accumulation of her own breath as it hung about the room. Her mind had long since thoughts whose only escape would have been to sleep and she would have known, as she did, that she would have smelled the smell of that which perished and the images that heretofore had no release at all began to filter through to her imagination. She reached her arm where he had held her, wrinkled her nose as she remembered his dirty face. Her mother had only to hear the way in which he said "hello" to Sarah to know what it was that he wanted. For his tone was not merely one of assurance, but one of resignation as well. It seemed to her the voice of a man who, having already set forth his plans for the remainder of his days, could not conceive of any event that might alter their course, himself included. Were this in fact true, Sarah’s eventual response could have been described as predictable. Whether due only to the gifts or to the man himself, the acquiescence of her relationship came in time.

So it was that, when she was 18, her father gave his consent to Joseph Jenkins. She was too young to be elsewhere describing the marks on Sarah’s face to a friend, her father was passing the hardwood steps leading down to the sand resonant beneath small feet. It would then take only a moment before their mother’s reason for keeping them in this long would make itself apparent. Cries and screams that found their audience along the length of the beach would emanate from the owners of cold, sun-baked land. Legs chewed-equal in the ritual testing of an ocean that never warmed they pushed on. Past wet knees to the depth of waists, their bodies arched. Each foot, one by one, dove into the waves with the ease of Neptune’s own, returning to their father’s house after the moon had spent away. It was then that her children would be called in and sit in the sun to eat lunch, each afternoon as well. But it was not on the beach that Sarah met him.

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Cross Currents

April 25-26, 1986 Page 5

Continued

He stopped Nathan before he could reach the front office.
"Do you mind if I borrow your pen then?" he said.
Nathan handed it to him after retrieving it from his shirt pocket.
"Thanks," the red-haired man said, his face curving with a smile that was too big, lasted too long. Nathan had not waited to see this, however, offering him only his back as he walked into the office. The door closed quickly behind him.

Boradori blew crumbs from the paper on which he wrote but did not look up. He worked for a few moments longer before finally speaking at all.
"Gas, oil. Stuff. I guess he wanted his..."
Nathan wasn't listening. Beginning from the top, he pulled each sheet out of the desk drawer and examined it, then slammed it back in. He did this with the anger of a man who, in that second, had grabbed her.

Turning to leave, her body rotated to the left, her arm which held the hat staying for a moment within his reach. A thousand decisions met with an absence of thought, leaving better judgment to be overwhelmed by the necessity of action. All of this in a second, and in that second he had grabbed her.

Silence within it, his hand still upon the knob. He waited a moment before going back outside, his movement less a decision than an inevitable response.

Without purpose or direction he walked to the back of the garage, past the scopes and meters, to where his tool box stood almost monument-like in the corner. He faced it motionlessly for a time, as a blind person might stand before a painting: aware of its presence, he was as yet ignorant of its significance. Instinctively he began to reach out for certain tools, balancing them in his grasp as if about to reveal to him his purpose. But it was something else that reminded him finally of this.
Her voice. It came to his ears as an insect might, quietly, but with an implicit declaration of its own importance.

Turning to leave, her body rotated to the left, her arm which held the hat staying for a moment within his reach. A thousand decisions met with an absence of thought, leaving better judgment to be overwhelmed by the necessity of action. All of this in a second, and in that second he had grabbed her.

race, though not from running alone.
"Hello, Nathan," she said, her face now quite expressionless, "What is it?"
He stared still for several seconds, his eyes gaining in significance.
"Yes?" she said, her manner inexpressive. She knew this was a surprise.
Suddenly he remembered some paper in his pocket. He would write the words: Please... His other hand reached up to his pocket for his pen.
But his pen was not there. Was not meant to be there.
She shook her head at him, her intonation to know dispelled by the turn. Turning to leave, her body rotated to the left, her arm which held the hat staying for a moment within his reach. A thousand decisions met with an absence of thought, leaving better judgment to be overwhelmed by the necessity of action. All of this in a second, and in that second he had grabbed her.
She looked at him, amazed. Her free arm traveled in a swift arc from her side, her hand landing squarely across his jaw. He had released her arm almost as soon as he had grasped it; and, in his response, had, in his wrong, he could not have predicted her response. He stood puzzled, shocked, then turned, lightly to where blood ran from his lip.

For a moment she stood still, watching him. The scrawled piece of paper still dangling from her mouth, she had now noticed it for the first time. Thinking of this led her inevitably to think of him. She had finished this consideration, she believed, that for a short moment she had seen him, her entire life. Maybe he knows, she thought, the possibilities of a situation she had never considered unfolding quietly before her. Maybe he knows and he was trying to help. His eyes remained averted from her face. And I slap him.

"Nathan," she started, having only guessed at the question—but knowing that an answer was needed regardless. "Nathan, no."
He looked up. She attempted to express her sincere compassion for him by smiling now, tried to show her forgiveness of him, but he did not see her. He glanced instead to the mother's house down the way and thought of all the people who knew. I am an idiot and a fool, he thought, and looked back down. In his mind was the realization, blocked for five years, that she had tasted of the fruit of luxury and could never come back. And that no matter what either of them wanted, they were powerless to make it any different.

She said goodbye to him and turned away, but Nathan did not hear. Two blocks further she was picked up by her husband in the car. He did not hear this, either. He merely stood still, his ears listening instead to the waves not a hundred yards away, crashing heedlessly, without concern, against the shore. The moon, now waxing, expended itself against the green hills in the distance. The spring wind which was becoming summer breeze blew quietly from the south. And Nathan made his way back to town.

Once inside he found that no one else was aware of his absence, their voices outside. The purpose of his tool box revealed itself once more, but this time Nathan had hesitated. Beginning from the top, he pulled each drawer out, then slammed it back in. He did this with the anger of a prisoner against his chains; from top to bottom, all sixteen drawers, returning to the top again until Taylor came finally to pull him away.

Cross Currents 1986 is produced by the editorial staff of Mustang Daily:

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For the fifth year, the winning entries of the Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest have been published as a supplement to the Poly Royal edition of Mustang Daily.

The English department began the annual contest in the spring of 1971 in an effort to encourage creative writing across the campus. The contest is open to all Cal Poly students and winners have come from a variety of majors.

There are two divisions in the contest: a short story division and a poetry division. Each division has cash prizes of $100 for first place, $75 for second place and $50 for third place. In addition, honorable mentions are given.

Students submit their work, usually at random when entering the contest, and it is not until the judges have reached their final decisions that the winners are named. Entries for each division of the contest are then submitted to the judges. Each judge reads all the manuscripts and then all three judges meet to reach their final decisions.

The contest is not possible without the support of a number of people. Gratitude must go to the anonymous donors whose contributions make the cash awards possible. Thanks must be given to the support of Mona Rosenman, head of the English department, and to Jon Ericson, dean of the School of Communicative Arts and Humanities.

Also, thanks to the judges for devoting their time to the contest: Gordon Curzon, Mary K. Harrington, James H. Hayes, David Kann, Peggy Lant and Nancy Lucas.

Fiction Winners
First - Chris Anne Parras
Second - Mark Roberts
Third - Daniel R. Ullahri

Honorable Mentions
Sandra Cabassi, Nancy Carvotta, Jenelle Schmid

Poetry Winners
First - Michael Churchman
Second - Michael Minden
Third - Donald Munro

Honorable Mentions
Sue Groves, Microwave McLaren, Lee Peron
CROSS CURRENTS

B

ACK THREADS.

Black threads spitting out, loose, and stretching away. They joined together, wrapping around each other, wrapping around her ankles like thick rope. They dropped down from nowhere, everywhere, above her head. She pushed hard to make a path through them. They touched her shoulders, rubbed them, choked them, slapped against her body. She pulled them apart in front of her, trying to see, but only the weave of rope hanging down, swarming ahead of her, thickening and pressing against her as she tried to walk.

"Colette?"

A circle of light opened. The rope unwound into thread again, became light and loose, softly floating around her. She brushed the threads aside, brushed them away from her eyes. Her fingers were left wet. Floating through the air. They were melting, shining like glass beads, falling like snow, but they were tears, tears pulling down a gray curtain around her. She walked through it, and the curtain followed behind her, wet and gleaming in the gray light, gleaming against the dark behind her. She stepped into the circle of gray light and saw the house.

"Colette?"

It saw her, recognizing her — all of its white-trimmed windows waiting.

"Colette?"

She pushed the sound away from her, wanted to go inside. She drifted through the doorway, hearing the screen door bang several times behind her. The spring was still soft. Cool air climbed up the steps into the cellar, and she remembered how it was: the dust-filled light coming through the narrow grounded window; the dirt floor with cardboard boxes sitting on it, filled with ripening pears; the cement wall with a crevice and moist from their damp cracks; the water pipes along the ceiling hissing and rattling; gallon jugs bubbling with homemade juice, fermenting for days; footstool, sounding heavy and ominous, overheard from the kitchen above; the shelves, old boards, sagg­ ing with fresh softness from their damp cracks; the water felt good on her throat. She stood still for a moment. The living room was still, empty, waiting.

"Colette?"

She sighed and the house sighed with her. She walked into the kitchen and the same old floor board creaked, though she wasn't weightless now. She didn't worry about the noise. Inside wasn't anybody in the next room now to bother about her coming or going, no steady breaths to be disturbed.

"Colette?"

A voice climbed toward her over a long hill of sleep. She wanted to stay a little longer. This house, still the same silent friend, still waiting, silent and waiting.

She was pushed down a hallway. A wave of cold air. She tried to grab something to stop herself. No doors. No windows. No handles. Ugly bright walls. She tried to stop, tried to get back. She was dragged backward down a long thin glaring tube. The tube was her throat. She was caught in her own hands.

"Colette?"

He was kissing her throat.

"Hey," she whispered. "What's wrong? You always sleep like that? I've been trying to wake you up forever." He kissed her again. She pushed his head aside.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she mumbled, sleep still thick in her throat. She tried to see his face. It was too dark.

"Are you sure?"

She felt agitated. She repositioned her head on her pillow trying to see something she sensed had just left her. "I'm sleepy, not awake yet." She wanted the image back, but couldn't quite think of what it was. There was only a gray blur. She concentrated on breathing in and out slowly.

He kissed her forehead. She hated for anybody to kiss her forehead.

"What's wrong?"

She couldn't stand to hear that question again. "I need a drink of water." She got out of bed.

The night light above the stove was on, and the clock on the wall glowed 3 a.m. There was just enough light to guide her through the boxes and piles of newspaper without having to stumble into any of it. She ran water through her hands for several seconds, just staring at it trickling through her fingers and streaming down the drain. Something was almost beginning to make sense in her memory. She fidgeted, trying to see what it was, watching the silver boons of water gliding down the side of the sink in the dim kitchen light. She remembered lines, dark lines, and mist. She felt herself slipping, no sliding, sliding down something her rid. She took a drink of water. The water felt good on her throat. She went into the living room, went into a stack of books on her way. They slid across the floor. She stood still for a moment — the living room, the room a moment. She was in the circle of gray light, rising and falling, seeing through the darkness. She waited for her eyes to adjust, opening them wider and pressing them against the dark. She felt her way through the room, bumping into boxes she hadn't unpacked yet, until she came to the rocking chair — Gramma's old rocker — Gramma's seat before her. Colette ran her palms over the familiar warm handles.

"Colette?"

He was in the kitchen. She felt irritated with him for getting out of bed. She wanted to be left alone right now. She wished he would just say that she wished she didn't have to say anything. Why couldn't he just leave?

"Colette?"

He stood in the archway. His voice sounded dull, rather than soft. She looked confused. She just waited.

"Colette?"

He was in the kitchen. She felt irritated with him for getting out of bed. She wanted to be left alone right now. She wished he would just say that she wished she didn't have to say anything. Why couldn't he just leave?

"Colette?"

He stood in the archway. His voice sounded dull, rather than soft. She looked confused. She just waited.

"Go back to bed. I need to sit up for a while." She waited for him to move, hoping he would go back to the bedroom without asking any more questions. She just wanted him to go back to sleep, so she could sit up for a while.

Instead of leaving the room, he moved toward her. "Hey," he said softly. "It's okay." He put his arms on her shoulders as if he were trying to comfort her. She was embarrassed for him. He was acting ridiculous. She felt bewildered for a moment. She didn't need to be comforted. Nothing was wrong.

"It's okay," he reassured her. "I'll be careful."

She suddenly realized what he meant. She could hardly believe it. He actually thought that there was something wrong, and on top of that, he believed he knew what was wrong. She felt a wave. She wished he had stayed away. She didn't want to talk with him. Fools bothered her. It wasn't worth it.

"I want to be by myself." Her words came out like an order.

"You want me to leave?" He was trying to be understanding. She nodded, feeling disgusted with him, disgusted with herself. She just wanted him to leave. She was tired — tired and disappointed.

He ran his hands through his hair, started to reach out for her again, but thought better of it. She was relieved. She didn't want to deal with him anymore.

Colette waited until the car pulled out of the driveway and drove away before sitting down in the rocking chair. She listened to the house becoming quiet again, becoming hers again. She sat in the chair, drumming the curved legs against the wooden floor. She loved the sound, a sound distinguishable only when it was this quiet, this dark and quiet. She listened for some imaginary breathing coming from the other rooms. She rocked, content, picturing somebody in the other rooms who needed to be listened for, and smiled to herself in the dark.

She dozed off and on, remembering a long time ago Gramma had been sitting in the chair telling Colette about the night Gramma didn't show up for dinner. Gramma sent all the hands out to look for him. Some of the neighbors came over. Gramma sat in her chair sorting packets of garden seed, quiet, never saying a word. Colette imagined Gramma at the bottom of the river, trapped in his beat-up truck, or alone and hurt somewhere in the orchards or fields. Gramma kept rocking and waiting, never saying a word. Her face was gray.

It was far past bedtime when the screen door whined open and banged several times behind somebody who came tromping into the house. A chair tipped over in the kitchen. Gramps swore at the chair, swore at the cat, and came into the living room asking if Gramma had had "a hell of a nice evening" like he had. Gramma took off his hat and hit him over the head with it, then hauled him off to bed, never saying a word. The next day Gramps was quiet, smirking every now and then in a while like a little kid who had gotten away with something, but careful and mostly quiet around Gramma. Colette thought Grams should have known about Gramma sitting up half the night, waiting and sorting seeds, all gray-looking and quiet. Colette never said anything. There were certain things that were left unsaid, left silent in the rocking
I dreamed that you lived
only in some quiet and private world;
I dreamed with comfort,
and some faint pity,
that you sought old quilts
onto single beds in dark-and-panelled rooms.
I dreamed that you alone remained young,
threw you truly staid at home,
living with your mother,
carrying blankets through dim-lit halls.
I dreamed that you alone remained beautiful —
the last child, sacred,
hidden forever in those quiet rooms..
Finally, I dreamed of your face
in profile; the downward curve of your
mouth
fresh as I had seen you yesterday,
filling my mind as I wake.

The Heartless
Was the way that she described herself
that day
when, talking too quickly
and laughing a bit too readily,
she first slapped her spoon into that
ancient soup.
"Heartless!" she laughed, "heartless!"
There was a crack growing at the back of her
voice
that might be fear.
"Why, I must be heartless!
"Look at me; I have no heart!"
as she tasted that broth again.
Another laugh. Her eyes darted across the
room,
in them a bird,
freshly caged.

Heartless
I dreamed of us;
I dreamed that you alone remained young,
that you smoothed old quilts
and puttered in the garage,
and worked hard. She needed to be physical­ly
tired and exhausted for a change.
She carried it to bed with her. She
poured herself a glass of wine
to care of Gramps and slip
look care of
herself.
Colette was in charge of everything.
After Gramps had gotten sick there
were days when Colette
— Colette almost wondered if it could
be his — Gramps began telling her
— her hair with his huge rough hands.
he kept snagging her hair and pulling
the back of her head, smoothing out
as he told her stories.

The Fall of the City
The bourgeoise came first;
cold and huddled, limp rags remembering
and dreading what they had remembered.
From the Sky
Everyone, it seems, loves the airspace
over my neighborhood.
Loud Army helicopters swing by on daily patrol,
British with gatling guns and hints of napalm,
barbarously making notice of the student pilots in their Cessnas
or the speedy little coast-exursion chopper
full of eager voyeurs who have paid dearly for the privilege
of hovering over some mythical, secluded beach
full of nude sunbathers. The seagulls
ignore them all. Above everything, where Zeus Pater once
lived, the celestial vault is streaked with long tangles of vapor
from 747's on the LAX to SFO commuter run
until the sky looks like some strange switching yard
full of ghostly, fading railroad tracks.
Sometimes Air Force cowboys in F-16s drag-race at near­
rooftop level,
gone before the sound reaches my ears.
At night they look like some kind of special-effects
space-fighters in one of those movies
where explosions can be heard in a vacuum.
I have seen almost everything in the sky
until I have begun to hallucinate airplanes.
On the day that the space shuttle died
I saw a huge jet, like an airliner or a military transport,
resembled almost at cliff-level, just offshore.
half-hidden in fog, a few hundred yards from my house.
It seemed to be standing on one wing, so that I could see
only its belly.
It was visible for a moment and then passed behind a house
and it was gone. It made no sound.
Now, when I close my eyes, I see a pale, pink-scorpion cloud,
its two elongating arms made by booster rockets
correcting course as they plowed onward.
like horses with dead riders, faithfully heading home.
Now, in my dreams,
I see airplanes falling from the sky,
like rain.

CROSS CURRENTS
1st place poetry
MICHAEL CHURCHMAN

"There was much looting in all quarters."
Said the historian.
"Beggar and servant danced that night."
All this a footnote:
It was another flash, or pillage
that drove the fat and satisfied away,
sent them streaming through alleys,
stumbling into moats;
it was the soldiers, shrouds for uniforms,
fires burning in empty sockets;
troops marching out of open graves.

"I heard her am I came into her room."
One afternoon Colette and her
cousins were in the white kitchen
canning pears. The whole house
smelled like pears. Colette and her
cousins laughed, teased the oldest
about her crush on the boy across the
road, then hushed each other so they
wouldn't wake Gramma. They kept
drinking pears. Colette, though the
youngest, showing them how to use
the cooker and how far to fill the jars
— it was the first time they had spent
any time on the farm. That summer a
lot of relatives came to visit who
usually didn't. Colette suspected that
it had to do with the fact that Gram­
ma was always so tired. The sprinklers
hissed outside, and they
hurried to finish the afternoon canning
hoping to get outside and run
through the water before dinner.
The sprinklers hissed outside, and they
hurried to finish the afternoon canning
hoping to get outside and run
through the water before dinner.
They were outside playing when Gramps
came up to the house for dinner. Dinner
wasn't ready and he hollered at
the grandkids for "screeing off."
He yelled through the house for Gramma.
Gramma never got up from her nap.
The chair seemed like a stranger for
the rest of the summer. It became
unfamiliar, something foreign and still
that Colette didn't want to touch or disturb.
There was silence about it
when, talking too quickly
and laughing a bit too readily,
she first slapped her spoon into that
ancient soup.
"Heartless!" she laughed, "heartless!"

Heartless
That year
there was a crack growing at the back of her
voice
that might be fear.
"Why, I must be heartless!
"Look at me; I have no heart!"
as she tasted that broth again.
Another laugh. Her eyes darted across the
room,
in them a bird,
freshly caged.

Heartless
I dreamed of us;
I dreamed that you alone remained young,
that you smoothed old quilts
and some faint pity,
"to be forgotten"
said the statues.
The dark and terrible yearnings of the
street:
women with no breasts cowered in their
The Alley
There is a man waiting
in the alley where the clowns died.
He has in his hands something that is veiled,
something that I cannot clearly see.
His hands, and voiceless children
stand around him;
he moves as if to uncover that
which he holds.
In the alley where the clowns died
there is light.

In the Alley
There were days when Colette
thought she wouldn't be able to move
for a month after working in the or­
chards and canning half the night.
After Gramps had gotten sick there
never seemed to be enough time or
help during the summer and fall.
After Colette had come "to live with
Gramps, the chores were no longer
shared by the other kids, and they
weren't done "for fun." Eventually
Colette was in charge of everything.
She took care of the farm, she took
care of Gramps and she took care of
herself.
When Gramps brought her back to
the farm to live it had all seemed a lit­
tle foreign out of its summer context.
The apples were falling on the ground,
the garden—was almost gone, and it
was too cold to swim in the river or
run through the sprinklers. Her first
night she woke up crying. Gramps
heard her and came into her room,
getting her out of bed. She thought he
was going to tell her to go back to
sleep, but instead, he took her into the
living room and sat her down with
him in Gramma's old chair. He patted
the back of her head, smoothing out
her hair with his huge rough hands.
Gramps' hands were so calloused that
he kept snagging her hair and pulling
it without realizing what he did. Co­
ette didn't want to mind. She never
said anything, letting him hold her
and stroke her hair. In a voice so quiet
— Colette almost wondered if it could
be his — Gramps began telling her
about things Colette's mother had
done when she was growing up on the
farm. Gramps rocked in the chair
rather awkwardly. He was too big for
it. He was being a part of Gramma
and Colette was being a part of her
mother. They both sat quietly in the
dark together.
2nd place poetry

MICHAEL MINDEN

("Within What Limb")

With-Inne what lem
now sturdy & stoute
sure wodes sare doute
while from what sed
in sepulture layd
spryngyth lef
sare wodes sure ayde

Requiem/Sempervirens

Who will mourn this fallen bole?
These musty bones of light —
Light long stored from seasons
That have soaked back to the sea.

In the pith of younger stems
Which stand beside the bier,
From days, virescent days.

When leaves in chorus sang
Their Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
In grateful exclamation
To sun and silt and rain.

Do not mourn this rot-worn wood,
This moldy store of light—
Light retained, abiding.

Yet unfaded, veiled by form
Decrepit, fragments melting

From the corpse into the floor.
Where hidden now, height's germ.

In cerement-woven wrap
Of orphaned choristers,
Sings silent Hosannas
In great anticipation
Of fog and flood and rain.

Sonnets: Wild

This apparition in your mirror sky
intends no harm: I only mean to look.
Still, the trout glides deep all I stalk by;
glides deep, dives wild, dives safe from glance's hook.

Upstream, a wild, solitary deer
browses calmly beneath some alder trees.
My steps on littered leaves alert her ear,
then, with long arc-vaulting bounds, she flees.
I pass a snowy egret below the spring,
admire her patient grace and elegance,
but pause too near; she floats up on wing
too slow to flap her wild magnificence.
Or is it senses' thrilled deceit
that wings seem slow to heart's quick beat?

Variation on a Theme
Of Thomas Lodge

Tell, Timid Eyes, what war is this
When every volley is aimed to miss?
Are your archers so unskilled
That your foe's heart's-blood is never spilled
In sanguine flow onto the field?

Your bowmen's shafts could pierce this shield.
Could end this battle's suffering.
Command them stretch a steady string;
Command them draw with steady sight
To trace their arrows' pointed flight
Through plated breast; Command them see
Your triumphant eyes' own victory.

3rd place poetry

TONI HARKINS

Radio Silence

Fingers crumple pillowcase,
aching to rumple hair a time zone away.
In the dark I fondle dog-eared memories —
a shortage of flesh more imminent.

Twelve hours after a conversation
(costly in ways PacBell can't cipher)
silence distills into thought.
Again I run the enemy's dark gauntlet
back from want-to-be to Am,
those coordinates betrayed by
contraband words — we've wounded
the Alliance we meant to sustain.
The Resistance depends on radio
silence for its life
(breaking it is morphine to my soul).

Our words, how deftly woven,
are no net to save each other.
The heartburn there are solitary ones
pitched in starless dark
and radio silence.

Flight

Moved to movement,
I take up the trappings of travel;
Out and into the Street.
Advance or retreat —
Any direction will do,
All roads are the Road;
And driving, after all,
Is better than being driven.

False Profit

Call it the emasculate deception:
I loved something and called it You
But it was ended by its beginning;
An unborn child sucked away and gone —
Never to know the kind of pain
We came to thrive on.

The Texas sun is setting now
Christ
So beautiful it hurts.
Can anything that dies so fiercely
Ever live again?
Of course.
It always does.
Dammit.
"WE ENVISION"
54 years of open houses show off Cal Poly talent

F POLY ROYAL is one of the best college open houses in the country, it's not just beginners' luck. Cal Poly has been putting on the event every year since 1932.

"This year's theme, 'We Envision,' was chosen out of 150 submissions as the one that most exemplifies Cal Poly. We think it illustrates what Cal Poly stands for: research, development and hands-on experience," says Vicky Brennan, director of arrangements for Poly Royal.

"Poly Royal is a very special type of open house in that it is one of the few that is totally student-run," says Brennan.

The Poly Royal Executive and General Boards, made up completely of student volunteers, have worked for a full year, organizing Poly Royal and making sure that everything runs smoothly.

Problems with lack of parking and hotel accommodations and overcrowding on the campus are all expected standards for the event.

"We know we'll see some of those types of problems when we have so many more people on campus than usual. We expect at least 125,000 people this year — think of that in terms of being eight times the capacity for the school," says Brennan.

Cal Poly students will get a small break from their usual class schedule, too. Officially, students are dismissed at noon on Thursday. Also, San Luis Obispo elementary and junior high students are let out of school on Friday for a short vacation.

Basically, the campus belongs to Poly Royal from that Thursday until Sunday at noon. All usual campus activities scheduled during that time are either canceled or approved to take place by the Poly Royal Board.

There is so much happening at Poly Royal in so few days it is impossible to list everything.

It seems as if every year more and more booths mushroom throughout the campus. Popcorn, hot dogs, omelettes, candied apples — all kinds of foods for the most discerning palate will be available. Nearly 150 clubs plan to set up food or souvenir booths, almost 30 more than last year. For campus organizations, Poly Royal is the major fund-raiser for the year.

"These clubs know that they won't have a chance to sell to 125,000 people again for another full year, so they make the most of it," says Brennan.

Most departments set up displays for the enjoyment and education of all. This is the first Poly Royal for the new Engineering Building and special events and an inauguration are planned.

In keeping with the Cal Poly agriculture history and reputation, the traditional intercollegiate rodeo and a tractor pull will take place. This is the first time the tractor pull has been held after four years of organizational and insurance problems.

On the architecture front, designs for the houses of tomorrow can be seen in the annual Design Village Competition. Student architects from throughout California will construct living structures on the lawn behind the Architecture Building, competing in both unique and functional design.

And everyone always looks forward to the traditional SAM stage — the Society for Advancement of Management's answer to a non-stop vaudeville and entertainment show.

A full-fledged carnival for kids and adults alike provides the chance to test their skills at the usual carnival games of luck and chance.

And the longest parade ever for Poly Royal will wind its way through the campus core, complete with floats and the Cal Poly marching band.

"We Envision" this Poly Royal to be the biggest and best one ever, offering something for everyone. It's Poly's way of saying welcome to all.
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FOR THE FUTURE veterinarians working at the petting zoo next to the farm shop, there's a question asked by children that's often hard to answer.

What happens to the cute baby piglets when they grow up to be full-grown pigs?

"We tell them the truth," says Chris Abell, president of the vet science club. "We tell them the pigs are going to end up on the dinner table."

Many children, along with their parents, haven't been exposed to the farm atmosphere of the petting zoo's calves, goats, lambs and pigs. Says Abell: "Sometimes they really get into it. A lot of them are unexposed to these kinds of animals."

For the past six years the petting zoo display has been located in an irrigation field next to the farm shop, at the base of the hill leading to the horse and ornamental horticulture units.

An estimated 2,500 people came to the petting zoo during Poly Royal last year, and Abell says the location of the exhibit plus the return of the tractor pull events should bring more people to that area of campus during these two days.

Besides the sometimes sticky issue of a piglet's ultimate destination in the dining room, children are curious about how old the animals are and how big they will get.

The baby animals awaiting children's inquisitive hands weren't born until just a few days before Poly Royal, and the selection depends on what animals are available.

"It's like ordering fruit pie at Marie Callender's — you get whatever's in season," Abell says.

If Cal Poly's sheep have lambed in time for Poly Royal, which isn't a certainty, the petting zoo will feature lambs that are between three and four weeks old. Other scheduled animals include piglets, which are about a week old; adult rabbits; and calves, which are about two days old.

Another commonly asked question at the petting zoo is whether the animals are raised specifically to be handled by the public.

Actually, Abell says the animals just happen to be in the right place at the right time — or the wrong place, depending perhaps on the animal's viewpoint.

The animals in the zoo are picked because they happened to be born just a few days before Poly Royal. "We usually get the younger ones because they're smaller and more receptive to people," Abell says.

In order to keep the stress of being petted to a minimum, the animals are changed halfway through the day and sent back to their respective homes. There are actually four sets of animals on display during the two days of Poly Royal.

A new feature to the petting zoo this year will be clowns handing out balloons to the kids, Abell says, but not all of the additions are designed with children in mind.

"We hope to have a booth with information on adopting pets and the responsibilities: rabies vaccinations, animal nutrition, general pet care and the importance of spaying and neutering pets," he says.

Staff Writer Greg Colbert contributed to this story.

DONALD MUNRO/Mustang Daily

Animal attraction

Calves, goats, lambs and pigs are all part of the annual Poly Royal petting zoo that is put on by Cal Poly's student veterinarians

DONALD MUNRO

DONALD MUNRO/Mustang Daily
Mission Plaza

This urban oasis has attracted tourists and locals alike for more than 15 years. But it wasn’t always this way. San Luis Obispo owes its peaceful mission setting to the perseverance of visionary residents — including some Cal Poly students.

GREGG SCHROEDER
DOWNTOWN San Luis Obispo provides a beautiful setting for an afternoon getaway from hectic Poly Royal activities for students and their parents. But it wasn't too long ago that traffic filled what is now Mission Plaza and the gushing creek was cluttered with discarded radiators and obscured by buildings.

This landscaped center of town, where tourists stop to snap photos and locals sip Cokes under eucalyptus trees, might never have been created if it weren't for the brake failure of an egg truck 33 years ago.

For nearly a century after Father Junipero Serra hung a bell in a sycamore tree on the bank of San Luis Obispo Creek and rang it to call the local Indians to the first mass in 1772, the open creekside land was both the center of activity and the major physical dividing factor in the frontier settlement, according to Cal Poly history professor and local historian Daniel Krieger.

"The creek was the primary source of water until the 1890s," Krieger says. After a severe drought in the 1860s, the first reservoir was built in the upper range of the creek to insure against future drought. Krieger says that to this day many downtown sites include water rights with property ownership.

But the creek was more to 19th century locals than merely the first utility; it served as the site of social events. Drawings of the mission in 1850 show the plaza open and as recent as 1867 there were accounts of bullfights held on the site. But soon afterward it was filled with the adobe homes of prominent residents. Businesses followed, including the French Hotel, originally built as an extension of the barracks for mission soldiers across from the church, and the Walter Murray adobe, which remains today in the plaza.

In 1885, an effort to save the crumbling walls of the old church resulted in a western version of a bloated New England clapboard church, complete with a belfry.

Fifty years later, as Highway 101 traffic whizzed by, the wooden overcciat was removed and the mission was restored to its original adobe appearance.

The first city plan

By the 1940s, other buildings along busy Monterey Street had become run down and locals were concerned about the appearance of the area. Patricia J. Clark, who compiled a history of Mission Plaza in 1979, documented that a local art teacher at San Luis Obispo Junior College assigned her art appreciation students in 1950 to design a plan for the growth of the city — then with a population of 14,000. Margaret Maxwell's students put their plans on display in the windows of downtown businesses.

About the same time the local Soroptimist Club voiced concern about preserving and enhancing the historical core of the city, with the hopes of also boosting dwindling downtown business, says Kenneth Schwartz, Cal Poly architecture professor and former mayor of San Luis Obispo.

This move to preserve the city's past, however, was not without opposition. Some businessmen wanted to remove the dilapidated Monterey Street buildings — some left over from the early mission period — and widen the road in front of the adobe church. Many argued this was also an ideal time to create parking space on the corner of Chorro and Monterey streets. The Soroptimists opposed this, utilising the support of other organizations to help in their push instead for gardens in front of the mission.

Scrambled eggs

The key to either project — mission gardens or city parking lot — was the Mission Garage building on the corner of Chorro and Monterey streets. The building was constructed in the 1870s as part of the French Hotel, which was destroyed by fire in 1908. In 1953, an egg truck raced out of control down Cuesta Grade and through town, crashing to a halt inside the garage. The building was subsequently declared unsafe by the city and ordered demolished. After it was razed, the creek became visible from Monterey Street for the first time in nearly 100 years and the hills outside the city could be seen from the corner. Possibilities of downtown beautification sparked the imaginations of residents, and service organizations pushed for the city to acquire the garage property for a park.

Cal Poly students get involved

Plans were drawn by Cal Poly architecture students in 1955 that showed Monterey Street closed between Chorro and Broad streets — where the Art Center stands today — and rerouting Broad Street between Monterey and Palm streets to the west of the county historical museum. The plan showed landscaping between the mission and the backs of Higuera Street businesses along the creek and a large fountain in front of the mission.

The newly-formed Citizens for Mission Gardens Plaza presented the plans to the City Planning Commission, which favored the development of a park and established a committee for a thorough study of the mission gardens proposal. This was just the beginning of 13 years of seesawing between the city and those community groups in favor of developing a plaza.

Park or parking

During this time, there was a big move to alleviate parking problems downtown, in part to attract more shoppers to downtown and to accommodate increased enrollment at Cal Poly. Many people couldn't see using so much precious property for gardens when space was sorely needed for parking. Others saw a need to use it for new businesses to compete for shoppers' dollars with shopping centers in outlying areas. The city moved to cover the creek for parking, agreeing with the concern of members of the Old Mission Church parish that closing the street would cut off access to the mission buildings, particularly during weddings and continued
April 25-26, 1986 Mustang Daily

Controversy continues
The Smith and Williams plan evoked a public response, both pro and con. Those who spoke out against the plan argued the plan was too extensive and not in keeping with the historical nature of the area. Some residents felt the plan ignored the mission, rather than using it as the focal point of redevelopment. Em­phasis, they argued, should be given to the preservation of what already existed and in cleaning and maintaining the creek rather than spending money on its expansion. Others balked at the underestimated cost of the plan.

In anticipation of an as yet undetermined outcome, the city began to consider land fronting Monterey Street near the mission, including the land that was eventually leased to the Art Center and the parking lot adjacent to the museum. By midsummer, the City Council ordered the creek to be cleaned up and requested a flood control study to be done by the county. Cal Poly students were employed to assist City Planning Director Peter Chapman to prepare a scaled-down version of the Smith and Williams plan for a plaza. The Chap­man plan emphasized the mission and related it to the creek with a park and walkways. It also called for the cooperation of Higuera Street businesses for improving the area behind their establishments. This plan was unanimously adopted by the planning commission.

The city, however, was not satisfied. The council decided in 1965 that a new plaza design must include an open Monterey Street with underground parking.

Citizens were concerned, however, about creating a parking lot as the focal point of the city. Businessmen showed their approval of a redevelopment of the creek area, renovating the rear areas of their businesses. John Sues, owner of the Cigar Factory restaurant, and movement by encouraging other businesses to clean up their property. The Junior Chamber of Commerce even proposed a second span across the creek by moving a footbridge built by Cal Poly architecture students from the Sinsheimer School site to the plaza area. The Cigar Factory bridge was set in place in 1965, bringing the project one step closer to becoming a reality.

At a town hall meeting two years later, residents suggested a city-owned Higuera Street building, planned to be turned into a parking lot, saved from the wreckers' ball and modified as a gas-lit entrance to the plaza or an arcade-style mall of shops. This former Cigar Factory eventually sold to a private developer and converted into the Mission Mall.

City changed by chance
In 1967, Cal Poly architecture stu­dents Walt Cowell, Ralph Taylor and Jack Reineck discovered the city could qualify for a $1,000 grant from the America the Beautiful Fund, but needed matching funds in order to be awarded the grant. The City Council agreed to provide $750 to the project, provided that the students create a design with Monterey Street as the focal point. The students created two updated versions of the Chapman plan, one including Monterey Street and one with the street closed.

Schwartz says the present design of the Mission Plaza is largely the result of chance.

Utility poles down come
The City Council decided to go ahead with the widening of Monterey Street but to save the Murray abode and beautify the creekbed. Utility poles came down behind the Higuera Street buildings in 1968 and ease­ments were acquired by the city for paths along the creek. Santa Barbara landscape architect Richard B. Taylor was hired by the city to prepare a master plan for the plaza.

When the City Council approved the Taylor plan, complete with a realigned Monterey Street, prominent citizens, including Schwartz, led a successful petition drive to put the plaza ques­tion up to the people of San Luis Obispo in the 1968 election. With voter approval of the closure of Monterey Street, change downtown moved at an accelerated pace. The newly-elected City Council, led by Mayor Schwartz, asked one last time to delay the plaza plan, the deleting Monterey Street. The Cal Po­ly chapter of the Scarab architecture fraternity and the ornamental hor­ticulture department joined private citizens and nurseries to provide tem­porary landscaping for the park. Trees were moved creekside from Santa Maria, which included television show, Disneyland. Schwartz laid brick for walkways alongside the creek.

Changes come quickly
The first phase of Mission Plaza, roughly from Chorro Street to the 1890s Queeny Warden bridge, was dedicated in 1970 — more than 20 years after the initial plans were drawn up by Maxwell's art class. Phase two, from the bridge toward Broad Street, was completed the following year and included two olive trees from the original mission grove. Clapboard siding was shorn from the Murray abode and the Soroptimists donated a small stage at the base of the creek-side amphitheater. Three flagpoles were given by the Rotary club in 1971 and the city sponsored a flag design contest to kick off the beginning of the year-long celebration of the bicentennial of San Luis Obispo.

In succeeding years, plaza additions included the court of flags and a "moon tree" — grown from the seed of a coastal redwood tree carried to the moon and back on Apollo XIV. An iron fish sculpture was added to hang above the creek near the Warden bridge. Marian Kay, a local artist and winner of the flag design contest, created a mural depicting the history of San Luis Obispo, and the pro­prietors of Creekside Toys donated the side of their building as a canvas for the work. Still later, a Cal Poly project resulted in the pillared arbor shading part of the plaza.

Plaza expansion uncertain
The present plaza is just a begin­ning, says Schwartz, who visualizes the eventual plazas stretching Monroe Street to Nipomo Street one day becoming a part of Mission Plaza. The inclusion of several privately-owned abodes in the project and possibly the construction of other fine arts facilities. Schwartz also envisions creekside paths to some day stretch south to the Cremery shopping complex.

Although Schwartz admits future creek development is uncertain because federal and state grants have dried up, he does not foresee old op­ponents of the creek and plaza development fighting it.

"Those who opposed (Mission Plaza) say they don't know why they oppos­ed it now that they see it," Schwartz says. "It goes back to people's basic inability to visualize. The lay public needs clear pictures and models."
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After all, this is the mysterious house on the hill — the home of Cal Poly President Warren Baker.

Instead, the president's wife Carly answers the door herself accompanied by the family's golden retriever, Irish.

A tour of the two-story house takes much less time than one might expect. Afterward she stands at the foot of the wooden staircase, gestures over the rooms and asks, "Tell me — is the house as big as you expected?"

The answer is no. In fact, nothing about the house is what one might expect. With a mere four bedrooms and four baths it is much smaller and more homey than it appears from the outside.

And Carly Baker is not quite the cross between Princess Diana and a movie star that most students probably picture as they walk by the private-looking "mansion" on the hill each morning on their way to school.

Casually dressed in a black skirt and yellow and black paisley shirt, she could pass for a professor or any active mother of four.

She perches on the edge of the sofa, carefully choosing the words she uses to describe living in the middle of a university of more than 16,000 students and being married to a university president.

"It's like living in an isolated fishbowl," she says after a moment's thought. "I can't open the door and yell at the kids without the whole population knowing about it."

With hundreds of students streaming by the house every day it's not surprising that she sometimes misses her privacy. "It's hard to just schlep around," she complains jokingly.

But life in the public eye comes with the territory. It has required some getting used to on her part since the Bakers moved into the presidential residence in 1979 from Michigan, where her husband was academic vice president of the University of Detroit.

"When I first came here, I really felt like people were watching, but that went away — it's just a matter of adjusting."

Of course there is always an occasional student riding his bike on the patio. "I had to get very used to walking by the window and seeing a whole class of students sketching on the lawn."

"It can make you feel like you're living in an institution — not a home," she adds.

The fact remains they are living in the middle of state property and their house has a small wooden sign in front assigning it a number like all other campus buildings.

However, she tries very hard to make life as "normal" as possible for the kids.

The Bakers have four children: Carrie, 23, living at home and working for PG&E after graduating from the University of Notre Dame; Kristin, 21, currently at UC Davis; Christopher, 13; and Brian, 9, nicknamed B.J. 

"Normal" for the Bakers means a dog, piano lessons and sports like many households with kids. "I went to nearly all the (boys') basketball games and soccer games. As a matter of fact I gave them a referee sweater because they thought I was coaching too much (from the sidelines)," she says, her eyes wide in mock horror.

"I think having kids helps because you get involved in basketball, soccer. Kids make it easier to have a kind of normal life," she says more seriously.

Although the living room is decorated with burnt orange sofas and lined with splashy prints, they had a more informal family room with a TV added as a place for the kids to play when they moved in after President Robert E. Kennedy and his wife.

"It's been hard on some of the kids not being in a neighborhood. We have to farm kids in for them to play with."

Life on the hill: Carly Baker talks about living on a college campus and her sometimes difficult-to-define role as the wife of President Warren Baker

Contrary to popular belief life on the hill doesn't mean servants galore. "A cleaning woman comes in a couple times of week." Other than that they have no cooks, no butler and no chauffeur as many students assume.

"I can't understand why that's the impression that people have," she says. "I always cook for the family."

She also has a hand in much of the inevitable entertaining that goes with the presidency. "I take a very active part in all the entertaining. I plan all the menus. I don't do all the cooking."

Just as Plant Operations does most of the repairs around the house, Food Services handles most of the catering. She says it always amuses her when during Week of Welcome they hold an open house for freshmen and students ask her if she bakes all the cookies.

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San Luis Obispo
is more than just
a pretty town
with a university

KATIE BRIAIN

TRY SOMETHING A little different this year during Poly Royal and take a break from the crowds and excitement of the campus to explore what the other side of San Luis Obispo has to offer. Here are just a few ideas for anyone who wants to experience some of the many activities available in San Luis Obispo County:

If a leisurely day filled with fun and scenic beauty is what you're looking for, then wine tasting on the Central Coast is the answer. Pack a lunch for a picnic in the countryside, hop in the car and be prepared for a tasteful experience in an area that is rapidly becoming one of California's finest wine regions.

North of San Luis Obispo is where many of the wineries are located. For a full day of wine tasting follow the signs along Highway 101 toward Paso Robles. Among those wineries on Highway 46 between Cambria and Paso Robles are York Mountain Winery, founded in 1882, and Mustang Vineyard. The Templeton Corner, located in old Templeton, is representative of small family-owned wineries in the region. Wineries are also located in Paso Robles, west of Paso Robles on Nacimiento Lake Drive, east of Paso Robles on Highway 46 and to the north of Paso Robles.

Although there are not as many wineries to the south of the county they are no less in quality. South of San Luis Obispo on Orcutt Road is Chaminuel Vineyard and in the same vicinity on Biddle Road is the Edna Valley Vineyard, which is one of the few wineries with an underground cellar. Corbett Canyon Vineyard, located on Corbett Canyon Road off Highway 227, has wine tasting both there and at a new Shell Beach location off Highway 101.

If what you want is just a simple day outdoors, then San Luis Obispo County offers a beautiful diversion. A variety of beaches line the coast, from the rugged beauty of the north county beaches to the sun tanning pleasures of Avila Beach and Pismo Beach in the south county. Guided hiking excursions up local peaks or nature walks through any of the state parks in the county are also an option for the outdoorsman.

Lopez Lake Recreational Area offers a variety of water sports from boating and windsurfing to the Mustang Water Slides. There is also the Lopez Trout Farm for fishing enthusiasts.

If you'd rather remain on land, try a hand at golfing at any of the area's courses. Or for those who don't want that much activity, there's also miniature golfing at The Back Nine at San Luis Obispo.

For those who'd rather get their exercise in a more leisurely fashion, shopping in San Luis Obispo offers atmosphere and variety. Stroll down the main thoroughfares of Monterey and Higuera streets and don't forget to check out the side streets. For a break, stop at one of the restaurants along the San Luis Obispo Creek for lunch and sunshine. And don't forget to go by the Mission Plaza, which is often the center of community events. Other shopping areas include the Madonna Road Plaza, University Square Shopping Center and the Foothill Plaza.

While you're exploring downtown San Luis Obispo stop by some of the many historical sites that contribute to the traditional atmosphere of the area. Among them are Mission San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, which was established in 1772, the Ah Louis Store, founded in 1874 by a leader of the Chinese settlement here, and the San Luis Obispo County Historical Museum.

There are many cities outside San Luis Obispo that offer a different perspective on the county. To the north, Atascadero offers a rural atmosphere which includes the Charles Paddock Zoo, the Atascadero Lake Park and the historic City Administration Building fronted by the Sunken Gardens Park. Activities in Paso Robles include winetasting, golfing and water sports at Lake San Antonio and Lake Nacimiento, both located north west of Paso Robles.

Along the North Coast on Highway 1, Cambria is an experience in specialty shops, art galleries and beacheside parks. The quaint town of Harmony, just 30 minutes north of San Luis Obispo, is a two-acre town with a restaurant, post office, pottery shop, art gallery and wedding chapel.

In the south county, Avila Beach not only offers a great perspective on the county. To the

continued
SIGHTS

continued

beach but the San Luis Pier and Marina, where boats can be launched. Arroyo Grande has many old build­ings which date back to the 1800s and a historic swing bridge which dates back to 1875. In Nipomo, you can pick strawberries at Kamaka Farms or spend a enjoyable yet inexpensive day at the Nipomo Swap Meet. And the sand dunes in Oceano are great for ATC riding, dune buggying, picnics or hiking. Or go horseback riding for an hour or two with horses from the Lib­ery Stable of Oceano.

For a free and educational trip in San Luis Obispo, find out how Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant operates at the PG&E Information Center. Located on Highway 101 near the San Luis Bay Drive exit, the center offers a video presentation and a bus trip to a vantage point above the plant, where a guide will explain how it works.

And for a sense of grandeur and Ramboyancy, try a tour of Hearst Castle, the San Simeon estate of the late publisher William Randolph Hearst. Located 45 minutes north of San Luis Obispo, the 123-acre ranch is part of the California State Park system and offers tours every day except Christmas and New Year’s Day. Advance ticket reservations at any Ticketron outlet is a must to assure space on a tour.

For more details on these or any other activities, contact the San Luis Obispo Chamber of Commerce located on Chorro Street in San Luis Obispo.
People feeding America
Can ag students go to the farm after graduation?

CRAIG ANDREWS

THE LOOMING SHADOW of financial problems felt by many U.S. farms is affecting the number of high school graduates enrolling in universities to study agriculture.

Cal Poly may not feel the decline as much as other agriculture schools, says Lark Carter, dean of the School of Agriculture, but he adds "we too have noticed some drop in enrollment." Undergraduate enrollment in the Cal Poly School of Agriculture was down by about seven percent in 1985 from 1984. Cal Poly was the third-largest agriculture school in the nation in 1984 in terms of undergraduate enrollment, with 3,320 students. Last year there were 3,133 students enrolled in undergraduate agriculture programs at Cal Poly.

"There is no question the price of land and some of the economic difficulties some producers are experiencing has had some impact on choices high school seniors are making," Carter says. But he attributes most of the enrollment drop to an overabundance of graduates in agricultural fields. After the Vietnam War many students entered agriculture-related areas because of an increased awareness of the environment. The resulting glut of agriculture graduates lowered salaries and discouraged people from entering agriculture programs.

Carter says there is now a need for more students to enter agriculture. "Because of reduced numbers of students going into agriculture, there will be a shortage in a few years of students graduating in this field," he says. He wants to maintain a total agriculture student population of 3,500 at Cal Poly, including graduate students. The school came close to that goal last year, with a total agriculture student enrollment of 3,484.

But maintaining that number of students while having less to choose from means accepting a higher percentage of applications. And that has brought concerns that ag students are less qualified academically.

Admissions Officer Dave Snyder says the School of Agriculture has lowered its admission standards in order to meet the quota. In the late 1970s the school was impacted in several departments, but now it accepts nearly any eligible student who applies, he says.

Carter can't supply any statistics on the academic records of students entering his school but he says the SAT scores of students admitted into the Cal Poly School of Agriculture are above the level of other agriculture schools across the country.

Snyder says students applying to the School of Agriculture must meet only the minimum Cal Poly entrance requirements. This means applicants must be in the upper one-third of their high school graduating class. Other schools at Cal Poly are heavily impacted and reject large numbers of highly qualified applicants.

Individual schools are not bound to provide academic information about their applicants to the university administration, Snyder says.

There has been a shift in areas of concentration during the past 15 years in the Cal Poly School of Agriculture. Areas where enrollment has grown the most within the school focus on the business and scientific aspects of agriculture. For example, the agriculture management department enrollment grew 27 percent from 1970 to 1985. Agriculture engineering grew by 53 percent and agricultural science grew 77 percent. During the same period, enrollment in the dairy department experienced no growth, and the soil science department suffered a 113 percent decline in enrollment.

Cordner J. Gibson, former dean of the School of Agriculture, says students going into agriculture production will have limited opportunities, but there will be management and business opportunities for them.

Students who graduate in production fields may find it difficult to obtain a farm, and may go into the business side of farming.

"There's still opportunities, but I couldn't honestly tell a student, 'You study agriculture at Cal Poly and you'll have a farm,'" Gibson says.

continued
AGRICULTURE

continued

Gibson, who retired in 1976, was active in student recruitment. "I gave them a real rosy picture — in '76 the future looked very bright for job opportunities in agriculture. Now I'm not so sure."

Cal Poly agriculture enrollment is not hurting as much as it could be. In fact, Snyder says enrollment is at a virtual steady state. In 1984 enrollment applications increased by 19% over 1983. Yet, this was partially because of reorganization in the school which added the dietetics and food administration major. And even with the additional department, applications dropped last year by more than 200 from 1984.

Snyder says enrollment at the two other major agriculture schools in the state — UC Davis and CSU Fresno — is also down. He predicts agriculture enrollment will climb in five to 10 years because society's perception of the environment may become similar to what it was in the 1970s.

At Cal Poly there is strong support for the School of Agriculture. The school was recently selected by the Agency for International Development to lead efforts in developing a college of agriculture in Costa Rica. Dean Carter says funding is already established for the project, and all that remains is approval by the Costa Rican legislature.

In addition, Cal Poly is budgeted to receive a new dairy from the state and a food processing center.
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The Cal Poly men’s basketball team accomplished all three of its goals this season — and more.

“Our goals at the beginning of the season were to win the conference championship, have a 20-win season and to make it to the CCAA tournament,” says Mustang head coach Ernie Wheeler. “And we accomplished all three.”

In addition to winning the CCAA title with a 12-2 regular season record, the Mustangs also racked up a 23-8 overall record, tied a CCAA record for most wins in a season with 12, tied a Cal Poly record with a 10-game win streak and broke a Cal Poly field goal percentage record by hitting 51.49 percent.

Sean Chambers, a 6'3" junior forward and an outstanding transfer from Cuesta College, received

A banner year on the courts for hoopsters

T. WILLIAMS
continued

all-American honors and was selected as CCAA co-MVP with Robert Jimerson of UC Riverside. Cobio Rivera, a senior transfer from Cuesta, made second team all-CCAA, and seniors James Wells and Jim Van Winden were given all-CCAA honorable mention.

"Physically there were a lot of other teams that were bigger than us," says Wheeler. "But there were no teams that played together as well as we did." Wheeler completed his 14th year as head coach this season. He has had five 20-win seasons in the past seven years and has been to the NCAA playoffs seven times, including the 1981 season in which he took his team to the NCAA Division II Final Four.

But it was his work this season that earned him CCAA Coach of the Year and the prestigious honor of being named NCAA Western Regional Coach of the Year.

"It's an honor because the other coaches vote on it," Wheeler says. "But it was the kids who earned it for me with the way they played." Wheeler agrees. "That is the most exciting game I've ever played in." Wheeler says. "If I had played point guard I don't think we would have gone as far in the tournament."

Wells credits the team's success to the Mustangs' effort. The Mustangs had beaten Cal Poly 73-72 earlier in the season at L.A. on a last second jumper by Mark Ohta. The Golden Eagles came to Cal Poly late in the season with revenge on their minds, but again Cal Poly shut them down.

One such cliff-hanger was a game against Cal State Los Angeles. The Mustangs had beaten the Golden Eagles 73-72 earlier in the season at L.A. on a last second jumper by Mark Ohta. The Golden Eagles came to Cal Poly late in the season with revenge on their minds, but again Cal Poly shut them down.

To win the game Chambers picked up an offensive rebound and scored at the buzzer to ensure a 74-73 win. The win clinched the CCAA title for the Mustangs, and after the game the fans swarmed onto the court to cut down the nets in celebration.

"I'll never forget that game," Chambers says. "That was the most exciting game I've ever played in." It was also the first game his mother had seen him play either at Cuesta College or Cal Poly.

Wheeler agrees. "That is the most exciting game I've coached since I've been at Cal Poly." Because of their record and their CCAA title, the Mustangs hosted the CCAA tournament which featured UC Riverside (11-3), Cal State Bakersfield (10-4), Cal State L.A. (10-4) and Cal Poly (12-2).

But Wells credits the team's success to team unity. "We played together as a team," he says. "Everyone had their roles and they played up to them." Wheeler attributes the team's success to team unity. "We played together as a team," he says. "Everyone had their roles and they played up to them."

Rivera attributes the Mustangs' success to the players on the bench. "The guys in practice always gave 100 percent and they made the games seem easy," he says.

Rivera finished his career at Cal Poly this season with 371 points, averaging 12 points a game, an .823 free throw percentage, .469 from the line, .427 from the field and .563 from the field. Wells played in 28 games, piled up 256 points, shot .533 from the line and .563 from the field.

"I didn't think there was any way I was going to be all-American," says Chambers, who prays before every game and credits his success to the Lord. "I was just worrying about starting. I didn't start the first game his mother had seen him play either at Cuesta College or Cal Poly. I was nervous about it."

Wheeler will be losing three talented seniors in Wells, Rivera and Van Winden, but he has already started recruiting for next season. "I was nervous about starting. I didn't start the first game his mother had seen him play either at Cuesta College or Cal Poly. I was nervous about it."

In addition to the new recruits, Wheeler has a solid nucleus to work on with Chambers and sixth man Melvin Parker returning. Guards Mark Ota, Jeff Gray and Mark Shelby should fill some shoes along with forwards Mike Wintringer and Errol Talley. Mike Chelton and Darren Masingale should provide the Mustangs with some strength inside.

"We'll be tough next year," Chambers says. "I think we could win it all."
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Decades of deadlines
Cal Poly press celebrates 70th anniversary

THE POLYGRAM

By Susan Edmondson

IT BEGAN 70 years ago today as a four-page, typewritten newsletter for the student body of Cal Poly. Mustang Daily has since grown to a tabloid newspaper ranging from eight to 20 pages three times a week.

During the years in between, the various forms of campus newspapers at Cal Poly endured dilapidated printing presses, a six-year cessation during the '30s, another two-year refrain during World War II, conflicts with the student council and the daily struggle with deadlines.

The size of the newspaper changed from an 8-by-11 inch sheet of paper to a tabloid and then back and forth numerous times between a broad sheet and a tabloid. It's appeared weekly, monthly, and two, three, four and five times per week.

Mustang Daily is currently operated by eight student editors who are paid on salary for the roughly 30 hours a week they put into the production of the paper. The reporters on the staff are journalism students who take the newspaper as a course for credit. But, it wasn't always like this at Mustang Daily. In fact, it wasn't always a Mustang Daily.

First there was the Polygram, a simple but ambitious weekly newsletter for students that cost five cents an issue. The April 25, 1916 edition bore the welcoming message, "Well, here it is. The first issue of the Polygram. We know it is far from perfect and we expect to be criticized, in fact we want to be criticized, that we may improve your paper. In order to make this paper grow and become a success, we must have the loyalty and cooperation of every student in the school. Why shouldn't we? The Polygram is the official organ of the student body and every member should help to boost it.... It is up to the students to make this paper a thing to be proud of, something that will win recognition in town...."

In its first years the paper didn't have advertising, as the editors bitterly proclaimed: "The Polygram is a weekly paper published by the students of the California Polytechnic School. It is entirely supported by the subscribers, since the merchants of San Luis Obispo will not advertise through us, although the school is the biggest asset the city has."

News articles weren't quite the highlight of the Polygram. Stories dealt frequently with club activities and school spirit (or the lack thereof). And then there was the personals column: "Mick Gates and 'Flake' Kellogg were pleased to receive a visit from their folks last week;" and "We have with us another Sophomore girl, Mabel Rhoda, who entered at the beginning of the second semester."

News judgment was sometimes a problem at the Polygram. For instance, a full-column article was written about a bread bake sale in which the proceeds were given to the Red Cross. On the same page there appeared this brief item: "The school recently bought for $50,000 a 625-acre tract of land northwest of the buildings, from Mr. Johnson. This land is to be used for experimental agriculture."

During World War I the Polygram printed a small box filled with stars, one for each of "Poly's offerings" — men who were overseas in battle.

In 1932, just as the rest of the country faced hard times, so did the Polygram. The paper ceased publication and for six years Cal Poly was without a student bulletin. But on Nov. 4, 1938, El Mustang appeared on campus with the banner headline "Cal Poly publishes first paper in six years." And this was a real newspaper — a four-page, five-column sheet with a front page photo and a flag with a bucking horse between the words "El Mustang."

The paper was printed in the basement print shop of the old agricultural education building. The printers, mostly students in the industrial majors, were paid 35 cents an hour to hand-feed the press — one page at a time.

There wasn't a journalism major yet at Cal Poly; most of the students who worked on staff were agriculture students. During World War II civilian enrollment at Cal Poly dropped to 84 men; for two years the paper was a monthly publication, the
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