

outpost

Volume II Number 5

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From the Editor...

It's that time of the quarter again, and just when everyone was beginning to think that *Outpost* had permanently retired from the scene—surprise! Here we are again. Actually we will be showing up regularly (Lord willing the ad sales go as planned) ever third Thursday this quarter.

There have been a couple of changes since the last time we showed up. For one thing, it's a new quarter—there's a new staff. For another, our old managing editor, Craig Hines, got an offer he couldn't refuse from some radio station to the south and has gone urban...and rich. The managing editor is a hard working, aggie-type journalism major. His name is Bill Mattos and in the line of *Outpost* duties he's the one I yell at when the working staff doesn't meet it's deadlines. He's got to be tough.

This quarter we'll continue with our *Outpost* format of service



Bill Mattos, Mg. Editor

to the student with a few meaty consumer-type report articles. Look for one on the car repair gyp joints around town about the end of the quarter. Also we plan to publish an *Outpost* Guide to the Outdoors a little later on. Ever sat around all weekend trying to plan something to do? You need to get out, but where to go? Check us out. Some of us have lived around here for a while and we're still discovering exciting, new, provocative, educational ways to spend our weekends.

This issue is a good one to snatch out of the Mustang and take home to stash for that time around the end of Winter Quarter when everybody starts contemplating the Big Move for next Fall. You can waste an awful lot of time dashing from apartment house to apartment house, and, if you've ever tried to shop for a place to live by phone...well, for one thing your ear gets pretty hot after calling twenty managers, all of whom have just stepped out for a cup of coffee. *Outpost* proudly presents the first printed, right-in-your-hands Students' Handy Housing Helper. It's got rents, how many bedrooms, what you're paying for in the way of utilities and special services, parking facilities, how much the deposit is, etc. It's a good thing to have.

Other stories in this issue include a blow-by-blow description of the big time engineers had entering their car in the Baja 500 last June. They're going again this year after SAC paved the way for them with with another \$500 a few weeks ago.

We also have a story on getting hustled. Sure...it's old hat, either it's already happened to you a number of times, or you think it never will. But you just might be surprised. We don't see getting hustled for grass as a ticket to social banishment. Nor do we see it as a status symbol. We just see it happening...and one day a couple of students were talking about it and thought their experiences might help somebody else.

If you have questions on anything in this issue, just what we at *Outpost* are doing, or some problem you'd like us to look into for you, drop us a line in the *Outpost* mailbox (Number 42) in the Activities Planning Center or call or me in the afternoons at the Mustang or at home (I'm in the book.) If it's an advertising question, contact Kay Hamilton—she takes care of all that for us.



Kay Hamilton, Ad Mgr.



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You and your friends

Getting Busted

by Ellen Pensky and MaryAnn Shepardson

Editor's Note: The following article should not be viewed as reflecting the consensus of the general view of the staff. It is a story about two people by two people who are entitled to their opinions.

"I'm not really worried about getting busted," boasted one Cal Poly student who takes time out between classes and books to earn his tuition by selling dope. "It's a good way to earn money, and more than that, I get all the dope I want. I sold 26 lids in less than two weeks, so you can see the demand is really high. If you're careful and just sell to friends, there's really little risk."

What kind of risks is the average student taking when he becomes involved in the marijuana scene? To get the whole picture, we talked to two Cal Poly students who were busted recently, San Luis Obispo police, a member of the California Marijuana Initiative, and Judge Joseph Lodge of Santa Barbara. One of the students was arrested in the dorms; one in his apartment.

Cal Poly dorms are not known for their "freedom," but even the strict rules don't stop those who smoke. Certain precautions are generally taken, however. First you must lock the door and seal the door frame with masking tape to prevent smoke leakage. Then a towel is placed at the bottom of the door. The air conditioner is turned on, the window is opened, and incense is burned. These precautions are 99 per cent foolproof, except in the case of Gene, who made the mistake of playing the stereo at full blast after visiting hours. When the RM (resident manager) knocked and received no answer, he used his key and entered to find Gene taking a toke. Rather than notifying police, the RM sent Gene and his companions to Coordinator of Student Discipline Lawrence Wolfe, and they were kicked out of the dorms.

A typical off-campus case involved Tom, a student who was enjoying one of the privileges of owning his own apartment. He was having a small party.

"I just had a few friends over, and I guess the music was bothering some old bat in the neighborhood, because she called the cops. There were a few people outside, and a group of us were smoking in the bedroom. Around 11:30 there was a knock at the door and the cops told us they were here on a routine loud music investigation, but I guess their noses told them it was more than that," explained Tom.

"They handcuffed us, fingerprinted us, and we spent the night in jail. I called my parents and they were upset and disappointed in me, but they bailed me out and were willing to do all they could to help me out."

A preliminary hearing was called where several other students gave testimonies which contradicted the statements of the police. "I thought the judge was really biased. He seemed to disregard friends' statements, and simply considered my case a routine drug trial. He just seemed anxious to get the whole thing over with," Tom complained.

He was finally found guilty of a misdemeanor and fined \$350.

However, all drug cases are not treated in the same way. According to Sergeant W. A. Jayne of the San Luis Obispo Police Department, punishment for marijuana possession is left largely to the discretion of the judge. At the time of arrest, the possessor is considered to be charged with a felony, which is punishable by prison. However, if the judge so chooses, he can drop the charge to a misdemeanor, generally depending upon the amount of dope seized and the defendant's past record.

Once you've been charged with the crime, the probation department makes a pre-sentence investigation of your background to determine whether or not you should serve time in jail.

Typically, the person convicted of a misdemeanor is placed on probation, which means he gives up some of his rights. A probation officer can search his house at any time, and he may be stopped and frisked at any time.

"Rehabilitate, not punish, is the newest penal concept," said Jayne. "We want to teach them not to mess around with the stuff, or at least be a little discreet."

With the growing number of regular marijuana users, the federal and state agencies aren't too concerned with the personal possessors anymore—there's too many of them. They want to stop it at the source. "You can't smoke marijuana if you can't buy it," pointed out Jayne.

Apparently, it can be bought in San Luis, for the city has its share of users. Thirty-two arrests (both group and individual) for narcotics violations were made in 1972, according to a police spokesman, and figures for 1971 are comparable. In March '73 alone, there were six narcotics cases and six arrests.

"We haven't been working narcotics

that much," explained police. "We only have four detectives to cover the whole city and with the numerous burglaries taking place, there just hasn't been time."

Bill Irving, a member of the California Marijuana Initiative (C.M.I.) responsible for putting Proposition 19 on the ballot, explained some of the problems he encountered in convincing the unenlightened public of the harmlessness of marijuana.

"The knowledge possessed by the average citizen concerning pot was incredibly limited, so the medical facts I quoted easily outweighed their conservative middle-class attitudes," said Irving. "I also found it better to admit that I did smoke pot, so the public would realize that dope-smokers are not outcasts and freaks."

According to Irving, a drawback to much of the work by the CMI is the fact that the voter is an average 46 year old individual who has never tried marijuana and sees no use for it. The average voter sees a younger generation involved in drugs. The difference between marijuana

and hard drugs is unknown to him. He may watch "Dragnet" on television and listen to Joe Friday label marijuana as just another kick which most often leads to bigger kicks—heroin, pop pills, or LSD. The average voter does not read the medical journals which say that marijuana is quite safe when compared with alcohol, aspirin, cigarettes—even the coffee we constantly swallow.

Municipal Judge Joseph Lodge of Santa Barbara, one influential supporter of the CMI, agrees.

"A whole younger generation is growing up with disrespect for the law, primarily because of marijuana. It is not the same as heroin; the law should reflect the difference."

"As a judge, I have seen hundreds of marijuana cases. It does not craze the user. Marijuana does not cause the user to progress to heroin. Some teenagers who use marijuana find that adults were not honest with them when they said marijuana would wreck their lives. Then someone offers them heroin. They were told it would likewise ruin their lives. But since the adults weren't honest with them about marijuana, they feel that they can't trust them about heroin," said Lodge.

Even though Judge Lodge agrees that the punishment for marijuana should be lessened, legalization of pot is hardly just around the corner. Those who have never tried marijuana (and the number is decreasing each day) are concerned about the physical and psychological risks connected with the drug. The smokers, on the other hand, are primarily worried about the risks of getting caught, as in the cases of Tom and Gene. According to a recent national government survey, if present patterns of use continue, by 1976 between 30 and 50 million Americans of all ages will have smoked marijuana. As the law now stands, this means that between one-seventh and one-fourth of our population will be guilty of a common crime.

If you are willing to take the risk of getting busted, you should be aware that there are places to turn to for help. Legal Aid, a campus service organized by third year business student John Ronca, provides free legal counsel. They won't get you off, but they can answer your questions on where you stand legally, how to act, and what alternatives you may have. "Ten per cent of the students seeking legal help have been busted for pot offenses," said Ronca. "We're here to help you. If we don't know the answers, we'll seek professional advice."



Photo by John Calhoun

The Official Outpost Guide

APARTMENT	PHONE NUMBER	RENT			LANDLORD PAYS:				PARKING			EXTRAS			LIMITATIONS						DEPOSIT		PER PERSON	LAUNDRY	FURNISHED	UNFURNISHED
		1-BR	2-BR	3-BR	GAS	ELECTRIC	WATER	GARBAGE	STREET	LOT	GARAGE	POOL	DISHWASHER	CABLE TV	STIANA	MEN	WOMEN	MARRIED COUPLES	CHILDREN	PETS						
Garfield Arms	543-7835	144	262				*	*		*		*		*		*	*	*				25	*	*	*	
Foothill Gardens	544-1954	140			*		*	*		*		*		*	*	*	*	*	*	*		150		*	*	
Cal Park	544-0780		240				*	*		*				*			*					100			*	
Northtowne	544-4869	130	145	160			*	*		*				*		*	*	*	*			75		*		
123-125	543-8111		155							*				*		*	*					25	*	*	*	
Palm Royal	543-4715		100		*	*	*	*		*						*						35		*	*	
Lanal	543-6200	110	145				*	*		*		*		*				*				65		*	*	
Angela Terrace	544-0288	132	145				*	*		*		*		*				*				50	*		*	
		152	165				*	*		*		*		*				*				50	*		*	
Evans Manor	544-7421	125					*	*										*							*	
Fairview	543-9119	260					*	*		*				*		*	*	*						*	*	
Mustang Village	543-4950		195				*	*		*		*			*	*	*	*						*	*	
							*	*		*		*			*	*	*	*						*	*	
Newman Apts.	543-3478	120	170				*	*		*						*	*	*	*	*		25		*	*	
Dan Law Apts.	544-0780		240				*	*							*	*	*					100			*	
Four-Point Apt.	543-7126		274				*	*		*	*					*	*	*				35	*	*	*	
Gracia	543-7351	110	120				*			*								*				20			*	
Imperial	544-2208		156				*	*		*						*	*	*	*	*		60		*	*	
Vanlerberghe	543-6090	140	140				*	*	*													60		*	*	

NOTE: Rents and deposits are subject to change at any time without notice

San Luis Obispo isn't a city—it is an intricate maze of apartment buildings (peppered with stoplights).

The need for student housing outside the confines of dormitory life has created the biggest building boom in this area since the development of indoor toilets.

For the student crawling away from Bhasta Hall on his hands and knees (usually immediately following the freshman year) the job of selecting an apartment that suits his needs and budget can be a pretty time-consuming project. Many miles are put in on foot and knuckles are worn thin knocking on the doors of landlords who never seem to be home.

With this in mind, Outpost thought it would be nice if the student could have, at his finger tips, a listing of many of the apartment complexes in the city. Rents, deposits, laundry facilities, pets, garbage bills, cable TV, and other particulars could be outlined and concisely set down in a chart before him.

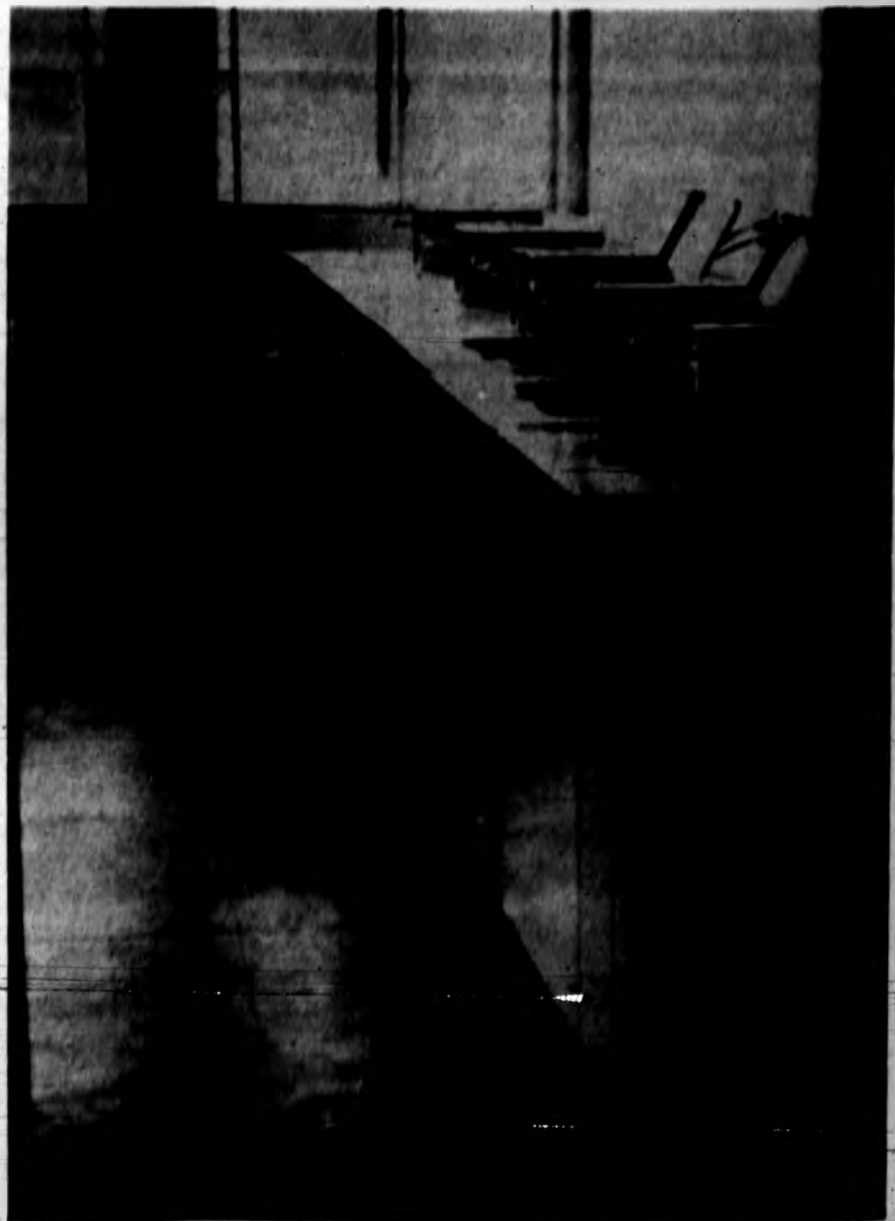
At last, back and relax. The staff has been busy making telephone calls to several establishments, and here provides the

guide you need. It may save you a few trips and a lot of frustration.

Keep in mind that some landlords can occasionally be shifty people. They may shift the rent on you, they may shift the amount of deposit required—they may even shift telephone numbers or addresses, as the Outpost staff found in some of its telephoning.

Of course, the chart won't do away with apartment shopping entirely. You will still want to see the rooms for yourself, and it is impossible to say here which ones will have vacancies when you want to move in. But at least it may aid you in narrowing down your list of possibilities.

Note to landlords: If Outpost somehow missed your apartments this time and you'd like to be included next time around, (probably the end of Spring Quarter) drop us a postcard with the information included on the chart, your name and address. Send postcards to Outpost in care of Journalism Department, Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo. We'd ask that you not send a card if you have less than four units available.



It beats loading down your car with jeans, jackets, blankets, and rugs to head for the all-night 'laundro'. If you find a place offering these special accessories.

Photos by Dean Opperman



It's not the Copa Cabana, but for exercise (or body-conscious students) some apartments afford kidney-shaped or, cloverleaf swimming pools.

To Apartments Around Town

APARTMENT	PHONE NUMBER	RENT			LANDLORD PAYS:				PARKING			EXTRAS				LIMITATIONS						DEPOSIT		FURNISHING			
		1-BR	2-BR	3-BR	GAS	ELECTRIC	WATER	GARBAGE	STREET	LOT	GARAGE	POOL	DISHWASHER	CABLE TV	STIANA	MEN	WOMEN	MARRIED COUPLES	CHILDREN	PETS		PER PERSON	LAUNDRY	FURNISHED	UNFURNISHED		
Lamplighter	622 Palm		240			*	*		*						*	*	*				50	*	*	*			
Galaxy	544-7443		198				*	*															*				
Folsom	543-3038	70	140			*	*	*							*	*	*				25		*	*			
Southwood Chalets	543-3655		160						*							*					100		*	*			
Stafford Gardens	544-4300		280		*		*	*	*				*	*	*	*					200	*	*				
Danish Chalets	544-3419		240				*	*	*			*		*	*	*					200		*	*			
Glen Mar	544-2198		240												*	*	*				75						
Foothill Cardens	544-2988	140	213	204			*	*	*	*	*				*	*	*				25	*	*				
Las Casitas	544-4300	175			*	*	*	*	*						*	*	*	*			200		*	*			
Triangle	544-6071	72	195	262		*	*	*	*		*		*		*	*	*				25	*	*	*			
Czech Chalet	544-3419		240				*	*	*				*	*	*	*	*				200		*	*			
El Dorado	544-2223	150	175	250			*	*		*		*	*				*				50, 75, 100		*	*			
2038 Chorro	543-2434		165				*	*					*				*	*			75		*	*			
2056 Chorro	543-2434		165				*	*	*						*	*	*	*			75		*	*			
669 Chorro	544-0780		260				*	*	*						*	*	*	*			100		*	*			
651 Chorro	544-0780		240				*	*	*				*		*	*	*	*			100		*	*			
390 N. Chorro	543 8172		195				*	*	*				*		*						100		*	*			
450 N. Chorro	543-0895		260				*	*	*	*					*	*	*				25	*	*				
3217 Johnson			195				*	*	*	*		*	*		*	*	*	*	*		75		*	*			
324 N. Chorro	544-3419		240				*	*	*	*			*		*	*	*				200		*	*			
1850 Johnson	543-5905		165				*	*		*		*	*				*				100			*	*		
			195				*	*		*		*	*				*					*	*	*			
			210						*														*	*			
1807 Abbott	543 2434	160					*	*	*	*			*	*	*	*	*	*			100		*	*			
Vista De la Ciudad	544-2519		240				*	*	*	*	*		*	*	*	*	*	*			100		*	*			

The Baja 500: One Dusty Day

by Tom Marshall

It began when man combined the internal combustion engine and the wheel. Whether it's the 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans, France or the Pike's Peak Auto Hill Climb in Colorado, competition is what it's about. Man competes against his fellow man, the stopwatch and the hazards of the course in quest of the checkered flag. This is the demanding, dangerous world of automobile racing.

One bright, sunny day last June, while other students on this campus were cramming for finals, heading for the surf and sand at Avila Beach or packing their belongings for summer vacation, engineering students Jeff Hendricks and Dennis Rewinkle, careened into the racing world behind the wheel of the first automobile ever sponsored by Cal Poly. No massive crowds of spectators lined the pavement. The big names in racing were absent. No Porches, Ferraris or Maseratis in the field. The course was not a paved oval track or a World Championship Grand Prix course.

But for Jeff and Dennis, who would pilot the Cal Poly entry, it was a race they had worked and dreamed about for almost a year—the Baja 500 off-road race leaving from Ensenada, Mexico. Their hopes and aspirations rested on the four wheels of a converted taxi cab donated to the project by the Yellow Cab Company in Los Angeles. After 25 students had worked nearly six months in preparing, testing and rebuilding the Ford Galaxie's transmission, engine, suspension and electrical systems the pumpkin had become a golden coach. The Cal Poly entry was finally ready for the trek to Ensenada, Mexico and the supreme test of challenging the Baja 500 course.

The blackness of night hid the disgust, despair and frustration which masked their faces.

Monday June 5, 1972 (6:05 p.m.) As the sun slowly sank, casting distorted grey shadows over the campus, the Baja crew carefully loaded the Baja Taxi onto the trailer and prepared for the journey to Mexico.

The Baja Brigade's attempt at a clear take-off was quickly destroyed when the brakes on the rented trailer failed as they traversed the perimeter campus road en route to the freeway.

The enthusiastic group returned to the Mechanical Engineering Lab for repairs. For the students who had spend any class hours as well as free time on the project, hopes were still high as they dreamed of victory.

Monday June 5, 1972 (9:00 p.m.) Darkness shrouded the caravan as it slipped off campus enroute to another rendezvous with bad luck.

Upon entering the freeway, the optimistic assemblage encountered severe towing and handling difficulties with the, by now, much maligned trailer. Under the cover of darkness, the crew returned to the campus for repairs. The blackness of night hid the disgust, despair and frustration which masked their faces.

Monday June 5, 1972 (11:12 p.m.) Another two hours lost and the dejected crew began to doubt if they would ever see the majestic beauty of Baja California or more importantly, see the lemon-colored limousine roll off the starting line.

The frowns and grumbles became smiles and laughter as the Cal Poly contingent successfully departed the campus and race its way along Highway 101 toward Los Angeles.

Tuesday June 6, 1972 (9:30 a.m.) The Baja Project and crew arrived at the sprawling metropolis of Los Angeles for a much needed three hours of sleep. The

driving crew had towed the race vehicle all night without stopping. In only three hours, the college crew would depart on the final leg of its journey to Ensenada. Tension and excitement began to build.

Tuesday June 6, (2:35 p.m.) After risking life and limb on a scenic tour through Tijuana, the Baja contingent miraculously reached Ensenada.

The crew resembled a swarm of bees as they busily made final preparations for the race, which would begin in only 48 hours.

Race headquarters was established in a motel room which the Baja Bunch shared with the Cal Poly Pomona personnel. The first night in the expanded broom closet was a test in applying what the team of future engineers and technicians had learned in the classroom concerning mass and stress as they attempted to squeeze 16 people into a room built for two. It was a common occurrence to feel someone's knee or elbow being buried into the small of your back as you floated in the weightless

cloud of doom hung over the race area as the Poly engineers once again went to work in an attempt to battle the forces which spelled elimination from the race. The starter motor was replaced within minutes and the car was ready.

There would be several hours of tense, nervous figeting as the crew waited for the race to begin. For Cal Poly, the green flag would drop at precisely 5:07 p.m.

The crew began to doubt their chances to see the green flag as they returned at 4:00. A quick inspection showed a gas leak, which the expert mechanics worked and sweated to find and repair with just ten minutes to spare.

Causing quite a commotion, the bright Yellow Cab speckled with stickers and decals from equipment donors pulled into its proper place in line and proceeded to the starting line with the auburn tressed, curvaceous figure of race queen Michele Noval riding on the hood. The golden coach was dressed with an accessory that just

couldn't be ordered from the factory

The months of waiting which had dwindled to weeks, days and hours had finally come to a final countdown of seconds.

Dennis Rewinkle was scheduled to take the wheel for the first leg of the race with Jeff Hendricks acting as navigator.

The official starter motioned the car to the starting line. Dennis hand shifted the car into gear and slowly inched toward the line and history. Tightly gripping the wheel, he gave the car gas as the starter smoothly maneuvered the green flag through the air, signaling the start of the race for the Poly tandem.

The team members outfitted in identical jackets, formed a line to give the drivers a thumbs up bon voyage on the 24 hour journey through the wilds of Baja, California.

Thursday June 8, 1972 (4:25 p.m.) The race vehicle made its first scheduled stop at Check Point One for gas and removal of light covers.

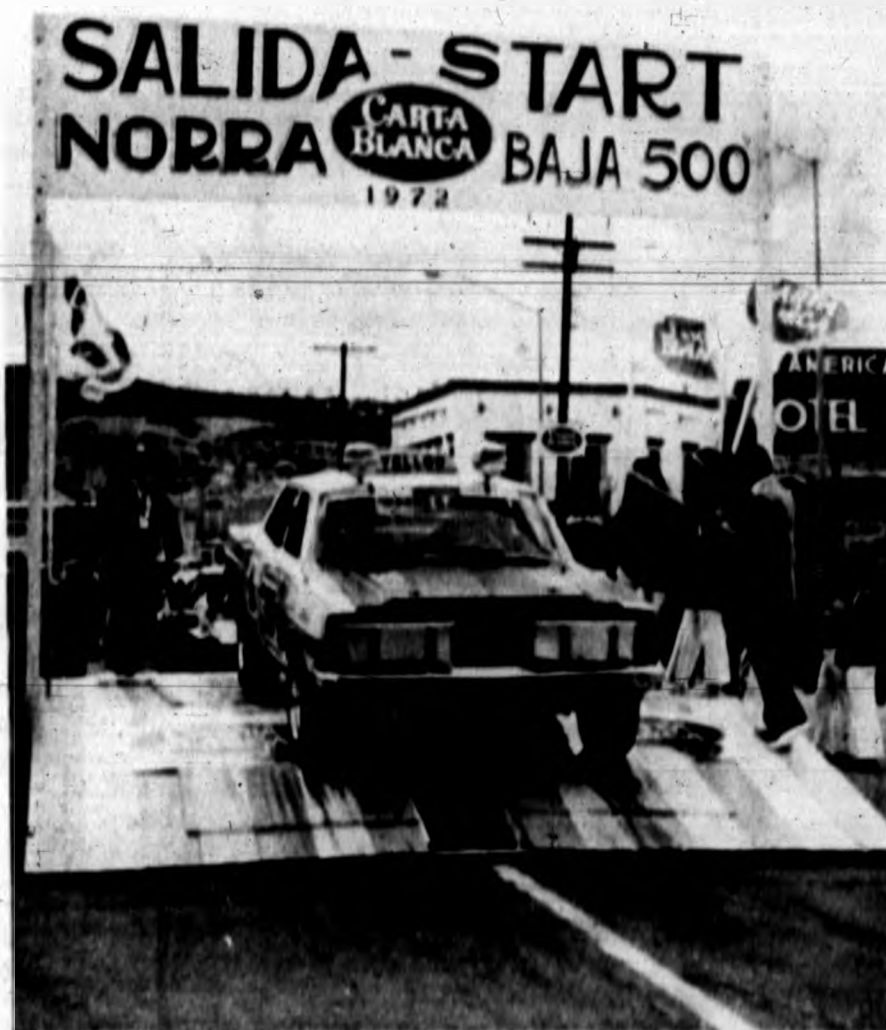
Shortly after Check Point One, the Poly entry sped past the remnants of the Chaffey College entry, the victim of a blown engine. As the duo made their way toward Check Point Two, several more entries were spotted in various stages of disrepair along the roadside.

Jeff and Dennis quickly found the natural hazards weren't the only obstacles to worry about. Besides dodging private vehicles and daring spectators, the racers had to contend with young children who created a game of placing large rocks in the vehicles' paths and covering them with sand.

The golden coach was dressed with an accessory that can't be ordered from the factory.

The Baja tandem experienced one of the course dangers when they reached one of many forks in the road and made the wrong choice. The golden courier quickly found itself trapped sideways on a steep embankment in deep sand. Frustration and anger stretched across the faces of the two drivers who found themselves stuck in a sandy auto graveyard with several other entrants. Mutual aid from the other stranded drivers enabled Jeff and Dennis to right their capsized ship and set sail for the finish line.

(Continued on Page 7)



Awaiting the hailing of the green flag after approaching the starting line, Dennis and Jeff took their positions as driver and navigator of the Poly Tandem for the first leg of the journey.

world of sleep, dreaming of the upcoming race.

Wednesday June 7, 1972 (9:00 a.m.) The college cab underwent an extensive, meticulous inspection and registration by race officials.

The Baja Taxi received a clean bill of health with one exception. The police siren mounted on the converted cab was not permissible by race standards as a legal horn. Unknown to the owner, the crew nimbly stripped the horn from one of the vehicles which had carried them to Mexico. Quick hands and alert minds had saved the Baja Taxi from defeat once more. The car was given a mechanical okay by the race officials and driven to the impound area where it would remain until race time.

Unknown to the owner, the crew nimbly stripped the horn from one of the vehicles...

Thursday June 8, 1972 (Dawn) Upon arriving at the impound area, a quick check of the taxi revealed that the starter motor had made its last start. The dark

charisma
is

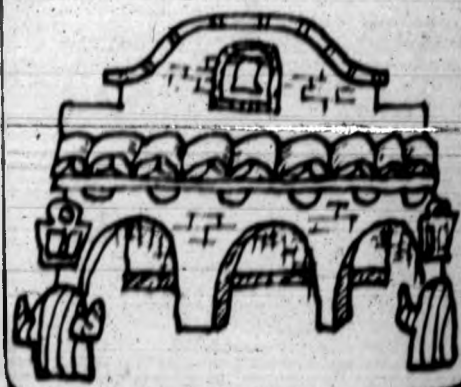
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Traveling from checkpoint to checkpoint before acquiring split fenders and considerable damage, the grime and dirt smeared taxi cab made its way desperately through the dry roads of the Baja.

Two For the Road in Baja

(Continued from Page 6)

Thursday June 8, 1973 (9:18 p.m.) The Cal Poly entry finally arrived at Check Point Two. The car was refueled while the drivers were given a cold drink and gum by the spectators.

Several miles outside Check Point Two, late once again struck a damaging blow to the aunts auto. As the car ascended the wall of a creek bed, the left tie rod failed as the front became airborne. When the car descended, the tire smashed upward splitting the fender and plowing sideways, stopping the car.

A flashlight inspection revealed a fractured tie rod. Thus began the long seven mile trek through the dark back to El Rosario.

Luck smiled on Dennis and Jeff for once as they hitched a ride back to the stranded car with a local resident.

Great care was taken over the next leg of the race as the drivers attempted to make a thorough check of the car's handling capabilities.

Friday June 9, 1973 (4:33 a.m.) The golden taxi pulled into Check Point Three. A quick check of the front suspension and a scribbled note sent to the rest of the crew in Ensenada was all the drivers had time for.

Friday June 9, 1973 (7:39 a.m.) Arrival at Check Point Four was like being hit with a powder puff. The site was located in a dry lake bed which had been ground and churned into a fine powdery dust by previous competitors.

The drivers hit a snag several miles beyond Check Point Four as they became stuck behind a Mexican cattle truck traveling at 8 mph.

Frustrated and exhausted, Dennis and Jeff impatiently waited for the chance to perforate the truck's blockade. The chance finally came, only to have the four-wheeled steed run out of gas.

Using a coffee can and an old hose, Dennis and Jeff siphoned enough gas from the cattle truck, which had caught up, to make it to Check Point Five. Time was fading fast.

The great yellow hope was destined to break down twice more as the drivers attempted to fight the time devouring clock. The taxi, smeared with dirt and grime, returned to the competition only to have its tie rod snap again before the scheduled stop at Check Point Six. The car resembled a tired bloody bull heaving against the sharp edge of the matador's sword. It was a weary warrior condemned to defeat. The converted taxi had run out of time. The allotted 24 hours elapsed as the vehicle made its way toward Check Point Six.

Pomona's Baja Taxi had been ex-

tensively damaged in a crash just outside Check Point Three. The San Luis Obispo sister taxi had fared much better. It had finished 330 miles of the 587 mile course in the allotted 24 hours.

Sunday June 11, 1973 (5:45 p.m.) The Baja Project returned to the campus which resembled a ghost town. All the students had long since departed on their summer vacations.

Of the three college cars entered, the Cal

Poly Baja Taxi traveled the farthest. None of the seven previous college entries have ever finished the race.

The team immediately began planning for Baja 1973. With one off-road competition under its belt, the crew would be better prepared for next June when once again the converted Yellow Cab would line up with over 300 other vehicles attempting to conquer the hazards of the Baja 500.

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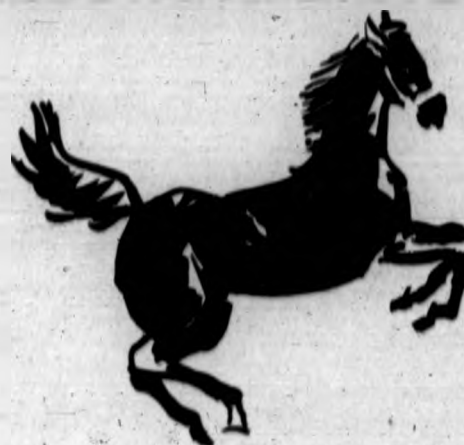
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