

outpost

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Going back . . .

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From the Editor

Today is the beginning of a third life for *Outpost*.

The magazine began its first life two years ago when it replaced the traditional college yearbook. *Outpost* published in a slick form like modern trade publications and that issue is called the "slick magazine" by today's staff. Two thousand magazines were printed. The staff apparently hadn't planned a system of circulation, and only eight-hundred copies sold. Student Affairs Council (SAC) consequently rejected any *Outpost* requests for a chance to print another slick.

Outpost's second life began last year. *Mustang Daily* wrapped itself around the magazine, and *Outpost* published every other Thursday as a supplement on the newspaper's budget. The *Outpost* editors set up the editorial policy and they and the *Outpost* staff produced the magazine. Consumer-type features, self help articles, and entertainment stories related to the campus helped *Outpost* achieve a highly successful second life.

The magazine made money and friends. SAC, recognizing *Outpost's* financial success, handed the editors a budget for this year.

This year *Outpost* is its own boss. Although the magazine will no longer be buried in the *Mustang Daily*, it will distribute near it. New distribution boxes are being designed and *Outpost* will share them with *Mustang Daily* when completed. Look for *Outpost* in these boxes "every other Thursday" until time and a larger staff make it feasible to publish once a week.

We will continue serving the student-as-consumer this year with campus related features and articles that will help you help yourself.

In this issue, you'll find a variety of stories ranging from bicycle care to tips on redecorating your house or apartment. Our lead story adds a bit of nostalgia to the issue. It's one many of us can relate to. Turn to page 4.

Future issues of *Outpost* will contain articles about all kinds of shortages that affect students and faculty alike: gasoline, food, classroom, and parking. The majority of features appearing in *Outpost* are the products of students signed up for Jour. 251-01.

However, we do welcome free lance work from writers and photographers. If you have an article, photo story, or an idea that relates to the campus, you can contact us by asking for Associate Editor Kay Ready, Managing Editor Ellen Pensky or me in Graphic Arts 226, or leave a note in the *Outpost* Box in the same room.

William Mattos, Editor

outpost staff

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A Home Is What You Make It

by Dorthy Ann Crass

Students have come back to Poly this fall in droves, occupying dorms, apartments, farm houses, beach houses, an increasing number of trailers and mobile homes, and just about any place they can find. One of the first ideas of many students is to turn these residences into homes.

Local merchants in town, of course, realize this tendency and sales are offered during the first weeks on bricks, boards, paint, plants, curtains, bedspreads, wall plaques, posters, baskets, lamps, and various other things to catch the students' eye.

Students, who as a rule are usually low on money, are always looking for bargains and sometimes find them at stores catering to that immediate need to improve their living quarters. More often than not the student, because of lack of time or knowledge, ends up spending more money than he originally intended to. He also finds that his own personality really isn't evident in his new home. Very often it looks like a hundred other dorms or apartments, featuring an Indian print bedspread, curtains that were on sale at the local department store, posters galore, a paper tiffany hanging shade or two, and maybe a few small potted plants purchased at the local nursery or corner grocery store.

Needs in a home vary with each person and dozens of books have been written on thrifty do-it-yourself ideas. Although students have tons of reading, a few of these books might be helpful. Sunset Home and Garden books, the Handyman Encyclopedias,



Do-It-Yourself Home Decorating Ideas of Home Economists, and McCall's book on stitchery in the home.

Admittedly the cold institutional turniture and atmosphere of "conformity" in dorms is a challenge to make into a home a place where you can display your personal taste. Try to surround yourself with things that you love; your hobbies and interests. If you collect things, find some way to display them.

Before you buy the one-hundred-thousandth copy of a poster that is seen in every poster shop, make enlargements of your favorite picture or art print on colorful board to liven up and personalize the walls.

Plants do add a cool, pleasant, homey atmosphere to a room, but don't rush down to buy them. Many plants can be cheaply and easily obtained by taking a slip, or sometimes just a leaf of another plant belonging to a friend or neighbor. Plant them in damp soil in earthen or brightly colored pots, and they will soon add much to your new home. Sometimes, you can even start plants from cut flowers that have been given to you as a present. Some will sprout if planted immediately.

In apartments, often the problem is filling up empty space colorfully and cheaply. Second hand stores are a good source of old beat-up furniture that could have a new life with just a coat of varnish or brightly colored paints that you can mix and match yourself. If it is a couch that is missing in your apartment, you can just take out the needle and thread and sew some big comfortable soft pillows to go

on the floor. Ready made curtains often cost more than those made at home. Sometimes bedspreads that are on sale or bright print sheets can be cut and sewn into original creations for your windows. For those who don't sew, there is another handy short cut. Window shades now come in many colors—besides the standard white. Add a bottle of glue and colorful trim and you can liven up your windows, cheaply. Also many decorative vinyl prints with adhesive backs can be applied to a cheap white window shade.

The bookcase is needed in just about every student's home, but the standard brick and board set-up isn't the only answer. This is especially true in a mobile home or trailer where floor space is small. Shelves built on the walls in interesting designs can save space and your back. No more stooping down to get the book on the bottom shelf!

A bare floor can often be depressing and a rug for that floor can be expensive. However, if you can obtain carpet samples or carpet scraps, you can blend them together, adhering them to the floor with carpet tape, and have instant wall to wall carpeting that you laid yourself.

Students at Poly have a year of studying, finals, parties, and just plain living ahead. To have a place to comfortably study in, enjoy friends in, sleep in, and enjoy your hobbies in, will make the year go faster and will make it a lot more fun. And, when that home is your own creation, it is something you can take pride in.



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by David Albertson

I attended an unusual high school. We went to football games, and basketball games, senior proms, spring plays, after-game dances, choral concerts and club car washes. Everyone knew the words to the alma mater, got excited about student elections, and bought yearbooks. Girls would do anything to become one of the elite who waved pom-poms in front of cheering sections, and if you were a campus male with out a letterman's jacket, people really didn't care to hear much from you.

"When was this," you ask, "1953?" No, 1967-70.

When students on other campuses were discovering acid and protesting the killing in Vietnam and at Kent State, we were drinking six-packs and painting our rival's victory bell blue.

The school had what everyone lovingly called Spirit, a close-knittedness probably attributable to the age of the school (it had been opened when the 60's decade was only about a year old). Few scoffed at the traditions; most fought desperately to keep them from slipping away. "Ridiculous," most will mutter, but it was not to those of us who lived it. With three years of this behind me I approached my graduation from high school.

People were talking a lot about thresholds. "One of the most important moments in your life," and all of that. My friends and I would have nothing to do with it. For most of those upon the threshold, it all merely provided something to joke about. In caps and gowns, seated neatly in rows, we were more concerned with the important issues at hand.

"Is Perry drunk?"

"Powell's going to get chaw stains all over that girl's back if he doesn't watch where he's spittin'."

"Did Kenagy and Helms really succeed in getting that phony Orville Benevito's diploma into the stack?"

"Somebody tell Bell to put his pants back on."

All the talk about the exciting new journeys we were embarking on was sailing cleanly over the top. We were too busy checking out the chicks in the audience and anticipating the Disneyland trip just moments away.

A week or so prior to the ceremonies, I received a letter from a well-wishing relative in which he recalled another high school graduation from another year. He wrote, "when your Uncle Dick graduated from high school (in the 1940s, I believe), I told him that some of the people he was with that day he would never see again. He later admitted I had been right."

Going back To a place that isn't there

There was no way I could see this happening to me. My friends and I had heard that the day of graduation usually marks the end of one period of life, and the beginning of another. But we were pretty close, and nobody ever said the latter had to be any different than the first.

Summer jobs took over in a hurry for those who would need something to live on when college began in the fall. Somehow, the great number of parties that had been planned never quite got off the ground and no one knew what anyone else was doing. Time had already begun to scatter us. So much for staying together during the summer.

When September rolled around, I think we had the first three-month reunion in recorded history. It threatened to fall as flat as the other summer get-togethers, but about 100 finally gathered at the house of—how's this for symbolism?—a former director of school spirit. The watchwords for the night were, "where are you going to school?" But even more common were, "keep in touch!" Yeah, for sure, we'll get together soon, don't worry, you have my address...

A "temporary" home

I took off for Cal Poly the following morning. On my way to a new town, a new school and new people, I wondered how long it would be before I would return to the security of familiar people and places. After all, that was it wasn't it—security? Now I'd have to start all over again, and replace friendships with six-year bases. When my friends and I had done things during that final year, we seldom needed to worry about stepping on anyone's toes, simply because we all knew each other so well. Now that comfort of familiarity was of the past.

I am sure there were many from that class who had little trouble saying farewell to their high school years. For them, it was a time in life they could have done without. Talking to these people later, after they had gotten far enough away to look back, I learned that the three years of high school had left bad tastes in their mouths. If they never saw another personalized megaphone or a cardboard mascot again, they would be all the happier.

For others of us the fall after graduation was a time to hold on desperately to what we had left. I ran into a fellow alum after the first week of school in the town people called SLO, and he told of the first weekend he had spent "at home." (No, he didn't last here very long.) His words: "You should have seen that dance after the football game. Everybody and his dog was there. It was just like old times."

A number of the graduates from my class went to the nearby junior college—staying as close as they could to old haunts. But for most, "old times" were short-lived. As the weeks went on, the number of returnees to school activities dropped gradually, until there were just a few hanging on.

Returning

Returning to the things I had once known produced the predicted result—nothing turned out as I thought it would. I felt like a stranger returning to an old neighborhood. Around me were people doing the same things I had done and saying the same things I had said. There were still people deeply concerned about who was going to buy the Ripple for the night.

The only difference was that I could only recognize five or six of these individuals. On one occasion, I sat opposite my alma mater (for space reasons) at a basketball game with a lopsided score, and for an instant felt as if I were watching a movie rerun—MCMXX. Only the characters had changed; the script was the same.

Encounters with the new people were out of the question. It didn't get interesting until I ran into an old friend. (Old? I had been doing things regularly with these people just months before!) Inevitably, the former acquaintance would be standing quietly, unnoticed, probably seeing the same things in those around him that I had seen.

"Hey, how's it goin'?" I asked in my articulate way. "Not too bad, what have you been up to?" was the reply.

"Just going to school."

"Yeah, so am I."

"Where?"

"Redlands. And you?"

"Cal Poly."

"Good. Well, take it easy."

"You too. Good seeing you again."

What happened? He was the guy I used to joke with while sitting on our team's bench. We had been a couple of those jocks who never really hit the big time. One time he asked me to let him win a race so he could get a letter. We never did take things too seriously.

He had been one of the school's cheerleaders, and therefore, one who met people without too much effort. I remembered that he would seldom be without female companionship on Friday nights. Once he had put in some pretty long hours on the first night of the weekend, and had come up a bit short on the sleep. Arriving at the school early the following foggy morning, he was not in what you would call peak condition for the cross-country drive for athletic competition with another high school. I remember kept telling me he hoped our first string wouldn't get way ahead that day (which invariably meant we would then get into the game) since he was afraid he would die in a heap if he attempted anything more strenuous than standing up.

"Memories"

Ah, memories.

On another return to my homeland, I learned that a girl I had known had pretty much insulated herself from ties with her pre-college friends. Nobody had seen her since that three-month reunion.

Following her graduation in June, her reaction to what had been left behind was one of "good riddance," I presume. After college days began in the fall it was as if she had passed into another world, with no intention of returning to ours. She became one of the many who reminded me of my relative's graduation message: "some of these people you will never see again."

She was one of those foxes whose yearbook picture you just know you'll show to your children some day. We came to be good friends during the final year of school, floating through it all with as little effort as possible. The instructors used to call it "senioritis," which meant you had become tired of it all (true!) and did not care to put much effort into anything you did (also true!). I was later to learn that this approach was the standard for a college routine. Study life in high school is a time of innocence—before you learn to get as much as you can out of something, with very little input.

There were a lot of innocent times back then. I have often thought: "if I only knew then what I know now." Oh, to return to a bygone time of life with the knowledge experience has given you. To get another shot at it, this time with the benefit of knowing what the mistakes yield.

Maybe that's what it all comes down to—a return. A return to a place in time you only hope is the same as you left it. But why then aren't these people like they used to be? Why is it so hard to talk to them now when it was once so easy? Why does it feel odd to do things with them that were commonplace just months ago? Who changed...them or me, or both?

Expecting old acquaintances and old places to be anything like they once were is asking too much. You find that going back for just a short while, and expecting your old friends to be as you knew them, just doesn't work. It is impossible to flash back under those conditions.

Time moves you away from the people and places, and they move away too. An attempted return to the past, however brief, will almost certainly end in disappointment.

When Thomas Wolfe said, "you can't go home again," he was not merely coining a catchy phrase. You remember the past the way you lived it, and that is gone.

What's In That Brown Bag?

by Bob Consentino



Editor's note: Mr. Consentino, a journalism student at the University of Illinois, worked last summer for the U.S. Department of Agriculture as an assistant information specialist for USDA's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service. He was active in the USDA's current consumer education campaign on food safety.

So you've decided to save money this quarter by taking a "brown bag" lunch to school instead of buying your lunch at one of the eating places on campus.

In theory, it's a good idea. But if you don't prepare your "brown bag" lunch properly, the money you save might be spent instead on Kaopectate and doctor bills.

"Brown bag" lunches present a potential food poisoning hazard when they are not prepared properly, the U.S. Department of Agriculture warns.

When certain foods remain at room temperature for several hours—like from the time you fix your lunch in the morning to the time you eat it at noon—bacteria in the food can multiply, making the food unsafe to eat.

Food poisoning bacteria—namely, staphylococci, salmonellae and clostridium perfringens—grow to enormous numbers, often with no effect on the odor, flavor or appearance of the food. Consuming high numbers of these bacteria can cause illness, even death.

Unfortunately, many people suffering from food poisoning often mistake their illness for the flu, never knowing the real cause of their sickness and how it could have been avoided.

Eating food contaminated with salmonellae can produce cramps, nausea, headaches, vomiting, prostration, severe diarrhea and dehydration within 12-36 hours. These symptoms will last 2-7 days.

Staphylococci are less dangerous than salmonellae, but more common. "Staph" bacteria can produce a toxin

which causes symptoms similar to salmonellosis within 3-8 hours and lasting 1-2 days.

Clostridium perfringens grow without air and is resistant to heat. Consuming large numbers of these bacteria will result in nausea within 8-20 hours and may persist for a day. Clostridium perfringens will grow in soup, gravies and stew when they're kept only lukewarm and in deep containers.

The best way to avoid food contamination is to observe sanitary practices and keep hot foods hot and cold foods cold. When packing a lunch, follow these guidelines:

—Wash hands and fingernails thoroughly before handling food. Don't sneeze or cough near food, and don't handle food if you have open sores, cuts or boils on your hands.

—Use clean utensils and plates. Don't let silverware or plates that touched raw meat or poultry come in contact with cooked meat or poultry.

—If you use a vacuum jug for soup, make sure the jug is clean before put-

ting the soup in. The soup must be hot, not lukewarm, when it goes into the vacuum jug.

—Take along as many non-perishable items as possible. Low moisture items are good, such as dry sausages, along with canned foods and well-scrubbed fruits and vegetables.

—Items containing meat, poultry, and or milk products should be kept cool. An insulated lunch box, with an ice pack inside, can keep foods cold until lunchtime.

You can also freeze these perishable items beforehand. They will remain cold for several hours and be nicely thawed by lunchtime. Mayonnaise, mustard, cheese, ketchup, onions and relish can be frozen with a sandwich, but lettuce and tomatoes will lose quality if frozen.

—Keep lunch in a cool, dry place until lunchtime. Again, a lunch "box" is more effective than a paper bag in keeping foods cool and dry.

Observe these common sense practices, and enjoy a personalized "brown-bag delight."

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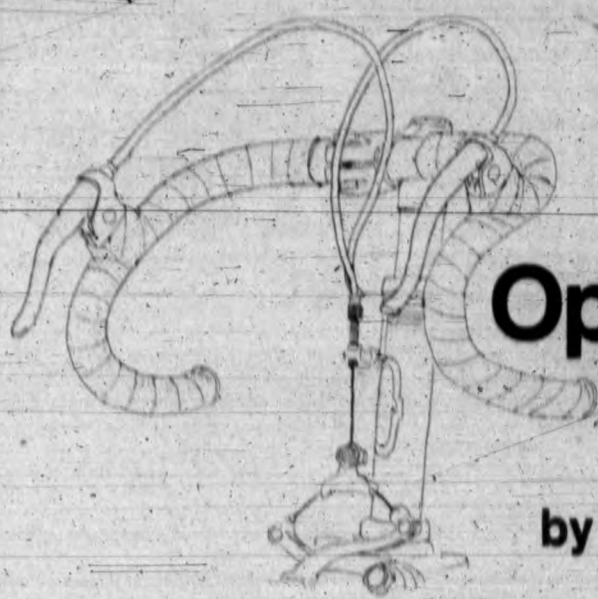
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Operation Bicycle

by Vicki Byllesby

The Bicycle: practical, economical, good for body and ecology. But, alas, a machine subject to break downs, blow-outs and twisted rims.

A subject dear to the heart of avid cyclist is how to keep a bicycle in racing form without spending a fortune in the process.

Bicycle assemblage is not complicated. With a check list for proper maintenance and a good do-it-yourself manual on bicycle repairs, the novice should be able to complete most repairs without the help of the experts.

For those "rim-in-the-rain-gutter" and "smashed-from-behind" repairs, San Luis Obispo abounds in reputable and competent dealers who will gladly service everything from a J.C. Penny 3 Speed to a Motobecane Le Champion—for a slight charge.

"Anybody's Bike Book: An Original Manual of Bicycle Repairs" lends a few laughs as you gnash your teeth on the brake cables.

"Deraillleur Bicycle Repair" is more cut and dry, but is recommended by several local distributors as a good basic repair manual.

Keeping a bicycle in top repair insures safety, comfort and longevity. To avoid costly repairs from neglect, check your cycle for wear periodically against a basic maintenance checklist.

PERIODIC CLEANING AND LUBRICATION CHART

Interval	Part	Maintenance Action
Weekly	Bicycle	Wipe clean with cloth.
Monthly	Bicycle	Wipe with damp cloth. Wipe dry. Polish metal surfaces. DO NOT POLISH RIMS.
	Chain	Using chain spray, lubricate chain.
	Deraillleurs	Using spray lubricant, lubricate front and rear deraillleur.
	Hand Brake	Lubricate cable pivot points on lever.
	Rear Wheel Hub	Using spray lubricant, lubricate freewheel.
	Seat Plastic	Wipe with damp cloth. Clean with saddle soap and wipe dry.
	Leather	Lubricate pivot points on lever.
	Selector Lever	
Semi-Annually	Bottom Bracket	Overhaul bottom bracket.
	Front Wheel Hub	Overhaul hub.
	Headset	Overhaul headset.
	Rear Wheel Hub	Overhaul hub.

TIRE INFLATION CHART

Tire Size	Air Pressure
12"X1-3/4"	30 to 40 lbs
18"X1-3/4"	35 to 45 lbs
24X2.125"	35 to 45 lbs
26"X1-3/4"	45 to 50 lbs
26"X2.125"	35 to 45 lbs
27"X1-1/4"	75 to 85 lbs
27" tubular tires	
Road racing:	front tires 65 to 90 lbs
	rear tires 75 to 100 lbs
Touring:	front tires 75 to 90 lbs
	rear tires 85 to 100 lbs

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