AN WALKED CAREFULLY on the white sand road that glittered faintly in the moonlight. She reached the barn and slipped quietly through the small door. Inside, she waited for a moment, leaning back on the rough boards, for her eyes to adjust to the warm darkness. The fruity smell of alfalfa and oats and manure and horse folded around her. She felt its comfort and reassurance. Jan leaned against the wall, the textured skin of the barn, waiting for the darkness to take on blocked shades of meaning, patterned shades of itself.

It was a California barn, built of redwood that had silvered outside, but kept its dark rich color inside, away from the hot sun. It looked rickety and thin from a distance, with a certain collapsed grace because of its sagging roof and leaning walls, but up close, once touched and walked through, it had sturdiness and strength. It was divided inside by a half wall of mangers. On Jan’s right was a series of stalls. On the other side of the dividing mangers, where she waited, was one huge open space, open to the highest peak of the roof ridge. At the front of the barn was the small door she had used, then large sliding doors on tracks. The only other opening was a small square one with a door high up in the front wall. When the hay bales were stacked up high inside, she could climb up there and throw open the small door, and hang over the edge, looking out over the hills to the ocean.

The moon was three-quarters full tonight and high overhead. It found its way inside in little glittering bars of light through the larger cracks in the roof and walls of the barn. Her eyes could make out the blocky stacks of alfalfa bales now, and moving forward slowly and using the moonlight threads for further guides, she waded through the straw.

Under her boots, the floor was springy and soft. There was no bottom to it. Once, a few years back, she had wondered what was under the old hay, what the actual floor might be made of, wood or packed earth, and she had dug down, raking aside heaps of soft, dusty chaff. But after fifty years of continuous use, the barn floor had too many layers, and she had given it up, left it secret.

She reached the stacked bales and climbed up carefully to the top. She liked the barn best when it was full like this. It held over three tons of baled alfalfa that had been delivered a few weeks ago. At the top of the bales, not long after they had been delivered, she had made a little nest for herself. She

Continued on page 6
"PUNKIN!" My husband nudged me. I'd been asleep and was already deep in my REM cycle when he woke me up.

"Punkin?" He'd broken something or spilled something; he always used a stupid sappy nickname when he was being contrite.

"What?" I didn't open my eyes.

"Punkin? I just talked to Mary. She wants to come visit and bring down her new main man. Hans lay down next to me and scratched my face with his beard. I was really getting annoyed. "She wants to come this weekend."

"Well, I hope you told her no." Silence. "You didn't tell her no. Shit. I can't believe it." We'd both been working late the past several weeks. Hans, in the workshop every night making furniture for our new apartment, me at work the day then taking classes at night: then we'd traveled the past five weekends in a row — one family or business obligation or another. I was tired, behind in everything, grouchy, and nearing a nervous or physical breakdown. All week long I had been thinking that a weekend was just around the corner, just a few days away. I would catch up on my studies, clean the apartment, wash some clothes, get eight hours of sleep on two consecutive nights, and enjoy being at home. I'd walk around naked; I'd even do my aerobics in the library all day if you want. You don't mind, do you?"

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"Do I have much choice?" I felt nasty and mean. "I don't suppose you could have consulted me about this, could you?" Then I went on with a lecture about consideration and marriage being a partnership and how my home is an intimate place and about the violation of having strangers come into it and a bunch of other stuff that I suppose is true but that I later regretted having said. So as Hans opened the hospitality door, my visions of "nesting in the raw" flew out, and I thought about the change in my upcoming weekend.

"Punkin? Don't be mad," he said. He wagged in an exaggerated "I'm snuggling up to the gal I love best" way and kissed and bit my ear. "It won't be that bad. I told Mary you're really busy and probably won't be able to spend very much time with us. You can go to the library all day if you want. You don't mind, do you?"

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"I am not a tolerant person. I know this and Hans is always reminding me. A stupid, ill-timed joke, slurping of tea or soup, or Mozart pronounced with a fuzzy "z" wipe a person from my graces, and afterwards I can think of him or her with only disgust, annoyance, and a curled lip. Of course, I have friends — several in fact, and they are truly good, kind, sensitive, intelligent people. They are not, as you may think, "losers" who are desperate for a friend. I mean, my friends aren't perfect. Sometimes they really irritate me, but I am always quick to forgive and forget (honestly), even knowing that their offenses — improperly cooking the pasta, using good knives on a tile counter — are too insignificant to warrant even my attention.

"No, I am not tolerant. I am not like our old friend Ruth who, after forty years of waitressing, still likes people. I mean, she really enjoys everyone, and their quirks and obvious behaviors she finds amusing. I have tried emulating, in turn, Ruth, my maternal grandmother, and Saint Teresa. But all of that passivity and gracious smiling and turning my face from one cheek to the other simply did not work for me. It was like wearing shoes that are too small; it wasn't normal; it didn't make sense.

"All of the times I tried being someone else, I'd smile in what I thought was a kind, gentle, glowing way like the way a pregnant woman does, when peace and радость were washed over her face. I sincerely tried. Today I'll be Ruth, I would say in the morning, and once my husband had left for work this was fairly easy. But things always fell apart once I got around people.

"Driving to work was a particular challenge. People can be such idiots on the road, you know, and it was hard not to yell, "You fucking moron! What the hell is going on here?" My emulation was put to the real test once at the office. It is a fairly small company — there are about thirty employees in all, and except for the president and four vice presidents who have their own mahogany and leather offices, we are all in one great big room. That means that I hear every sniffle, snort, and pop of gum that thirty people can perform in eight hours. It is hell. The glow, then the smile, drop from my face: I am my old Mr. Hyde self once again.

"Hans took off his jeans and got under the covers with me, and I turned toward him in my habitual way, raising my head so that he could put his arms under my neck. He flexed that arm and, as if I had received my cue, I said, "Oooh, what a big, strong muscle you have. My name's Bunny. What's yours?"

"I am Hans the Fjord Conqueror," he said in a deep, deep voice. We'd had this exchange hundreds of times. He was always "Hans the Fjord Conqueror," but I changed my name from Bambi to Bunny to Kitten, and Hans was often impressed by my incredible creativity that would take me. The nonsense and Hans' warmth rested and calmed me. I forgave him for inviting weekend guests; I apologized for being nasty. We talked quietly about Mary and what she was doing, where she'd met her new main man. "She wearily dragged herself up the staircase, pushing the old blue Hoover around. He was handsome like that — tall, smooth-skinned, shirtless, blue-eyed."

"Hi, honey, I'm home," I said.
Now my belly's full of fancy food and wine
Oh, but in the morning there'll by hell to pay

The song ran through her head as she stared at the pigeon droppings melting in the rain on the cafe tabletop. It was a clammy sort of rain, the kind that makes you damp enough to be uncomfortable and makes your all-natural fiber jacket smell like a wet dog. It was the kind of rain that happened only in Paris...

Damn.

Maybe I could make a Hallmark slogan out of this. No, not even Hallmark; maybe American Greetings. Or I could finish the story, adding a few more significant... and sell it to Silhouette Romances; it has that disgusting."

"Sure. It's on the dresser. Where were you at dinner?"

She sprang up and went over to the dresser. "Oh, I wasn't hungry. I had a Tab. Thanks for the book."

She left. I sighed and turned back to my paper.

She was sitting on the bench, surrounded by parcels, wishing she had some bread for the pigeons, when he approached her and started talking. She was frightened, but he did have nice eyes. They weren't, she decided, the eyes of a pervert. She had gone to Paris with dreams of a Great Adventure, and she was determined to have it.

I rubbed my eyes. This mysterious "she" was turning out to be a witless sap. No, that's being kind. The brainwaves of a cow would be more intellectually thrilling. I shouldn't be writing about something I know nothing about. VOID. I chewed on my pen. Lesson 1a: How to get rid of Writer's Block. Write a paragraph about the first thing that comes into your head.

Cheryl Beth stared unenthusiastically at the mound of steaming beans-n-franks on her Smurf plate. "This looks yucky, Mommy," Madge sighed. "Just eat it, honey."

Dumb kid. Eat it or I'll make Madge do unspeakable things to your food. Have some horse-radish with your beans-n-franks, Cheryl Beth. I looked at the clock; it was 10:00. I wondered if I could go to bed, having virtually spent three hours at my desk, but I decided that my sleep would be the restless sleep of the spineless who succumb to Writer's Block. Maybe it isn't Writer's Block after all. Maybe I just need a new approach.

When my family went to Paris for the summer, I was at a point in my life where my biggest fear was wondering whether or not the quantities of Pepsi I had consumed during the time my braces were on would leave little brown marks all over my teeth that would be exposed when the braces finally got removed. My favorite book was I, Claudius and my favorite movie was "The Wizard of Oz." I didn't return from the trip speaking fluent French, but I remembered its music. I never could pin down the smell of Paris (and probably wouldn't want to know its exact breakdown), but from time to time its essence appears in my mind's nose. I did not trip mindlessly from one monument to the next; I was absorbed by the city, its parks and churches and streets as well as its museums and monuments and cathedrals.

We had a four-room apartment near Montmartre. Our concierge was named Carmen; she wore aprons and had appendages of children. The apartment had two French windows that opened onto a tiny balcony, and you could sit there and peer through the iron railing and watch the street, or read, which I often did in the evenings when I couldn't go out by myself. I read I, Claudius and drank Indian Tonic and watched the shadows and the cars and the people and was careful not to annoy my brother. I also wrote in my journal.

"Moi, Claude, Empeeur!" was being shown on the television, the story of Claudius. Every night I watched. I had a mad crush on Claudius; even now I have a weak spot for the disadvantaged underdog. This guy scammed and limped; what few close friends he had were knocked off, he was mercilessly mocked by his nearest and dearest, but he was so brilliant and sensitive. He married this girl, Messalina, who at first seemed wonderful but who ended up being a traitorous, faithless, power-hungry witch who hated her and mourned for Claudius. I wished myself back in time; I would have made him happy.

We had been in Paris for a week. I thought about how my friends had teased me about having affairs with French men. So far the only encounter I'd had was in the Monoprix, when I was buying milk. The clerk who was pricing the butter smiled at me, probably rupturing a few very painful looking boils in the process, and invited me into the back room. I fled. You would have thought that I feared he would rape me as he casually ginned tags on the dairy products. It looked as though the prospects for a summer romance in Paris were pretty grim.

I went to the Louvre almost every day. I prowled through seemingly forgotten rooms; I found everything from the royal china to prehistoric fertility goddesses, delighting in everything. I met him in the Salle d'Auguste. The older man. He was over six feet tall; he had a slight double chin and a slightly receding hairline. His name was Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus and he was nearly 2,000 years old. I saw him, tucked behind a bust of Caligula; a stud was next to the pillar across from him.

"I read your story," I told him. "I think I'm in love with you."

The guard in the doorway turned and stared. I stared back. He stepped into the next room; he was de trop and he knew it.

I visited Claudius every time I went to the Louvre. I often spoke to him, telling him about what I had seen that day and how I felt about it. Every time I thought about Messalina's cruelty to him I became more certain that, had I been Continued on page 7.
Miss America 1986

Too middle class to suicide,
I stretch out in the back yard
Sauteed in cocoa butter
And cat hairs.
On a forever diet
Of coffee and albacore.
Two months later, I rehearse,
Mumbling my answers
Into a brown suede loincloth:
"My favorite hobbies are aerobics
And writing poems to spit
Into the dim faces of over-achievers
At a pseudo-European cafe
On Sunday nights."

Lady Catherine

Destined high priestess
Of the catering cult
And hostess of the year
to the Esprit set.
You'll have your babies
Fashionably late
And streak your hair
At sixty bucks a shot.
You wear your money on your wrist.
And on forgotten price tags
Hanging from sleeves of silk blouses.
It doesn't matter that
You had to pin a tie on a man
In your mind's eye
To determine his moldability —
Now the tie is real.
Now the knot is tight.

Swan Sculpture
Sans Wings

He sunk my swan in sand
(Cool bothersome grains,
Brushed from a skirt, jeans, socks
And shook from shoes.)
He packed it close around
The brittle form
And poured in bronze
That filled its breast with flames
But cooled before it reached
The outstretched wings.

La Purisima

Father, I have been dreaming
Of adobe missions,
Their prickly pears and
Rose gardens.
The romance in red velvet mustiness,
Stained glass and
Caudelites altars,
Never fails to enchant me.
But I'm far too logical
To be religious.
I'm a poet without a purpose
Who longs for one.
Embrace me, Father!
Your words echo in my mind
Like church bells,
And I cannot silence them.
To the Seller of Oranges in Mazatlan

Old man posed patiently by the sea,
Waiting for the end of time perhaps,
Waiting while the tourists stroll through hot sand
Hand in hand.
What do you see?
The sweet, tart taste of your fruit,
Like your life,
Lies bright in the basket.
Do you remember me?
You stand in sandals on the dirty, cracked heels
Of poverty,
Posed patiently by the hot sand, steel sea,
Waiting for the sign, the sign
That seals your life to mine.

California Barn

Standing sway-backed on the grassy hill,
Bleached gray by many thousand suns,
The old barn offers sheltered comfort still.
The pickled bones of graying board,
And sagging eaves of over-hanging roof,
Shelter nests of mud, where swallows dip and soar.
Inside, the great cool cave of dark
Is broken by the bands of sparkling sun,
Where dust motes rise to dance and lark.
And underfoot, the tiny mice scamper out and play
In scraps of burlap, heaps of dirt, and old
Forgotten piles of once fragrant hay.
The busy days of farming have all passed,
But for the hundreds who still shelter here,
The old barn has a duty 'till the last.

Me Too

Most people have a moment,
A single episode of time.
Marble pillar of support,
Strengthening emotion.
Enlightening thought;
A wind which passes through
The branches of personality.
Cleans off dead leaves of past errors.
Such a thing came to me once.
A wish that thundered
In my sporadic childhood
Fulfilled; when as a young adult,
Broken by the foolish heat
Of anger, frustration, fear —
I heard my father say, "I love you."
Me too, Dad, me too.

Tongue Lashing

The silence of your tears
Has filled my room.
Floods of sorrow
Washed their way
Across my shoulders.
Every salty drop
Burned itself
Into my memory.
And I curse
The wayward tongue
Whose brutal lashings
Have been the undoing
Of your smile.
This strung tight tool
Thunders angrily
To cover all the fear
Hidden by its ferocity.
I would spit out
This horrid muscle
If that could erase
The wrinkles on your forehead
And the pain behind your eyes.

In Memorium

Sadly farewell, ancient forefathers.
Senility holds your aged crust together.
Though once with reverence you were held,
We now stare in embarrassment.
At dim eyes, saliva stained lips.
Our patriotism has turned to whining indifference.
Spoiled child tantrums echo in the hallways
Once shaken by righteous indignation.
Request in pace, seedy patrons of our glorious past.
Broken off mid-sentence to find a fitful sleep.
Death specters pierce your anguished dreams.
As disillusioned soldiers march past your silent eyes,
We seat you in your marble chairs
Beside the tattered thrones of dusty aristocracies.

Night Hope

In the darkness I feel your arm
Stretch itself across my shoulder.
And so we pass the night tangled
Like the vines which pull the hillside
Back from the meandering creek.
On sleep's silk-soft pillows
We breath songs to the wandering moon.
When sunlight pierces the curtains,
We will unravel our shared warmth,
But all the day is filled
With the unconscious memories
Of slumbering nights
That are yet to come.
From page 1

and pulled off her boots, and placed them under her head, then an open field. Beyond that field, the silhouette of the neighbors' tall square house, and more fields and soft hills. There were a few dots of light scattered over the hills from porch lights, and beyond was the Pacific. She could not see the ocean now, but the far, wet, salty smell came to her, carried on lit­

The square of moonlight from the loft door under her head, her fingers locked. She felt him for the first time, and knew he was there. He had come to get her. . .

His blue-black curling hair, deep dark eyes with golden flecks in them and smooth brown skin. But as he talked, she saw how gentle he was. He had been eager and friendly, and smooth brown skin. But as he talked, she saw how gentle he was. He had been eager and friendly, and he had listened to her carefully. She led him away from the barn, under the apple trees, to a little white gazebo. "I'm John Casey Martin," he said, "but all my friends call me Casey. What's your name?" he asked her.

"I'm Jan, Jan Tulley," she said. "You've very beautiful," he had said. She had wound a white scarf around her head as they talked of the movie. He asked her if she could take her out again tomorrow afternoon and she had agreed. He had parked in her driveway, and had hurried around to open and hold the car door for her, and then he escorted her back to the bottom of the porch steps. He had smiled at her. "You're very beautiful," he had said. She had wound a white scarf around her head as they talked of the movie. He asked her if she could take her out again tomorrow afternoon and she had agreed. He had parked in her driveway, and had hurried around to open and hold the car door for her, and then he escorted her back to the bottom of the porch steps. He had smiled at her. "You're very beautiful," he had said. The football he had been tossing to her brother five, they had moved around to open and hold the car door for her, and then he escorted her back to the bottom of the porch steps. He had smiled at her. "You're very beautiful," he had said.

With a quick movement of her hands, she loosened the scarf back on her shoulders and shook out her dark hair. Then she had reached up to him and pressed her body against his and kissed him passionately, kissed him as he had never been kissed before, until she felt his heartbeat hammering under her fingertips. It was then she had stepped back and whispered, "I'm the queen, the queen of the mountain."

It was simple. One person stood on the back of the queen, and everyone else tried to pull him off and become "king." There were few rules: no pinching or scratching or pulling hair or kicking. Jan almost always won. Sometimes she let someone else win, but they only won once, and just about as often as she did. "You lost no power from this, Jan," she had said, "just gained control, for the others sensed her fairness."

Once after a fierce battle that had gone on for over an hour, she had ridden alone in victory with the others ex­hausted around her feet, floated up on the porch of the barn. "I'm the king, the queen," she had bragged, "and we're going to try to get back at him."

Now she lay waiting for him, for midnight. She felt he was the right one. The time was right too, and cer­tainly this place was right, this barn that was hers. It belonged to her and she listened to it in the darkness. She heard the stamp on the boards across the rustling of the old boards, the faint rustlings of the tiny field mice. This was the music of the cricket songs outside. She was at home here, always, almost always. When she was eight and her younger brother five, they had gone up the hill to the small farm. The big barn became the center, the focal point for all their play. It drew them and the other kids in the neighborhood like a magnet. There were not many children around. The two boys next door from the tall square house, and another boy from down the road.

It had bothered her mother's friends that there were no girls, and she had had to work at it, her parents and the others who lived around them, for the others who lived around them, for the others who lived around them. She had always ended up miserable and lonely in the left over of the rough games, and that was the way she had ended up. Jan did not need these girls for her. She was the leader of her neighborhood. She was the oldest by five years, the others, she was stronger and faster than the boys.

They had played games in their seasons. There was a time for marbles, circles drawn in the dust of the road or chaled in the floor of the front porch. There were games for kites, thin flimsy ones from the dimestore, or sturdier homemade ones. There was a time for kites, thin flimsy ones from the dimestore, or sturdier homemade ones. There was a time for damming up the creek and swimming, jumping in the water from a rope tied on a tree limb. There was a time for playing "hide-n-seek" in the tall rows of corn that grew in the fields nearby, and there was a time in the long soft summer nights for "kick-the-can." But always, year around, the one game they played over and over, in­side the barn, was "king of the moun­tain."

Continued on page 7
Queen of the Mountain

I wrote VOID at the top of page one and tossed it behind me.

This is, I admit, an affectation; it makes me feel like a real writer. I stared at the next sheet of Stuart Hall College Rule and the black Papermate pen.

From page 6

It was the panther boy who stood on top. His real name was Sammy, but she called him that only when he was the panther boy. She moved away from them, as though she planned on going outside to the corral to catch the horse, but the panther boy held out his arms and began his chant.

"Jannee, come play, come play with me," he called. And the others took up the chant, too.

"Are you afraid, Jan?" her little brother called to her. "Are you afraid?"

She was filled with a sudden anger and her other hand swung toward them. She jumped swiftly to the top where the panther boy waited and she lunged with all the sweep of her arms at his legs, hoping to take him by surprise and knock him off balance. But he landed skillfully behind her. She taunted him again.

"Come on Jannee, come on get me," he called.

She yelled back to the other boys behind her, "Come up here. Come up here and play with me." But they hung back and waited.

She jumped clear to the top where he stood and lowered her head a little and charged him, trying again to knock him off balance. But he sidestepped her and grabbed her arms from behind, and with a quick twist, he forced her down and lay on top of her, pinning her arms and legs with his.

"I'll tell, I'll tell on you," she yelled in his face.

But he only grinned. "Tell what?" he said loudly for the other boys to hear. "We're only playing, aren't we?"

She immediately turned back toward him and whispered so that only she could hear. "I've got a new game for us to play," he said slyly against her ear.

Then he moved his mouth over hers and kissed her. She felt his tongue flicker inside her mouth, and he let go of one of her arms and with his hand he caressed her breast. She felt a great wave of desire sweep through her body, and for one instant she surrendered completely to the feeling and to him. But in the next instant, she saw in her mind a picture of the two of them together, wrestling in the hay, and the memory of that image followed and gave her strength. She rolled down her shoulders under him and broke free, and jumped down the bales and ran to the door. She stopped for a moment, watched him lunged back. He was silent and laughing and holding out his arms to her.

"Come back again Jannee and play with me alone," her mother had said. "In time she'll feel better."

At the end of her fourteenth year, she graduated from her small country school into the much larger high school. And in the excitement of meeting so many new people, she did feel a little better. Still there were too many things she did not understand.

All the other girls seemed to have a knowledge she could not grasp. There were new games to play and master now, games not of her choosing, and the rules were not clear. She spent half her time trying hard to understand what the others seemed already to know, and half her time wishing she was ten or eleven again, a time when she had known what she was, and her world had been firm and straight.

She was a very pretty girl with thick dark brown hair, wide-set blue eyes and fair clear skin. She was tall and graceful, but inside she felt clumsy. She spent too much time thinking of her body (she thought), worth perfumes or lotions to use, how to wear her hair, what to do with her feet and hands, and how she looked compared to others. Even as she played the games and observed the rituals, she resented them.

She made friends with other girls and their lives seemed to revolve around boys. They spent nearly all their time trying to be pretty and popular to attract the boys they wanted, and Jan joined in their talk, and went to the parties and dances and clustered in little giggling groups with them, but part of her stood back and wondered at them and wondered that she could be one of them. Slowly she had come to the idea that the way to be at peace with herself again, was to experience fully all there was to know about boys and sex and the strange new feelings in her body. She loved to love a boy, to "go all the way" like the other girls said, in order to solve the mystery. Once she had played the game, learned the rules, she would know all the answers and be in control again, a "Queen of the Mountain" once more.

She told no one of her decision, not even her closest girlfriends, for she trusted none of them enough. She began secretly to study each boy she saw, but none of them seemed right. The older boys at school were arrogant and tough and crude, and the younger boys were silly or gawky with braces and large hands and feet like fumbling puppies.

No boy had seemed just right until she had met Case. Case on the beach that afternoon. Now she lay waiting for him, for midnight. She stretched again, for her muscles had grown stiff in the time that had passed. Then she stood up and brushed the hay from her hair and clothes and went back to the loft window. The fresh cool air carried her to the white sand road she saw him moving slowly towards the barn in the moonlight. Jan felt the cool, dry, warm darkness. She was comforted that she would soon know all she needed to know and that she would win the game at last.
From page 1:

"How was your day at the office, dear?"

"It's a fucking jungle out there," I kissed him. "Heard from Mary yet?"

"No, but she said they might not get here until eleven or twelve."

I put my purse, coat, and books down and went into the kitchen. I made two martinis — one with a twist for me, one with four olives for Hans.

They both wore blue jeans and white tennis shoes and white hooded sweatshirts. On the left breast of Mary's sweatshirt was printed, in red, "I'm a Cross Current."

Cross Currents' 1987 is produced entirely by the editorial staff of Mustang Daily:

For the sixth 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 this year there were approximately 100 entries from students in 30 different 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. Honorable mentions are also given.

Students use a pseudonym when entering the contest, and it is not until the judges have reached their final decision that the names of the winning writers are revealed.

There are three judges for each division of the contest. Each judge reads all the manuscripts and then each three judges meet to make their final decisions.

Contest coordinator:
Al Landwehr

HONORABLE MENTIONS

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Al Landwehr

for the weekend.

When Hans commented on them the two looked at each other and giggled. Not only did they actually giggle, but they kept it up. I was thinking simultaneously how disgusting I was and how glad I was that I had made myself a drink.

Calvin and Mary were really "in love." They had scored of private jokes, never spoke crossly with each other, and giggled incessantly. While the four of us talked, they sat, holding hands, as close to each other as possible on our eight-foot couch — the size of couch that makes most normal people want to spread out and get comfortable. But no, they were joined at the hip and all of that room went to them.

Feeling unusually inspired, I asked, "How was the drive down?" and "What if I'm lucky I'll live for seventy years. About one third of the time will be spent sleeping, and another will be spent working.

Whenever time remains is valuable — I need to use it to its best potential; somehow, it should edify me. But I don't think it's possible and I'm ceasing to care.

So I left for campus. I spent the entire afternoon in the library and when I closed, I went to the market. I didn't need anything, but I didn't want to go back to the apartment. I've been violated, I thought. My house is overrun with morons, intruders. My privacy is gone. When I couldn't think of where else to go, I headed for home. I arrived to a beautiful dinner that Hans and Mary were making. Calvin was steering on the couch. Mary and Hans were talking and although I'd received my welcoming kiss from my husband, the conversation continued until I felt superfluous, nudged aside. The smell of the olive oil made me sick. I cranked the windows down and shut the door. I have to be more tolerant, I thought.

Mary called me when dinner was ready, and I dragged my martyred body to the stake of social and marital responsibility. After a dinner of gasoline, and as the laconic conversation began, I was fantasizing about being bound to a rope on the moronic stake, the wind howling around me and throwing my hair about and across my face, storm and darkness, the dark sky above me, dry, crisp tinder beneath my feet. I thought that I should be screaming and pulling at my bindings until my arms and wrists and ankles bled, but my imprisoned body limply slouched against the stake, watching with dreadful curiosity, praying that some power would send rain or that someone would come to rescue me. I was limp, leaping.

I was disgusted with myself. You're spineless, I thought to myself. I just sat there and played that absurd social game, being polite and asking them the expected questions that showed I was interested, that I cared.

And I didn't — not one bit.

"I have a headache," I announced quietly. Hans looked at me in surprise; I never get headaches. "I think I'll go make some tea," I said. "I feel some remorse about my lie, but I rationalized it by convincing myself that if I'd sat there any longer I would have a headache, so my lie was actually preventative medicine." I went into the kitchen, poured a healthy amount of cognac into a crystal snifter, and went into my bedroom. I straightened everything — hung clothes, put my shoes in the closet, put all of my work in the drawer of the desk. I put on a flannel nightgown. I looked out the window, feeling really good and free.

I stood at the window for a long time, sipping my cognac, thinking about myself. I hadn't come to see how I was doing. "I'm okay. Just tired," I didn't apologize for leaving him out there alone. Maybe I should have, but I didn't want to.

He smiled at me and there was humor in his eyes. "Can some rest, Punkin. And don't burn your tongue on that tea."
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POLY ROYAL

Continued
at a new angle — Cal Poly as a forward-moving, progressive school. The 1961 theme was "Expanding college, expanding knowledge," and in 1976 it was "Looking ahead, building our heritage." This year, "Invade the challenge" incorporates the idea of student life and the spirit of working toward goals.

The posters for Poly Royal have frequently displayed the agricultural aspect of Cal Poly and downplayed the other schools on campus. Also, posters have been male-dominated. And understandably so. Cal Poly had always been a male ag school.

This year's poster shows the change in the university and the attitude of the 1987 student. It's brightly colored and simple in design. Director of Publicity for the Poly Royal Executive Board, Pam Oleson, says this year's poster is a simple view of the Cal Poly student, juggling all types of challenges involved with college life. "There is no gender or race to the student in the poster, and no particular school of interest represented," says Oleson. "The poster is like a mirror image. Students who look at the poster see their own self represented. The triangles are the individual's own challenges." Oleson says the poster shows the change and diversify in the university and the times.

One Cal Poly instructor knows exactly how much the university has changed with the times. Loren Nicholson came to Cal Poly in 1956 as a journalism professor. He says that as a new faculty member he was overwhelmed by the impact of Poly Royal and the amount of school spirit shown by the faculty and students. "All the exhibits displayed the fantastic education the students were getting at Cal Poly," he says, adding that there were only 3,800 students on campus back then. Innovative technology was also sparse back then. "All of the exhibits were more handmade displays, which seemed to require more time and creative effort," says Nicholson.

He says the attitudes of students and faculty have changed since the 1950s. "Faculty and administrators exercised more authority over the students back then. This has gradually changed to students learning to handle things themselves and becoming more independent thinkers," he says. "Poly Royal reflects this attitude change."

Vicki Brennan, vice superintendent for the Poly Royal Executive Board, says she expects to see more emphasis on displays and exhibits this year. "The departments and organizations are seeing what a boost Poly Royal can be for student activity," says Brennan. She says the clubs have relied on the event as a fund-raiser by just having concession stands. "Poly Royal wasn't intended to be a money-making event. The original intent was to showcase student and faculty achievements. In fact, this intent is a part of the Poly Royal bylaws."

Brennan is amazed at the changes in Poly Royal. "It's gone from a small agriculture school fair with about 100 people attending to one of the largest open house events in the western United States," she says. "And the whole event is entirely student run."

Stenner Glen... a good reason to leave home.
money — everybody wants it but getting it is another story, particularly at a state school such as Cal Poly.

But led by the School of Engineering's five-year, $30 million benchmark campaign, Cal Poly's seven schools have joined the recent fund-raising trend in an attempt to improve their academic programs.

Since taking office in 1979, Cal Poly President Warren Baker has organized the University Relations office, which is professionally committed to fund-raising.

"Fund-raising is important because it enhances academic programs and helps them maintain the margin of excellence Cal Poly is famous for," says Baker. "Mrs. Baker and I host several programs for major donors, which I think nicely complements University Relations."

Jim Strom, vice president of University Relations, says his office serves as a catalyst to assist school deans in academic fund-raising.

"With the introduction of this office and Annual Giving in 1980, there has been an increased emphasis on fund-raising to enhance the programs offered here at Cal Poly," says Strom. "These offices create an environment conducive to fund-raising, all of which is coordinated through us."

Strom says an important service his office offers is suggesting fund-raising projects to the deans and working with them to implement the ideas.

According to Chuck Allen, director of development, state funds have been much tighter since the passage of Proposition 13, defining the need for private fund-raising efforts within Cal Poly.

"The School of Engineering seemed to set this local trend to raise funds," says Allen, who deals with larger donations from corporations. "Their particular needs have been assessed at more than $70 million. Other schools, like Agriculture, will be taking on similar campaigns in the near future."

Stan Halpern, director of Annual Giving, deals with the smaller campaigns of Cal Poly's schools, focusing on donations from alumni and parents.

"Compared to other CSU schools, we are one of the tops in fund-raising," says Halpern. "We were number one the year before last and number two last year, behind San Diego State. Our total alumni donations are still tops, though. And it looks like we're leveling off to number one again."

School of Engineering

Peter Lee, who recently took over as interim dean of the School of Engineering, says the Benchmark for Excellence in Undergraduate Education Campaign, begun in 1984, will benefit undergraduate programs in great need of financial help.

"So far, about $25 to $26 million has been raised, and we have two years to spare," says Lee, who replaced former dean Duane Bruiley March 2. "The largest single item it has purchased is this engineering building (behind the library), which cost over $8 million."

According to a report describing the Benchmark for Excellence campaign, "The government funds and corporate donations already received provide a springboard for the Benchmark Campaign's current effort to seek additional private support.

Industry and academia both understand that the difference between adequate and excellent in a state university is support from the private sector."

"State and federal donations have constituted the largest amount of the funds raised," says Lee. "I don't see any problem in reaching our $30 million goal. This isn't just a one-shot deal; it's just the beginning. The success of this campaign will be a momentum for its continuation."

Lee responded to why the School of Engineering was the first to undertake such an extensive fund-raising campaign.

"Although every Cal Poly school needs money, Engineering is the largest (with 3,720 students) and has specific needs for high-tech equipment," he says. "That's precisely what will maintain our excellence in the nation."

Chairman of the campaign is Alton Brann, a group executive of Litton Industries whom Lee calls a "dynamic and enthusiastic leader."

Brann was in Korea at press time and unavailable for comment but he is quoted in the prepared report: "Cal Poly has been providing many top-flight engineers for several years," said Brann in the report. "But because of the rapid changes in technology, the university has a substantial need for capital to expand its facilities, modernize its laboratory equipment and acquire computers."

Corporate making cash donations or gifts in-kind of $250,000 or more will be entitled to have a laboratory or other instructional space named for them, according to the report. People who donate at least $1,000 will become members of the Cal Poly 1901 Society, which recognizes major donors.

The Dean's Advisory Council of the School of Engineering and the University Relations staff both have active roles in the campaign, says Lee.

School of Business

The School of Business is in hot pursuit, according to Dean Ken Walters.

"In the fall of 1985, we began our corporate sponsors program, which was followed by the Clock Tower Club last year," says Walters. "The goals of both are to improve the quality of our programs through fund-raising. Currently, seven companies from the big business world sponsor us."

These companies, says Walters, are the ones that most often recruit Cal Poly graduates, and therefore want to help the school. They are Hewlett-Packard, Pacific Bell, Carnation, Chevron, Proctor and Gamble, Uarcon, and Lockheed.

"These businesses have pledged to donate at least $2,000 annually," says Melody DeMerit, editor of Cal Poly Business magazine. "Hewlett-Packard alone has contributed close to a quarter of a million dollars. Other companies give in-kind gifts (non-cash) — like Arco, who donated reams of computer paper, which is something we always need."

The Clock Tower Club is an alumni association. Membership has grown from just 53 in March 1986 to the current membership of 250. The association is made up of "chairmen," who donate $1,000 or more annually, and executives and sponsors, who give up to $250 annually.

DeMerit adds that the club has a goal of $100,000, and so far it has raised $46,000 of that. Walters says a new trend among donors involves recent graduates.

"It delights me that new alumni want to help the school that helped them so much," he says. "They know that the value of their degree goes up or down depending on the reputation that the School of Business upholds."

School of Agriculture

The School of Agriculture, despite a continuing decrease in applications since Continued
We are currently formalizing a gift of property from the Luchman Design Institute, a Los Angeles architecture firm,” says Ding. “We will begin our major effort when that is taken care of, probably this summer. The plan is halfway implemented, and we have preliminary approval.”

The proposal will be a vehicle to attract alumni and corporations to give to the specific educational mission of Architecture and Environmental Design, according to Ding. “We are one of the strongest architecture schools in the nation,” he says. “Hopefully that excellence will attract donors.”

School of Professional Studies and Education

The School of Professional Studies and Education does not have a unified fund-raising effort, but, says Associate Dean Dennis Nulman, the individual departments have efforts.

“With so many diverse majors, it’s hard to have a united element,” says Nulman. “Industrial technology has nothing to do with child development. We encourage the departments to initiate their own fund-raisers.”

Nulman says the school has a joint program with IBM, which donated about $100,000 in computers.

“Universities have to rely more and more on private sources since the state budget can’t provide sufficient funds,” he says. “We get the same amount as everyone else, but if you want to be better than others you need money.”

According to Nulman, the graphic communication department has been the most successful fund-raiser in Professional Studies. Harvey Levenson, graphic communication department head, says others ask him advice on fund-raising.

“The key to successful, developmental growth is to make sure the prospective donor sees something substantial in it for him, too,” says Levenson. “This is a showplace as well as an educational institution. We have several professional faculty members, who came directly from the field. They have a lot of industry contacts as friends, who are sensitive to our needs.”

Levenson says about $3 million in equipment has been donated to the department in the past three years. Gifts have included a $500,000 printing press from Rockwell, a $750,000 Heidelberg press and several computerized cameras.

“About a year-and-a-half ago we began a cash fund-raising campaign, with a goal of $1 million,” he says. “We’re up to $200,000 this year.”

Five years ago, fund-raising was never thought about, Nulman says. “Our individual departments are out asking for help like never before,” he says. “Everything we do costs money. It’s easier for schools like Engineering to pursue support, because the need is more apparent. But psychologists and home economists need support just as much as engineers.”

School of Liberal Arts

Jon Ericson, dean of the School of Liberal Arts, says he relies heavily on Halpern’s office for fund-raising. “A lot of companies also come to us and offer equipment. But since many of our graduates go on to masters’ programs, we usually don’t see them after graduation.”

Halpern acknowledges a disparity between the schools, but says the same disparity would exist at any high-tech school. “As far as alumni are concerned, an engineering graduate has the capability of making upwards of $30,000 a year, and has great potential to donate to his or her alma mater,” he says. “It’s unfortunate that the disparity in fund-raising exists between the schools, but it’s hard to avoid. For example, the history department doesn’t need hundreds of thousands of dollars in computers.”
Leaps and bounds

New business and population growth blends with rustic charm to make San Luis Obispo a mecca for both the young and the elderly

And still the growth continues. In the past decade, retail sales in San Luis Obispo have more than doubled. More than $400 million was spent in the city in 1985, the most recent year for which figures are available.

But city officials are trying to preserve the small-town character of San Luis Obispo, no matter how large the city grows. “San Luis Obispo is different from everywhere else,” says Mayor Ron Dunin. “We’re trying to preserve a rural atmosphere and yet we grow.” Dunin believes that although many people in San Luis Obispo may miss the conveniences of living in a larger city, the intimacy of San Luis Obispo is what draws many people here in the first place.

“We must either hold growth and suffer the consequences or go and build urban sprawl — which we don’t want,” he says. “Most people, even Cal Poly students, don’t want San Luis Obispo to grow and yet they are the main growth factor. The small-town atmosphere and clean air are reasons that many of the students came here in the first place.”

Glen Matteson is an associate planner in the city’s Community Development Department. He has lived in San Luis Obispo nearly 20 years and is a 1973 graduate of Cal Poly. Matteson says San Luis Obispo’s rural character is the key to its success.

“My feeling is that you can’t really have it both ways,” he says. “You either have to preserve the small-town atmosphere or have the conveniences of having huge department stores and being able to drive everywhere. But you can’t have both.”

Matteson says that although he prefers the former, not everyone is willing to give up one for the other. “If I could do anything, it would be to put San Luis Obispo back the way it was in the 1950s,” he said. “It’s just getting too big and too crowded. Even air pollution is starting to be a problem.”

But people continue to come to San Luis Obispo, and they continue to settle here.

Alex Gough has lived in San Luis Obispo for 40 years. He has been a licensed real estate agent for 10 years. Gough says one of the primary contributors to the population growth of San Luis Obispo is the increasing number of people who retire here.

“As the baby boomers work their way through life and society as a whole gets older, so will San Luis Obispo,” he says. “Elderly people can’t always afford to retire in Santa Barbara or on the Monterey Peninsula. And if you compare San Luis Obispo to either one of those places, we’re still a bargain.”

Evidence of this aging trend, says Gough, is a recent conversion of a student housing complex, Tropicana Village, into a retirement center.

In fact, the aging trend is already visible in San Luis Obispo. In 1970 the median age in the city was 24.5 years. By 1980 that age rose to 29.9 years.

“Cal Poly and the young population of Cal Poly will always be important to San Luis Obispo,” says Gough, “but as that bulge in the population gets older, this city will see its own population aging as well.”

In addition to the increase in the average age of the population, the next 10 years in San Luis Obispo will bring decreased growth, higher housing costs and a more beautiful city, says Dunin.

“Because of increased water use and the lack of rain over the past few years, San Luis Obispo is slowly heading toward a water shortage,” says Dunin. “The growth has already slowed down in the past two to three years, and I think because of the water problem, it will decrease even more.”

As a result of a possible long-term water shortage, the City Council has acted toward limiting the annual growth rate in San Luis Obispo to 1

Continued
GROWTH

Continued

And as the water shortage tempers new construction, the scarcity in housing will result in higher prices, says Dunin.

Gough agrees that housing prices will definitely increase as a result of the limit the city has placed on growth.

"There are going to be fewer rental units and less breathing room for the residents," he says.

"People are basically going to have less choice about where they want to live. And the choices they have are going to be more expensive."

In addition to keeping a close watch on growth, the City Council is determined to maintain the beauty of the city, says Dunin.

"San Luis Obispo is becoming more pleasant to live in because of the trees, flowers and planter boxes that are being installed on the main streets. The city is developing more and more character in its appearance. We're encouraging historical preservation of the homes and buildings in town. As the next 10 years progress, the historical value of San Luis Obispo will be more and more visible."

But the biggest change San Luis Obispo will see in the next 10 years, says Dunin, will be the establishment of a performing arts facility in the city.

"With this facility, we will come to be known as a cultural center of California," he says. "We want to encourage all kinds of performing artists to come to San Luis Obispo to show their work. This is a perfect location."

Although a site has not been selected for the performing arts facility, the City Council is considering several locations. Among them are the Fremont Theatre on Monterey Street and the Veteran's Memorial Building on Grand Avenue.

Although it is impossible to say for sure what the future holds for San Luis Obispo, Mattheson believes the city will eventually look like a small version of Santa Barbara.

"San Luis Obispo's economy is a lot like Santa Barbara's," he says. "The main employers in both cities are retail, government and services, and both cities draw people in from other cities during the day. In Santa Barbara, people come in to work from Goleta and Montecito. In San Luis Obispo, they come in from Paso Robles, Pismo Beach and Atascadero."

— Mayor Ron Dunin

San Luis Obispo is different from everywhere else. We're trying to preserve a rural atmosphere and yet we grow.

— Mayor Ron Dunin

"An urban city wouldn't have the serenity of San Luis Obispo. An urban city wouldn't have the grandeur of San Luis Obispo. San Luis Obispo is different from everywhere. We're trying to preserve a rural atmosphere and yet we grow."

— Mayor Ron Dunin

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A comeback to traditional values and conservatism spawns new growth of Greek organizations at Cal Poly

by Carmela Herron

About the time of World War II there were pleated slacks, bobby socks and pearl necklaces. Then came the age of big collars, bell bottoms and polyester — the Jimi Hendrix and Beatles generation, where big business and big government were generally frowned upon. Things have changed. But not really.

The pearl necklace and pleat style is back, though graced with touches of modern taste, and the strong loathing of authority has flip-flopped. Now it seems as though leadership and management are the ultimate goal of future decision makers: college and university students. For many of those future leaders, fraternities and sororities play a key role in shaping their lives, attitudes and careers.

Fraternal organizations have been at Cal Poly for more than 30 years. Throughout this time, the Greek system has experienced fluctuations — both in growth and attitude — that have been reflections of prevailing attitudes in society.

Generally, the country's attitudes and perceptions of fraternities and sororities, two traditional organizations, are linked to the dominant mode of thinking in the world around universities. This is apparent at Cal Poly, and according to National Intrafraternity Council Executive Director Jon Brant, fraternities and sororities have gained in popularity nationwide.

Brant believes the resurgence of the Greek system in the United States has to do primarily with the trend toward conservatism the nation has experienced since the early 1980s. As more students seek jobs and think about providing for a family, they think about different ways to get ahead and learn communication skills that will be important later in their careers. Fraternities and sororities can help build these skills, he says.

Brant says that during the anti-establishment days of the "me generation" in the late 1960s and 1970s, fraternal organizations and the number of men per chapter decreased or experienced no growth. However, in the past three years there has been a rise of between 7 and 10 percent in Greek growth, and the number of men per chapter has increased, he says.

Nationally, the average fraternity membership reached its high in 1965, at 50 men per chapter. The average dropped in 1972 to 34 men per chapter and rose again to 50 men per chapter in 1986, says Brant. This rise in the number of chapters as well as the number of men per chapter, he says, "is exceptional considering that there are over 100 chapters per year that are being organized."

There has been similar Greek growth at Cal Poly and throughout the state.

Walt Lambert, Greek Affairs coordinator, says the conservative environment at Cal Poly, coupled with students who are more career-minded than ever, may explain why there is substantial Greek growth at the university.

"It's a swing with conservatism," says Richard Shaffer, a Cal Poly social sciences professor. "Conservatism is tied to traditionalism in educational institutions, and fraternities and sororities are traditional structures.

"However, I'm surprised it's lasted this long ... it (conservatism) actually peaked about three years ago and now we actually have a shift away from the staunch conservatism. Generally though, college campuses are a beat behind the rest of the country," he says.

Leil Hobdy, Panhellenic president and a Kappa Delta sorority member, says sorority rush records indicate a slight but constant increase in sorority pledges for most of the eight houses.

Jeff Tolle, Intrafraternity Council president and a member of Delta Tau, says there has been a change in attitude among students at Cal Poly concerning the Greek system.

"Fraternities are a lot more acceptable now. Students are learning that there is so much to gain from it," Tolle explains. "It's great for business, networking later in your career, and it can act as a catalyst for meeting people and easing new students into their first year of school."

Still, some students choose to remain more independent, and say that the Greek system is not for them. Other schools that have experienced Greek community growth include: San Diego State, Fresno State, Sacramento State and UC Santa Barbara.

Doug Case, San Diego State's Greek adviser, says, "There has been an upward trend at our school since 1976, and in these conservative years, the Greek system does its best."

"In 1974, a high point in the anti-establishment period, we had a low of 5 percent Greeks total at the university. Now it's at 12 percent!" Nada Houston, coordinator for Greek Affairs at San Jose State, says the university's Greek community has grown rapidly, and that most students there use the Greek system as a vehicle for strengthening job skills.

"In the late '60s with the free speech movement (membership) dropped all of a sudden. No one wanted to be Greek then," she says. "I think we're going back to old values that the system offers, and it has a lot to do with the conservative attitudes of students."

The expansion of the Greek system at Cal Poly is not without its problems, however. Housing and the disproportionate number of fraternities to sororities are two of the issues that have caused some Greek members to be concerned.

"There are only three fraternities who have a solid house," says Lambert. The other 10 fraternities are either without a house, are in the process of being evicted, or may be evicted soon due to problems with neighbors and zoning regulations by the city, he says. Without a house, says Lambert, it's hard to recruit new members. Retaining cohesion in the group is also a challenge.

Different sites have been proposed for a Greek row that would group most of the Greek houses in one area near the university. However, the city's zoning ordinances, policies for use of university land and opposition from Greeks who don't like locations chosen for a proposed site are factors stalling the project.
GREEKS

Continued

Meanwhile, Greeks are trying to maintain a balance of Greek men to Greek women on campus.

Tolle says that the small number of sororities compared to fraternities has caused some problems. "It affects things like Greek week, sports, exchanges and philanthropies," he says. "What are the men going to do? They've got to have girls if they want to make it interesting!"

Both the Intrafraternity Council and the Panhellenic Board regulate how many fraternities and sororities are recognized within campus guidelines. Hobdy says the Panhellenic is "more strict" than the IFC, and that in order to allow a sorority to start a chapter on campus there are many guidelines and quotas to be considered.

"Sorority expansion is nil," says Tolle. "I'm afraid that in a few years there will be 21 fraternities to only eight sororities."

Other problems experienced by one sorority member, who wished to remain anonymous, were the high cost and the constant responsibility associated with her membership. "It wasn't what I'd expected," she says. "There was a lot of responsibility. You had to make your sorority number one always, and I realized what a tight group I was becoming part of so I just dropped out and doing my own thing."

About 9 to 9.5 percent of Cal Poly students are in fraternities and sororities, Lambert estimates.

At present, there are more than 12 sororities and 10 fraternities which want to start separate chapters on campus, says Lambert. This surge in the Greek system sharply contrasts with the mid-60s era when there were only five or six fraternities and virtually no sororities here.

Already, Cal Poly has 13 fraternities recognized on campus by the Intrafraternity Council and eight sororities recognized by the Panhellenic Board.

Lorraine Howard, associate dean of Student Affairs, was responsible for organizing the first sororities at Cal Poly in the early 1970s. She says that although sororities are on the upswing today and are "well accepted," the late 1960s and 1970s had a decrease in sorority growth.

"There was a time when the Greek system went through a slump nationwide," she says. "At Cal Poly we had lots of clubs, but women hadn't been around for long in the 1960s so there weren't a lot of opportunities for leadership growth for women." The ratio of women to men back then was about one to four, she estimates. "Later, as more women came on campus, (the initiation of sororities) provided them with tremendous leadership and growth potential," says Howard.

Sororities provide an alternative for developing personal and leadership skills, she says, as opposed to joining an academic club. "I don't know if it's for everyone," says Howard, "but many students can use the system to learn important leadership skills." □

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Female students were banished from Cal Poly in 1929 for almost 30 years. Today women are still working toward educational equity.

by monica fiscalini
Continued

Marjory Martinson was brought in by Cal Poly President Julian A. McPhee to re-establish the home economics program. While waiting for the coeds to arrive, Martinson taught family psychology to more than 300 men. She says she had three strikes against her. First, she was a woman; second, she was teaching a required course; and third, she said she was an "old maid."

Before the women arrived in fall 1956, Martinson told El Mustang, "Lack of social life is quite a problem for many of the men," and coeds would "make college a more interesting and worthwhile experience."

Martinson had to make the curriculum, figure out the budget, buy all the equipment and teach. A new building was in the works and Martinson was given only 13 days to submit a plan for it. She did not get much sleep those two weeks and she got hives from stress, but in 1960 the current Mathematics and Home Economics Building was ready for use.

After the women arrived, Martinson says she noticed a change in the men at Cal Poly. Their appearance changed, she says, and they had less manner on their feet. In October 1956 El Mustang reported, "Almost all the men are now wearing shoes, an improvement over last year."

Some of the townspeople were skeptical about women attending Cal Poly. One wife of a student, Barbara Crewes, told Martinson that Cal Poly would be a likely "happy hunting ground for female wolves."

Martinson says some townspeople were very much against women attending college here; they were afraid the women would be rough and crude. She says one reason residents might have felt this way was because Cal Poly was known as an agriculture school. "We had to be very, very careful," she says. She didn't allow her students to wear pants to class and told them, "You have to be women."

Almost all the men are now wearing shoes, an improvement over last year. 1956 El Mustang

Connie Breazeale was one of Martinson's first students and has been teaching home economics at Cal Poly since her graduation from the school. She says women did not seem to come to Cal Poly in 1956 in search of a husband. The women were career-oriented and most of the first graduates in home economics became teachers.

Breazeale says it wasn't long before women began majoring in areas other than home-economics. Animal science and elementary school teaching were popular fields. She says she has gradually seen women become more independent and aware of their career potential. Their interests have diversified and they want a career and a family life, she says.

Home economics has changed in the past 30 years as much as women have. There are far more options than cooking, sewing and teaching. The department now has such specialized, business-oriented options as textile merchandising and interior design.

And Cal Poly has changed a lot since Julian A. McPhee wrote about the entrance requirements in 1939. McPhee stated that the applicant be "a clean, respected young man in his community." Today, clean, respected women make up 43 percent of the school's population.

In her 1975 paper, "Options in Undergraduate Degree Programs for Women in P.E.," Evelyn I. Pellaton says, "The professional preparation program for women in P.E. at the California Polytechnic State University began in 1956 with the purpose of preparing young women for school teaching." Pellaton made recommendations for changes in the women's P.E. program. She discovered that other California state colleges and universities were offering other options, such as graduate work, dance and leadership. She concluded that a need existed for programs in athletic training and coaching. In the 1979-1981 catalog options in athletic coaching, health education and teaching were available. Currently, commercial/corporate fitness is offered in addition to teaching and health education.

Women have have caught up to men in enrollment in each of the seven schools except for Engineering, where women account for 18 percent, and Architecture and Environmental Design, where women make up 24 percent. Women account for about 50 percent of the majors in Agriculture, Business, Liberal Arts and Science and Mathematics. Seventy-one percent of those in the School of Professional Studies and Education are women.

Even though women have been attending Cal Poly for decades now, the school remains the only CSU campus without a program centering on the study of women. But some campus groups have been pouring their efforts into the void to create an awareness of women here.

For a week in February, activities, lectures and seminars were held as part of Women's Week 1987. Women's Week, with the theme "Freedom of Choice: A Feminist Goal/A Human Right," was geared to educate students and the community about women's lives and choices in society.

Also, the Cal Poly Women's Studies Coalition and the School of Liberal Arts ad hoc committee on a women's studies minor have sent a proposal to the School of Liberal Arts for a minor in women's studies. Members of the two groups hope that a minor program will be put in place by the time the next Cal Poly catalogue is issued. Still, some groundwork has already begun for a minor program, as several courses have been offered which focus on women's issues.
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Where the action is

The Central Coast offers myriad activities — from melodrama to nature walks — to entertain students and parents alike.

A hot tub is prepared for someone to relax in the natural hot springs at Avila Beach.

Photo by Matt Weiser

A group sets off in search of rock cod on a Virg's Fish'n expedition.

Photo by Matt Weiser

O THE PARENTS have come to visit during Poly Royal. That may pose some interesting problems for students. There is no appropriate answer to a parent who says, "Johnny, show us where you go on Friday night." Mom's Florsheim's would probably clash with the booths at Bull's anyway.

Actually, there are quite a few places in San Luis Obispo that would probably appeal to both students and parents:

- **The Great American Melodrama** in Oceano specializes in good old-fashioned family fun by providing top-notch melodramas, as well as great hot dogs and beer. It's about a 30-minute drive from San Luis Obispo. The show during Poly Royal is "The Saga of Roaring Gulch."
  - Tickets cost $8.75 to $9.75, depending on the day and time of show, but it may be difficult to get seats at this late a date. Call the Melodrama for more information at 489-2499.
- A place a little closer to home that provides a load of belly laughs is **Bob Zany's Comedy Outlet** at Wm. Randolph's Restaurant on Monterey Street. The Comedy Outlet hosts a variety of comedians every weekend, but be warned that some routines contain blue language. Because San Luis Obispo is located halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, comedians stop here on their way to one.

Continued
A Morro Bay sea otter enjoys the sun on its belly.

Continued

location or the other. Tickets are $6 at the door but those who come for dinner at WM. Randolph's can see the show for free. Shows begin at 9 p.m. Thursday and 8 and 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. For reservations call 543-3333.

For those who like historical landmarks, a visit to Hearst Castle is in order. The variety of tours offers an opportunity to see the castle from a new perspective, even for those who may have already visited it. Tour One is a basic overview of the castle and grounds and is recommended for first-timers. Tour Two goes through the upper level of the castle, several guest rooms and Hearst's personal Gothic suite. Tour Three goes through the guest wing: 46 bedrooms, bathrooms, and living rooms. And Tour Four, the newest tour, focuses on the gardens and architectural styling of the castle. Hearst was a collector of Medieval, Renaissance, and Roman art. Among other things, he collected carved ceilings and numerous varieties of rose bushes.

Tickets are $8 for adults and $4 for children between ages 6 and 12. Reservations can be made at the Discovery Inn in San Luis Obispo or by calling (800)446-7275. Like many tourist spots in this area, early reservations are essential.

There's perhaps no better way of getting in touch with nature and away from the crowds than taking a hike on a nature walk, and the Central Coast affords many beautiful views.

Hiking to the top of Bishop's Peak is a favorite pastime of locals. Hikers need to watch out for poison oak and plan for the three-hour trip by bringing food and a canteen. It is also wise to begin early in the day. Although watching the sunset from the peak may be a spectacular sight, the price you'll pay by coming back down in the dark probably won't be worth it.

For those who aren't quite up to hiking Bishop's Peak, a leisurely walk to the Cal Poly "P" is enjoyable. The view from the "P," although not as good as from the peak, still ranks as one of the best and most easily accessible.

The Morro Bay State Park Museum of Natural History offers guided nature walks each weekend. A phone call is needed to check that walks are being offered on any particular weekend, but some of the more frequent ones include: a walk through the Pymy Oaks in Los Osos, a tour of the tide pools at Montana de Oro, a hike on the sandspit, or a hike to the waterfall in the mountains behind Montana de Oro. The lengths of the walks vary but they are all free. For more information call the museum at 772-2694. If the weather is nice, there isn't a more beautiful way to get to know the area.

Deep-sea fishing for rock cod is also available in Morro Bay. Virg's Fish'n offers all-day fishing trips for about $35, including a pole, a license, a space on the boat, and bait and tackle. The all-day trip starts at 7 a.m. weekdays. There are also half-day and twilight trips on weekends at 9 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.; each costs $25 for the entire setup.

The Embarcadero is also a great way to spend an afternoon. The quaint shops along the waterfront in Morro Bay are always inviting. The Central Coast is a popular place among artists, and the galleries in Morro Bay have a variety of works on display. And Morro Bay has some of the best seafood restaurants around.

After looking at the scenery and shops, it's nice to take a look at the Museum of Natural History, just south of Morro Bay. The museum has a variety of daily nature films as well as a special collection featuring the endangered peregrine falcon. There are also other bird displays and a whack exhibit. The entrance fee is $1.

Another local museum is the San Luis Obispo County Historical Society Museum at 600 Monterey St. This museum houses several historical documents that were important during the early years of San Luis Obispo, and has many relics including clothing and household furnishings of early residents.

Originally built as the Carnegie Library in 1905, the building became a museum in 1956. The museum is open Wednesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

A trip to San Luis Obispo would not be complete without a visit to the world-renowned Madonna Inn just off Highway 101. The white and pink gingerbread exterior of this sprawling inn hints at the opulent and garish nature of the place. And Morro Bay offers a combination Sunday brunch/harbor cruise for $13 per person at 10 a.m. and noon. Reservations are required. Harbor cruises are also available, with 27 hotel rooms, each with a private jacuzzi on the balcony. At Avila Hot Springs, the price is $6 per hour for a private room with bath or $5 per hour in one of the outdoor hot tubs. In addition, Avila Hot Springs shows movies above the hot tubs every night.

To end Poly Royal on a high note, enjoy Sunday brunch at one of the area's restaurants. The San Luis Bay Inn in Avila Beach has a champagne brunch buffet for $12 per person. McIntosh's Saloon in Pismo Beach offers a ranch breakfast for about $9 per person. The Park Suite Hotel has a morning buffet served from 6:30-11 a.m. for $6 per person. Tiger's Foot in Morro Bay offers a combination Sunday brunch/harbor cruise for $13 per person at 10 a.m. and noon. Reservations are required. Harbor cruises are also available, Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. for $6 per person.

by arlene wieser
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