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Poly Royal 1989 Special Issue

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MUSTANG DAILY

Poly Royal Special Issue

April 28, 29 1989

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 Spotlight Editor: **Donna Taylor**
 Sports Editor: **Terry Lightfoot**
 Insight Page Editor: **Nicole Jones**
 Lifestyle Page Editor: **Shelly Evans**
 Photo Editor: **Amber Wisdom**
 General Manager: **Peggy Yeyna**
 Faculty Adviser: **Jacqueline Tasch**

Contributing Photographers: **Amber Wisdom, Kevin Cannon, Darrell Miho, K. Kyle Bowers, T. Shane Gilman**

Contributing Illustrators: **Kathryn Otoshi, Geoffrey Lorenzen, Andrew Harding, Peter Giambalvo**

Contributing Writers: **Cass Caulfield, Doug DiFranco, Michelle Di Simone, Laura Fleischer, Tara Giambalvo, Steve Harmon, April Karys, Terry Lightfoot, Rob Lorenz, Stewart McKenzie, Mike McMillan, Lisa Parsons, Kimberly Patraw, Shanna Phillips, Sharon Sherman, Donna Taylor**

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Contributing Staff: **Vyn Arnold, Mike Beaulieu, Anne Comerford, Jessica Escala, Bill Evans, Angie Faust, Victor Fong, Kristl Honda, Eric Kayser, Erin Rentz, Terry Inokuma, Daphne Cockshot, Natalie Broyer, Mary Steiren, Amy Rutter, Karen Narasaki, Tracy Colletti, Kristin Davis**

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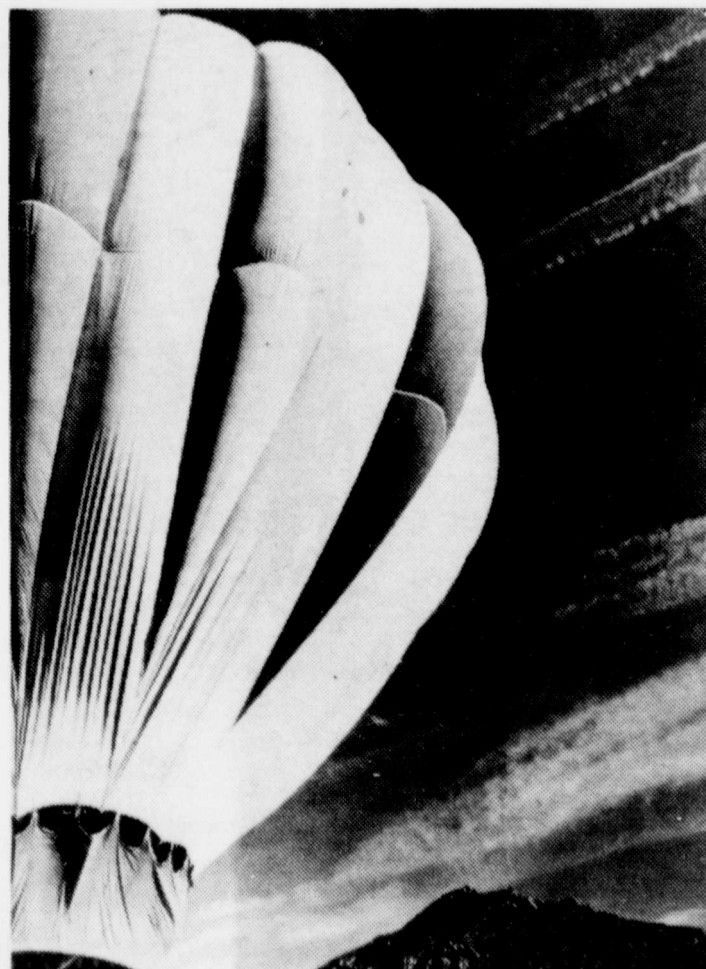
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ON THE COVER:

On a Saturday morning, Amber Wisdom, Mustang Daily photo editor, was out in San Luis Obispo, searching for the perfect cover shot for the Poly Royal special issue. A colorful hot air balloon floating overhead in the hazy sky caught her attention. Persistently, Amber followed it for two and a half hours before the sun broke through the haze. At this time, much to her surprise, the balloon landed in her very own back yard, just off of Foothill Boulevard and near Bishop's Peak. Amber hurried home and began shooting the balloon with her Nikon FE 2. The resulting image was achieved with a Nikon 85 mm lens and a polarizing filter. The photograph was shot at f-11, and 1/250 of a second. The film she used was Kodachrome 64.

Poly Royal Schedule of Events

Astericked (*) events will be held both Friday and Saturday. Some sports events are not listed. Consult your program for a complete schedule.

Thursday

Design Village
Keynote Speakers
Dr. Jeff Davis and Charles Durrent
Chumash Auditorium — 8 p.m., \$1

Friday

Society for the Advancement of Management*
SAM Stage, Dexter Lawn, events all day

Mathematics Department
Mathematics Contest
Math Bldg., English Bldg.,
Chumash Auditorium — 8 a.m.-4 p.m.

Cutting and Reining Club*
Horse Show, Horse Unit — 8 a.m.-5 p.m.

Team Poly Royal
Opening Ceremonies — 10 a.m.
Amphitheater behind Theatre building

Society of Women Engineers*
Engineering at Cal Poly
Hourly 11 a.m.-3 p.m.
Engineering West, room 235

Cal Poly Historical Society*
Debates, Vietnam: 11 a.m.; Pullman/
Debs: 1:20 p.m.; Factory Fire, 3 p.m.

Office of International Programs*
Studying Abroad Slideshow
Business Bldg. 204, 11 a.m., 1 and 3 p.m.

American Chemical Society*
Magic Show, Science Bldg. B-5, 11-5

Multi-Cultural Center*
Ethnic Music and Dance, Amphitheater
behind Theatre, 11:30-1:15 p.m.

Recondo Club*
Rapelling Demonstration, Fisher Science
Courtyard, 11:45 a.m., 2 p.m.

Cal Poly Golf Association*
Putting Tournament, putting green, 12-4

Cal Poly Ski Club*
Ski Lectures, Dexter Lawn, 12 and 2

Cal Poly Gymnastics Team*
Poly Royal Gymnastics Show, Mott
Gym, Noon, \$3 public, \$2 student

Alpha Psi Omega*
The Medicine Show
Davidson Music Center, room 212
1, 3 and 5 p.m.

ASI Outings*
Escape Route Slideshow, UU Escape
Route, Every half hour

Society of Photo-Optical Engineers*
Laser Show, Architecture Bldg.
225
Every half hour at :15 and :45

Team Poly Royal*
History of Poly Royal Video Show
UU Bishops Lounge, all day

Cal Poly Waterski Club and Team*
Boat Bashing of the Incorrect Craft,
lawn between University Dr. and
Home Econ. Bldg. All day

Collegiate Future Farmers of America*
Mini Tractor Pull, parking lot east of
Kennedy Library, all day

Penguins Motorcycle Club*
Trials Exhibition, parking lot in
front of Ag Engineering Bldg., all day

Cal Poly Space Systems*
Video Presentation, Aero Hangar
all day

Cal Poly Rodeo Team*
Poly Royal Rodeo, Rodeo Arena
6-7:30 p.m., \$3.50 to \$6.50

Cal Poly Combined Choirs*
The Magic of Broadway — A Musical
Revue, Cal Poly Theatre, 8 p.m.
\$8.50 public, \$6.50 students

ASI Special Events
Coors Light Comedy Commandos,
Chumash Auditorium, 8 p.m.
\$3.75 public, \$3 students

Saturday

Circle K Service Club
Pancake Breakfast, 8 a.m., \$3.50

Boots and Spurs Club
Swine Showanship, Swine Unit, 8-2 p.m.
Beef Showmanship, Beef Pavilion &
Unit, 8-2 p.m.
Sheep Showmanship, Sheep Unit, 8-2

Cutting and Reining Club
Horse Show, Horse Unit, 8-5 p.m.

Cal Poly Women's Water Polo Team
Women's H2O Polo vs. Alumni Game
Outdoor Pool, 9-11 a.m.

Cal Poly Football Team
Mustang Scrimmage, Mustang Stadium,
10-noon

Poly Royal Parade
Outer Perimeter Road, 10 a.m.

American Society of Mechanical Engineers
Rubber Band Car Rally, Engineering
Bldg. Courtyard, 10-noon, 2-4 p.m.

Society of Civil Engineers
Alumni Reunion, Engineering Bldg. 118,
11 a.m.

American Society of Mechanical Engineers
Alumni Picnic, Engineering Bldg.
Atrium, 11 a.m.-1:30 p.m.

Agricultural Engineering Society
Tractor-Truck Pull, Cal Poly airstrip
11-2 p.m., \$4 hillside, \$5 bleachers

Delta Sigma Phi
Barbecue, Poly Grove, 11-6 p.m.
\$6.50 adult, \$4.50 12 and under

Cal Poly Logging Team
Logging Demonstration, Natural
Resources Management Lab, Noon-3

Structural Engineering Association of California
Architectural Engineering Alumni
Luncheon, Eng. West Courtyard, Noon

Cal Poly Men's Water Polo Team
4th Annual Men's Water Polo Alumni
Game, Outdoor Pool, 12:30-2 p.m.

Society of Civil Engineers
Popsicle Stick Bridge Building Contest
Engineering Building 13 Atrium, 1-3
p.m.

School of Agriculture
Poly Games, Baseball Field, 1-4 p.m.

German Club
German Polka Band "Die Morro
Musicanten", English Bldg.
Courtyard, all day

Cal Poly Women's Soccer Team
Women's Alumni Soccer Game,
Mustang Stadium, 5 p.m.

Alpha Phi Alpha
Dance, Chumash, 5 p.m., \$2

Cal Poly Men's Soccer Team
Varsity vs. Alumni Soccer Match,
Stadium, 7:30 p.m.

ASI Concerts
Concert Magical Mystery Tour, Mott
Gym, 9-11 p.m., \$4.75, \$5.75

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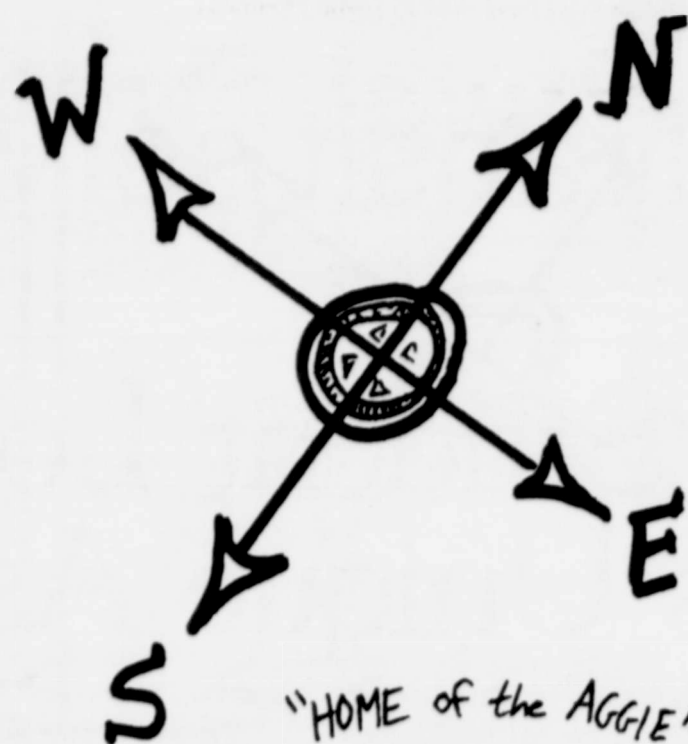
THE ONE-AND-ONLY
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JUST ASK ANY FRIENDLY CAL
POLY STUDENT! (SEE "TYPICAL POLY
ROYALIST")



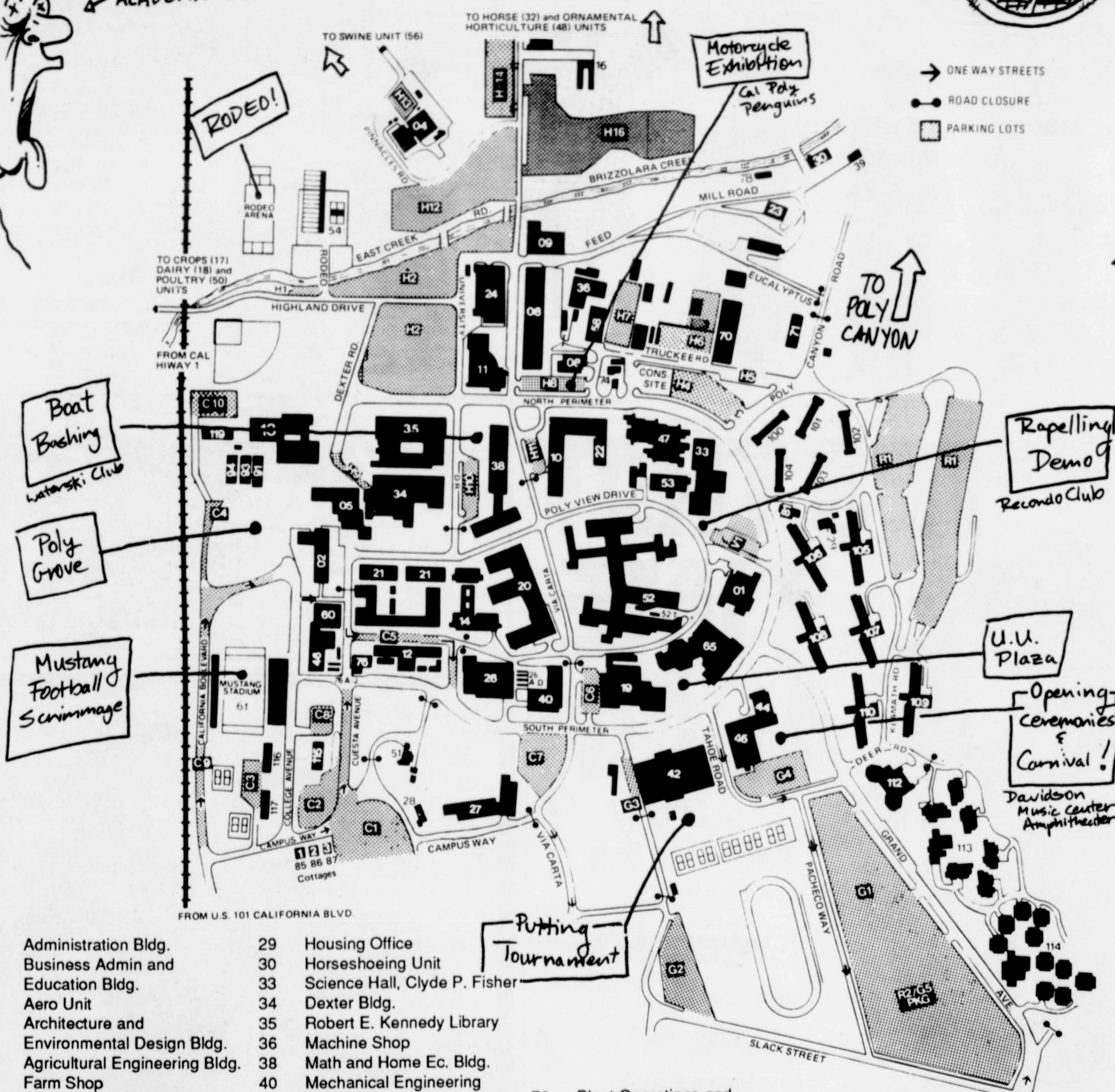
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- | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|---|
| 01 Administration Bldg. | 29 Housing Office | 70 Plant Operations and Receiving Warehouse |
| 02 Business Admin and Education Bldg. | 30 Horseshoeing Unit | 71 Transportation Services |
| 04 Aero Unit | 33 Science Hall, Clyde P. Fisher | 74 Public Safety-Police/Fire |
| 05 Architecture and Environmental Design Bldg. | 34 Dexter Bldg. | 76 Old Power Plant |
| 08 Agricultural Engineering Bldg. | 35 Robert E. Kennedy Library | 76A-J Temp. Offices |
| 09 Farm Shop | 36 Machine Shop | 78 Rose Parade Bldg. |
| 10 Agriculture Bldg., Erhart | 38 Math and Home Ec. Bldg. | 81 Hillcrest Hall |
| 11 Agriculture Services | 40 Mechanical Engineering | 85 Extended Education Office |
| 12 Air Conditioning Engineering | 42 Physical Education Bldg. | 86 Faculty Offices |
| 13 Engineering Bldg. | 44 Cal Poly Theatre | 87 Child Development Lab |
| 14 Computer Science Bldg. | 45 Music Center, H.P. Davidson | 91 Plumas Hall |
| 16 Beef Pavilion and Unit | 46 Natatorium | 93 Mariposa Hall |
| 17 Crops Unit | 47 Faculty Office Bldg. | 94 Tehama Hall |
| 18 Dairy Unit | 48 Ornamental Horticulture | 100 Shasta Hall |
| 19 University Dining Complex | 50 Poultry Unit | 101 Diablo Hall |
| 20 Engineering East Bldg. | 51 President's House | 102 Palomar Hall |
| 21 Engineering West Bldg. | 52 Science Bldg. | 103 Whitney Hall |
| 22 English Bldg. | 52T Faculty Offices, Temp. | |
| 24 Food Processing Bldg. and Campus Book Store | 53 Science North Bldg. | |
| 26 Graphic Arts Bldg. | 54 Sheep Unit | |
| 26 A-D Faculty Offices, temp. | 56 Swine Unit | |
| 27 Health Center | 57 Veterinary Hospital | |
| 28 Alumni House | 58 Welding Shop | |
| | 60 Crandall Gym | |
| | 61 Mustang Stadium | |
| | 65 University Union, McPhee | |

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**April 28, 1989
(Friday)**

Regular weekday service

Monterey Street Shuttle operates 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 20 minute headways. The route is from City Hall to Monterey Street to Cal Poly, then back to City Hall.

**April 29, 1989
(Saturday)**

Routes 1,2,3 operate from 8:52 a.m. to 5:51 p.m.; Route 4 operates from 8:30 a.m. to 5:22 p.m.

The Monterey Street Shuttle operates from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The Central Coast Plaza Shuttle operates from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 30 minute headways. The route is from the Central Coast Plaza to Cal Poly and back to Central Coast Plaza. The shuttle boards at the bus shelter in front of Gottschalk's.

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Commentary

the new breeze has blown us away

Condoms in university bathrooms?! George Bush bailing out at the last minute on the opening of the new Agricultural Science Building? Easy, convenient class registration at your fingertips from any ole touchtone phone you can get your hands on?

Sound too good to be true? "Not here at Cal Poly!" you might say. Well, believe it — 1989 has *finally* caught up to this campus and we're here to tell you all about the plethora of events and oddities, heretofore unbelievable and/or unwanted, that somehow managed to emerge from the mire of bureaucracy and status quo during the last eight months of the academic year. Yes folks, step right up, see the ultra-conservative, apathetic, but well-tanned Poly-ites twist and turn, flip and flop, and generally do their best to at least give the facade of flexibility.

Block that sperm

Back by popular demand ... after a two-year hiatus in ASI La-La Land ... the condom vending machine issue has reared its ugly head again, finally winning the approval of the Student Senate. Two short years ago the idea of putting condom vending machines in some "high traffic" restrooms on campus was presented to the Student Senate. After much debate and a lot of projected moralization, the senate actually did manage to pass the resolution, only to be vetoed by the ASI president, with a failed override (only one more vote was needed for two-thirds) following.

This year, after nearby Allan Hancock Junior College raised a huff about wanting to sell these prophylactic pips in their bookstore, the idea wormed its way back into the governing board of ASI for a second go-around. Again there was much hubbabaloo, even some saying that putting the little buggers in bathrooms would not reduce the risk of AIDS and other diseases, but encourage them by enticing otherwise docile, sexually-controllable post-pubescents into a flurry of irrational, spontaneous sexual desire.

Poppycock! We would hope that those reading this can put aside their moral objections to the use of condoms and look at the issue as this year's student senators did — from a health viewpoint. It's a fact that the number of AIDS victims in this county and on this campus continues to grow. If you don't believe Dr. James Nash, director of Cal Poly's Health Center, on this one, than at least listen to Surgeon General C. Everett Koop (who is, by the way, a very pious and conservative individual) ... using a condom significantly reduces the risk of acquiring AIDS from sexual intercourse.

And for heaven's sake, just seeing one is not going to get any normal, thinking, breathing individual's cockles up.

We can't stop students — many of whom have already had sex by the time they hit this fair campus — from having sex. But we can help protect them from sexually transmitted diseases. Give students a little credit. Some may be "only" 18, but few can really be called ill-equipped for making such a personal decision.

It's just a giant Speak n' Spell

756-7777 — beep-beep-beep-beep-SLAM. 756-7777 — beep-beep-beep-beep-SLAM.

Does this sound familiar? If not, it's because your school has not come into its technological own and spent your quarterly fees on a telephone registration system. Remember back to the good ole days, when you could actually get classes? When being a senior meant you really had a chance at the classes you needed? When all it took to add a class was a signature? WAKE UP! You're not in Kansas any more. Now, from the comfort of any house phone on campus, you too can experience the delight of having a slightly better chance of getting through to Mr. CAPTURE than the hundreds of suckers phoning from home and — God forbid — San Francisco or Los Angeles, from where something like two and a half times the normal number of digits are required for a single call.

CAPTURE. The poor sap who went to the trouble to name it didn't

even get the promised prize — first priority that quarter. Everyone who is an athlete, a graduating senior or a disabled person just loves it. Everyone else might as well pray for a world-wide reshuffling of the alphabet, so that their names might fall under a higher CAPTURE priority.

Sure, put another building there

What looks like a shoebox with flying buttresses, costs upwards of \$7 million, and can displace hundreds of wayward parkers in a single bound? The new Agricultural Sciences Building, of course. What's that? All that money and they couldn't even afford linoleum? What gives?

And what pomp and circumstance ushered in this phenomenon of modern architectural mockery? Well, then-Vice President Bush was scheduled to *maybe* make a quick entrance to show his never-ending love affair with agriculture and the environment. But, we understand the rigors of the campaign trail. After all, we're one of the most conservative campuses in the West. Maybe that's why he didn't come — nobody to convert.

Naive students might believe that this new structural fiasco didn't really hurt them at all — it was only a *staff* parking lot that was covered. Not so, gentle readers! The displaced staff parking was moved elsewhere. And guess where ... to the closest student lots. But that's OK, they gave us a pasture in outer Siberia. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you. The walking's done us all some good.

Week O' the Month Week

The 1988-89 academic year has showered us with pennies from hell. Every sub-group imaginable on campus blessed us (in their great collective wisdoms) with an awareness week of their own, until we were so aware we were stupified. Never has so much awareness blanketed a campus so averse to the notion of being aware.

Let's start with Women's Week. Not bad, probably the best attempt of them all. But it's not so much the content we're at issue with. Although some of the programs have tended toward homogeneity (as any glance at the *Mustang Daily* 'letters to the editor' the last two quarters will attest to). It's just the sheer number of them all. All right already! We're women, it's easy for us to say we're aware. Maybe it was just the thing to do this year. You know, the craze of consciousness, or something.

The newest brainchild of the mindful movement, Manumission, was engendered during the backlash of Women's Week. Men on campus, infuriated with the fact that their innumerable hardships and tribulations associated with merely being biologically male, were somehow going unnoticed. Sorry you felt left out. We have for centuries. But no hard feelings, why don't we quit with this griping about men's and women's problems. There's a much more oppressed group that needs our enlightenment. Time to start gearing up for Aardvark Awareness Week ...

ASI: Time's a-wastin'

So you want to know about ASI this year? Well, Associated Students, Inc. is a million-dollar corporation of which Cal Poly students are the shareholders. It also has the prestigious privilege of being our governing body. So what's it done this year?

Hmmm ...

Well, as mentioned before, it did pass the long-latent condom-vending machine resolution — and with style, too. Most student senators assured inquiring reporters that their votes were representative. They had all gone back to their respective school councils for votes and divvied up their allegiances appropriately, regardless of their own personal viewpoints.

Aside from that ... not a whole lot. Higher-ups assure us the lack of activity this year lies in the senate's desire for proper research. So you've had eight months already.

Get on the stick, ASI. Time's a-wastin'.



Photo by K.M. Cannon



Photo by K.M. Cannon

April Karys

Alison Skratt

Helpful Hints: For the tourist in all of us

Where to park, what to go see,
where to eat ... it's all right here

—By Stewart McKenzie—

As it inevitably happens in one of these special issues of Mustang Daily, there are articles filled with bad advice and smooze for the wary traveler. This is one of them.

Think of it not as a bible, or even a manual. Think of it as mere ramblings, akin to Arthur Frommer's "El Salvador on \$5 a day." These are just little things to keep your stay at Poly Royal a peak of enjoyment.

PARKING: You will find this a huge problem. The outer campus core road (North-South Perimeter) is closed in places for the festival for ease of foot traffic. Obviously, those coming in on Grand Avenue will find it hard to get to parking lots by Kennedy Library. Make sure you have a good map to find our three main entrances: Grand Avenue, California Boulevard and Highland Drive (from Highway One).

Still, once anywhere on campus parking will be at a premium. **GET THERE EARLY** if you want to park on campus (and deal with massive traffic.) And make sure it's a legal space —

Public Safety will be out in force issuing tickets.

Parking off-campus near the school may not be a bad idea. Just don't do it on Friday — some streets near Poly are for permit holders only. The city's cops will also be out in force issuing tickets and towing, if need be, so check for posted street signs to see if you're legal or not.

ACCOMMODATIONS: If you don't have any, brother, you're in hot water. This is the big money time for local San Luis Obispoans and hotel reservations have been booked way in advance. You won't be able to get anything in San Luis, so you may want to try Morro Bay, Pismo Beach or Atascadero for a room. Otherwise, it's the car.

Some smart folks in recent years have parked their Winnebagos on campus and stayed there for the duration of Poly Royal. These people know how to party.

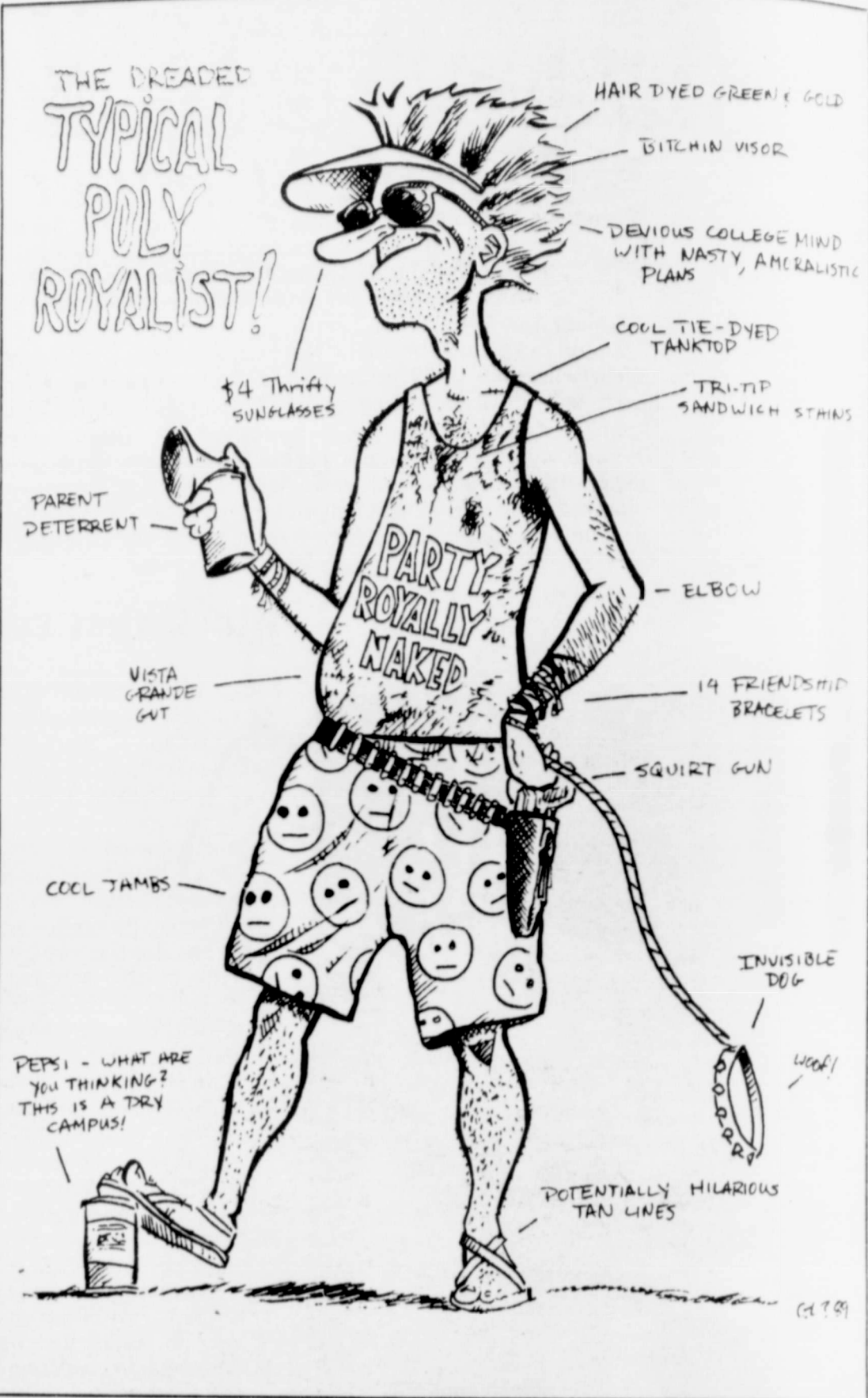
IN-TOWN FOOD (DINNER): Make dinner reservations early enough, as obviously the restaurants will be overflowing with folks. Recommendations: Italian

lovers will love Cafe Roma, but be forewarned they don't take reservations and it's pricey; Carmel Beach Restaurant for seafood; and Hudson's Grill for all-American food. For those itching to get out of town, the Old Custom House in Avila Beach has great seafood cooked outdoors on their big grill; and Morro Bay's Great American Fish Company is hard to beat. Check the phone book for addresses and telephone numbers.

IN-TOWN FOOD (LUNCH): Hey, you're supposed to be eating at Poly Royal!! Well, if you do go into town, the Spindle is the best. Great sandwiches, seating by the Mission and the creek, and sometimes live music. If you're in a hurry, though, McDonald's and Burger King are right down on Foothill in Shopping Suburbia Land.

WHAT TO SEE AT POLY ROYAL: There is too much to see. The biggest problem with Poly Royal is trying to find anything and everything. Instead of planning to get anywhere,

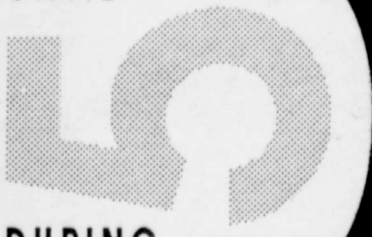
Continued on page 36



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• CLOTHING
AND
• PHOTO
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(next to Burger King)

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EXPIRES 5/12/89

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CHICKEN PIECES
w/VEGETABLES
AND NOODLES
(1 QUART)

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973 Foothill #5
(next to Burger King)

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SAN LUIS TRAVEL

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8 days, inc. airfare from LAX	\$599.00
KENYA WILDLIFE SAFARI	JUNE 17-JULY 3
Tsavo, Amboseli, Samburu, Masai Mara	
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*President Baker celebrates 10th year
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“The purpose of a college education, whether you are a technical or liberal arts major, is to provide an inspiration to learn. I hope students who leave here will continue to have a thirst for knowledge.”

— Cal Poly President Warren Baker

Leaders are often products of the times. Great men like Eisenhower, Lincoln and King were as shaped by the times as they helped change courses in our nation's history.

Cal Poly's present moment in time is one of expansion and controlled growth. The university, as well as the whole California State University system, is under pressure to increase admissions and continue to better educate Californians. This course is not without obstacles.

Warren J. Baker is the navigator at Cal Poly's helm. For the past 10 years Baker has steered the university through some not-so-calm seas.

“At the moment, expansion is not feasible,” Baker said. “Growth has to be done in concert with the community. We need to be very careful with development and growth. I don't see any capacity for a 10-15 percent growth (recommended by the chancellor's office) right now.”

When Baker took the presidency in 1979, the university had just undergone substantial expansion, the number of schools had increased from three to seven.

Baker said when he arrived at Cal Poly one of the first tasks he undertook was spreading out the decision-making process. “I wanted to provide the faculty with a more important and prominent role in the development of the education program and the university.”

“The physical facilities were grossly inadequate when I arrived. I have taken large steps to improve that.” One of those large steps is the new agriculture science building just completed this fall.

Multi-faceted is the word Baker uses to describe his job. “I deal with issues that aren't directly related with Cal Poly but the whole CSU system.”

His involvement with other issues takes Baker away from campus more than he would like. “I would like to be more involved with academics on the campus.” One of those other issues was fundraising to help supplement state funds. Baker has often stated in the past that the CSU system receives far less funds for research than the UC system.

A graduate of the University of Notre Dame with bachelor of science and master's degrees in civil engineering, and a Ph.D from the University of New Mexico, Baker said research plays an important part in the professional development of the faculty, which he added has grown during his term.

If a straw poll was taken of Cal Poly students, a surprisingly large number of



Warren Baker at his desk and, right, with a WOW group at the beginning of the year.



Photos by: K.M. Cannon

them would have no idea who the university president was. After 10 years at the same job you would think Baker would cast an ominous presence from the Administration Building on the hill.

Quite the contrary. At a President's Forum last year, Baker took part in a question-and-answer session in the University Union. The handful of students who asked questions were outnumbered by the uninterested throngs enjoying the sun, and placed a close third to those who had no clue who the soft-spoken, bespectacled gentleman was.

Grace Arvidson, secretary to president, has been associated with the last three Cal Poly presidents. She says that Baker has somewhat of a New England reserve. Which isn't surprising, considering that Baker was born only 40 miles from Boston, the capitol of reservation. Despite the apparent reserve, Arvidson said that Baker is very approachable and compassionate. Traits not often found in engineers.

Another surprising trait of Baker's is his ability to communicate technological mumbo-jumbo into understandable terms for the layman. Baker has written numerous articles and reports for various magazines.

Baker wrote a particular article in 1987 for *Gravure* magazine. In it, Baker discussed the problems of illiteracy in America. Baker said he believes technology should be used to enhance teaching.

In the article Baker wrote, “The ultimate purpose of education is to enrich

people's lives, to promote the love of learning, and to achieve equality and opportunity for all.” More than a year has passed since Baker wrote that article, and he continues to say that education equity still provides a challenge for the education system.

“The challenge of education equity will be met only when the participation rate of blacks, Hispanics and Indians equals the current participation rate of whites.”

Learning-by-doing has been the battle cry of Cal Poly graduates for a long time.

“The philosophy of learning-by-doing is different now than it was 20 years ago. The university has, however, been able to retain and adapt that philosophy to meet today's needs.”

One of the adaptations the university has undergone is the broadening of liberal arts and social science programs. Baker hopes the mixture of liberal arts and technical majors will encourage the discussion of issues.

“Students who are studying liberal arts should have the opportunity to provide insight into technical issues, through courses developed that challenge students who are studying in different areas.”

“The purpose of college education, whether you are a technical or liberal arts major, is to provide an inspiration to learn. I hope students who leave here will continue to have a thirst for knowledge.”

Baker said that he is often asked if, after 10 years at Cal Poly, he has any desire to leave the university. “There is a lot to be done at Cal Poly. A lot I can contribute. The university can accomplish a lot if we believe in ourselves.”

“The philosophy of learning-by-doing is different now than it was 20 years ago. The university has, however, been able to retain and adapt that philosophy to meet today's needs.”

— Warren Baker

By Terry Lightfoot



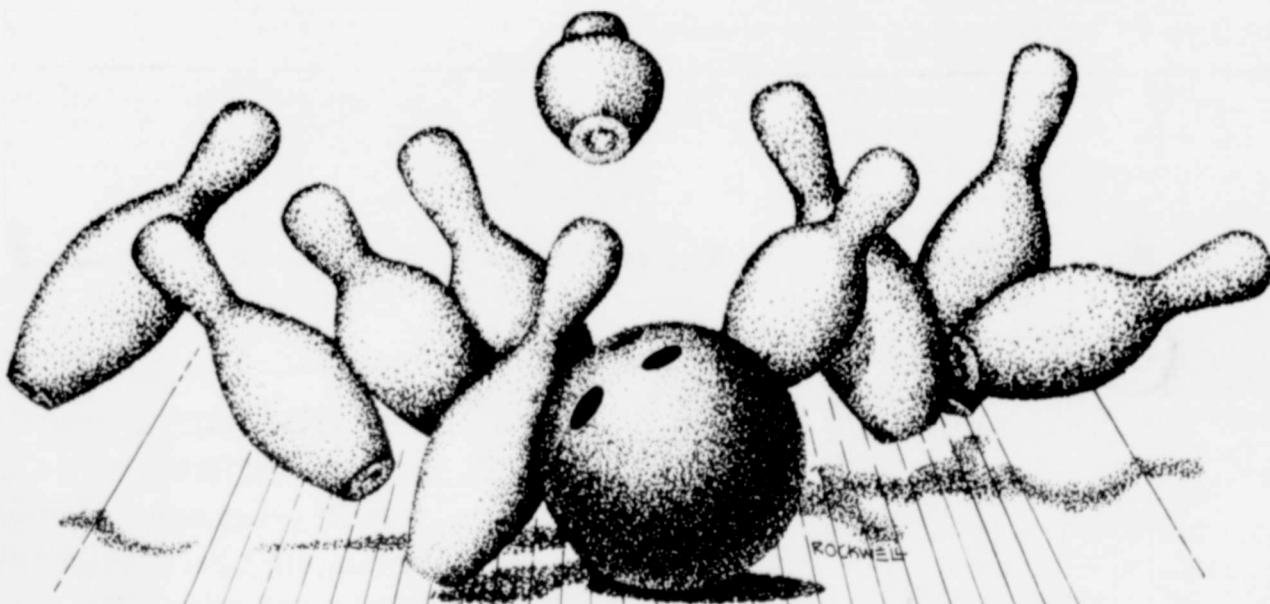
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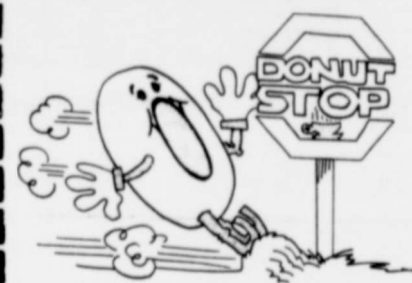


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By Lisa Parsons



Where to start? A beefy hunk of tri-tip, a stroll through Design

Village or maybe a quick peek at student engineering projects? Ah, decisions, decisions ...

Poly Royal has "something-for-everyone," but it hasn't always been so big. The roots of Poly Royal go back to the days when Cal Poly was predominantly an agricultural school. Its purpose was to help students prepare for the Interstate Junior Livestock Show in San Francisco and improve their showmanship skills.

The first Poly Royal was held March 31, 1933. It was sponsored by the School of Agriculture and billed as "a country fair on a college campus." The one-day event included an agricultural judging contest, a parade, a baseball game, a dance and a combination barbecue-concert. Over 600 people attended.

The popularity of the event prompted the school to extend Poly Royal into a two-day celebration. And then royalty was added to the festivities. A contest was held at local high schools to find a queen to reign over the affair because Cal Poly was an all-male school at the time. The queen's job was to publicize Poly Royal throughout California.

Queens were selected from two local high schools for seven years. Later, invitations were sent to other state colleges. The

invited colleges chose one of their queens to be lent to Cal Poly for the weekend. When Cal Poly became co-educational in 1957, the first campus queen was crowned.

This year, tradition was broken when a panel of six ambassadors replaced the queen. The change to ambassadors was an attempt

For a complete schedule of events this weekend, see page 4

to reflect a more diverse population at Cal Poly.

By 1937, Poly Royal diversified. It became a college-wide affair when the engineering department joined, bringing with it creative and technical skills of its students.

Today, Cal Poly's seven schools and 45 departments, plus campus clubs and organizations all contribute to the weekend extravaganza. Over 150,000 alumni and visitors descend on San Luis Obispo to see the sights, sample the tasty chow and generally enjoy "Party Royal."

But that's not all that keeps bringing them back. Special events like the rodeo and the tractor pull draw large crowds to Cal Poly every year.

"The tractor pull is part of the Poly Royal experience that people do really enjoy," said Ken Katen, co-chairman of the Agri-

Continued on page 42

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Prop 98 and \$1 million cut this year

—By Doug DiFranco—

The California State University Proposed 1988-89 General Fund Budget Changes (dollars in thousands)	
Expenditures (Revised)	\$1,824,357
Net salary adjustments	\$11,737
Restoration of 1988-89 reduction	5,106
Salary annualization	67,315
Positions—full-year funding	4,516
Positions—promotions	1,432
Faculty promotions	-19
Retirement	-49
Dental	-39
Unemployment compensation	49
Workers' compensation	-13,966
Industrial disability leaves	-7,306
Impact of legislation	(\$68,713)
Nonrecurring items	
Miscellaneous baseline adjustments	
Subtotal, baseline adjustments	\$21,364
Workload changes	1,054
Enrollment adjustment	80
Special cost factors	825
Instruction	5,536
Public service	8,566
Academic support	-4,471
Student services	1,145
Institutional support	-64
Independent operations	
Reimbursements	
Systemwide offices	
Systemwide provisions	
Systemwide workload changes	
Subtotal, workload changes	\$730
Program Changes	\$21
Program Changes	489
Program Changes	(\$1,740)
Faculty	\$22,073
Staff	15,460
Board	12,319
Salary and benefit increases	(\$50,354)
Revenue Bonds	
Payments on revenue bonds	\$235
Expenditures (Proposed)	\$1,981,365
from 1988-89:	
Net	\$157,008
Change	8.6%

At least \$1 million will be cut from Cal Poly's 1989-90 budget as a result of Proposition 98 and the Gann spending limit, but it's likely even more could get cut.

Richard Ramirez, Cal Poly budget officer, could not speculate on which programs might specifically suffer as a result of the cuts, because the final approval of the statewide budget, of which the California State University system budget is a part, which should be finalized

late this summer. It's probable that cuts will be made across the board to all programs, Ramirez said. He added that in the 1988-89 budget, Cal Poly took "massive cuts," and that "virtually no budget was unaffected."

Specific areas which suffered the most this year included the hiring of new faculty and staff positions, on which a freeze was placed, a temporary freeze on non-faculty merit salary adjustments, and a supplies and services cut, said Ramirez. Students also noticed the cuts' effects in such aspects as reduced library hours, the closure of the Tutorial Center, and the decrease of campus employment not requiring work study (financial aid)

eligibility. Regardless of which programs specifically incur funding losses, Ramirez said nearly all programs will suffer as a result, including the instructional program, and ultimately the students.

For example, when a freeze is placed on hiring new faculty, it results in fewer possible courses being offered, which limits students' access to such courses.

This is the same with instructional supplies and services cuts, Ramirez added, which result in less-than-superior facilities and laboratories in which students work.

Gov. George Deukmejian's proposed budget is currently being subjected to approval or changes by the state legislature, Ramirez said. The legislature could approve it as submitted, or make recommendations for increases or decreases as deemed appropriate.

The process seems fairly straightforward, but it is complicated by the Proposition 98 and Gann Limit constrictions, Ramirez said, coupled with the difficulty in predicting what the California tax base will be as a result of recent changes in the federal and state tax laws. The tax revenue base is the major pool of money from which state projects and services are funded.

Proposition 98, which was ap-

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John McKenna
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Steve Schneider
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Suzzy Eckman '85
Mike Byrd '82
Chris '88
Brook Martin '82
Jim Rayburn '82
Jim Rudman '83
Gail Humphrey '85

Laura Anderson '87
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Gann Limit hit Poly hard may mean getting less for more

proved by California voters in 1988, established a minimum funding level for K-12 schools and community colleges in the state. The Gann Limit (also known as Proposition 4), which was enacted in 1979, restricts the total amount of money which is allowed to be spent on various functions, including education.

The dilemma is this:

With the Gann proposition limiting the total amount of money which could be spent on the CSU, and with operating costs increasing annually, there is a severe restriction on the available monies with which to fund the CSU campuses.

Add in Proposition 98, which specifies that a minimum amount of the statewide budget (currently 40 percent) must be spent on K-12 and community colleges. This amount of money, according to the wording of the proposition, cannot be decreased, but must be increased when changes in enrollment and inflation occur.

Where do these increases come from? They are taken from the leftover monies allocated to statewide education after the K-12 schools and community colleges have received their minimum funding specifications.

This leftover money makes up the spending pool for the University of California and CSU systems. Thus, the community colleges and K-12 schools are being increased, while the spending on the CSU and UC systems is being decreased. And when the cuts are made, all 19 CSU campuses are affected.

The process which determines the CSU budget is as such: the CSU Board of Trustees requests a certain sum of money which it feels would meet their operating costs and needs. The governor, in preparing the statewide budget, considers these requests, but may make augmentations or reductions depending on what he feels is necessary, based on the amount of money available in the tax revenue base.

The governor then sends his primary recommendations to the state legislature for inspection and approval. More than likely, the legislature makes some changes, and sends it back to the governor to approve.

This game of budgetary pingpong continues until both the legislature and governor can compromise on spending and allocations.

Ramirez said that when budget proposals are made, it is done so with an estimated funding base, which is hard to predict (now, especially,

due to changes in the tax laws). If the tax base is not as high as predicted, cuts must be made. If it is more than predicted, increases can be made, as long as they do not surpass the restrictions imposed by the Gann Limit. If the tax base is higher than what the spending limits dictate overall, the excess money must be returned to the taxpayers (which is what happened last year with the tax rebates).

According to estimates from the state Commission on Finance, if Proposition 98 remains in its current form, by the year 2000 the CSU and UC systems will have lost \$3.4 billion in revenue, while the K-12 and community college systems will have gained \$7 billion.

Further, James Jensen, CSU director of governmental affairs, estimates that by 1998-99, the reductions in services from the Gann Limit and Proposition 98 will amount to approximately \$543 million in losses. This amount could provide services for approximately 134,000 students.

The CSU Board of Trustees recently approved a resolution calling for the CSU to endorse Proposition 98. Project 90 would remove some of the constraints of the spending limit, and suggest that state economic growth (rather than just population and enrollment growths) be the determining factor in money appropriation.

The CSU Board of Trustees had requested slightly over \$1.81 billion for the 1989-90 operating budget, according to an article in *Stateline*, a publication of the CSU. The governor's proposed budget (already submitted to legislative review) amounted to \$1.62 billion, which was \$188 million less than the board requested.

Despite the fact that the governor's proposed \$1.6 billion 1989-90 budget represents an increase of \$118 million (or 7.9 percent) over the current year's budget, CSU Chancellor W. Ann Reynolds said the proposed budget "is clearly inadequate to meet the needs of this system's 355,000 students."

Items in the proposed 1989-90 budget which were not funded include \$11.4 million for non-faculty employees' merit salary increases and \$9.7 million to cover the cost of inflation for goods and services, the *Stateline* article said.

At least \$26 million in unfunded obligations will force program cuts on CSU campuses, and that total could increase depending on whether the legislature amends the governor's proposed budget.

To help regain some of the lost revenue, the CSU board agreed to increase the state university fee by 10 percent, which was a recommendation by Gov. Deukmejian in his budget proposal.

The fee hike, effective this fall, will increase student fees to \$750 per academic year from the current \$684. The increase was approved at their March meeting. Additionally, in May, the board will vote on increases in the application fee (from the current \$45 to \$55) and in non-resident and foreign student tuition fees. The latter will increase from \$4,950 to \$5,670 per academic year.

In October, the board had already approved a 3.6 percent fee

The fee hike, effective this fall, will increase student fees to \$750 per academic year from the current \$684.

hike, which would have raised the student fee to \$708 per academic year, \$42 less per year than the governor's proposed increase.

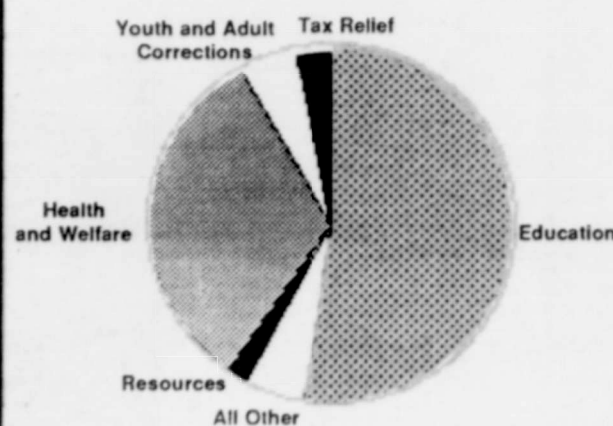
However, without the 10 percent fee increase, an additional \$13 million in budget cuts would have been necessary to offset the loss of revenue.

Cal Poly student John Sweeney, the only student trustee on the CSU board, was the sole dissenter in the 10 percent fee hike vote.

Sweeney said he realized budget cuts which would result if the fee increase had not passed, but he felt that students should

Continued on page 47

1989-90 General Fund Expenditures by Function



As usual, more than half (53 percent) of the Governor's General Fund budget is for educational programs. But will the CSU get its fair share?

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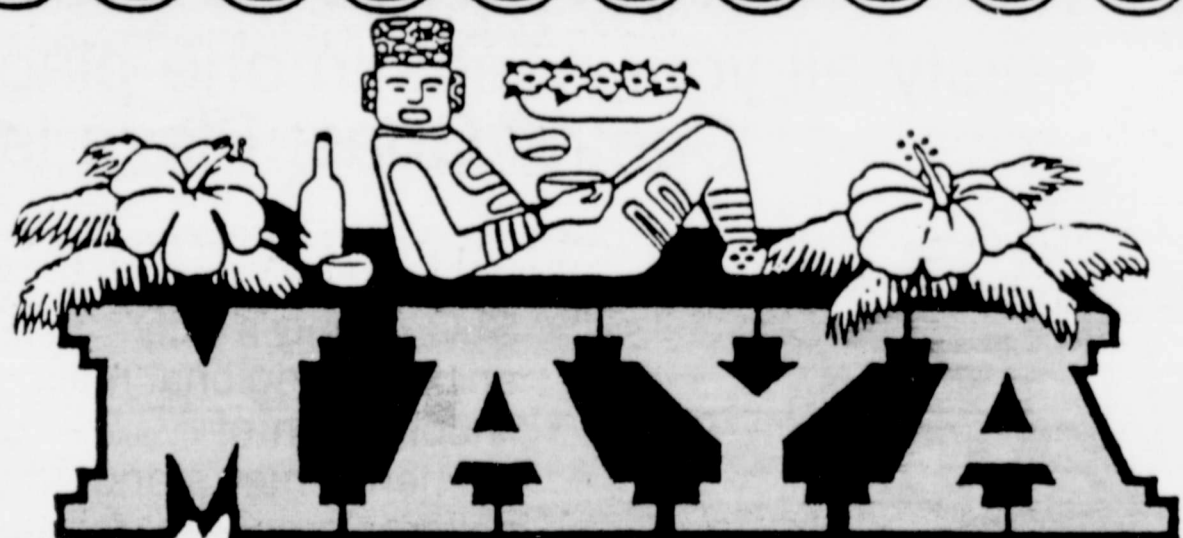
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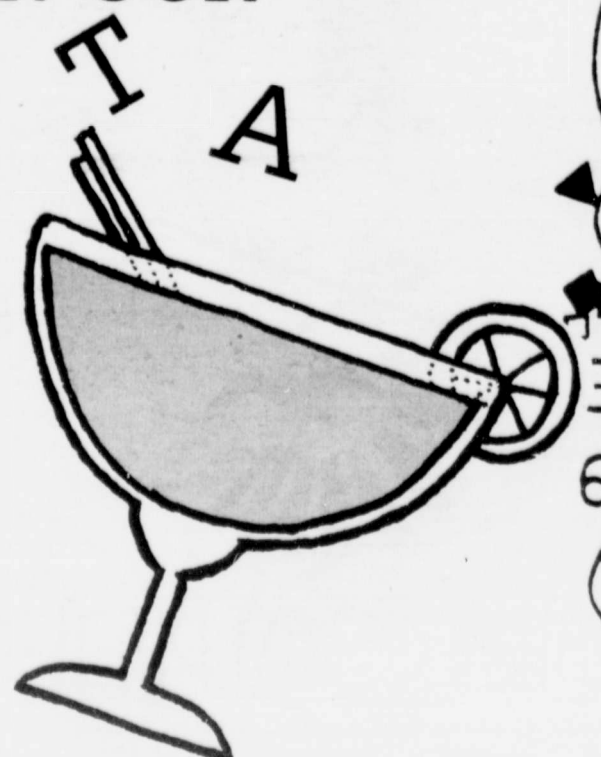
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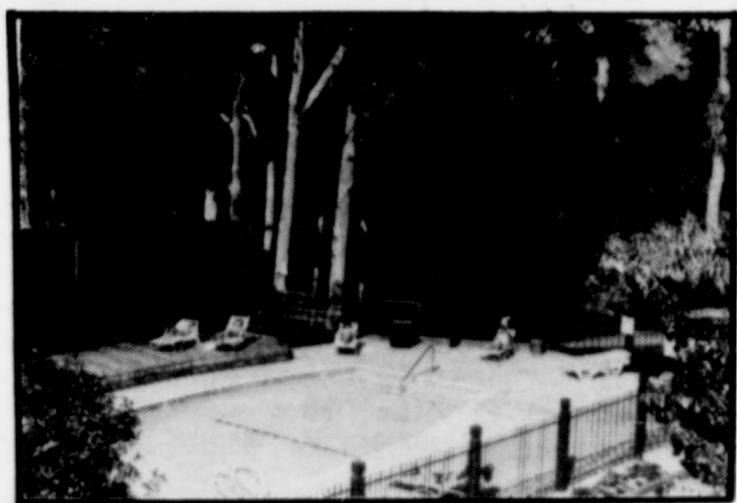
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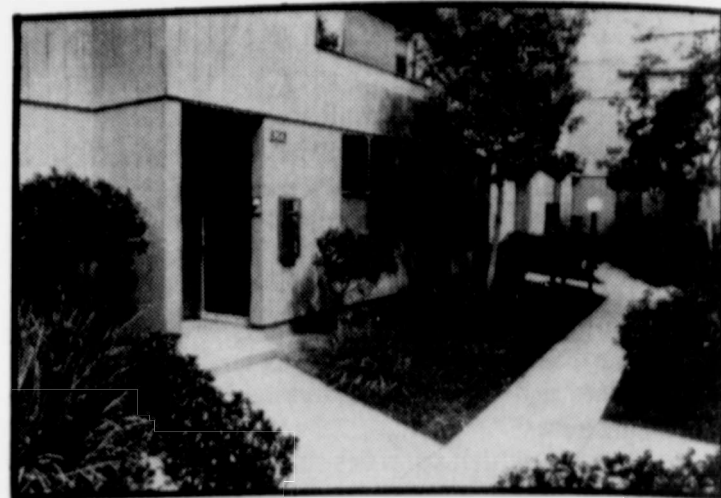


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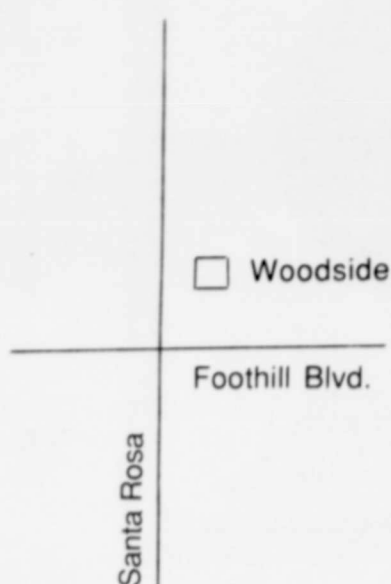
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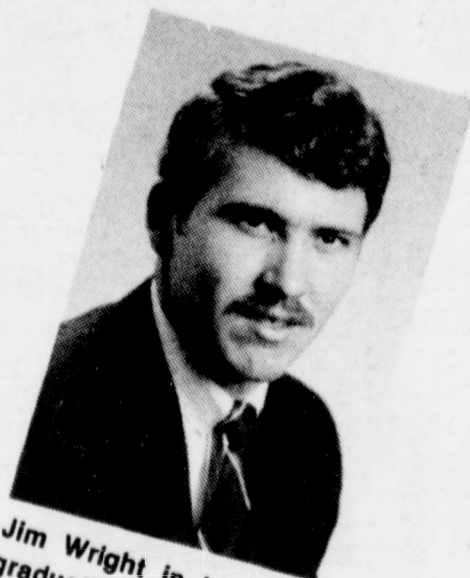
Cal Poly alumnus Gifford Johnson and his daughters Laurin and Victoria prepare for a Saturday ride at their Sacramento home. Johnson says his daughters, although only 9 and 7, love trips to Cal Poly with their dad. When they can't go, Dad brings them back a Poly t-shirt or the like. Johnson said he would love it if either chose Poly — when they're old enough to declare a major.



Cal Poly alumni John and Kay McNinch said they just expected their daughter Kim, pictured here in her early years, to attend Cal Poly. Kim is now an agriculture business senior.



Ashley Wright



Jim Wright in his 1969 graduation photo

By Steve Harmon

A revolving door of sorts

Kids of Cal Poly alumni literally follow in their folks' footsteps

To paraphrase and modernize a famous Bob Dylan expression, "The times they have changed. But some things (like the lure of the 'learn by doing' philosophy) remain the same."

Cal Poly has witnessed and endured the steady passage of time and many children of alumni are now attending the university.

The alumni want their children to have the positive experiences they had at the university — the clean air, friendly town and applied approach to learning. For them, Cal Poly is something to be passed on — a stepping stone for their children into the future, just as it was for them.

Indeed, for many Cal Poly students and their parents, walking around campus is like walking (or nowadays perhaps mountain-biking) down a two-generation memory lane.

The children and parents talk about the things that have changed on "their" campus and the community — the way things were and the way things are.

Memories of yesteryear include fads and fashions of the late 1960s and early 1970s that have faded like a pair of bellbottom blue jeans.

It was another time, another era — one where long hair was hip, the draft was happening, some students drove VW vans and Watergate was a term the agriculture department used to describe opening and closing an irrigation pipeline.

Today, the haircuts are shorter, Vietnam is part of history, those VW "peace" vans gather rust and President Nixon caused a flood of the political kind that's all but dry except for a few waterstains on the office of the presidency.

And it's just as tough as ever to get into the "learn by doing" university. Children of alumni who apply to Cal Poly are not given any preference in admissions.

Ashley Wright, a Cal Poly history freshman, said she decided

to attend the university after visiting many other campuses all over the state.

"I looked at Santa Barbara, UC Davis, San Francisco State and the University of San Francisco, USC and Pepperdine, but I like Cal Poly," Wright said.

What about parental pressure to attend?

"My parents always told me I should go to Cal Poly," Wright said. "Up until last year I never even thought about going there because they had always told me to. Last year, I came down for Poly Royal and I met a lot of kids, and everyone was so friendly compared to some of the other

student), encouraged their daughter to attend Cal Poly because of the good experiences they had.

Wright understands the fine line between encouraging and demanding.

"We had hoped she would go to Cal Poly," he said. "But, like any child, you don't want to insist they go there or they ... " he said and laughed, implying that too much pressure can backfire.

But Jim Wright, the father, used to be Jim Wright, the student. And what kinds of things were happening when he walked Cal Poly's hallowed halls in the late '60s?

For one, Wright was a part-timer in the National Guard during his college years.

He recalled an eye-opening experience far from what he called the protected environment of San Luis Obispo, an experience he will never forget — the Watts' riots.

"It was almost like a dream, a nightmare," Wright said. "We (the National Guard unit) got there when the major rioting was over and we could see the fires. I felt rather horrified, just the fact that that could happen in the United States."

Wright said he didn't understand the controversy at the time. It was a time for questions, not answers.

After graduating and out of uniform, Wright went into agbusiness. He is currently a bank president and said many of his clients are in agriculture so his Cal Poly degree helps him a lot.

Looking back on Cal Poly he said he is impressed with the level of achievement Cal Poly students have attained.

"The new students make it more prestigious for the previous graduates of Cal Poly," Wright said, "just because it's so hard to get in to."

Ashley said it's fun to talk to her parents about the campus and community because they are familiar with it.

Continued on page 47

My parents always told me I should go to Cal Poly. Up until last year I never even thought about going there because they had always told me to.

— Ashley Wright, history freshman

schools I'd visited."

Wright, in her third quarter at Cal Poly, said she doesn't regret her choice a bit.

"I love it and I recommend it to anyone," she said.

What is it that draws alumni children to the farm unit-filled air and the seemingly unending reams of homework at Cal Poly?

Is it the fact their parents went to Cal Poly? Maybe.

Location? Certainly a plus.

Atmosphere? Yes.

Learn by doing? Definitely.

"In a lot of my history classes they believe in getting in and digging up research and all that stuff," Wright said. "I believe it's a great policy."

She said she likes the applied approach rather than the strictly textbook method.

Jim Wright (Ashley's father), a Cal Poly class of '70 ag business graduate, said he and his wife, Jane (a former Cal Poly English



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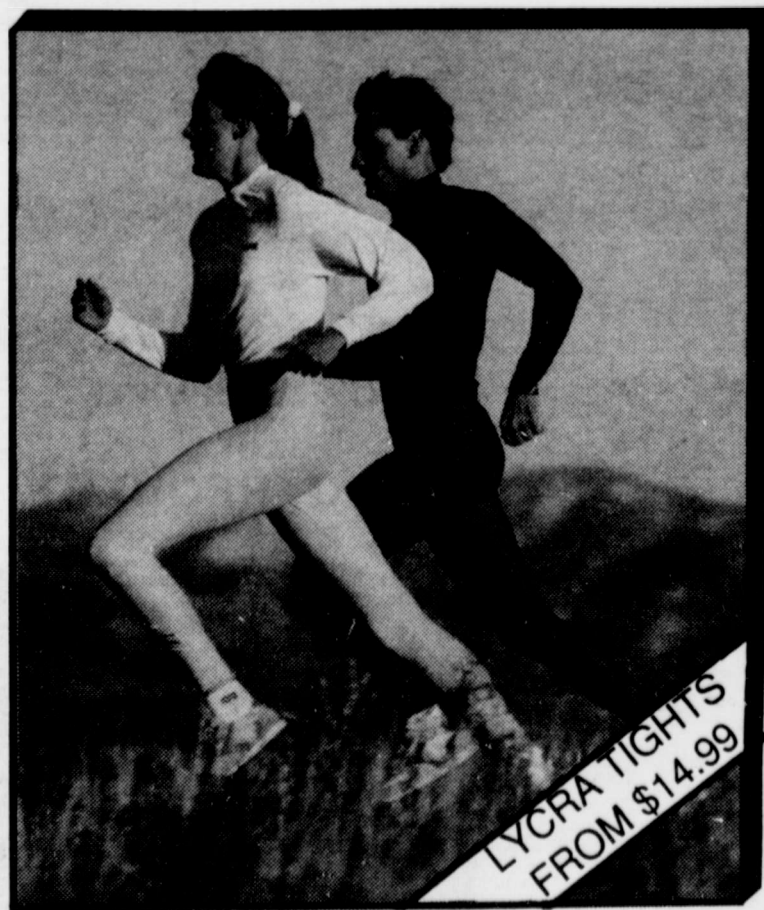
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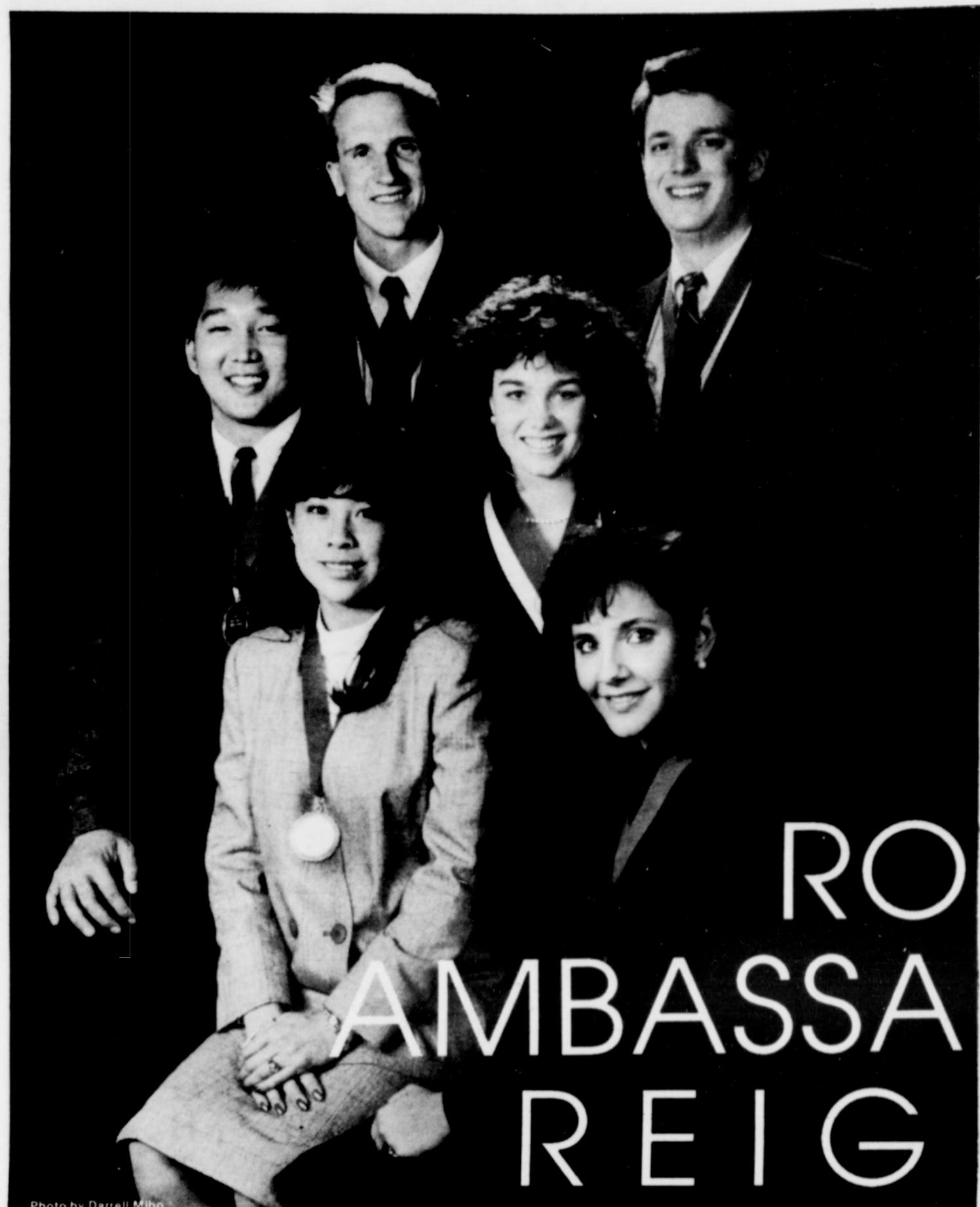


Photo by Darrell Milho

ROYAL AMBASSADORS REIGN

When does one equal six? When the tradition of the single Poly Royal queen is replaced by six people.

But they aren't queens. In fact, three of them are men.

These six Poly Royal representatives are the 1989 Poly Royal Ambassadors.

"What we decided was that the idea of having a queen was a little restricting," said Bridget Walsh, Poly Royal ambassadors coordinator. Walsh said this year Cal Poly has three men and three women working as a team.

"This way, it involves more people and a wider variety," she said. "There are the same number of people as the queen and her court, but everyone is more equal."

Since January, the ambassadors have traveled to clubs, high schools and community colleges within the state promoting Poly Royal and Cal Poly.

"I set tours and we just go," Walsh said. "The schools have been really responsive."

Walsh explained that having six ambassadors instead of a queen this year is experimental.

"But I'll push for it again next

year — we've changed it and I can't see it going back," she said.

1988 Poly Royal Queen Lorie Sousa said she is "fully supportive."

"At first I wasn't sure," she said, "but now I think it's a good idea."

Sousa said the ambassadors will be more representative of what Cal Poly is about and what Poly Royal offers as a program.

"They have the same duties (as the queen), but they include the guys," she said.

"People are excited about the change. It's more representative of the '80s," Sousa said.

The ambassadors were chosen from nearly 50 applicants, each representing a club on campus. Sousa, one of six judges, said judges were looking for "presentation of self, a sincere belief in Cal Poly and people who could relate enthusiasm about Cal Poly to others."

Applicants were required to answer two impromptu questions during interviews, and finalists were chosen based on qualifications and presentation, Sousa said.

"They're not clones," she said. "They all have different personalities and were judged according to what we were looking for."

The Poly Royal Board has thought about making the change in years before, Sousa said.

"I think they just realized the change was needed, and said, 'Why not now?'" she said.

"It's a positive change," Sousa said. "Support is growing, and I think it's going to continue."

These are the 1989 Poly Royal ambassadors:

- Sharon Chin, a senior business administrator, is representing Delta Sigma Pi, a professional business fraternity. Chin is also a



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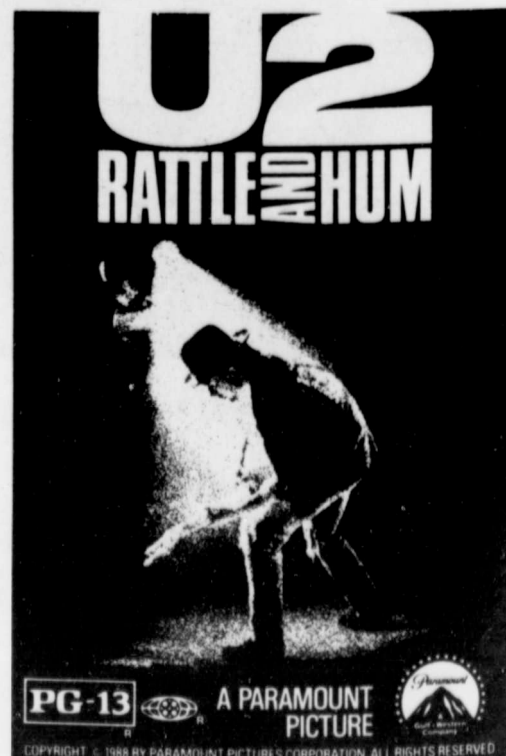
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member of the American Marketing Association, a counselor for Week of Welcome and competes with the Cal Poly women's swim team.

• Senior industrial technology major Ken Crother is representing Order of Omega honor society. Originally from Sutter, Crother is chief of the executive staff of the president of Cal Poly's Associated Students Inc. and a member of Sigma Nu fraternity and the Industrial Technology Society.

• Lora Deily is a junior political science major from Clayton. She is representing the Sigma Kappa sorority. Deily is also a member of Pi Sigma Alpha honor society, Young Democrats, Cardinal Key honor society, the Political Science club and the Model United Nations.

• Craig Harris is representing Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. A senior speech communication major from Loomis, Harris is also active in Poly Reps/The Student Alumni Council, which conducts campus tours and promotes Cal Poly among prospective students, alumni and friends of the university.

• Tomo Dachi Kai, a Japanese-American students group, is represented by David Louie. A junior architecture major from Lodi, Louie is a member of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, College Republicans and the Chinese Student Association.

• Lee-Ann Saxton, a senior speech communication major from Saratoga, represents Gamma Phi Beta sorority. Saxton is also active in the "Word of Mouth" Speech Communication club and Poly Reps/The Student Alumni Council.

All the ambassadors agreed the new idea was working well.

"Some people like tradition, so some are not going to like us and

By Michelle Di Simone

They're not clones. They all have different personalities and were judged according to what we were looking for.

— Lorie Sousa, 1988 Poly Royal Queen

some are," said ambassador Ken Crother.

"But we have a better representation — six different majors coming from different places and all having different ideas," he said.

"It's a challenge and it's busy, but it's fun," Crother said.

"I think by having all of us, we can be more open and comfortable," he said. "We all get along really well, and it shows."

Ambassador Lora Deily said the experience is the most worthwhile part of the position.

"Cal Poly is becoming more prestigious than even I was aware," she said. "I think we're helpful to the students we speak to by telling them what a great time Poly Royal is to come check out Cal Poly and see the people and the campus for what they really are."

Deily said the tradition had value, but people tend to be more receptive to the ambassadors.

"They look at us as people, not as participants in a pageant," she said. "We tend to be more personable."

"It's really amazing," Deily said, "because you look out at the students and you just see yourself sitting there."



Ambassador David Louie said, however, that missing classes to tour "is a drag."

"I just wish we could be more organized," he said. "It would be nice to have events planned and not just have to drop everything and go."

Louie said this year's experiment is a step in re-structuring the Poly Royal section of ASI.

"Things will smooth out in

time," he said. "Right now we're just trying to spark new ideas and enthusiasm about Poly Royal."

"I've had the time of my life," said ambassador Lee-Ann Saxton. "Weekends are hectic, but it balances out."

Saxton said the experience has renewed her desire to be a Cal Poly student.

"The students' enthusiasm gets you going," she said, "and you learn from the other ambassadors about how to handle situations."

Saxton said she enjoyed spending time with the ambassadors.

"At first, I didn't know them

families, so it's pretty cheap."

Chin said the time involved is worth it.

"It's an honor," she said. "We really try to push Poly Royal, and the students look to us for information."

Chin said a lot of questions are asked about issues not directly related to education, such as admissions and the dorms.

"We get asked a lot of questions," she said. "They think we're honest, so they ask a lot about the school."

"It's a neat feeling to know that these kids look up to you," Chin said.

Ambassador Craig Harris said the panel tries to emphasize that Poly Royal is not just a good time.

"We want them to know that Poly Royal is very much educational," Harris said. "It's a great time to meet instructors, see the departments and to get excited about the college."

Harris said the ambassadors specifically try to promote Poly Royal, because Poly Reps promotes the school.

"I don't think people really understand what we're doing," he said. "Only six people are representing the entire student body, yet I wish we could do more."

1934 Poly Royal Queen Jane Horton-Bailey was excited about the ambassadors.

"It's time they changed," she said. "The job as Poly Royal representative is much different now, and I think the tradition has changed, too."

Horton-Bailey, the first Poly Royal queen, described her 1934 duties as "being a grace note for the two days of Poly Royal and walking around with guests and special speakers."

Continued on page 53

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AMBER WISDOM/Mustang Daily

Big, bad

Commentary
By
Stewart
McKenzie

In a world where folks receive obscene messages via one's cellular fax machine, it's refreshing to be here in San Luis Obispo. Or SLO Town. Or San Luis. How can you not love a town that spends precious time assigning names to itself?

It is in this town one will find California Polytechnic State University at San Luis Obispo. We have a festival each year called Poly Royal which celebrates how wonderful and clever we are — as well as being a wham-banger of a good time. Billions of souls flock to the Central Coast for many reasons. Some are worried parents checking up to see if their Billy or Betty Jo is really majoring in Medieval Plumbing. Other parents are scoping the scene to see if the Big Bad Poly is worthy of their offspring.

The folks who put on Poly Royal, as well as the public relations dudes/dudesses, really want you to "get psyched" and have a good time. More importantly, it will keep current/future parents locked into the glorious dream of a California conservative college campus.

"Gee, honey," says parent Ward Walnut Creek, "the kids sure are nice at Poly. Not like those evil liberals at Berkeley. Or those naughty animals at Chico. Or those stoned kids at Humboldt! Oh, honey, it's perfect!"

"Oh yes, dear," echoes parental opposite June, "we can come visit them and dine at this Vista

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Poly: Is it worthy of your offspring?

Grande place. Did you know that means 'Grand View' in Spanish? Those Spaniards! They've got a different word for everything! Still, it's perfect. Me amo San Luis Obispo!"

Well, to those folks who are so proud of Poly they may want to slap on a memorial wing or something, let me bid you warning. There's a crack epidemic here. Everyone's got AIDS or that nasty HIV thing. Exxon spilled some oil in the UU last week. Dan Quayle's up for ASI president. And loonies who have escaped from Atascadero State Hospital have taken over the registration system. They have christened it CAPTURE.

But I digress. To give you the fair, accurate and biased viewpoint of Yours Truly, I have categorially listed Cal Poly's (and San Luis Obispo's) True Stories. In the next paragraphs we will dig into the raw, moist compost that forms the crown jewel of the CSU system. I advise you when the truth blazes out at you, please shade your eyes where appropriate.

1) Vista Grande sucks. So does the view.
2) Some people here bitch a lot about the parking. It's not the fact you can't get a space — you can get that space if you're willing to see a little more of Poly's 6,000 acres. There is no shuttle system from here to the Swine Unit, even though commuter flights would be more appropriate.
Poly will soon be getting some nice tall parking structures soon. As soon as San Jose State and San Diego State finish building theirs — with our money. In the meantime, there's the SLO transit bus system. It's free to students. It's got a funny name. It's got four routes. Enjoy!

3) Things here come in units. We've got the Dairy Unit and the Sheep Unit and the Swine Unit. We have equal opportunity units.

4) It's a dry campus. But don't think this will stop your offspring from getting full-on whacked out of their gills. By now, they have perfected the ways to smuggle booze past the R.A. Your kids will all be in practice when they see you this summer.

5) CAPTURE is the acronym CAI Poly's Touch tone User REGistration. Enter an action code now.

The magic of Pac Bell technology now allows one to register via telephone. From the comfort of a cheap slum dwelling, your kids can register for Business 101 and English 215. It's a great system. If you get a busy signal, you try again. And again and again and again.

It's all part of Cal Poly's new \$5-million OASIS computer system. This system will bring Poly to the forefront of 20th century technology. Too bad it's almost the 21st century.

6) Repeat, THERE IS NO PUB ON THIS CAMPUS. Take your alcoholic thoughts downtown, please.

7) They will turn on the "air conditioning" in the dorms — an air re-circulation fan — after three consecutive days of hot weather. Many dormies cool down by getting in their cars with the windows rolled down, then drive around the block real fast.

8) Poly teaches classes like Dairy Husbandry 330 (Artificial Insemination), Crop Science 221 (Weed Control), and Recreation 100 (Leisure Education and Lifestyle Management). Learn by doing, as they say.

9) Students here are apolitical, asexual and estudious. We're very good kids. We don't want to rile anybody since it may come back to haunt us at the Martin Marietta interview.

10) When you walk into the University Dining Complex (known as "The Stalls"), all the food is color-coded for ease of selection. The brown thing is Swiss Steak. The white thing is a Coconut Cream Pie (with hardening agent). The green stuff is the Jello mold. And I know your next question: yes, they have catering.

11) No, I.M. Pei did not design any buildings on this campus. But, then again, I'm sure the question didn't occur to you after you've seen the buildings.

12) It's true John Madden, Weird Al Yankovic, Dick Rutan (the Voyager flight captain) and Ozzie Smith went here. So did Christopher Boyce. Do you know who Christopher Boyce is? Did you see *Falcon and the Snowman*?

13) We're very international around here. Morro

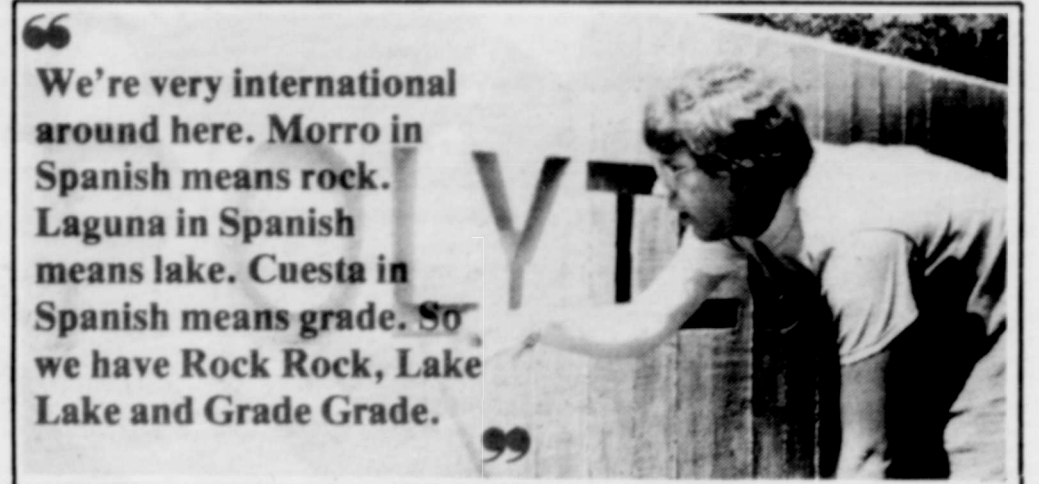
in Spanish means rock. Laguna in Spanish means lake. Cuesta in Spanish means grade. So around here we have Rock Rock, Lake Lake and Grade Grade.

14) If you're ever desperate for ornade capsules, go down to the Health Center and cough a lot. Works every time.

15) You can't go to San Francisco or Los Angeles on Highway 101 on-ramps here. You can only go the definitive North or South.

cascades of water crash down a fake rock formation. This urinal attracts crowds, so you shy people in need of a pee better head down to the Union 76 down the street.

18) This is the only town/gown situation in the world where the town is more liberal than the university. While a nuclear power plant rose in the backyard, Poly yawned. While the county grew by incredible leaps and bounds,



16) Warren Baker runs this place. We call him the Prez. He's not the Chancellor, the Dean or simply the Boss. He's the Prez.

17) The world-famous Madonna Inn is located here. We've got no choice. Still, seeing the worst nightmares of the plastics industry realized keeps the place going. It's Honeymooner Haven. Make sure to check out the keen men's room by the wine cellar — the urinal's got an electric eye and at the proper moment,

Poly slumbered. The only thing that's riled folks here recently was a letter to the editor saying 75 percent of the women here are lesbians. This issue received very lively debate.

With these little sniglets of information, you could probably fathom what problems your little kiddies have in store here at Poly. It's still a great school, but do take heed to these words. Really. Go away. Now I can get the classes I want, in peace.



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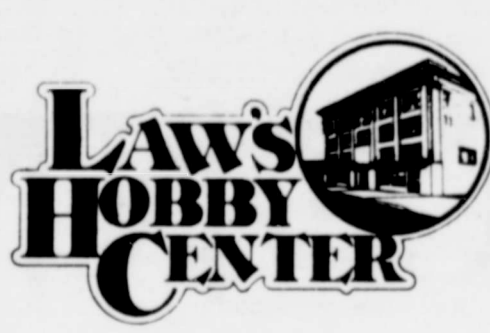
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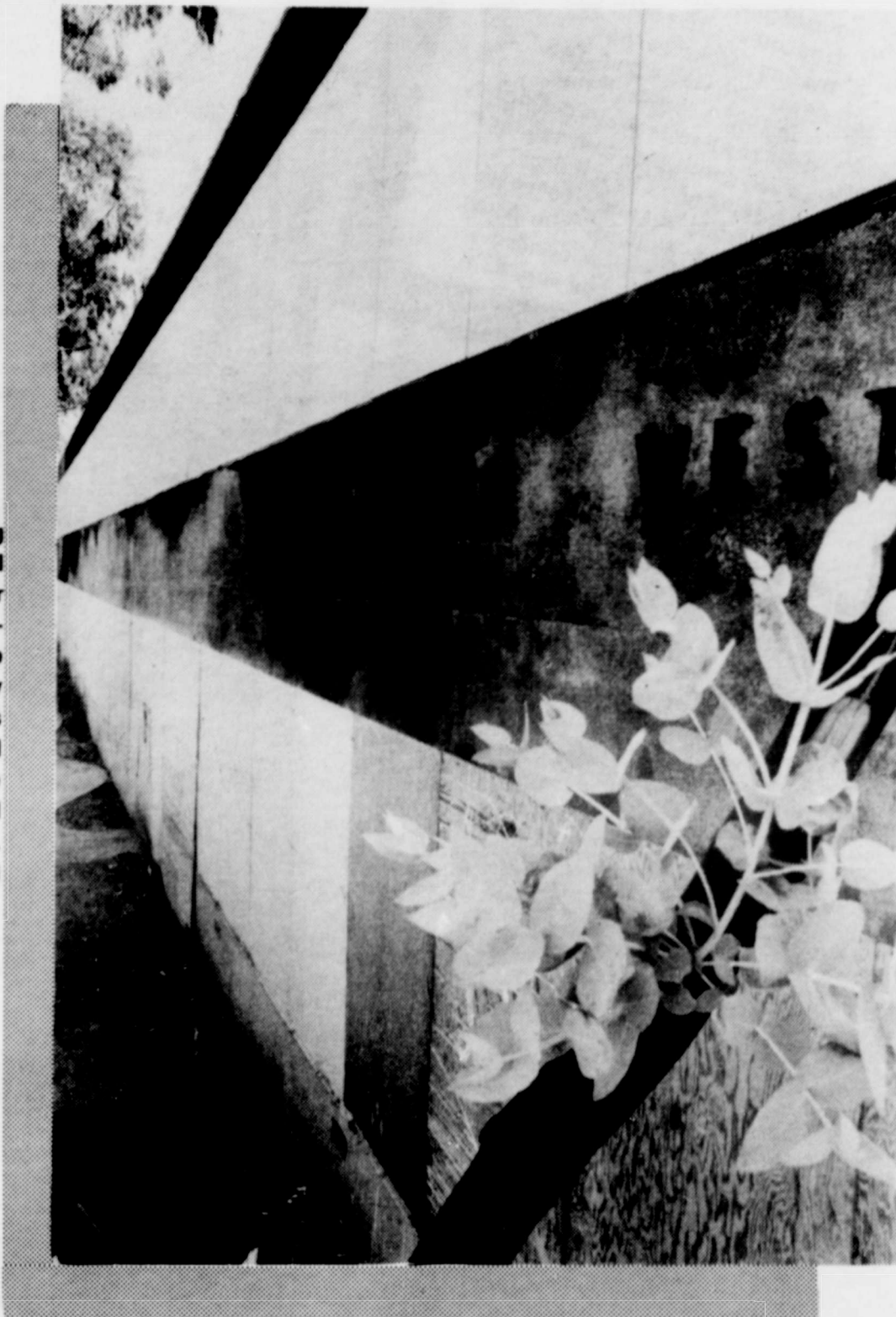
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BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE

Poly Royal 1986: Many students lost invaluable work to flames

The Engineering West building stands, soot-stained and boarded up, waiting for cleanup and repair following a devastating fire during Poly Royal 1986. There were no deaths or injuries, but many architecture students' projects were lost to the flames, and classrooms and laboratories were either destroyed or rendered unusable due to smoke damage. The building remained boarded up through Poly Royal 1987

Mustang Daily File Photo



It was hotter than the linguica barbecue, attracted more spectators than the Cal Poly Twirlers and was the most attended event of Poly Royal, 1986.

It was the infamous Engineering West Building fire two years ago and some people even thought it was part of the planned festivities. In reality, the fire destroyed more than half a dozen laboratories and a multitude of student projects.

An improperly used electric motor used for an architecture display started the fire on the ground floor of the building. The engine, part of an earthquake simulation display, overheated and threw sparks onto surrounding papers in the room. Flames spread quickly throughout the first floor of the building, then upstairs and out onto a small grove of eucalyptus trees on the east side of the adjacent Dexter lawn.

Ordinarily, the Dexter lawn area would have provided immediate access for campus fire crews, but food booths and crowds covered the expanse and impeded Cal Poly's fire crew's response from only three blocks away.

"The city (fire crews) arrived before the Cal Poly team did," said James Ehrenberg, an engineering technology professor whose office was destroyed in the blaze.

Ehrenberg was standing on the opposite side of Dexter lawn and saw the early afternoon fire begin.

"I first thought it was a food booth or some demonstration that was a part of Poly Royal," he said. "People were everywhere," hampering a collective perception of what was going on, and the response time it took to reach and then extinguish the fire.

Perhaps the most significant losses were the student projects, materials and tools that were kept in the labs, used mainly by architecture students.

"I can really sympathize with those students whose material was lost," said Peter Giambalvo, an engineering associate professor. "We're talking about stuff that came from here," he said as he pointed to his head. "To lose what you have created is a painful loss. It's like having a possession you really care about and being told you have to throw it away."

Court Warren, director of El Corral Bookstore

said, "We felt bad for the students, and as a member of the campus community we wanted to help any way we could."

After the fire, Warren met immediately with Cal Poly Foundation Executive Director Al Amaral and the two agreed to replace the materials the students lost in the fire, at no cost to the victims. Warren saw his proposal as one that would take care of short-term needs.

"We wanted to get them right back as quick as possible," he said. "We didn't replace what they lost — we replaced what they needed to keep going."

Warren said that some of the students who accepted El Corral's offer came back the following fall to pay the bookstore back.

"It made you feel good," he said.

In addition to the bookstore, the architecture department also worked with students whose projects went up in flames.

"Professors gave extended deadlines without placing unnecessary pressure on students," said department head Mike Martin.

"No student was penalized by the fire."

The building itself sustained more than \$1 million worth of damage. Occupants of offices and labs were allowed to go in and salvage what they could and then the building was shut down for three weeks for initial cleanup.

"A professional fire clean-up group from Los Angeles called S.O.S. was hired to come in and do the clean-up after the fire," said Ehrenberg.

The building was then boarded up to await allocation of funds by the state for rebuilding.

A year later, at Poly Royal 1987, the building was still boarded up, serving as a concrete reminder of the drama from the year before. It was not until six months after those festivities that reconstruction was completed and the building was reopened.

Ehrenberg, back in his Engineering West office after being temporarily located in a trailer for the duration of the renovation, seemed pleased with the construction job. But there are some constant reminders.

"They got rid of most of the smoke smell in the labs and offices, but they couldn't get everything," Ehrenberg said, referring to the soot he still finds on his books and files.

To this day, Ehrenberg keeps moist hand towels in his office to clean the soot off his hands from handling his materials.

"I'll be dealing with this for the rest of my life," he said.

Engineering West, below, as it looks today. The building was reopened 6 months after Poly Royal 1987, but soot still seeps into offices and laboratories, forcing professors to keep wet paper towels handy for cleanup.

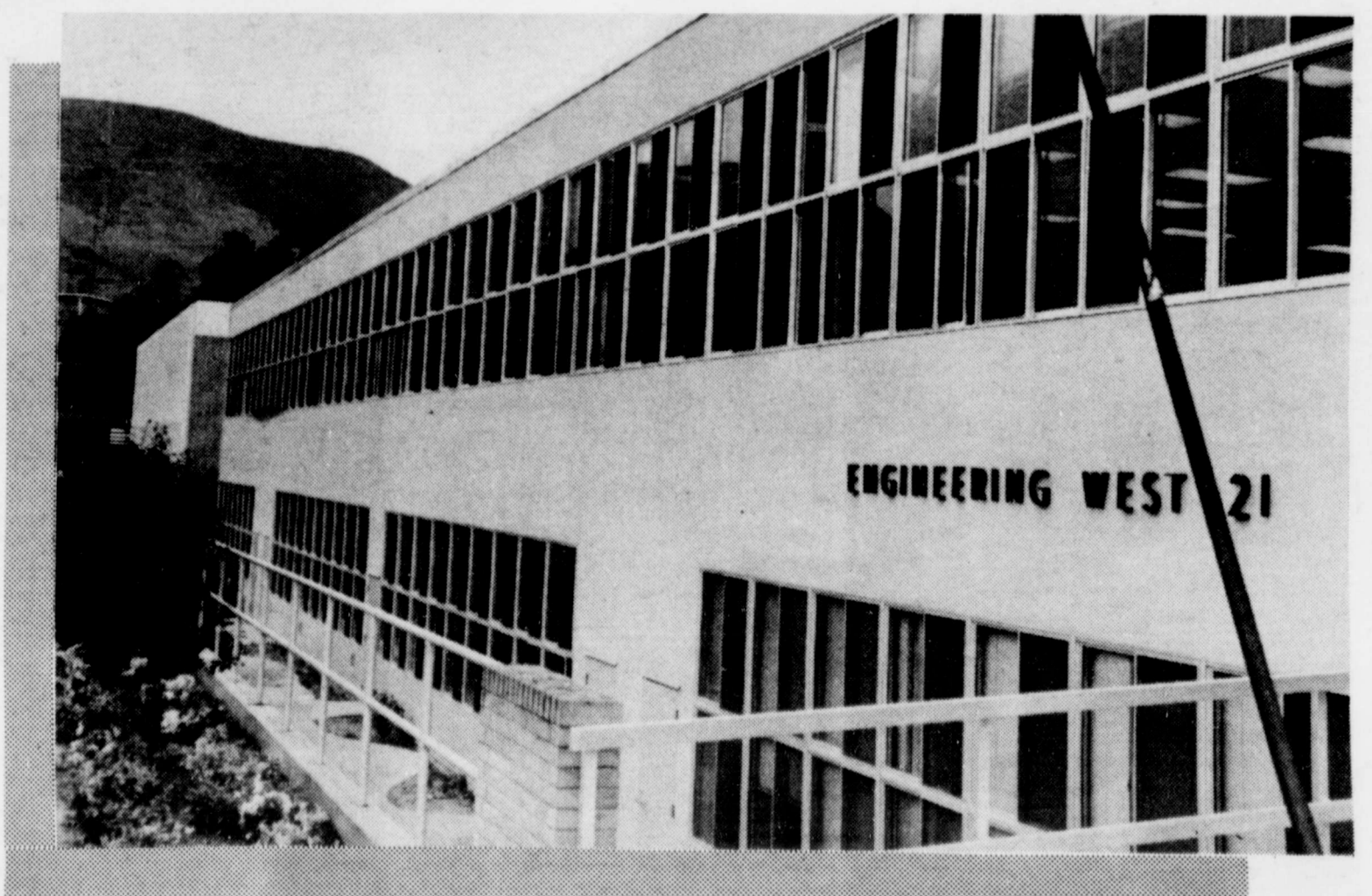


Photo by Darrell Miho

Something's always cooking on Farmer's Market night

By
Sharon
Sherman

It began more than ten years ago as a way to bring people — namely potential buyers — into the downtown area. It was called "Shopping Night."

Today it's a weekly attraction that features flowers, fruits, vegetables, jugglers, balloons, puppeteers, barbecued ribs and chicken, soda and people, lots of people. It's called, unofficially at least, "Farmers' Market."

Dodie Williams, administrator of the Downtown Business Improvement Association which organizes the weekly event, said, "It's still basically a shopping night."

Williams admits, however, that Thursday night activities, which are centered around extended shopping hours at many of the downtown retail stores, are much more than a chance for area residents to shop late.

"This is the one event that makes San Luis Obispo unique from other cities of its size. It's the one that keeps the downtown viable and alive."

In 1983 a couple of the downtown restaurants decided to add another incentive to the shopping night by selling barbecued ribs and chicken on the street, Williams said. After a few months it was decided

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CROSS

CURRENTS

Mustang Daily Literary Supplement

*First
Place
Fiction*

Road

By Roy Chaney

The truck was old and tired. The muffler was full of holes. The engine shimmed under the hood when the orange needle of the speedometer fell below 20 miles per hour. The transmission moaned in all five forward gears.

In reverse it screamed.

The gearshift lever, rising up from the floor of the cab, vibrated like the tail of an irritated rattlesnake. There was a spider web of a crack at the top of the windshield, about center, with strands radiating out and down to form a half-sunburst. All the tires were nearly bald, except for the spare, but it didn't hold air for very long. The passenger-side door had to be wrenched open, but the driver's door, perhaps to compensate, had acquired the habit of swinging open without cause. I had tied it shut with some baling wire outside of Oklahoma City. It seemed to be holding. For now.

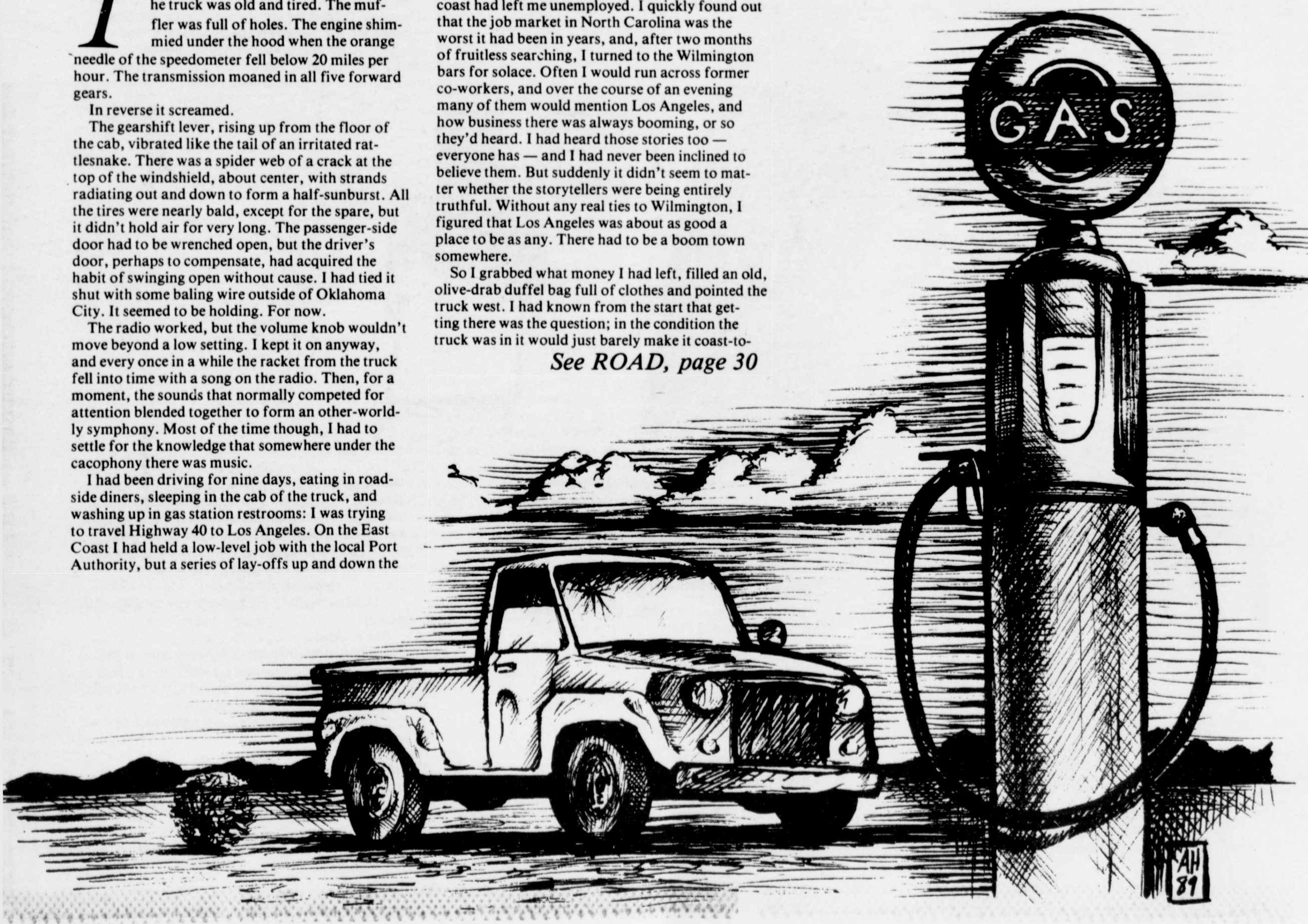
The radio worked, but the volume knob wouldn't move beyond a low setting. I kept it on anyway, and every once in a while the racket from the truck fell into time with a song on the radio. Then, for a moment, the sounds that normally competed for attention blended together to form an other-worldly symphony. Most of the time though, I had to settle for the knowledge that somewhere under the cacophony there was music.

I had been driving for nine days, eating in roadside diners, sleeping in the cab of the truck, and washing up in gas station restrooms: I was trying to travel Highway 40 to Los Angeles. On the East Coast I had held a low-level job with the local Port Authority, but a series of lay-offs up and down the

coast had left me unemployed. I quickly found out that the job market in North Carolina was the worst it had been in years, and, after two months of fruitless searching, I turned to the Wilmington bars for solace. Often I would run across former co-workers, and over the course of an evening many of them would mention Los Angeles, and how business there was always booming, or so they'd heard. I had heard those stories too — everyone has — and I had never been inclined to believe them. But suddenly it didn't seem to matter whether the storytellers were being entirely truthful. Without any real ties to Wilmington, I figured that Los Angeles was about as good a place to be as any. There had to be a boom town somewhere.

So I grabbed what money I had left, filled an old, olive-drab duffel bag full of clothes and pointed the truck west. I had known from the start that getting there was the question; in the condition the truck was in it would just barely make it coast-to-

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AH
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Second Place Fiction

'Fraid

By Monica Storey

Her socks were crunchy so they went in the pile beneath the tv. The sour t-shirt went there too. Deanna stepped into her jeans and pulled a clean t-shirt from a pile on the other side of the bed.

The only thing in her mother's bed was a bar of light that slipped in under the curtain. The bed was unmade, in the exact shape it had held for five days now. Deanna recognized the tangle of coarse white sheets and brown bedspread, down to the last peak and twist.

She stared at the bedspread just like her own, feeling its plastic oily surface without touching. Her gaze moved around the room, seeing the too-familiar sights: the splintering fake-wood paneling, the reproduction of an enormous crashing wave above both beds, the carpet where frayed burlap grew in ill-patched squares. This was the place that her mother referred to as home.

Milk and two packets of instant oatmeal poured into a mug made breakfast. There was a hot plate in the room, but Deanna didn't want to take the time or trouble to use it. She was used to the cold floury taste of the cereal and, with enough milk, she could nearly drink it.

Dropping the empty mug onto the tv, she slipped on her rubber thongs and locked the door behind her. The sky was overcast and the air was heavy, but it was already getting hot. It'd be the sort of day she could almost swim through. For a moment, Deanna stood outside the door and enjoyed the silence of the motel while its residents rested from

Deanna ignored the buses and walked the length of Motel Drive — the dark bars and decaying motels of the '50s — to the edge of the used car lots. And then she walked back.

When she returned, she found that the residents has awakened. Music pounded out of the rooms and car stereos, mariachi versus metal. All over the parking lot, men were stretched out on car hoods and nosing into engines.

Deanna had just started across the parking lot when the howls, whistles, and shouts began. She frowned and focused on the door of the motel lobby, trying not to hear what they said. Her heart and the music battled on both sides of her ribs and her limbs stiffened with the knowledge of being watched. Throwing her legs forward in long awkward strides, Deanna concentrated on the lobby door. She saw that along the top of the glass the purple plastic film was starting to tatter. A step before the door, she could see bubbles in the plastic and her reflection behind them.

She reached out to push the door, but it opened before her. A figure stood just inside the lobby and Deanna recognized it as the man who'd watched her earlier in the morning. He was tall and thin with long greasy black hair that ran down his neck and trailed off into out-dated sideburns. Deanna glanced from his silver-tipped black boots up to his dark green suit to his dark bruised-looking eyes.

She could tell that the people at the motel didn't trust the new man. They didn't like his haircut, his green suit, or the way he looked at them.

"He looks in on us," Deanna's mother had told her, "you know, like he's on the outside. I want you to be careful while he's here, honey."

"I like the way he's quiet," Deanna had answered, glancing over to see her mother's response.

"Oh, Deanna, that's a bad man," her mother had said, slowly swinging her head side to side. "Concentrated menace. You know what that is? That's him. Men here may do dangerous things sometimes, but that one's a dangerous man."

Deanna had moved closer to her mother, trying to look into her eyes. "Do you mean that or are you just talking?"

She'd laughed sloppily, the sound filling the room. "It's in the eyes, baby," she'd said and looked up to see her daughter walking away.

On the fifth morning, Deanna waited in the parking lot for the man to come out of his room. The sun was strong and, leaning on a warm car hood, she felt as if it were drawing her energy away. In a month, the sun and its heat would have bleached the city white, dried it up and left it covered in a film of dust. She'd rather stay in the shade.

The man finally left his room. He looked directly at her and, for a moment, she considered returning to her room. But he only started walking, so she followed. At first, she was careful to stay far behind him, but habit relaxed her and she started



the night before. "Sleep well," she said to the row of drawn curtains with nothing resembling a smile.

Starting across the parking lot, Deanna looked up to see a man parked in a car by the curb, watching her. She turned quickly away with a shudder and walked. When he didn't follow, she was able to relax and look around. The freeway on the other side of the cyclone fence was filled with workers hurrying to jobs all over the city. The airy rush of bus brakes sounded down Motel Drive and Deanna considered riding to the mall. It had been awhile since she'd gone to walk in the crowds. Sometimes, she dressed up and searched for the other kids, but it was only exciting for awhile. Walking slowly by the knots of kids, she always relearned that she could be near them, but she could never be with them, never one of them.

Remembering the bitter end of the mall visits,

She was startled by the intensity of his returning gaze, but also noted the faint smile that pulled at the corners of his eyes. She might have smiled back, but he stepped past her and out the door. Pressed to the dark glass, Deanna watched the man walk down the motel sidewalk and saw how her neighbors watched and said nothing.

For the next several days, she watched the man. He woke late every morning and walked to the convenience store, returning with paper-bag wrapped bottles. Then, he stayed in his room until late afternoon when he drove away, always returning after Deanna had fallen asleep by the window.

It was during his second late morning that Deanna was able to inspect the car. It was a red Cadillac with paint chipped down to the metal, a frayed white vinyl roof, and a Mississippi license plate. Inside, fast-food bags and wrappers covered the backseat and a glow-in-the-dark Madonna stood on the dash. The car was unlocked, but Deanna never considered going inside.

watching the freeway while she walked. It was a crack in the sidewalk that caused her to stumble and look up to see the man only a few feet before her. She stopped, wondering what to do, and he turned with a large smile. He was waiting for her, so she stepped up beside him. The convenience store was right in front of them.

"Deanna, right?" He had a low voice and a soft accent.

She nodded.

He smiled again, a small genuine smile at the corners of his mouth and pale green eyes. "Jack."

"Hi," she answered, surprised at the smallness of her voice.

"I'm going to go inside now, okay, and you can wait out here."

Deanna nodded.

"I just want to get something clear first, though."

The man crouched a bit to look

See 'FRAID, page 31

First Place Poetry

By Ann Jacobsen

Beneath a Swinging Chandelier

If you touched it,
(if you just tapped
the small piece of crystal
hanging from a silver chain)
a hundred other crystal pieces
would shift from side to side
until it seemed that all the chains
would break and the chandelier
would fall.

She keeps a grandfather clock
(table top size)
that does not tick;
does not keep time.
It has been handed down
for two generations.

There is a red, glazed cat
on the TV. (I only learned it was a cat
a few years ago). It sits next to a refined
candelabrum with red candles.
They match the cat.

In the guest bedroom
(my mother's old room--
the room I always stay in)
there is a dresser
with a white lace cover.
On top rests a photo of my mother,
silver brush/comb/mirror set,
dead starfish with curling fingers.

When you touch
the dining room chandelier
crystal reflects colors, shadows;
glass chinks together and threatens
to break
into even smaller pieces.



Fish Water

Pounding the head
against a river rock--
fish eye is large with dark pupil;
tail flaps at nothing.

With that knife
of rusty disappearing blades,
wet handle,
cut the rounded belly.

Run your thumb
along the inside backbone.
Holding silver-grey fin
feel the water,
still cool.

In the evenings
of drying cold by the fire,
you smell summers--
brief smell,
swallowed slow.

Brighton Beach

Box cars,
strung lights
and an aquarium (the aquarium's
sign, white letters painted
on mystical, sea blue. "Aquarium
and Dolphinarium:
Seals, Seal Lions, Dolphins.")

Near by is a large cylinder slide.
The wide stripes circling
wider and brighter;
it is like a giant
peppermint candy.

Looking from the hotel window (the hotel
across the street,
ocean view,
color TV)
through the thin, white curtain,
recently cleaned glass,
the carnival lights
seem to touch
box cars, cylinder slide
and aquarium
reflecting the sea animals'
green tanks of glass.

For the eighth year, the winning entries of the Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest have been published as a supplement to the Poly Royal edition of the 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 about 150 entries from students in 30 majors.

There are two divisions in the contest: short story and poetry. Each division has 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 decisions 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 all three judges meet to make their final decisions.

The contest and this publication would not be possible without the support of many people. Gratitude must be expressed to the anonymous donors whose contributions make the cash awards possible.

Thanks are given to Mona Rosenman, Head of the English department, and to Glenn Irvin, Dean of the School of Liberal Arts. Also, thanks are due to the judges for devoting their time to the contest: in fiction, Mary Kay Harrington, Paula Huston, and Peggy Lant; in poetry, Kevin Clark, Angela Estes, and Stuart Lishan.

Thanks also must go to the English department secretaries Connie Davis and Sharon Arnold. A special thanks to secretary Gregg Parras who has been a superb help with the contest for a number of years but has now left the English department. He'll be missed. Finally, thanks to April Karys, Mustang Daily editor, and to Dawn Opstad and Shelly Evans, co-editors of Cross Currents.

— A.W. Landwehr, Contest Coordinator

*Second
Place Poetry* | *By Teresa Flory*

The Summer of my Grandmother

The day was darkened by the clouds of rain that stormed outside. The thunder groaned through the house, frightening the little girl. At each flash of lightning she nearly died--her breathing choked behind a frosted window made warm by her breath. The grandmother felt the child's fear and knew dinner wasn't all that important. All afternoon the laughter

had been drowned by thunder, and it was laughter that the grandmother longed to hear harmonize with the rain splattering the kitchen window. Leaving the smells of dinner to simmer, she moved gracefully through the house to the bedroom with the frosted window, and placed her warm hand on the child's small shoulder. The child felt she had died

inside, but the soft words calmed the flutters as the rain died down. What magic did those words contain to bring the laughter from the little girl? She buried herself in the warm, soft fragrance of her grandmother's dress as the rain returned to the clouds. The thunder still shook the house, but the little girl giggled as she set the table for dinner.

Sixteen years later I search for her words as I stare at the dinner dishes waiting to be scrubbed. A part of me is dying, or has it died and left me alone to face the quiet death in my house? In the summer streets I hear the echoes of children's laughter blanket the dusk hour. The radio forecast says there's a chance of rain, and I leave the dishes to harden while I build a warm

fire and try to remember. I remember the warm hand, my child-like fear of thunder, the dinner. But words fall away from me like the rain falls from the clouds, and I wonder, have they died, those childhood memories strung together with laughter? A distant thunder begins rolling toward my house.

Your presence here has made this dwelling a house of death. The thunder peals as I pull a blanket over to warm your small frame. "Oh God, where is the laughter?" I sit by your bed, numb and empty inside--what dinner couldn't fill. The thunder came and before it died it whispered your words. I let my tears fall as I listen to the rain.

"Thunder is just God talking to you," the rain said against the window pane. The laughter was silenced in the house, and in stillness you died.



*Third
Place Poetry* | *By Dave Sheesley*

Freeing the Piano

The range of blackness
polishes arpeggios like the beats
of butterflies or gulls you remember
summing the stripes
on stones that can't untune themselves
But piano I hear the ladder
of your voice stretching to slip
to shiver with dogs
and know its own armpit
I hear you singing with wood
what my throat can't shape
even in a vapor of tears
or at the start of nightmares
Unpickle my heart
and rub my kidneys coughing
to seam your thirds and fifths
with the original
unpetaling until you collapse
In the gauze of wind
I scrub against the grain
and wring the piano into buckets
of bruised paint its forced smile
of sticky keys a masturbator's hangup
of nickle wound colon wire
clogging with the stool of square octaves
And outside I fling
the dead heaviness on a chill from a cliff
It is all voice now
curling in the screams of gulls
shattering gauzing them away
shying the snails with its light
sweetening the monarchs to migrate
trickling uphill like the hands of lightning



Road

From page 25

coast. But it was falling apart even faster than I had expected, and I had little money for repairs.

I guess that's why I picked up the hitchhiker. The Mojave Desert is no place to be stranded, but if stranded was to be the case, a fellow traveller might be of some assistance.

I had just passed through Mavis, California — a town comprised of five wooden houses of identical design, a few outbuildings, one small silver watertower and an establishment called the Lost Dutchman Cafe and Grocery — when I saw him, standing along the side of the highway, next to a large road sign. The message on the road sign had been eroded away by the gritty desert wind, but I thought I could guess what it had once said.

As I approached he raised his arm and stuck his thumb out. He turned his head a little in my direction, but save for that slight movement he remained motionless. I saw no bags or backpacks lying on the ground, and he didn't appear to be a derelict, so it seemed a safe bet that he was a local, and as such would be familiar with the area. I pulled over to the side of the road, the tires kicking up a bit of dust and gravel.

He was a short old man. He looked to be in his 50s, probably pushing 60. He wore a green baseball cap, pulled down on the back of his head so tight that it forced the tops of his ears to stick out from his head more than they might normally have. It made him appear much younger at first glance, and slightly daffy. The sleeves of his tan shirt were rolled up all the way to his shoulders. His blue jeans were baggy, but clean. His baseball cap bore the inscription *Southern Pacific*.

I waved him over to the truck, and he stepped forward slowly, walking with a limp. He seemed curiously unconcerned about obtaining a ride, an attitude that seemed at odds with the relentless sun and forbidding desert. Approaching the truck he peered into the cab through the open window. All that I could see of him was his head, sticking up over the bottom of the window frame. Underneath a bulbous nose hung a moustache that fell over his upper lip like water over a waterfall.

"Hello," I said.

"Beekerville," he replied. It was a statement, not a question.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. Where is it?"

"Next town, 'bout forty-five minutes."

"All right, hop in."

The old man grabbed the handle of the door and tugged. The door didn't budge. He looked to me for an explanation.

"You've got to pull hard on that thing." After three or four more tugs he grabbed the handle with both hands and succeeded in pulling the door open, amidst a great screeching from the dry, rusty hinges. He climbed in, leaned out, grabbed the door, and slammed it shut. I threw the truck into gear and pulled back onto the highway.

"My name's Kurt," I said, speaking with a force required by the noise of the truck, a force that made every statement emphatic.

"Jimmy," the old man replied.

"Nice to meet ya", Jimmy."

"Same here, Kurt." The old man looked not at me but ahead, at the concrete highway. He pulled on his moustache absently. "Nice truck," he said.

"What's that?"

"Nice truck ya' got."

"Oh. Thanks."

The old man nodded, and turned his attention to the desert rolling by the window.

He was of slight build, though I didn't think he was as fragile as he appeared. His arms were thin, but solid, sinewy. His face, weathered and deeply tanned, bore wrinkles that seemed to etch his features in stone, rather than dragging them down into sagging resignation. His eyes were afforded protection by a pair of bushy grey eyebrows.

He wore a pair of heavy brown workboots. His short legs left his feet not entirely flat on the floor of the cab.

After a mile or so travelled in silence, I reached down and picked up the pack of cigarettes that was lying on the seat next to me. I tapped it against the steering wheel to shake a few up from the pack, and offered one to the old man. He didn't notice. He was gazing out at the desert.

I tapped him on the shoulder with the cigarette pack. "Smoke?"

He extracted a cigarette. "Thanks."

I placed the tip of a cigarette in my mouth, pulled the pack away from it and dropped the pack back onto the seat. I reached into my jacket, pulled out my lighter, lit the cigarette, handed the lighter to the old man. He lit his cigarette and handed the lighter back. I dropped it onto the seat, next to the cigarette pack.

The wind rushing by the truck sent the cigarette smoke swirling. The bumps and occasional potholes in the road jarred the truck, and sent ash floating down to the floor.

"You work for the railroad?" I asked. It seemed like a reasonable peg to hang as conversation on.

"Used to."

"Retired?"

"Yhep. For eight years." The old man took one last drag on his cigarette, flicked the butt out the window, and ran his thumb back and forth across his moustache, in a seemingly pensive manner. "Worked for the railroad for forty-three years," he said, finally. "And four months."

I was surprised. He had to be twice my age, plus a de-

cade or so; 70, or thereabouts. He was in pretty good shape for 70.

"That's a long time," I said.

"I used to think so. Not so much, anymore." The old man seemed to be trying to impart a bit of wisdom. I side-stepped it; the deceptive nature of time was known well-enough to me.

"I guess you've done a lot of travelling."

"Yhep. That's what I liked about it, the travellin'."

The old man chuckled. "Didn't like gettin' there much, every place is about the same. Liked the travellin', though."

"Ain't that the way," I said, automatically, tossing the cigarette butt out the window. I checked the speedometer, and noticed that the needle of the gas gauge was falling pretty close to empty. There hadn't been a gas station in Mavis.

"You from Beekerville?" I asked.

"Nope — Mavis. You?"

"What?"

"Where you from?"

"North Carolina."

The old man responded with a quick, admiring whistle.

"You been drivin' a ways."

"Sure have. Say, I didn't notice a gas station in Mavis. Is there one in Beekerville?"

The old man gave his moustache a few thoughtful strokes. "There's one in Beekerville, but there's another, 'bout twenty miles this side of Beekerville. And gas's cheaper there. We'll be comin' up on it pretty soon."

"All right."

The truck rumbled on, the road straight, the landscape unchanging. The old man had returned to his attentive surveying of the desert scene, his gaze sometimes darting from one point to another, as if he were watching a jackrabbit baseball game. I was considering asking him what it was that he found so intriguing about this endless procession of flat surface when an uncommon figure appeared on the horizon, a small white marker in the otherwise brown directionless desert. As we drew closer, the patch of white became a building, a row of gas pumps, and an electric sign atop a silver metal pole alongside the road.

"There she is," the old man said.

Fuller's Union 76.

The brakes ground out a long, low screech as I turned off the highway and pulled up next to the row of three oil-smeared and weather-beaten gas pumps.

The only sign of life I could see was an unwieldy, dirt-encrusted motorcycle, leaning dangerously on its kickstand in front of the closed garage door. Further along the front of the station building was a large window and an open door. Through the window I could see shelves stocked with a bright array of items. On the thin strip of white cement wall between the doorway and the window a list of goods and services had been painted, in black, by hand: *Diesel Fuel, Oil, Auto Supplies, Minor Repairs, Cold Beverages, Coffee, Cigarettes, Snacks*.

Off to one side of the building stood a pile of discarded tires.

The old man pushed against his door, succeeded in wrestling it open, stepped down from the cab and stretched his arms. I tried to set the parking brake. It didn't seem to be working too well. By the time I had slid across the seat and gotten out of the truck, the old man was limping up to the building. In the doorway he was met by a short, pony-tailed woman wearing light blue coveralls. They spoke briefly, then the old man disappeared into the building while the woman approached the truck.

"Howdy. Fill it?" she asked, as she reached the row of gas pumps. A name-tag was sewn over the chest pocket of her ill-fitting uniform. Her name was Mavis.

"Yes, regular."

She nodded and pulled the hose from the white pump at the end of the row while I unscrewed the gas cap.

"I noticed your nametag. You're not by any chance —"

"Nope," she said, inserting the gas hose spout into the tank. Looking over her shoulder at the pump she tightened her grip on the hose handle and pulled up on the lever. The numbers exhibited on the face of the pump began to roll with a hollow, steady click.

"My name's Mavis, that's all," she added.

Her countenance, like her demeanor, was matter-of-fact, although the effect was softened by the few strands of curly black hair that had escaped the rubber band of her pony-tail to hang down along the sides of her face. Picked up in the gentle desert breeze, the strands of hair framed her face with a girlish whispiness that seemed to nullify the coarseness in her manner.

I wondered if the motorcycle was hers.

The old man emerged from the building carrying a small, copper-colored oil can.

"Find it, Jimmy?" Mavis asked.

"Yes ma'am." Grinning, Jimmy looked at me and held up the can, as if this action made his intentions self-evident.

"What's that for?" I asked, as Jimmy hobbled around

the front of the truck. He didn't answer, but approached the passenger-side door. Setting the oil can down he pryed the door open as far as it would go. As I watched through the driver's window, he then crouched down and set to work oiling the hinges.

I wasn't exactly sure how to react. I was surprised, certainly, and flattered that the old man would think so much about my truck. But I was also very suspicious. It was, as they say, an "old trick": provide supply, then demand. I'd seen it quite a few times, on and around the Wilmington waterfront. The down-and-outers that roamed the waterfront would sometimes catch you at a stoplight, wipe your windshield with a tattered sweat-shirt or some other such rag, then stand in front of your automobile and howl until you threw them some change.

And maybe Jimmy was working a similar angle. I really knew nothing about him.

Resolving not to play along if my suspicions were proven correct, I watched with interest as Jimmy carefully applied the oil. He placed a few drops on the hinge, worked the door back and forth to allow the oil to seep down along the hinge pin, then a few more drops of oil, and a little more working of the door back and forth. The creaking of the hinges slowly subsided.

I didn't bother to interrupt his work. The door *did* need oiling. But I certainly hadn't asked him to do it.

I turned away finally, to see Mavis hanging the hose on the side of the gas pump. As she did so, something on the back of the truck seemed to catch her attention. I checked the reading on the pump and pulled out my wallet.

"You from North Carolina?" she asked, walking toward me, her tone of voice now tempered with interest.

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?"

"Wilmington," I said, leafing quickly through the few bills in my wallet.

"That's on the coast, right?"

"Yes it is."

"Ever been to Dunn?"

"Heard of it, never been there. It's quite a ways inland." I handed her a twenty-dollar bill. She took it and put it in her pocket, while from the opposite pocket she extracted a thin assortment of bills, folded in half and held together with a bobby pin.

"My father-in-law, he used to own this gas station. He just went back there, to Dunn." She slipped the bobby pin off and began carefully counting out my change. "I'm from Oregon, never been back East, but I've heard enough about it. Suppose t'be real nice."

"He get tired of the desert?"

"Well, business around here took a turn for the worse. And he wanted to retire." She handed be four one-dollar bills, refolded the remainder, replaced the bobby pin, and put the bills back in her pocket. She pulled out some coins and picked through them, piecing together 49 cents. "My husband and I own the station now, but we're thinking about moving. Texas, Arizona; somewhere. Maybe buy another station."

"Well, you're bound to do better business than you do around here. You're kind of isolated."

"I don't know, we ain't placing any bets," she said, smiling as she handed me the coins, "but a change of scenery would do us good."

I dropped the coins into my pocket, and was tucking the bills into my wallet when I remembered the spare tire. I'd made a habit of filling it with air at every gas station I stopped at. "Do you have an air hose anywhere?" I asked, slipping my wallet into my jacket.

"Sure." Mavis walked over to the end of the row of pumps, reached down, pulled an air hose from its receptacle. I dragged the tire out of the back of the truck and rolled it over to her. She offered to fill it up, so I held the tire while she operated the hose.

I looked up at one point to see Jimmy standing next to us, oil can in hand, watching.

"Got it all set," he said with a wink, and hobbled off towards the building to return the can. I had the spare back in the bed of the truck by the time he returned.

"Hope you put the oil can back where you found it, Jimmy," Mavis chided the old man.

"Sure thing, Mavis."

She laughed and, addressing me, said: "Jimmy comes by here so often we're thinking about giving *him* the station."

I thanked Mavis and climbed back into the truck, the door opening without a trace of belligerence. Jimmy followed, swinging the door shut effortlessly.

"Slicker than a whistle," he said.

I cringed. He sounded like a used car salesman trying to turn an old taxi into a T-Bird. But I figured that if he was looking for a hand-out, he'd probably wait until we arrived in Beekerville, just to ensure that he wasn't left along the side of the road somewhere.

I started up the truck. It rattled and sputtered to life. Jimmy waved to Mavis. As we rolled out of the station and back onto the highway, I caught a glimpse of Mavis in my rear-view mirror. She was walking back to the building, her hands in her pockets. It seemed like an awfully lonely place for a gas station.

With the racket in the truck back to full blossom, it took me five minutes or so to realize that the radio station I had been picking up since Kingman, Arizona, had faded out for good. I reached down and turned the radio off. Jimmy was again preoccupied with the passing landscape. The din in the truck didn't seem to bother him at all. But I guess after forty years on the railroads, anyone would get used to the sounds of mechanical *sturm und drang*.

See ROAD, page 32

Fraid

From page 26

more directly into her eyes. "Do you know what sin is?"

Deanna could tell that this was important and serious, and she wanted to tell the truth. She shrugged.

The man frowned, not appearing to like her answer. "I think you know," he said, "but maybe it's not important that you understand." Then, without warning, he entered the store.

From the edge of the big front window, Deanna watched the man, Jack. He gathered beer, popcorn, lunch meat, cigarettes, bread, and candy bars. He carried it all to the counter where an old man rang it up. Deanna saw the man's lips move with the amount while Jack pulled a gun from inside his jacket and aimed it at the cashier's head. The man

hardly had time to look startled before he flew backwards and shattered the Isee sign.

Deanna dropped to the sidewalk, its dusty smell in her nose. Her ears were filled with the sound of the shot and all she could see were the fragments of the Isee sign raining down on the old man. There'd been almost no blood, just like on tv. Closing her eyes, Deanna tried to hear but there was still just the sound of the gun. She'd heard guns fired before, but none had ever seemed so loud.

Deanna looked up to see Jack standing over her. The grocery bag was under his arm and the gun was nowhere in sight. Taking her hand, he helped her up, watching her closely. She examined him in return, looking for signs that he was real, that the whole thing had been real.

They walked back to the motel together without talking. Deanna had thought he might go to his room, but he went to the Cadillac. Sliding in on the passenger side, she knew that she didn't have anything to get either. Holding the bag on her lap while he started the car, she looked inside to see groceries, the gun, and a couple handfuls of money. Without a word, he reached over, pulled out the food, and stuffed the bag under the seat.

"Would you ever do that to me?" she asked, seeing blue and white plastic splinters falling around still, open eyes.

"Never," he answered, glancing at her as he pulled away from the curb.

Deanna rolled down her window when they got on the freeway and stuck her head into the wind. She hadn't felt so safe in a long time.

The Winter Chair

From page 27

was printed on the side.

She rested her hands on her hips, middle aged hips that were wide. "When you're done with that album, I'm sure it will be very good." Her voice had a tone of concern as if she regretted the flippancy of her first remark.

"Something needs to be done to these old photos." He held a picture so that it was close to his face. Walking behind him, she leaned over his shoulder. It was a photo of the pony cart. He sat on the wooden bench resting his hand on the armrest. In his fist he clutched a whip. His daughter sat beside him.

"Rebecca must have only been seven or eight then."

"She was six."

"Mm, she must have been older. You're letting her hold the reigns."

Rebecca was like that, he thought. Demanding to hold onto the reigns until she got to hold onto the reigns. At six she understood.

Hold the reigns loosely, barely grasping, thumbs up. They say go slow and careful, he would tell her. Listen, but then go fast. The leather will hurt your hands anyway.

His wife stepped back from the table. The glass on the chicken portraits

reflected her face and the way she rested her hands on her hips. There was something in his silence that worried her. "We should send Rebecca a plane ticket," she said.

"She'll come when she wants."

"Didn't you miss," she stopped and then began carefully. "I missed not seeing her at Christmas."

"That's not the point." He shut the album cover and stared at his wife. Brownish-grey hair fell across her forehead.

"Well, what do you think," she said.

"What do I think about what?"

"Rebecca."

"I think Rebecca is charming, wonderful and magnificent. What is there not to think about Rebecca."

"Rebecca coming to visit."

He leaned back putting his hands behind his head. "If she wants to come, she'll call and say Dad, I'm coming home."

"She won't call."

"No, she probably won't call." He was silent for a minute. "She's happy, she's busy. We're not going to ask her to come. She'll come when she can."

"You miss her."

He looked back at the table. He thought of the pony cart and driving it down the road with Rebecca. In the photo the colors were faded and the day was sunny and they were wearing short sleeves.

They would laugh at the office if they saw him sorting through old photos. If they dared laugh at him, they would laugh. He was not an easy man to work for. In one year, he had gone through eight secretaries. Usually, they left in tears. No brains or backbone, he'd mumble later as if it was the first and only case, an unusual case.

At his desk he would sit smoking cigarette after cigarette. He could be repulsive if he thought it necessary. Sometimes, he'd hold the stub of a cigarette between his teeth letting the ashes fall. If he spoke to someone he didn't like, he'd exhale

smoke in their face or place the glass ashtray of old cigarettes strategically in their line of vision.

After work he would occasionally invite the foreman or the manager to his home for cocktails. Sitting at the breakfast table, they'd laugh nervously as he made them gin and tonics in wide, squat glasses. Nice glasses, someone would tentatively say and then on the second drink the talk was easier. More gin and tonics and the plastic stir rod clanked against the clear pitcher making the sound of jiggling icecubes seem unusually soft. They would laugh louder as he watched them with a cool anger sipping his first and only drink.

His wife was one of the few people he did not categorize as stupid or annoying.

"Something needs to be done with these old photos." He held a picture so that it was close to his face. Walking behind him, she leaned over his shoulder. It was a photo of the pony cart.

But with her work, Marilyn had never had much time for horses. Things had been busy for her recently and she hadn't even had time to meet him for lunch. At noon he would drive the short distance home and sit at the breakfast table eating a sandwich made that morning. He could smoke a pack of cigarettes in 45 minutes and sometimes he did. He could smoke a lot when there was no one to talk to.

His doctor had told him that if he didn't work less and quit smoking he would have a heart attack. Marilyn said he should stop smoking, slow down. So he cut down on work, sometimes.

But at lunch now he concentrated on the pony cart. With a loan of a pony from Rollings he was able to make the cart run again. Martha would not do — the cart needed a pony or a small horse or a colt just being broken in.

When he attached the cart to the pony's harness, he stepped back. The cart had been cleaned, the wheel fixed, the wooden seat made like new. The chair looked powerful when it was raised and attached to a pony. It reminded him of some sort of throne. Against the gravel road and sky the cart was brilliantly red.

He climbed in, leaned against the seat back and lifted the reigns.

The cold air stung his eyes and hurt his bare fingers. At first it felt strange to him. The cart was not as smooth as he remembered. The pony's hooves beat against the road and behind the wheels gravel spread in all directions. He could feel the speed as the cart went down a hill. At the base of the hill, the wheels cut through a pile of leaves and a group of blackbirds flew away. He snapped the whip.

Sometimes he would practice in the evenings after work. The sound of the pony cart made his wife look toward the road as she walked across the lawn. In the distance she could see the cart and his stooped figure leaning forward. Reigns? They were invisible in the distance. The pony's hooves seemed to blur softly,

soundlessly. Grey sky spun with pointed trees and pale grass like the wheels and indistinguishable spokes.

Where the road forked into two lanes, he stopped the cart. The pony gave a sort of a sneeze and shook its head. Grabbing the chair back, he climbed down. When he stood, he felt shaky and the whip fell to the ground. Behind on the road were the two parallel wheel tracks embedded in the gravel. He thought of the barn floor and the hoof prints that were smoothed by the cold air.

Martha's back swayed low now matching the curve of her belly. Breath came from her black nostrils in even, relaxed puffs of air.

He put some grain in his hand and held it flat in front of her, but as she nibbled at the handful, he did not scratch her neck or whisper calm, comforting things.

When she was done, he wiped his palm on the leg of his blue jeans. There was something about the stall that bothered him. Reaching for the large pitchfork, he lifted a mound of straw and spread it on the cold dirt floor making sure that the gap between stall door and ground was covered. The smell of straw made the barn seem warmer. Martha walked from wall to wall feeling the straw brush up against her hooves, enjoying the luxury of fresh, yellow straw.

He knew Rebecca would laugh if she saw him. He was being so foolishly soft.

At nights he would shine his flashlight on the mare's belly. It had become a habit for him now to run the beam of the flashlight along the borders of the stall where the hay was neatly pushed against the walls. The intense darkness was usually due to the fog blocking the moonlight. Even horse manure could smell dry in the damp, winter fog, but the wet coldness was thick and seemed to enclose everything, every sound.

He closed the stall door and the noise of the jarring metal post made the mare whinny. There was only one horse among the walls of plywood, bales of hay, bridles wrapped on nails and the many hanging ropes with their cold snaps ready for the halters of many horses. Reaching for his pack of cigarettes, he walked out of the barn.

He put some grain in his hand and held it flat in front of her, but as she nibbled at the handful, he did not scratch her neck or whisper calm, comforting things.

He placed picture next to picture without looking up. With hands on her hips, she stared at the chicken portraits. Marilyn had patience, but it was a thin patience, and it was almost gone.

"When's the foal due?"

He put the photos down and directed his gaze toward her.

"Foal." She stretched the word so that the "L" was distinct and lingering.

"Any day now. The vet said any day."

He looked back at the table of photos.

She watched him place a picture of a family picnic beside a picture of the swimming pool. She listened as the glue bottle gasped air and spat glue. "Those birds," she nodded toward the wall. "They dance on the table when you're gone."

"Pictures of chickens don't dance."

She waited and then her voice was quiet and controlled. "I know."

Picture next to picture, and he heard the sink fill with water.

In the cold morning it lay on a pile of corner straw. Three of its legs were curled under its stomach, but the fourth was stretched forward so that he could see the wet glisten on the hoof and the thinness of the leg. There was the smell of birth. The barn was warm, well insulated with the straw and tightly shut stall doors, but the foal on the ground was cold and unmoving. Martha stood eight feet away. The mare had licked it thoroughly, but the foal was dead.

There was the sound of the stall door's hinge, the jarring echo, and he saw the bales of hay, halters and printless dirt as he walked out of the barn.

Across the gravel road, the pony cart sat outside the shed. At first he did not look in its direction. Then he stopped, reached for his cigarettes and began pounding the box against the heel of his hand.

Without a horse, the pony cart leaned downward on its axis. The repaired wheel and smoothed wooden chair made no difference. The pony cart looked crippled, lifeless. Needs to be put back in the shed, he thought turning away.

Light came from the kitchen window. Steam rose from the sink and clouded the glass.

Inside he sat at the breakfast table.

"Foal's dead," he said glancing at his wife.

She turned off the water and silently rubbed her hands on a dish towel. Her eyes moved around the room as she tried to think of something to say.

"Must have been dead a few hours." He stared at the table.

"It's too bad."

"Yea."

Water dripped from the faucet and she rubbed the dish towel against the counter. "I was thinking that we should call Rebecca and have her fly out."

"No."

"Rebecca would love to see you."

He reached for another cigarette, and then remembering his wife's disapproval, he clumsily put the pack away. "She'd be upset that she couldn't stay." He cleared his throat. "Rebecca would think me foolish. She'd see the straw in the barn, the photo album, that stack of expensive grain and the pony cart. Rebecca would see all of that."

"None it matters."

"No, none of it matters. Just stupid old things. Not real."

Marilyn looked from him to the wall of chicken portraits and then back to him. "We could clean everything up, put it all away. Rebecca would never know. She wouldn't see anything."

He thought for a moment and then compulsively he reached for his lighter and lit a cigarette. "But she'd see me," ashes fell on the breakfast table, "And then she'd know."

Road

From page 30

We rode for quite a while without a word said. The early afternoon sun was threatening to roll off the top of the cab roof and into my eyes. The broken white line painted in the center of the road seemed like a ribbon of motion, everything else being inert. I was involved in playing with that notion when Jimmy reached out and began wiping the windshield in front of him, trying to remove the dirt and cigarette smoke residue that had accumulated on the glass. Clearing a spot, he leaned forward and peered out.

"Beekerville?" I asked, thinking that he was looking off into the distance.

"No. Steam."

"Steam?"

"Yhep. Looks like steam comin' out from under the hood. Hard to tell while we're movin' though."

He looked at me, his grey eyebrows raised. An overheated engine, with miles to go before Beekerville. And I wasn't carrying any water. I pulled the truck onto the shoulder of the road and stopped.

"Yhep," Jimmy said, pointing to the plume of steam now easily discernable.

I shut the engine off and we climbed out. I opened the hood, slowly and carefully; I didn't want a faceful of steam. Once I had the hood raised and secured, we saw that one of the water hoses had split. It was a three-inch gash, near the end of the hose that was connected to the engine block.

We stood there, staring at the black hose. With the engine off the flow of water had, for the most part, ceased. Jimmy asked me if I had any heavy-duty tape. I didn't. Jimmy stroked his moustache thoughtfully.

"How about a coat hanger? We could wire it shut," Jimmy said.

"Don't think I have one."

I was dismissing that idea when I remembered the driver's door and its predicament. "How about some baling wire?"

"That'll work. You have any tools?"

I told him I did, and he proceeded to request four lengths of wire, each about eight or nine inches long, a pair of pliers, and a towel or rag of some sort. And a pair of gloves, if I had them.

I stepped around to the open door, reached under the seat, and pulled out my toolbox, uncovering an old grease rag as I did so. Taking a pair of wire cutters out of the box I went around to the driver's door and unwound enough baling wire from the doorpost to cut four pieces to the prescribed length. I returned to the toolbox and grabbed a pair of pliers, an old pair of frayed leather gloves, and a grease rag.

Jimmy took the rag from me and folded it length-wise, until he had a long, thin, multi-layered piece of cloth; an ersatz bandage. Putting on the gloves he reached in and began wrapping the bandage around the hose, keeping it taught. He then formed the four lengths of wire around the hose and, taking the pliers from me, he twisted the two ends of each piece of wire together, being careful to keep the rag from slipping loose. The gash in the hose was slowly forced closed.

When he had finished we inspected his work. There was still a little water dripping from one end of the rag, but it wasn't a severe problem and certainly less severe than it had been.

"Hell, that'll probably last ya' another hundred miles," Jimmy said.

"Is there a place in Beekerville where I could get a new one?" I asked, slamming the hood closed.

Jimmy tugged on his moustache. "Well, Mavis would have one I think, this bein' a Ford and all. But I guess we *are* closer to Beekerville. There's a store there — should have one."

"Well, that's the place."

We climbed back into the truck and set out again. The afternoon sun was in my eyes as I listened intently to the rumble of the truck, waiting for sounds indicating that the malady it suffered from had grown worse or, perhaps, for evidence of a new malady. I tried to console myself with the knowledge that everything falls apart eventually, but that truism offered little comfort. Jimmy had returned to his survey of the desert. I couldn't imagine what was so interesting about this parched landscape. Jimmy acted as if this territory in which he lived was entirely new to him. He seemed to possess the interest of a child still awed by the novelty of motion. I wondered if maybe he was a little loopy.

And I wondered how much I owed him for his wizardry with the water hose. Not that I was particularly hesitant to pay him, in this instance, had I the money to do so. Then I recalled why I had picked him up in the first place. I guess I'd gotten what I wanted, a little help. But he's getting what he needed — a ride.

That deal seemed square enough.

It was twenty more minutes to Beekerville, counting the two stops to check the bandage on the hose, which seemed to be holding as well as Jimmy had said it would. Finally the town appeared on the horizon, and Jimmy needlessly read aloud the message on the first road sign we'd seen in miles:

"Now enterin' Beekerville."

Beekerville was much larger than the town of Mavis. It boasted a main street, lined with dusty storefronts. Few cars were parked along the street, but I saw a group of old folks, their sun hats on, chatting up the time outside the white stucco building that housed the Beeker-

ville post office. Down from the post office a teenage girl in t-shirt and cut-off jeans leaned against the wall outside of the Beekerville Grand Theater, an uninviting building set between the equally drab Death Valley Pharmacy and Ed and Verna's Granite Mountain Diner. The theater marquee was blank, as was the face of the girl as we passed by.

Jimmy pointed out Will's Auto Parts, on the right-hand side, two doors down from Ed and Verna's, and I pulled over to the curb in front of it. With great relief I shut the engine off.

We climbed out and stood there, on the sidewalk.

"Well, good luck to ya', Kurt," Jimmy said.

I shook the callused, boney hand he extended, said "You too, Jimmy", and waited for him to ask me for a ten, a twenty: *Just sumthin' to hold me over — I'd sure appreciate it, buddy.* I armed myself with all the defiance I could muster, in anticipation of the old man's plea.

Jimmy started off down the sidewalk. I watched him limp away. It took me a moment to realize that my suspicions had been unfounded. The old man was halfway down the block when I yelled after him:

"Jimmy ... Thanks!"

Without stopping or even turning to look at me he raised a hand in silent acknowledgement, and hobbled off in the direction from which we had just come.

I couldn't figure it out. Suddenly I felt a little guilty, but I couldn't recognize my mistake; I didn't think that I had made one. As the three wise men used to say, you place your bets and you take your chances, and if we knew which numbers were good we'd all be millionaires. No, I didn't suspect that I had made a mistake, but I did suspect that there was something going on in the old man's head that even he didn't know about. And if I had to guess, I would probably say that it was lying somewhere between the desert and my truck door.

Strange bird. He *had* to be loopy.

But it wasn't any of my concern and I knew it, and with that I dismissed it as the front door of Will's Auto Parts swung shut behind me with a jangle of bells. Madness at Jimmy's age was probably more a benefit than a detriment.

It took a few seconds for my eyes to make the adjustment from the brilliant sunshine outside to the cavernous ambience of the store. The smell of oil and paint was stifling. I could neither feel nor hear the presence of an air conditioner, yet the door wasn't propped open. It felt like the reptile house at the zoo.

There was a counter towards the back of the store, and I made my way toward it, passing shelves filled with various liquids and lubricants in spray cans and jars, electrical accessories, monkey wrenches and screwdrivers, lightless head lamps, and assorted chrome and steel automotive accoutrements. The counter was a plywood structure that stretched from one side of the store to the other. Behind the counter were even more shelves, positioned much closer together and reaching to the ceiling. All the shelves were painted a ketchup red.

I stood at the counter for what seemed like minutes before I noticed the middle-aged man, wearing a pair of thickly-glassed pince-nez, sitting on a stool at the end of the counter, next to the wall. He was hunched over an enormous catalogue. Many more catalogues lay stacked on the counter around him, partially hiding from view.

"Hello," I said.

He looked up slowly, his expression relaying a certain distaste for either my greeting or my appearance in his store. Or, simply, me.

"Damn hot out there, Will," I said.

Taking a pencil from where it had been resting behind his ear, the man painstakingly made a tic-mark in the catalogue, then eased himself off the stool lethargically, like an iguana sliding off a rock under the desert sun. The man was an advertisement for rigor mortis.

"I ain't Will, and Will ain't here," he said, approaching me warily, as if afraid that I might prod him along with a stick. "Whaddya need?"

I told him.

Mortis shuffled back to his catalogues, took one from his collection, and flipped through the pages. After much checking and cross-checking, many questions as to the specifics of the engine, and much pencil-tapping, he grunted in discovery and disappeared down one of the dark aisles. He returned a moment later, carrying an elbowed piece of black hose. He slapped it down on the counter, as if throwing down gloves to beg a duel.

"That looks a little longer than the one that's on there now," I said, eyeing the hose.

"The book's never been wrong before," Mortis gravely replied.

Figuring that the chances were slim that there was another parts store in Beekerville, I decided to make the hose fit any way I could, and I reached into my back pocket for my wallet. The pocket was empty. I nervously patted my pants pockets, then remembered that I had put the wallet in my jacket back at Mavis's station.

But my jacket pockets were empty as well.

Telling Mortis to hang on for a moment, I ran out to

the truck, but a manic search did not uncover my wallet. I retraced the steps I had taken when I first entered Will's, searching the sidewalk and the floor of the store desperately. I eventually found myself back at the counter, with Mortis glaring at me, and without my wallet. It must've fallen out of my jacket while I was wrestling with the spare tire.

"I left my wallet at Mavis's gas station," I explained with great chagrin, pointing in the general direction of Mavis's, as if this would convince the man of my sincerity. "You know, Mavis's —"

"Yah, yah, I know her. I've lived around here all my life. So what do you want me to do about it?"

"Look, if you could let me have the water hose, so I can get back to Mavis's ..."

Mortis picked the hose up off the counter: I didn't even bother to finish my appeal.

"Mister, I don't give things away. This'll be here when you get back." With a wave of his hand Mortis dismissed my case and shuffled back to his catalogues.

I walked out of the store and stood on the sidewalk, staring at the truck and fuming. I knew that ultimately the man was right, I couldn't really expect him to give me the hose. That fact served only to piss me off even further. I thought about calling Mavis's, to verify that my wallet was there, and have her tell Mortis that I could pay for the hose. But that would prove nothing. Mavis didn't really know me either. And there would be nothing keeping me from taking Mortis's water hose, going back to Mavis's to get my wallet, and then driving right through Beekerville without stopping, which, at this point, looked like an attractive option.

But Mavis might have a water hose, Jimmy had said that. And in the event that my wallet wasn't there, I could probably convince her to let me have the hose on credit. How much could a water hose cost, anyway?

And in the event — Jimmy. What to think about Jimmy? I couldn't be sure that he had anything to do with it, and I needed to fix the hose first, in any case, but it was hard not to place his image in the center of the problem. I drew some comfort from the knowledge that he'd be easy to find in Beekerville, if it came to that.

I lifted the hood of the truck and checked the bandage. A few drops of water were falling from the underside of the cloth, but it didn't look like it had gotten much worse. I slammed the hood down and jumped into the truck. Turning the key in the ignition, I halfway expected to hear the crunching groan of a waterless engine. Thankfully, the ensuing racket was entirely familiar.

I made a U-turn in the middle of main street and rolled slowly toward the edge of town. The street was deserted now. The old gang at the post office had left, and the girl in front of the theater had disappeared as well. I dredged up a few tumbleweeds from my imagination and transformed Beekerville into one king-hell of a ghost town.

Passing the last of the town's buildings I looked ahead to the hopelessness of the desert. Scorpions and rattlesnakes. Rocks and scrub brush. Coyote skulls and cactii. A pitiless scene, and growing more so all the time, or so it seemed. I saw a road sign ahead, throwing a long shadow into the desert behind it, and I knew I could guess what the sign said: I had seen enough of them in the last several days.

Whether the desire to see or the fact that I saw came first I don't know, but a flicker of movement at the edge of the shadow caught my attention. Peering out of the hazy windshield glass I looked more closely at the road sign in the distance.

A figure stepped out from the shadow and into the sunlight, stopped.

A baseball cap.

Sure enough.

I glanced at my watch. It hadn't been more than half an hour since I had last seen Jimmy on the sidewalk. He had walked straight out here.

As I approached he remained motionless. I slowed the

truck down and guided it off the highway. As I pulled up in the front of him, it dawned on me that Jimmy was still riding the rails. The whole thing seemed suddenly clear to me.

Jimmy stepped up to the truck and opened the door.

"Whatchya doin'?" he asked.

"I think I left my wallet at the gas station. Gotta go back."

"Oh. I'm goin' back to my place."

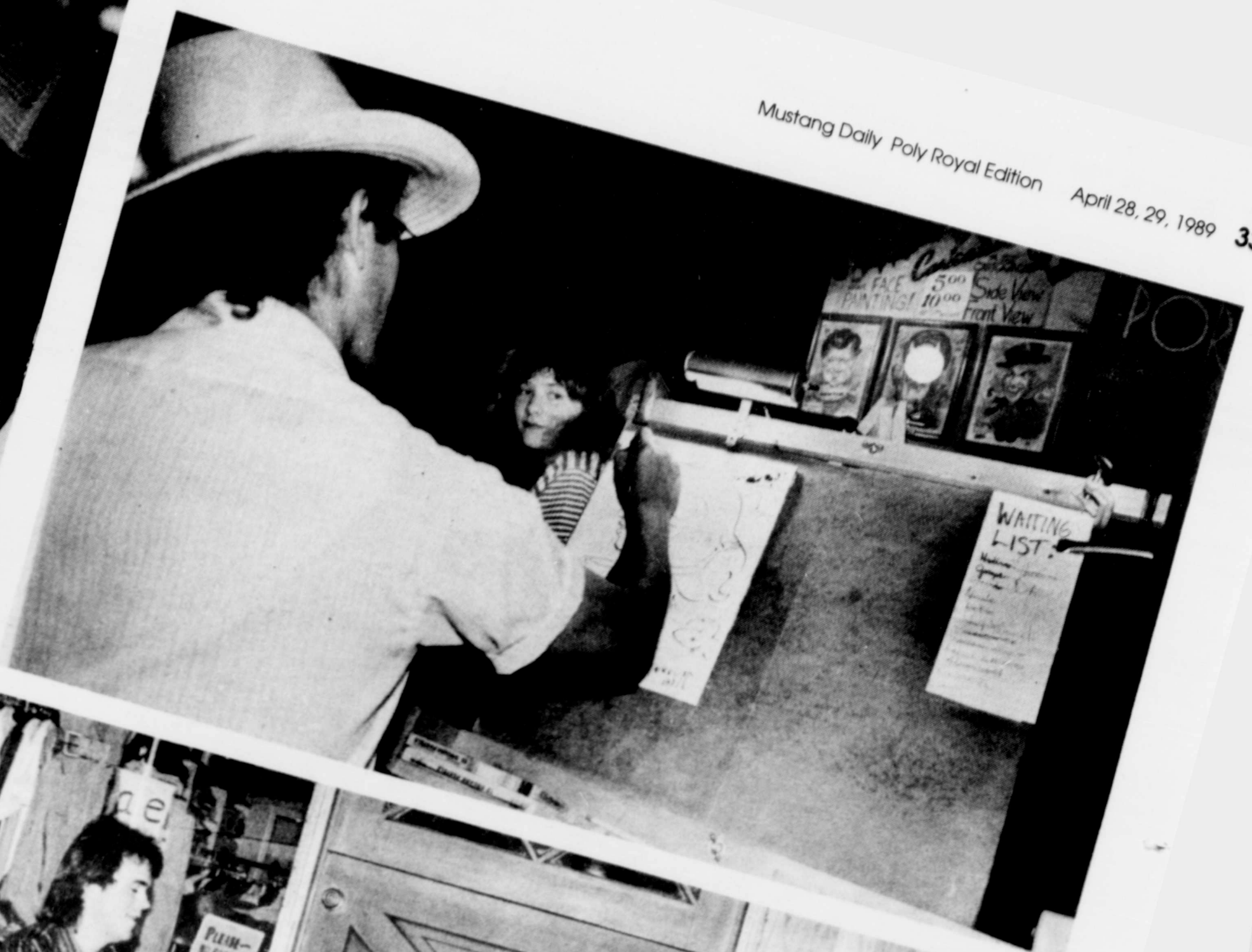
"Well, I can take you there if you want. But if Mavis doesn't have a water hose, we might be pushing this thing down the road."

I waited for his answer. Jimmy tugged on his unruly moustache and, squinting, glanced at the road behind me, at Beekerville, at the Mojave sun perhaps. I found myself staring at his cap. *Southern Pacific.*

Jimmy jumped into the truck and shut the door. I threw the truck into gear and pulled back onto the highway. I hoped — I knew I'd find my wallet at Fuller's Union.

And I guessed right. The sign along the side of the road had read:

Now Leaving
Beekerville
Thank You



Photos
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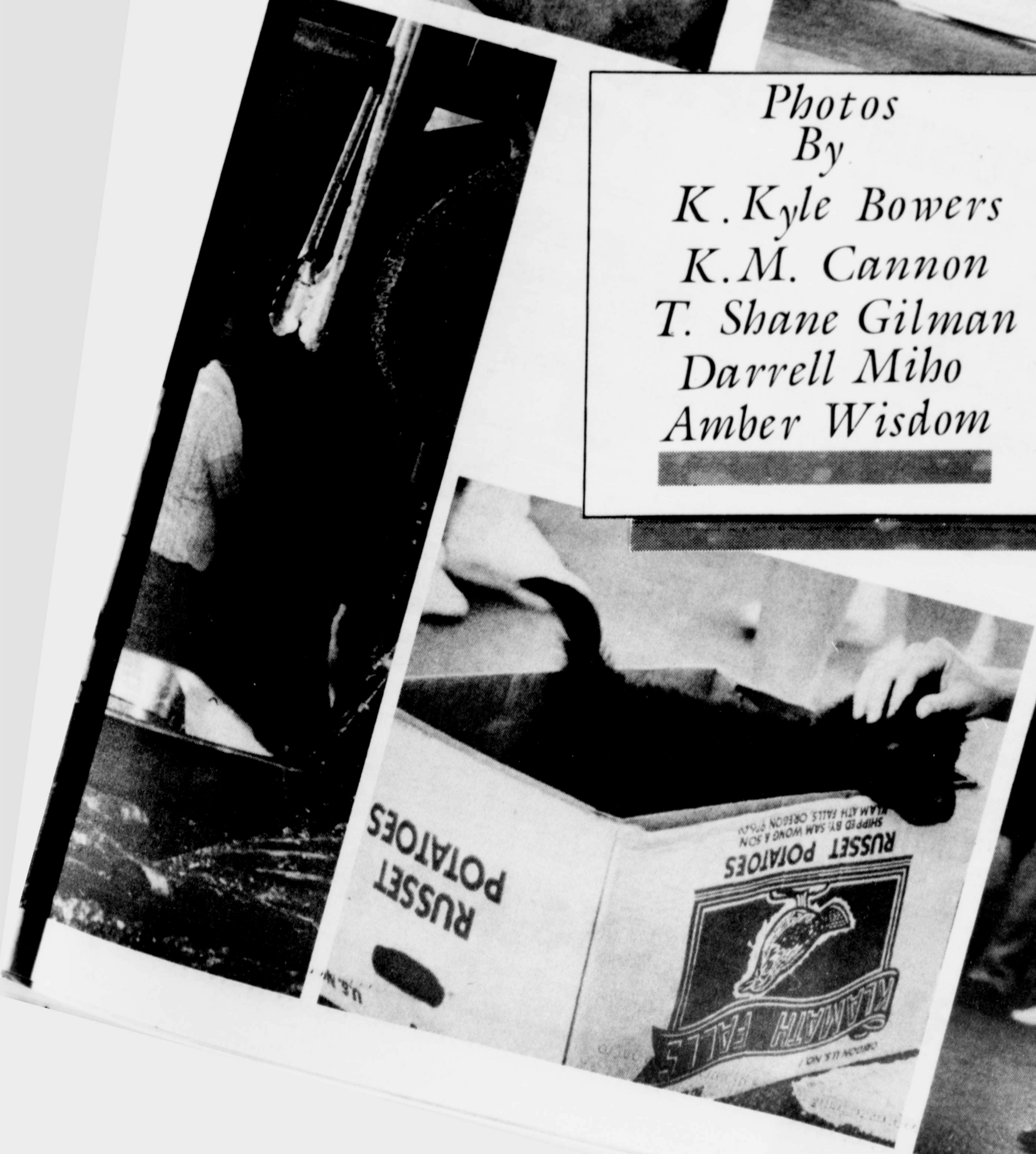




Photo by K. Kyle Bowers

Not just a

One day he might be taking a midterm in a class here at Poly, the next day he might be in another part of California, casting his vote in a decision affecting the 350,000-plus students in the California State University system.

Sound difficult to play these two roles simultaneously? Well, there are no games going on here, because for Cal Poly's John Francis Sweeney, this juggling act has been mastered for the past two years, ever since he was appointed by Gov. George Deukmejian as the only student trustee on the CSU Board of Trustees.

Dressed in sweats and a t-shirt, the 23-year-old is surprisingly relaxed even though he has just returned from two weeks of trustee business that required him to be in meetings in Sacramento, San Diego and Long Beach. Between traveling, Sweeney, a civil engineering major, found time to attend just two days of classes at Cal Poly, barely allowing him to get reacquainted with his full load of classes.

However, Sweeney does not get any special favors, even though as a trustee he is technically above Cal Poly President Warren Baker in the CSU system's hierarchy.

Sweeney is required to make up all his class work, and said that "almost without exception teachers have been very receptive to working around my schedule when I have been gone."

"If it wasn't for all the people who have helped me out by taking notes for me, and helped me out with labs, I would have never been able to do it."



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Big Man On Campus

It's no easy job to be the sole voice for 350,000 students

Sweeney's travel expenses are covered and he is also paid a \$100 stipend for every day he is on trustee business.

Sweeney, who is in his sixth year at Cal Poly, was first appointed to the position in August 1987 after a lengthy interview process in which Sweeney was one of the 13 finalists for the position. The California State Student Association (CSSA) then narrowed the number down, and Sweeney's name and one other were then forwarded on to Sacramento. There he interviewed with three of Gov. Deukmejian's advisers and learned of his appointment the first week in August 1987.

There has been a student position on the Board of Trustees for the past eight years, and it has never before been held by a Cal Poly student. Sweeney who is repre-

senting all of the students in the CSU system has a tough responsibility to handle.

"Sometimes it's difficult to bring all the different perspectives together, and sometimes you have to act how you feel is best for students and the citizens of the state," said Sweeney.

In March, Sweeney was the only dissenting vote when the trustees voted to approve a 10 percent increase in the state university fee for all the CSU campuses. Sweeney was opposed to the hike because he didn't feel students were given enough notice to plan their budgets in advance.

"You lose some of the battles," said Sweeney. "But I don't think you can ever be a winner without losing. I haven't been the lone dissenting opinion that often —

everyone is basically looking out for the common good, people are just looking for different means to the same end."

During his term Sweeney has had the opportunity to meet many high ranking officials including senators, congressmen, and even lunch with Gov. Deukmejian, who Sweeney calls, "one of the most impressive people I have ever met."

He has also been to almost all of the 19 CSU campuses, meeting every CSU university president and most of the student body officers.

"There is no average student today," said Sweeney. "Each campus is diverse and unique, and so are their student bodies."

Sweeney, a Sonoma, Calif. native and son of Irish immigrants, has not always been active in the political arena.

"If you had told me when I was, let's say, a senior in high school, that I'd be doing what I am doing now, I probably would have bet odds against it ... As a matter of fact, when I first came to school here I didn't even know how to tie a tie."

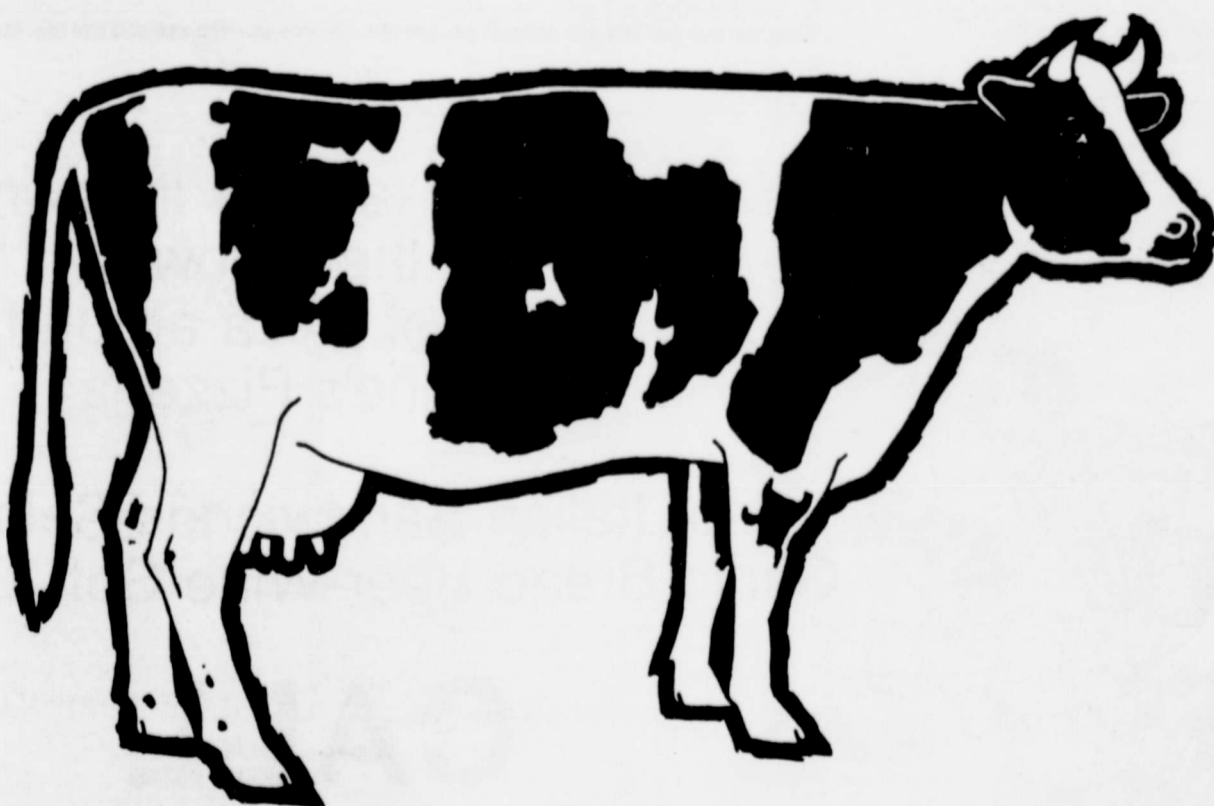
Continued on page 38

You lose some of the battles. But I don't think you can ever be a winner without losing. I haven't been the lone dissenting opinion that often — everyone is basically looking out for the common good, people are just looking for different means to the same end.

— John Sweeney

By Lass Caulfield

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Continued From page 8

st flow with the crowd. Still, though, a few things I've liked in the Poly Royals:

- Society for the Advancement of Management at Dexter Lawn — loads and loads of entertainment on their stage. It's kind of become the focal point of Poly royal, not to mention their Trip BBQ setup. A long line is always guaranteed.
- The festival tent behind the music building — that's where you can do all the silly things like

being the Strongest Person in the World or shooting free throws. You always win a stuffed animal the size of a postage stamp. Always fun, even if you're 178.

- Poly Canyon — see what new structures the School of Architecture has cooked up this time. Students build these structures that tend to be on the bizarre side. In short, it looks like the moon. Look for the shuttle bus by Kennedy Library.

On what food to eat here: ya

got me. There's way too much food in way too many booths, and it's impossible to document it well. Definitely look for the ultimate local favorite, the tri-tip sandwich. Get calamari anything — who cares if it's squid? Also try to find the booth that sells fresh strawberries with Cal Poly-produced vanilla ice cream. Some things are timeless.

- **STUDENTS ONLY/HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR PARENTS:** Parents, please stop

reading and hand this part to your kids. Now then. For those current students of daring who want *nothing* to do with the folks throughout Poly, there's an easy solution (though it only works the first year the folks are down here). Simply say you've got to work a booth.

"Oh, mom, what would the guys at Alpha Beta Skaggs fraternity say if I wasn't there? They'd be heartbroken!"

Also point out there's so much to see in SLO that they could

never possibly see it with you in the way. Suggest they go hit a winery or two. Mention the mission in your conversation every three minutes or so. Meanwhile, of course, you're partying your brains out.

For those that are a little more polite but still want the evenings, there's also a time-proven method. First, wear out a little shoe leather and walk your

parents into the ground. Then go to an early dinner with Ma and Pa. Start looking sleepy right after the salad is served, maybe

interjecting an exasperated "Whatta day!" every so often. Your folks, already truly tired and wanting to get back to the Lamplighter Inn, will respond

enthusiastically. They will probably suggest going to bed early on their own, without any prompting from you. Sneaky, huh? Of course, you may collapse.

If all else fails, try to lose them at the Big-Band Dance at the Madonna Inn. Use this only in extreme emergencies.

That's all I've got. Parents, we will now return to our regularly scheduled article.

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Also participates in the co-op program and Pangburn said they are very pleased with it. He said for the last five years they have hired every Cal Poly student who has participated in the program. Beatty believes that it is a standard-setter on the west coast.

Cooperative and practical education aside, other companies come back to Cal Poly to recruit because of the track record of the college's alumni. Walters said, "Our best public relations is whether our people perform." He added once Cal Poly students get into a company, the company usually "comes back for more".

National Semiconductor has hired over 20 Cal Poly engineers and two business majors in the last three years and Syntex has hired eight Cal Poly students.

Lori Craig from *USA Today* said that her company comes to Cal Poly partly because it is one of the few campuses that produces a daily newspaper, which gives the graphic communications majors a lot of experience. Macy's hires six to 18 Cal Poly students every year. Arthur Andersen and Co. hired 20 Cal Poly students in the 1988-89 school year. "Cal Poly people tend to do very well in our environment," said Ferguson.

Lee said that the engineering school tries to emphasize team work and a hard working attitude. Students are taught to look at the success of their team to measure their own success. Camp said that Cal Poly computer science majors tend to be over achievers and hard workers which is what industry needs.

Bormann from Rockwell International said that Cal Poly graduates do well at his company and he gets good feedback from the managers. Bormann said that his company keeps recruiting at Cal Poly because "We know we'll see good people."

Brown said that Adobe

Systems is attracted to Cal Poly students because they are technically competent and are team players. "We don't hire prima donnas," she said.

Lee said one of the reasons for the success of Cal Poly's engineering school is that they get a lot of industrial support.

Companies are very interested in the computer science department's practicum, where a group

of graduate students work on a project that is of interest to a company and the Cal Poly faculty, said Camp. Walters also said that the business school listens to what the companies tell them. For example, five years ago companies told them that the curriculum needed more computers so they instituted the Management Information Systems program. He added, "We're con-

stantly fine tuning." The school has added an international business course to their core curriculum partly in response to feedback from companies. Arthur Andersen and Co. maintains a close relationship with Cal Poly. One partner is a member of the Clock Tower Club and sits on the Business School Advisory Council. The company also does presentations, office tours and activi-

ties with the accounting clubs.

Ferguson said Arthur Andersen and Co. recruits at Cal Poly because the school provides a high quality education coupled with the extraordinarily high level of students entering the school. Doris-Hampton from BNR said that Cal Poly students tend to have a realistic view of the working world. "They acclimate better," she said.

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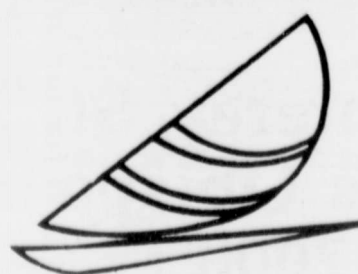
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Sweeney is not just a big man on campus

Continued from page 35

Upon entering Cal Poly in 1983, it didn't take Sweeney long to get involved, holding office in Phi Gamma Rho fraternity, then becoming involved in Associated Students Incorporated

(ASI), first as a senator from the School of Science and Mathematics, and then being elected ASI vice president for the 1985-86 school year.

His involvement didn't stop there — he also has been active



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school here I didn't
even know how to tie a
tie.**

— John Sweeney

in the American Society of Civil Engineers, Los Lecheros Dairy Club, Order of Omega honorary fraternity, and he went on London Study. Sweeney was also a county co-chairman for Students for Bush, and attended President Bush's inauguration ceremonies in Washington D.C. in January.

Despite all of his involvements, Sweeney does not seem to have forgotten that he is a student, maintaining a respectable 3.0 GPA.

"My highest grades are when I am involved, and I am at my best mentally and physically when I am busy ... if I keep busy it keeps me out of trouble," he said.

Reflecting on his two-year term

as a CSU trustee, which is up at the end of June this year, Sweeney has gained experience dealing with people and politics.

"I am a lot more realistic about the way things get done, and how action is taken to achieve goals," said Sweeney.

Some of the most important student issues Sweeney feels the board has dealt with during his term include allocating funds for child care in the CSU campuses and providing funds for under-represented minorities who are planning on pursuing a doctorate and returning to teach in the CSU system.

Monetary increases seem to be one issue that continually hit a sour note with students.

At his first meeting as a trustee in 1987, Sweeney remembers arriving at the Chancellor's office in Long Beach where students were outside protesting a campus parking fee increase.

"It was intimidating because the people were very vehemently opposed to the parking increase, and I voted in favor of the increase, and after I had to go outside and explain my reasons to them," said Sweeney.

With all of his accomplishments thus far, Sweeney is still unsure about his future, and what he will be doing when he graduates in June.

"I'm not really sure what I want to be when I grow up, and I hope I never grow up," joked Sweeney.

Nevertheless, Sweeney is grateful and somewhat amazed about the opportunities he has had.

"I've been really lucky," said Sweeney. "Somebody upstairs must be looking out for me."

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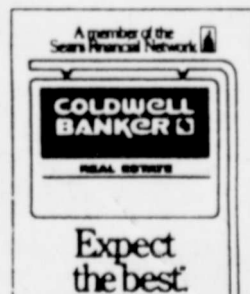
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Club Adobe epitomizes 'diversity' theme

By Donna Taylor

Club Adobe has prided itself on Unity Through Diversity, so it should fit in well as the first official Poly Royal entertainment Thursday. While many debate whether it is a fitting theme for the university's annual open house, no one can debate Club Adobe's diversity. The five-man band hails from the deserts of Northern Arizona, but has spent the majority of its

more opportunities in L.A., the stimulation of the city has been inspiring.

Club Adobe's sound has undergone some roller-coaster changes in past years.

"In the beginning, we produced a sort of raw punk music," Frey said. "But when we added a keyboardist, it became a little more new wave. However, the influence of Los

and his brother, drummer "Topanga" Tim Frey, guitarist Eric Barnett, keyboardist Maxx (that's it, like Cher) and singer Bockleman. Tim Frey echoed his brother's preference of Los Angeles as a musical haven.

"Arizona is home, there's no smog," he said. "But there are just two different mindsets (between L.A. and Arizona).

Musically, there's no comparison. That is one reason we left. Plus I love the ocean."

So, Tim should love playing

tated when asked if they prefer studio or live performance.

"Personally, I think we're better on stage," Wendell said.

"Our looks have a big bearing on it. We're all near 30, and have been out of college for seven or eight years. Everyone started to cut off their hair, but we think our look gets people's attention."

Both Freys listed a wide variety of musical influences. Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Aerosmith, Crosby, Stills and Nash ... what? That's what Wendell says.

"We were influenced by Zeppelin and all, but we aren't

as hard rock as those bands," said the bassist. "We're kind of a mix."

In fact, one song on the album, "For What It's Worth," was written by Steven Stills. Wendell Frey said the political satire was put on "Awakening" as an afterthought, but to him, "it means a lot. Stills wrote it 20 years ago, but it still applies."

Tim Frey named Jimi Hendrix and The Who as influences, but added that he and some other members have been "classically-trained" to throw in the final bizarre ingredient into the soup of Club Adobe.



Eric Barnett, Wendell Frey, Maxx, Brian Bockleman and Tim Frey of Club Adobe

musical career in the nation's prime music capitol, Los Angeles. This unique mixture produces a sound unlike any other.

Club Adobe will perform in the UU Plaza Thursday at 11 a.m. It is not the band's first visit to Cal Poly, and they were familiar with the looming concrete stage of the UU Plaza.

Bassist Wendell Frey said the band's name explains its diversity.

"Brian (Bockleman, singer) lived above an adobe garage," Frey said in a telephone interview from L.A. "We had nowhere else to play, so that's where we practiced. Adobe, of course, is made of clay, mud, bricks, and all these widely different components — it consists of a whole lot of pieces that equal a unit. That is why we are Club Adobe: a bunch of different pieces pulled together. There's really no leader, we are all equal."

All music students at Northern Arizona University, they formed a band in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1982, calling themselves The Results. Frey said they played at campus parties and were "involved" in the underground movement, which he called "easy to play."

After changing their name, address and a few members, Club Adobe was born in the heart of Los Angeles, playing clubs and colleges and even obtaining a label, Loose Canon Records.

"We got a couple good breaks," Frey said. "We opened for Modern English and The Blasters. There are so many

Angeles has given us a harder, rawer edge again. In L.A., you get tense, you get pissed — but never in Arizona."

Club Adobe recently released its first album, "Awakening," a hard-driving, message-filled production. Native American Indian predicament and philosophies reverberate throughout, derived largely from the band's desert influence.

"We like the urgency of rock, we are no wimpy protest band," Frey said. "We can feel that kinda drive" that fuels pure rock n' roll, yet is not the heavy metallica of Poison, et al. Although the members' long hair might fool you.

The quartet consists of Frey

in San Luis Obispo, right?

"Yeah, it's a gorgeous place," he agreed, recalling Club Adobe's previous visits to campus. "You have a pretty conservative student body, but that is who we need to hit most with our messages. You know, go for the throat. We've had a good response from Poly."

"We are anything but a conservative band," chimed Wendell. "The first time we came to your campus, one guy told us he really like what we had to say. It made me think that so many people are in college just to get a degree to work for the defense industry or whatever, but they don't think about the 'Why?'"

Neither of the brothers hesi

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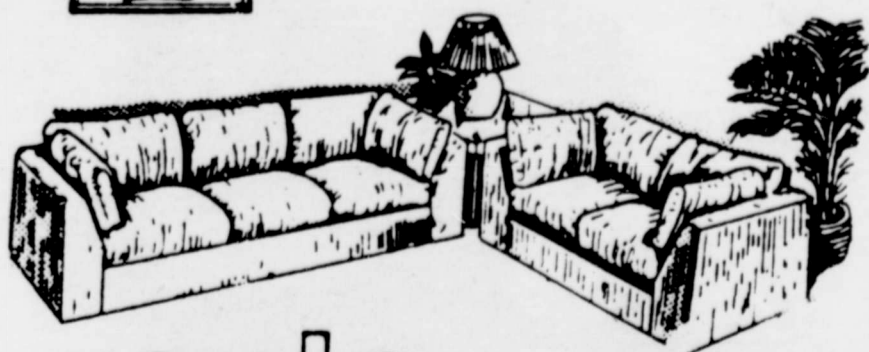
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purpose of the conference is to isolate one aspect of architecture and present it in a fun way.

"We like to pick something that relates to architecture and would interest a lot of people," he said.

He started working early fall quarter to organize a committee, which then began meeting weekly to discuss possible themes for this year's event. He said one committee member made a presentation that defined architecture as simply the designing of a space for a user. That idea led to the theme "Mission Possible: Celebrating User's Needs."

I realized how unique Cal Poly is that we get to build a structure and actually experience our designs.

— Steve Olander
president, Design
Village Club

Having participants select a fruit or a vegetable as a user was intended to make students really think about their users' needs, he said. "It takes away all the things about what they think a building should be (like) for a human."

Students can compete individually or in groups of no more than six. About 60 students from colleges throughout the state registered for the conference, besides approximately 300 Cal Poly students. (No out-of-state registrations were received this year, but Weisenthal attributes that to differing schedules and transportation costs.)

In addition to building a structure which will protect their fruit or vegetable user from the varying San Luis Obispo conditions which frequently include warm, windy days and cool, foggy nights, the students must sleep in their structures at least one night.

"I think they learn a little bit about trying to figure out the needs of their clients," Weisenthal said. "They also get a chance to build something full scale and test it in the environment."

Two keynote speakers will be addressing the conference attendees and members of the community on Thursday at 8 p.m. in Chumash Auditorium. They are Dr. Jeff Davis of NASA in Houston who will be speaking about manned space flight to Mars and Charles Durrett from Berkeley who will talk about "cohousing," a new type of residential project which includes shared responsibilities and common living areas for a greater sense of community.

"It (Design Village) is a long tradition at Cal Poly," Weisenthal said. "The canyon is dedicated to experimental architecture. It's really a unique spot from all the programs around the country."

Plaques will be awarded by the speakers, some of the Cal Poly faculty and visiting Cal Poly ar-

chitecture graduates to recognize original and imaginative structures in such divisions as theme, best construction and most portable.

A third-year student at Cal Poly, Olander participated in Design Village two years ago when the theme was "Rise Above."

"I realized how unique Cal Poly is that we get to build a structure and actually experience our designs," he said. "It was interesting just to see the ways different people can interpret the same theme. Half the fun is to see what people come up with."

Other themes in past years have included "Architecture of the Future," "Art and Anarchy in Architecture" and "Image of the Self."

Long before Design Village was started, architecture teachers used Poly Canyon as sort of an "outside classroom," said professor George J. Hasslein. The oldest remaining structure dates back to 1962.

Then about 15 years ago, the department thought up Design

Village to show Poly Royal visitors what was going on in the architecture program.

"It was merely (in) the nature and the spirit of the school at the time, and it became a tradition," he said. "It gave Cal Poly a chance to participate in the statewide community of architecture."

In 1983, the program received a National Endowment for the Arts grant to help turn the conference into a national one, said professor Brian B. Kesner. He was advisor to the program that year when Design Village was featured in "National Geographic" and attended by students from schools as far away as Philadelphia and New Orleans.

He said he feels that the canyon itself as a research laboratory is representative of the university's motto of a hands-on, learn-by-doing approach to education.

Weisenthal said, "A lot of the students' structures fall down, and that's okay. It's a learning experience."

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Events

Continued from page 11
cultural Engineering Society's Poly Royal committee.

Tractor pulling is a popular sport across America, he said, and this year a new twist has been added to the event.

"This year we're having the first mini-tractor pull at Cal Poly," Katen said. The mini-trac-

tors are radio controlled, but the event is essentially the same, just scaled down."

For people more interested in animals than machines, there is the rodeo.

"A lot of people keep coming back every year for the rodeo," said Clay Robinson, rodeo team coach.

It's also part of the agricultural tradition of Cal Poly and the competitive spirit of Cal Poly.

Academic competitions are also an important part of Poly Royal. Over 750 students come to Cal Poly every year from all over California to compete in a high school math contest. The math contest was created 36 years ago to promote the mathematics program at Poly, said Martin Lang, math professor and adviser to the contest.

"It's a chance (for prospective students) to look at Poly, and it's

a good opportunity for students to compete on a statewide level," he added.

The co-founder of Apple computers, Steve Wozniak, competed in the Poly Royal math contest when he was in high school," said Lang. "It's a prestigious event."

Events are plentiful at Poly Royal, and people keep coming back year after year for the mix of entertainment offered.

Farmers Market: Something for everyone, every Thursday night

Continued from page 33

that there would be a rib cook-off.

There were enough ribs for an anticipated crowd of 250. Williams said 1,000 people showed up. Barbecues have since become a standard part of the market, and the rib cook-off has become an annual event.

The sale of locally grown produce also became a part of the shopping night in the summer of 1983.

"The committee (from the BIA that monitors the event) decided that if they invited some farmers to come down and vend produce it might be an additional invitation to the public," Williams said.

Depending on the season, 30 to 60 farmers sell their produce on the street each week. The farmers sell a total of about \$300,000 each year, Williams said.

"The event itself is more than barbecues and a farmers' market," Williams said. "It's a total event with family entertainment, information booths, fund-raising groups, food vendors, street displays, special events ..."

On any given Thursday night, Higuera Street in San Luis Obispo is packed with from 2,000 to 10,000 local residents, students and tourists, Williams said.

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There are many different schools of thought on campus as to where the athletic department's money should go.

There are many teams whose members believe that they do not get enough money, and there are club athletes who wish the department had enough money to fund them as sanctioned intercollegiate sports.

There are many factors that go into deciding how much money goes to each individual sport. Factors such as how much the team needs in terms of equipment, how many players need to be put up in a hotel on a road trip, and Title 9, which allows funding equity for women's athletics.

"Some sports are more expensive than others," said Kendrick Walker, the athletic director at Cal Poly. "You take a sport like football, in which you have to put helmets on 90 kids, and those helmets have to be approved by insurance companies. Every year they've got to be tested. That's expensive. Tennis, let's say, doesn't have that expense."

"You start thinking about sheer numbers," he continued. "If you're going to take a baseball team to Los Angeles, you're going to take thirty kids. If you're going to take a tennis team to Los Angeles, you're going to take ten. One is less expensive than the other. So the demands to run the sport are different."

Walker said that Cal Poly must spend the same, or close to the same amount of money on certain sports that other schools in their conference do in order to keep on an equal competitive level.

"Take the men's basketball team," said Walker. "To compete in that, there is a certain amount

Getting More For Your Sports Dollar

What tugs at your heartstrings is, you've got a women's cross-country team that has won seven straight national championships on a dime. We barely fund it, and the cross-country coach and I talk about that. He's (Lance Harter) a dynasty.

— Kendrick Walker, Cal Poly athletic director

of judgment that goes into it regarding what other institutions spend on men's basketball. Otherwise we can't compete. If we want to compete and do well, and we don't offer scholarships and everyone else does, we're not going to do well. If we want to compete, and we only have one full-time coach and everyone else has three, we're not going to compete well."

"There's kind of an informal pact among institutions," he continued. "I know what Northridge spends and I know what Chapman spends, on men's basketball. They report to the league. So we all kind of have an idea. So then, in a way, it helps generate a budget, because we want to be able to compete."

What does it take to run a Division II men's basketball team? Well, you start looking around. In that sense there's a funny kind of arms race that goes into funding athletics."

"Every school in our conference has certain benefits," said Steve Beason, the men's basketball coach. "Our academic reputation and our location limits the kids we can get. For example, a city kid will probably choose to live at home and go to

Dominguez Hills.

"Bakersfield and Cal Poly are at somewhat of a disadvantage because of our location. We have to spend more money to get the same things accomplished because we are so isolated."

Some sports may be extremely successful on a national level, yet may still receive sparse funding. Although they may be successful and the school may receive a lot of attention for the sport's success, the money may not be available.

"What tugs at your heartstrings is, you've got a women's cross-country team that has won seven straight national championships on a dime," said Walker. "We barely fund it, and the cross-country coach and I talk about that. He's a dynasty."

Coach Lance Harter says it is tough to keep his cross-country program running at such a high level with so little support, but sometimes the money just is not there.

"Money makes the wheels run easier, but sometimes there just isn't enough to go around," said Harter. "That's when you have to become a creative financier. You can fundraise, or when your school is good enough, you can

get paid guaranteed appearance money for certain meets."

Another problem with money is the location of Cal Poly in relation to its competition.

"We don't compete against anybody in the same area code," said Walker. "So when we send the baseball team down to Riverside, they have to spend the night, whereas Pomona can get in a bus, drive to Riverside, play them and drive home. So they don't have the extra expense of lodging. All sports (that travel away from Cal Poly) spend the night, so the travel budget alone is a crusher for us."

The question becomes, then, where does the athletic department get its money?

"We have, fundamentally, three budgets," said Walker. "We have a scholarship budget, and that comes from private donors, the Cal Poly Foundation and student fees. We have an operational budget, and we have a state budget, which is generated by formula, depending on the needs of the program. That goes generally towards equipment."

Another important source of money is athletic alumni. Walker said that the school has become much more active in keeping contact with its athletic alumni

in the past few years.

"We right now know where more of (the athletic alumni) are than we did four years ago, so we're much more active," said Walker. "Coaches try to stay in touch with their alums, and they've been much better at it."

"Ozzie Smith (all-star short-stop for the St. Louis Cardinals), for example, just came back to a baseball reunion, and they had an alumni game."

"The John Madden golf tournament often turns into a football alumni reunion."

"They give their time," he continued, "their name, which is the key, and monetarily. They are very generous. We love them. We're glad they went to Poly."

Still, the problem remains that with so many teams competing for such a limited amount of dollars, certain sports just do not get enough money.

"Right now, we have 17 sports," said Walker. "That's more than any Division II scholarship program that we compete against. We're just spread too thin."

So the struggle to maintain adequate funding will continue, and sports will survive and succeed, or will scrape through. But athletics won't end because of a lack of funding.

"Athletics is something that everybody loves, but is tough to fund," said Walker. "I would love to have 40 sports. The more the merrier. Let's fund them. And then you start looking around about how are you going to fund them. Who's going to pay, and there is inflation just rolling yearly. There needs to be some permanent kind of solution as to what happens to a budget when it doesn't expand as inflation rolls at 5 percent a year. Pretty soon, after three or four years, you're down 20 percent of your dollar."

By Rob Lorenz

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Weekend gives

Average visitor spends \$55/day on campus and town festivities

—By Shanna Phillips—

Take 150,000 and multiply it by \$55. The answer equals the amount of money spent during one day of Poly Royal. Yes, the average person spends \$55 a day on food, lodging and entertainment when they come to San Luis Obispo, according to Jonni Eylar, director of the San Luis Obispo County Visitors and Conference Board.

"That's the industry standard," said Eylar. "However, we haven't done any statistical analysis during Poly Royal. But \$55 is an average."

And there are those who spend well beyond that average. During Poly Royal 1988, two cars were sold at San Luis Nissan, according to Sales Representative Eric McCornack.

"We got two people from out of town last year who spent between \$10,000 and \$17,000 each," said McCornack. "If the parents buy cars for their children, it's usually the (Nissan) Sentra or Pulsar. If

Every year the Poly Royal Board makes great attempts to make sure it doesn't become a commercial event. We're not here to make money. We're here to provide a service.

— Pauline Shaffer, Campus Catering

they buy for themselves, it's usually the Maxima."

Hotel and restaurant reservations during Poly Royal also contribute to that average. Reservations for accommodations at the Apple Farm Inn were being taken before construction was finished, said Dean Hutton of the Inn.

"Reservations for 1989 were taken last May," said Hutton. "We're already taking reservations for 1990."

Students' money talks in SLO

Survey proves businesses mistaken about impact

—By Tara Giambalvo—

Cal Poly students wield a mighty weapon in their love-hate relationship with other San Luis Obispo residents. Sixteen thousand students control the strings of a large purse.

Residents complain that students are loud and take up too much of the moderately-priced housing.

But students also buy groceries, drink in bars and eat in restaurants. They are a consumptive population.

They add up 31 percent of the adult population in the city. And there are plans to increase the population by 800 over the next two years.

Despite these statistics, downtown business owners perceive students as a very small part of their business.

The preliminary results of a survey commissioned by city planners outline this dichotomy.

The survey, designed to discover who shopped downtown and how much they spent, uncovered that 44 percent of the students surveyed spent at least some of their money downtown eating and drinking. Specialty goods were bought by 39 percent, and clothing was bought by 37 percent.

These figures are higher than those quoted by non-student residents, said Mike Multari, director of community development.

The surveyors also discovered that 22 percent of the students make more than half of their purchases downtown.

"This is a lot more than other residents," Multari said.

With this much student money changing hands downtown, it would seem that business owners would consider students their main market.

Not so, according to the survey.

Retailers were asked to estimate how much students contribute to their business. Forty-five per-

cent thought students make up less than 10 percent of their business. Only 25 percent thought students account for as much as 26 to 50 percent of their business. Most of these were restaurant and bar owners.

Jim Dee, owner of the Rainbow and Palm Theatres, which show many foreign films, said the percentage of students in his audiences vary with

the types of films he shows. Few students turn out for foreign or esoteric films, but many turn out for commercial films.

Bars and restaurants would likely be hardest hit if students left the city, Dee said. Other businesses must be able to survive the summer months when many students leave.

"I'm glad they're here," Dee said, "but I can't rely on them."

The owner of Sandy's Deli-

Liquor said he depends more on tourist and business trade than he does on students. He estimated that students provide about 25 percent of his business.

"I'm just not as affected by them as others," said owner Jim Neal.

New business owners also avoid relying on students for much of their business.

Penny Davies, owner of Earthling Books in Santa Barbara, is opening a branch in San Luis Obispo. She, too, is depending upon other residents for the bulk of her business.

Her Santa Barbara store does not attract a large student market, she said. The university in Santa Barbara is about the same size as Cal Poly.

The Business Improvement Association recognizes the difficulty in planning a business that depends heavily upon student dollars. National and international stores such as Benetton are the only ones that can afford to target students, said Dodie Williams, BIA administrator.

Continued on page 46

economy a boost

said Opie.

The water shortage in town shouldn't affect business that much, he said. "Because of the shortage, restaurants are required to serve water by request only."

Peter Brubeck of Brubeck's said Poly Royal is one of the bigger weekends of the year.

"We've been taking reservations for about two or three months," said Brubeck. "The number of people that come in here during Poly Royal can be compared to the number of people that come in

Avila Beach isn't as crowded, because most of the people are on campus browsing around booths and supporting campus clubs.

Chris Chandless of The Old Custom House in Avila Beach can attest to that. Day business slows down because people are at Poly Royal, said Chandless. Chandless did say that night business picks up a bit, but that it's hit and miss each year.

Even at Cal Poly, certain businesses slow down. Vista Grande restaurant stops serving meals to students with meal tickets because so many leave during Poly Royal, said Pauline Shaffer, a manager of Campus Catering.

The Burger Bar also has slower business because most of the people are looking at booths around campus and buying the food from clubs.

"The clubs are the ones who really make the money," said Shaffer. "We (Campus Catering) provide a service to them by providing a convenient place to order food. It is a convenience because we let

them buy on estimated order and we provide for refrigeration."

The number of people at Poly Royal this year is easily 150,000, according to Dennis Conte of the Poly Royal office. That figure was arrived at by reviewing past records and surveys, by how many people gave an oral commitment to come to Poly Royal, and many other factors, said Conte.

Other factors include number of alumni, and other colleges that are visiting the campus to learn how to go about setting up their own college's open house, said Conte.

Because of the large crowd, the city has also helped to make transportation easier.

"Free shuttles will run from town to the campus and back," said Conte.

Public parking is also available on campus.

However, all staff and administration parking lots are for guest speakers. The parking lot located closest to the core of the campus, at the Health Center, is for the President Warren Baker's honored guests only, said Conte.

Additional bus service will also be provided by SLO Transit (See schedule on page 6).

Poly Royal and the Cal Poly campus are closely tied with the city in many respects. Many Cal Poly students live and work in the community. Many families of Cal Poly students spend their money in San Luis Obispo.

But Poly Royal strives to maintain its reputation, not as a commercial event, but as a service to the community and a way of showing people Cal Poly life.

"Every year the Poly Royal Board makes great attempts to make sure it doesn't become a commercial event," said Shaffer. "We're not here to make money. We're here to provide a service."

Reservations for 1989 were taken last May. We're already taking reservations for 1990.

— Dean Hutton, Apple Farm Inn

during La Fiesta."

This Old House restaurant on Foothill Boulevard only takes reservations for big parties, said Marcia Fishbeck of the restaurant.

"We can usually take parties of two and four pretty easily," she said. "But for the bigger parties, we'll be booked by the end of the week."

On an average Friday and Saturday night, This Old House serves about 275 dinners, with each person spending \$17 on food and drinks.

"During Poly Royal, that number doubles and even triples," said Fishbeck.

Despite what many may think, Poly Royal doesn't always bring money to every business in the county.

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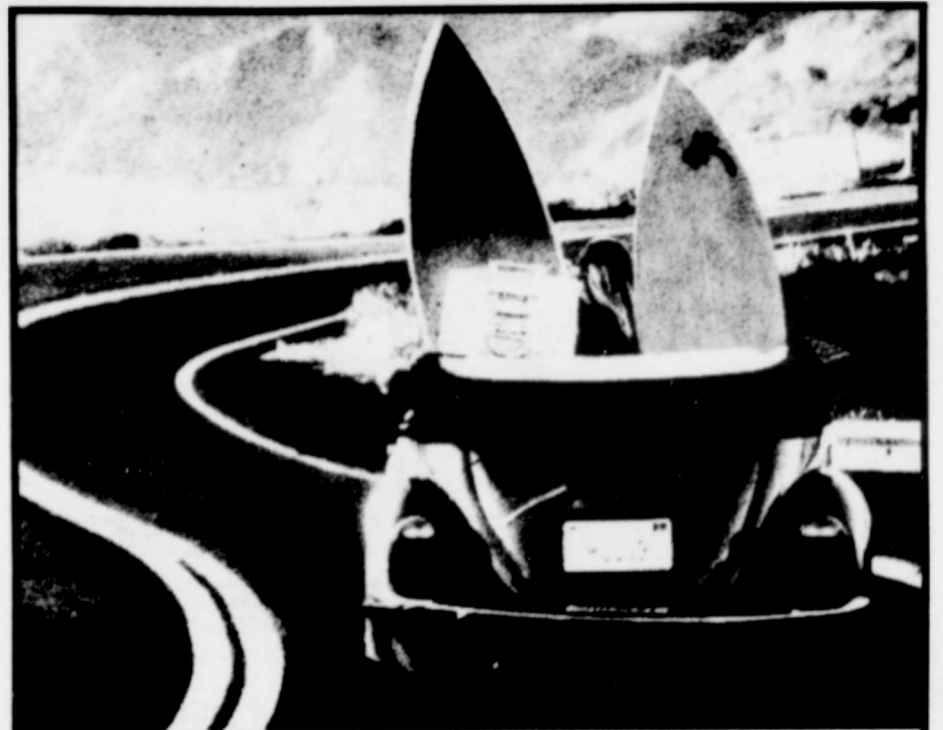
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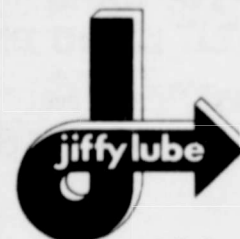
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Continued from page 44

"Many of the (national) stores do a lot of the student population," she said. "Those stores are more attuned to a younger market. It's not easy to do that with individual businesses."

The city survey did not include the shopping centers, such as Central Coast Plaza and Laguna Shopping Center, that are within the city but outside of the downtown area. These centers are close to large student housing areas.

Central Coast Plaza, the only mall in the city, does well with students because the stores are geared to females aged 18 to 35, said Carol Dominguez, the mall's general manager.

"The general perception is that Cal Poly students have a lot of spending money," she said.

Cal Poly's population is mentioned in the plaza's leasing packet distributed to potential new business owners, Dominguez said.

The Chamber of Commerce, recognizing the economic power of students, in 1972, added a designated student seat on the board of directors.

"We want students to know they have a voice with us," said Dave Garth, executive director of

the chamber. "And they've done a great job."

The seat is occupied by the campus community relations representative. Jeff Schumacher, this year's student representative, said he meets with the other board members once a month.

"My main role is to serve as a communication link," he said.

He carries information and concerns between the Associated Students Inc. and the board.

"Overall, the chamber is really supportive of students," Schumacher said.

Garth and Schumacher said they believe San Luis Obispo's chamber is the only one in California that allows students on the board.

The economic impact of students on the community is the main factor in their level of participation.

"Cal Poly is the single biggest economic factor in the city," Garth said. "This city wouldn't exist as we know it (without Cal Poly)."

San Luis Obispo Mayor Ron Dunin took the idea one step further.

"Without Cal Poly, the city would not economically survive," he said.

Continued from page 49

REPUTATION

applications have created alumni who can "jump in and do a job without a lot of training."

This attitude is by no means universal, however. Some companies are either ambivalent about the philosophy, or find that it is the balance of theory and practice they find attractive.

Lowell Beatty at National Semiconductor said that engineers from Cal Poly are more hands-on rather than theoretical, but that they are not lacking in liberal arts skills. In fact, he said that a lot of engineers from Cal Poly go into technical marketing. Sue Grote of Proctor and Gamble said that the learn by doing philosophy may be one of the factors that brings her company to Cal Poly, but it is not the only or the primary reason. Tom Mullen from Macy's Department Stores said part of the attraction of Cal Poly students is that most work while they are in school and the curriculum has a practical flavor, but he said that although the practical is important, Cal Poly

students are also well rounded, articulate and participate in many extracurricular activities. Jim Pangburn of Arthur Young and Co. said that the practical philosophy of education at Cal Poly is not a big factor in why his company recruits at this campus.

Camp believes that the computer science curriculum is well balanced, "Our students have a good blend of theory and practice."

He said he would hate to see Cal Poly become more liberalized and lose its hands-on approach. He added that Cal Poly has an excellent reputation in business because the students have proven themselves in the industry. The liberal arts side of their education is not neglected, he said. In fact, Cal Poly computer science majors take more liberal arts classes than UC students do.

Walters said that the business school does not emphasize practical learning to the extent that they ignore theory. He said that

instead, they teach the theory and then how to apply it. He said that they work on "making the theories practical."

Cal Poly has attractions other than the practical philosophy of education like the cooperative education program.

Camp said he encourages students to do a co-op and believes that approximately 40 percent of the computer science majors have done a co-op or had a co-op-like experience. He added that IBM accounts for about half of all computer science co-ops. Barerra said that although students do not have to co-op at IBM to get a permanent job with the company, he believes that Cal Poly has a terrific co-op program — one of the best in the state. Arthur Andersen and Co. participates in the co-op program and employer Bruce Ferguson said that it has been a positive influence in getting more Cal Poly students in as permanent hires. Arthur Yeung and Co.

Continued on page 37

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Alumni's kids follow footsteps

Continued from page 15

"The condominiums I live in are about four developments away from where my parents lived when they first got married," she said.

Kay McNinch, a 1968 home economics graduate who now works in banking, said it was the natural thing for her daughter, Kim, to attend Cal Poly.

"We didn't really discuss any other universities or colleges with Kim," McNinch said. "She just kind of knew she was going to Cal Poly if she was accepted. We have very strong feelings about it."

McNinch said Cal Poly and San Luis Obispo were different places 20 years ago.

"We didn't have a lot of places to go and there wasn't a lot of drinking," McNinch said. "We didn't have a Farmer's Market and — I don't know — we didn't

was in the dorm the first year."

McNinch misses the fact that Cal Poly discontinued having a Poly Royal Queen and the social formality surrounding the event.

"We had formal dances like homecoming and Poly Royal," McNinch said. "For 56 years you guys have had a queen. I just kind of felt like that still should have been part of Poly Royal."

There were social events and there were events of a social nature. McNinch remembers the concerns students had about Vietnam. But she said Cal Poly wasn't the scene of much overt student protest.

"At that time we had Ronald Reagan as governor," McNinch said. "He did not allow a lot of disturbance and he said he would not have it on his state university campuses."

"I know at Santa Barbara

Luis Obispo so attending Cal Poly was like going home for her.

"We've always had a real close attachment to San Luis Obispo," McNinch said. "We've always gone back for Poly Royal. Even as a young child, when she was in her stroller, I remember pushing her around campus. She kind of felt comfortable about Cal Poly." Comfortable may be an understatement. Kim McNinch said she "loves it."

Kim said she never considered any other college because Cal Poly was where she wanted to be.

"It's a good atmosphere to study in," Kim said.

Kim and her parents talk about Cal Poly all the time.

"My friends and I tell them all the stories, all the horror stories, too," Kim said. "It puts hair on their back but that's okay, they get over it."

One of those "horror" stories involved train jumping, Kim said. She and her parents also talk about Poly Royal a lot. The McNinchs get together and Kim takes them to a few parties during the event.

Kim's mother has attended nearly every Poly Royal since her graduation. She said she likes the event because of its food, fun and socialization.

"I always get strawberries in the Ag Building," McNinch said.

Over the years, McNinch, who was part of a student population of about 6,500 in the late '60s, said she has seen a change in students and on campus.

"There has been a tremendous amount of growth," McNinch said. "So when I hear Cal Poly has 13,000 to 14,000 students now, it's amazing. And I see all those kids everywhere when I come over to visit our daughter — you know, traffic everywhere — it wasn't like that when I was there."

But these are only a few of the stories, the lives that have been changed by passing through Cal Poly's seemingly timeless classrooms and halls — a revolving door of sorts from the past to the future, generation to generation, parents to children.

It's just as tough as ever to get into the 'learn by doing' university. Children of alumni who apply to Cal Poly are not given any preference in admissions.

have the drug problem back then, either. It was just quaint. It was very low-key compared to some of the things I hear kids are doing today."

McNinch said most female students wore dresses in her day and there were hours for entering and leaving the well-regulated dorms. Most women were home economics majors, she added, unlike the diversity today.

She said dorms were either all male or female. There wasn't any mixing.

"I'm not happy with (co-ed) dorms," McNinch said. "I think it puts a lot more pressure on them and I would not have liked to have walked out of those community shower rooms and walked into the hallway and see a guy standing there like I saw so many times when my daughter

there were lots of problems and riots with the Vietnam War but Cal Poly did not have that because he (Reagan) declared we would not."

Lack of protest didn't stop Cal Poly students from talking about Vietnam because many male students feared the draft, she said.

"It was sorrowful," McNinch said.

"It was really very, very sad. Of course we did have a lot of people leave the country (some of McNinch's college friends did) so they wouldn't get drafted. In some respects I can't blame them because if I had lost a husband or son in Vietnam I would be a very disturbed person over it because I think it was real senseless to be involved in it."

McNinch said her daughter Kim, a Cal Poly agriculture business senior, was born in San

Cal Poly's masses may be getting less classes

Continued from page 13

have been given adequate notice so they could plan their personal budgets.

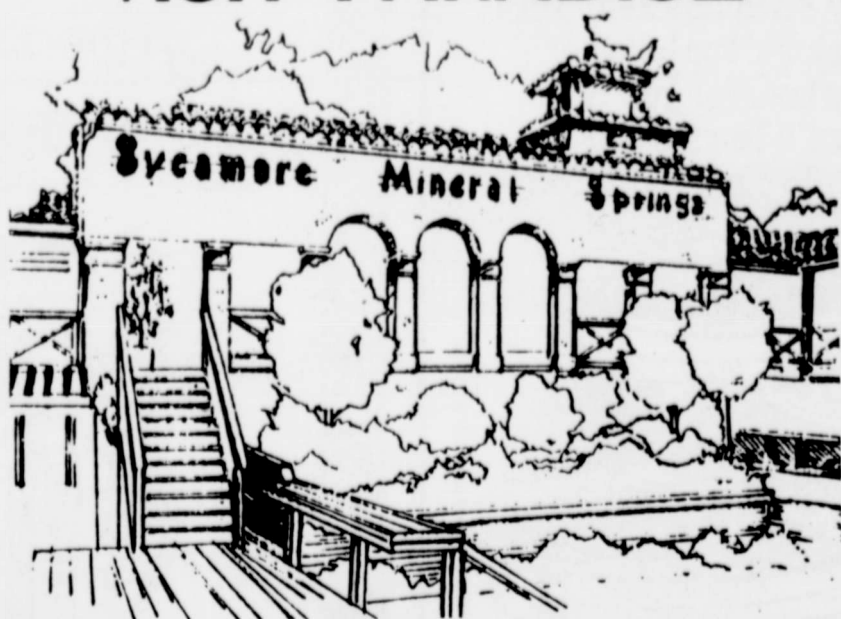
Ramirez conceded that, while students will be paying more to attend Cal Poly and other CSUs, they may be getting less for their money as far as services and programs, should the CSU budget be cut further. He added that there is no plan to increase enrollment at Cal Poly in the coming year, as many programs are already impacted.

Meanwhile, Ramirez, and budget officers and administrators around the CSU system are hoping the budget proposed by the governor will come out of the legislature intact.

Ramirez said it is unlikely that significant increases to the budget will be made at this point, but that he is hoping that the legislature will shift resources from other services to help the CSU. Ramirez especially hopes that no further cuts will be made.

"We're hoping it (the budget) is the worst it can get," he said, but added, "it can get worse."

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Companies say Poly's graduates

Hands-on application allows employees to do a job without extensive training

By Kimberly Patraw

Adobe Systems, a small computer company in Silicon Valley, recruits at only six campuses across the nation: Stanford, MIT, Cal Tech, Cal Berkeley, Carnegie-Mellon University, and Cal Poly.

Anne Brown from Adobe Systems said that Cal Poly was added to this list because the managers at her company requested it specifically.

Hewlett Packard recruits at 250 schools nationwide, but last year the company hired more students from Cal Poly than from any other campus. Currently there are over 400 Cal Poly alumni working at Hewlett Packard.

These companies are not alone. They are an example of the changing status of Cal Poly in the business world and academia.

Peter Lee, Dean of the School of Engineering, is not surprised to see Cal Poly's name listed among well-known names like Stanford and MIT. He believes that Cal Poly's engineering school will someday be the best in the country. He added that many companies have Cal Poly on an even more select list. Many years ago this would have been surprising, but now Lee said that it is common as more companies find out how good Cal Poly's engineering students are.

Lee said that it has been hard for Cal Poly to become recognized as a top engineering school because it is mainly an undergraduate program, and it is

highly impacted which means the school can only take students from California, giving the program a regional rather than national flavor. Lee said that Cal Poly has risen to the top despite these handicaps, and that the school deserves to be listed among the top campuses in the nation.

Many companies agree with Lee.

Allen G. Bormann, Corporate Director of College Relations for Rockwell International, said his company recruits at more than 100 universities and that Cal Poly continues to rank among the top 15 as one of the most productive sources of new employees.

other schools for many reasons. For example, unlike other schools, graduate students in engineering do not teach classes. This allows students to get all their instruction only from experienced faculty. Lee said that the small size of the classes and the lab requirements have also set Cal Poly apart.

Cal Poly computer science majors are also in high demand. The head of the computer science department, Roger Camp, said that in 1988 there were 90 computer science graduates and 85 companies were on campus trying to recruit them. He added that 120 companies could not even get on the interview schedule.

Cal Poly's popularity seems to stem from many areas, but among businesses, the 'learn by doing' philosophy of education continues to be an attraction.

In the last 16 years Rockwell International has hired 211 Cal Poly students. They recruit engineering, science and business students. Addison D. Carter from Pacific Bell said they recruit at 35 colleges in California and that Cal Poly's engineering and computer science programs are highly ranked. Mike Jensen from O'Connor Construction Management said they recruit only at Cal Poly and that six of the company's 25 employees are Cal Poly alumni. Gil Chavez from Lockheed Missiles and Space said that Cal Poly consistently places in the top three or four campuses for sources of new hires. His company recruits at 25 universities across the nation.

Not only are companies finding it hard to get to Cal Poly, prospective students are also fighting to get in. Lee said that the school of engineering accepts only one fourth of all applicant, although some departments accept less, such as aeronautical engineering which only takes 1/20th of their applicants. Kenneth Walters, Dean of the School of Business, said that in the Fall of 1989 less than 10 percent of the freshman applicants and 25 percent of the transfer students will be accepted. Walters said that the business school applicant numbers are steadily increasing each year, so the calibre of students continues to rise.

Cal Poly's popularity seems to stem from many areas, but

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among businesses, the "learn by doing" philosophy of education continues to be an attraction.

Bormann said that Rockwell International finds students at Cal Poly who are interested in doing hands-on engineering work. He said Cal Poly has been successful with its practically oriented training and he hopes that the school will continue with this philosophy of education. Karen Doris-Hampton of Bell Northern Research (BNR) said her company is attracted to Cal Poly's engineering and computer science students because they are practically oriented.

"A lot of theory is wonderful, but if you don't know how to apply it, it's useless," said Doris-Hampton who added that she does not believe Cal Poly students are lacking in liberal arts or the theoretical side of their majors. She said that Cal Poly has a good mix of theory and practice. Ken Larson, who recruits for Hewlett Packard, said the hands-on orientation of Cal Poly and the excellence of the engineering programs keep his company coming back. Larson pointed out that although Cal Poly's curriculum is similar to other schools', the classes offer more laboratory time versus class time. Kathleen Hefner from Syntex said the learn by doing

Philosophy of Cal Poly is attractive to her company. She said that small science departments with good hands-on

Continued on page 46

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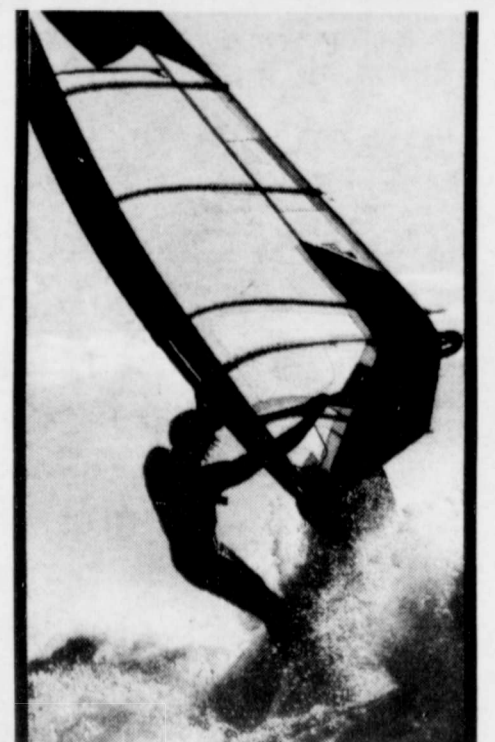
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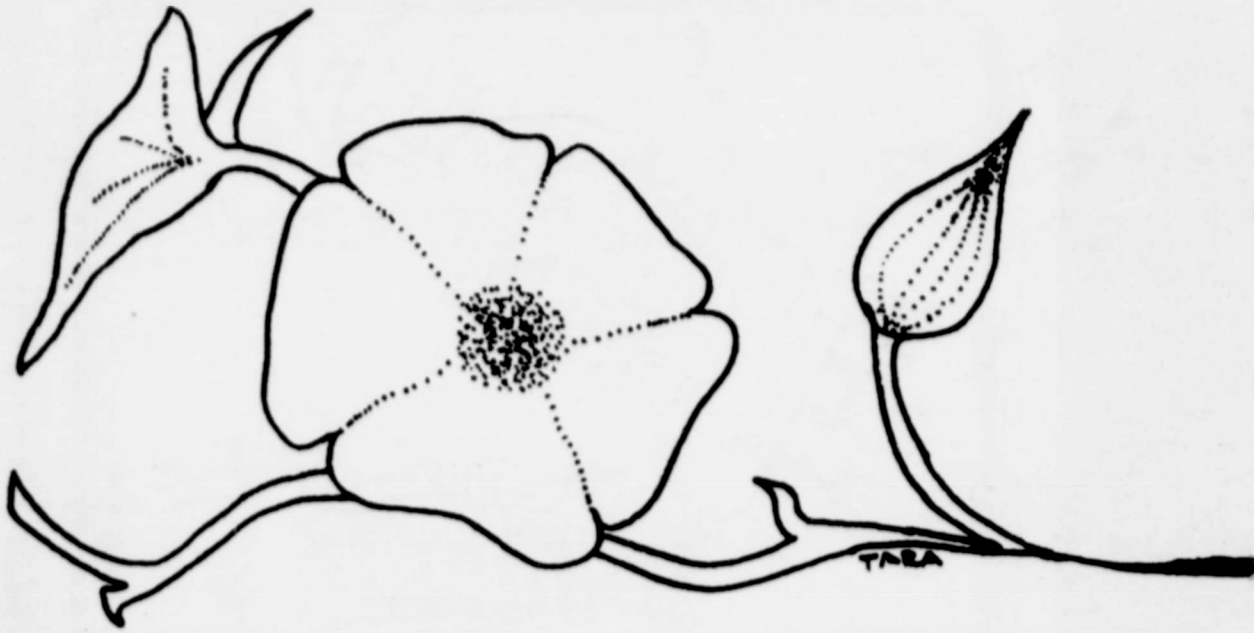
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By Mark Ahlemeyer



OH:

Located at the highest point on campus is the largest ornamental horticulture unit in the United States. The OH department will be sponsoring a number of events to educate and entertain the public during Poly Royal.

The OH department for the first time will be bringing some of its displays to the campus core. These displays can be seen at the new \$7.4-million Agriculture Science Building in front of the Campus Store.

"We'll have three labs in the Agriculture Science building," said Mimi Trumbull, Poly Royal chairperson for the OH department. "These labs will be giving demonstrations in landscape design, floral design and tissue culture."

Trumbull said the unit at the top of the hill will have both landscape and interiorscape displays.

"Interiorscape displays are used to try and show people how to use house, exotic and tropical plants that can't be used outside," she said. "Students will come up with all sorts of ideas, both serious and humorous."

Several other displays will be presented during the festivities. One of these, the arboriculture presentation will teach visitors how to prune fig trees.

"We'll have climbers put on ropes and climb up the trees," Trumbull said. "The purpose is to demonstrate how to climb a tree and the safety rules used in climbing."

Instead of using actual trees, they will be using planted telephone poles.

"We have a number of complexes which will be used to educate," she said.

One complex will have a display called the All-America Garden.

"This garden will be growing flowers from all over the country to test and see how they do in California," Trumbull said.

The drought has not affected the OH unit's Poly Royal presentation. They will be able to keep the entire unit open for the public.

"The drought has given us a unique opportunity to study xeriscapes," Trumbull said. "That is planting plants that grow best in the area without extra care. For California, that means drought-tolerant flowers."

All the plants are raised by the students. The work is done on a \$1,300 budget, most of which is earned through the Poly Royal

"We want to make such a big splash of color that when people walk through they'll say 'Wow!' "
— Mimi Trumbull

food booth at the unit. Local businesses help out as well by either donating or renting equipment.

"The students have to take the initiative to go get the loans and/or donations," said Ronald Regan, head of the OH department. "The businesses won't come to them."

Roots stretch way back

The OH department's roots go all the way back to 1932. Back then the department was housed in what is today the Math/Home Economics Building. There was a total of 30 students enrolled in the department. Only two acres were available for growing plants.

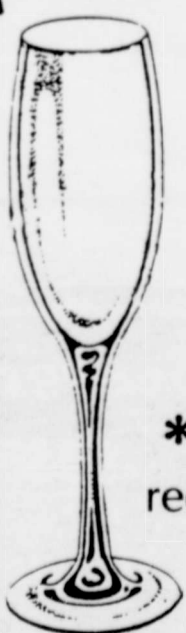
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Modern diversity

Today there are some 400 students enrolled in the department. Instead of the original two acres, the OH department now has 15 acres of land to not only raise plants, but to study other aspects of the science as well.

The OH department just this year put together a new micro-propagational laboratory with tissue culture and landscape industry laboratories.

"The micro-propagational lab will be used to study the propagation of plant material in test tubes growing in special agar solutions," said Regan.

The department has also received 14 Macintosh computers to be used for drafting with a computer-aided design (CAD) program.

The students have to take the initiative to go get the loans and/or donations. The businesses won't come to them.

— Ronald Regan

"We're also developing a diagnostics laboratory which will be used to diagnose plant problems," Regan said.

"We're also in the process of raising \$100,000 with the cooperation of the California Association of Nurserymen for an endowed professorship for the department," he said. "We've reached \$93,000 so far."

Jobs are plentiful

A number of career opportunities are open for OH graduates, Regan said. Last year 367 jobs were open to 80 graduates, which came out to four job choices for each graduate.

The majority of the jobs are in nurseries or floricultures, he said, but there are also openings in landscape management, national parks, sales of OH-related chemicals and the interiorscape industry. This involves the designing of insides of buildings, such as shopping malls.

Student-grown plants can be purchased from the Poly Plant and Floral shop.

"The shop is for student enterprise projects," Regan said. "Students keep two-thirds of the net profit, while one-third goes to the Foundation. The Foundation will then loan the money back to students so that they may buy seeds and materials for their projects."

The shop sells \$60,000 to \$70,000 worth of plants and materials per year. None of the money made through the floral shop is spent on presentations.

Trumbull said she wants the OH unit to teach people to use plants creatively.

"Basically we want to educate and influence people," Trumbull said. "We want to make such a big splash of color that when people walk through they'll say 'Wow!'"

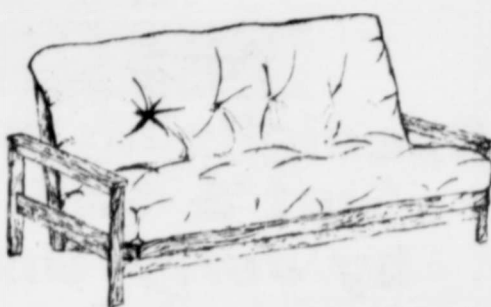
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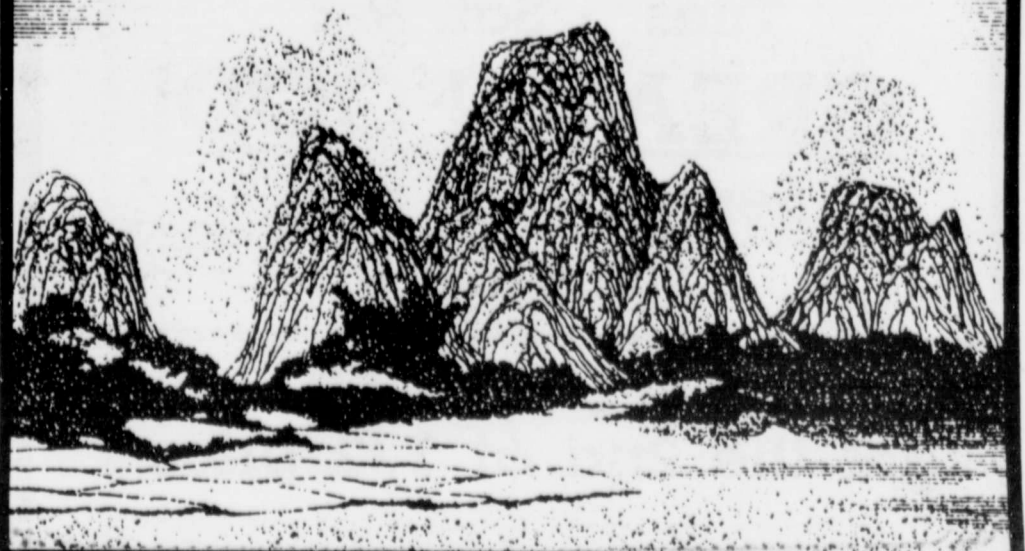
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**For SLO and Poly police
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—By Mike McMillan—

Despite the festive spirit of Poly Royal, it is business as usual for law enforcement agencies, both on and off campus.

"Crowds exceeding 100,000 people make parking on campus nearly impossible," said Chief Richard Brugg of Public Safety.

Events such as the rodeo and tractor pull can accommodate limited parking, but visitors are encouraged to walk or find other ways to campus. "Bus service from town to campus is very effective during Poly Royal," said Brugg.

"Most people that drive their own cars use Grand Avenue, creating massive traffic problems," he said. Brugg suggests entering campus from Highland Drive, where there is more available parking. Public Safety officers will be on hand to direct traffic.

Cars will be towed if they obstruct traffic or block driveways or firelanes.

"We must have clear access for emergency vehicles," said Brugg. "Heat strokes and other medical emergencies occur every year at Poly Royal."

Brugg said a first-aid station will be set up at Public Safety, located just behind the fire department on North Perimeter Road.

Even though Poly Royal visitors are being encouraged to find alternate forms of transportation, riding skateboards is illegal during Poly Royal.

"It's hard enough to walk through campus during Poly Royal, much less ride a skateboard through the crowds," said Public Safety Investigator Ray Barret.

Dogs are another concern that Public Safety has to deal with. Not only must people must be protected from dogs, but the dogs must sometimes be protected from sometimes careless acts of their owners.

"Dogs are generally not welcome at Poly Royal," said Barret. Dog owners are encouraged not to leave dogs tied up and left alone. "If we see that, we will impound the animal," said Barret.

Dogs locked in cars will be impounded as well. "We then cite and may even arrest the owner for animal cruelty," said Barret, emphasizing the hot weather typical to Poly Royal.

Barret added that dogs left in the back of pick-up trucks pose a danger to pedestrians.

"Someone was bit last year and we ended up chasing the dog all over campus," he said. "Dogs are better off left at home," said Barret.

Alcohol is prohibited on the Cal Poly campus. "In the past we have fortunately had little trouble with alcohol at Poly Royal, but we do look for it and people will be cited," said Chief Brugg.

Parties off campus will keep the San Luis Obispo Police Department busy during Poly Royal, according to Crime Prevention Coordinator Stephen Seybold. "We have hired additional officers and many will be working overtime," said Seybold.

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"The majority of our calls are noise complaints, and suprisingly, half of all calls come from students," he said. "Although noise complaints are not our top priority, an officer must respond to every call," said Seybold.

Noise citations are issued when party-givers do not cooperate with police. Seybold said the typical problem is when nobody answers the door or says the owner is not home. "In that case we have the option of citing people for trespassing," he said.

"What people don't seem to understand is that police have a right to know who owns a house or apartment where a party is occurring," said Seybold. "Any time you open a party to the public, you open yourself up to the chance of being robbed or having your property damaged."

Party-givers must keep their guests out of the street and off neighboring properties.

"Neighbors don't appreciate having their favorite rose bush urinated on," said Sergeant Jim English.

The S.L.O.P.D. suggests designating drivers to take care of people who have had too much to drink. Seybold said he expects about ten drunken-driving arrests to occur during Poly Royal.

"Processing a drunk-driver takes so long that it limits the number of arrests we can make," he said.

Campus visitors should take extra precautions to protect their cars and valuables. According to Public Safety, there were six reported car burglaries at last year's Poly Royal. Valuables should be locked in the trunk and

not in the cab where they can be seen.

Parents should keep a close eye on their children and set up a meeting place in case they become separated. Investigator Barret warns parents not to relax because San Luis Obispo is a small town.

Three years ago, an unidentified man at Poly Royal was seen carrying a police scanner. Posing as campus security, he lured two young girls to an isolated location where he molested them.

Any suspicious activity or missing children should be immediately reported to Public Safety at 756-2281. For medical or other emergencies, call 756-2222.

Poly Royal Ambassadors

Continued from page 19

"There was no traveling back then," she said. "They hadn't thought of that yet."

After Poly Royal, the ambassadors will help organize next year's Poly Royal tour. The final decision as to whether or not next year there will be a queen or ambassadors, Walsh said, is up to the coordinator.

"I love it," Lee-Ann Saxton concluded about the ambassador concept. "I'm glad I'm an ambassador and I wouldn't change it for the world."



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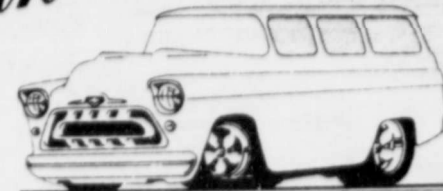
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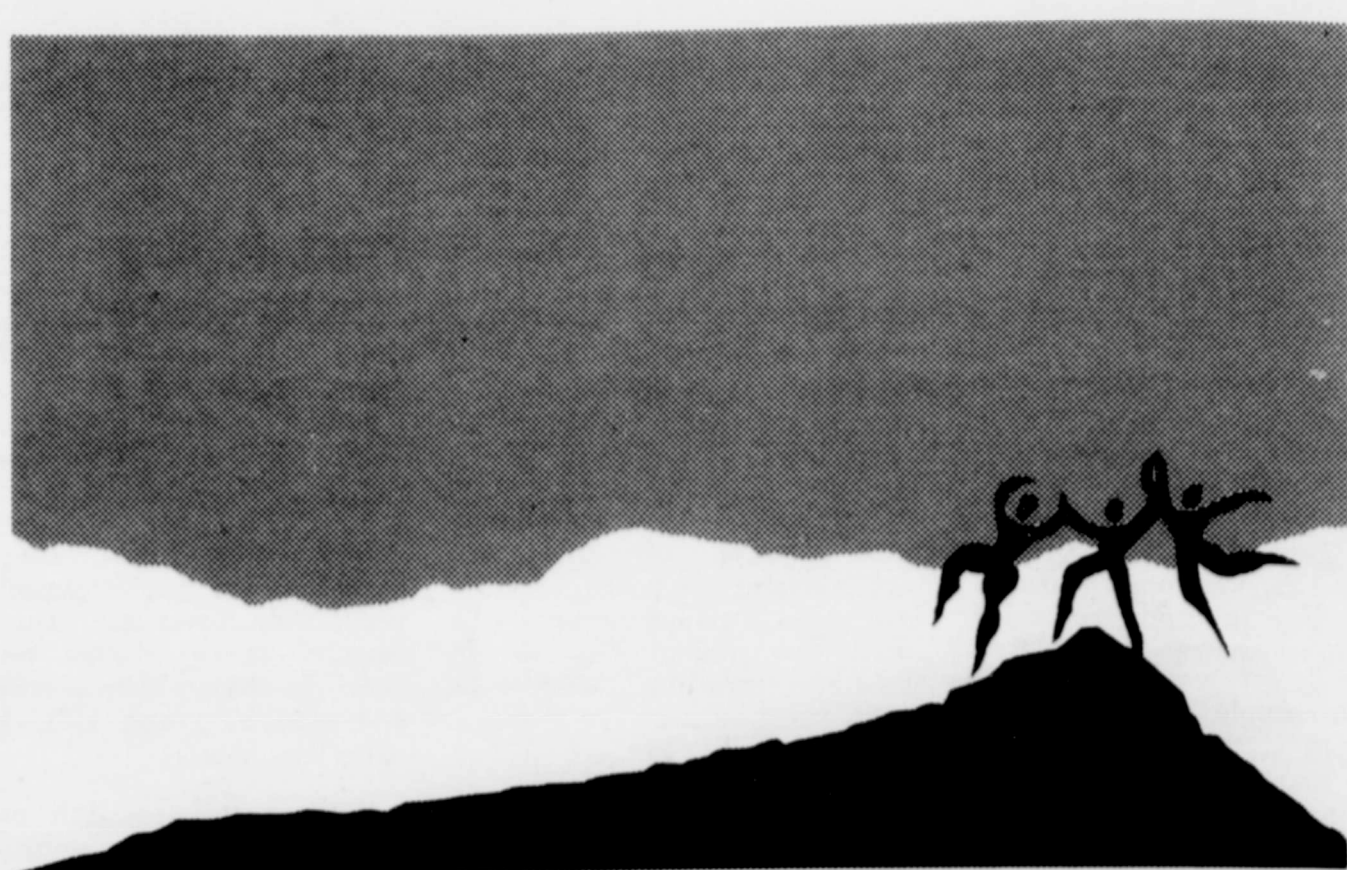
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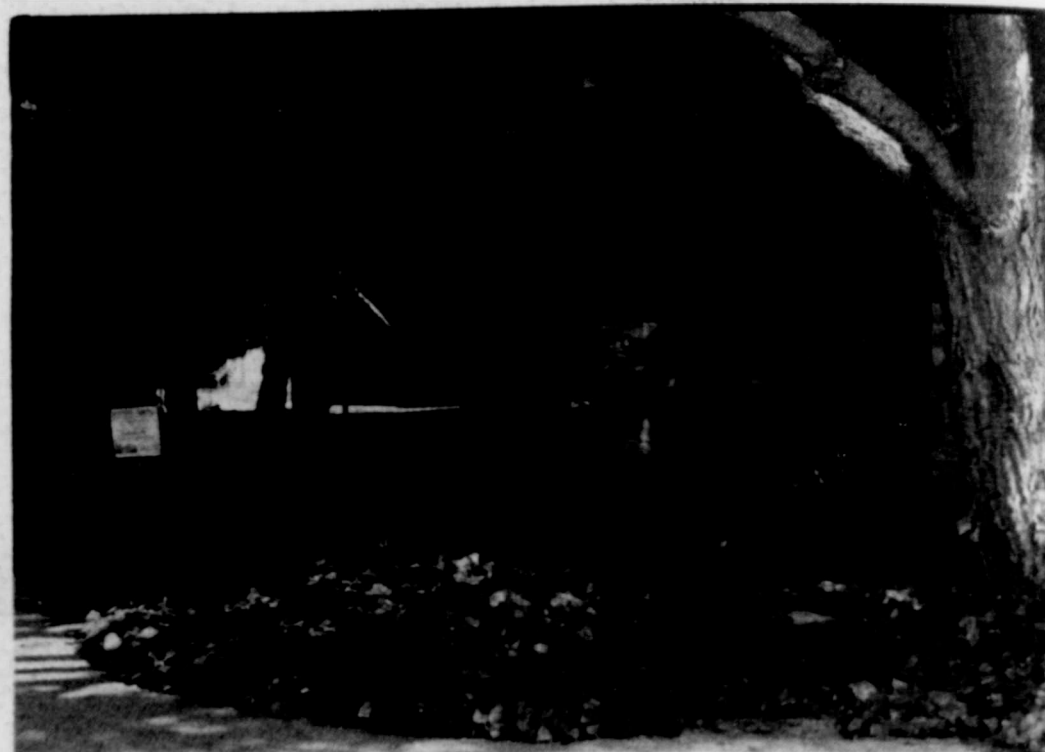
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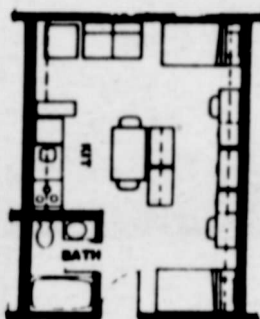
WHY DO MORE CAL POLY STUDENTS CHOOSE TO LIVE AT MUSTANG VILLAGE?

Now that you're on your own, you're going to be making your own decisions. Living at MUSTANG VILLAGE is one of the best decisions a new student can make. You need the right atmosphere, the right space, and the right people to start you off on your road to success. At Mustang Village we're committed to providing you with the comfort you want, and the housing you need to succeed.



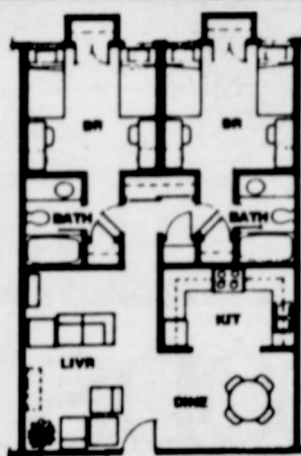
STUDIOS

These most desirable new models give the student maximum privacy. Some have balconies that overlook a beautiful wooded creek. All studios have full kitchens and baths and are fully furnished. The plan affords maximum independent living for one or two persons.



2 BEDROOM UNITS

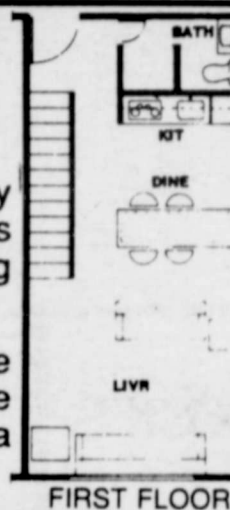
The ideal model for two to four people! This new area of Mustang Village features full kitchens, one and two baths and a wonderful floor plan designed for the student who enjoys being around others without giving up their open space.



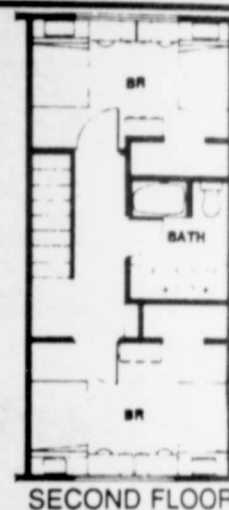
2 BEDROOM TOWNHOUSES

The luxury of a two-story townhouse affords residents a separation of their living and sleeping quarters.

These spacious units have full kitchens, 1 1/2 baths, are fully furnished and offer a house like atmosphere.



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