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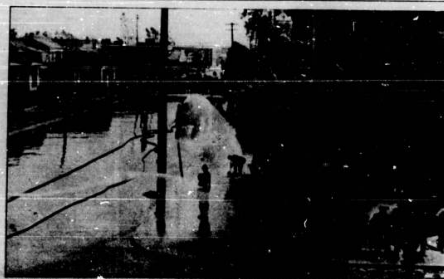
VOL. 6 NO. 9 MARCH 10 - 16, 1977 SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY

HOW SAN DIEGO TOOK CARE OF ITS WOBBLIES

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2ND AVENUE LOOKING SOUTH, 10th E STREET

"My brother Clem was a pretty smart fella. Most wobs had to go to San Diego twice in order to get beat up twice. But he got hisself beat up once by the police and then again by the vigilantes they turned him over to."

DAVID HELVARG

"Out there in San Diego
 Where the western breakers beat
 They're jailing men and women
 For speaking on the street."

—Slogan, newspaper of the IWW

"A town like San Diego isn't
 worth a whoop in hell to a true
 rebel."

—Joe Hill, labor activist

ON MARCH 10, 1912, 5000 people gathered in front of the San Diego city jail at Broadway and Front Street to demand an end to the ban on public speaking and better treatment for the free speech prisoners already locked away. The police called in the fire department to disperse the crowd with 150-pound pressure hoses. As Laura Payne Emerson of IWW (International Workers of the World), also known as the Oakland World, described the scene: "For a full hour hundreds packed themselves in a solid mass around Mrs. Emerson as she stood to speak... they held their ground until swept from their feet by the irresistible flood... a grey-haired woman was knocked down by the direct force of the stream. A mother was deluged with a babe in arms... an awe-struck patriot straggled himself in the flag to test its efficiency against police outrage, but he was knocked down and jailed and fined \$30.00 for insulting the flag."

My cousin was very interested in the wobbly activity here in San Diego and after the war when I went into the Fire Department they took pleasure in telling me what happened here. "Do you know what we saw the police and fire department doing?" they'd say, and this is what they told me: "Some IWW workers were having a peaceful meeting and there was a guy making a speech and here comes the police and fire department, and they start squirting water on the IWWs. They said there's a woman who starts to cross the street with a baby in a carriage, and they squirted her and her carriage turned over and she grabbed the baby and ran. I heard exactly what happened from firemen who was there and they said that it was a man dressed like a woman with a simulated child, a doll or a ham wrapped up or whatever it was. He grabbed up the baby and ran directly into the stream of water which is of course what he was there to do. The papers should pick up on it and the movement would get sympathy."

Ben Shanks, 87,
 retired San Diego fireman

Beatings continued into the night. One woman was knocked unconscious by a police club. Many of those arrested were thrown into the city jail, originally built to house 65 prisoners but now filled with over 200 free speech fighters, including Michael Hovey, a 65-year-old wobbly who, after being beaten by police, was left to lie on the cement floor of a crowded cell, denied medical treatment for over 40 days until he died. Others arrested were handed over by the police to members of the "Citizens Committee," vigilantes who would drive them to the county jail and there beat them up. They were then told to pack it up for Los Angeles under threat of death should they return. But many did return.

"My older brother Clement rode the rails clear

down from Montana to be part of that fight," recalls "Cedger" Bill Lewis, 77, a charter member of Bronco Busters and Rodeo Riders Local No. 1 of the International Workers of the World and now a self-described "independent socialist" living alone in San Francisco. "Though I was just 12 at the time, I don't mind telling you that I was jealous as a skunk in a perfume factory to see him go off to the coast like that, and me having to stay behind in Butte with the rest of the family. When he finally got back some months later, he said that what the police and vigilantes did in San Diego was the worst beat beating he'd ever seen. They left two wobs and ya don't know how many more bodies they might've dumped in the desert for the coyotes since a lot of us were what ya might call foot-loose, without family ties and connections if we was to disappear."

I knew one man in the fire department named Bill, who was a card-carrying IWW. A nice feller too. Him and I used to argue about the movement all the time, I was against it. They were just a bunch of dumb IWWs. But he said he was into the Fraternity part of it, said in their constitution, that if ever a member were hungry, he could go to a meeting and meet another wobbly and be loaned money or at least given a meal. That was his argument for joining. He didn't stay long with the fire department.

THE INTERNATIONAL Workers of the World was the most feared and hated union in the history of American labor. Founded in 1905 in Chicago, the IWW was made up of miners, lumberjacks, immigrant laborers, and others who shared a common belief that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common." Unlike Samuel Gompers' conservative American Federation of Labor (AFL),

(continued on page 8)

PRESS PASSES



Newswatch Backtrack

When city council members pushed through a plan two weeks ago to remodel Horton Plaza, their aim was to clear the square of litterers and other unwanted clutter. So along with plans to pave over the grass and plant non-flowering shrubbery in the plaza fountain, Councilman Lou Hubbard asked that the line of newswatch along Broadway be removed.

Councilman Lou Williams did raise a fleeting concern that banning the sale of papers would be an infringement of First Amendment rights, but his question fell on deaf ears. The proposal passed easily over his objection.

This week though, Hubbard and other city officials are

shamelessly admitting that they got a little carried away with their "white light" act.

Within a week, attorneys for the City Press had filed off a

previous court ruling that would invalidate the council's action.

The legal brief reminded the council that it "must legislate with a scalpel, not a bludgeon."

By early this week, machinery at City Hall had begun moving to rescind the newswatch provision.

"Let's simply lift it as one way to reduce the clutter at the plaza, but he didn't mean to

clutter with the Constitution," said an aide to Councilman Hubbard.

City Clerk Anne B. Ryan said

city attorneys have jumped in as a newswatch ban once before.

The firm filed a "friend of the court" suit when the Door, a local alternative paper, success-

fully challenged a 1975 city of El

Cajon ordinance banning newswatches from city streets.

But Would Your Mother

Wear It

A lengthy courtroom battle ended last January 17 when

Clary Gilmore was exonerated by a

Utah State Prison firing squad.

But Gilmore's pursuit of his own

"death wish" had sparked a

second battle, one fought not

with rules of evidence or lawyer's

pleadings, but with the smooth

words of a businessman and the

promises of instant fortune.

This was the battle for rights

...the story of the

murderer, who, by forcing the

court to act on his execution, had

commanded the attention of the

America public.

Bidding for the Gilmore story

was heated from the start. The

National Enquirer, especially

offered the prisoner \$25,000 for

the story.

Let's Do It Again?

A series of interviews, with TV

producer David Siskind up-

ping the bid to \$150,000. In the

end, publication rights went to

eminent photographer

promoter Larry Schiller. Schiller

let get the last interviews granted

by Gilmore as well as pictures of

the convict's final moments. He

is now at work with writer Barry

Paul Kruger

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Farrell on a feature story for Playboy magazine.

Low-budget versions of Schiller's coup immediately popped

up across the country. Latching

on to the public's bizarre fasci-

nation with the Gilmore story,

publishers flooded the market

with mail-order souvenirs.

Among the more morbid mem-

orabilia were T-shirts embro-

dered with the convict's well-

publicized last words: "Let's do

it!"

San Diego entrepreneur An-

dre Bryha owned his own

version of the Gilmore T-shirt.

He added a kni replica of the

circular paper target that had

been pinned to Gilmore's chest

for the benefit of the firing

squad. And he altered the

convict's last request to read

"LET'S DO IT... AGAIN!" Bry-

ha explains: "I am pro-capital

punishment, but I didn't add the

'again' to announce my belief. I

put it and the question mark

there because I wanted people to

ponder the death penalty, to ask

themselves whether there should

be more executions."

But both Bryha's philoso-

phical queries and his experi-

ment in marketing stirred little

interest. Advertising only in San

Diego, he sold just one-half of

the 140 shirts he had made, most

going to friends or acquaint-

ances. And only a handful of

those who bought one knew the

phrase was Gilmore's last utter-

ance.

"Believe it or not," recalls

Bryha, "some people bought it

as a Valentine's Day present,

thinking the target was a valen-

tine's heart." Many people seem

to have mistaken the phrase for a

sexual come-on, and Bryha

thinks some women refused to

buy or wear one for that reason.

Bryha was even puzzled by

the response from several of

those who obviously got the

point. One buyer sent a note

along with his order that read

"right on!" "I never figured out

whether he's for or against the

death penalty," says Bryha.

He thinks the poor response to

his Gilmore souvenirs is "simply

a matter of bad timing," and

hopes to unload the remaining

\$6.95 T-shirts through an ad in

the UCLA Daily Bruin news-

paper. "Maybe it'll catch on

again when they publish Larry

Schiller's story in Playboy," he

says wistfully.

—Paul Kruger

MARCH 10 - 16, 1977

Pacific Stereo's MOST WANTED SALE

WANTED: FAMOUS NAMES — BEDROCK PRICES!



A private ear:
Available
immediately at a
reasonable rate.
Top references.
Koss K7
headphones.
Reg. \$15.40.
Save \$3.45.
\$9.95

\$349 Ask about
low monthly
payments.

Kenwood KR-3000 AM/FM stereo receiver. Reg. \$249.95.
B+C 820 belt-driven programmed turntable. Base, dust cover and Stanton cartridge.
Reg. \$79.95.
Fisher XP60KC speakers. Last advertised at \$110/pair. Save \$98.90.

WANTED: SMOOTH OPERATORS!

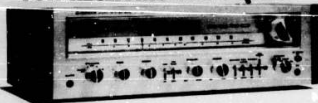


The music behind a gang of well-know
components. Known for mechanical genius.
Identifying marks: one long arm. Be on
the look-out!

Sony PS-2700 automatic single-play
turntable with base, dust cover and
Empire cartridge. Will sell for
\$199.95. Special Introductory Offer:
Save \$50.95.
\$149

Garrard 440 record changer,
base and dust cover. Reg. \$82.50.
Not shown. Save \$33.50.
\$49

WANTED: FOR RECEIVING THE GOODS!



One of the best known "receivers" around—has all the
goods. Recently released. Investigate today!
Pioneer SX-750 AM/FM stereo receiver. Reg. \$400.
Save \$125.
\$275

Pioneer CT-F262 stereo cassette deck with Dolby.
A real professional! And it's a steal if you buy now!
\$179

Maxell Ultra Dynamic 90-minute cassettes. Reg. \$2.99. **\$2.19**
Save 80¢ each.

San Diego 299-8420
3751 Rosecrans at Sports Arena Blvd.
San Diego 275-0612
4344 Camino St. in Camino Village
(one block south of Balboa between
Highways 163 & 165)
La Mesa 461-8822
8325 Hercules across from the Akron
and 25 other Southern California stores

Weekdays 9 to 9,
Sat. 10 to 6,
Sun. 1 to 6

Pacific Stereo, 1977

**PACIFIC
STEREO**



The best food for a baby

is mother's milk—provided the mother is eating well.
If her diet is poor the baby will not be properly
nourished, or will survive only at the expense
of the mother's health. The nursing mother
needs a wide variety of wholesome

natural foods.

New Food
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946 Garnet, Pacific Beach 270-7620
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**CASA DE ORO
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**Sew-Up
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Wolber Special
Course, 270 grams
Egyptian cotton.
\$9.95 each

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9722 Campo Rd.
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Open 9:30-6, Fri. 'til 8



CUSTOM LEATHER WORKS
SPECIALIZING IN
CUSTOM SANDALS
(ALSO BELTS, BAGS, CASES, ETC.)
CHARLIE, KATHY & JAMIE GREGORY
3828 MISSION BLVD.

He described the situation in San Diego as akin to Tsarist Russia. The head of the vigilantes replied, "We don't care about Governor Johnson. Only troops can stop us."



ANTI-WOBBLER DEMONSTRATIONS IN FRONT OF POLICE STATION.

WOBBLIES

(Continued from page 7)
which organized skilled, white, native-born workers around the slogan "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," the wobblies believed that all workers, regardless of race, sex, age, or national origin, should organize into "one big union" in order to overthrow the "ruling capitalist" and establish a workers' republic.

As early as 1910, an IWW local had been established in San Diego and 34 Mexican workers at the Consolidated Gas and Electric Company in a successful strike for higher pay and shorter hours. A number of other wobblies crossed the border to join in the Mexican Revolution, and several of them were on the union organizing tactics of the IWW in the west was to set up shop in front of the offices of "black" (employment agents) and loudly urge migrant workers, lumberjacks, and fruit pickers to join the union. In 1909 Spokane, Washington passed an ordinance against public speaking of this sort. Minnola, Montana; Fresno, California; and Vancouver, British Columbia soon followed suit. The IWW responded with the "free speech fight." Calling for volunteers from among the ranks of unemployed wobblies, the union soon filled the jails of these towns with "free speakers," each demanding their own separate jury trial. The tactic was simple but effective—speak, be arrested, clog up the administrative machinery of the city through a campaign of passive resistance. After lunch attempts at physical resistance, municipalities reluctantly gave in to the invading horde. But San Diego, a small tourist town of 30,000, would prove itself a tougher opponent.

The business and professional men were getting fed up with the activities of the IWW. They were deliberately causing trouble, disrupting traffic, and generally making nuisance of themselves. . . . The wobblies were living like cramps in their joints; they made camps along the railroad tracks, cooked up their stew and so on. . . .

FOR OVER 20 years the downtown area of San Diego around E Street between Fifth and Sixth had been known as "Snoobrow," a place where single taxers, socialists, wobblies, and evangelists could be found speaking their minds on the steps of the day. In November, 1911, Harrison Gray Ulysse, owner of the Los Angeles Times and leader of the California Merchants and Manufacturers Association (M.M.A.), came to San Diego to address a banquet of wealthy local businessmen, including sugar millionaire John

D. Spreckles. He urged the suppression of street speaking through the adoption of restrictive ordinances such as those recently applied in Los Angeles.

ON DECEMBER 8, the San Diego grand jury recommended that "Snoobrow Row" be cleared. On January 6, 1912, the city council passed an ordinance creating a "restricted area" of 50 square blocks in the center of town in which street-corner meetings could not be held. On the day the ordinance was to go into effect, the IWW and the Socialist Party held a rally of 2,500 people on "Snoobrow Row." However, due to a technicality, enforcement of the ordinance was postponed for one month. During this month the California Free Speech League was formed. It included members of the IWW, A.F.L., the Socialist Party, and several church groups. On February 3 a League was formed for trying to speak within the restricted area. Wobblies began arriving by foot and rail, and the local IWW leadership assured the San Diego authorities that the free speech fight would be fought to the finish. "If it takes 20,000 members and 20 years to do so."

By the end of the month the city jails were filled with free speech fighters and a new "move-on" ordinance had been passed by the city allowing the police to break up gatherings of groups and individuals. The union soon filled the jails of these towns with "free speakers," each demanding their own separate jury trial. The tactic was simple but effective—speak, be arrested, clog up the administrative machinery of the city through a campaign of passive resistance. After lunch attempts at physical resistance, municipalities reluctantly gave in to the invading horde. But San Diego, a small tourist town of 30,000, would prove itself a tougher opponent.

BY THE beginning of March, chief of police Wilson was at his wit's end over what to do with all the prisoners in his jail. "Listen to them singing, hollering and yelling," he told the "first of several" investigating committees to arrive in the city. "They're telling the jailers to quit work and join the union. They are worse than animals." So it was with great relief that Chief Wilson agreed to start turning over prisoners to a newly formed "citizens committee" that came around to the jail three times a week to pick them up. "Corder" Lewis, "Moose" was a pretty smart fellow," recalls in order to get beat up twice. But the first time he went there he got himself beat up once on the way to jail by the police and then again by the vigilantes they turned him over to. They drove him and three other fellows out

to the desert about 20 miles in an automobile and blackjacks and pistols. Took a shot at 'em after they were done. Told 'em never to come back to San Diego if they valued their skin any. Well he and his pals stayed away all right—all that night and didn't come back to town in the very next day.

The courage and undivided discipline of the wobblies only seemed to spur the police and vigilantes to greater acts of violence. On the night of April 4th several hundred vigilantes, deputized by the county sheriff and armed with rifles, stopped a freight train at the county line in San Onofre. One hundred forty wobblies were taken off a flat car and herded into a corral where they were beaten and made to march in circles for 18 hours. Those who fell, or were recognized as having been in the city before, were taken off for

prisoners were taken off for the formation of a vigilante committee. Beatings and make the most of it."

The weekly San Diego Herald was the only major newspaper in San Diego to take a pro-free speech position. On the night of April 3, Abram R. Sawyer, editor of the Herald, was kidnapped in front of his home by six vigilantes. He was driven out of town to the desert where a rope was placed around his neck and he was strangled. That he was lynched is never next issue of the paper described the make-up of the vigilante group. "The personnel of the vigilantes represents not only merchants and business, but church members and bartenders. The chamber of

The mayor told Emma Goldman that the vigilantes were gathering outside the Grant Hotel and that for her own safety she would have to leave.



CAPTURED WOBBLIES UNDER GUARD AT OLD TOWN SCHOOL.

commerce and the real estate board are well represented. The press, the public utility corporations, as well as members of the grand jury, are known to belong." In short order 30 vigilantes appeared at the Herald office and searched the paper's galley. The paper's printer was warned that his plant would be destroyed if he continued to publish the Herald.

ON APRIL 15, incited by petitions and telegrams from labor organizations throughout the state and nation, California Governor Hiram Johnson sent Colonel Har A. Weinstock to "investigate charges of cruelty in all matters pertaining to the recent disturbances in San Diego." After several days of hearings, Weinstock was convinced that a conspiracy existed not within the IWW, but among the police, vigilantes, leading papers, and "much of the good citizenship of San Diego" to deprive certain people of their basic rights through brutality and intimidation. He described the situation in San Diego as akin to that in Tsarist Russia, and called for state charges to be brought against the vigilantes. J. M. Porter, ready operator and head of the vigilantes, replied, "We don't care about Weinstock or Governor Johnson. Only troops can stop us." No state charges were ever brought against the vigilantes although 11 members of the IWW would eventually serve time on conspiracy charges.

Throughout the summer of 1912 the Justice Department investigated allegations of IWW "subversion" in San Diego and IWW plans to invade and seize Baja, California. When the local federal attorney read to close these investigations down at the end of the summer, California Republicans went over his head and sent a delegation, including Corder and Spreckles, directly to President William Howard Taft. They explained how a strong federal commitment to San Diego might mean Hiram Johnson and his Progressive Republicans, who supported Theodore Roosevelt in the upcoming election, and wing the California Republican Party in the United States. Shortly thereafter, President Taft wrote to the attorney general urging strong action. "The country is my doubt," he wrote, "that the corner of the country is a basis for most of the Anarchists and Industrial World Workers [sic] and for all the lawless forces and just as proximate the Mexican border."

ON MAY 4, Joseph Micholach, a Polish member of an IWW local in Los Angeles, was released from city jail after serving 30 days for public speaking. Followed by detectives, he made his way to San Diego headquarters

in Old Town, where they set upon him and shot him in the leg. Inside the building's door was an axe which he grabbed in order to defend himself. Before he could lift the axe to the height of his shoulder he was shot four more times. He died 19 hours later. Eighty members of the IWW were arrested in the Old Town area over the next several hours and others were rounded out among the vigilantes in case the wobblies might try to retaliate. Several days later, unable to hold a funeral in San Diego, which was now under a virtual state of martial law, the IWW shipped the body north to Los Angeles. There a funeral procession was held which drew over 6,000 people.

Emma Goldman, who was very important in the International Workers, was picked up by some vigilantes in San Diego. She was taken to a place where she was held. She was very sympathetic with them. Whenever happened to her was done by women. She got some pretty rough treatment. Emma Goldman had a partner. I forget his name, but they got him out of town also.

ON MAY 14, the famed anarchist orator, Emma Goldman, arrived in San Diego with her manager, Ben Reiman. She was scheduled to give a lecture on "The Enemy of the People." At the railroad station they were met by a band of well-dressed women who yelled insults at her. Escaping downtown to the U.S. Grant Hotel, the couple just had time to unpack and begin outlining her scheduled talk for the new Conservatory of Music in Balboa Park. From the lobby she and Reiman were led into a room with eight men, including Police Chief Wilson. Wilson asked her to come alone into the next room to meet with the mayor. "Here the mayor told her and that the vigilantes were gathering outside the hotel and that for her own safety she would have to leave. She asked him why he didn't order the police to disperse them since they were clearly violating the anti-free speech ordinance. He told her that would be impossible.

Meanwhile, as soon as Goldman and the chief had left the other room, the seven men remaining with Reiman had drawn pistols and hustled him outside, past a uniformed policeman, and into a waiting automobile. "They told me they could tear out my guts but they'd promised the chief of police not to kill me," he recalled later. They drove him out to the desert where they strangled and beat him, kicked him in the face, and branded the letters "IWW" on his back with a burning gun.

At midnight, her speech undisturbed, Goldman was taken from the hotel by police and forcibly placed on board a northbound train for Los Angeles.

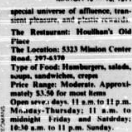
BY EARLY summer, support for the free speech fight in San Diego was beginning to wane. A dispatch from San Diego in the Industrial Worker, an IWW paper, spoke of the impossibility of holding group meetings or securing speaking halls in the city and of disease spreading inside the jails. Other struggles, such as the IWW-led strike of women mill workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, were also drawing off much needed leadership and resources. Many of the wobblies who had participated in the free speech fight were also bitter over the tactics of non-violent resistance. "My lesson is passive resistance no more," vowed Chris Hansen from his hospital bed. "If I ever take part in another free speech fight I will be with machine guns and aerial bombs." On Aug. 22, six men were arrested in El Cajon and charged with planning to dynamite the new Spreckles 19 (or A) similar road was made against an IWW house at 15th and G Streets.

Jack Whyte was one of the last wobblies to be convicted of breaking the anti-free speech ordinance. His address to the court that fall was reprinted in socialist and labor journals throughout the country. He said, in part, "If the people of the state are to blame for this persecution, then the people are to blame for every injury inflicted upon members of the working class by the vigilantes of this city. The people deny it. You cowardly throw the blame upon the people, but I know who is to blame and I name them: it is Spreckles and his partners in business. And this court is the lackey and lickspittle of this class, defending the property of this class against the advancing horde of starving American workers. The prosecutor led, but I will accept it as trash and say, again, to you, Judge Blount, may not be mistaken as to my attitude 'to hell with the courts, I know what justice is!'"

"We were sure the militants," Corder" Lewis recalls with a note of wistfulness in his voice. "But we knew the funny thing is that when all's said and done and were down in the history books, it turns out that we were ones that stood by the Constitution and protected the Bill of Rights. Very wealthy law 'n' order types figured free speech was a fine idea just as long as no one else tried to practice it."

And one other thing," he added after a pause, "don't write this out just like it's all past and done. Freedom's like corn, it's something that we all grow. It's not something that we can keep growing it."

DOWN BY Kettner Boulevard, where G Street crosses the railroad tracks, stands a fading yellow warehouse. "Warehouse No. 5," Sullivan Hardware Lumber Co., read the washed-out green letters facing the street. On the other side on the back wall facing a second set of railroad tracks, just a stone's throw from police headquarters, is another sign. Hand-lettered in black block print, it reads: "Solidarity Forever."



The amazing thing about valley restaurants, despite their profusion and essential sameness, is that they are jammed

land. A great many of these are links in chains with similar menus in far-flung cities, and with preparation standardized. The purchase of certain food items is done in bulk at the wholesalers, but attention is always paid to local habits. Gazpacho, the cold Spanish vegetable soup, may show up in a chain

Americans like chain stores. They provide security, sameness, homogeneity, and instant identification. The May Company, Bullock's, Robinson's, the Broadway are branches of Los Angeles stores that chain have indistinguishably lost which

appeal to different socio-economic classes. The gradations in class may appear slight, but they exist, and the same applies to chain restaurants. But the amazing thing about valley restaurants, despite their profusion and their essential sameness, is that they are jammed. In the fields where once grazed there now exists

The menu runs a full two pages, with seven different varieties of hamburger and an equal number of omelets, plus salads, quiche, seafood, and espresso. I feel that the food is secondary to being in that particular place in this particular season. Hamburgers served with thick steak fries range in price from \$2.65 to \$2.85. My friend ordered a Burger-burger (\$2.65) because good ones are hard to find. The meat tasted better than average, but it arrived cold and the fries were

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rapid. The manager kindly did not charge for the cold burgers, but it takes 17 minutes for one to be prepared, so we didn't order another. (Picture the poor waitress who may not have delivered the food fast enough, and the recipient turns out to be with a restaurant reviewer!)

I had the special-of-the-day omelet (\$2.95), served en brochette, or in a black cast-iron pan. It was filled with ham, tomatoes, black olives, and came with french bread, a single strawberry and a slice of lemon. (I could have had a slice of

There's a whole world out there in the valley of which I know so little, people on expense accounts, young people who need lights and noise and gregarious surroundings.

and was served hot water and a packet of Sanka at least 15 minutes before my food arrived. This is known as western-style service, where it's assumed that you drink coffee *before* the meal, à la the frontier. My omelet was good and the salads that I saw appeared fresh

There are Houlihan's in Kansas City, New Orleans, Dallas, etc. The one in the valley looked like a birthday cake lit with roman candles against the blue desert sky. As we left, eager young couples pushed their way indoors, anxious to sample "the old new place." I should mention that for an Irish old-fashioned pub, it served no imported or dark beer, and that a mug of Coors goes for 95¢. Without doubt the place can be faulted for not tastering a half-

The Restaurant: Crystal T's Em-porium

The Location: Town and Country Motel, 500 Hotel Circle, 291-7133

Type of Food: Beef and Seafood

Price Range: Dinners: \$5.25 to \$7.95

Lunch, Monday-Friday: Dinners to 11 p.m., Friday and Saturday to midnight

Crystal T's calls itself an emporium, which means a large store selling a variety of items. And

world out there
of which I know
le on expense
ng people who
s and noise
s surroundings.

enough. It's been refurbished since February 1, and opened under this new name (I believe it was once Palais 500). It's an amazing experience to eat there, not because of the good quality of the food, but because of the size of the dining areas and the number of personnel.

None of the restaurants that I visited this week in the valley would take reservations. You're seated on arrival or you wait. When we entered Crystal's, I wondered how they could possibly fill such a cavernous place. By the time we left, not a table was empty. There's a whole world out there in the valley of which I know so little, people on expense accounts, young people who need lights and noise and gregarious surroundings.

by literally half a dozen young hostesses. We were shown to our table by one of them and our waitress was still another. The waitresses were dressed as Robt. Hood, Hawaiian dancers, booby sexers, young men over the top, funny costumes, to clear the dishes. When I asked another, "I was told 'We want this to be a fun place'."

The booths were narrow and uncomfortable, but the lighting proved dim. We served ourselves salad and soup from a bar (standard green but a tray of melon and grapefruit and two soups, both very

Crystal Tx serves a vast amount of food. The prime rib came with huge tail of fat (any careful chomper would have removed the fat and preserved the eye), a huge baked potato, a huge Yorkshire popover. The food ran over the too-small plate. It was good, it was fresh, it was a meal that you could forget as soon as you

Still, the place was packed. Why? It's noisy (I complained that I couldn't converse with the very loud

music, concluding golden oldies such as "Paper Doll" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" and appears to be lovely. It serves lots and lots of food, none of it bad, most of it bland. At Crystal's, whose name derives from a 1930s waterfront restaurant, dinner until midnight Friday and Saturday and until 11 Sunday and Thursday. At the door, a contingent of concerned personnel asked how had enjoyed the meal. I complained about the loud music, and they seemed so crestfallen that I didn't dare bring to attention that the

The Restaurant: Monterey Whaling Company
The Location: 887 Camino del Rio South, 291-1638
Type of Food: Mostly seafood; few meat entrees
Price Range: \$5.95-\$11.95
Open for lunch Monday-Saturday: 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m.; dinner to 9 p.m. Monday-Thursday; to 12 a.m. Friday and Saturday; to 10 p.m. on Sunday.

The salads, either baby lettuce tossed green, are scintillated with



identical amount plastered over the dish. Most restaurants use a commercial hollandaise, but this one was made from scratch and was delicious, particularly plastic. The dish with the flounder proved quite large, as did the good fettuccine with which I ordered instead of rice. The broccoli had more canned sauce. It was a satisfying night.

My friend had baked crab flounder in time, served with spinach. It was nothing to write home about. The rice, *posole*, my *made from man-*

Like the other valley restaurants, the Monterey Whaling Company filled every table. The diners, mostly affluent than at the other places, appeared satisfied. The place serves very large portions of expertly prepared food. Most dinners cost \$5.95, reasonable for the days. The best part of the m

others surged in, eager for a table

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By Marion Westman, Philadelphia
Mary Kay Mart, Editor

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novels' influential last masterpiece, the three previous dating back to 1952, 1954 and 1956. (Horn, 1992)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—The second of the series has gone the way of the James Bond movies, and the film has received no top billing and a halfhearted review. The director, Michael Winner, told the *Columbian* character of the cat burglar, feline *Inspector Clouseau*, is not a man. It means much more than just invention, and the film is a comedy. The director, Winner, takes from earlier Clouseau films, the *Inspector Clouseau* series of Peter Sellers, that the character is a bumbling detective who is paid off by faggy dividends if he can get the job done. The director (see *THE PINK PANTHER*) has a sense of humor. (Horn, 1992)

(*Columbia* Home, 2 Spring 1993)

Robert Wilson's Case—Nicolae Ceaucescu's Assassination—The film, which was produced in the United States, is a very good example of a film in a series, similar to the *James Bond* series. The film is a social worker's story, while the director, Wilson, is a social worker. The film is a social worker's story, while the director, Wilson, is a social worker. The film is a social worker's story, while the director, Wilson, is a social worker. (Horn, 1992)

(*Columbia* Home, 2 Spring 1993)

aged man in the Multiple—Robert Hood and Little John Hood are the two main characters in this film. The film is a comedy. The director, Robert Hood, is a comedian. The film is a comedy. The director, Robert Hood, is a comedian. (Horn, 1992)

(*Columbia* Home, 2 Spring 1993)

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Small Change — Frances Turner *reviews* *Small Change* by James Alan McPherson, 2000, Knopf, \$24.95. **C** McPherson's 1997 collection of 200 short stories, *Small Change*, is a gem. It's a collection of 200 stories, 100 of which are new to the collection. The stories are mostly about the lives of the poor and the working class, and they are all written in a style that is both lyrical and realistic. The stories are mostly about the lives of the poor and the working class, and they are all written in a style that is both lyrical and realistic. The stories are mostly about the lives of the poor and the working class, and they are all written in a style that is both lyrical and realistic.

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